

THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE



VOL. I
No. 12
JULY
1987



25¢
MOAB,
UTAH



NEW COUPON BOOK EXCITES MOAB!

Moabites were abuzz last month over the coupon book promotion sponsored by the Moab Chamber of Commerce. Sold by telephone, the coupons were redeemable for up to \$1,000 in local goods and services.

Not to be outdone, the STINKING DESERT GAZETTE is proud to offer, exclusively to its readers, the brand new Stinking Coupon Book, at a price our exhaustive studies have shown to be under the resistance level of \$40.00, at \$39.99!

You, yes you, dear reader have been selected by our computer to be eligible for one of these value-packed Stinking Coupon Books if you act now. When we're through selling these books, they will be gone. When they're gone, there won't be any left. Think about it!

Each book is loaded with valuable coupons, worth a cumulative total of \$75,000 in savings to you, if you act now!

Here are but a few of the goods and services available from the Stinking Coupon Book, which could be on its way to your home by armored car today, if you just pick up your phone. Our operators are standing by.

FUTURE COUPON DISCOUNTS!

We know that once you begin using the Stinking Coupon Book and realize for yourself the incredible savings it can bring, you will undoubtedly want to purchase another one. On Page 29, you will find the "Hall Of Mirrors" Coupon, entitling you to a 33% discount on the next \$75,000 in values and services! In effect, this single coupon gives you 1/3 of the next book absolutely free, for a net face value of \$25,000! What are you waiting for? Act now to take advantage of these mind-boggling values!

WELFARE CHISELER RELIEF!

Okay, you've got some hens that refuse to lay eggs after Oct. 1st, and stay off work until Mar. 15th. Yet they eat all winter, right? And you haven't the heart to take any of them out to the chopping block. Well, on Page 94 of our wonderful book, you are entitled to unlimited use of our free head-lobbing service! Performed painlessly by out-of-work boatmen, the entire procedure is done with a 9 iron and is over in seconds! And since they enjoy the work there's no need to tip them when they're done! Get those hens ready for the hot water with our killer offer!

MOAB'S CAN-DO BOOK!

As we all know, there's a lot of things we used to be able to do in this town that we can no longer get away with. We thought of putting together a rule book listing all those things we can now get prosecuted for. As it turned out, it was easier putting together a list of the things that are still legal! This tiny, four page pamphlet is available to everyone! Just cash in the coupon on Page 131 and this little puppy is yours!

VENISON REFERRAL!

So, you didn't get that deer you were hunting for last fall, and the In-laws are coming to spend a few days around Christmas. None of us wants to be thought of as a wimp, yet that is just what your wife is going to hear from them when you fail to produce some venison from the freezer for that holiday supper. Fret not. Research has shown that there is an ample supply of venison in household freezers around town that is not being eaten because nobody in the family really cares for the flavor. On Page 89 is a coupon that entitles you to our Venison



Referral Service, a fully computerized meat shuttle that moves the venison in a round-robin fashion to the areas where it is needed the most. Just another of the face-saving and money saving features of our coupon book!

FREE LEG REMOVAL! Yes, friends, we all know what a heartbreak it can be when your newly-born infant shows up in this world with three legs. And if you care at all for your new child and wish it to grow up to be a normal and well-adjusted consumer, you will undoubtedly want to have the extra appendage safely and surgically removed. That operation alone could cost you up to \$6,500! But, the Free Leg Repair Coupon on page 16 of the Stinking Coupon Book entitles you to not one but two such operations at no extra cost to you or your family! That's a savings of up to \$13,000 from but one of the many coupons you will receive for the low, low initial price!

INSIDE

**Izzie Kiddin
gets pinched
drowning worms!**

see page 10

**Floyd gets into
some juicy
Moab gossip!**

see page 9

**PLUS - Mobabble,
Derailed, Bobby Bloato,
Yank Yankovich,
Izzie Kiddin, Rama
Lama Ding Dong
and more!**

THE COUPON: YOUR TICKET TO A TROUBLE-FREE FUTURE!

At last, here's your golden opportunity to become financially secure by owning your very own business in the upscale, glamorous world of coupon book sales.

You'll travel to exotic places, lunch with big-wigs, do all those things you've yearned to do, and best of all, you'll be working for yourself!

The coupon on Page 51 of the Stinking Coupon Book is redeemable for our complete training packet that will enable you to set yourself up in this lucrative field.

You'll be trained in the correct approach in selling the idea to the provincial types with whom you'll be dealing, who need to be led gently into the notion of you selling the services they will be donating for free. But our fool-proof methods never fail!

This coupon alone is worth \$45,000, projected 1st year earnings in this fast growing industry!

THE STINKING EDITOR

Well, we did 'er. By the time you read this, my sidekick Nik will be in Prineville, central Oregon, working his cattle ranch, putting his wrangler skills into action on his new spread. But, we will have completed a year in print, 12 little Stinkin' Desert Gazettes, and we're still friends.

Actually, we're more than friends after 14 years. After all the hiking and horse-tramping, the hilarity and heartbreaks, the handshaking and head knocking, we've come to know each other like brothers. And through all the difference of opinion, the clash of two astoundingly large egos, we've kept on trying to convert one another with undiminished vigor. And someday I know that he is going to finally come around and see that I was right all along!

In fact, more than two years ago when Nik was living out in his obscure little hermitage in the trackless wastes of this god-forsaken desert, Bobby Bloato wrote a piece about his pilgrimage out to Nik's to seek divine counsel over the behavior of the river which had just gone berserk and reached record levels for the second straight year.

What he finds when he finally arrives at Nik's little "hut" is not at all what he expected.

When Nik read it, he took strong exception to Bloato's characterization of him, a cartoon that sketched him as a nouveau riche yuppie hermit. He was, at that time, a penniless artist who preferred living in the canyons over living in town, although he didn't mind some national exposure now and then.

Well, in light of the fact that Nik is now half owner in a 1600 acre cattle ranch with a partner who deals in speculative commodities, I just had

to print the "episode" in this issue. It was run in "Tradewinds", Curt and Lola's little paper, but I hope it proves to be enjoyable to everyone, even those who may remember it.

Lest it sounds like I am seeking for one last time to get "one up" on my partner, let me assure you that he will soon find a way to get back at me for this.

Because Nik may be gone from the Canyonlands, but he'll be back once and a while to visit, and dink around in the canyons. In the interim, he'll be sending samples of his cartoon genius from time to time, so we can look forward to more of C.C.Ritter, Backwater Eddy, Pegleg, et al. And next month in our first anniversary issue we will be featuring the best of C.C.Ritter.

And though he's gone, his spirit remains in the hundreds of paintings he left behind him, and in the warped personality of this paper that he and I put together with a lot of help from our friends.

In this issue we are featuring the work of another fine local illustrator, Jim Stiles, whose work has appeared in numerous publications nationwide.

We are lucky to have such a talent contributing to our tabloid, and if our illustrious publisher, Philmore Banks, doesn't drive him off with his absolutely self-righteous and bombastic personality, Jim might be willing to work with us for a while.

And so, nothing remains the same, not even the Stinking Desert Gazette. But we take heart in the famous old Polish maxim: "The more things change, the more different they get, and thus we are able to merrily proceed into the heart of unknown chaos".

1 DAY FAMILY FUN

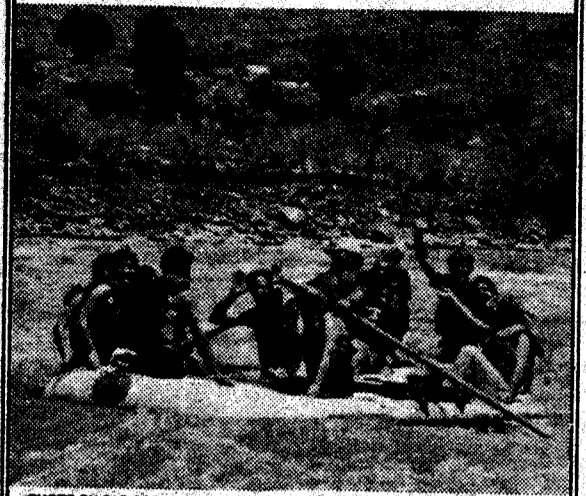


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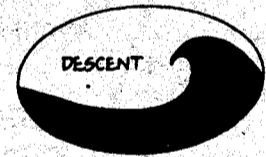
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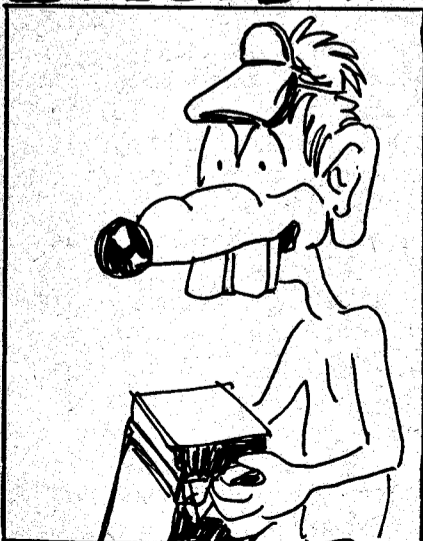
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Moab, Utah 84532

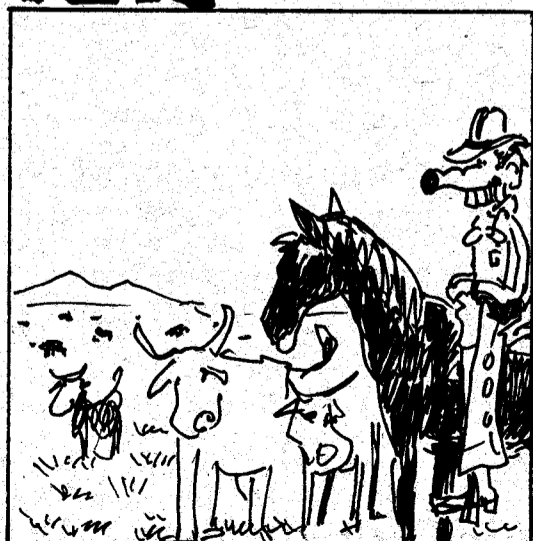
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BACKWATER



WELL FOLKS I'M HEAD'N' UP TO OREGON



THERE WILL BE SOME CHANGES...



AND I'LL MISS YOU ALL



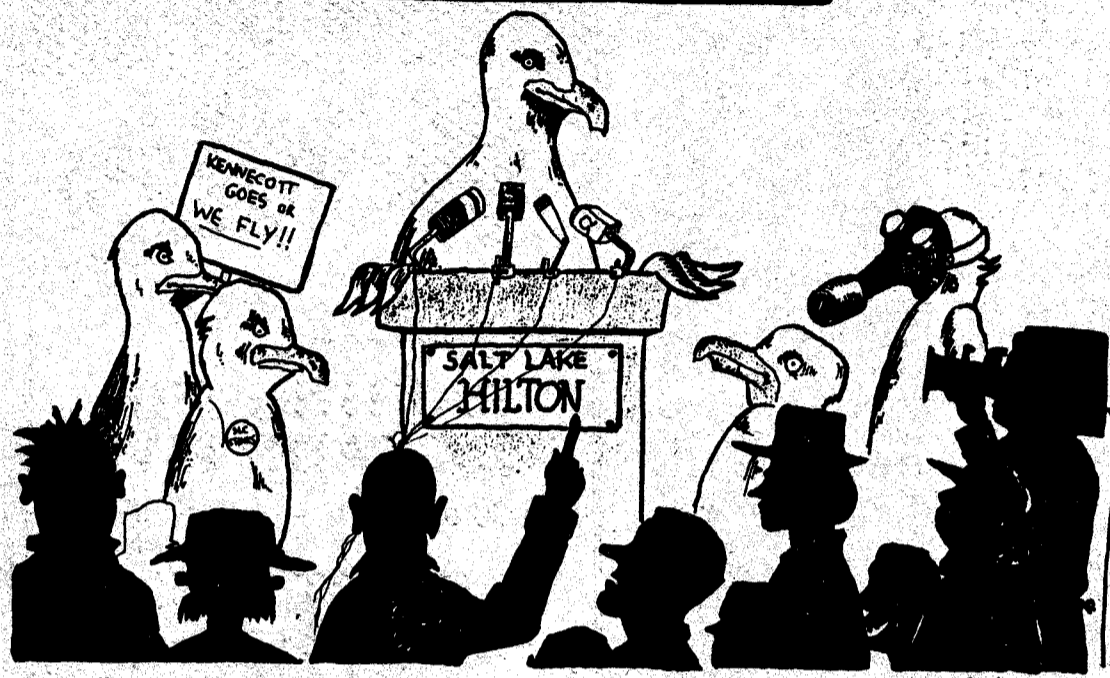
BUT, I'LL BE AROUND.



YA WHOOO!

C.C. Ritter ©87

CRICKETS ARE ONE THING,
YOUR
STINKING AIR
IS
SOMETHING ELSE.



Gulls leave Salt Lake City

Jim Stiles
©1984

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Stinking Desert Feats

by DB

One of the most significant epochs in the history of the United States is the overland migration that brought American Civilization and culture into the far West. A major factor in this epoch was the Mormon migration to the Great Salt Lake Valley, and the subsequent colonization program of the LDS Church under the leadership of Brigham Young and his immediate successors.

Under church direction, colonizing "missions" established Mormon outposts throughout, and often in remote parts of, the Intermountain Frontier. One of these missions, conceived in the mind of Brigham Young but not carried out until two years after his death, was the 1879-1880 mission that took the first permanent settlers to San Juan County from many Southwestern Utah communities by way of the "Hole-In-The-Rock".

The two mile-long mission train was composed of about 250 man, women and children in some 80 covered wagons, and over 1,000 cattle and horses as a caboose.

They assembled in the snow-covered desert east of the small town of Escalante on Nov. 9th, 1879. They anticipated reaching their destination, Montezuma Creek, in six weeks.

After covering only 70 miles in the first four weeks, they arrived at the Hole-In-The-Rock and set up camp. The worst of the weather and geographic obstacles still lay before them. It took a month and a half of concentrated work effort to construct three-quarters of a mile of road from their camp on the plateau west of the Colorado River, down through the Hole-In-The-Rock, to the river below. Even the impetuous desert bighorn couldn't negotiate the "Hole" before it was given a facelift by these intrepid pioneer road builders.

"No pioneer company ever built a wagon road through wilder, rougher, more inhospitable country, still one of the least known regions in America."

They traversed the last 130 miles in 2½ months to arrive just short of their destination, at what is now Bluff, Utah, on April 6, 1880.

It had been five months, three births, and no deaths since they left their homes 200 miles behind in the sunset. "Still today, this feat seems well-nigh impossible."

Stinking Footnote. Quotations from: Hole In The Rock, by David E. Miller, Copyright 1959, 1966, Univ. of Utah Press



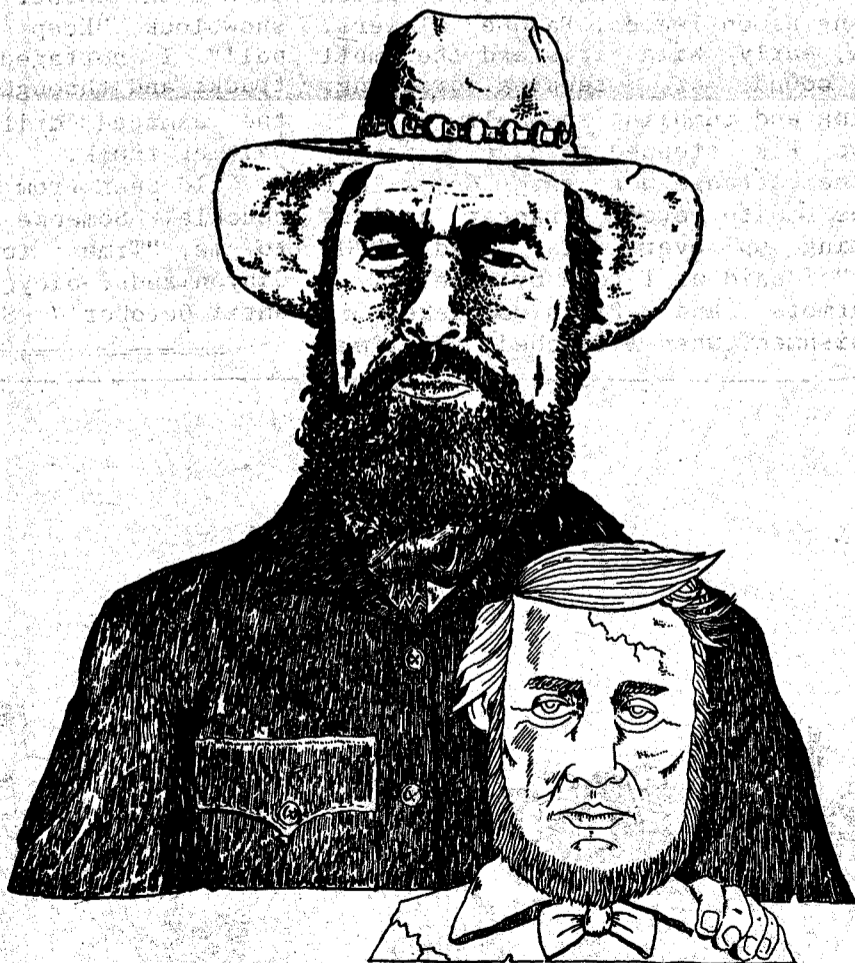
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Edward Abbey contemplating the bust of Thoreau.

Jim Stiles
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at MOAB, UTAH

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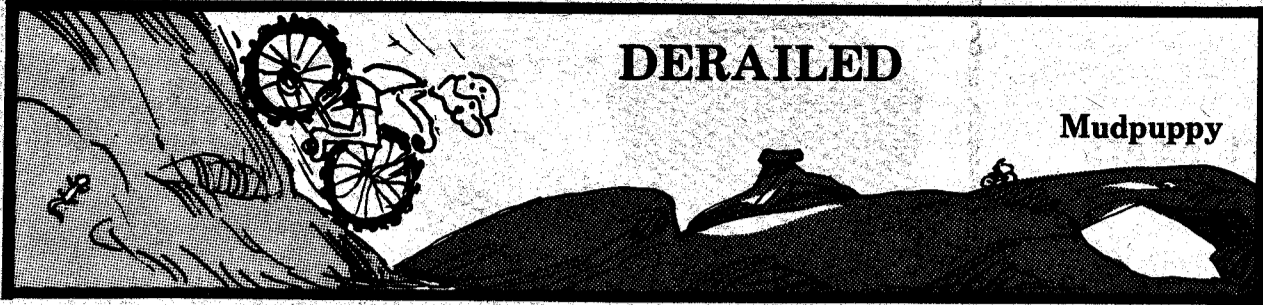
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Mudpuppy



I pulled up to the late June snowdrift roadblock in the mountains just in time to see a big 4X4 race up to the snow, hurdle onto the drift then sink to the axles, hot exhaust system hissing in snowy disgust. They made it about a quarter of the way onto the drift.

Two dirt bikers were digging out from their sinkholes half way through alongside a severely stuck balloon tired ATV. From there led a nice little foot trail across the rest of the snow to the dry road and heart of the mountains beyond.

Smiling, knowing that the high roads would still be quiet, I packed my Telemark skis into the ski pockets of my pack, hefted my Mountainbike to the shoulder and postholed through the bleeding mess of the blessed self sacrificing snowdrift.

The far side of the drift was firm, "Good skiing up high!" I thought, "Why don't you just hang around all Summer, snow?"

I hopped on my bike and rode quickly away from the snarling engines, cursing motorists and clanking shovels and winch pulleys. Freedom.

The twenty minute ride to the pass was filled with new bright green quaking Aspen leaves, Pasque flowers, Phlox, early Wild Iris and the smell and sound of seeping, dripping, flowing and tumbling snowmelt.

Two Elk stopped to gaze in wonder at the strange creature on silent hooves with even stranger antlers sticking up over his head. "Hi Kids!" I said as I rode by quietly.

Marmots and Picas squeaked in astonishment when I reached treeline,

bicycle lost in the sea green spruce forest far below. "What's a desert rat doing way up here?" they seemed to say. "Just beatin' the heat, fellas, just beatin' the heat!"

From the summit, 12,500, the stinking hot desert spread out for miles in every direction. The peaks of the San Juan, La Platas, Henrys, and Wasatch all grinned their white snow teeth smile above the hot desert haze. The Mountains Are Alive!

I pulled out the water, dried fruit, choc chip cookies and a copy of the Gazette. Time to meditate on my next article, "What in the Hell am I going to write about this time?" I kept thinking.

Distracted, I looked back down the drainage of the pass road. Dust clouds belied the downward progress of vehicles. Would-be Conquerors in retreat.

Still thinking of snowdrifts, I clicked into the three-pins and rhythmically, gracefully descended leaving perfect white tracks on the mountain's dusty Summer snowfields. The bicycle descent was a blur of whirring green and brown. Three hours up, thirty minutes down!

"There you are!" I hollered as I turned the corner to see the roaddrift snowblock, "Keep up the good work ol' pal!" I portaged across the foot tracks and through the seeping ruts of the damaged drift to the patiently waiting truck.

Cold beer from the cooler and a chuckle. Someone just last week said to me, "Time to get outta the Canyonlands, bicycling season is over until October!" See you then, friend!

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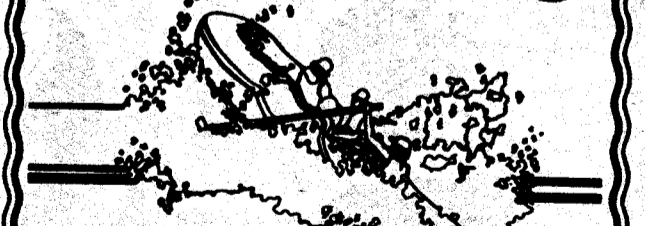
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"Leave it as it is. You cannot improve on it. The ages have been at work on it, and man can only mar it."
—Theodore Roosevelt 1902

The River List



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MOBABLE

Buddy Hummer

As the old saying goes: better to have loved and lost, than never to have lost at all.

That seems to be the theme for this year. Longtime locals are leaving Moab or talking about leaving soon. Since we, who stay behind, have loved our departing friends very much, we really feel the pain. But look on the bright side: we get to wallow in the wonderfully excruciating experience of loss, and, like they say, it's good for you to learn to let go. Pain tones up the heart and texturizes the liver.

Nik Hougen is moving on to work at a family cattle ranch in Oregon, near his boyhood home. Never one to balk at risk, Nik has enlivened Moab with his often outrageous actions which serve to remind the rest of us that there is still a lot of room for experimentation and new possibilities in this world. He's captured our imaginations with his swashbuckling lifestyle and intensely expressive art work.

He leaves a very big hole in our hearts. Local policemen will do this town a service if they can trump up some criminal charges against Nik. Then we can all form a posse, ride up to Oregon, and haul him back to the Moab jail, where he belongs!

Then there's RoAnne Flores whose life story was exhaustively presented in Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the RoAnne Empire. She arrived here with the wave of hippie immigrants in the 70's, attired in headband and scruffy cut-offs and she soon began working as a river boatman (proving that even a midget can do it.)

But since boating was too easy, she turned entrepreneur and bought the Ramada Inn Pancake Haus franchise. RoAnne proceeded to build a mini-kingdom, replete with Porche, ownership of a trailer park and dress shop, and membership in the Chamber of Commerce (proving that even a midget hippie can do it.)

There were four sweet years of success, and then her rapid climb to the top was matched by an equally precipitous pitch back to the bottom. And now she's run away forever with some truckdriver (proving that a midget-hippie-entrepreneur can do it.) Yeh, RoAnne!

Brent Khell, former local miner and regular at the Poplar Place left town a long time ago to join the army. Brent regularly writes home (to the Poplar Place) signing his letters: RAMBRENT.

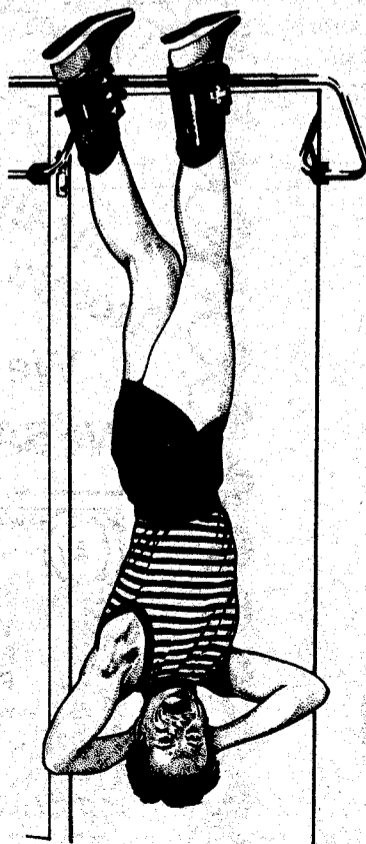
In one letter PFC Rambrent explains his extraordinary decision to become the world's oldest private: "Yes, I've done it again. Another insane act by a desperate individual seeking inner peace and harmony with the world." You can read his letters at the P.P.

Longtime local grade school teacher Mary Mullen is looking for work elsewhere. Former students will remember her classroom as a place where walls were always covered with student art work, weekly poems to memorize, and a listing of the Student Bill of Rights. She's changed a lot of lives because of her loving care.

Other sad departures are Cap and Diane Tibbits who have moved to Oregon after years of working to keep Moabites sane and off the streets. Steve Bathemus has hauled his charming self off to the Virgin Islands; the girls down there don't deserve him. I hear that cowboys Dan and Deuce won't be bringing their cows back down here next year. Michaelene Pendleton and Cindy Drew are threatening to take off and "get educated" sometime soon.

And there are many other heart-breaking departures which I haven't mentioned.

But there are still SOME people left behind in Moab. There are even some bright spots in this grim scene of departures, economic hardship, and emotional trauma. Some good news is that Margaret Hopkin will be principal at S.E. Elementary School next year. Losing two good principals like Dyer and Olerain is a high price to pay, but Margaret is magic and I bet hearts will heal under her administration.



"JANICE, BRING BACK
THOSE KEYS!"

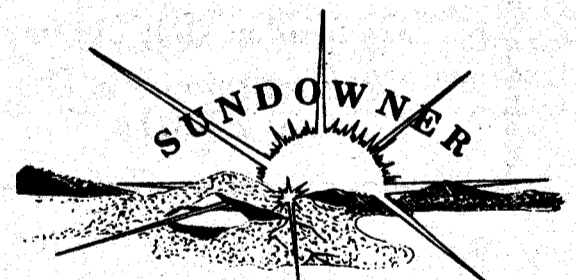
"Wake up, Ma'm,
It's King James
with
your order."

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Hardship has inspired innovative schemes for making a living. A new boat company, Navtec, is burgeoning in John Williams back yard. The yard is jam-packed with inflated sport boats, high-tech motors, and tool-bedecked work tables. The rasiest of the river running crowd regularly "drop by" to check out the scene.

After years of testing and experience, John has developed a boat design which provides a new kind of river tripping experience; the boats are designed for high intensity playing in the rapids. More thrills and chills per dollar.

Cont. Page 7

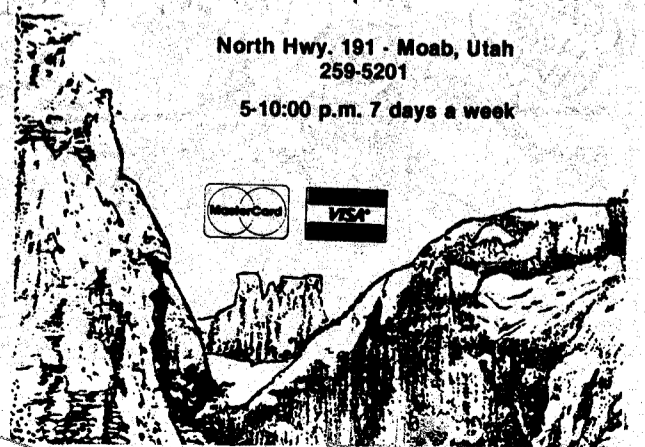


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Joy and Buck Wheatley have developed a successful catering business. Despite economic hardship these guys have stuck in there year after year because Moab is HOME.

CFI (known by some as the See If I Care Institute) has continued to expand thanks to Karla and Robin's intense devotion to a dream. CFI offers a new way for locals to earn a living through sharing their love of Canyonlands.

Some Moabites go away and then come back again. Boatmen are particularly addicted to the Canyonlands. Brian Coombs is cooking meals on a fishing boat which works off the coast of Alaska these days, but he'll come back. Few people know that Bill Benge, local lawyer, once ran rivers for Tex McClatchy before going off to get a degree at Stanford. But he came back.

Captain Tom first fell in love with the area in 1971, "When you could get lost for a month in the river canyons and never see anybody." A boat builder and intrepid sailer, he's explored most of the seas and rivers of the north western hemisphere, and yet he still returns to Moab.

These days Tom has two dories sitting out in front of his Moab home. He's preparing for any likely event, such as a 6 foot rise in sea level.

Then there's Terry Tibbits. She wandered off to some tropical island near the coast of Belize last winter, and everybody knew that unless she was crazy she'd never come back. But she

is crazy, and she came back. You don't have to look any further than her latest hairdo to know she's crazy: she recently shaved off all the hair on one side of her head.

Terry had to work hard to persuade her unwilling hairdresser to commit the moral outrage of shaving her head. First Terry went out and bought one of those Moab coupon books they've been promoting recently. One of the coupons in the book promises a free haircut at a local beauty salon. When the hairdresser flatly refused to shave Terry's hair clean off, Terry

not-so-tactfully pointed out that there's a law about truth in advertising.

Terry's bald pate is an extremely bright spot in the generally gloomy Moab atmosphere!

So it has been sad saying goodbye to friends. One of the ironies of life is that the things you disliked most about the dear departed when they were here are the things you miss the most once they're gone. It's hard to forget the smelly feet and irritating personality quirks.



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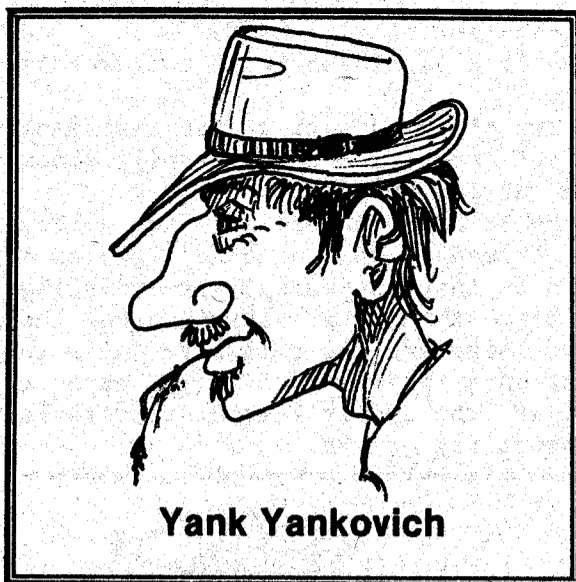
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Yank Yankovich

The Beastie Boys in Moab

Now I don't claim to be the hippest guy around, but I'm not exactly out of touch either. I'm not sitting around hopelessly spinning old Donovan 45's and burning cheap incense, but I'm also not ready to run a lawnmower across my head and carve a swastika on my earlobe in the name of fashion. No, I'm somewhere in the middle, patiently plugging my way through the latter part of the 80's.

So when a nationally famous teen-rock sensation blew into Moab last week they couldn't escape my attention. I'm talking about "The Beastie Boys" whose big hit, "You've Gotta Fight for Your Right to Party" has given American youth a rallying cry unheard of since Alice Cooper joined the Fair Lawn Oaks Country Club.

Of course, as with any mega celebrity group, they are discrete. But not discrete enough to evade my attention.

The signs of their presence were everywhere and I proceeded to diligently track them down.

My first clue came in Mill Creek Canyon. Upon entering the trailhead I noticed that the BLM trail register had been violently assaulted. The steel register box itself had obscenities carved into it while the trail register sheets had been torn out, ripped to shreds and scattered all over the trailhead.

I immediately knew that this sort of high caliber creative expression was far beyond the scope of our small town youth. These were professionals at work here.

As I walked further down the trail it became more and more apparent that I was indeed on the tracks of a megatalent. For not only had the trail register sheets been torn into little pieces, they had also been set afire and dropped every five feet or so along the trail.

Now here was a gesture of sheer genius. I became ecstatic for I knew this sort of riveting social statement was indeed out of the realm of our staid local youth. It could only be the Beastie Boys. And here I was, hot on their pied-piper trail as their hyper-drive hormones continued working overtime.

I soon approached the waterfall at Left-Hand Canyon and in my heart felt a rush of anticipation at the possibility of encountering these cultural vigilantes face to face. I pushed my way beyond the last willows and as I burst through my spirit sank in disappointment-- There was no one there.

But rather than sink into a puddle of glum I took heart in the fact that signs of the Beastie Boys presence were all around me. Broken bottles, empty beer cans, crumpled 12-pack cases were clinging to rocks in the

stream or strewn about the tall grass. I could only imagine the immense talent behind such a display. Why they had even demonstrated their affection for the ancient Anasazi Indians by carving some petroglyphs of their own into the redrock in a language that somewhat resembled English.

I wound my way back to the car and headed over toward Ken's Lake. When I arrived I was again disappointed. There were a few paper cups and some broken glass lining the shore, but not much. The Boys obviously hadn't stayed long. My only consolation was cutting my foot on a piece of broken glass, almost certainly placed there by the Beasties as a symbol of the magnitude of their presence.

I was convinced I was getting closer. I was sure I would find these kingpins of Pop-culture and thus secure a Gazette Exclusive. I drove to town and asked every teen with a skateboard and hearing loss if he or she had seen the Boys.

None would admit it. Finally, a young man parked in the bank lot tipped me off that he had indeed seen them and at present they were going downriver with Scary Flippit's Celebrity River Tours.

I raced up to the Celebrity offices and asked the secretary if this were indeed the case. After much prodding, a monetary bribe, and a promise to do three shuttles and feed the dogs, she conceded that the Boys had been distracted from carving up the trail register at Negro Bill Canyon by the lure of Celebrity Whitewater.

"Of course," she added, "they were a little miffed at having to tie a 16 foot raft loaded with gear to the roof of their limo." She muttered something about egos, I nodded and left.

As it turned out I missed the Boys once again. At the river take-out in Cisco the trip's guide told me that the Beastie Boys had bailed out and headed east.

"They were hungry for some decent abandoned buildings where they could spray paint obscenities on the wall and smash the windows." According to her, they had had enough and complained incessantly about the wide-open spaces, lack of decent ghettos and the difficulty in finding electrical outlets in red rock.

As she spoke it dawned on me that perhaps the Beastie Boys had left a little prematurely. For even though they had done a lot while they were in Moab, there was one place they had missed, one place where geniuses of their magnitude would have felt right at home-- the Moab dump.

As I folded up my notebook in dejection, I thought of all the places the Boys had been while they were in town and how they left their indelible mark at each one. This was hardly consolation but at least I knew that from now on, every time I stumbled on a beer can in the canyon or sidestepped broken glass on the shore, I would be reminded just how enduring a presence youthful genius can be.

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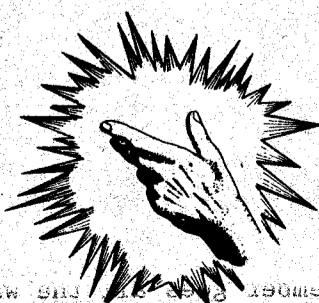
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NUTS AND BOLTS



By Floyd Pinkly

I wonder if all small towns have their family feuds, like the one going here in Moab between the Wheelers and the Tuckers. I probably shouldn't be talking about it, but everyone knows everything about everyone here anyway, right down to the last two digits in their bank account.

My wife and I were invited to the wedding, you know, between little Tammy Wheeler and Shane Tucker, that neither family was able to put a stop to. They tried to make the best of it, but it only made everything worse.

Shane is my sister-in-law's half cousin, and Tammy is my wife's niece by marriage. Still, I knew things were on the wrong track when they separated us at the church and had us sit on opposite sides of the aisle.

Boy, I'm here to tell you that there was some tension there. Most everybody kept their eyes straight ahead. Once and a while someone would look across and smile but it was a funny kind of smile, more like the expression you'd expect from someone who just stepped barefoot on a goathead.

The antagonism was so thick you couldn't nick it with a buck knife. Even the singer was off key, she was so nervous, and her voice kind of shook like she had a gun pointed at her head.

It was a relief when it got underway, and little Tammy started making her way up the demilitarized zone. There was a lot of crying on both sides of the aisle, probably people who were wondering how they were ever going to make it through the reception. They had good reason to worry.

Somehow they left the seating arrangements up to Holden Tucker, who had taken some time off from his teaching job over in Frisco and had come to town a few days earlier for the wedding. Everyone says he's never been the same since he moved to the coast. I don't know about that, but his great idea of mixing the two families in hopes they'd get along better was doomed to failure.

There was old Emma Tucker, right across from Grandma Wheeler, popping her false teeth out and in like she does, practically driving poor Mrs. Wheeler right up the wall.

And Grandma Wheeler had worn all her expensive jewelry, which Emma says was money stolen from the Tuckers when the partnership went bad between their husbands years ago. When Emma gets nervous her teeth really get going. You could tell she was really nervous.

It was no better at the table where Alice and I were sitting. There was Marvin Wheeler and Bill Tucker, just staring icicles at each other.

I was working at Rio when they both got put on the same shift together, and damned if they didn't really try to be friends. It was working out pretty well, until the day that Bill gave Marvin the lottery ticket. He'd picked up a few over in Junction, and just laid one on Marvin at lunchtime, just trying to be nice.

I was down there in the mine when it happened. Marvin scratched off the stuff on the back and there it was, a \$5,000 instant winner. Marvin started whooping and hollering and dancing all around, and I seen Bill just standing there, a green tint to his complexion. Finally, after he quieted down a bit, Marvin walked over to Bill, threw his arm around his shoulders, and told him he could borrow that new Marlin 30.06 any time he wanted.

It was destiny, the same story all over again, the Tuckers being the good guys, and the Wheelers getting all the money.

A fuse blew in poor Bill's head and he just jumped on Marvin, punching and screaming, until we all pulled him off. Marvin went home in a huff, and Bill got himself fired to boot. And they've hated each others guts ever since, so it wasn't with a great deal of delight that they found themselves sitting so close together.

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STEVE VERCHINSKI

It was like that at every table. Alice and I were the only people talking. The kids left after 15 minutes, disgusted with it all, and everyone else quickly followed suit. And things have been tense ever since, what with the Wheelers calling Shane a worthless gold-digger, and the Tuckers digging up all the dirt in Tammy's past. I'm fed up with it all.

I'm glad the Pinklys don't nurse those kinds of grudges. Oh, there have been some arguments in the family over the years, but the only real grudge I can remember goes all the way back to 1953, or actually, the year before that.

It was August of '52 when Dad came back from Korea with some metal in his leg but glad to be alive, and the whole family piled into the '47 Plymouth station wagon and went on a vacation to Yellowstone.

Us boys were in the back seat, me, Boyd and Loyd. And little Lindy, who was just 10 at the time, was lying behind us on the luggage, sort of dozing off. There wasn't much to do, so we decided to play a little joke on Lindy.

Boyd suddenly calls out, "look at the moose!" That woke Lindy up, 'cause he'd been wanting to see a moose ever since we started. Right at that moment we all piled over the back seat and held him down so's he couldn't see. Dad didn't know what was up and just kept driving, and we didn't let Lindy up for a few minutes. He got so angry he wouldn't speak to us for the rest of the day. But he finally got over his mad, we all forgot about it, and that was that.

Well, it was over a year later, in October of '53, and me and my two older brothers were watching the world series on TV in the living room. Dad was at work and mother was out shopping for groceries.

All of us brothers were rooting for the Yankees, going for their fifth straight World Championship. They were underdogs to the great Brooklyn Dodger team with Furillo and Campanella and maybe three other players who were hitting over .300 that season.

But the Yankees were tough with skinny Billy Martin batting at .500 for the series! And Mantle hitting the grand slam homer to win game 5!

This was game six, with the Yankees leading 3 games to 2, and Furillo had just homered in the top of the ninth to tie the game. In the bottom of the ninth the Yankees got a runner to second base, with the cocky and dangerous Martin coming up to the plate. We were on the edge of our seats, wondering if Martin could get yet another hit, when the TV went blank.

I mean it went black, off, no power. We frantically checked the plug, checked everything, and realized that all the power to the house had been cut off. We rushed outside, and there was Lindy, standing by the meter with two long red fuses in his hand, smiling at us.

We rushed him, but he was always quick on his feet and he danced away, shouting: "You wouldn't let me see the moose and now you know how it feels!"

My brothers were fit to kill him but danged if we could catch him. We finally cornered him by the tool shed, got the fuses back, and restored power to the TV set just in time to see the celebration after the game, the home fans cheering their Yankees. Billy Martin got the series-winning RBI. We never saw it.

But, I think that's when we quit picking on Lindy. Anybody can hold a grudge that long, you don't want to mess with 'em. They're crazy.



Izzie Kiddin

Izzie on the Mountain (?)

(AUGUST 1984) Gary is coming for another visit from Chicago. He's an old, young backpacking friend of mine who wants one more weeklong excursion into the ozones before he goes in to the Navy. I've tried to talk him out of this, telling him that the only way to advance in the military is in direct proportion to whom gets killed first in your squadron and, what with Ronnie and Casper buying up every deadly weapon available, I just didn't think it was a wise move. But Gary is going through the I-just-don't-know-what-to-do-with-my-life-Syndrome, and he has already committed himself.

The plan this year was to backpack the LaSal Mountains, visit four lakes, scamper up over Burro Pass, climb Haystack Mountain, and bushwhack down Brumley Ridge to Pack Creek. He told me he couldn't possibly spend a month here. I told him I intended to do this in six days. He laughs. Everyone laughs at me. Tell anyone the Honest to God truth, and they'll laugh in your face.

G & T happen to be in town from Salt Lake, so we volunteer them to take us up in their jeep to Dark Canyon Lake, our starting point. It was going to be 105 in the valley today, so the timing was perfect for a mountain getaway. We stopped at the quaint little town of LaSal (Can one raise hell...in LaSal?) for some last minute supplies. Cigars, band-aids, gum, beer, and an old paperback entitled, Steal This Book, by Abbie Hoffman. Rechecking our packs, I made sure we weren't missing anything. Let's see: Apricot Brandy, Schnaaps, Southern Comfort, eight loaves of bread, and a deviled ham. Yep! We're ready!

Lumbering up the old jeep road to the lake, Gary is already worried about...the bears. I try to convince him that sighting one would indeed be a rare event, but he still is concerned. He wants to know what he should do in case of bear attack. I tell him to lie down and play dead. He thinks that will be easy, because if he ever did see a bear, up close and personal, he'd probably faint dead-away. Higher and higher we go, into the cool.

Dark Canyon Lake (10,400 feet). We offer a slug of brandy to G & T for the ride, but they decline the offer, saying they already have a headache, and point the jeep back to Smog Lake City. We set up camp and take in the view. Pretty lake, save for the fallen timber, thanks to a beetle infestation years ago. A few fishermen are here, trading lies around the campfire. But for the most part, the scene is quiet and pleasant. We take a stroll around the lake, as our lungs begin the slow process of acclimation.

By the time we return to camp we are famished! What is it about mountains, that turn average sane men into stark raving savages? We will devour vast quantities of food at every given opportunity. We take a

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hike; we eat. We take a leak; we eat. We snap a picture; we feast! Ah! Gluttons of the Alpine!

Gary is an avid fisherman. He loves to fish! He's getting his pole ready now. So, in honor of his July Fourth Birthday, I bought him his week long fishing license as a gift. I didn't bother getting myself one. Hell, I ain't never seen a Warden up here since I been here! And even if I did hastily pick up a rod and reel for myself, I wasn't really planning on doing any serious fishing. I just picked one up to be sociable, as Gary likes to fish so much.

My father cured me of the fishing habit years ago, when I as a kid in Chicago. Every weekend he would drag me out on to Lake Michigan, where I

Toilet Graffiti #1 Big Sur, California



"To be... is to do"
- J.P. Sartre



"To do... is to be"
- F. Nietzsche



"Do be do be do"
- F. Sinatra

next to me. An hour passed and Gary has shared three more trout. I relax

and watching dig-pressed and themselves. Higher
Jim Stiles ©1989

(cont. from p. 10)

ould endure vicious attacks by mutant mosquitoes, witness horrible thunderstorms (they should really start jiting now!) and wind up getting cut and bruised just to bring home a few sickly looking perch. No, it just wasn't fun.

The nights are chilly up here. In fact downright cold! This K-Mart sleeping bag is the pits. It's time to shiver and shake until you wake. And I was rudely awakened at three in the morning, by Gary smashing me about the face and shoulders. Upon waking from his nightmare, he told me I had rolled over onto his arm, and he dreamt a giant bear had him! He falls back to sleep uneasily, as I drift over to the far corner of the tent and await the next attack.

Morning! Frost! Sunshine through the pines! Thank you, Jesus! We consume a rash of food, slug down some Brandy, and pack up for the 6 mile hike to Blue Lake. Gary had caught three fish, I had caught none. To make matters worse regarding this foolish sport, I had inadvertently picked up a left-handed reel. To watch me cast out into the blue was a comical sight, akin to watching a marionette with half its strings missing. Petrouchka with MS. I could hear the other fishermen cackling in the distance, and thought I heard the fish snicker-ing too.

BLUE LAKE (10,500 feet) Blue Lake turned out to be a good place to fish. Gary caught five and I caught none. Flaying away with my left-handed reel, I nearly pulled my arm out of its socket! Gary had noticed a rickety old log raft on the other side of the lake. He said we should take that raft out to the middle of the lake so we can catch the BIG ones! Upon inspecting the old logs, I politely declined, saying that my experiences in water with Risky Road River Expeditions were enough to last me from here on out. Reluctantly, Gary grabbed a tree branch and poled out onto the lake alone on the makeshift raft, Skid-row gondola style.

The raft started to break apart just as he was bout smack-dab in the middle of the lake. With a KAPLOOSH! the raft disintegrated and Gary was plunged into the icy waters. Thrashing around like some snagged trout he half swam, half ran back to shore. Laughing, I offered him a drink of brandy. He smacked me upside the head and told me to fetch him his sleeping bag. At my estimation, he shivered for approximately two hours.

Next morning. Oatmeal sucks. Raisin bread and butter with a lot of coffee is the only way to go. We were ready for Burro Pass and beyond. 11,200 feet at the saddle. The trudge up the Dry Fork of Mill Creek was sheer murder. We had to stop every few minutes to catch our breath. The packs weren't getting any lighter. Just think, I could have been in Vegas by now, tossing back drinks, pulling handles, and watching big-breasted women make fools of themselves. Higher

and higher, up the steep creekbed. We hear a rustle in the bushes.

We turn around and listen- Nothing. There! There it is again! And the noise it is making dictates it is awfully big! I already know what Gary is thinking. THE BEARS ARE COMING! Throwing his pack on the ground, he reaches into his back pocket for his only weapon. A pack of firecrackers. The rustle in the bushes begins again and Gary starts lighting the firecrackers in quick, nervous succession. Unfortunately, they were in his back pocket when he fell into Blue Lake, so they were quite soggy. All they did was sputter and make little fart noises as they hit the ground. The beast came closer...

Gary, out of fireworks and nerve, loses his cool and at the top of his lungs yells, "OK YOU STUPID BEAR! COME ON OUT AND SHOW YOURSELF! I'LL HIT YOU WITH THIS BOTTLE OF APRICOT BRANDY!" Lunging for my bottle, I told him not to do anything rash. The bushes began to part and out steps the STUPIDEST, STINKINGEST, MOST GOOD FOR NOTHING... COW I had ever seen. The last firecracker that was smoldering on the ground suddenly went off with a loud crackle and me, Gary and the cow scattered in different directions. We laughed all the way to the top of the world.

HAYSTACK MOUNTAIN (11,642 feet) Kings of Oblivion! The desert pours out from under us, hazy and grandiose as far as the horizon allows us to see. From atop this mountain I look down on the only place I ever want to know. You may keep your great cathedrals of Europe, I'm happy to know they are there. No need for the romantic episodes in Venice, I've seen the movie. You can have your Swiss Alps, these little LaSals are just fine. I am looking out on all that is sane, good and clean. The God-For-saken desert of Southeastern Utah. We watch in silence for what seems like hours. There are no words.

The scramble down to Warner Lake is marred by various cowpies of different dimensions. I do not wish to look at my vibram soles. I'll get very upset. We are tagging behind a herd of cattle, and coaxing them all the way to Warner Lake by our presence. Where is that clean mountain air now, huh kids? We finally arrive at Warner and set up camp. We are hungry again. "What's left to eat?" Gary asks. I tell him.

"Deviled Ham, AGAIN?" he whines. I tell him we also have some Southern Comfort and Morning Thunder Tea. He bites disgustedly into his sandwich.

We make our way down to Oowah Lake on the last day of our trip. The lake is packed with local yokals, women yelling at kids, and a lot of drunk fishermen. Gary is getting his pole ready again. "Come on, you haven't caught one yet!"

Unexcitedly I cast my wrong hand pole out into the lake, hearing the titter of laughter from the fishermen next to me. An hour passes and Gary has snared three more trout. I relax

with my pole in the water, sipping some SC & Tea, and watch the sun set over Boren Mesa. The serenity is broken by a booming voice. "MAY I SEE YOUR FISHING LICENSES, PLEASE?" It was the Game Warden!

Gary proudly shows the license I had bought for him. The warden asks to see mine. Feeling quite small and embarrassed, caught red-handed, pole in hand, like some teeny-bopper whose mother has just discovered the Playboy under the pillow, I said in a small voice, "i don't have one..."

"YOU DON'T HAVE ONE? THAT'S AGAINST THE LAW YOUNG MAN!" I tried to explain to him about Gary joining the Navy and being shipped to some deserted island in Polynesia and I got him his license as a going away present but I didn't get one for myself 'cause shucks I ain't no fisherman and besides I even bought a left handed reel. See?

He wrote out the ticket in silence and left.

That ticket cost me fifty-four dollars! And I never caught one stinking fish. To put a topper on it, I lost that stupid pole on the bushwhack down Brumley Ridge! Fifty-four smackers! You could buy a full truckload of sickly looking perch with that kind of money! I have not been fishing since.

We arrived at Pack Creek at the end of the sixth day an exactly 6 PM, as planned, without a watch. (I'm good at stuff like that.) Gary's Grampa came roaring round the corner in his Scout. He brought us our twelve pack of Dark Lowenbrau. We always end a trip with Gramps and some dark Lowenbrau. On the ride back into town, Gramps turned to me, as he swerved down the Loop Road and asked what did I catch, and I showed him my ticket from the Warden. We laughed all the way back to town.

(May-1987) Gary has been stationed in Hawaii all this time. Lucky stiff! He probably has seven sports cars and a girl for each one by now. He called me the other day and told me he was coming into town this August and wants me to get together another gonzo backpacking trip. I told him I was thinking about Yellowstone Park. He wanted to know if he should bring his fishing gear? I told him to bring a case of firecrackers instead...



s inspired innovative making a living. A new avtec, is burgeoning in back yard. The yard is h inflated sport boats, rs, and tool-bedecked The rasiest of the crowd regularly "drop t the scene. rs of testing and n has developed a boat provides a new kind of experience; the boats for high intensity rapids. More thrills dollar.

t. Page 7

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STARSCAM

Your
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by

**Rama Lama
Ding Dong**

CANCER
(June 22 to July 23)

This is your month, Crabbycakes! Take advantage of your tendency to go to extremes on the 17th or 18th. Do something wild and adventurous. Take care of your mending.

Your passive, lazy, brooding nature takes over on the 15th. Friends seem to grow cold. This is not just your usual paranoia-- people really do dislike you a whole lot. Be ingratiating.

The sensitive, intuitive, sympathetic side of your personality leads you into trouble on the 24th. Beware of your tendency to believe anything you are told. Don't buy anything that you can get two of for only \$19.95.

Everyone misunderstands you. You get no credit for your sterling qualities. On the few occasions that you do actually tell the truth, no one believes you. Take your frustration out on small, defenceless animals.

You are not the glamor sign of the Zodiac. Don't expect too much.

LEO: You will be engulfed by enthusiasm on the 6th. Don't worry, you'll get over it.

VIRGO: Pay attention to your liver on Wednesdays. What is it trying to say to you?

LIBRA: Do something interesting and different on the 7th. How about Russian Roulette with a .45 automatic?

SCORPIO: Nothing goes right for you this month. Stay in bed until August.

SAGITTARIUS: Highlight financial matters. Start a new business. Try putting fake night depository boxes on local banks.

CAPRICORN: Your mate will not cooperate this month. Revise your stand on monogamy.

AQUARIUS: A new and dynamic person will enter your life. Brush your teeth and take a bath this month just in case.

PISCES: Mercury retrogrades in your 5th House. If you don't know what this portends, Rama Lama sure isn't going to spill the beans.

ARIES: You are spending too much on pleasureable pursuits. Buy your whips and chains in thrift stores.

TAURUS: On the 12th, you will either be drafted by the Denver Broncos or take up knitting (planetary influences are unclear).

GEMINI: Shoot anyone who pisses you off this month.



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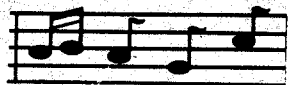
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STROKES and POKES

(Written for "Tradewinds" in June, 1985, I'm rerunning this column as a fond farewell to Nik, the desert rat.)

Bobby Bloato



The way to Nik's was a little tricky. He lived in a primitive hut, the largest in a group of handmade dwellings, in a side canyon near Despondency Draw. He called it Drip City, presumably after the little fern-bedecked spring nearby that supported him.

The was no road in. The tracks I had been following were growing faint and the arroyos deeper. I turned down the first one that fit, and began my descent. The wash was blocked with boulders and I fought the wheel lock to lock. Where it pinched off totally I'd take to the talus slopes, boosting the idle with the choke and hanging out for balance like an outrigger. I'd seen worse. Eventually, the canyon widened, and the going got easier over slickrock and sand. I settled back for the final few miles and imagined the snug harbor I knew awaited me.

Ah, the snug harbor of life. I saw myself with the great one, relaxing in the primitive simplicity of his surroundings, absorbing the wisdom available only from those who have divorced themselves completely from the rapid pace of high-tech society.

I flipped down the glovebox door. On the inside of it I'd pasted the picture of Nik they'd printed in LIFE. He's seated in his beloved rusty wheelbarrow, in a one and a half lotus position, a look of radiant boredom on his face. (Nik taught that boredom, correctly perceived, was a blissful state, beyond ecstasy!) His arm is extended skyward in an eternal gesture of peace; The Noble Savage! My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a generator.

As I came around the corner, wondering if I was hearing things, I beheld a sight that made me feel like Skeeter must have felt the morning he rounded the bend and discovered the new rapid. Drip City had changed.

The largest hut still remained, but attached to the back was a gleaming Butler Building. On the left sat a huge white satellite dish; on the right throbbed a diesel generator below an oil drum stand. The empties were scattered along the cliff like beer cans after a party. Beyond them, near the spring, arose what appeared to be a redwood deck surrounding a bubbling tub. A windmill stood motionless on its tower and below it, built partially into the cliff, was a greenhouse with plants crowding the windows.

I cut the engine and sat there, running reels of possibilities, unable to fully comprehend what I was seeing. I barely noticed a figure emerge from the doorway and start toward me through the sand.

Jeezus H, I thought, is this Nik? The guy was impeccably attired in Sportifs and camel shirt, his beard

trimmed to a gnat's whisker, and he peered out from under the brim of a khaki jungle hat that hummed with a solar-powered fan. I looked down at the LIFE picture, of a cosmic dervish on a roll to the dump. I looked back up at Hermit by Dior.

"Bobby", he called out as he quickened his stride, "how good to see you!" He reached the jeep with outstretched hand. In it was a sweaty bottle of Perrier.

"Nik", I groaned, stumbling out of the jeep. "I don't get it."

"Bobby, you never did," he chuckled, throwing his arm around my shoulders. He shoved the ice-cold bottle into my hand and turned my toward the complex. "Come on inside and I'll tell ou all about it."

He held the familiar burlap door aside and we entered the hut. It looked like before, except that now it opened up at the back to a blinking room full of electronic gadgetry.

It was the nerve center, he explained, of his new company, Cosmic Contracts, Inc. I followed dumbly as we toured the computer center, the gourmet kitchen, the living quarters done up to the hilt in Scandanavian and white, the fitness room, the sauna, and finally, the shiny tiled bathrooms.

"Get yourself a hot shower while I whip up some dinner. The boys have taken the Llama to Ray's and probably won't be back til morning. You're still driving that gut-shot old jeep! Face it, Bloato, you're a dinosaur!" He was still laughing as he finally disappeared from sight. I did as he said.

Later, after a delicious dinner of Trout Almondine, we talked over a crisp white wine and I learned what had transpired to account for this astounding transformation.

"And then," he continued, "I found myself with some green in my poke from the sale of those claims in Salvation Wash. Hell, I didn't know what to do with it, but I hated to see it just dissolve like before.

"Well, one night I'm sitting in the Gravy Stain Grill, listening to Steve Oldshoeski talking commodities. 'Sell pork', he said, and told me how.

"I jumped into the market and rode that pork down the slide, selling short all the way to the bottom, letting it ride. Before it turned back up, I got out with a bundle! Then it just kind of snowballed. I got into gold, beans, indexes, you name it. Now we're wired in by satellite to an endless opening of markets around the world; Hong Kong, Zurich, London - the action's non-stop day and night! But enough of that. You came to ask me about the river, right?"

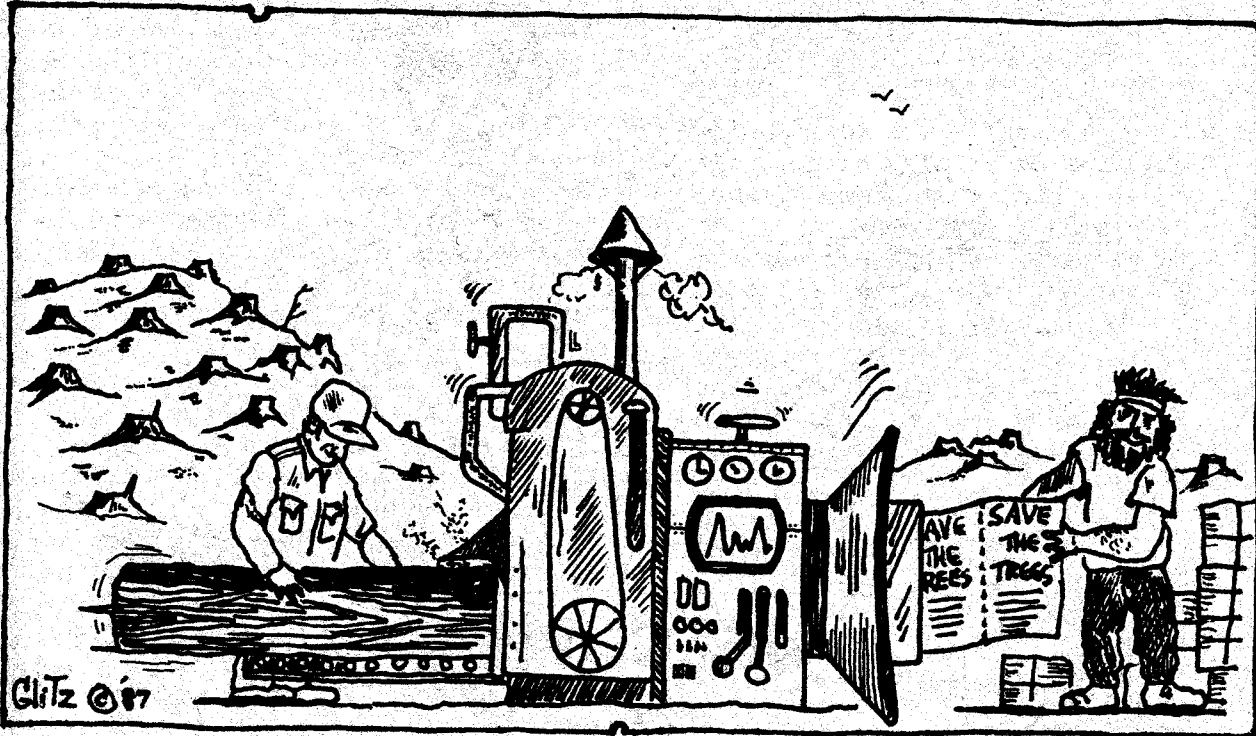
"Right", I replied, gladdened by his burst of clairvoyance. "I see you haven't lost the gift!"

"Hell, Bobby, how do you think I know what the markets are going to do? Think of it as applied metaphysics. Since the planetary alignment screwed up the spiritual movement and set everything off on a round of radical materialism, I saw there was no immediate future in ancient wisdom, and just sort of went along with the flow. It's that simple!

We finished the wine and the conversation, and then he ushered me into the isolation tank, to relax me and prepare me for a good night's sleep. I lay there in the darkness, floating, dreaming of deep space, of DNA molecules looking like little Michelin men, rowing transparent spaceboats through celestial rapids, disappearing into black holes, going back to the source.



THE BARD'S NARDS POETRY CORNER



LAMENT OF A TREE HUGGER

From out of the city's weight I did crawl
 To rediscover the waters of Life flowing from mountains tall.
 'Twas joy I found sleeping under the stars
 After a long days climb to the top of the world.
 But from a dozer's roar amongst a battlefield of pine,
 I knew this sanctuary would soon not be mine.
 Action! I thought, to end this tyranny.
 So I sent off a check to my local "Save the Trees".
 Brothers and sisters please listen to my tale.
 A grave mistake I've made to the trees, my friends.
 For now every month in form of paper they litter my mail.
 A deluge of "Save This and That", will it never end?
 The mailing list is the evil of modern organisation.
 For three years my trees have come to me in pulp formulization.

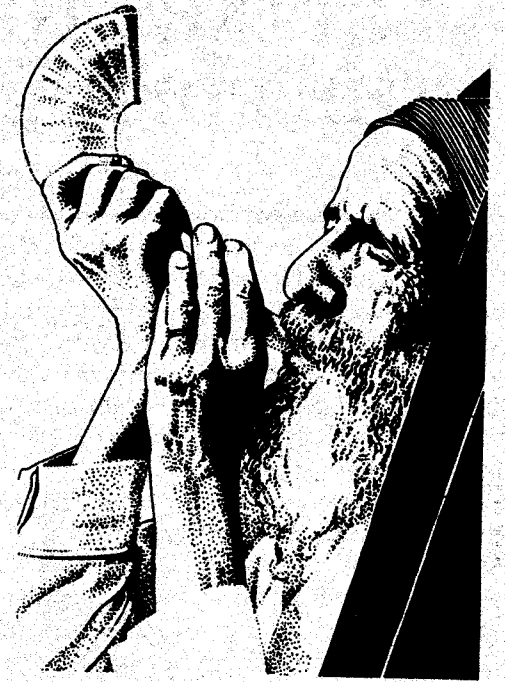
$\sqrt[3]{R^3}$

Desert Poem

Found by our itinerate reporter, Jack Baker,
 inscribed on a wall in Buckhorn Gulch,
 in the San Raphael Swell.

A woman's ass
 And a whisky glass
 is a beautiful sight to see.

But a woman's ass
 And a whisky glass
 Made a Goddam fool out of me.



"Where's the carburetor?"

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear SDG,

Isn't it curious what failure will do? In May we were informed that Mudpuppy had sunk to new lows, he had submitted his work to another journal for some silver. Then in June He writes that it is ok for Him to give away the coordinates to our holiest shrines, (so long as it's to the gender of the string tops!)

Sink deep in shame Mudpuppy, where do you come off feeling you have the right to change your mind? I have been a friend of yours since you crawled out of the puddle and found your wheels. We've peddled through paradise since. In February I applauded your anger over Moab's abdication of it's one remaining season of peace, and we peddled in joy as sleet inverted the festival.

And now you feel that the truth can change, that it's ok to give away the inner most secrets of the heart of the universe. Isn't time a dimension too, Mudpuppy?

What evil has invaded your soul? Where have you been as I have been silently silhouetting the canyon rims? Refute my worries that I will look down one evening and see you following some now stringless guppies to a point you have given them for purposes only you would know.

Repent Mudpuppy, repent before it's too late! It's bad enough that you now support the Boy Wonder's new guide book, at least now I will know where not to go.

But to what evil purpose are you now seen absconding from the Coop for?

A lonely friend

Dear Editor:

My husband and I spent a few days in Moab, Utah, and enjoyed the scenery so very much. We came across your paper, The Stinking Desert Gazette. We think it is most hilarious and would like to subscribe.

Henny Schwarz
New York

Dear Stinking ad-director, editor, etc

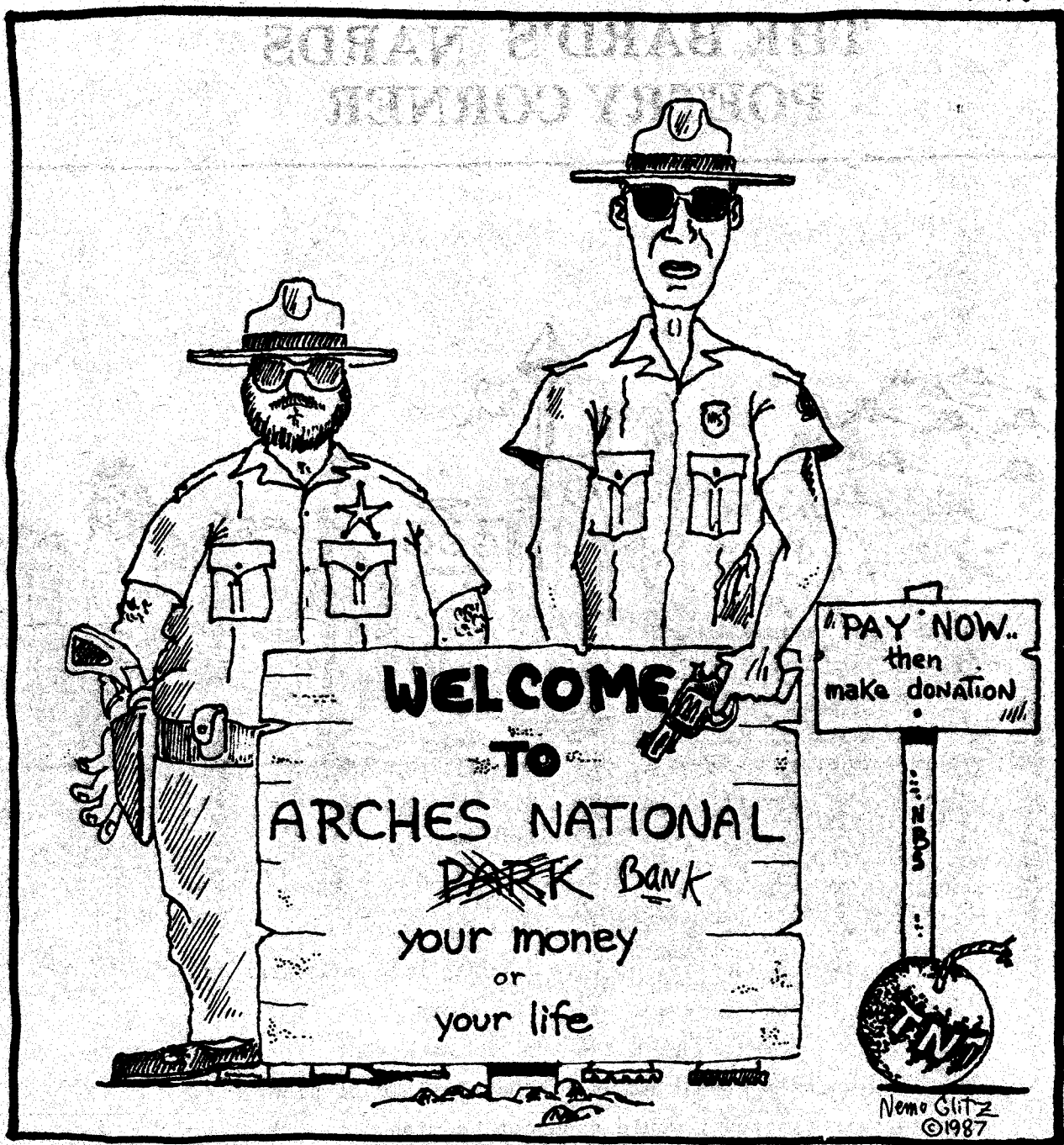
Congratulations on yer first year. In that time you have confused all you have touched and pushed back the frontiers of journalistic impertinence. Keep up the good work.

Yers truly,
Larry Hillis

Dear Stinky,

I was in Moab early this year for about 6 weeks. I enjoyed my stay, and especially enjoyed your newspaper. please send me a years subscription. Please send it to my work adress so I can share it with others.

Art Driedger
Dept. of Chemistry
Drexel University



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"Honest, Larry, if you blow into my milkshake one more time, I'm leaving."

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