

# THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE



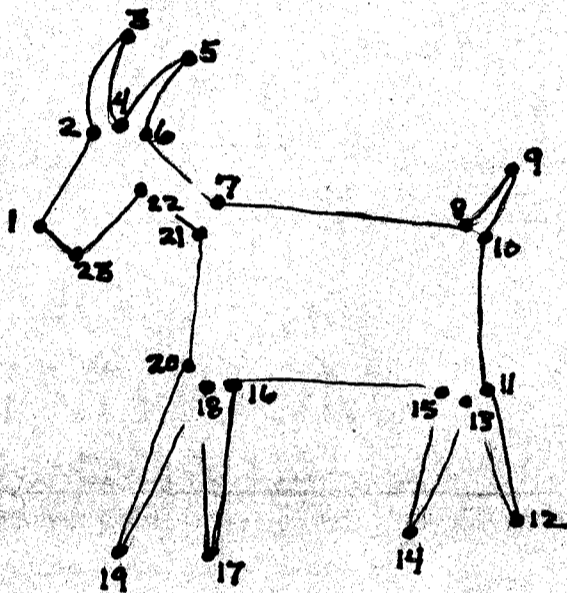
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1987



25¢  
MOAB,  
UTAH



## PARK PROVIDES FREE GRAFFITI ASSISTANCE



Canyonlands National Park recently completed construction work on The Graffiti Project, a new concept in outdoor recreation.

The Project Activity Centers, which are scattered throughout the Park, will be open to the public beginning next month. The here-to-fore secret project is the most exciting innovation in outdoor recreation to emerge in years.

At these Activity Centers visitors will be encouraged to decorate the rocks with graffiti, thereby enabling them to directly experience the natural and historical features of the Park.

Mr. Royal B. Chasm, the Recreational Specialist at the Regional National Park Headquarters in Denver, discussed the conceptual basis for this remarkable project during an exclusive interview with our SDG reporter. Said Chasm: "The reason people feel so uncomfortable in natural areas is because they are constantly told not to do things. This creates a negative atmosphere. The

Graffiti Project is so exciting because it represents a new, positive approach in which visitors are encouraged to express themselves."

It cost the Park Service several million dollars to set up the graffiti program, but increased visitation is expected to pay for the project within a year. One of the most expensive aspects of the project was the employment of more than fifty world-reknowned artists.

Mr. Chasm told us that the use of artists was not part of the initial project plan, but preliminary sociological studies revealed that most people feel intimidated when confronted by a bare rock. "People have a hard time deciding what they want to draw or write on a rock," he explained, "but if they're given some direction it can be a meaningful experience."

The artists developed a series of simple designs which fit into the landscape and which can be easily chiselled or spray-painted

on sandstone. The artists then converted their designs into draw-by-the-number format, and pecked little dots which outline the drawings into the rocks at each Project Activity Center in the Park. Brochures with sequentially numbered dots will be given to park visitors to facilitate the completion of each graffiti/pictograph piece.

Mr. Chasm was choked with emotion as he talked about how the Graffiti Project would enable millions of Americans to find something to do while they are in Canyonlands National Park.

## BOATMEN ADVISED

Local boatmen, wondering how to avoid the \$45 fines that have become so common on the river this year for "violations" of the life jacket code, might want to consider the advice of an expert in the field who has come up with a solution so simple that it's a wonder nobody thought of it sooner.

As our readers know, life jacket regulations are being enforced to painful extremes on the popular stretch of the Colorado River known as the "Daily".

One of the boatman's biggest difficulties is the passenger who slips out of the device momentarily to change into dry clothing on the flat water between rapids.

The ranger, hiding in the tamarisk on shore and slyly watching every move made in every boat with the aid of a spotting scope, then tickets the boatman for the offense.

The answer to this vexing problem was supplied last week by whitewater expert Randy Floater, one of the many people contacted by the Gazette for intellectual input into the matter.

## INSIDE ..... IN DEFENSE OF DOGS

BY NEMO GLITZ

## THE HELLBOUND TRAIN

A SHORT STORY  
BY CLIFF WALKER

ALSO:  
BUDDY HUMMER, IZZIE  
KIDDIN, MUDPUPPY,  
OMEGA BESSELER,  
AND LOTS MORE!

"It seems that one of the real peculiarities of the law is the fact that it's legal to be in the river without a Personal Floatation Device, but illegal to be without one while sitting in a boat.

"The boatman's only legal recourse, when he turns around and discovers that one of his passengers has removed the jacket for a moment, is to immediately push that passenger over the side and into the river," said Floater.

"I would suggest that all the local outfitters equip their boatmen with a "boof stick", a long pole with a large wad of padding on the tip to prevent injury to the "boofee'," declared Floater.

"The "boof stick" could be positioned on the rowing frame within easy reach of the boatman. The moment a passenger removes the jacket the boatman should instantly knock him off the boat and into the river where he's safe," concluded Floater.



"The Harvest Moon"

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# WELCOME MOUNTAIN BIKERS!

The month of October means mountain bikes in Moab, as riders from all over the country gather here for the cooler weather and fantastic autumn scenery, and the Fat Tire Festival at the end of the month.

The Stinking Desert Gazette would like to take this opportunity to welcome all fat tire lovers to the area, and to remind them of some basic rules of the road, adapted from a list compiled by Ranger Rodger Renstrom of the Wasatch National Forest.

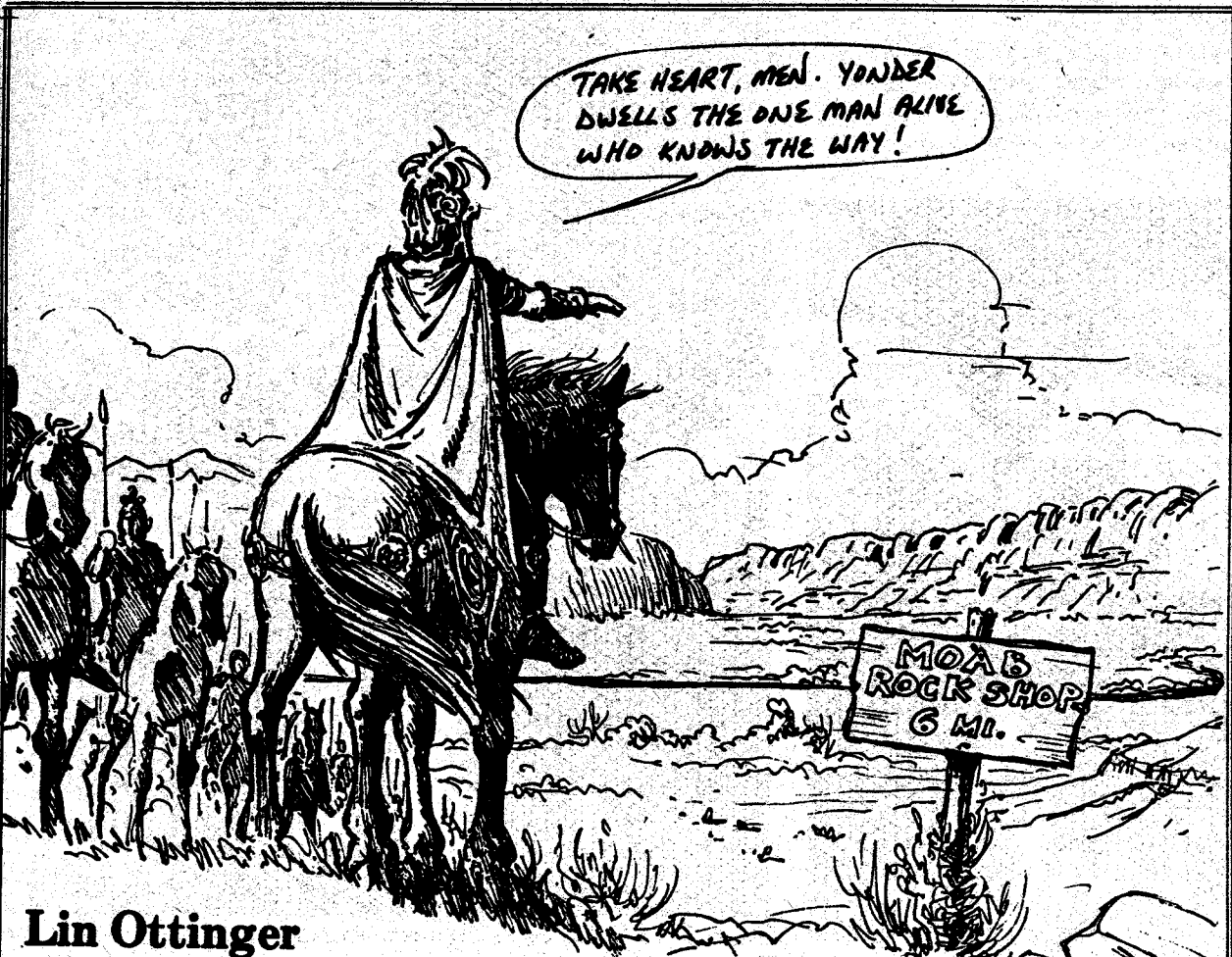
**ALWAYS YIELD** - Trails are shared by hikers, horses and bikers. Move off the trails to allow horses to pass and stop to allow hikers adequate room to share the trail. Simply yelling "bicycle" is not acceptable.

**KEEP GROUPS SMALL** - Riding in packs degrades the outdoor experience for others, can disturb wildlife and often leads to greater resource damage.

**STAY ON TRAILS** - Riding cross-country damages natural resources, and is illegal.

**CONTROL YOUR SPEED** - Excessive speed endangers yourself and other desert visitors.

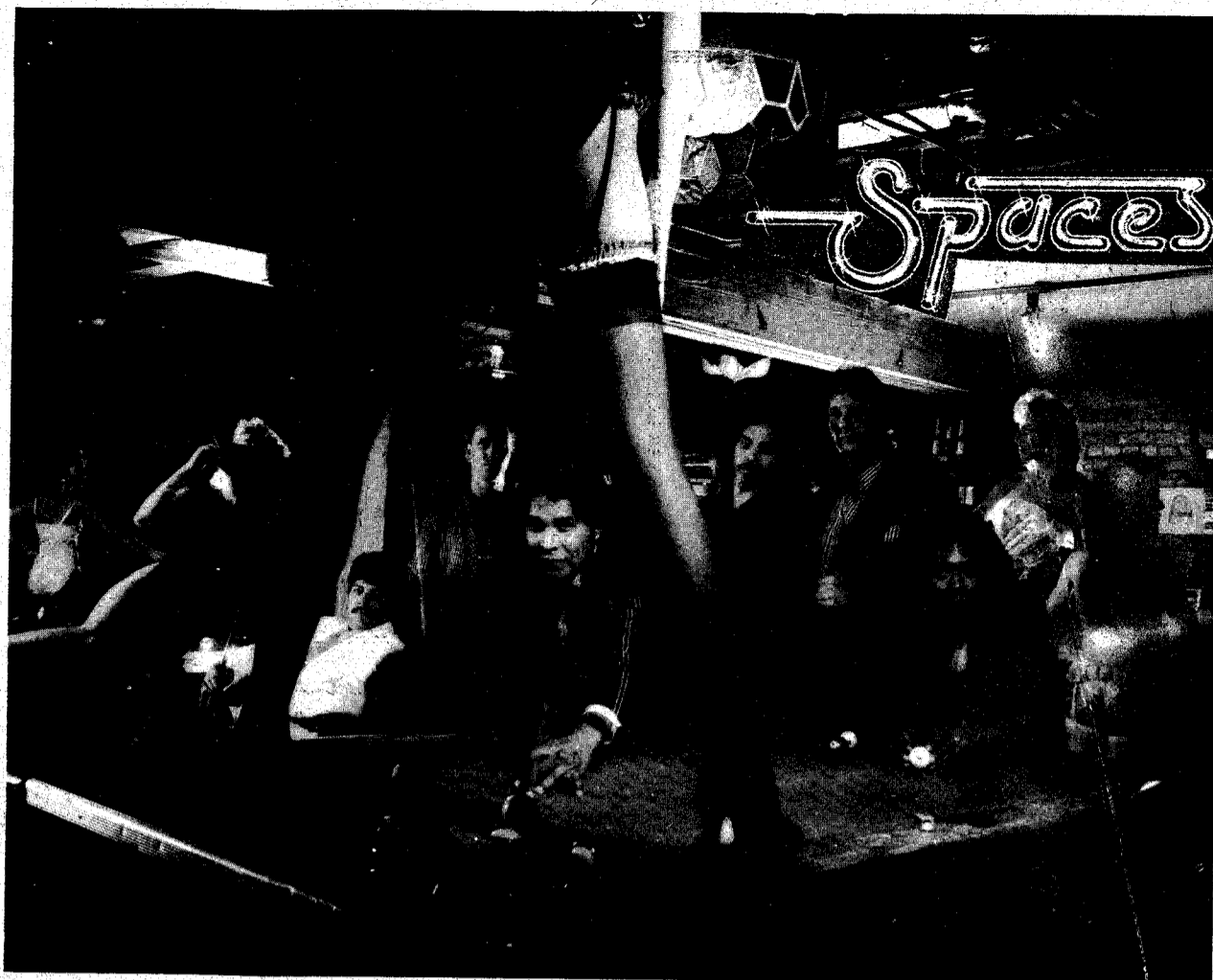
**KEEP THE DESERT CLEAN** - If you packed it in, pack it out. Respect the beauty that brought you to the desert to ride your fun-machine.



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FREE SLIDE SHOW NIGHTLY AT 8 p.m.



Willie Bruce Akers, Moab's master of long-hair country music, warms up the crowd at the Labor Day Celebration in Old City Park.

# LABOR DAY CELEBRATION

Rock and Reggae-lovin' Moabites gathered at the Old City Park last September 7th for the 5th Annual Labor Day Celebration put on once again by Fun Productions, better known around town as the Fun Prod.

John Bayley was once again the featured entertainer, a lively little Jamaican who's captured a veritable army of fans here in the Canyonlands with his hard-driving reggae - walls of rhythmic chords decorated with hard-edged vocals.

He shared the date with another group, SPACES, the hottest band to visit Moab since the days of Ralph and the Dinosaurs, and Connie and the Rythm Method.

SPACES features Dave Carrillo out front with vocals, Anthony Perry on drums, Wendell C. Jones on bass, Steve Dunne on Guitar, Jeremy Simmons on keyboards and Richard Romero, skin percussionist. Robert Abeyta runs the blender. They hail from Salt Lake City.

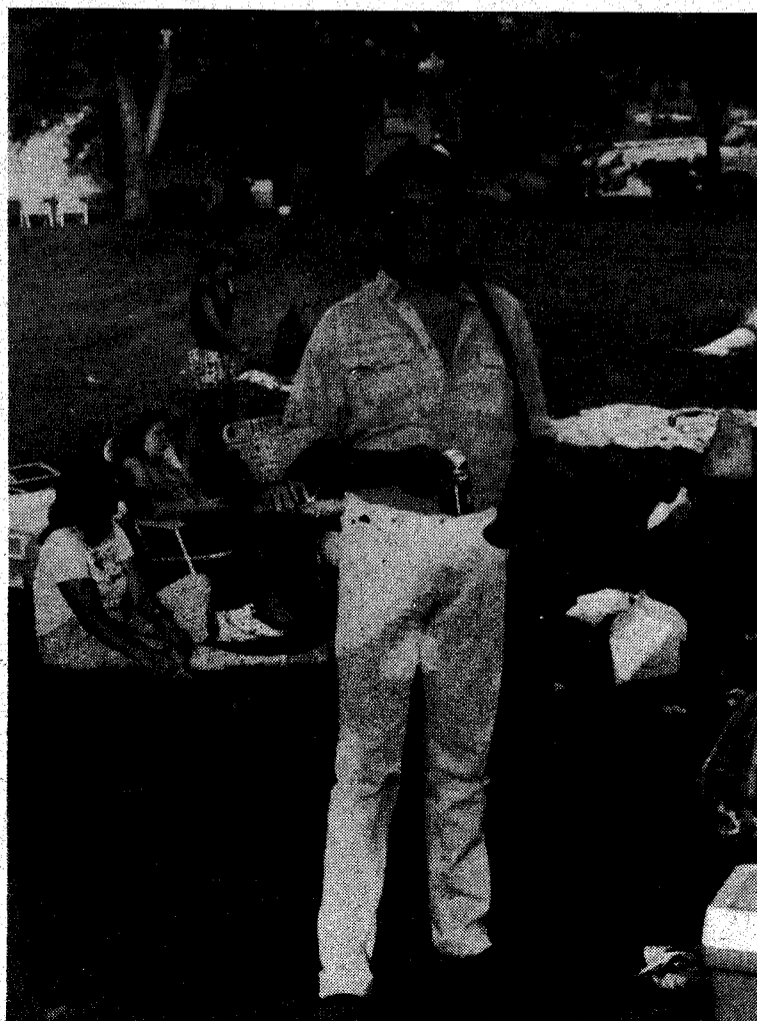
If you like percussion, and rock with a latin flavor, this band will move you right out on the floor. Although they write most of their own material, they do some knock-out versions of Santana's "Black Magic Woman", and the old R&B standard, "When a Man Loves a Woman".

Their exciting blend of a red-hot rythm section, jazzy guitar and keyboard solos, intricate harmonies and great material make them the band to beat in Moab's recent musical history.

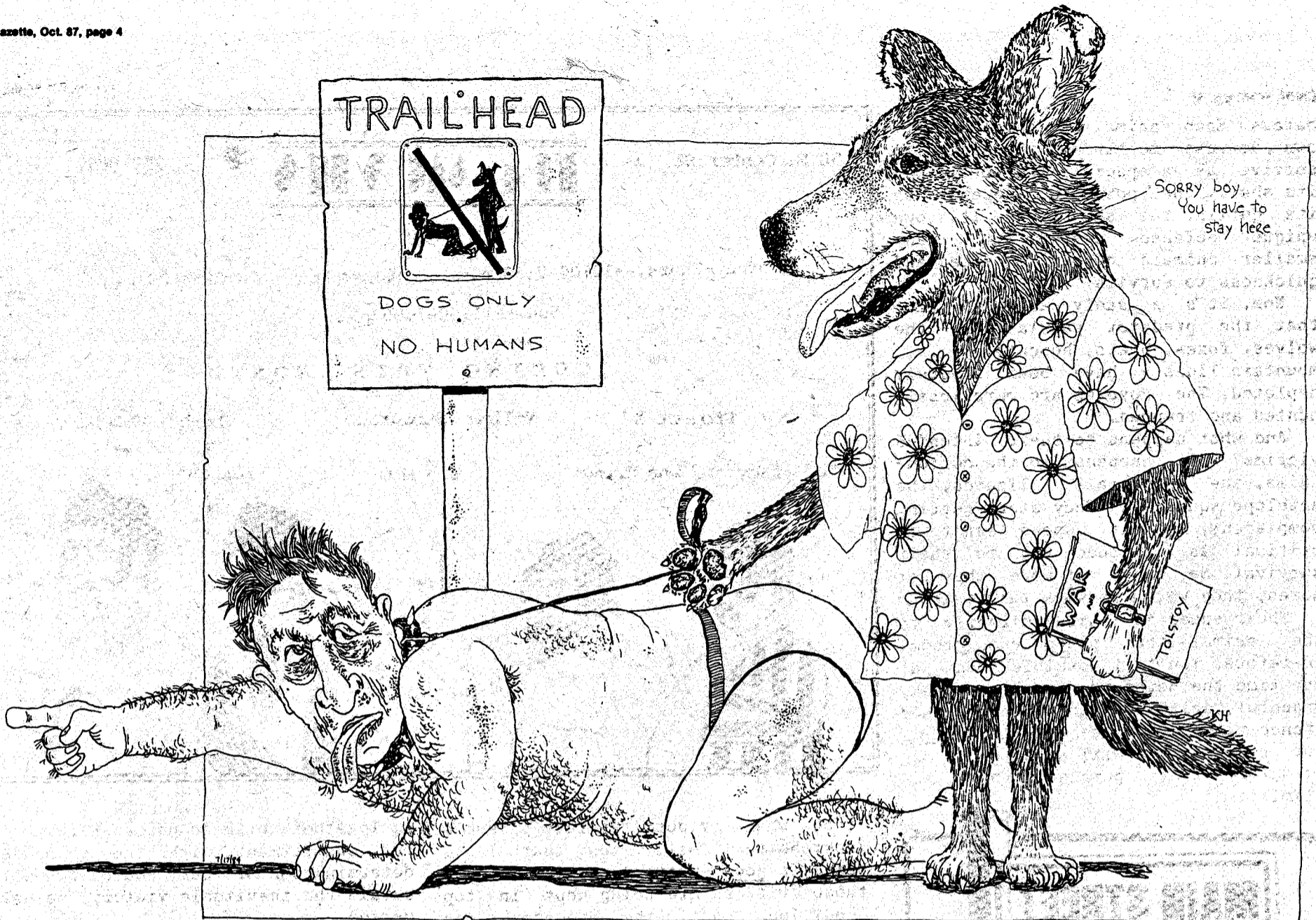
Paula and 'The Wiz' of Fun Prod deserve a lot of credit for bringing this dynamic duo to our little burg.



Kirk DeFond dances to the sound of Dave Carrillo and SPACES.



Dave Carrillo sips a soft drink in Old City Park, site of the recent Labor Day Celebration.



ROLE REVERSALS I'D LIKE TO SEE. #2

Tim Stiles ©1981

## IN DEFENSE OF DOGS

by Nemo Glitz

Enough is enough. It's time someone came to the defense of dogs. I have two dogs; one died three years ago, but I still have two dogs - I always will. This summer, the environmental group EARTH FIRST! banned dogs from its annual rendezvous at Parissiwampits Point on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. Here was a sight - hundreds of remnant hippies, beer swilling, bearded hairy-legged environmentalists chanting obscene slogans and urinating on Ponderosa Pines. But dogs were not allowed to participate in the festivities; they weren't considered a part of the "natural scene". I boycotted.

Now, Canyonlands National Park has banned Tex and Millie McClatchy's dog, Belle, from running Cataract Canyon or from any part of the Colorado River within the park boundary. This dog is a star; she's been seen on national television. Belle is an integral part of the folk lore of the Colorado River .... J.W.Powell, Bert Loper, Norm Nevills, Belle the dog. Doesn't anyone at least have a sense of history?

It's not right. For the last 15 years I've shared my good times and bad with dogs. For a lot of those years, I worked for the Park Service and as an obedient public servant enforced the spirit of the "no pet" law as well as is caninely possible.

But it wasn't always easy. With a growing sense of ... concern, I watched humans decapitate juniper trees for their evening bonfires, immortalize themselves with hammer and chisel on desert-varnished canyon walls, run doughnuts with their ATV's and mountain bicycles through the cryptogamic soil and lob beer cans out the windows of their TransAm's.

Never, ever, have I seen a dog commit any of those dastardly violations. So what happens? Instead of banning humans from National Parks which is a completely logical progression of thought, my canine buddies have been further restricted. Even Belle.

Of course, the restrictions were applauded by many so-called "environmentalists" who feel that dogs are not a natural part of the eco-system....

That dog just ruined my wilderness experience! says the man with the Don Johnson haircut, Patagonia bunting jacket and Gortex Parka, Yak Works cross suspension pack, North Face prime northern goose down sleeping bag and geodesic tent. He throws his gear into his \$40,000 Saab Turbo and indignantly drives away. Back to Boulder, back to awesome Boulder.

Well excuse me all to hell. But I'll take a puppie to a yuppie any day. Not that dogs are perfect; in fact, some dogs are real assholes, usually because they're a reflection of their owners. My dogs had their faults - after 13½ years I still can't house-train one of them, and Mukluk was an habitual rabbit chaser. And squirrels, chipmunks, mice, kangaroo rats ... anything that moved. She actually caught a lizard once, a Western Whiptail as I recall. Ate it right down.

I can hear the cries and protests right now. But is it really so bad? Consider for a moment the rabbits that my dogs so dearly love to pursue and

see page 5

**The Canyon's Edge**  
**Multi-Media Slide Show**  
 7:00, 8:15, and 9:15 nightly  
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 Locals with paying guests admitted free  
 In the Barn, Western Plaza

(cont. from pg. 4)

harass. Each animal has developed its own defense mechanism in order to survive as a species. The turtle has its shell, the porcupine depends on its quills, the skunk has its own unique defense system. But many smaller animals depend on speed and quickness to survive.

Now, it's a sadly accepted fact that the predator populations - the wolves, foxes, bears, bobcats, mountain lions - have been severely depleted. The coyotes are mercilessly hunted and trapped.

And what happens to their intended victims? What happens to the cotton-tails, the whiptail lizards, the antelope squirrels? They start getting complacent; their speed isn't as critical as it once was to their survival. So they eat more, they get bored, they watch network television.

Their speed is linked directly to the animal that preys upon them. Therefore, isn't it possible that at one time the Hereford cow was a sleek, graceful, agile creature that could prance rings around a gazelle? Until, for reasons we will never know, the predator that pursued them was eliminated?

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So when my dogs futilely pursue a jackrabbit, I will know that I am being a good environmentalist because those critters are being kept in top condition until the predators can rebuild their populations.

Which brings me back to the beginning, to Earth First's! ban on animals and the Park Service's discriminatory attitude toward Belle McClatchy. On behalf of dogs everywhere enslaved, abused, maligned and yearning to be free, I am organizing the 'DOGS HAVE RIGHTS TOO COMMITTEE' (D.H.R.T.C. - pronounced dhrtc). Those interested in joining this cause should write to the Stinking Desert Gazette.

Together, with an unshaken faith in our commitment, with the unbounded determination of our souls, we will obtain the inevitable victory, so help us god.

Thank you.  
 (And I would wager that not one person reading the last paragraph realizes that Franklin Roosevelt uttered those exact words on Dec. 8, 1941. History is dead.)

**CANYONLANDS  
 FAT TIRE  
 BIKE FESTIVAL  
 1987**

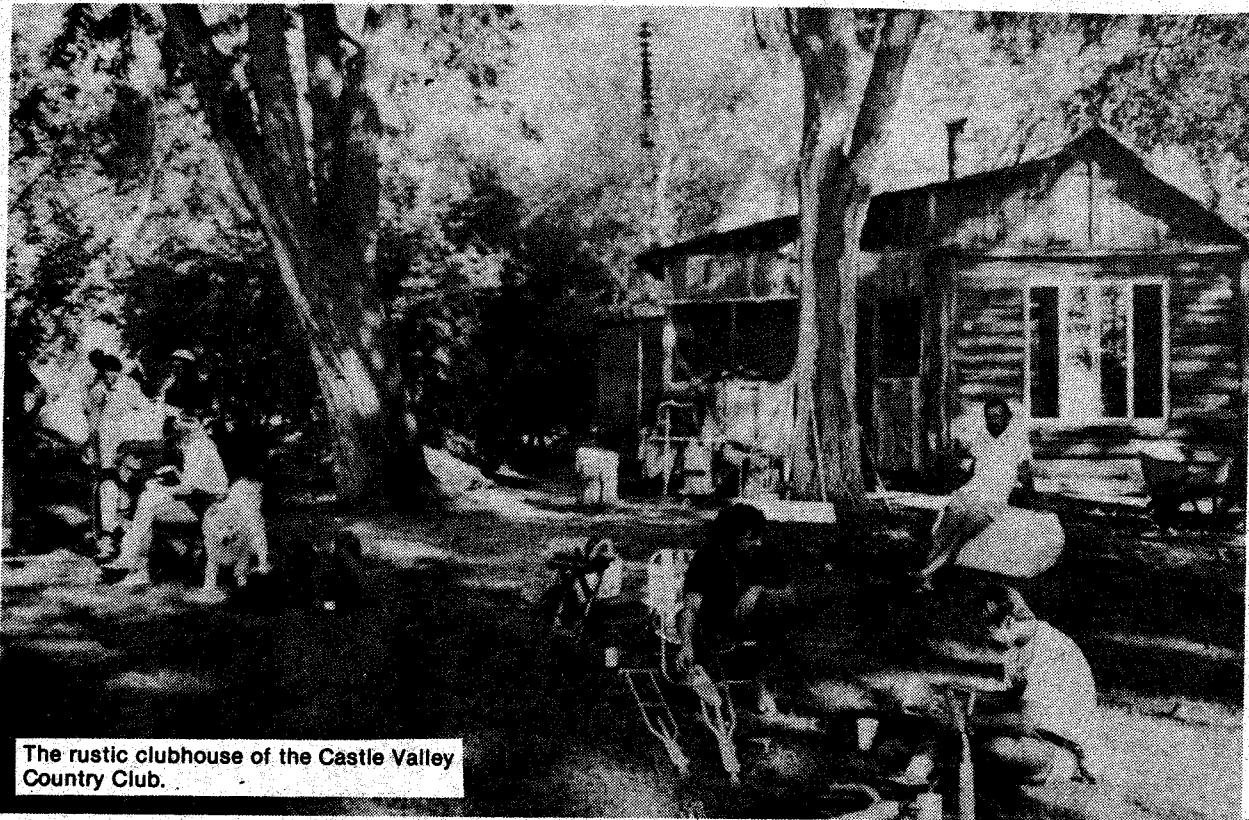
Tues.-Fri. 9-2:00 - Group Rides  
 Tues. : 7:00 - The Canyon's Edge  
 Wed. : 7:00 - Lecture/Slide Show  
 (Mountain Biking) Dennis Coello  
 Thurs.: 7:00 - Lecture/Slide Show  
 (Anasazi Indians: 1,000 Years  
 Before Fat Tires) Dr. Simms-Weber State  
 Fri. Lost & Found - Orienteering Event  
 Hill Climb, Moab Rim Trail  
 7:00 Lecture/Slide Show (Climbing in S.E. Utah)  
 Sat. 8:30 Pancake Breakfast Roy Olevesky  
 Trials Riding Demonstration  
 11-4:00 Poker Run  
 8:00 Halloween Party  
 Sun. Hell's Pedals Return (This is a  
 ride for everybody with a bike.)

**VOLUNTEERS  
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# THE FIRST ANNUAL TIN-MAN TRIATHLON!



The rustic clubhouse of the Castle Valley Country Club.

Organizers felt that the traditional triad involved too much grunting and sweating, and was basically a more or less uncivilized form of competition.

The Tin-Man is a combination of Cross-Country Croquet, Badminton and Horseshoe Pitching, an all-around test of one's physical endurance, finesse, gift of gab and style of dress.

The pits, course and court were groomed to perfection as the crowds gathered, gallery and competitors alike, to see who would garner the Tin-Man trophy as Grand County's all-around athlete of 1987.

The CCC Course, laid out by club professional Frank "Big Mallet" Barranca under the watchful eye of CCCCC officials, is one of the most imaginative ever.

All the wickets were difficult, but the "stickiest wicket" proved to be at #7 where, after a tour through the brambleberries and poison ivy, the ball had to be banged into the creek,

It was a glorious day in the canyonlands, a picture-perfect setting for the first annual Tin-Man Triathlon in nearby Castle Valley.

There was tension and excitement in the air as the crowd gathered at the Castle Valley Country Club near the old town of Castleton. This newly established course was recently sanctioned for master's play by the Canyonlands Competitive Cross Country Croquet Confederation, the CCCCC, and one would be hard pressed to find a more beautiful location for this gala, season-ending event.

Flanked by the towering walls of nearby Adobe Mesa, the country club is situated in the trees alongside Castle Creek a few miles upstream from picturesque Penile Point - an upthrust member of the Wingate Formation that dominates the lower valley skyline.

The Tin-Man Triathlon was conceived as an alternative to the traditional running, swimming and biking contest known as the Iron-Man.



Mary Plumb pounds the shuttlecock, with Penile Point standing proudly in the Distance.

floated down to the takeout, and blasted from the water with a recently developed shot known as the "splivet".

As the competitors pitched, putted and swatted their way towards the coveted trophy, the gallery gathered around the rustic clubhouse and sipped their favorite toddies by the barbeque pit where a whole pig was sizzling slowly on the spit.

The competition came to a close as the roast pork was served at sunset. Results were still being tallied at the time of this writing, and the winner will be announced next April.

In the pits, talented pitchers deserving of recognition were the team of Swanstrom and Dudek, undefeated in six, well, maybe five, matches. Mike Farwell took the singles competition.

On the court, Barbara McGann was undefeated, and M. Plumb wowed the crowd with some dazzling footwork.

Overland "Croquet" player Pam Devore accumulated the most points with one win and a close finish.



Dennis Spykerman took first place with his perfect form in power-lounging.

# THE PHOTOGRAPHER



by Omega Bessler

I'm listening to a piece by Ravi Shankar tonight. The plaintive sitar melody unfolding like some slow caravan of the soul. And I think back on all the ragged miles and insincere smiles and marvel at how all of those divergent paths brought me here on desert's doorstep.

The desert heals. It demands nothing. It is all that is good, clean and unemotional. Is that how I've become over the years? Thinking back on those liquid days of summer when soft skin smoked in the heat of the noonday sun and my chosen one and I would pursue passion with such intensity, we wondered how our fragile hearts could continue.

And we would gallop through love's forces like a plague of wild horses, rejoicing in the completeness we gave each other, and that look in each other's eyes gave us all the answers we ever needed to know, while the rest of the world went by unnoticed. For we were each other's world; each other's universe, and anything outside of that sphere was just so much triviality amidst our fulfillment of each other. When we were young....

And now, I take pictures. I capture images on film. I steal spirits, like so many broken hearts on blood-stained sticks, but without the passion or urgency I once felt for another. I galloped once! That is enough! I keep telling myself; re-assuring myself. Now, my pace is slow and arduous, like that of a wind-blown camel adrift on an endless sea of dunes. And yet, I continue.

Oh, if I could only capture love on film - wouldn't that be wondrous? Place it on my light box every time my heart became weary and have it glow like the sun, completing me without any fear of loss, jealousy, hate or any of those other petty crimes that cause a relationship to take a nose dive and crash.

But ... transparencies fade with time too. Nothing gold can stay.

So, I don my pack, burden myself with gear and venture out farther and farther into oblivion, searching and seeking those images which, I am quite sure, I can never 'exactly' capture on film. But, it sustains me. I continue. Until perhaps one day, I'll stumble upon some sort of answer out there



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beyond the purple horizon. And then, there will be no need in returning or wondering.

Until that time, I look at rocks. I take pictures of rocks. I ponder them, walking circles around mysterious spires with my light meter held out, like some pauper's simple offering to the Gods. My moves are calculated, my passion at bay, and I slowly transform this wounded and wary heart into a cool and efficient machine; a heart of stone.

And as I blend into the bleak surroundings, I become, not the reckless fool who pursued passion to its consummation, but just another silent sentinel, waiting and watching for someone to come along - and love me like a rock.



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## Halloween Party

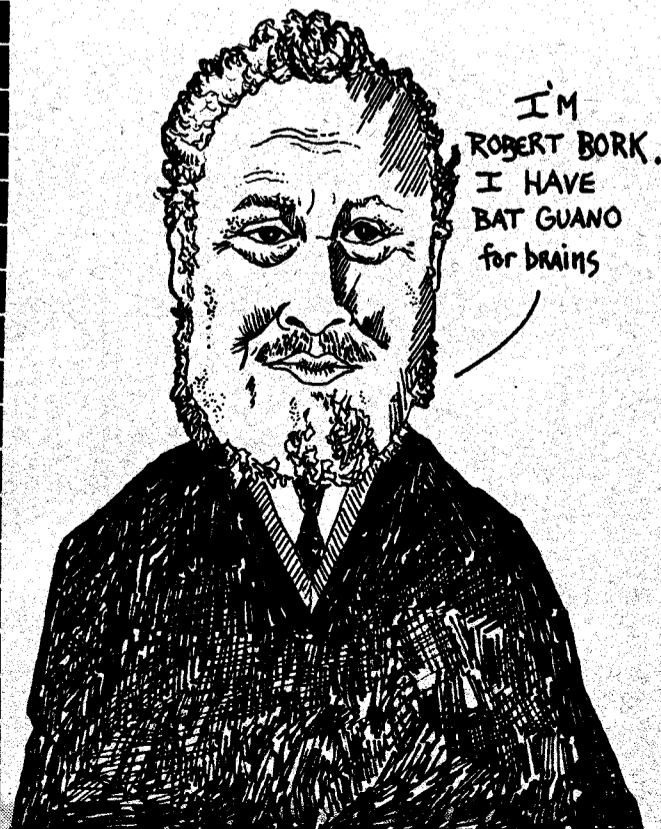
LIVE MUSIC!

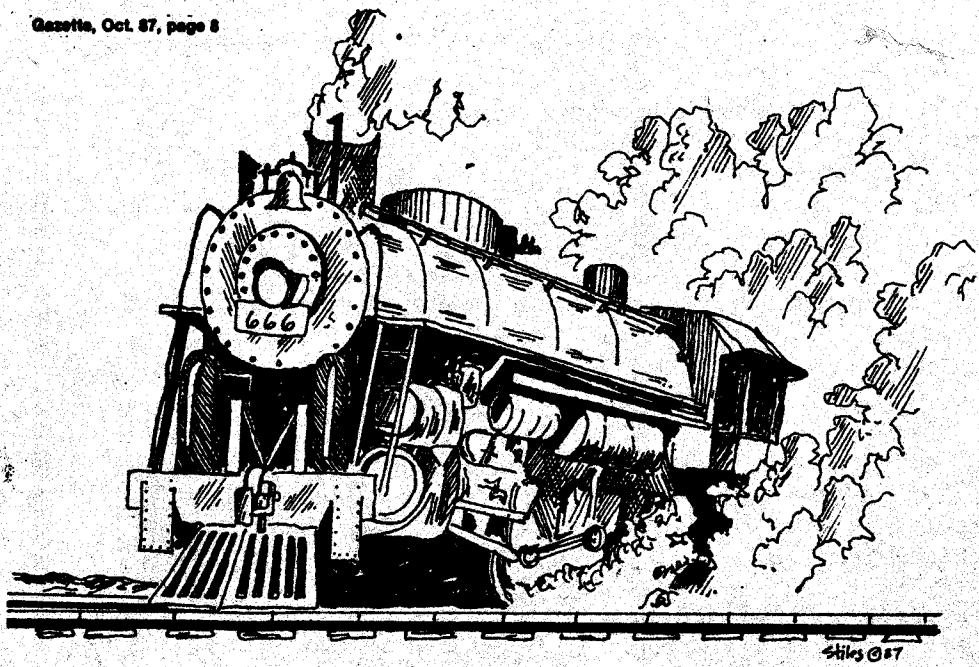
**RUNAWAY EXPRESS**



Saturday, October 31

cover





# THE HELLBOUND TRAIN

by Cliff Walker

Under the bright kitchen light Harley stood at the sink and rubbed with a Brillo Pad at the burnt smear of meat that clung to the bottom of the pan. From the darkened living room came the sound of Sid Caesar and Carl Reiner, and an occasional burst of laughter from Harley's dad. It was Harley's favorite show, Caesar's Hour, but he had plans for the evening and he could think of little else. Finished, he pulled the plug and rinsed the pan as the used soap suds gurgled down the drain.

He dried his hands, and snapped off the kitchen light. He flung the towel on the refrigerator handle and stepped into the blue strobe of the living room where his mother and father were sitting together on the couch.

"Well, I'm going over to the Ronnie's", he spoke, and turned to leave. His mother's voice made him pause.

"Harley, don't stay out late. If your studying cuts into your sleep, it's not doing you any good. You know how much it means to us to see you make the honor roll, but you've gotten so thin lately .....I worry about you. It's important you get a good night's sleep....."

"But Mom, last time wasn't my fault....."

"Don't backtalk your mother, Harley", spoke his Father, "We're paying good money to send you to a private school, and you'll mind the rules."

"Yes Dad." Harley grabbed his jacket and his books and headed for the door. "I'll be home on time", he said, and disappeared out into the autumn night.

The blackness temporarily blinded him and the chilly evening air woke him up like a slap. He headed around the garage and across the enormous back lawn toward the vegetable garden. The dew on the tall grass immediately penetrated the canvas of his sneakers, and he knew he had to mow it one last time.

He didn't mind the chore so much since the purchase of the brand new power mower; and running the noisy machine at full throttle gave him the opportunity to do his Elvis impersonations - where he could sing "Don't Be Cruel" at the top of his lungs without fear of being heard.

He crossed the garden rows and ditched the books at the back fence. He jumped it and headed across the dark vacant fields toward the railroad tracks, to the farmer's crossing where the rails broke from the groves of pine and paralleled the Mica Highway the twelve miles to Dishman. Suddenly, the sound of the steam whistle blew in the distance, and he broke into a jog.

Every Thursday night at 7:35 the last steam train on the line came through on it's way with a load of Black Pine logs for the mill on the outskirts of Spokane. Harley loved the train - the voluminous clouds of steam, the heavy throw of the drivers, and the ancient smell of burning coal. When the engineer rounded the bend and approached the crossing, he'd slow 'er down to a crawl. It had become the routine ever-

since old Eichelberger stuck his car on the tracks two years back and got it mashed beyond recognition. How he escaped unhurt was still a topic of conversation in the area.

Harley ran full tilt through the sage and buckbrush, crossed the highway, and reached the crossing just as the engine's light appeared down the tracks at the end of the bend, and lit up the shiny rails. He hunkered down in the darkness behind some thistle as the ground trembled and the beam of the single headlight searched the roadbed ahead, the massive black locomotive rumbling slowly into view.

He let the giant engine roll slowly by, waited for the second flatcar and broke into a run. Grabbing the stake rail he swung his slender frame up to the platform, climbed up the rough logs, and slid into a low trough under the come-along chains. The engineer opened the throttle and the load of logs lurched forward as the couplers rippled loudly, taking up the slack. The train gradually resumed speed and he held his head up in the cold wind, close enough behind the engine so that the smoke rolled harmlessly overhead.

He watched the jack pine forest slide by. He noted a dim light in the window of Willie Wiley's tarpaper shack. Harley and his friends were constantly harassing the hobo. They'd climb Brown's Mountain to the cliff just below the summit, a good half mile from Willie's tin-roofed shanty but so high above it they could reach it with stones slung from their "Goliath" slings. When one finally banged the roof, by that time falling so fast it left a dished-in dent where it hit, Willie would stumble outside with his rifle and prowl the woods aroundhis place. He never figured they could be so far away, and though they kept their heads down, they were never in danger.

The wind was cutting right through to his skin by the time the engineer got back off it and coasted into the lights at the edge of Dishman. When the locomotive got to jogging speed, Harley eased out of the swaying, squeaking, rough-barked logs, lowered himself down to the platform and jumped, running as he hit the gravel.

see page 9



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for surviving 1 year!



He came to a stop near the corner of the tall, painted stockyard fence and paused as the train coasted through. When the caboose rattled by, he crunched through the gravel and crossed the steel tracks. He veered off onto a dirt road and followed it to the alley behind the movie house. Five minutes of walking, past the dark loading docks, to Cotter Street, and the Dishman Recreation Hall.

The sign hung on the gable of the old green building, above the long porch that sheltered a row of screened windows and the windowed door. The light was burned out above the sign, and the interior glow was barely visible through the soot accumulated on the screens. Harley wondered for a minute if they were closed. But, the usual cars were there, so he walked up the steps, pushed the door open and stepped inside.

Except for the lights above the brilliant green tables and the shaded incandescent bulb that lit up the candy and tobacco behind the counter, the room was dark. Every face turned in his direction as he closed the door behind him, the old faces squinting through the years to confirm his identity before turning back to the matter at hand, the game of pool.

Harley hooked his coat on the wall near the door, and walked over to the coal stove where a dull orange glow shone through the tiny mica windows in the stoking door. He held his frigid hands up against the radiant heat, as the proprietor spoke from behind the counter.

"The mop is out back, Harley. Old Firmer got sick in the john again. A man with stomach cancer oughtn't drink like he does. I'll give you an extra half hour on the tables."

"I didn't come to clean, Cap, I came to play."

"Listen to this, will you! Harley, you know they play for money, not time."

"LeGrand's coming. Shirley staked me. Three games, five bucks a game. He'll be here any time."

The old man lifted his hands off the frosty glass counter and hung his thumbs up high in his suspenders. He leaned back gently against the glass and hardwood doors, against the Muriels and the White Owls, The Luckys and the Dominoes, and studied the lad.

The shaded lamp shone down from above him, marking his sharp features with black shadow. Harley could barely see the old gent's eyes, but he felt them reading him. The broad forehead below the white, swept-back hair, the sharp nose, the shaded wrinkles at the eyes and mouth; he looked mythical and half mad. A medieval magician had momentarily materialized and taken up residence in Cap's body. Then he leaned forward away from the light, and it was Cap again, speaking to him:

"I heard you took twenty dollars off'n Tom Tuck down on Trent Street, and you've been cleaning out all the high school kids over at the "Hole". I guess you think you've got a stroke."

It was true. He could hardly get a game anymore at the basement parlor on Main, and he spent his time there lately just practicing, and visiting with fat Shirley, the proprietress who smoked oval cigarettes and dallied with the young boys behind the curtain that was the wall of her bedroom - a table, hotplate, nightstand and a bed.

"Cap, I feel good, and I've gotta know if I am."

"That LeGrand, he's as good as Blakely."

"Cap, three games, five a game, straight eight. I want table two, and the new balls. I'll make it up to you, but tonight I don't have much time."

"I guess Foreman can clean up. Your stick's in the closet. Use mine if you want."

It was nearly ten o'clock when the new Chevy Biscayne pulled over to the shoulder of the Mica Highway and Harley, with a word of thanks to the stranger, got out and watched it speed down the highway toward the pine groves and the girlfriend over in Valleyford.

Harley hiked across the dark fields to the fence where his books were stashed and, wiping the dew off the covers, he picked them up and headed for the house. The television was still on when he came through the front door. His father greeted him.

"Harley, I don't have to remind you that the lawn needs mowing if you expect your allowance this week. A dollar a week is good money for a kid of fifteen, a damn sight more than I ever got. Savvy?"

"Sure, Dad. I'll do it on Saturday, OK?" Harley called out to his mother who was puttering in the kitchen. "I'm going to bed, Mom. Good night!"

"Good night, Harley."

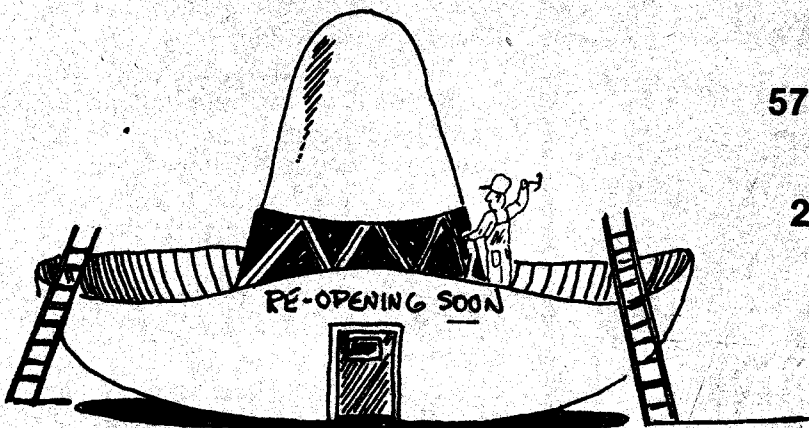
He turned and walked down the hall to his bedroom, flicked the light on, and closed the door behind him. He laid his books on the chair, pulled the roll of bills from his pocket and, flopping on his back on the bed, began to count them. Thirty dollars, double what he took. He smiled and stuffed the money back into his pocket. Easy money. Making a mental note to tell Ronnie to cover for him if it should come up, he snapped on the bedstand light and reached for the latin text.

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## IT'S ALL ABBEY'S FAULT

About fifteen years ago, an acid-head friend of mine, who is now a Professor of Philosophy at a prominent Colorado University, gave me a book entitled Desert Solitaire, by Ed Abbey. It told of a strange and wondrous place, called Arches National Park, somewhere out in Southeastern Utah.

Running a 3.2 beer bar, in the lunatic college town of Boulder, Colo., was starting to take its toll. I was drinking more than the customers. A mixture of working-class losers, burn-outs, and pseudo-intellectual snobs with sexual identity manifestations. It was time for a break.

I told my acid-head friend that I was fascinated with the book he recently gave me, and that we should go check this Arches National Park out for ourselves. Rummaging through the freezer for a package of mushrooms, he nodded in agreement. He had to visit his Dear Old Mom first, an obligatory monthly journey, that no doubt had something to do with her checkbook. I told him I'd go on ahead, and I would meet him up at the Park Campgrounds on the last day of March, for the heralding of Spring in the desert. Agreed!

I flew from Denver to Grand Junction on one of those horrible old turbo props. For thirty bucks you get the crap scared outta you, as the old plane literally scraped its way across the Front Range. If all went well, you were dumped at the Grand Junction Airport an hour later, reeking of scotch and complimentary roasted nuts. If your backpack hadn't mistakenly gone on to Salt Lake, you were all set.

Slung on the old pack, I immediately became aware of how out of shape I was. The only exercise my body got when I was tending bar was my ears. So, we will get into shape, 'en route'.

I stuck out my thumb on the interstate, and an hour later a greasy o stopped and a long-haired dude

waved me on in. The stench of 'that funny little plant' was overpowering, and the cassette deck was howling a Grateful Dead tune at an incredible volume. On my side of the dashboard was a sticker that read; "ASS, GAS or GRASS - NOBODY RIDES FOR FREE." I desperately checked to make sure I had some spare change on me.

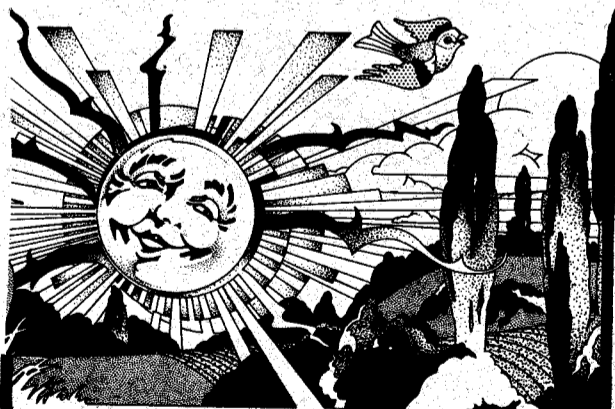
Driving into oblivion. I had been this way before, but always at 100 miles per hour. I now noticed the alien landscape unfolding before me. When I saw Skyline Arch on the horizon I shouted above the music for the driver to stop.

"Here? Here??? You want to get off .....here?" I thanked him for the ride, gave him a few bucks, and kept my opinions of the Grateful Dead to myself. I put on the pack and started the walk. It was thirteen miles to the campgrounds, if my estimations were correct.

I'm a lover of topo maps. I call them 'dream sheets'. I spend hours gazing at unfamiliar terrain, charting out long and lonely routes. I'd been chased by Grizzlies in Yellowstone, pursued by a gut-shot cougar in Southern Oregon, struck by lightning atop Mt. Meeker, and caught in a flash flood down in the Grand Canyon, so I wasn't concerned about a leisurely stroll across Yellow Cat Flat to the campgrounds. I was positive I would live to a ripe old age. That is, if I didn't succumb to a cardiac arrest from these recurring nightmares, due to past outdoor experiences.

The weather looked bad. It always looks bad. At the mere mention of my backpack, friends would run for cover in the shelter of their homes, turn up the heat, and watch in horror as those big, black ominous clouds would start clanking together.

I don't much care for snow. In fact, I rather hate it. Growing up on the South Side of Chicago, instilled in me a deep diversion for Winter. I'd lived in Colorado for ten years and never ventured out on skis. I did snow-shoe across the Continental Di-



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vide once in January, but that's another one of my re-occurrent nightmares.

I'm never equipped for snow camping. I carry around one of these 'gouse bags' for sleeping. You know the kind of sleeping bag you can buy at K-marts for twenty bucks? They have these pictures of flying grouse on the inside. Did you ever take a close look at their faces? They're freezing! They're heading South! The bag is no good below fifty degrees.

It started to snow heavily, the wind whipping sideways, and by the time I was trudging up the Pipeline Road, it was downright blizzard conditions. I wasn't enjoying the landscape too much. I could hardly see my hand in front of my face! Abbey must have been mistaken. Where were all these burnt hills forever? The horrid sunsets? The Indian Paintbrush, first sign of Spring? It started to snow harder.

By the time I reached Devil's Garden, there were three inches of snow on the ground and I was cold and miserable and my friend was no where in sight! Not a creature was stirring, not even a chipmunk. Cursing Ed Abbey under my breath, I started walking the road into town. I was oblivious to the scenery around me. I even sneered at Balanced Rock when I passed it by. All I wanted now, was a warm motel room with a phone. I was going to call my acid-head friend every name in the book, for leaving me stranded in this God-Forsaken place!

By the time I got to the first motel on the Northern end of Moab, I was exhausted and defeated. I vowed never to accept another book from my friend, who thought LSD was some form of Divine Intervention, to help cope with the drudgery of life. Fittingly, I was given the key to Room #13.

There was a foot of snow in the motel parking lot by now. Stumbling up to my room, I noticed a suspiciously familiar looking car parked in front of Room #12. It couldn't be! I went back to the registration desk and in-

(cont. from p. 10)

quired whom was in Room #12? Sure enough, it was my acid-head friend!

"Welcome to sunny Moab!", I shouted, as he stood weaving in the doorway. We drove back to Boulder the next morning in two feet of snow and thirteen degree weather.

Of course, I returned to Arches Park the following Spring, and spent a whole month being mesmerized by the desert. I was hooked. The 3.2 bar had folded, due to the increasing popularity of disco, and I wanted no part of that.

So I had a little money and a lot of time.

After a month of dazzling exploration, I felt it was time to trek into town for a good meal and a shower. Freeze-dried food, after an extended diet of it, does not do wonders for your digestive system. You have to keep all the flaps open on your tent just to survive the gas! I hitchhiked into town.

I wound up at a Private Campground, and got to talking with the owner, who also happened to own a Rafting Company. (Gee, this sounds interesting...) I told him I was kind of, but not seriously, looking for work. But every time I'd buy the local paper I'd always see the same Help Wanted Ads. That's when he told me that the paper only came out once a week.

I then told him he should get his P.A. fixed. I was in Spot #76, and everytime they would page my number, I'd run to the desk thinking it was a message from some prospective employer. When I'd ask the girl at the desk what the message was she would just give me the oddest look. So, I told him that he better fix that P.A. That's when he told me that they didn't have a P.A., and that I was answering the A & W order numbers next door!

Seeing that I was wallowing in embarrassment, he asked me what I was doing for the next six months or so... And that was twelve years ago, Ed.

And I'm still here, held captive by these rocks, writing songs, playing with the camera, and weasling out a living playing the tourist game. I intend to die here too. I've no desire to see the great cathedrals, no wish to see the changing of the guard, and hope I never get the chance to visit New York City. It's all your fault, Ed. You and these rocks. Now, I gotta make sure we don't tear all this down!

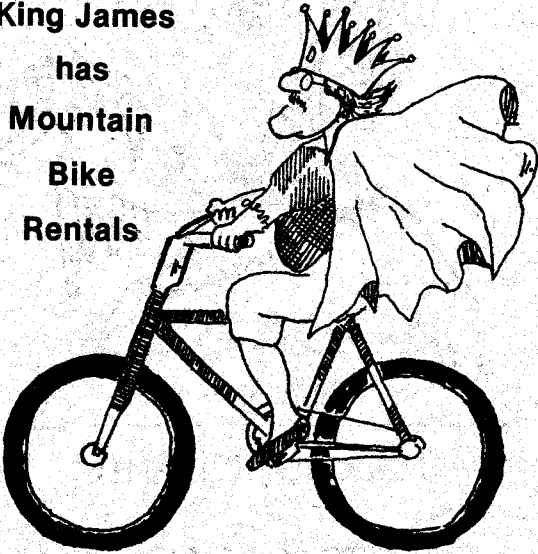
I'm doing some work for the Sierra Club on a wilderness study area. I'm all packed and ready to go! I can't wait! I got my supplies, my Apricot Brandy, my sheets of film!

Gee...where the hell did all those black clouds come from?

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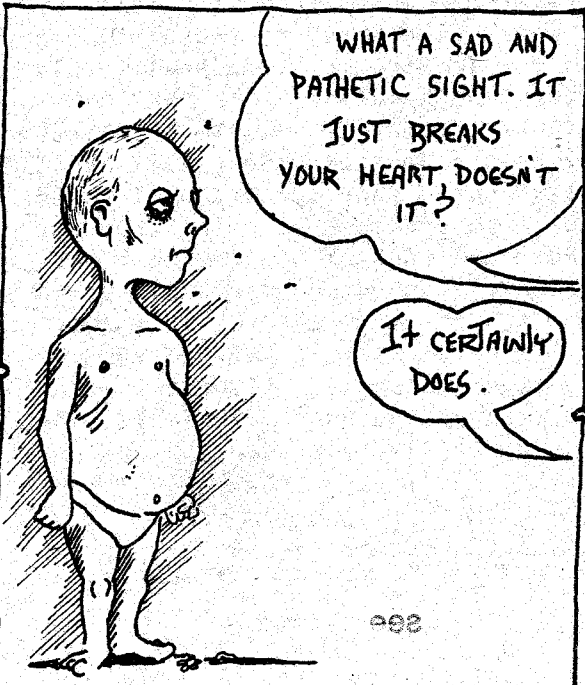
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# PRIORITIES





## MOBABLE

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Local Moabberations continue to prove that where there's life there's boogie.

The Sizzle Sisters gave their debut performance this month...and watch out Mama 'cause they're the sassiest, most git-down ladies in town. The sisters, (Joy Wheatley, Mary Mullen, Deb Orem and Susan Ossana) boast about their 36 X 36 dimensions. That is: over 36 years old and over 36 inches... So move over honey, if you don't know how to shake it.

Linda Miller knows how to boogie. Rumour has it that she's flipped her Cherokee inflatable kayak more times this summer than the sum total of all other capsizes on the Colorado River combined. When I asked Linda about her seemingly endless supply of bravado, she explained that people love to rescue victims, they love the rush of emergency situations. So why worry about capsizing? It makes everybody happy!

But the Colorado River can be unpredictable. Jayne Belnap, another fearless boatwoman, was kayaking this summer when she spotted a 12 foot tall, bright green Mr. Gumby standing on Brown Betty Beach. Jayne was inventorying the biota of Canyonlands NPS at the time.

Well, Jayne, all of us have our little romantic fantasies. We're all looking for that cuddly Mr. Gumby. In fact one local lady has become so frustrated with conventional methods for finding a mate that she is using the "Cinderella technique". She has an ideal male shoe, and she asks likely candidates to try the shoe on for size. So far, no luck.

...Did you hear about Lone Rock Beach down on Lake Powell which was written up in last month's Playboy as one of the top ten nude beaches in the US? Apparently the previously God-forsaken wasteland is now stacked several bodies deep with exuberent fun-seekers in search of the perfect center-fold. And park personnel are having difficulty maintaining decorum.

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...But local 'fires' were left untended when the Canyonlands rangers went to fight California fires this month. Mike Hill put together a photo essay of the experience, with one picture which shows the bedraggled crew, backlit by smoldering trees and ash-colored sky. The caption reads:

"The weather is here, wish you were beautiful."

...Have you noticed the breakfast menus down at the Poplar Place? They're all hand colored by local artists. The one by Niles is electric. (But he didn't keep his colors inside the lines like they teach you in grade school.)

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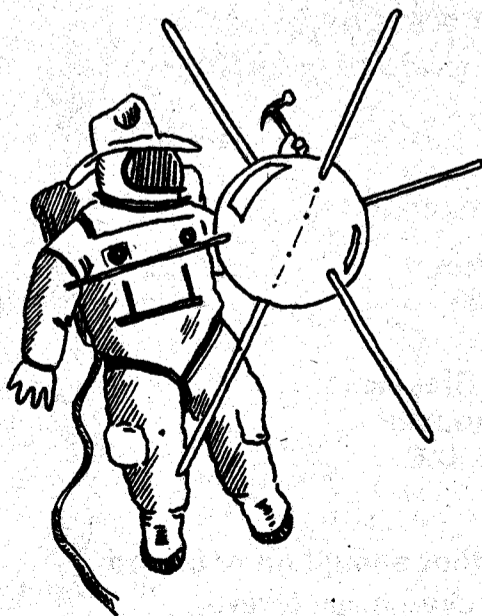
S. Hwy. 191  
259-6585

...What does potter Gayle Houston do with her imperfect pots? She shoots 'em dead out on the Moab rifle range. Dust to dust...

Meanwhile, Captain Tom and Carolyn are putting the finishing touches on the dory they will sail out into the Gulf of Mexico this Fall. The dory is prepared for an extended voyage, with harpoon deck, sprout-growing racks, and rolls of canvas for Carolyn to paint on (AND a full cargo of tobacco and rum!)

Tom has been building boats and embarking on oceanic adventures all of his life. He says that every time he's had enough money to realize a dream he's ended up squandering the money, whereas everytime he's been broke he's ended up building a boat and setting sail. Because that's what he really wants to do.

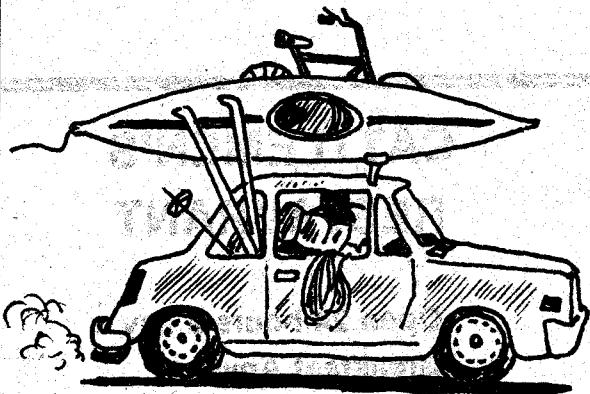
Joy and Buck Wheatley are talking about moving to Ogden where they can make enough money to just keep the family afloat this winter. They don't want to leave, but I'm sure they'll keep on boogying where ever they are. As the sign on their front door says: "Old age and treachery overcomes youth and skill."



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# DERAILED



Mudpuppy

Remember your first bellyflop? You came up gurgling and spitting to see the poolside ringed with swimmers laughing so hard they started falling into the water!

If that one was bad, the first bike crash was worse. Wham! Slam! And all the other kids came stingray BMX fish-tail skidding to a stop around you filling your roadrash with dust and dirt then hover and circle like T.V.'s at their first sight of youngblood. "You OK?" they ask, secretly hoping for excitement that an arm or a leg will fall off.

Ah the world of outdoor recreation! Starting out is always the same: Gravelparking Rafts, Roofflinging Frisbees, Nosebleeding Basketballs, Groundhogging Golfgreens, Charlie-

Browning Footballs, Faceplanting Skis, Homerunning Tennisballs, Windowholing Baseballs, Sidesliding Horses, Butt-slammng Skates . . . . and it all started when some crazy cave man decided to ride a wheel rock with a stick in it.

Wheels, They're the ones that cause the most spectacular disasters. With the exception of the occasional untied shoe causing a marathon run trampled, T.V. sports thrives on millions of viewers waiting to watch the smash crash slide and endo maneuvers of flailing Bike Racers, Motorcycles, and Ferraris.

But some of the best Fohpahs are the slo-mo type. My Brother Outlaw went for a ride with all the local hot shot bike racers one Summer in Colorado. He was on a borrowed bike with new toeclips. There they were, track standing (balanced on the pedals while stopped) at the main downtown busy city stop light when David loses it on the outside and dominoes ten Pro-sponsored bike racers to the pavement.

So it's no surprise to see new Mountainbikers suspended in a silly handstand over a vertical bike. Wheel meets rock, bicyclist gets Lizard's eye view of ground.

Although Mountainbiking has reinvented the childhood dream of zipping down dirt tracks, skidding in sand, and splashing through creeks, new riders soon realize that the sport has also reinvented the crotch split,

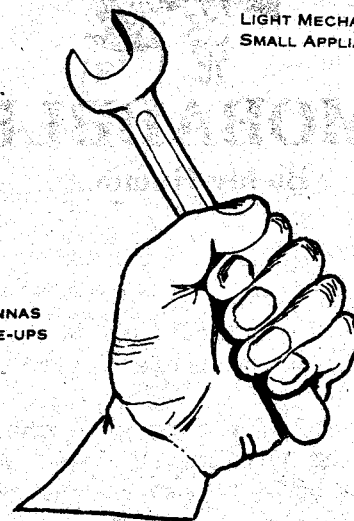
bellyflop and faceplant.

Human nature is the same, though, and you can always count on someone rolling in stitches as you crawl out of the ditches.

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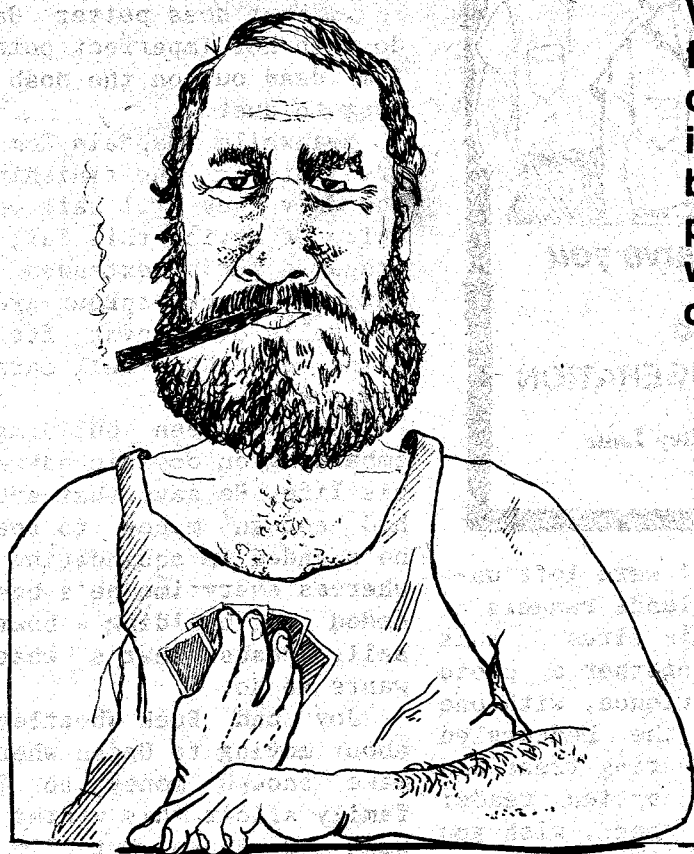
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and locked away forever. . ."

San Juan County Record



# THE BARD'S NARDS POETRY CORNER

## BOATMEN'S RENDEVOUS

by Verle Green

Well, the season's over  
For the Boatmen of the rivers of 1976.

What will we do!

Now John Williams said,  
Let's have a boatmen's rendezvous.

We all asked where and with a lot  
of thought  
We came up with a date and a place to romp.

Why, of course, at the Top of the  
Big Drop!

Word was spread far and wide  
to all the narley boatmen.

Bring your whiskey, wine and beer  
Along with your ladies sweet,  
For this party's bound to be neat.

Well, the boatmen hit the rivers with  
anything that would float.  
Some on the Colorado,  
Others on the Green.  
They had Havasu's, Kayaks, Yampas and  
a Sport Yak or two.  
You could hear the canyon walls echo  
"Hallo, Rendezvous!"

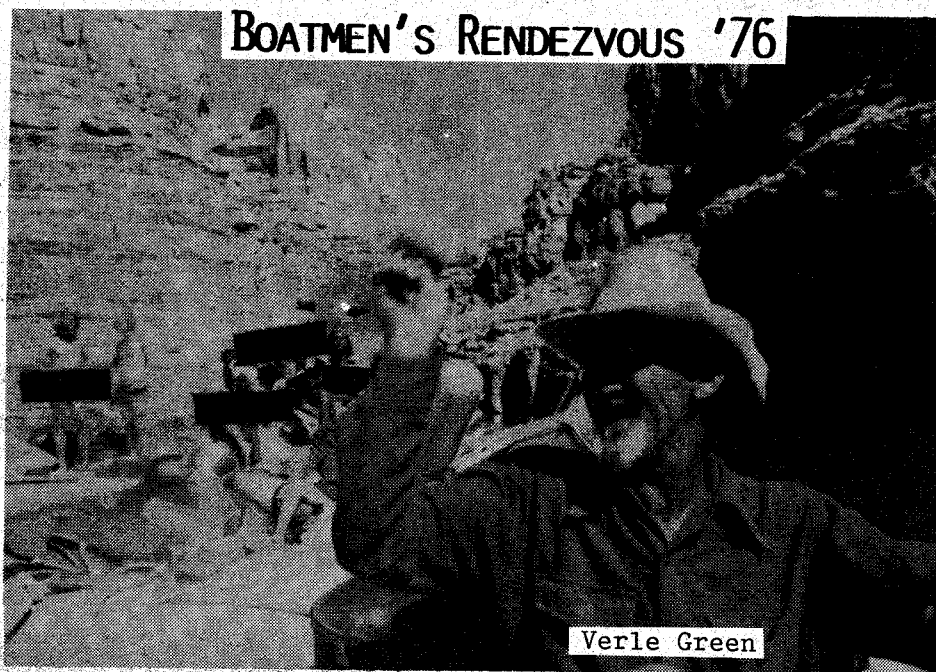
The party was well underway,  
With a banner waving high,  
When a J-Rig rolled in with one  
boatee all wet and the other dry.  
While everyone yelled  
"Hallo, Rendezvous!"

The night was loud and long.  
A good time was had by all.  
Rivers were run and stories were told,  
Along with the call  
"Hallo, Rendezvous!"

As dawn crept up  
Everyone was meek.  
Now it's time to run the Big Drop  
In the heat.

A man named Drifter took the lead.  
Next came Mike and Jen, who didn't  
quite make number 3.  
On went the rest, when Norma lost  
an oar,  
Yelling at the top of their lungs,  
"Hallo, Rendezvous!"

Imperial was the place to hang up.  
For tomorrow we have to leave and bid ado,  
With joy and tears, Cataract Canyon echos  
"Goodbye, Rendezvous!"



## THE OREGON POETRY

by Alexander Skye

### CHIPMUNK OF THE OREGON WOODS

URN

in that small space of time  
when days floated by cloudless  
I'll remember....I'll remember  
when all significant  
seemed so remote and meaningless  
gazing into your eyes

where the sun shines  
without fail  
thru your whole being  
until you are transformed  
into the radiant one  
you can become  
on those special occasions

seagulls circle around you  
in endless worship  
and even at times the tide  
hesitates in your presence

at night  
coyotes call out your name  
singing you softly  
into a peaceful slumber  
until dawn nudges you  
to a gentle awakening

my chipmunk of the Oregon woods  
harvest well these memories for winter  
for by winter  
we will be forests apart

would you shudder if I were cremated  
and had the ashes shipped to you  
parcel post?  
would you boast?

where would you put me? on your TV?  
on your kitchen table?  
by the night lamp next to your bed  
if you thought you were able?

would you feel ill at ease  
if a sudden breeze  
came and scattered me about?  
would you shout?

would you try and pick up the pieces?  
come now, it's a little late for that  
and besides  
I'd hate to be mistaken for dust!

# ELKS WARNED

Local elk are in grave danger of being killed to death during the two week period of Oct. 1 through Oct. 13, and should take extreme precautions to avoid being seen in their habitat during that time, says Timothy Hare, president of MOVE, the Moab Order of Vegetable Eaters.

According to Mr. Hare, local hunters have enlisted the aid of several members of the Elks Club who are familiar with the animals and are skilled in enticing them to approach within shooting range.

"Acting as advance men, these turncoats attract the bulls by duplicating the moans of a female elk in heat," complained Hare. "I can't imagine a more heinous piece of trickery! Talk about entrapment! I wonder how those hunters would feel about it if some of us vegetarians were to dress up in drag, catch a few of them in the bar sauced beyond belief, entice them out to the car, and blow their goddam heads off! Then maybe they'd understand!"

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# ZONING MEETING NOT PERTINENT

Due to public confusion over recent industrial and hazardous waste incineration projects slated for the town of Cisco, the Stinking Desert Gazette offers the following information as a public service.

The public hearing slated for Oct. 6 at 7 PM is being held to discuss a zoning change in that town from grazing to heavy industrial usage, and has nothing whatsoever to do with hazardous waste incineration.

Although it is true that the zoning allowances being proposed were hand-delivered to the Grand County Planning and Zoning Commission by the CoWest Corp., the Denver firm seeking to build the hazardous waste furnaces, this meeting has nothing, we repeat, nothing to do with hazardous waste incineration and the possible controversy that might arise if people were under the mistaken and erroneous impression that it did.



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