



The Backside of Beyond

Bardini

The Bardini Foundation Newsletter

Winter 2000-2001 Issue

Level-III Avalanche Course Certifies Five

The Foundation sponsored its third annual Bardini Foundation Level-III Avalanche Training Course. The AMGA approved course was taught by instructor, **Don Sharaf of NOLS**, and assisted by Tim Villanueva, the Bardini Foundation's chief guide. Four days were spent in the Mammoth Lakes environs with the five trainees attending to the classroom and field requirements of the course.

On March 4th, certificates of completion were awarded to **Chris Archer, John Barklow, Trevor Hobbs, Jay Pape, and Neal Satterfield** for their participation.

The Foundation sincerely appreciates the efforts of **John Moynier**, the cooperation of the **Mammoth Water District**, and **Eric Diem** at the **June Mountain Ski Area** for allowing the use of their facilities.

News From Thailand

by Dennis Miller

My friend Kim Carlson just returned from Thailand where she assisted in scattering the ashes of Charles Marshall Pratt in the Mikong River. Kim was the person that introduced Chuck to Thailand, and it was Kim who helped lay him to rest there.

It was a beautiful Thai morning when Chuck and the Tu family had an early

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Locals Attend Beacon Refresher Course

Tim Villanueva donated his time and expertise to a one-day avalanche beacon refresher course to interested locals in the Bishop area. These free refresher courses are offered twice during the ski season.

Participants are given a review of beacon operation and then practice by finding buried beacons.



After detecting the apparent location of the sending beacon, probes are used to find the pack containing it. Don Lauria is shown above probing for a buried pack.

E-Mail Requests

Our request in the Fall issue for e-mail addresses and permission to distribute subsequent newsletters via the Internet has increased our Internet distribution to 25% of the total mailing list. We would like to get 100% participation by those of you with e-mail addresses. **Please** consider having your copy of **The Backside of Beyond** delivered via e-mail. Those that prefer a printed paper copy can still have one by merely printing out the .pdf file attached to the e-mail message or by going to our website, you can download the .pdf file and print it. Please consider this option.

Contact: don@bardini.org

It's Official! Bardini Foundation, Inc.

The Bardini Foundation would like to express its appreciation to both **TEAM Engineering & Management, Inc.** and **J. Kent Steele** for their volunteer work toward gaining IRS 501(3)(c) tax exempt corporate status for the Foundation. We thank TEAM Engineering & Management for their preliminary work and for lighting the fire under us.

J. Kent Steele has offered his legal expertise as an Attorney at Law with considerable experience in this endeavor and has assumed the responsibility of completing the task. Our Articles of Incorporation were filed and accepted by the Secretary of State and our tax exempt applications are being prepared.

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More About Moose

by Moose

Moose memories abound. Years ago I received a phone call from my son-in-law Allan [Bard], happily and effusively announcing the arrival of a Chocolate Lab into his life. If, at the same time, he sounded somewhat hesitant, it was because he was concerned about my possible reaction to his choice of a name for his pup.

Would I mind, he asked, if they named the dog MOOSE? (which has been my name since I've been a pup). I was amused and happy and thought the name appropriate. Chocolate Lab - Chocolate Mousse - it fit. I felt good, even though the idea of my first grandchild and namesake being a dog caused a wry grin.



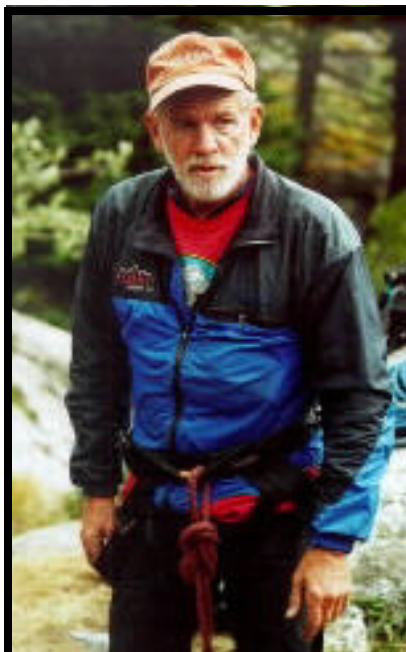
In the years following, Moose was always present in Allan's stories and photos. There was Moose going for a swim in the Owens River; Moose on a raft on the Green or the San Juan in Utah, or the South Fork of the American. There was Moose posing in sunglasses and a hat; Moose lying lazily on a rock, or Moose just itching to get into the cool waters of the many Western streams he travelled with Allan.

Ah, the legendary Moose! May he and his Master live forever in our memories. I know they will live in mine.

- Moose Kennedy

A Departure

In this issue we have opted to remember one of Allan's cherished friends ... Chuck Pratt. In our feature article Dick Dorworth has submitted his memories. Dennis Miller (Millis) sent in a story that we will publish in the summer issue. It's a true hero's epic. Millis did fill us in on the events just before and just after Chuck's departure (see News From Thailand). Amy Brennan took this picture (shown below) of Chuck in the Tetons summer of 2000.



Charles Marshall Pratt

March 5, 1939 December 16, 2000

News From Thailand

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breakfast in preparation for an afternoon hike. Just after breakfast, Chuck went into his bedroom to read and take a nap. When Mr. Tu went in to wake Chuck up for their hike, he found him in bed, still wearing his glasses and the book spread across his chest. A look of serenity was on Chuck's face, but he had already gone ... Mr. Tu said that there was no sign of struggle or strain ... [Chuck] had told Kim he was most happy being in Thailand ... more than in Yosemite and more than in the Tetons.

From the Bardini House Log

"We never met Allan, but that hasn't stopped us being inspired by him. Whilst walking in London in '97, we read of his tragic death in Climbing Magazine, together with a very moving quote of his. It touched us so that we copied it and pinned it up at work for inspiration. It continued to inspire us whilst working back in Cape Town and now accompanies us on our trip around the world. It certainly seems that once touched by Allan, one can never be the same ... Thanks, Allan, thanks ..."

- Clee & Blythe Roy,
Cape Town, South Africa

"To the crew up and down Sierra Street ... tons o' thanks! Cheers to the legends ... Fred, Allan, Smoke!..."

- Dave Daly

"Thank you for a great stay. This is a wonderful place."

- Peter Davies,
Devon, England

"Thank you so much. It is great to see that Allan Bard's old friends are still meeting at his home. He was clearly a very special person."

- Bryan Gibson

"... I'm sure those cows out back are up to something, they have a funny look in their beady little eyes ... This place is truly Paradise. Thank you for letting us stay here. Hope to see you all on the Backside of Beyond."

- Patrick Daley

"I've traveled to many places, both near and far, but nothing has struck me as deeply in my soul [more] than the Sierra ... this place is my church ... It is a blessing that this house is here to share. It is full of life, history, and soul. I felt like I was at home!"

- Jared Yetter

GLIMPSES OF PRATT: a remembrance

by Dick Dorworth

THAILAND 2000

Chuck Pratt laid down and went to sleep and never woke up. It is impossible for any of us to know what it is to die until we do, and none of us will ever experience another man's death, but from this side of things Pratt's doesn't sound so bad. He made even that final, most difficult move of life with great personal satisfaction and what seemed an effortless grace and a quiet mystery that touched everyone who knew him. Three days before he died he wrote these words to a friend: "I haven't felt this happy since I got out of the army 40 years ago....Did you know a man can die of pleasure overload?" As I wrote via e mail to one of Chuck's friends a couple of days after he died: The thing we need to ponder is this: What was Chuck dreaming when he checked out?

YOSEMITE 1968-1974

By the time I arrived in Yosemite in 1968 as a novice climber, Chuck was an established master of big wall and hard technical rock climbing, regarded by cognoscenti with a respect verging on reverence. I watched him climb but did not know enough to realize what I was seeing. He free climbed like a magician, a man born to vertical stone, comfortable where others struggled. There was another reason Chuck's pains were so difficult to perceive, a reason many in the climbing world completely overlooked when thinking about, relating to and (alas) judging Chuck Pratt. It was most aptly summed up by Joe McKeown who observed after Chuck's death that he was "Certainly the most humble and creative of the old gang." He was also deeply intelligent, wildly talented and inherently shy.

It was Pratt who first strung a rope between trees in Camp 4 and walked it to practice balance. And Pratt rode a unicycle and juggled to hone coordination and concentration, balance and gracefulness. He made a discipline and game of finesse as John Bachar and other later Yosemite climbers would do with power and endurance. And he was one of the few climbers, then or now, with the patience and concentration to detail to climb 5.2 with the same craft and precise attention with which he climbed 5.10 or 5.11. Such care and respect, verging on reverence, for what he was doing, set Chuck apart from his contemporaries in more ways than in the complex convergence of qualities, skills and deeds that constitute a climbing reputation.

And he wasn't fooled for a second by those old charlatans, fortune, fame, worldly ambition or tempted by the psychic violence that is the path of upwardly mobile social respectability. Above all, Chuck Pratt was his own man.

He is quoted as having said in 1965: "I feel that my enemy is anyone who would, given the power to do so, restrict individual liberty, and this includes all officials, law officers, army sergeants, communists, Catholics and the house of Un-American Activities Committee. Of course, I am prejudiced, but I cannot imagine a sport other than climbing which offers such a complete and fulfilling expression of individuality. And I will not give it up nor even slow down, not for man, nor woman, nor wife, nor God." As mentioned, Chuck was his own man.

YOSEMITE AT NIGHT

In general, it is fair to say that the Yosemite/Berkeley climbing scene of the 1960s and '70s explored and indulged in mind/mood/emotion altering chemicals with at least as much fervor as it explored and expanded the climbing possibilities of the fine rock walls of the valley. Climbers' parties in Yosemite were as wild and frenzied and fun (i.e. interesting) as any I've ever known, and I knew a lot of them. To see climbing legends on their knees in the dirt of Camp 4 howling at the moon or at the park rangers sent over to quiet things down usually elicited one of two responses among the uninitiated: change camps or do a little howling yourself. With the same quiet intensity he brought to rock climbing, Pratt immersed himself into whatever party was at hand. In the way such things tend to evolve for some people, in later years Chuck was at times a one man party all his own. His demons were always there, kept in marginal control most of the time with skepticism merging into cynicism, a careful thoroughness to order and restraint in those matters (like climbing and the precise disposition of each stick of firewood outside his cabin on Guides Hill) that he could control, and, of course, keeping busy with chores and work, projects, and the maintenance of tools. Drugs were a necessary release, but they also released the demons. Alcohol in the form of beer was his drug of choice to the end.

LOVERS LEAP 1970

Except for guiding together in the Tetons, I climbed only once with Chuck. He showed up at Lovers Leap after driving across the desert from somewhere....the southwest or the Tetons most likely. He had rolled a car along the way but survived with only a sprained or dislocated left thumb which hung uselessly and could not close with

the first finger. Still, he wanted to climb so we did The Line, a classic three pitch route neither of us had done before. He led the first and hardest pitch with a hand and a half, and whether his impairment hindered or pained him could not be discerned, and he did not dwell on the pain or inconvenience or whatever adaptations he needed to make. The Line was a hard route of that time, and it was the first time I was able to see the creativity McKeown later noted. Because of his injury I expected him to struggle. When he did not, I was made aware of Pratt's amazing power of focus by which he guided his life and which allowed him to tap deeper and climb higher than others. Climbing The Line with Pratt was, for me, an education in climbing as something beyond and quite different from brutal struggle, though, when necessary, Pratt struggled with the best. I remember that route as a turning point in my own climbing, and from that day on I knew Chuck to be graceful and gracious, funny and serious, and a man who both knew what he was doing and what he was about.

Pratt was the most creative and humble of his peers. About the time we climbed The Line he also came up with a typically wry definition of the greatest climber in the world as "Someone who solos a difficult new route from the bottom of the Grand Canyon to the rim at night, and never tells anyone about it." Only now that Pratt is gone does it occur to me that he may have done just that on one of his many trips to the Southwest. It is exactly the way in which Pratt would have obliquely referred to his own talent and to having done something that no one else would or could do. More, it amuses me to think that he might have done it as much as it pleases me to contemplate his personal satisfaction and pleasure in guarding such a secret treasure. It would be very much like him to measure up to his own definition of the greatest climber in the world, and never tell anyone about it.

WOMEN

Well, yes, of course. Always. Pratt loved (he also lusted after) women in general and a special few in particular. Pratt was humble and shy, but he was a hedonist with a heart at heart and women loved him for it. He was also interesting as hell and interested as well.

THE TETONS 1993-2000

As an Exum guide fortunate enough to spend summers living on Guides Hill at Lupine Meadow beneath the east face of Teewinot, I was Pratt's neighbor for part of each year. From that time I offer a few

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Glimpses of Pratt: a remembrance

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word portraits of Pratt, perhaps something in prose like the hundreds of photographs he took in the last years of every and any woman willing to pose for his camera, his eye, his imagination and fantasies.

...Guiding a group of adolescents up Cube Point early in the season we had to cross a section of snow. I fixed a rope and we got our charges across the snow with no incidents. Pratt, dressed in his trademark balaclava, hated snow, cold, ice and winter with a neurotic fury that was amusing to others but which was painfully serious to him. He came across last with characteristic precision and a scowl on his face. I grinned at him, and he knew why. "I can't believe we're bringing these poor, innocent children here and actually teaching them to walk on this.....stuff", he said, indicating the steps cut in the snow. "I always avoid it and consider stepping in it the same way I would consider stepping in radioactive dog shit. We've sunk so low in life that we're making our living teaching innocent children to walk upon radioactive dog shit."

...The Pratt cabin at Lupine Meadow was a marvel of order in the small community of Exum guides whose places of residence, for the most part, appear more disorderly than Chuck's, though in general they are not. His firewood, stacked around the cabin with the precision of considered thought to each piece, looked more the work of a master stone mason than a readily available source of fuel. The wooden clothes pins on his clothes line were impregnated with linseed oil and looked like small pieces of fine woodwork made by a patient craftsman. It always seemed to me that, for Pratt, every stick of wood in its exact place, every clothes pin made to last, every move made precisely right, helped keep the demons at bay. When he couldn't hold them off, he all too often closed the door to his cabin behind him and drank in privacy, just alcohol and Chuck and their private demons.

...I sometimes talked with Chuck about the things of our lives....Yosemite days and people, writing (Chuck's few efforts as a writer are among the best climbing literature I know. He once explained why there isn't more: "Writing about climbing is boring. I would rather go climbing."), women (of course), guiding (we seldom spoke of climbing), the humor (because laughter is preferable to tears) to be found in the cornucopia of man's follies, the weather (on cold mornings the balaclava clad Pratt loved to point out that global warming had to be a myth, a conspiracy by

Bardini House Information

Use Donations

Stays are limited to 10 days except by special arrangement. We hope that our guests consider a **\$10 per night per person donation** to the Foundation an appropriate contribution to the maintenance of the house. These donations should be deposited **IN ADVANCE**.

General

Guests may use the kitchen, and bathroom facilities; the stereo, VCR, and TV system; the outside deck, BBQ, and lawn (tents on back lawn ONLY); the laundry washer may be used, but the freezer in the laundry is for Foundation use **ONLY**. If you need a freezer use the refrigerator's freezer in the kitchen. Heat is by wood fire or body heat conservation ... wood is supplied ... body heat is the guest's responsibility.

TV/Stereo/VCR

Guests are free to use the TV, stereo, and VCR. Videos of current and classic movies are on the bookshelves. Anyone wishing to donate videos or mountaineering/skiing books to our library should contact the hosts. Questions on the operation of the equipment should be directed to either Kurt or Don.

Monday Nights & Other Significant Occasions

Guests must be prepared to share the premises and the TV for Monday night football with the regular locals that wander in (usually about 4 to 5, but sometimes as many as 10). It's generally a painless experience and usually adds to the ambiance. Meals are prepared and guests are welcome to partake. Superbowl Sunday and New Year's Day sometimes require the same tolerance.

environmentalists and other wackos, among whom he included me), and Thailand (his favorite topic). The Exum community and Guides Hill was his home and his extended family, but his heart was in Thailand.

...Chuck behind the wheel of his vintage and unmistakable white/gray and then green Volkswagen squareback on the road between Dornans and Lupine Meadow. He was a study in concentration on the return drive from Dornans, as safe and thoughtful and attentive as any man has ever been in the long, sad, unsafe history of drinking and driving. He was certainly less a threat to himself and his fellow man than half the tourists driving that stretch of road looking for elk and antelope and the occasional moose. I would not hesitate to take my chances on the road with Pratt in the bag any day rather than with the average tourist on the loose and intoxicated by his one week a year of vacation, demented by a momentary view of the unrestricted freedom Pratt aspired to, unfocused by a glimpse of a world not delineated by officials, officers, ideologies, priests and politicians and the economic interests they serve.

...In 1998, for various and sound reasons, Chuck made the decision not to drink at all during the guiding season from June to September. This was a sudden, not a long

thought out decision. It was a cold turkey determination, a life changing resolution that, in Chuck's case, made a solo climb up a new route out of the Grand Canyon at night seem, in comparison, as easy as driving to Dornans. Everybody on Guides Hill watched Chuck to see whether his resolve would crack, but those of us who had been intimate with obstinate chemical excess and dependency and with the equally difficult, uncompromising, cold-hearted cold turkey watched with the particular interest of the experienced. He never flinched. With the same unqualified intensity he brought to his climbing, Chuck looked the cold turkey in the eye and he did not blink. For the last three years of his guiding life he did not drink during the season, though the rest of the year was another story. But our hearts dropped the first time he came back to his cabin from Dornans with a brown paper bag under his arm that looked the size and shape to hold two six packs. Sometime later he came out of his cabin holding a bottle of non-alcoholic beer. I think he did it to relish the effect as much as to enjoy the taste of bogus beer. The recently retired serious drinker suddenly finds an abundance of time and energy in his life that he has forgotten existed. One of the things Chuck did with that time and energy the first

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Statement of Purpose

The Bardini Foundation is a group of friends and relatives who wish to honor and commemorate their friend and brother, the late Allan Bard, fondly known as "The Great Bardini". The Foundation was formed to continue Allan's work and carry out his plans and dreams of exposing people to the total mountain experience. In Allan's memory, the Foundation will strive to provide the common man with Muir's inspiration to "Climb the mountains and get their good tidings".

The Bardini Foundation is providing:

1. Year-round backcountry guide services
2. Sponsorship of courses in avalanche safety, mountain emergency medical practices, rockclimbing/mountaineering skills, and wilderness appreciation
3. A guest house for itinerant climbers and skiers (Allan's residence)
4. Continued publication and distribution of Allan's Shooting Star Guides
5. A newsletter to promote mountain ethics, protocol, and safety
6. Publication of Allan's writings and photographs
7. Funds for search and rescue groups, for training and equipment
8. Slide shows and seminars on mountain sports, safety, and photography
9. Funds to train and accredit, in cooperation with the American Mountain Guides Association, mountain guides of Allan's quality
10. Support for environmental and cultural projects of community interest in Bishop, California

We are accepting donations from anyone interested in supporting our efforts. **Checks should be made out to the Bardini Foundation and mailed to the Foundation in Bishop.**

Winter 2000-2001 Donors

The following people have made generous donations of money, time, or talents to the Foundation's cause. The list is incomplete ... for this we apologize. Many of you purchased shirts and mugs. Our thanks to you all.

Individuals:

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| Marty Alfred | John Moynier |
| Michael Arnold | Stephen Olshansky |
| Melinda Chuy | Jay Pape |
| Patrick Daley | Chris Proulx |
| Dave Daly | Samantha Read |
| Pete Davies | Blythe Roy |
| Elise Fabricant | Andrea Shaw |
| Bryan Gibson | Wendy Split |
| Frank Green | Bill Stall |
| Jim Herrington | Adam Strong |
| Whitney Hoose | Darby Teague |
| Brian Ketron | Jared Yetter |
| Andy Kim | Stephen Verchinsky |

Businesses & Organizations:

- June Mountain Ski Area**
- Mammoth Water District
- TEAM Engineering & Management, Inc.
- Kent Steele, Attorney at Law

Glimpses of Pratt: a remembrance

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summer was to split wood each evening. Cords of rounds became stacks of the most meticulously split and arranged firewood in the history of Guides Hill. I found myself some evenings just watching Pratt split firewood because it was beautiful to see. He split wood with an ax on a tree round chopping block. He swung his ax with grace and a respect for minimalist efficiency that I saw as a reverence for finesse. It was masterful work and I will never forget the sight of Chuck Pratt splitting wood with complete focus and all his being. Several of us on Guides Hill are students of Zen Buddhism, and watching Chuck in the evenings always brought to mind the Zen maxim "Chop wood, carry water," pointing the Zen practitioner toward each moment and task with complete focus.

Pratt could have been a fine writer, but it bored him. He would have made a great student of Zen, but he didn't need it. As it was, Chuck Pratt just might have been the greatest climber in the world by his own definition, and he was definitely one of them by anyone's definition. I'm glad he was here. I'm sorry he is gone.

... I wonder what he was dreaming when he checked out.

Bardini Baseball Caps

These caps are brushed cotton, fully adjustable, with tan crown and forest green visor and embroidered logo



only a **\$10** donation

Bardini Lives! Bumper Stickers



These are white vinyl with black imprint

only a **\$5** donation



Bardini Coffee Mugs

10-oz. white porcelain mug with the Bardini logo

only a **\$5** donation



Spring & Summer Foundation Activities



Bardini Ski Camp May 21-25

The annual Bardini Ski Camp in the Palisades. Take guided day tours from our fully stocked camp near Third Lake. Tents, a cook tent, stove, solar showers, and fresh food are just a few of the amenities offered. You travel to camp with only your personal gear.

Annual Bardini Climbing Camp July 30-August 3

This summer of 2001 the Foundation will be putting together another climbing camp in the Palisades. In addition to great home-cooked meals from our high country kitchen, climbing equipment, solar showers, your own personal tent, and a real commode, we can also provide sleeping pads and sleeping bags. You may also come self-guided, join us for a guided excursion, or opt for climbing lessons, as you wish. Guided climbs and instruction at all levels of rock, snow, and ice technique will be offered. It's a short time window afforded by the Forest Service, so don't delay, sign up early!

Bardini Foundation guides work as employees of Jackson Hole Mountain Guides of Jackson, Wyoming. Our commercial outfitter/guide services are authorized in the Inyo National Forest wilderness areas under the special use permit held by Jackson Hole Mountain Guides

Support Foundation Efforts

Bardini BUMPER STICKERS



for a \$5 donation

T-SHIRTS POLO SHIRTS

get top quality preshrunk cotton t-shirts and polo shirts ash gray with burgundy lettering polo shirts have knit collar and cuffs with Bardini Foundation over pocket

Tee shirts have **Bardini Lives!** across back with **Bardini Foundation** on left chest



Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL

T's only
\$12.00
Polo's only
\$15.00

plus \$3.20
US Priority Mail
California residents add appropriate sales tax



Bardini Foundation

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The Backside of Beyond

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