

THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE

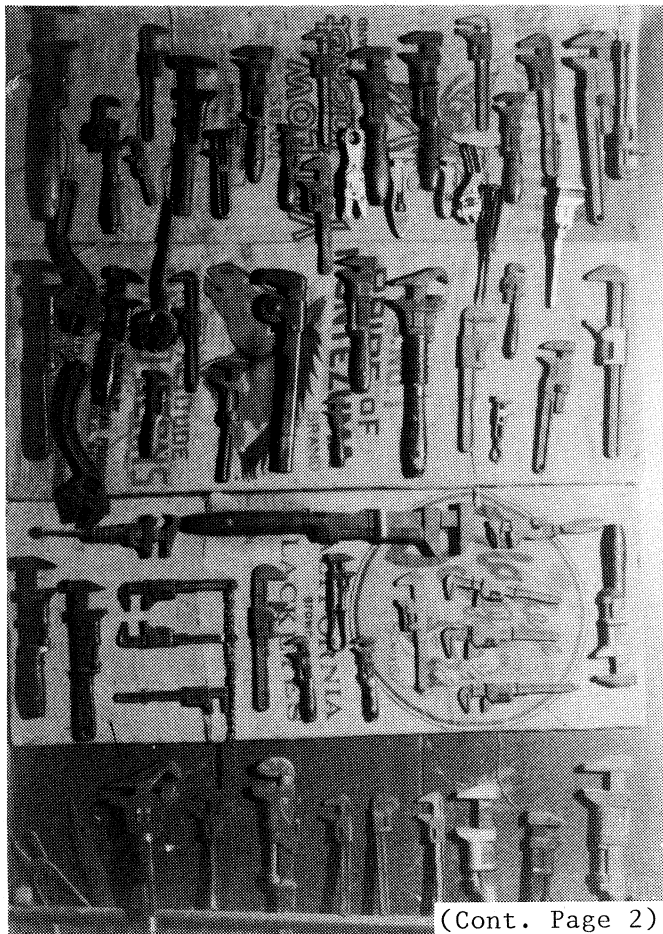
VOL.1 NO.2
SEPT. 86

25¢
MOAB

MONKEY WRENCH GANG BUSTED

Acting on a tip from a deformed source, reporters from the STINKING DESERT GAZETTE recently located the underground headquarters of the notorious Monkey Wrench Gang.

Moving in under the cover of a moonless night, on an evening when Sarvis, Abzug, and the rest of the gang members were out on a caper, our crew was able to infiltrate their secret hideout and get photographs of their dreaded arsenal of weapons. (See accompanying photograph)



(Cont. Page 2)



TREEHUGGERS BLAMED

Local wildlife conservation officer Darth Vader revealed to the GAZETTE last week that his department was in the process of investigating reports of severe vegetation abuse by local treehuggers.

Acting on a tip from a reformed source, Vader's men discovered the location of the treehugger's favorite hugging post, an unusual juniper tree in Maryjane Canyon.

Close inspection of the tree proved their suspicions were well-founded. The tree, which the snickering degenerates refer to as "Flora", was indeed in sad shape, and badly in need of some rest.

The bark was worn almost smooth on one side, and scarred by what appeared to be fingernail marks on the other. The foliage was mussed up and tangled almost beyond restoration.

(Cont. Page 2)



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**MONKEY WRENCH
GANG BUSTED**

(Cont. from Pg. 1)

This assignment turned out to be more difficult than expected, as the headquarters is truly underground, in a labyrinthine side corridor off the main tunnel of the Endless Cave, situated above the South Portal of the river.

Armed with ropes, carbide lamps, cameras and a canary in a cage, our fearless investigators made the descent without serious injury, and located the meeting chambers and weapons bunker.

What greeted their eyes in the light of their flickering headlamps was a dazzling display of weaponry, far more sophisticated and extensive than anyone had imagined.

There were nickle-plated adjustable spanners, steel-handled Stillsons, and plain and slip-joint monkey wrenches by the score. There was even a rare, stainless steel, swivel-headed crescent, designed by the Israelis for crack, ambidexterous terrorists.

Our staff got their pictures and made their way back to the surface. There they were greeted by a torch waving group of vigilantes who seized their film and turned it over to the Sheriff's Department.

"It's worse than we thought," lamented local Sheriff Jim Nylon. "We knew they were well armed, but that's enough wrenches to loosen every single lugnut on every wheel of progress on the entire Plateau."

When asked what the law intended to do about this ominous collection, the sheriff stated that it was difficult to establish proper jurisdiction in this case. Due to the Kline Bottle convolutions of the Endless Cave, the entrance is inside the county, but the cave proper is probably not.

TREEHUGGERS

(Cont. from pg.1)

(Compare this description with the sketch of the tree in its prime, caught by noted Canyonlands artist Nicholas Van Houggen, who happily donated it to us as we were unable to obtain a photograph.)

Additional evidence, a footstool found nearby undoubtedly stashed by the shorter treehuggers, was seized by the department.

Vader expressed his disgust at this vile abuse by what he called "a bunch of depraved perverts". But he told the GAZETTE that there was little his department could do about it, other than issue an appeal to all treehuggers to lay off this particular tree until it recovers.

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THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE

The STINKING DESERT GAZETTE is a monthly journal of nonsense and satire, and any resemblance in this material to persons living or dead is purely intentional.

Contributors to this issue included Suzanne Berrian, Glen Lockwood, Lola Wright, Nik Houggen, and Robert Dudek.

Contributors are welcome. All letters, advertisements, articles, cartoons, etc., should be addressed to:

THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE
BOX F
MOAB, UTAH 84532

MOAB COOKING

"Food that gives Moabites the strength to go out and do that which should have never been done."

Left-over pancakes

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Ingredients: 2 cans "Ranch-Style" beans
1 large red onion
1 stack of cold pancakes

Open cans. Place on low heat til hot. Let the label burn to speed things up. Place a slab of onion on a pancake, smear on the beans and finish with an ever-so-light sprinkle of paprika and a touch of garni. A sure-fire gut-bomb.

"The Comedian"

A light buffet sure to be a perfect ice-breaker at your next dinner party.

Ingredients: 8 cans "Ranch-Style" beans
1 stack of cold pancakes

Heat the beans as above. Furnish dinner-guests with spoons and two pancakes apiece. As they wait for their turn at the beans, the guests hold a pancake on each side of their head and tell Mickey Mouse jokes. The biggest laugh wins.

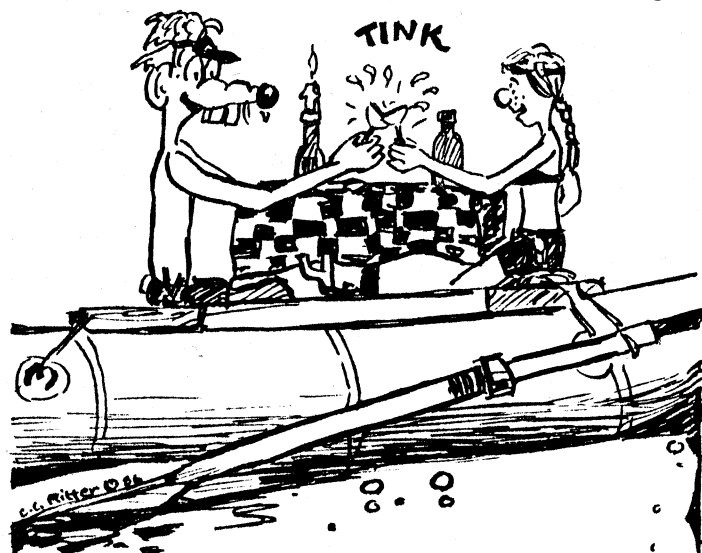
RECIPE CONTEST WINNER

The best recipe was sent in by Pat Gladagain and is this month's winner based on ease of preparation and originality of design. She calls it an ideal river lunch as it can be prepared without derigging the coolers and kitchen box.

"The Eliminator"

Ingredients: 1 sack fried bacon rinds
1 large jar of Toner's

Smear the peanut butter on the bacon rinds and eat. What could be simpler? Thanks, Pat. Your free copy of the STINKING DESERT GAZETTE is on it's way! You're going to need it!



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COTTONTAILS SIGHTED

A rare herd of mammoth roundheaded cottontails were sighted swimming at the slickrock pools a short distance below the old power dam.

Fine examples of both sexes were sighted frolicking in the bubbling creek engaged in their annual mating dance.

An endangered species, the mammoth cottontail can breed successfully only after the water has reached a relatively warm temperature of 85 degrees, which reduces the rutting season to the month of August.

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SNOWBALL STILL MISSING

Local artist and elementary school student Christopher Kaufmann is still looking for his pet rabbit which slipped away while being loaded into it's hutch.

Kaufmann received artistic acclaim for an avant garde piece in pastels and pencil involving a daring juxtaposition of dinosaurs and ice cream cones.

Reached by telephone at his home in Spanish Valley, Kaufmann was decidedly noncommittal about his current artistic plans.

"Has anybody seen my rabbit?", asked Christopher.

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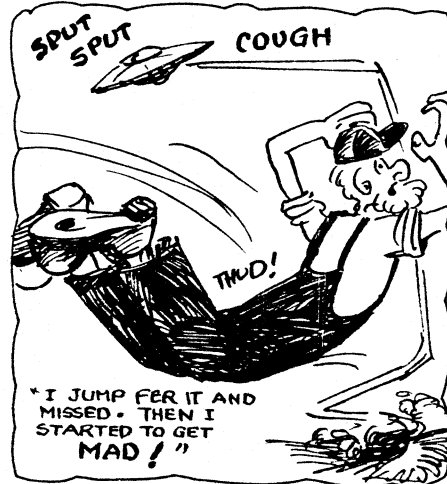
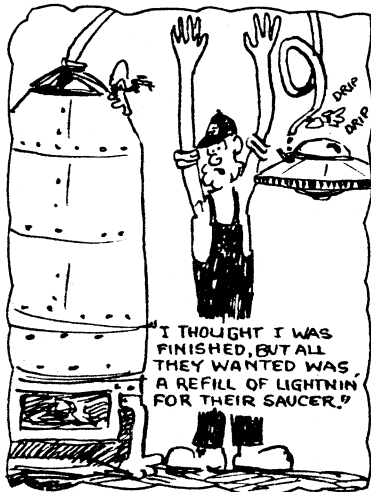
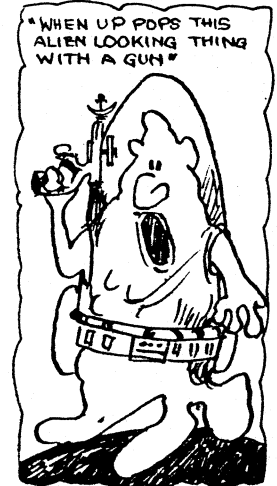
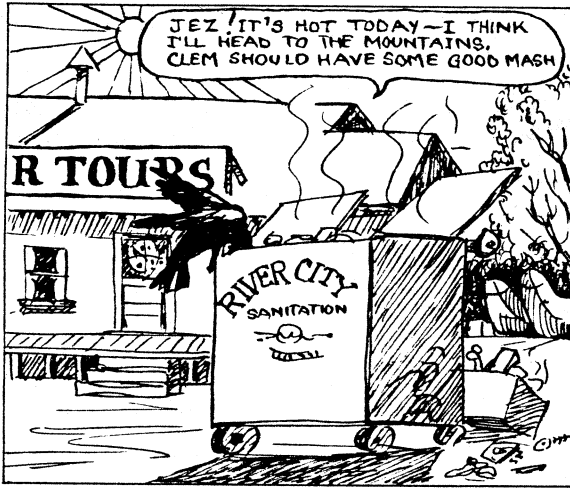
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PEG LEG

C.C. Ritter ©



CONT. PAGE 8

"Our eyes are ever on the future and our calendars marked for weeks and months ahead. This greed for the rewards of the future hastens us through our brief lives..... and cheats us of all spaciousness of time."

EZRA MISHAN

WATCH FOR NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE WITH AN ORIGINAL COMPOSITION BY ED ABBEY

THE STINKING LIES INTERVIEW

By Bounder O'rourke

As a young man, noted Scandanavian playwright Giarc Elyar was shaped by the chilling loneliness that he felt working the late shift as "iceman" at the Oslo Kubeworcks. The frigid austerity led to his earliest works, The Nuthammer, the first of many famous Elyar ice ballets - and The Iceman Numbeth, a work he still feels lies at the base of American playwright Eugene O'Neil's most famous play. Elyar was launched into fame at the age of 29, with the 1956 production of The Tusked Cockroach, a one act, one character play in which the sole character wakes realizing he is a mastadon and slowly freezes to death during the last glaciation.

Fame quickly set Elyar apart from the common man, and his personal life and writing began a rapid decline. In a senseless act of literary suicide, Elyar wrote what he now acknowledges to be a ludicrous and pointless play, The Heathens Are Unbound, in which a latter day Zeus, operating out of Salt Lake City, Utah, takes fire back from humanity. For the rest of the play, a chorus of Harpies, dressed in suggestive Fredericks of Hollywood fashions, taunts the freezing species with double entendres interlinking temperature and sex. Elyar was immediately institutionalized.

After a period of nearly eight years, the noted Finnish psychologist Nelg Porhtal was able to rebuild the fragments of Elyar's tortured personality, and the artist was released.

Elyar quietly boarded a freighter and sailed for the states, settling in Utah and seemingly dropping his pen forever. But last week, in a move which set the theatre world on it's ear, Elyar announced readings for his new play, O-K Gas And Groceries.

O'ROURKE: After your recovery, what made you move to Moab?

ELYAR: It was beautiful moment. On the day I leave hospital, Nelg call to me. I stop, and he come and hug me. He clasp my hand around a little slip of paper. "You need warmth, Giarc," he say. "You need obscurity. This man, he knows the answers for you." Zo, in the taxi, I open up the little paper and it says: 'Ken Sleight, Moab, Utah'. Zo I come!!

O'ROURKE: Why did you take so long to start writing again?

ELYAR: I think Kurt Vonnegut said it almost this way once. You must first have something to really say before you can really say anything.

O'ROURKE: But why, after all of these years, a play about a convenience store?

ELYAR: There is an old Yiddish saying. Your life grows where your feet are planted.

O'ROURKE: What is the play about, what does it have to, if I may borrow Kurt Vonnegut's words from you, really say?

ELYAR: It is about beauty and tears which are the ebb, the flow of our lives. And it is about paradox.

O'ROURKE: But what's the point, the moral?

ELYAR: I don't believe in morals. But, if you want cliché, I make you one up, johnny on the spot. "Life is a bitch, and then you live some more."

O'ROURKE: Well tell us, Giarc, who populates this new play?

ELYAR: There is Judith, manager and corporate crony; sweet Nadine, oversexed rodeo queen; Lila, the crazy one who lives deep in all of us. There is archtypal father, Riley, the garbage man, and archtypal mother, the widow Jesse, who works swing shift. And there are many other smaller peoples. But large or small, they all change Jimmy, the foolish man/child who works nightshift.

O'ROURKE: You mean he grows up?

ELYAR: Well, I am not sure what you mean.

O'ROURKE: He reaches maturity?

ELYAR: No!! Do we any of us? But that doesn't mean that we do not grow up. I mean, up is the direction we must grow, if we are trying to reach the light.

End of Interview

TRYOUT READINGS

for

O-K GAS AND GROCERIES

Wednesday, Sept. 3 - 6:00 to 9:00 PM

Saturday, Sept. 6 - Noon to 3:00 PM

The Band Room (Room 1) Grand County High
Readings can be otherwise scheduled if conflicts exist. Contact Craig Rayle.

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RARE SPARE

Local kegler and part-time cowboy Don Cowey enshrined himself forever in Moab bowling lore with a feat not many bowlers can claim. Bowling on Lane 7 at the Moab Lanes last Sunday, August 17, Cowey successfully converted the 7-10 spare.

"I guess you could call it luck," said Cowey, "although I'd like to think there was a little skill involved."

The elated Cowey was only slightly disappointed when he found that he would not be awarded the traditional bowling shirt patch for making the nearly impossible shot. Unfortunately for Cowey the spare was standing on Lane 8.

His errant ball struck the gutter with such force that it leaped over to the next lane and picked up a 7-10 spare belonging to Jesse Nation, who duly recorded it on his sheet.

"I'll take 'em any way I can get 'em," said Cowey.



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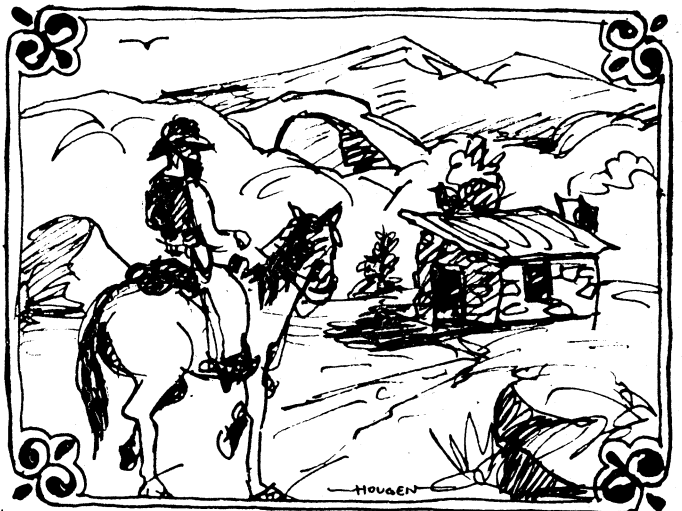
Patrons of the Gravystain Grill, Moab's popular 24-hour cafe on North Main, were saddened by the loss of the inimitable Carol Spiller, waitress on the day shift.

Spiller was offered a position in Price, Utah, that she felt was too good to pass up, and reluctantly submitted her resignation. Spiller will be an application specialist for the reknowned abstract impressionist artist Jackson Podunk.

Podunk, reknowned for his paint spattered canvasses of riotous color and texture, spotted Spiller's natural talents while dining at the Gravystain last month.

"The patterns she created on the tables and patrons were an inspiration to me!", cried Podunk. Her artful and lavish usage of ketchup, mustard, sauce, coffee and gravy, the delicate touches of milk and tea, all went together in a perfect idiom of studied carelessness!"

Podunk plans several major works in the very near future, including a rare sculpture he conceived while watching Spiller at work. It is to be a surrealistic piece in the Ed Kienholtz style, entitled "Bald man with syrup".



The Hideout

SALOON and STEAKHOUSE

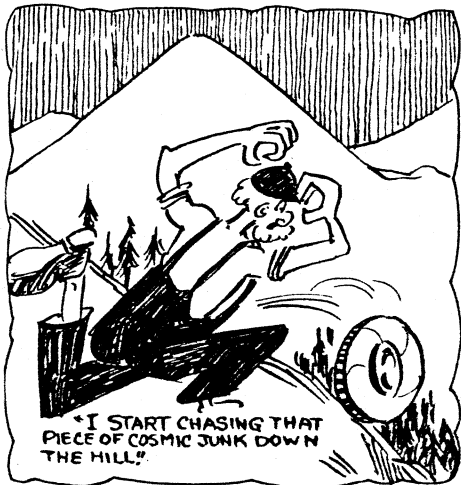
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PEG LEG CONT. FROM PAGE 5



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STROKES and POKES



Bobby Bloato

I had an idea that the nature of commercial river touring was changing the first time I heard someone refer to it as an "industry".

Maybe the CANYON KING, the paddle-wheeled riverboat that used to ply the lower portal of the Colorado River, would have qualified as an "industry". The only boat that ever made the river look kind of smallish, she had the smokestacks, the strings of lights twinkling in the night, and that resonant foghorn that echoed through the canyon like quitting time.

But inflatable rubber rafts? Come on. Just because Ferruginous Hawk bolted a padded office swivel chair onto the back of his j-rig doesn't make it an industry. My idea of the river business as an industry would go something like this.

A BMW wheels up to the ramp and stops in a cloud of fine dust. Out steps Brian Eddy, Boatperson, grandly attired in a \$600 Brooks Brothers Panama suit.

But, as he leaps aboard to join his passengers, it's not a j-rig he jumps onto. No, it's a huge, seventy-foot, camouflage green, bombproof, amphibious assault vehicle with tank treads and a half-inch steel plate hull. Twin cannons sit on the foredeck, for leveling rapids and for blasting away any rocks or boats that get in the way.

He greets his passengers, barks a few commands to his uniformed staff, and heads below decks to relax under a sun lamp with his friendly secretary and a thermos full of ice-cold martinis. That's industry.

Maybe we're heading towards that, towards industry in the river business. Now we've got uniforms, standardized menus, standardized procedures, new operators who think they know the river better than the boatmen, and who knows what other kinds of foolishness.

Eccentric boatmen, a category that includes most of the good ones I know, are finding it harder to get work with certain outfitters who think river running should be like a Disneyland ride.

But those boatmen compiled a safety record that modern day operators will never equal, because you can't factor intuition into a cost-analysis study.

Sure they're eccentric. Look at Georgie, the most famous boatman in the Grand Canyon, and the crustiest, most eccentric person on the river. If she were to go looking for work these days, they might hide her in the boathouse and have her peeling potatoes, because she doesn't fit the corporate image.

Neither does Bobby Dayglo. He's in a class by himself. In fact, that's how he finally made it through school. Dayglo is a reminder to us all that the monster we sometimes imagine to be lurking behind the civilized facade of human existence is really there.

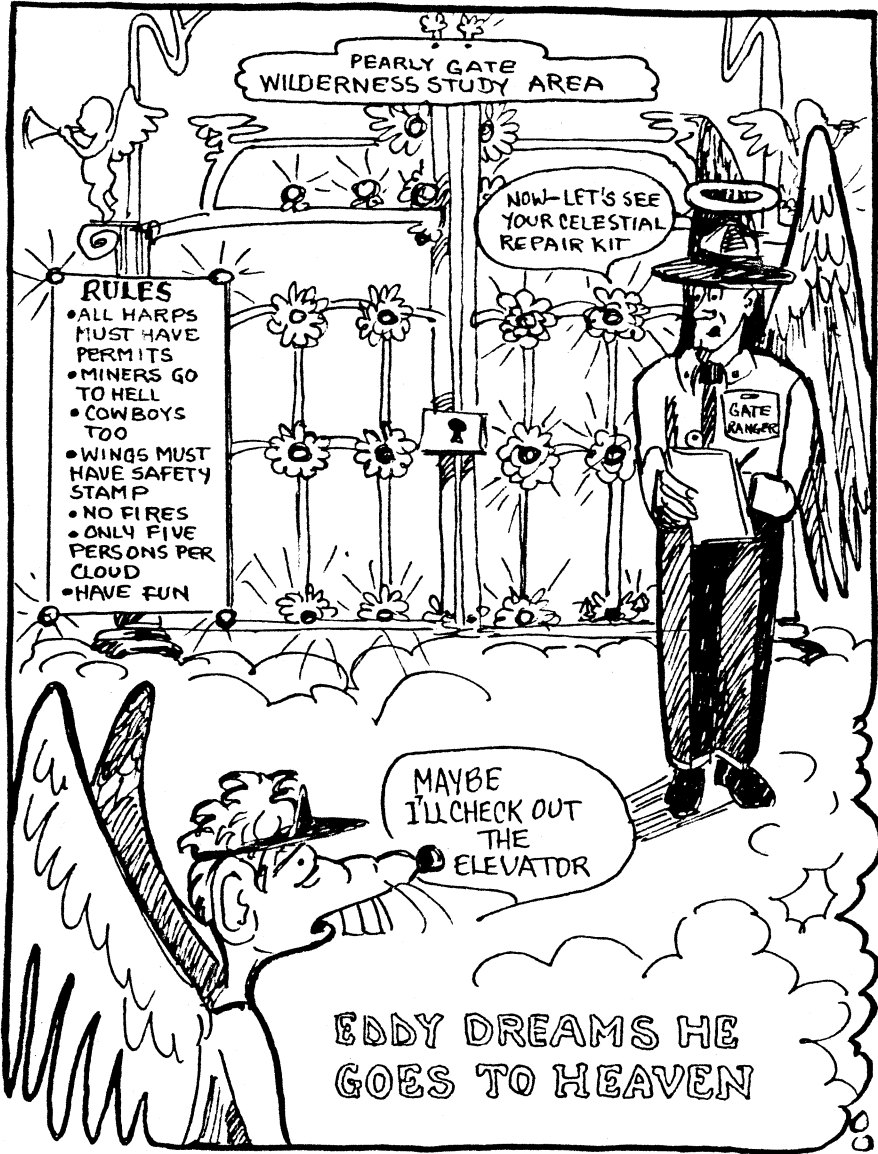
Consider his response when his partners showed him their brand new, official permit to run Cardiac Canyon, a crisp, pretty, legal-looking document freshly signed by Park Superintendent Thrustin Parry. Bobby was so happy, so overcome with joy, he snatched it up and ate it! If it's good, eat it.

Forgive them their eccentricities. Eccentricity means they improvise, which is the heart and soul of river-running.

I'll trust the boatmen who have been through it all before, who have rode the liquid whirlwind at a hundred thousand cubic feet per second, and who have mapped the rocks on the rapid floor when the river turned to a trickle in '77. I'm talking about boatmen who can tell with a wave of the hand whether the coals on the Dutch oven are just right for a light, golden quiche, and who can tell at a glance by the pallor of the skin when an elderly passenger needs some shade and some rest.

I'd rather be lucky than good, they will tell you. Sure, when you're good you make your own luck, if you are given the freedom to do it your way. That's eccentricity, and it's woven into the fabric of the sport from its early days. It's the nature of the beast.

BACKWATER C.C. Ritter ©86



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LOCAL MAN INSURES VOICE

A Moab resident recently applied for an insurance policy worth one million dollars from the prestigious international firm, Lloyd's of London, to protect him in case of permanent damage to his vocal chords!


Curt Stewart admitted to the Gazette that he had indeed requested the policy, citing his various occupations as the reason for the unusual coverage.

Stewart is a musician and singer at several local nightclubs, a disc jockey at local radio station KCONY, and a member of the Moab city council. Said Stewart: "If my voice box goes on the blink, I'm in the poorhouse!"

A representative from Lloyd's flew into Moab last week to catch Stewart's act at The Hideout, and to draw up the final contract. After the show, they met in an atmosphere of mutual give and take, and Stewart finally signed an agreement which will, in the case of total disability, pay him an award of \$19.95.

"I couldn't afford to say no," said Stewart. "The premium was ridiculously low."

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ODE TO THE MOO COW

Moo Cow, Moo Cow, you've caused quite a fright,
with your chewing and pooping by day and by night.
I loved you on film where my heros all herded you,
but now you're a blight, and my friends have deserted you.

Who would suspect, just by looking at you,
that Moo Cows could possibly be villains too.
Those beautiful eyes, that scent like a rose,
and what could be cuter than a Moo Cow's nose?

I first met you down on my grandpa's farm.
Your size surprised me, and though you meant no harm,
It's hard to find words to adequately put
how impressive you were when you stood on my foot.

I tamed you and named you and tended your needs,
and how did you reward me for all my good deeds?
You're eating the West, you big, beastly bovines,
and what's more, you're ignoring the property lines.

In most of the country, they keep you fenced in,
but Grand Countians think fencing in is a sin.
So you wander around and give motorists a fright
when you run through their headlights during the night.

You come onto homesteads and chew on the roses,
you chew on the corn and you step on the hoses.
You startle those homesteaders, awakened from sleep
when up to their windows at night you do creep.

You graze on the deserts and mountains galore,
you trample the cryptogamic crusts, and what's more
you poop without care, and you make people crabby.
And now, you've gone and offended Ed Abbey.

Regardless, for you, my hat I must doff.
I like you - in stews and in beef stroganoff.
And I don't think I'll ever be around to see
cows carve up a mountain like the ski industry.

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\$5 Entry Fee Oct. 3-5

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY

The Moab Post Office will be accepting applications to take the postal service clerk-carrier examination. Applications will only be accepted at the post office from Sept. 8th thru the 12th, 8:30 AM to 5:00 PM. Starting salary for postal clerk and carriers is \$9.92 per hour.

The ART WAGON is coming to town. Beautiful paintings of the canyons by Nik Hougen - sold directly out of his covered wagon - at prices you can afford.

Tractor for sale, John Deere Model B. Needs carburetor work, but runs good and has tight engine. Bob 259-6857

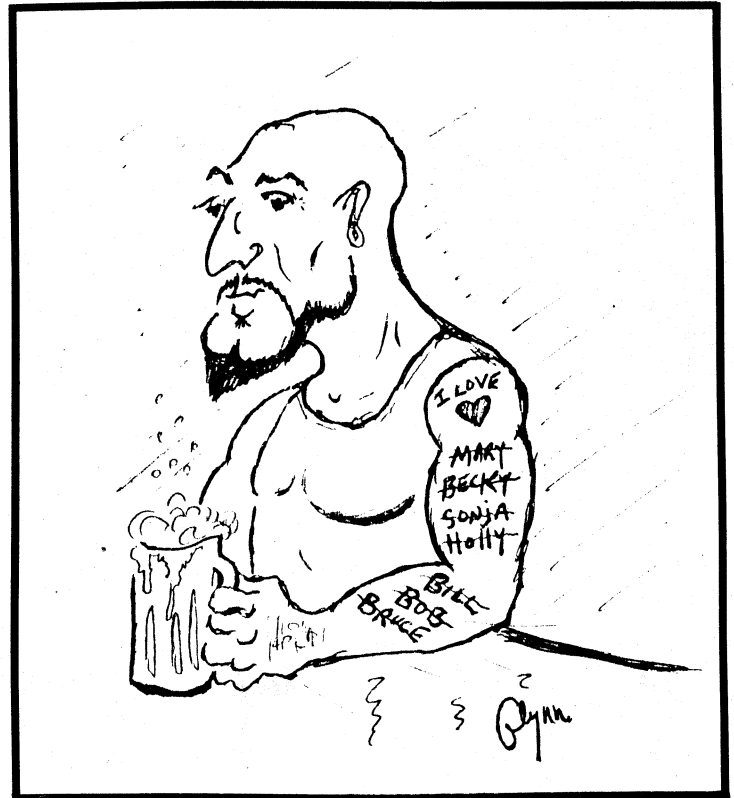
One-of-a kind pots fired from local mud make great Christmas gifts. Gayle - 6857

"ONCE OUTSIDE OF HIMSELF AND THUS AN OBSERVER, HE BECAME LOST."

Barry Lopez

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