

THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE



VOL. 2
NO. 4
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1987



25¢
MOAB,
UTAH



MEGAGOLIATHON COMES TO MOAB!

Years of dedicated effort on the part of Grand County officials to make this area a waste receptacle for the nation appear to be finally paying off.

Representatives of the Poisonox Corp., a division of Beatrice Foods, and the largest toxic waste disposal company on the East Coast, announced their preliminary plans to select Moab as the permanent site for the soon to be moved "Megagoliathon".

Poisonox officials had a tough time deciding between Grand County and the only other applicant, neighboring San Juan. San Juan County was rejected, however, when San Juan Commissioner Hardly Red leaked to the press that he had some minor concerns about the safety of the huge project. That effectively eliminated them from further consideration.

A search for a final placement site began last July when the Megagoliathon was discovered by the EPA, hidden amongst mountains of garbage at a landfill just outside of Macadam, NJ.

Originally the hull of a 150,000 ton tramp steamer, "Meg", as it's referred to by Poisonox people, is an enormous, rusting steel tank brimful of the most caustic and volatile waste effluence of the modern age.

Although much of what's in the tank is virtually impossible to track back to it's source, the bulk of the vile fluid appears to be composed of the following ingredients: PCB's, Dioxin, Trichloroethylene, Rotten Potatoes, Benzine, Gangrene, raw sewage, drain oil, beef carcasses, DDT, BHT, BHA, Sodium Propriate, rancid maple syrup and thousands of

rotting bodies of birds that inadvertently flew over it.

Poisonox officials have given preliminary approval to the Grand County proposal to move the thick fluid by tanker-truck to a specially prepared site, a plastic-lined lake set in the top of the Atlas Tailings pile.

It was felt that the radon gas surrounding the site would effectively neutralize any dangerous vapors that might drift away from the churning and bubbling chemical stew.

Grand County officials have been keeping the plans for the project under wraps, hoping to finalize details before the end of the year and announce it as a "kind of Christmas present to the town."

INSIDE

Sneak Preview!

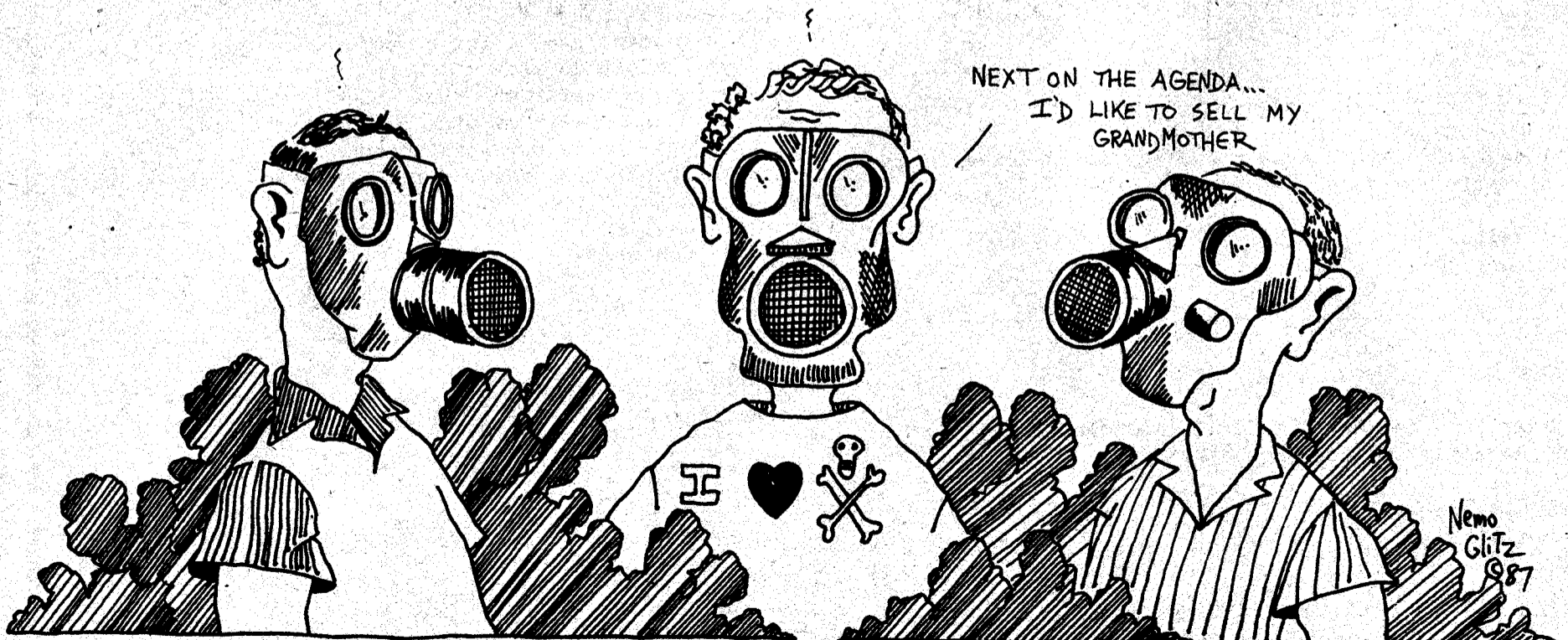
A pre-publication look at Ed Abbey's new book,

ONE LIFE AT A TIME, PLEASE

The Beaver Visits Arches!

by Izzie Kiddin

Rama Lama's Back!



GRAND COUNTY COMMISSION MEETING - The Future

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Doodah:

With much sorrow I noted that the Stinking Desert Gazette has sunken to an all time low with last month's issue; very reminiscent, in fact, of our other local paper. Up until last month's issue the SDG published only articles of the highest integrity. So what is going on?

I am referring, of course, to "In Defense Of Dogs" by Nemo Glitz. Since when is someone's personal grievance, carried to the point of supreme negative obsession, considered of interest to a uniquely discriminating audience such as us. Would I expect a paper such as yours to print worthless tripe, like, "I think kitties are way superior to dogs in every way"??? Of course not.

Would I expect you to print that dogs are stupid and helpless, and only unemployed ex-government lackeys who live in awesome Moab would own them? Of course not!

Would I write a whole article about how I ABSOLUTELY HATE IT when I go backpacking with a friend who insists on bringing their dog along and it promptly jumps into the only water hole within 20 miles? Of course not!!!

Would anyone care that I decided to boycott a party because they wouldn't let my kitty in? I doubt it! What a tiresome article that would be!!! Precisely the reason I question your decision to print the inflamatory, generalizing, biased, narrow-minded, hysterical article by Mr. Glitz. In the future, I suggest you leave all inflamatory, generalizing, biased, narrow-minded, hysterical articles to Philmore Banks, who does a much better job of it and at the very least makes me laugh.

Mr. Glitz does, like any dog I suppose, have his good sides. The Poplar Place and Goathead cartoons of last month are nothing less than a stroke of genius. Let's hope he sticks to the pen and leaves his typewriter in the closet.

Other than that, DooDah, yours is the best newspaper EVER and I anxiously await it's arrival every month. Here's to bi-monthly publication.

In typical Moab form I will opt to avoid all conflict and refrain from signing my name. It's easier that way, isn't it?

Love,

Mr. Glitz replies:

"ruff, ruff....grrrrr.

Yes, I do believe the rocks are alive... Enclosed is \$9.00 for the next 12 issues.

Conrad Walton
El Segundo, CA

Dear SDG

Thanks for the laughs and enlightenment. Enjoy your stuff! Here's \$9.00 for another 12.

Muchas Gracias
Tami Martinez
Fruita, CO

THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE, A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF HUMOR AND SATIRE ABOUT MOAB AND THE CANYONLANDS, IS AVAILABLE BY SUBSCRIPTION. WRITE:

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Dear Stinking-

Found your paper during a stop in Moab and can guess who some of you are, maybe. Anyway, sign me up.

Dave Stanley
SLC

Dear SDG:

Thanks for all you are doing. Keep rockin'.

David Niven
Golden, CO

Dear Folks,

I was hoping your piece on local ranger conditions was just another bit of satirical fun on behalf of those good ol' boys and girls in brown, but I've got a bad feeling that sometimes real life doesn't need satire, it's foolish enough all by itself.

You know, I think I remember a time when being a ranger was a valid way of declaring your intentions and values to the world. A person could be a philosophizing, philandering, stargazing, fern-feeling rock worshipper and still get paid by the government. As a bonus. The passion for the work place was nearly enough.

So now it appears rangers have sold out - the whole kit and kaboodle, down the river. And leave the poor beleaguered boatmen holding the whole cosmic load of keeping the faith and teaching the masses of what a little non-urban renewal can do for a soul. Tough job, but somebody's got to do it.

Ah well, you better get that subscription rolling in - I need to keep up with my Utah counterparts (the cutting edge of technology and law enforcement, right?). It's increasingly hard to admit, but I'm (ahem, cough) a State Park Ranger too.....

Leslie J. Comrack
Banning, CA

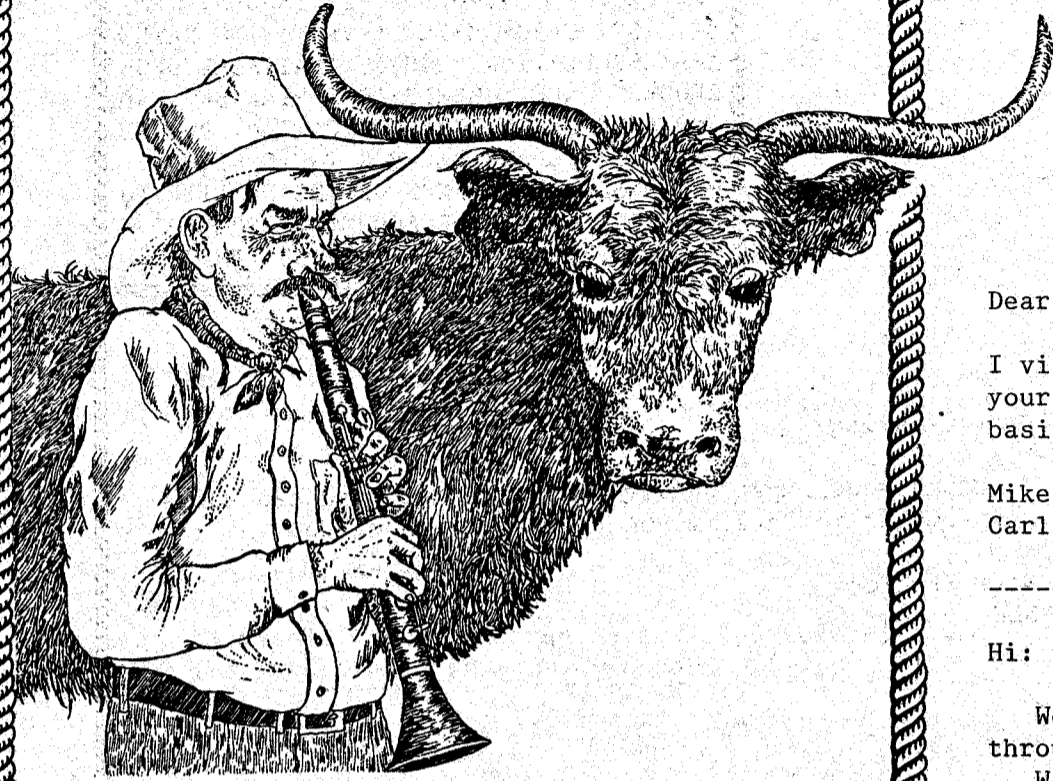
Our investigators are running your files. If there's anything there, we'll be doing a feature on you soon.

Editor

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Stink 87

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Editor:

Vol. 2, No. 2 the best ever! Thanks, and congratulations!

Mary
Moab

Dear Stinkers:

I visited Moab recently and got some cheap laughs out of your paper. How about sending it to my condo on a regular basis.....

Mike Schaad
Carlsbad, CA

Hi:

We picked up a copy of your "newspaper" while passing through Moab visiting friends (we're ex-Moabites).

Without a doubt, the SDG is the finest publication to come out of the desert in recent history. Hope you're still publishing.

Rik
VAPID Magazine
Pajaro Press
Berkeley, CA

Our paper is produced on the press that belonged to the Berkeley Barb. You probably picked up on the vibes.

Editor

Dear Stinking Desert Gazette-

Enclosed is my check for this year's subscription.Keep SDG going ... at least one newspaper in Utah has to keep providing us with an uncensored view of life.

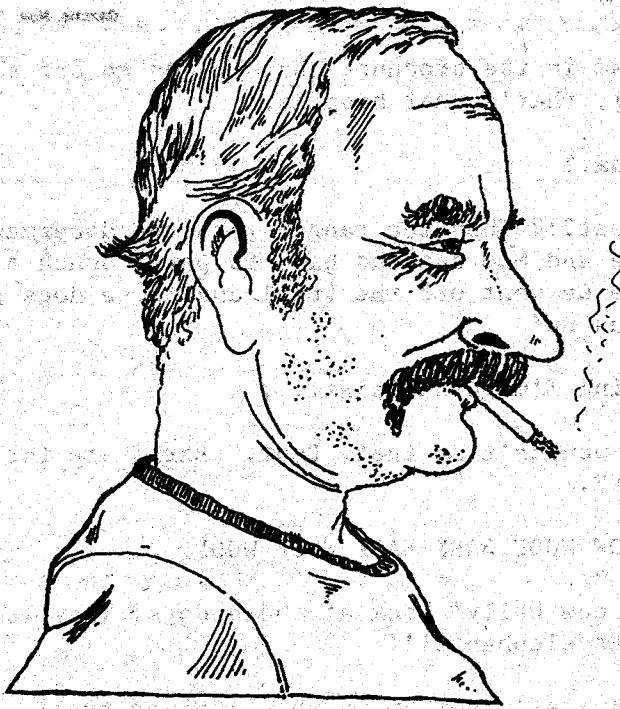
Beth Kadlec
Las Vegas, NV

Dear Stinking...

My husband and I were in Moab for a few days in July riding our bikes, hiking, enjoying the scenery, etc. (Good medicine for a couple of midwesterners suffering from low altitude humidity-induced ailments). We had such a wonderful time during our short stay and hope to return next year for another dose.

We picked up a copy of the Gazette at one of the local hangouts and found it so hilarious. Please send us a years subscription to this funny little rag.

Pat Paschall
Independence, MO



Izzie Kiddin

THE CLEAVERS VISIT PINNACLE NATIONAL PARK

Recently discovered script #237 (never aired)
Cast: Ward, June, Beaver, Wally and Lumpy

Camera zooms in on Cleaver Family setting up camp at Angel's Garden Campground in Pinnacle National Park. (Get good promo shot of the Plymouth! Our sponser, you know!)

JUNE: Well boys, What do you think of Pinnacle National Park?

BEAVER: Gee mom, it sure is neat, They gotta lotta neat junk here to look at!

WALLY: Ah, it ain't that great. It's just a buncha rocks and stuff all fenced in so you can hardly see anything anyway.

BEAVER: Well, I still think it's pretty great. Look at that rock over there! It looks like a big....

WARD: Now Beaver! What did I tell you about using unsanitary language? This is a family show.

BEAVER: Gee whiz Dad, I was just gonna say that rock looked like a big PENCIL.

WARD: Oh! Oh yes, why I do believe you're right. Look, you can even make out the eraser!

JUNE: (Blushing) Oh Ward....

LUMPY: When are we gonna eat, Mrs. Cleaver?

JUNE: Why Lumpy, we just had breakfast! We are all going on the Angel Garden Trail Hike now!

WARD: My my, what a SPLENDID idea! Come on, boys, let's get those daypacks on, and don't forget to fill your water bottles. It's going to be 100 today!

LUMPY: Are we gonna pack anything to eat, Mr. Cleaver?

WALLY: Gosh Lump, is that all you think about is eating? You should go see a doctor when you get home.

LUMPY: My mom took me to a doctor once. He stuck pins in me and made me gag and I had to whiz in an empty orange juice bottle and my Mom even had to pay him money!

BEAVER: Gee Lump, what was wrong with ya?

LUMPY: Oh, I woke up one morning and I wasn't hungry and my Mom got real worried.

The Cleavers drive to the Angel Garden Trailhead. (get shot of the interior of the Plymouth as the family is getting out)

WARD: Well boys, would you just look at that! Mother Nature at work! A hundred sixty million years in the making!

BEAVER: Gee, Mother Nature sure must be lazy if it took her that long. Me and the guys coulda come in here with some dynamite and done the same thing overnight.

WARD: That wouldn't be the same, Beaver!

BEAVER: I don't see any difference Dad. Why do you?

WALLY: You better shut up Beav, Dad's liable to sock you if you keep on asking so many questions.

JUNE: Well boys, let's all go see Lampshade Arch!

LUMPY: Are we gonna pack a lunch, Mrs. Cleaver? I'm gettin real hungry.

JUNE: Lumpy, we haven't even started hiking yet.

LUMPY: Oh I know, but just the thought of walking makes my stomach growl.

WARD: Come on, let's get going. You can see Lampshade Arch from here. See? You see where those barbed wire fences are over there? Well, it's right behind them!

BEAVER: Why they gotta put all that junk around it, Dad?

WARD: Well son, The Parks are here to preserve and protect.

BEAVER: Protect it from what?

WARD: Stay on the trail Beav. There's a fifty dollar fine if we are caught off-trail. This is very fragile soil!

WALLY: This is asphalt Dad! They've practically paved the ground all the way to Lampshade. I thought we were going to some place wild!

JUNE: There aren't any more places like that, Wally. With all the ORVs, three wheelers, bikes and jeeps finally outlawed, they had to close millions of acres of land just to give it time to heal. That's why there's that fence around Lampshade. Just look at all those tracks! It will take a very long time for Mother Nature to heal here.

BEAVER: I'll say. If it took her a jillion years to create this junk, it's gonna take her forever to fix it up the way it was.

WARD: It'll never be the way it was, Son.

WALLY: Wow! That IS a neat arch! It's almost as long as a football field! But...why the heck did they give it a stupid name like Lampshade?

(cont. from pg. 4)

WARD: Back in the old days, it really was called Fragile Arch, but when they put up the signs when this became a monument, someone accidentally put the wrong signs up, and it's Park Policy never to interfere or make changes.

BEAVER: Never interfere? Then what's that burning over there?

WARD: Oh, that's just a tamarisk burn, Son. They do that seasonally.

BEAVER: But why do that Dad? It's in the Park, isn't it? I thought they were supposed to preserve and protect. Isn't the tamarisk a part of the Park???

LUMPY: Who cares about a dumb old plant, if you can't eat it?

The Boys go on ahead, while Ward and June stop to look at Lava Flow Arch. The boys take the Gin Canyon Trail by accident, and get lost.

WALLY: Well, where the heck is Minaret Arch? It's supposed to be right here somewhere?

BEAVER: Heck with the arch, Wally, where's Mom and Dad?

WALLY: Ah, they'll be comin'. You know how old people like to stop and gawk at everything.

LUMPY: I think we're lost. I'm gonna starve out here!

WALLY: Cut it out Lumpy. We ain't lost. Look, let's take a short cut this way and see if we can find our way back to the trail.

THE BOYS TAKE A SHORT-CUT AND BELLS, SIRENS AND WHISTLES GO OFF!

WALLY: Holy Cow! What the hell is that?

BEAVER: I read in the brochure that if you go off the trail, that's what happens.

WALLY: So what?

BEAVER: So what?? Then the ranger lets the dobermans loose and Mom and Dad have to pay a bunch a money cause we went off the trail and those dogs will eat us up!

LUMPY: I think I'm gonna faint....

WALLY: They wouldn't do that, Beav. Parks are for PEOPLE.

BARK BARK WOOF WOOF BARK BARK WOOF WOOF

BEAVER: Holy cow Wally! Look at those dogs! They look as big as elephants!!!

WALLY: Quick, let's get up in this juniper tree!

A blue and white police cruiser comes roaring down the Angel Rock Road, sirens and lights blazing. Officer Mace and a posse of three women carrying sawed-off shotguns arrive at the scene. Racing up the trail they spot the boys in the tree.

RANGER: (with bullhorn) Alright you boys! Get outta that tree!

The boys climb down from the tree while the three women stand guard. Ward and June, hearing the commotion, come running up the trail.

JUNE: Boys! Oh boys! Are you alright?

WARD: Look out for those dogs, boys! They look mean!!! What's the trouble officer?

RANGER: These boys wandered off the main trail. That's against the law you know! A 200 dollar fine! Three boys times \$50 + \$50 damages, equals 200 dollars!

WOMAN: Yes, a 200 dollar fine!

WARD: Why, the boys got lost. They were just trying to find their way back to the trail.

cont. pg. 6

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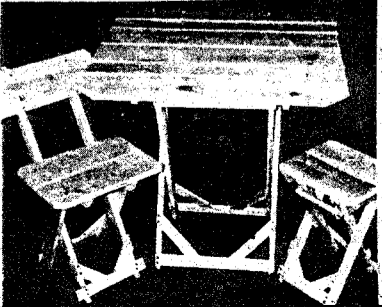
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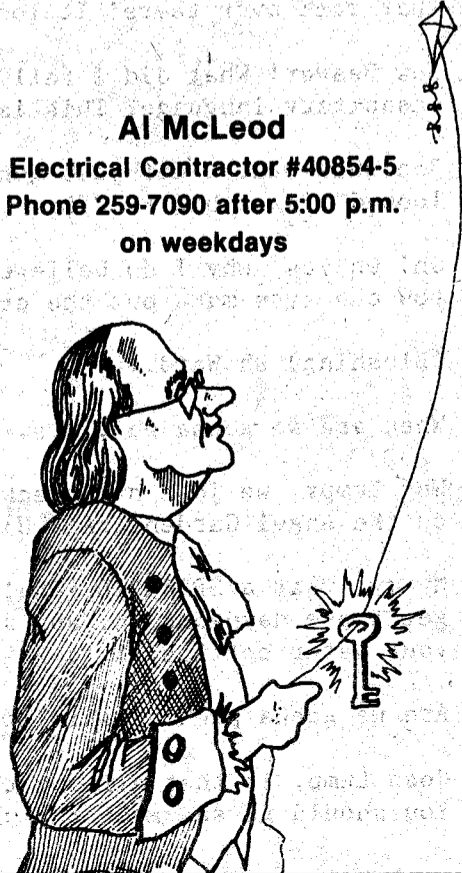
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RANGER: By treading over fragile Kryptonite Soils? Do you realize there's not much of that soil left in existence?

WOMAN: NOT MUCH LEFT IN EXISTENCE!

RANGER: Look, I'm sorry it has come down to this, but the old days are gone. And so is most of what we knew as wilderness. We just had to take extreme measures to insure protection of what is left. That's why there are no more jeeps, ORVs, or bikes. You got two feet. Stay on the trails and use them.

JUNE: Well boys, I hope this taught you a lesson. You were wrong in going off the trail. Now your Father has to pay a huge fine because of it.

BEAVER: Gee whiz, I'll be mowing lawns forever to pay this off!

WALLY: Look Officer, we're just a bunch 'a dumb kids in a family sitcom. Can't you give us a break? We didn't know you were really serious about all-a-this. Heck, we thought you just liked to play sheriff or somethin'...

RANGER: No Son, that's the impression a lot of folks get when they first come up here. But they don't realize the difficult job we have to do. There were never any exact guidelines to follow when Parks came into being. Never any clear-cut rules. People took advantage of those rules. Abused the land. So, we had to make some definite guidelines. We're not bad people. We're just trying to protect what's left of Mother Nature best we know how.

LUMPY: You wouldn't have a sandwich on ya, would ya?

RANGER: I tell you what. Let's forget about the fine. Let this just be a warning, OK boys? Maybe next time you'll think twice about this land of ours.

BEAVER: Gee thanks, Officer! You're a real neat guy! We're sorry we stepped on your gyptomantic soil. We won't ever do it again!

The Ranger collects his dogs and the women and they return to the cruiser and drive away. The Cleaver family relax under a picnic shelter.

WARD: Well, they sure have a pretty difficult time keeping these Parks in one piece. It's a very complex issue about protecting and at the same time making the parks enjoyable for people.

LUMPY: They could have at least put up a snack bar!

WALLY: Well, I still think they've gone a bit overboard, Dad, with all this cops and robber attitude. They could lighten up a little.

JUNE: Well boys, I certainly hope you've learned a lesson out of all this.

BEAVER: I'll say! When you go to a Park, be sure you stay on the trails, don't climb the arches, don't tread across any gyptomantic soils, watch out for the dobermans, no motorized or mechanized vehicles allowed, come on in and have a great time!

WARD: THAT'S MY BOY!

LUMPY: LOOK! There's half a sandwich someone left on that table!!!

Lumpy runs across the road to get it, and bells and sirens go off in the distance.

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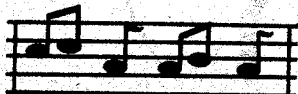
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MOBABLE

Buddy Hummer

Thank God for Halloween. It's the one time when everybody agrees to get weird. For once everybody is going to laugh with you instead of take you seriously. Even a bad act is acceptable.

What makes Halloween so fun is that nobody's act is "together".

Unfortunately, the trouble with Everyday Life is that nobody's act is "together" then either. But for some strange reason we think it ought to be.

The Park Service Uniform would make a good Halloween costume. An absurdist movement has been burgeoning among Parkees ever since the new dictum was handed down that rangers must wear their Smokey Bear Hats whenever in public. A uniform has a reasonable function as a means of identification, but those stiff-brimmed hats give one the impression that the Ranger takes his responsibility a little too seriously.

Take pity on the Rangers, they would like to put a hot-frisbee-spin on that hat, even more than you would!

Oh well, even though the world situation can look pretty piss-poor at times, take Norm Shrewsbury's advice: don't give up on a game at half-time, stay in there and give it all your heart 'til the end.

Joy divulged the secret of her unmatched beauty in a line she once had in a play: "Please, Please, Dear God, don't let this one precious life I have be NORMAL."

I've learned something interesting from hanging around boat builders: A round bottomed boat, which is very tippy when you try to balance in it, is actually much more stable than a seemingly steady boat like a flat-bottomed rowboat, for example. The round bottomed boat rocks a lot but it is very difficult to tip over. The flat bottomed boat seems solid as land, but once you tip it off its very square balance... WHOOPS, over it goes!

Patrice Mason

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So, I'm glad Moab is full of a lot of rather "tippy" individuals. They will probably keep on sailing no matter how rough the waters get.

Patricia McConnel, a local writer with several award winning works to her credit, is delightfully "tippy". She read one of her short stories at the Desert Writers Workshop held at Pack Creek this month. After the workshop we were thumbing through her book on home computer use and discovered an updated correction handwritten in the margin of page 211. How many authors do you know who are responsible enough to rewrite their books after publication?

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On the other hand, maybe it's better to admit we don't have our act together-- play like it's Halloween everyday -- and just keep laughing and loving.

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In a spirit of fun and sadness Deb Orem hosted a High-Tea in her hilltop castle to bid adeau to fair lady Joy Wheatley who moved to Logan last month. Primly dressed ladies quietly wept into their teacups recalling historic moments like the time Joy got punched in the eye when she was protecting a friend from a mad dog at the Poplar Place.

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The Stinking Desert Gazette is proud to treat our readers to the following chapter, "A Writers Credo," from Edward Abbey's new book, ONE LIFE AT A TIME, PLEASE.

Henry Holt and Company New York
Scheduled Publication January 1988

It is my belief that the writer, the free-lance author, should be and must be a critic of the society in which he lives. It is easy enough, and always profitable, to rail away at national enemies beyond the sea, at foreign powers beyond our borders, and at those within our borders who question the prevailing order. Easy. And it pays. Ask the official guardians of Soviet literary morality. But the moral duty of the free writer is to begin his work at home: to be a critic of his own community, his own country, his own government, his own culture. The more freedom the writer possesses the greater the moral obligation to play the role of critic. If the writer is unwilling to fill this part then the writer should abandon pretense and find another line of work: become a shoe repairman, a brain surgeon, a janitor, a cowboy, a nuclear physicist, a bus driver. Whereof one fears to speak thereof one must be silent. Far better silence than the written word used to shore up the wrong, the false, the ugly, the evil. When necessary the writer must be willing to undertake the dangerous, and often ridiculous, and sometimes martyrlike role of hero or heroine.

That's all that I ask of the author. To be a hero, appoint himself a moral leader, wanted or not. I believe that words count, that writing matters, that poems, essays, and novels -- in the long run -- make a difference. If they do not, then in the words of my exemplar Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, the writer's work is of no more importance than the barking of village dogs at night. The hack writer, the temporizer, the toady, and the sycophant, the journalistic courtier (and what is a courtier but a male courtesan?), all those in the word trade who simply go with the flow, who never oppose the rich and powerful, are no better in my view than Solzhenitsyn's village dogs. The dogs bark; the caravan moves on.

Why do I lay this special responsibility of speaking out upon the free-lance writer alone -- notoriously a timid, reclusive, craven type? For several reasons. First, because the independent writer, his income derived from his readers and not from a newspaper chain or TV system or other industrial employer, has the freedom to speak the truth together with access -- great or small -- to some portion of the means of public communication. Freedom of speech means little to most citizens because for most there is no way by which they can reach more than a few of their fellow citizens. When TV, radio, newspapers, magazines are controlled by a few giant corporations, with editorial policies largely determined by the power of advertisers, then free speech -- if not meaningless -- becomes nearly powerless. In the United States we have thousands of newspapers, TV and radio stations, magazines, and newsletters, but when nearly all say the same thing on any issue almost all the time, what becomes of the value of the First Amendment to our Constitution? The guarantee of freedom of speech is one thing; the means and ability to exercise that right is another. Herein lies the function and the duty of those foolish enough to call themselves writers: to make full use of whatever means of free communication are available. The writer with an audience has that privilege, that power, that freedom -- and therefore the moral responsibility to use it. Not to preach to his audience or to lecture them -- who needs another sermon? another lecture? -- but to speak *for* them, to let himself be used as the voice of those who share his view of earthly affairs, his emotions and discoveries, aspirations, and hopes.

The writer, I'm saying, must be of use -- must be useful to his people, to his community. Otherwise, who needs him? or her? If literary art, like so much of our poetry, music and painting, is merely decorative, merely play and no more, then we can get by with wallpaper, polyurethane abstract sculpture, Bloomingdale's catalog, *Vanity Fair*, rock music (music to hammer out fenders by), and Andy Warhol. If literature, on the other hand, is to be more than Muzak, then it must be involved, responsible, committed (O dread cliches!). The independent writer is in a

privileged position; therefore he works under special obligations. To do otherwise is to dishonor our profession.

Am I saying that the writer should be -- I hesitate before the horror of it -- *political*? Yes sir, I am. Yes ma'am, I am saying exactly that. And what do I mean by "political"? We'll get into it.

By "political" I mean involvement, responsibility, commitment: the writer's duty to speak the truth -- especially unpopular truth. Especially truth that offends the powerful, the rich, the well-established, the traditional, the mythic, the sentimental. To attack, when the times makes it necessary, the sacred cows of his society. And I mean all sacred cows: whether those of the public-lands beef industry or the sacred cows of militarism, nationalism, religion, capitalism, socialism, conservatism, liberalism. To name but a few of our prevailing ideologies.

For instance: Motherhood. I am not alone in recognizing that the time has arrived (in view of the ongoing overpopulation catastrophe) to subject the idealization of Motherhood to a certain degree of intellectual pressure. But also its countercorrelative, Feminist Maternity: since motherhood really is a full-time, difficult, highly skilled, and essential human occupation (I speak from personal experience), women who do not wish to be mothers should not have babies. Or consider the interesting question of immigration, race, and culture: if we who still form the majority in America really care to preserve our democratic traditions, derived in the most part from our European heritage and ancestry, then we must be willing to reevaluate the possible effect of differential breeding rates and mass immigration from Latin American, African, and Asiatic countries upon those traditions. Touchy delicate explosive questions, I agree; even to mention them exposes the writer to abuse of the harshest kind. But the willingness to risk abuse for the sake of truth is one of the writer's obligatory chores.

He who sticks out his neck may get his head chopped off. Quite so. Nevertheless it remains the writer's moral duty to stick out the neck, whether he lives in a totalitarian state or in a relatively open society such as our own. Speak out: or take up a different trade.

Somebody has to do it. That somebody is the writer. If the independent author will not speak truth for us, who will? What will? Do we get truth from politicians? From the bureaucrats of big government? Or local government? Can we expect to hear truth from the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the Teamster's Union, or United Technologies? Do we get much truth from *Time* or *Newsweek* or CBS or ABC or NBC or the daily press? From the TV evangelists of bunkshooter religion? Do we even get much truth from science and scientists? Well, as to that, we get some but not enough: most scientists are specialized technicians, each wedged into his niche of study, few of them capable of looking at life as a whole. Most scientists -- in the East as in the West -- sold their souls to industry, commerce, government, war, long ago. And what's the difference anyway, among those massive and interlocking institutions? They form a monolith. A monolith in the shape of a pyramid. Whether laboring to launch our pharaohs safely into eternity or our astronauts into space, the fellaheen of the world have achieved little progress in modern times. By modern times I mean of course the last five thousand years. That trivial blip on the video screen of human history.

Since we cannot expect much truth from our institutions, we must expect it from our writers. Tolstoy said: "The hero of my work, in all of his naked unadorned glory, is truth..." Thoreau said: "The one great rule of composition is to speak the truth." And that other troublemaker said, "Ye shall hear the truth and the truth shall make ye free."

Truth, truth, what is truth? The word drops easily from the mouth but what does it mean? I venture to assert that truth for one thing is the enemy of Power, as Power is the enemy of truth. The writer, like the ancient Hebraic prophets, must dare to speak truth to

Power and the powerful, face to face if need be. Hemingway said it once and said it good, in respect to Power: "A writer is like a gypsy. He owes no allegiance to any government. If he is a good writer he will never like any government he lives under. His hand should be against it and its hand will always be against him." (From a letter to Ivan Kashkin, his Russian translator, in 1935.)

What is truth? I don't know and I'm sorry I raised the point. I mean to dodge it if I can, for the question leads at once into a bog of epistemological problems too deep for me -- or as I might say otherwise, beyond the scope of this essay. I will state only what I believe, that truth, like honor, generosity, tolerance, decency, is something real, that truly exists, whether we can define it or not. Subjectively, truth is that statement of cases which accords with my own view of the world -- insofar as I have one -- and which corresponds to the actual shape, color, substance of things and events -- insofar as we can share and agree upon our perception of such matters. What is reality? I don't know and I don't care. For the purpose of daily life, as well as for the composition of stories, poems, and essays, I am willing to go by appearances. It appears to me, for example, that torture is wrong, a hideous wrong, and always wrong; that the death penalty -- the cold-blooded infliction of death by instruments of the state -- is an evil greater than murder; it seems to me, judging by appearances only, that it's wrong -- worse than wrong, criminally stupid -- to bring children into the world when you are not prepared to feed and care for them; it appears to me that the domination of many by a few, whatever the creed behind it, whatever the means, leads always to injustice and is therefore wrong, always wrong, leading to greater wrongs. I cite these banal, crude, and simple examples only to demonstrate that there is a moral area in which the true can easily be distinguished from the false. I cheerfully agree that there are other areas where the distinction is more difficult to ascertain.

But the writer's duty, I am arguing, goes beyond the utterance and support of commonly agreed-upon truths. Any hack can spout truisms, cliches, tautologies, and redundancies by the bookful. The task of the honest writer -- the writer as potential hero -- is to seek out, write down, and publish forth those truths which are *not* self-evident, not universally agreed upon, not allowed to determine public feeling and official policy. We can see this clearly enough when we look abroad. Most of us admire Solzhenitsyn for his courage in bringing to light the full extent and horror of the Gulag Archipelago and for defying his own government's efforts to suppress his work. There are many other writers in the Soviet empire, less well-known than Solzhenitsyn, who continue to write and publish, through underground channels, the truth about what goes on in their native lands. There are similar writers at work, I hope, though we may not know their names, against the cruel and corrupt governments of South Africa, Kenya, Poland, Cuba, Chile, Zaire, South and North Korea, Ethiopia, Brazil, Indonesia, Vietnam, Guatemala, El Salvador and many other nations around the globe.

Easy enough to point out and condemn the faults and crimes of other nations. There's something relaxing in such exercises. But what about the writer's job in our own country. The US of A? To even mention the word "hero" in connection with the writer's lot in America invites laughter. The free-lance writer in this country enjoys so much freedom in his work, by contrast say with the dark plight of the writer in Central and Eastern Europe, that the American writer's chief concern is -- and should be -- to avoid making a fool of himself. The typical American writer has knowledge of very little, but opinions on everything. Leaping at conclusions is his favorite calisthenic, snap judgments an intellectual reflect. The literary interview is a popular device through which the supercilious author provides

facetious answers to superficial questions from clock-watching reporters for the momentary entertainment of the bored and indifferent. In general the serious writer should avoid interviews and the serious reader should avoid reading them.

Nevertheless, I reassert with only slight modification my beginning announcement: the *American* writer, precisely because of his freedom, his unique position, his audience, his many and ample rewards, has the moral obligation to act as a critic of his own society, his own nation, his own civilization. Or abandon his pretensions.

Have I said or even hinted that social criticism is the writer's only duty? Or his primary duty? I have not. But it is, I repeat, one of his duties. And what should the critic criticize? What do we privileged Americans have to complain about?

But first: We have many critics of the critics, especially loud and dominant in this regressive, guilty and servile decade. George Will, for example; William Buckley, for another; Tom Wolfe, for a third -- and rising above mere columnar journalism, such distinguished literary gentlemen as Saul Bellow, John Updike, and the late John Gardner. To name but some. There are dozens of them. Hundreds. Their argument, compacted, amounts to this: communism has proved so gross an evil, the Soviet Union so dangerous an enemy, that by contrast America and its Allies appear as continents of light, exploding with human happiness. Therefore it is the writer's simple duty to condemn the former, praise the latter. Furthermore we exist in a state of ideological war with the powers of totalitarianism -- the "present danger" -- which makes it not merely heretical but treasonous to question our own government's policies, to doubt the glory of planetary capitalism, to object to the religion of endless economic growth, or to wonder about the ultimate purpose, value, and consequences of our techno-military-industrial empire. Those who persist in raising doubts and questions are attacked by defenders of order as the "adversary culture."

Very well: let us be adversaries. If the writer should be, among other things, a critic of his society, what does the American writer, in this best of possible American worlds, have to complain about? Why the constant whining and carping by these literary pests who live in the richest, freest, happiest, *big* nation on earth? Who enjoy in addition the curious distinction of being paid, honored, even sometimes read, by inhabitants of the very nation-state which they seek, in their peculiar way, to sabotage, undermine, halt in its tracks, turn around?

Here I must speak for myself, acknowledging at the same time that none of the opinions I presently hold on matters of state are in the least bit novel, original, or uncontroversial. Since they are, for the most part, banalities -- but true banalities -- I shall simply list them, not defend them.

1. The Soviet Union and the United States, while by no means morally equivalent, are basically similar in structure and purpose. Both societies are dedicated to nationalism, militarism, industrialism, technology, science, organized sport, and above all, to the religion of growth -- of endless expansion in numbers, wealth, power, time, and space. In the SU, government controls industry; in the US, industry controls government; but each of the two great superstates is ruled in fact by an entrenched oligarchy -- in the SU by the Communist Party; in the US by the power of concentrated wealth. (According to the Federal Reserve Board report of 1984, some 2 percent of US families control 40 percent of all assets.) We call our system a "representative democracy" but in fact our representatives, with honorable exceptions here and there, represent not the voters but those who finance their election campaigns. In the Soviet Union the egalitarian ideal of theoretical communism was betrayed from the beginning; in the United States the Jeffersonian vision of a decentralized society of independent agrarian freeholders was dead by the end of the nineteenth century while democracy, defined in Lincoln's words as "government *by* the people" has never even been tried.

2. Our century, the twentieth, has been a century of horrors. The century not only of Stalin's Gulag but of Hitler's concentration camps, where six million Jews, three million Russians, two million Poles, and half a million Gypsies were methodically put to death. But America has done its bit: last nation on earth to abolish chattel slavery -- and it required a civil war to accomplish that -- we were the first to drop the nuclear

bomb on our fellow humans, the Japanese -- *after* their government had begun suing for peace. Then followed the thirty-year ordeal of Indochina (1945-1975), a great industrial undertaking whereby more millions of corpses were produced, an effort entirely financed and largely carried out by the American government. Our slaughters do no yet equal in magnitude those of Stalin and Hitler -- but we tried, we are trying, and we're not finished yet. Meanwhile the threat of nuclear annihilation, succeeded by the nuclear winter, hangs over the entire planet, with the devices of destruction continually being developed refined, and stockpiled on both sides. On several sides.

3. Old stuff. Consider a new idea, one that still seems absurd, even ridiculous, to most of the human population: I mean something called animal rights. The rights, that is, of the other animals (and plants) that share this still lovely, gracious, and bountiful world with us. I refer to the deliberate torture of monkeys, dogs, rats, rabbits, and other animals in the laboratories of what is called science, often for no purpose but the satisfaction of curiosity, the generation of unreadable monographs, and the development of commercial products such as cosmetics, patent medicines and perfumes. I refer to the gruesome half-lives led by hundreds of millions of factory poultry, pigs, dairy cows, and feedlot cattle in our mass-production industrialized agriculture. To name but examples.

Perhaps my hero Solzhenitsyn would scorn my saying so but I am tempted to believe that the systematic cruelty inflicted upon animals trapped in our food and research apparatus is comparable -- for who can measure the aggregates of pain, the sum of suffering? -- to the agony that contemporary despotisms have exacted from human beings caught in their archipelagos of tyranny. Not merely comparable but analogous. Not merely analogous but causally connected. Contempt for animal life leads to contempt for human life.

4. I could easily go on all night, all week, with this howl of outrage. But shall note one crime more and call a halt. I mean the destruction, through industrialism, scientific technology, and multiplying human numbers, of the habitat of life. We are befouling and destroying our own home, we are committing a slow but accelerating race suicide and life murder -- planetary biocide. Now *there* is a mighty theme for a mighty book but a challenge to which no modern novelist or poet has yet responded: Where is our Melville, our Milton, our Thomas Mann when we need him most?

Individuals do not live in isolation, nor do lovers, nor do families: any honest fiction or poetry which claims to deal with the lives of human beings must take into account the social context of those lives, directly or by implication. It's not a matter of restricting the writer to one mode of art -- as in, say, the naturalism of Zola or the ponderous social realism of Dreiser -- but rather of getting straight the connections between the fate of the author's fictional characters and the nature of the society which largely determines that fate. There is more truth in the sometimes airy fantasies of Kurt Vonnegut than in the tedious naturalisms of John Updike's Rabbit Angstrom novels. Vonnegut writes as a critic of society; Updike in passive acceptance. As a result, assuming both do well what they set out to do, Vonnegut's work is more provocative, suggestive, meaningful -- more interesting.

What I have said so far is much too crude, rough, plain, simple, even simple-minded to satisfy those who care about the arts of fiction, poetry, and essay. I recognize as well the banality of my basic argument, its old-fashioned overpolitical ring. Here I make the qualifications and reservations.

The author's primary task and the only thing that justifies his miserable existence is the writing of readable books worth reading: to have something interesting to say and to say it well. The writer's first job is to write, not aspire to a position of moral leadership. Quite so. Nevertheless -- in and through the work, somehow, the writer must play his morally obligatory role as social critic, as spiritual guidon, as intellectual leader.

I present this plain and simple argument not to defend but to define an old and honorable tradition in American letters, one still alive despite temporary muffling by this gross, slimy, gluttonous slum of a decade, this Age of Reaganism and Servility. The majority of American writers today have chosen passive nonresistance to things as they are, producing sloughs of poetry about their personal angst and

anomie, cascades of short stories and rivers of novels obsessed with the nuances of domestic relationships -- suburban hanky-panky -- chic boutique shopping-mall literary soap opera. When they do speak out on matters of controversy they attack not the evils of our time but fellow writers who may still insist on complaining. Updike, for example, in a recent review of Edmund Wilson's work, attacks Wilson for condemning the uses to which our federal government puts the money it extracts from American citizens. Wilson, in his grave for many years now, cannot respond to Updike's attack. But Wilson's words will live, I predict, long after Updike's fussy, prissy, precious novles have sunk into the oblivion they so richly deserve.

Edmund Wilson was the best of modern American literary critics. But good literary critics are plentiful, common as lichens on an academic wall; Wilson became a great American *writer* because he was more than a critic of books, he was a critic of the state, of society, of organized religion, of modern civilization. It is the grandeur of Wilson's vision that makes him a scandal to our literary courtiers queuing in the Rose Garden for their turn to kiss the First Lady's foot.

Here is Wilson in *Patriotic Gore* (1962), one of his best books. Try to imagine any prominent American author of the 1980s writing such words:

We Americans, whose public officials keep telling us we live in the "Free World",...are expected to pay staggering taxes of which...70 percent goes not only for nuclear weapons capable of depopulating whole countries but also for bacteriological and biological ones which make it possible for us to poison the enemy with every abominable disease from pneumonia and encephalitis to anthrax, cholera, diphtheria and typhoid...If we refuse to contribute to these researches we can be fined and clapped into jail...We are, furthermore, like the Russians, being spied upon by an extensive secret police, whose salaries we are required to pay, as we pay also the salaries of another corps of secret agents infiltrating foreign countries. And while all this expenditure is going on for the purpose of sustaining the United States as a more and more unpopular world power, as few funds as possible are supplied to educate and civilize the Americans themselves, who at worst live a life of gang warfare...in the buried slum streets of cities outside of which they can imagine no other world...while others find little spur to ambition when they emerge from four years in college to face two years in the armed services in preparation for further large-scale wars for which few feel the slightest enthusiasm.

Before Vietnam: imagine what Edmund Wilson would say were he alive today.

Wilson was never totally alone in his role as social critic. I have named Kurt Vonnegut, humanist and humorist in the Mark Twain tradition, whose work as a whole is alive with moral purpose. Remember the conclusion to his novel *Dead-Eye Dick*: "You want to know something? We are still living in the Dark Ages. The Dark Ages -- they haven't ended yet."

There are others in the guard of honor, contemporary American authors whose books serve well as living in-print examples of what I am trying to say: Robert Coover, *The Public Burning*: a three-ring circus of a novel inspired by the trial and execution of the Rosenbergs. William Gaddis, JR -- a maddening, hilarious, damning description of blind greed disguised as free enterprise; Thomas Pynchon, *Gravity's Rainbow* -- a vast lament for humanity trapped in the engine room of our runaway technology; DeLillo, *Ratner's Star* -- a satire on astrophysics, particle physics, and contemporary mathe-metaphysics. And Joseph Heller's *Something Happened*, the toughest analysis yet of the corporate mentality and the effect of such a mindset upon human life.

These are massive, complex, ambitious novels, elaborate efforts at taking a fix on the modern techno-industrial-military world. Difficult books, none were or ever will be very popular -- but they prove that a concern with contemporary culture combined with conscientious scrutiny through fiction results in works of high literary art, maximal not minimal. (The skies deluge us with cautious minimalists.) Their authors, if not heroes in the sense that Solzhenitsyn is a hero, were certainly heroic in the expenditure of effort, study and thought that went into the making of such books. They prove my point: the writer worthy of his calling must be more than an entertainer: he must be a

seer, a prophet, the defender of life, freedom, openness, and always -- *always!* -- a critic of society.

"Resist much, obey little," said Walt Whitman. What contemporary American poet writes words like those? Whitman also wrote, in the preface to the 1855 edition of *Leaves of Grass*:

This is what you shall do. Love the earth and the sun and the animals. Despise riches. Give alms to everyone that asks. Stand up for the stupid and crazy. Devote your income and labor to others, hate tyrants, have patience and indulgence toward the people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown, or to any man or any number of men, go freely with powerful uneducated persons and the young and with the mothers of families... Re-examine all you have been told at school or church, or in any book and dismiss whatever insults your own soul...

Radical talk in 1855; strictly uncool, unchic, unhip today.

Think of Mark Twain and *Huckleberry Finn*. Somewhere near the end of that greatest (so far) of American novels young Huck confronts a moral crisis: shall he or shall he not help return the runaway slave, Jim, to Jim's rightful owner? Huck knows, based on everything he has been taught by church and state, that he is committing an awful sin in helping Jim escape. Burdened by his acculturated conscience, he writes a message to Jim's owner, Miss Watson, giving away Jim's location. But hesitates in sending the message. Trying to decide what to do, Huck stares at the piece of paper that will betray his comrade Jim but save his own official soul.

It was a close place [thinks Huck]. I took it up and held it in my hand. I was a-trembling, because I'd got to decide forever betwixt two things, and I knowed it. I studied a minute, sort of holding my breath, and then says to myself: "Alright then, I'll go to hell" -- and tore it up. It was awful thoughts and awful words but they was said. And I let them stay said and never thought no more about reforming. I shoved the whole thing out of my head; and I said I would take up wickedness again, which was in my line, being brung up to it, and the other warn't. And for a starter I would go to work and steal Jim out of slavery again; and if I could think up anything worse I would do that too; because as long as I was in, and for good, I might as well go the whole hog..

Exactly. Like *Huckleberry Finn*, the American writer must make the choice, sooner or later, between serving the powerful few or the diorganized many, the institutions of domination or the spontaneous, instinctive, natural drive for human liberation. The choice is not so easy as my loaded phrases make it seem: to serve the powerful leads to financial rewards, public approval and official honors, your picture on the cover of *Time* and *Newsweek* (or *Pravda* and *Izvestis*), and the eventual invitation to a White House (or Kremlin) dinner; to oppose the powerful creates difficulties, subjects you to abuse and scorn, leads often -- as in the interesting case of Noam Chomsky, for example -- to what we call the silent treatment in the literary press: your books are not reviewed; your views and reviews no longer appear in *The New York Times* or *The New York Review of Books*.

What is the author's role? How should the writer view his art? Speaking for myself now, perhaps only for myself, this is what I believe. This is what I tell the young. Call it one writer's credo:

Ignore the literary critics. Ignore the commercial hustlers. Disregard those best-selling paperbacks with embossed covers in the supermarkets and the supermarket bookstores. Waste no time applying for gifts and grants -- when we want money from the rich we'll take it by force. The honorable way.

A literary career should be not a career but a passion. A LIFE. Fueled in equal parts by anger and love. How feel one without the other? Each implies the other. A writer without passion is like a body without a soul. Or what would be even more grotesque, like a soul without a body.

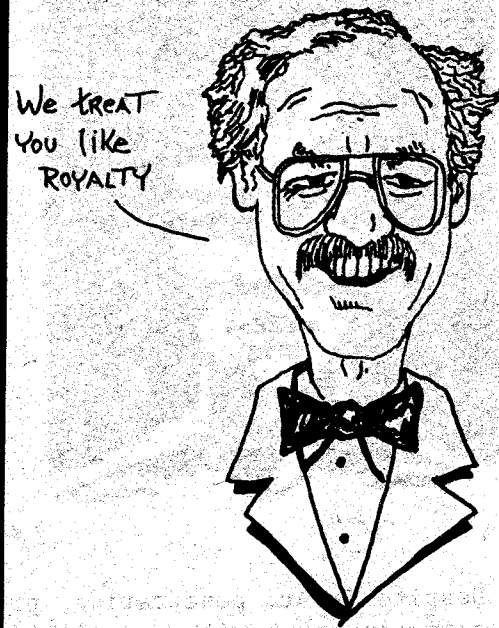
There is a middle way between subserving the mass market and pandering to our Jamesian *castrati literati*. You do not have to write endless disquisitions about computer science professors seeking God while pursuing faculty wives. You do not have to write about male mutilation, lesbians in bearskins, Toyota dealers, or self-hating intellectuals longing for hierarchy, to work and live happily as a writer in America. God bless her when she is.

You do not need to be analyzed, psychoanalyzed, Rolfed, e-s-t-ed, altered, gelded, neutered, spayed, fixed, acupuncture, Zenned, Yogied, New Aged, astrochanted, computerized, megatrended, androgynized, evangelized, converted or even, last and least, to be reborn. One life a time, please.

What is both necessary and sufficient-- for honest literary work -- is to have faith in the evidence of your senses and in your common sense. To be true to your innate sense of justice. To be loyal to your family, your clan, your friends and -- if you're lucky enough to have one -- your community. (Let the nation-state go hang itself.) Among the Americans, read Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Henry Thoreau, Theodore Dreiser, Jack London, B. Traven, Thomas Wolfe, John Steinbeck, Nelson Algren, and Dr. William Carlos Williams. For example. Emulate them until you find others emulating you. And then go on.

Why write? How justify this mad itch for scribbling? Speaking for myself, I write to entertain my friends and to exasperate our enemies. I write to record the truth of our time as best as I can see it. To investigate the comedy and tragedy of human relationships. To oppose, resist, and sabotage the contemporary drift toward a global technocratic police state, whatever its ideological coloration. I write to oppose injustice, to defy power, and to speak for the voiceless.

I write to make a difference. "It is always a writer's duty," said Samuel Johnson, "to make the world better." I write to give pleasure and promote aesthetic bliss. To honor life and to praise the divine beauty of the natural world. I write for the joy and exultation of writing itself. To tell my story.



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Your
Horoscope
by

Rama Lama
Ding Dong

SCORPIO
(Oct. 23-Nov. 23)

Despite your penetrating, probing, passionate nature, keeping in touch with your libido this month will be like nailing jelly to the wall. Don't expect much success.

Even though you have quit molesting neighborhood pets, keep a close eye on your next-door neighbor. Keep your blinds closed and watch out for men in white socks. Although your secretive and suspicious personality often causes you to see harm where none exists, this month you do have reason. They are looking for you.

Your Lucky Drink is a Stinger (Brandy and White Creme de Menthe). The 14th is a good day to drink 8 Stingers within the space of two hours. You will be surprised by what happens next.

SAGITTARIUS: If you work for NPS, you don't have to wear your hat this month. Rama Lama said so.

CAPRICORN: Have a "Hunter S. Thompson Turns 50" party and invite your boss.

AQUARIUS: Whatever you do, don't go out of your house after sunset on the 5th.

PISCES: Invest in waterfront property on Lake Powell.

ARIES: Quit butting in.

TAURUS: Buy a sweatshirt with Quis custodiet ipsos custodes written on it.

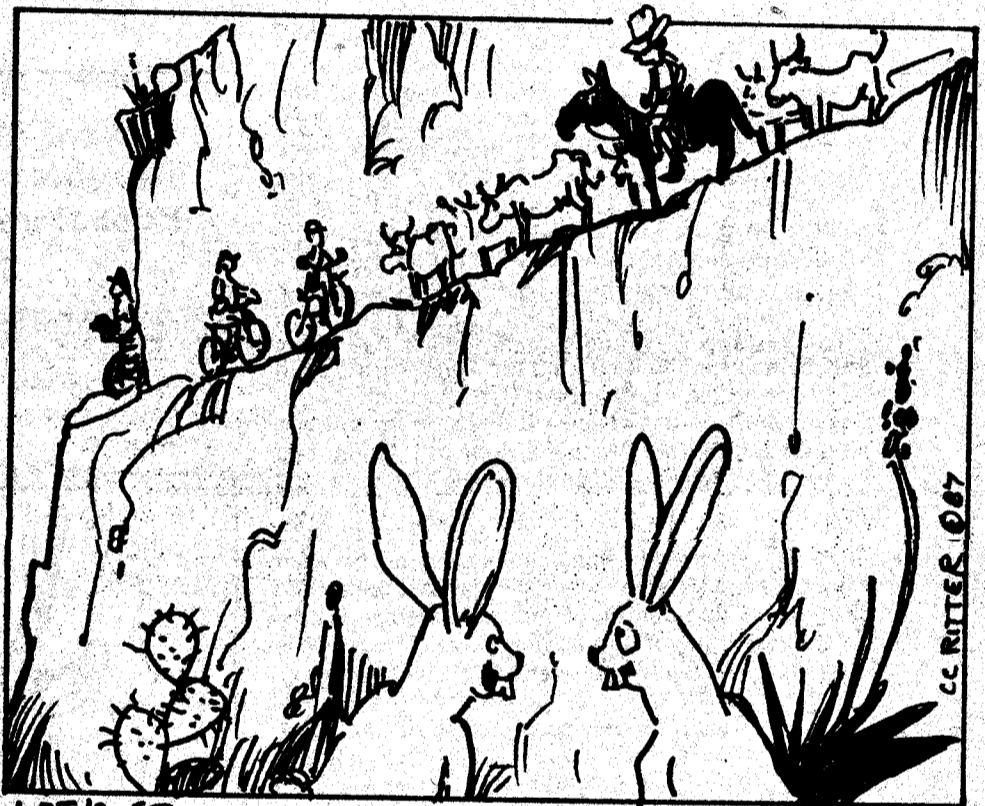
GEMINI: You're the only sign to have good luck this month. All your friends will begin to dislike you.

CANCER: Tired of being poor? Scam the Economic Development Committee into paying you to promote a combined toxic waste incinerator/druggie jock camp/retirement community.

LEO: Are you going to sink into sloth again this winter?

VIRGO: This month contains a Friday the 13th. Need Rama Lama say more?

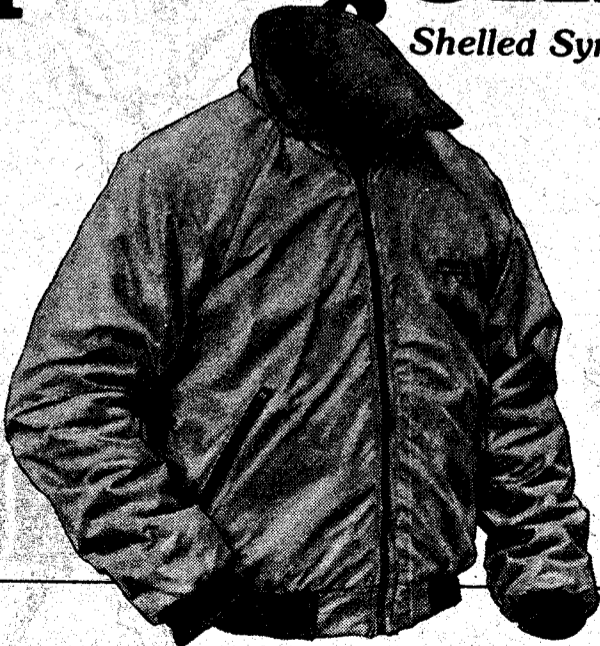
LIBRA: Revive "Strip Twister" as a party game.



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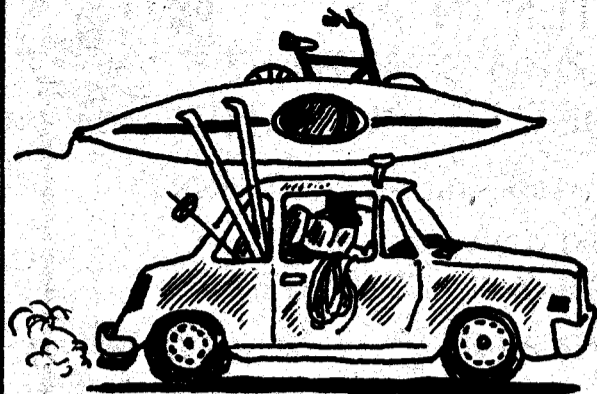
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DERAILED



Mudpuppy

Endo Throad called up yesterday and said, "Hey Pup, it's Wintertime again, let's go hiking!"

I knew immediately what that meant: Getting happily lost out in some maze of canyons past where the last tire tracks fade into the blackbrush and sand.

"Hell, Why Not!" I answered to the call, thinking only briefly about scattered truck parts on the driveway, flat bicycle tires, dirty dishes, cold coffee, and unpaid bills. (Summer Left Overs.)

It seemed like the perfect time to leave it all at the end of some far out road. It was time for another ir-retraceable hike into the canyons.

Ten minutes to pack peanut butter, fifteen to borrow a car, five to fill it up with VISA gas (A dangerous remnant of my year-round working days) and thirty seconds to think of a secluded trackless trail wandering into oblivion!

My hike started at the third side canyon off of the second drainage by the fourth mesa on the first turnoff of the six and a half mile stretch on the old hard-to-find dirt Road-Of-Seldom-Return.

woodstove I decided to enter the day's hike into the notebook labelled "More than a Day Missions." It was my seventy-fifth "to-be-explored" entry.

Endo Throad, who started this whole thing, chuckled over his post hike beer, knowing I'd never begin to see all the places entered in the notebook during This lifetime.

"Why," he laughed, "you haven't even met all of my Endroad Relatives yet!" And he placed one hand on my psychedelic Wall-Topo, pointing to five dotted 4X4 trails (one with each finger) that ended in big blank spaces of canyon contours.

Within minutes I realized that I had discovered yet another spot (maybe just a speck) on the topo map that would take weeks to explore. Equipment? Vibram soles, tortillas w/pnut butter, and some warm clothes.

And then I realized the true secret of saving money and living cheaply out in the sandstone boonies! With dancing rocks, weirding walls, twisted trees and paint-sculpted sands who needs to spend an entire Summer's savings Gater-Rafting the Zambezi, Ski-Styling Utah North, Colorado, and the Alps, or Bicker-Dickering your way through Mexico?

Nothing like several hours of indirect desert route finding and exploring to bend straight line logic into proper slickrock sandcanyon form!

Back at home in front of the

I looked into Endo's smiling alter-egoistic eyes and said, "You may be right, but I intend to die trying!"

"Be careful," he cautioned, "if you feel like you've seen enough when you die, you may be reincarnated as a Rock!"

I thought about it for a moment, then smiled thinking, "Moulded, Shaped and Stoned in the Canyons. What a way to go!!"

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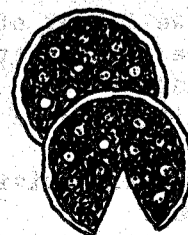
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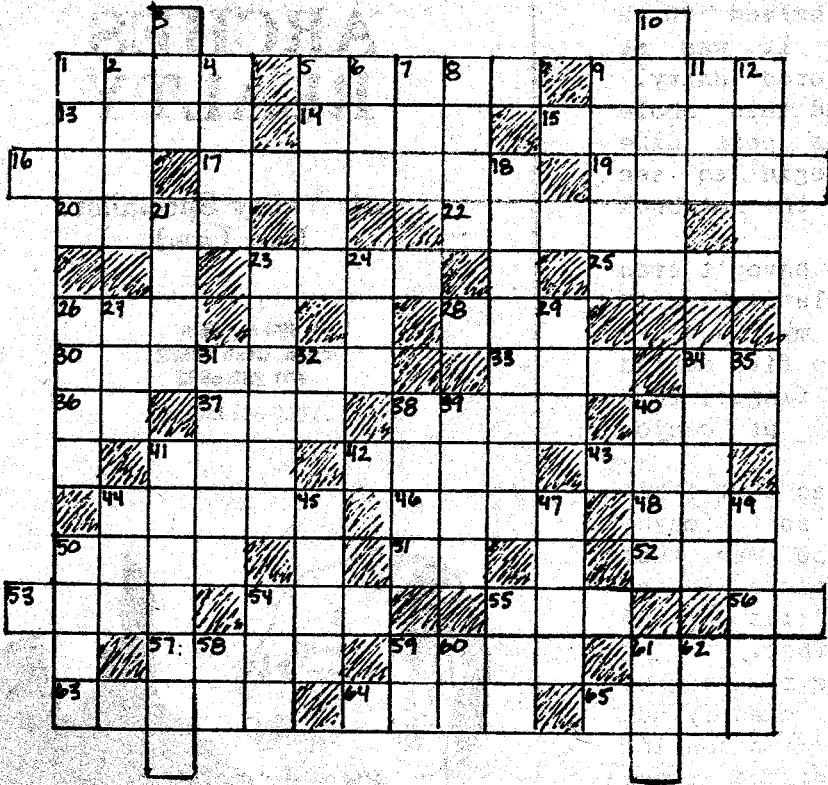
And just \$1.50 per topping covers both pizzas.

	Regular Each serves 3-4	Large Each serves 5-6
Two Cheese Pizzas	\$10.99	\$13.99
Each additional topping to cover both pizzas	\$1.50	\$1.50
Two Supreme Pizzas (6 toppings)	\$14.99	\$18.99
Two Super Supreme Pizzas (9 toppings)	\$15.99	\$19.99



History's famous pairs

Moab Crossword



ACROSS

1. Generic water transportation
5. You and me. Clowns.
9. A nice place to live...but?
13. Exclamation of exasperation used a lot by Charlie Brown.
14. Another notch on the gun
15. "I've just met a girl named..."
16. _____ in the sky.
17. The excuse. (2 words)
19. Gale's greasers or Thue's winter charges.
20. Dinner before dark taboo or a thing that Oscar Mayer packages as edible.
22. Poe's black bird
23. Something one wishes the bed spins would do.
25. Without yer yangs ya cain't have yer _____.
26. Change in this means dehydrated, drunk, damaged or dead. initials
28. River loving rodent
30. Tool to get through pollen time or anytime.
33. Do it to yourself, your boat, your people again and again ad nauseum.
34. Aussie accented hello
36. A flooring punch
37. An abbreviated canyon
38. A quick turning movement or to go crazy.
40. Girls just want to have it!
41. To be past tense.
42. Draft Environmental Impact Statement: a government plan for new destruction.
43. It's the one and only, The Original!
44. Smells suspicious
46. Fowell body of water
48. The three letter four-letter word
50. Hydraulic
51. Initials of a president with a big stick
52. Baseball trivia or an important amendment
53. More important than want, or is it?

54. Like a fox
55. Shakespearean or a cast iron pot in which to bake. (2 words, latter)
56. A whiskey
57. An Implement
59. Yankee Doodle rode one to town
61. Passenger's memory of a Tagtour, "I _____ a lot!"
- 63, 64, 65. Good guides, make more, money.

DOWN

- 1, 26, 50. "Get the water out now, DAMMIT!"
2. Twirl it open and lick off the white cream, cookie.
3. Sand, gravel, beer...one often gets stuck here.
4. Thank God it's floating!
5. Float and _____.
6. Thing most passengers call a paddle!
7. Half of the way a new daily guide rows down the river or half a rolling paper.
8. Seeps through the groover can
9. Maybe speled wrong
10. Angel of Joe the profit
11. A brand of toothpaste
- 12, 35, 49. Curvaceous Cuties Climbing Curling Cataracts.
18. Flora; usually thought of as worthless except when one forgets the utes and has to make chopsticks.
21. Ass in German or a place to walk through walls.
23. Sound made when camera falls from boat into water.
24. "For the last time it's not a paddle and I'm not oarring!"
27. Yoko _____.
29. Preferred way of receiving thanks
31. It's got 24, but ya better bring more! (2 words)
32. And in French or a homesick alien
34. The cycle most boatwomen ride
38. To feel past tense
39. What a guide must become to answer most questions.
40. It's time to do this at Job Service

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41. Fading fast but the erratic lines remain. (2 words)
44. Fee, Fie, ____, Fum!
45. A good vocal release
47. A place where stuff gets stuck and goes around and around. No, Moab was #9 across.
54. Save our spines! (Sink our Salmons!)
55. ACE's first and TAT's middle
58. Small word, gives choice
59. You've got a friend in ... (?)
60. Not both but either.
61. A skill some don't master at the groover.
62. Better than leaves.

(ANSWERS NEXT MONTH)

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TWO OF HEARTS

N. Glitz

How do we measure love
and the depths to which we feel it?
Is it measured by the broken heart,
And the time it takes to heal it?

Love can be kind,
But can also be blind.
It leads us down hallways of pain.
But without ever trying,
And without ever crying,
The heart will wither and wane.

Love always hurts;
It's an unbearable fact.
And we swear this will be our last dance.
But we get back on the floor,
And we do it once more,
And we throw our hopes blindly
to Chance.

Omega Bessler

Why is it that I am forever in need of spiritual renewal within the realm of mother nature's bosom? This quenchless desire to be near her--surrounded by her. Is it merely nothing more than the simple urge to escape society's clutches for a spell? Or is it something more?

I suppose I can give many varied reasons for my love of the desert. I sense, in some sort of primeval way... that I belong there. Out there, amidst the purple horizons forever, where each bend of a canyon stream beckons you on to another. There still are such places.

It is a place where I can go and cease all routine activity.

It is a place where I can go and dispense with all the garbage thoughts that are forever hurtling through my head.


It is a place that still retains 'a balance of things.' At least, that which man has not tried to improve upon and destroyed.

It is a place where God is surely present.

It is a place where I can go and try and grasp millions of years of slow change and organized chaos.

It is a place where I can go and be alone.

And it is the only place I know of, where I can go...and not be lonely.



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THE COCKROACH

BY Nemo Glitz

I stepped on a cockroach
the other day.
I swear it was an accident;
I was looking the other way.
But I heard a little crunch,
and I almost lost my lunch
When I saw that little cockroach
All munched on my kitchen floor.

(It's not there anymore; my dog ate it)

The Hitchin' Post

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Thursday-Two-Bit Night

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coming Nov. 14

LOST IN LEGEND

by Aurora Jones

This lore, this lacy lyric of a lady in love.
Upon her lap she lay her lyre, the lantern lit low.
Lilting Lily, looking longingly over the lattice; layered
with lavender lilacs, and leaves of late blooming lupines;
and across the languish lake,, looking on towards lush
lowlands
The loud and leaden lightning lashes through the lagoon,
The lean-to letting liberal liquids through loose and
leaky lumber.
Limping in her loneliness, she lends her longings to that
letter;
The loaded, lawless link to her lover.
Lavishing in her luxury, she leans on the lure of a
lasting and
lucid level of love.
Listening lately to her own lingering lessons -
Latent with limitless liberty and luminous life;
She loosely laughs through luscious lips,
To be lost in legend.

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THE STINKING EDITOR

If our county commissioners aren't too discriminating, at least they're perfectly predictable.

After 8 months of behind-the-scenes work, they've announced their plans to promote the construction of commercial hazardous waste incinerators in the Cisco desert.

Just once we'd like to see them get their energies behind something a little more benign, like a baby bootie factory, or a springwater bottling plant.

I guess they figure that if our county has one thing in abundance to exploit, it's our splendid isolation. That's why they supported the Nuclear Waste Repository.

Which brings up an interesting question: If these incinerators are so safe, why can't they be placed near the industries that originated the waste? It'd save millions in trucking costs. There's a reason why all those companies are looking at the Cisco Desert to build their waste disposal units for PCB's, Dioxin, etc. I'll give you three guesses, and the first two don't count.

So, it's time to tune up all your best arguments about why we shouldn't be importing thousands of tons of these dangerous substances onto our soil and trusting their safe disposal to newly-formed corporations with no experience in the field.

Be prepared to be stereotyped as a new-comer, a tree-hugger, and worst of all, a do-gooder.

I was sitting in the Gravystain Grill last week, Moab's gastronomical equivalent to a comfortable pair of boots. I was soaking up the ambience and a chicken-fried steak and bake. I was nearly done with my meal when the ambience began to get a bit prickly.

A large cowboy in the rear booth was going on in a loud voice about how the do-gooders had closed the Atlas Uranium Mill and put a lot of good men out of work. I listened as he grew louder, blaming the do-gooders for this, and that, and just about everything that had ever gone wrong in this town. It became clear that he was talking about environmentally-minded people, namely me.

Maybe his assessments were due on uranium claims that didn't show very much promise anymore. Something had put him in a bad mood. But I had my own territory staked in that cafe, and I felt duty-bound to defend it.

Low-priced foreign uranium, and problems in the industry, had ruined the market for the Atlas product and that's why the mill was closed, I politely pointed out in an equally loud voice.

One thing led to another and pretty soon we were on our feet, articulating our positions in earnest. It was getting good. Various other patrons joined in, offering their two cents worth. An open debate is not an uncommon event down at the Gravystain. Besides, it aids the digestion.

Lincoln and Douglas it wasn't, but to make a long story short we finally got tired somewhere around the fifth round, our punches lost their snap, and we settled for a draw. It's an apt ending for such a dispute in a small town. An outright win could cost you dearly at some point down the line.

Besides, he was the stock wrangler on the Bliss Canyon Project back in 1975, where a lot of us labored all winter long, swinging 12 lb. hammers, breaking face rock and backfill for the flood control dams; 150 in all, built entirely without machinery. He was an old acquaintance.

But my attitude toward nuclear energy, like a lot of people concerned about the environment, is far more complex than he thinks.

Not that it matters, but I suspect that nuclear energy is an excellent source of power for small power units and exotic propulsion systems, but dangerous and impractical for huge, multi-megawatt electrical generators.

However, if you raise your voice in defense of the environment, you are likely to be typed as a Screamy Mimi who, among other things, thinks that splitting the atom is a sin against nature. That seems to me like faulty logic.

If the environmental radicals consider man to be a part of nature - and they do - then they ought to realize that it's actually nature herself that's been splitting the atom.

On the other hand, nature has been

known to do things that threaten the survival of our species. When we see ourselves as an instrument of our own destruction, it's time to change directions.

So, the county commissioners are just doing their job in the best manner they see fit. Their philosophy seems to be: If we can't do anything with the desert, what good is it?

That's the attitude down in South America today, where 5,000 acres of virgin rain forest are being chewed up by an advancing army of machines every day. 10,000 acres worldwide, every day. They're doing something with it. They're finding the good in it.

Well, what we're talking about here is not an advancing army of machines that will chew up the canyonlands like army ants. We're talking about making the Cisco desert the destination point for millions of gallons of highly toxic fluids.

We hope the county ultimately rejects the proposal and buys back the land from Mr. Norris at the bargain price of \$435 an acre. We feel that any economic gains the county as a whole might realize would be wiped out by county requirements for spill teams and trucks, medical response teams, special equipment like bunny suits, breathing apparatus, etc., not to mention the normal upgrading of county services in the area due to the influx of population.

And it's our feeling that this scenic canyon country, together with its clean air, soil and water, is a mecca for people weary of life in the fast lane with its noise and fumes, a place for spiritual rejuvenation, an economic goose whose golden eggs have scarcely begun. We wouldn't want to endanger it's health.

After all, there is that interesting question: If the operation is so safe, why spend all that extra money to put it in the Cisco desert?

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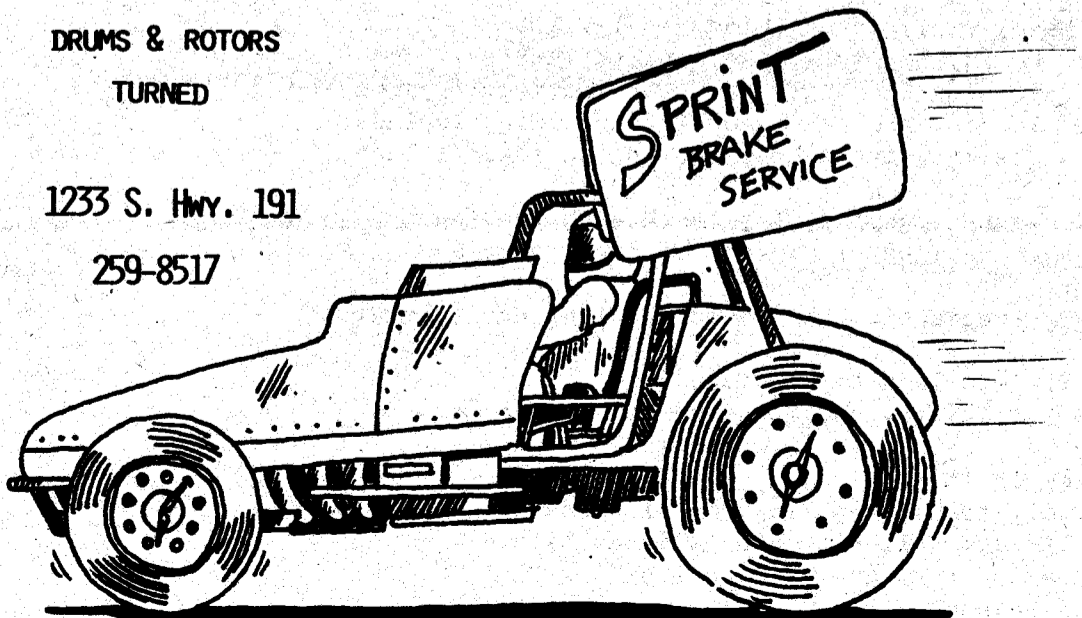
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CONCERNED ABOUT CISCO?

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**Colorado-Utah Alliance
For A Safe Environment
1158 17 1/4 Rd.
Fruita, CO 81521**

I am opposed to the siting of a toxic waste incinerator in Cisco, Utah, because of the danger it poses to our air, water, wildlife, crops, health and economic well-being.
Please vote NOT to change the current zoning to heavy industrial.

Name _____

Address _____

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