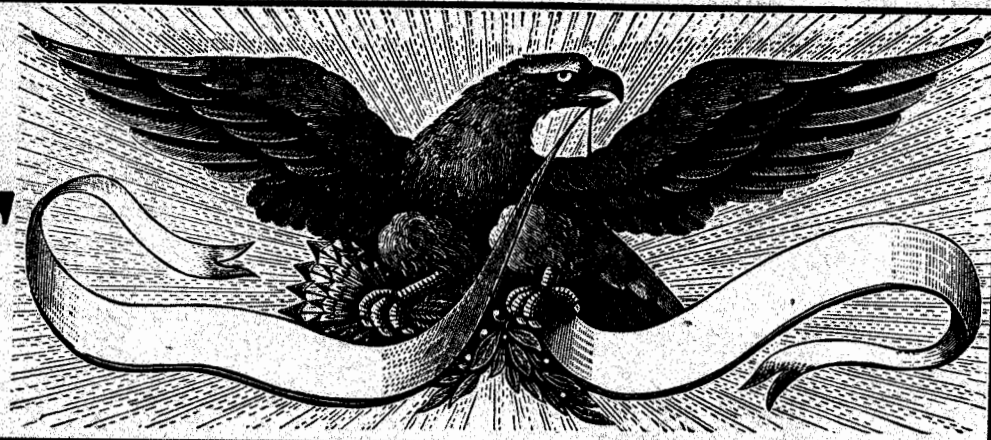


The Stinking Desert GAZETTE

"Serving SE Utah Since 1986"



MOAB, UTAH

Vol. 2

25¢

No. 8

MARCH, 1988

Delicate Arch Threatened, Pork Service Takes Action

Correspondent Todd

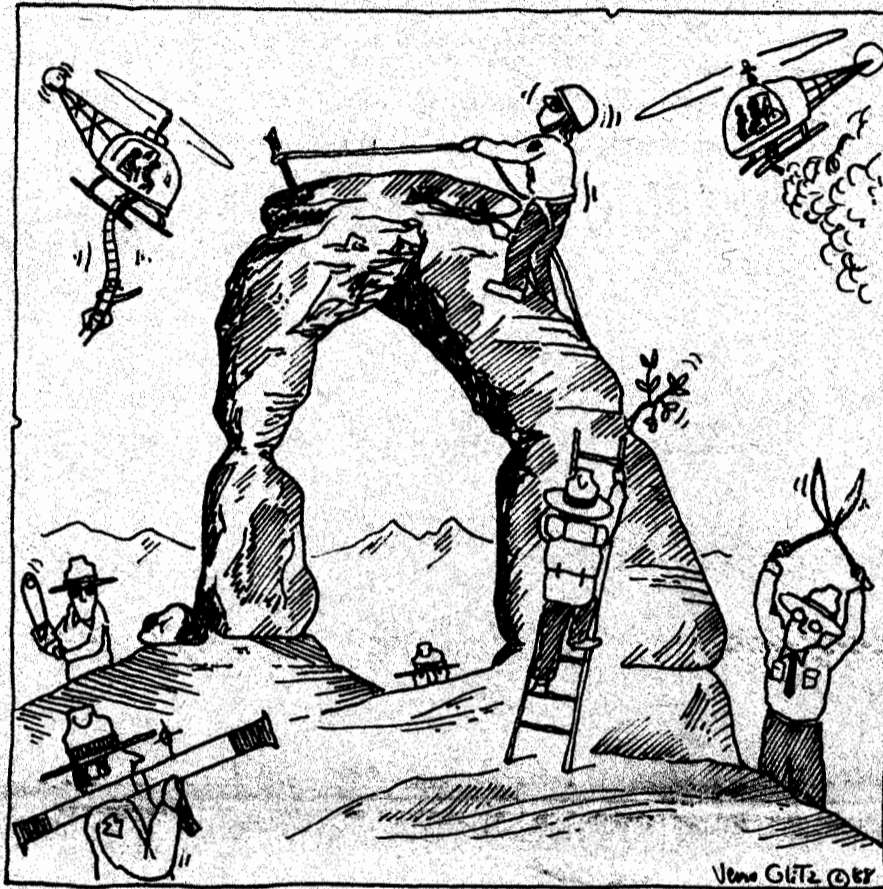
The National Pork Service has announced in a Draft Environmental Assessment its intention to defoliate Delicate Arch.

It has recently come to light that a large shrub has sprouted atop the southern side of the arch's span. If left unchecked, the NPS projects that the plant's root system will integrally weaken the arch's structure, potentially taking upwards of ten or fifteen minutes off the great symbol's photogenic life expectancy.

The Assessment details various proposed actions to defoliate the arch, ranging from the requisite and never acceptable "no action", to the hiring of a rock climbing bonsai specialist from Samoa to keep the plant's growth in check.

Other proposed actions include the use of an herbicide drop from a Bell Jet Helicopter, a backpack mounted flamethrower with a thirty foot range (for accurately lighting a cigarette without scorching its smoker's nose hairs), and an intensive release of the so-called "killer grasshoppers" in the vicinity of the arch.

Another biological fix considered early on, the prospect of airlifting a domestic sheep, or "range maggot", onto the arch, was nixed because of the psychological harm that might befall the animal. It was suggested by Bego Tricks, who volunteered to stage a rooftop brawl with the wooly beast on top of the arch before socking its tranquilized body to hay bales below. Even the local press, apparently, could not find the time to schedule this one.



A final action, to close the area to people and consequently starve the shrub of critical carbon dioxide, is felt to be too extreme a measure, for if people can not view the arch, it plain doesn't matter if it crumbles now or never. This action is inconsistent, it might be noted, with superintendent Paul Giardina's vision to one day build a highway through the arch, much like California did with its beloved Giant Sequoias.

In light of chronic budget cuts which have confined all Pork Service 'rangers' beneath fluorescent lights, the low (unquantifiable) cost alternative will probably be recommended.

As it stands, it's thought that the smoke inversion and subsequent brownout, which should occur when a nearby spring's tamarisk and wildlife population is burned, will be enough to suspend the photosynthetic cycle of Delicate Arch's lone denizen.

IRS Revisited

Correspondent Steve

Word has reached us of a dispute between one of our resident businessmen and the IRS. That agency is disputing a deduction for medical expenses claimed on a series of consultations with noted Las Vegas brain specialist, Dr. Bubbles LaVerne.

Our local mogul is furious. "These consultations are essential to my physical and mental well-being," he says, "and Boom-Boom, that is, Dr. LaVerne, is a licensed practitioner in Clark County, Nevada. I am only one of hundreds of satisfied patients she sees every month. I intend to fight this all the way."

His wife commented: "This is strictly his affair. My policy is, 'hands off'."

Gang Resurfaces!

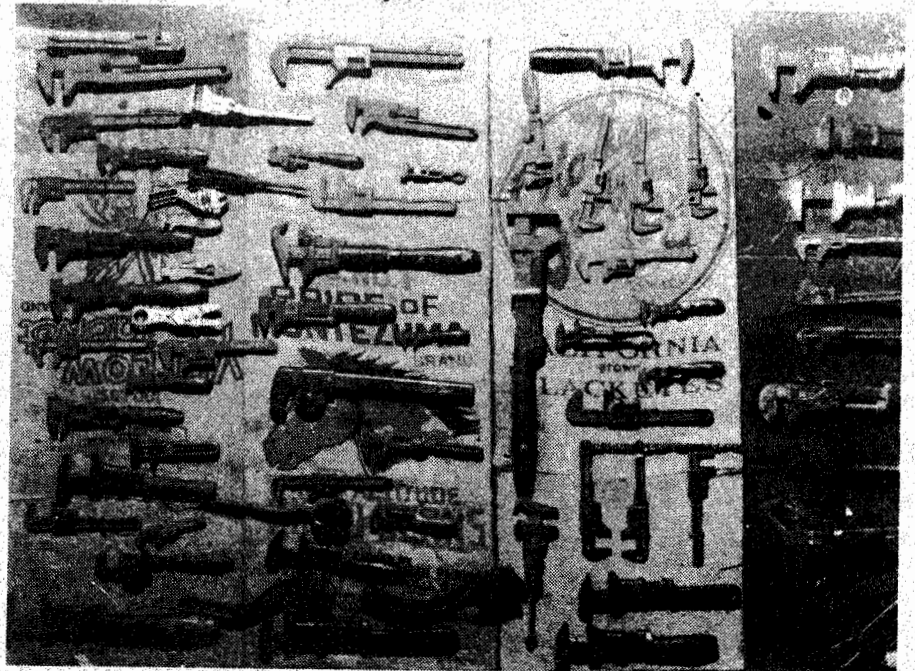
It looks like the Monkey Wrench Gang is back, and this time, with a vengeance.

Dean Orus, toxic waste mogul, suspects it was the Gang that "hit" his work site, but that he didn't report the damage to the law for fear of endangering the lives of local police.

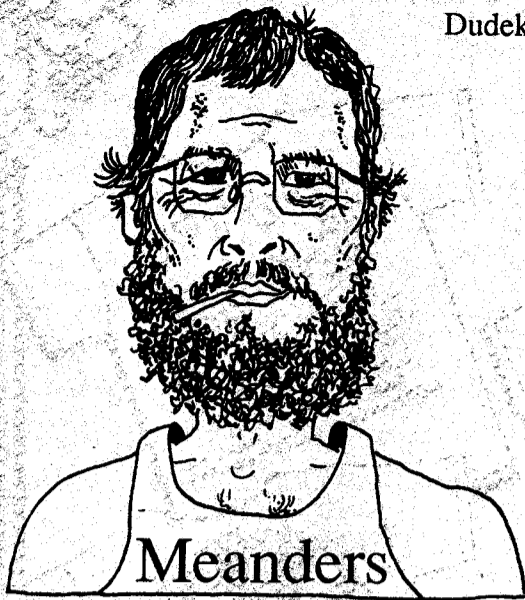
In an exclusive expose

published in the Sept. '86 issue of the Gazette, the size and variety of the Gang's weapons arsenal was documented with photographs.

All alert citizens should be on the lookout for suspicious characters carrying these wrenches, and report them to the Plumbers Union.



Dudek



An environmentalist would have to be crazy to want to live in this town. Crazy in love, I suspect. Despite all the ridicule they suffer from certain quarters, they stay, immersed in the magic of the silent lands that are beyond the city limits, and the din of political dissension.

Their struggle for a political voice in the local arena that is truly and legitimately representational of their numbers has been difficult, set as it is against the seemingly monolithic opposition of the entrenched conservative establishment.

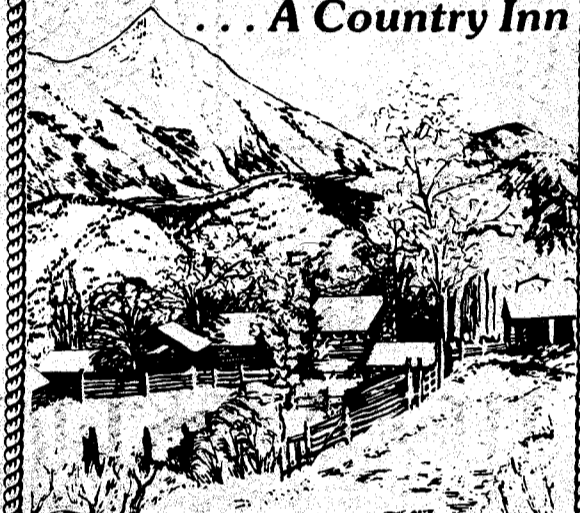
The impenetrability of the existing structure has been due, in part, to a well-organized campaign that brands all dissenters of the Sagebrush Rebel philosophy as radical loonies, dupes of the deep ecologists who define the extreme parameters of the environmental "left". This tactic has proven successful in the past and still persists as a major obstacle to environmental representation in the local democratic forum.

This unfounded notion persists in spite of the fact that consolidated opposition to environmentally sensitive issues has arisen only twice in this writer's memory, and on both issues placed itself squarely in the middle of mainstream American thought.

But any attempt to protect areas possessed of outstanding beauty reeks in the mind of the Sagebrush Rebel with the odor of "social legislation". One wonders how they feel about such efforts in other areas; for instance, was it an infringement on individual rights in a capitalistic democracy to restrict the manufacture of flammable babywear? One assumes that they would grudgingly give way to restrictions imposed in certain areas, but never it seems to restrictions on the use of public lands.

The "Rebels'" well-demonstrated aversion to any suggestion of the notion of collective ownership and protection of scenic federal land has been almost religious in its heat and intensity. Much of this resentment can

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be traced to what they perceive as the double-cross of the BLM "Organic Act" of 1974, wherein the Federal Government took under its administration, "in perpetuity", land that had been thought of as available for future disposition. It was one more item on the long list of previous federal "transgressions" that threatened their political drive for home rule and economic sovereignty, a drive steeped in western tradition.

But it's extremely difficult to direct anger at the Federal Government because it's so distant, so amorphous, and so indifferent. The environmentalists were handy. Hence, they became the scapegoats for everything from the difficulties in the local economy (a situation that is in fact directly traceable to economic over-expansion during the brief euphoria of the short uranium "mini-boom" at the height of the Sagebrush Rebellion), to the hard times that have befallen the nuclear fuels industry (a problem related to the unbridled, capitalistic trade policies that undermined the domestic uranium market).

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Disagreement is synonymous with free speech. Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of our management and staff, our advertisers and our vendors.

But there's an even deeper irony to the smear and conquer tactics of the Sagebrush Right. In their peculiar and inexplicable zeal to promote SE Utah as the nation's processing ground for harmful wastes, they found it convenient to paint all opposition with the handy green paint of political scorn; the dreaded "E".

Potentially dangerous projects like the Nuclear Waste Repository and Toxic Waste Incinerator are controversial projects; of that there can be no dispute....our local county officials are practically alone in this country in their unqualified acceptance of such developments, alone amongst the multitudes of community managers across this land who express profound reservations over this sort of thing. It is the final irony that those who dissent from the extreme position of our county commissioners, and who share with the majority of Americans concerns about the wisdom of welcoming such developments, are labeled as the extremists, and denounced as radical environmentalists.

The ineluctable logical fallacy is obvious; if opposition to those industries indicates extremism, then it would follow that the majority of Americans are deep ecologists and extreme environmentalists, a silly conclusion indeed.

In the next issue of the Gazette I will review the record of the local "tree-huggers" (another poor label; a tree-hugger is a BLM naturalist who records the girth and growth of trees by reaching around them with a tape measure), and that of the Sagebrush Rebels (a name preferred by their adherents), in hopes of establishing where these two groups show up in their departure from the middle part of the political spectrum.

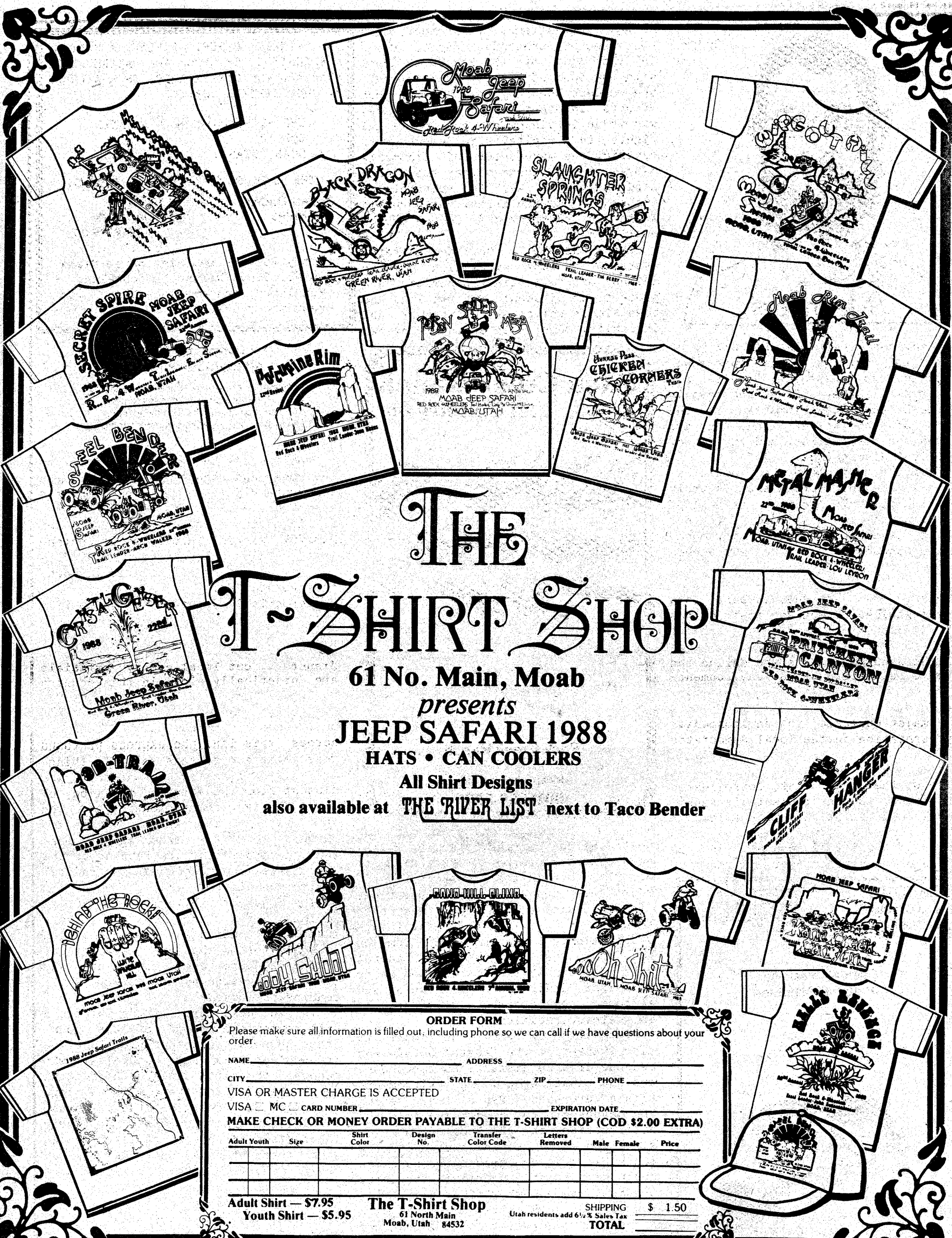
Opinions from those biased against the environment are welcomed, and the best will be featured in a guest editorial.

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Escape To Death Valley

by Jim Stiles

Enough was enough. My ice scraper splintered into tiny shards when I tried to grind another night's frost off the windshield - off both sides of the windshield. It didn't matter, of course; the squareback wouldn't start anyway. It groaned slowly, agonizingly, coughed a couple of times and went back to sleep. But how could I be angry? The car sounded just like me. I popped the trunk lid to get my tools. The rubber molding, frozen and unyielding, ripped in half when I pried the lid open.



For a diversion from all this, I had the incinerator, the commissioners and Co-West to keep my mind off preliminary frostbite. But I found little comfort in this. I find little comfort in dioxins. Besides, was Dean Norris and Jimmie Walker a healthy diversion?

I thought of warm places; of date palms and mild breezes. Of sunburn and Coppertone, margaritas and moonwalks. I had to get away.

With a new battery and a healthy optimism that somewhere out there a man could still get a tan, I left Moab and it's 8 degree morning low temperature to find a better way. Eight hours later, I was in Las Vegas, Nevada.

I like Las Vegas, as long as I don't stay more than an hour or so. I grabbed a 69¢ shrimp cocktail at Little Al's and headed to Caesar's Palace to observe the ambience. As I mingled with the crowd, I seemed to be attracting attention; cocktail waitresses, blackjack dealers and tourists from Wichita wearing leisure suits stared at me as I passed by. It must be the rumpled trenchcoat and slouch hat I was wearing, I thought. The Bogart look is too much for these people.

Then I caught my own image in the thirty foot smoked mirror next to the "21" tables. Clearly, there was about one third of an imitation shrimp attached to the end of my moustache, cemented as it were, by a blob of dried cocktail sauce....I don't think this ever happened to Bogie.

I left town quickly. I reached Lathrop Wells in an hour. There was the Fred Harvey billboard that my friend Roscoe had tried to uproot with his bare hands. Across the highway, the flashing ruby beacon of Shari's Crystal Palace beckoned to lonely guys with shrimp on their mustaches, but I had a higher purpose.

Into the bowels of the Earth, I plummeted. Past Marta Beckett's Opera House, past the Black Mountains and Zabriskie Point, until the world suddenly opened up and laid itself before me - the vast, eerie expanse of Death Valley.

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This place has the almost legendary reputation for being one of the most hostile, forbidding spots on our planet. In the summer, daytime temperatures regularly reach 120 degrees. But now, in early February, it's Paradise - warm temperatures and balmy breezes. And thanks to the wonderful, mobile, high-speed society we live in, about half of the senior citizens of California seem to be here in Paradise too. Miles and miles of motorhomes, stretching to infinity. Thousands of pairs of flowered Bermuda shorts and rhinestone glasses. I was eyed suspiciously by the throngs as I got out of my car; I couldn't understand why I'd long ago cleaned my moustache. Maybe they thought I was a remnant member of the Manson Gang, I didn't know.

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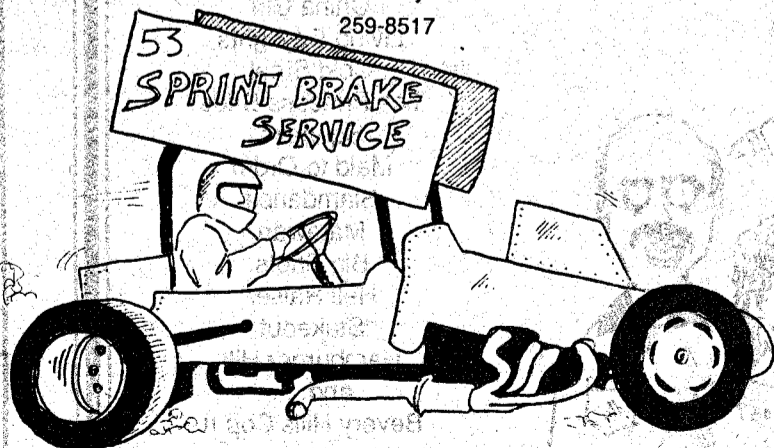
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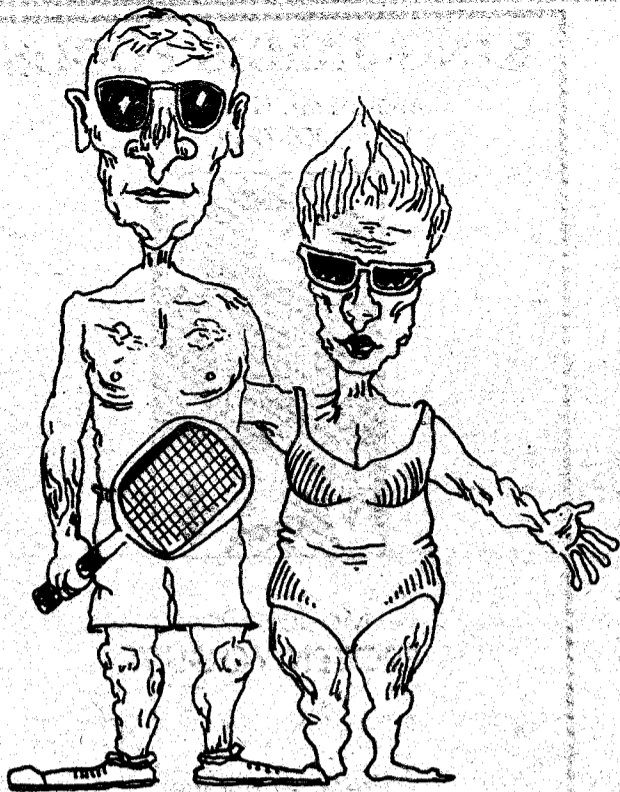
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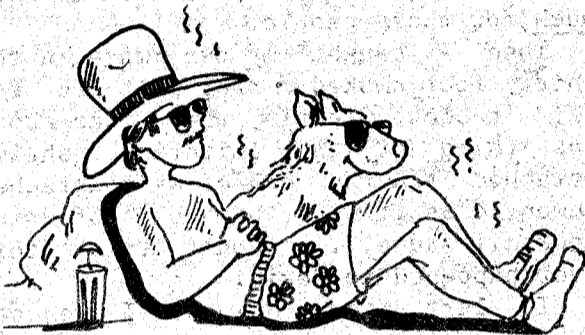
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HAROLD AND IRMA COHN
The world's most wrinkled couple

But it really didn't matter. I came here to get warm and I was succeeding beyond my wildest dreams. The sun heated the valley each morning; by noon the thermometer read 80 degrees. My Anasazi dog and I wandered out into the Valley almost every day. We'd walk for miles on the flat, white, featureless salt pan, totally devoid of life, yet strangely beautiful. I could look back across ten miles of emptiness and see the stucco towers and waving palms at Furnace Creek Inn. Tiny little specks raced along the edge of the valley floor, back to Vegas or LA. But out there on the salt pan, feeling insignificant in that ocean of white space and unlimited vision, it was possible to forget about Vegas or LA or toxic waste incinerators. At least for a while.



At the Texas Springs Campground, hundreds of golden age campers paraded about their RV's in a semi-nude state. Harold and Irma Cohn of Alameda, Cal., represented a classic example of what too much sun will do for human skin. While we chatted, a Ranger drove up with a message: "It's those raisin people again, Mr. Cohn; they want you all to do another commercial!"

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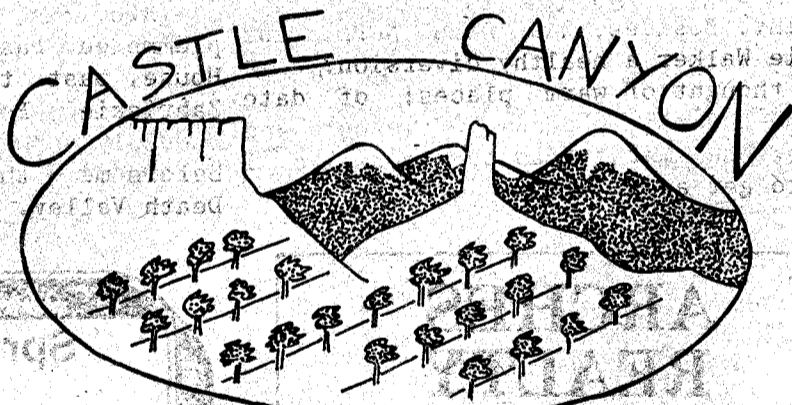
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Coming In March:

- The Lost Boys
- Inner space
- China Girl
- Living Daylights
- Cold Steel
- The Princess Bride
- Squeeze
- Maid to Order
- Slamdance
- Matewan
- Big Shots
- Hell Raiser
- Stakeout
- Hamburger Hill
- and...
- Beverly Hills Cop II



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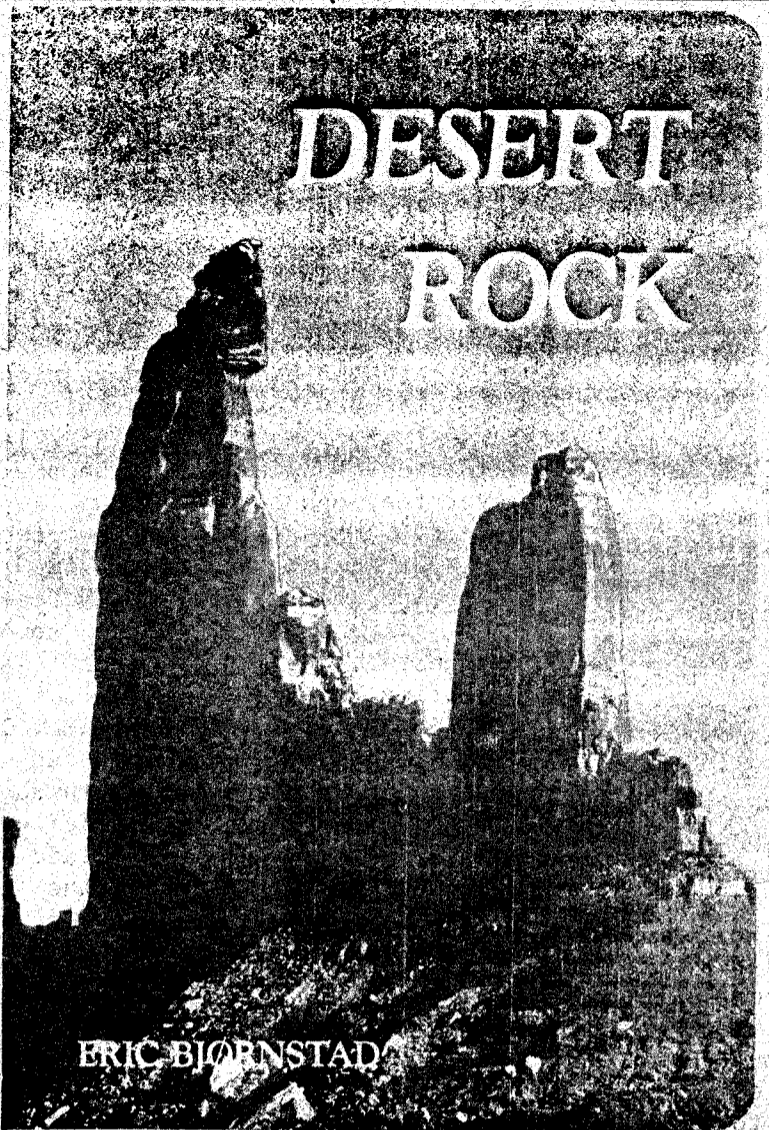
APPLES	SCOTCH PINES	GOLDEN PFITZER
PEARS	AUSTRIAN PINES	HONEY LOCUST
PEACHES	RED CEDAR	GREEN ASH
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BOOK REVIEW — by Robert Dudek



DESERT ROCK

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DESERT ROCK
Eric Bjornstad

Autographed copies including Spring and Fall updates are available directly from Eric Bjornstad, 137 N. Main St. Moab, Utah 98532. Checks, money orders, Visa, Mastercard and new route information accepted.

Chockstone Press, 526 Franklin St., Denver, CO 80218, 469 pp., 100 + B & W plates, \$25.00

It was time for a book of this kind. It is estimated that rock climbing enthusiasts now number in the tens of thousands and, with the development of a new generation of climbing aids engineered specifically for sandstone problems, more and more of them every year are scaling the spires, monoliths and massive walls of this slickrock country. This book is everything they've been looking for and much, much more.

Climber, author, and climbing historian Eric Bjornstad has produced what Kyle Copeland described as "perhaps the most extensively researched guidebook ever written." The term guidebook is almost a misnomer.

As a compendium of information invaluable to adrenalin junkies looking for those local 5.9 faces, this book easily fills the bill. With over 600 routes, 120 photos, 25 maps and 130 topos, the way is clearly and concisely laid to enable desert-bound alpinists to make the most efficient use of their climbing holiday. But that's just the half of it.

A sensitive Introduction provides a psychic orientation for those to whom the desert is still a stranger, done with a reverence and love for the canyonlands that encourages in the reader a strong sense of environmental awareness and climbing ethics.

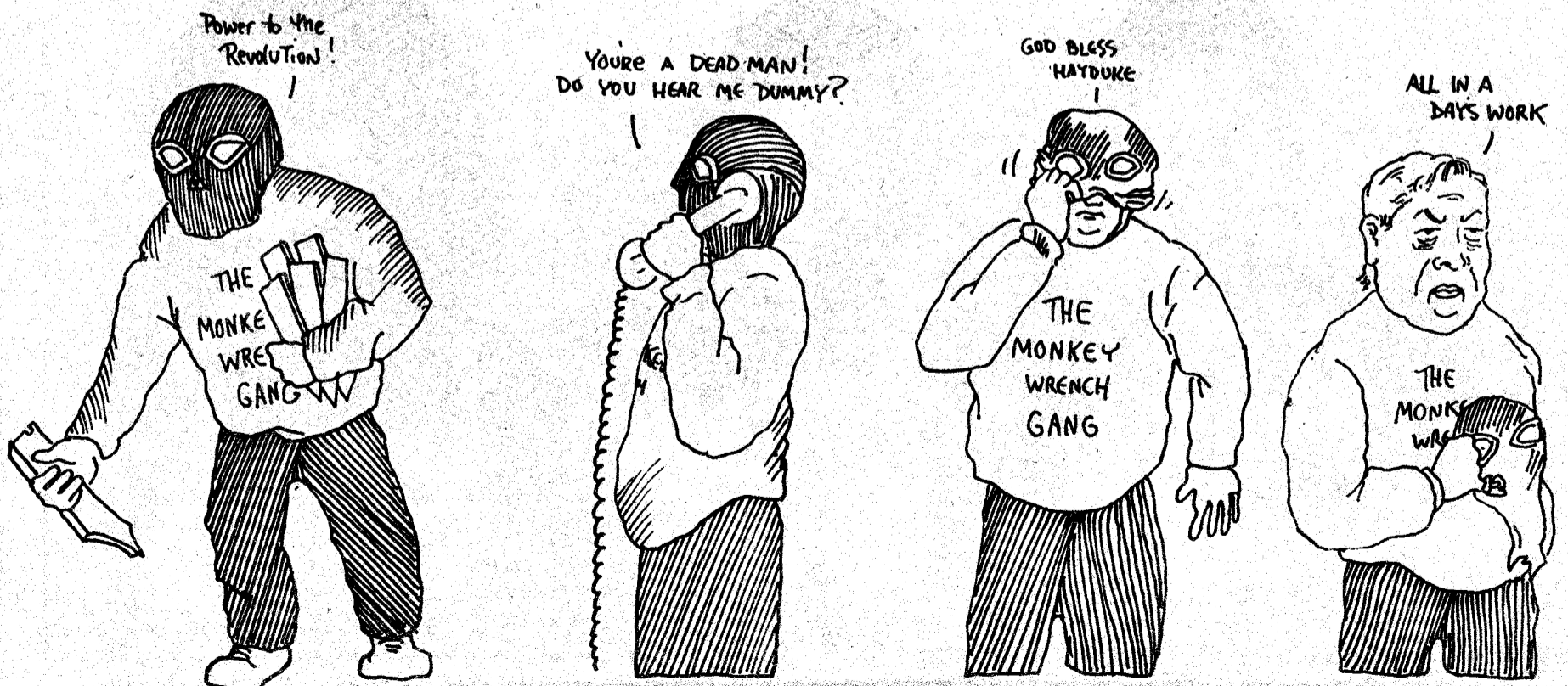
The chapter on local geology seems appropriate, in light of the fact that the simple term, "Wingate Sandstone", can serve in place of the more lengthy "hard, vertically fractured, cliff-forming member of the Triassic Sequence," or the even more obscure: "No, not that face, the one two layers below it; follow my finger...", etc.

Following that is a brief review of Moab history, services available to the traveller, and Copeland's seven page chapter on sandstone technique. And then, skillfully interlaced throughout the route descriptions, comes the wonderful bonus: a colorful history of first ascents and important new routes, brought to life with well-chosen sketches of the interesting characters who pioneered in the sport of vertical sandstone climbing.

Bjornstad's credentials as a climber, both alpine and desert, are well-established in the fraternity and derive from more than 25 years of hands-on experience from Alaska to Mexico. Included in his long list of notable accomplishments are numerous first ascents in the area: Echo Tower in the Fisher Group in '66, Monument Valley's Middle Sister in '67, Canyonland's Zeus in '70 and Moses in '72, and many others.

His broad experience as a climber and his long career as a free-lance writer (his work is featured in the current issues of "Rock And Ice", "Mountain" and "Climbing Magazine") prepared him to write the book. But it was his dedicated avocation to record the legends, the history, and the lore of local climbing, together with his close association with many of the principals who pioneered the area, that enabled him to "flesh out" the guidebook into a fascinating historical account. From the initial ascent, in 1939, of Shiprock by David Brower and friends, to last year's fireworks on Castleton Tower, the tradition of this colorful sport has at last been compiled and preserved in what is destined to be a classic text on the subject.

Bjornstad presently resides in Moab, Utah. Among his current projects: a published celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the first ascent of Shiprock and the fascinating history that surrounds the solitary massif; and the completion of his autobiography.



Midnight Marauder

Nemo Glitz
© 1988

STROKES and POKES

Bobby Bloato



It's enough to make you want to pack your bags, cut the utilities, and move to the town where women know that the power games men play are really just illusion, smoke and mirrors; that women are really not on the outside of anything; that nobody is more trapped than those whose spirits are consumed on the treadmill of society's game.

That December column I ran about local female chauvinism will not go away. It's still drawing comment. It's like that silly "Name Game" that we ran last summer - one of the worst things we've ever printed, but easily the most talked about one as well.

It's probably due to the column's checkered past. It was originally an Old West column. It came to life years later in a ghost town in West Texas. It was close to noon. The sun was high and the column was thirsty.

It shifted its holster on its hips and surveyed the rustic buildings that shimmered before him in the dusty, desert heat. It turned its attention to the sound of rinky-tink piano music coming from the doorway across the street.

It needed some whisky. It walked into the saloon, kicked a few chairs aside, and strode slowly up to the bar, its spurs jingling on the bare wooden floor. The piano player froze. The customers fell silent and stared. The only sound was the ceiling fan, slowly turning on a bad bearing. Click. Click. Click. "Name's Blaine," said the column, "from Cheyenne." The madame slowly sized it up, hard eyes

glistening through thick make-up. "You lookin' for work, mister?" "Depends," growled the column. "Here's an apron, there's dishes need washin'!" A roar of laughter erupted from the patrons, who turned back to their gossip and their card games. The tinkle of piano music filtered once again through the loud conversation. The column turned and walked out of the saloon. It stood there in the dust of the street, under a broiling sun, breaking a matchstick into halves, quarters, eighths. A fly buzzed loudly around its face. It was utterly without a point of reference. It walked off into the desert like an old hunger artist looking for a cage. It was never seen again.

Until many years later, when it showed up at a presidential inaugural and got drunk and passed out with its face in the souffle. Success was never in its stars.

The next column did much better. It finished college, married a nice girl from Des Moines, moved to Daly City and did well in hardware.

You never know. It's hard to tell. You lay down these inky designs, pictures pop into people's minds, and sometimes they heave rotten tomatoes.

I guess the militant wing of the feminist movement was inevitable, like droughts and insect plagues and patriarchal religious oppression. In a society where male chauvinism is so prevalent, female chauvinism is to be expected. People tend to become whatever they oppose.

It's hard to avoid the crossfire. When there's a war of the sexes, everyone wears a uniform and is likely to get shot at. Like some have suggested, the real trick is not shooting back. Uh-huh.

Tell that to that column. It will not listen. It got shot up while driving an ambulance through the pock-marked, smoking battlefields of the Utah campaign, waylaid by a guerilla band of innies who ignored its neutrality and blasted it with well-placed mortar fire.

It escaped from the wreckage, bound its wounds, and made its way through 12 hours of hell until it found refuge behind the front lines of an outie battalion. It became a partisan, lost forever from the ranks of the neutral war zone observers.

It was interviewed last year by an AP reporter, but was curt and unforthcoming. "All's fair in love and war," it said, and turned back to its game of billiards.

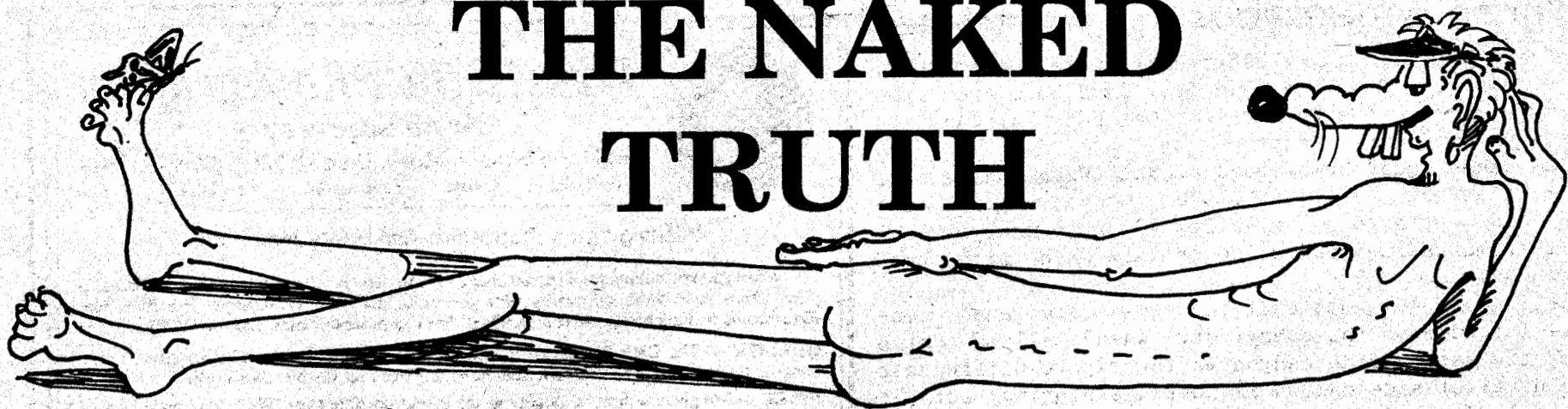
BY GOLLY, I THINK MINE LOOK PRETTY BARN GOOD!

I WONDER WHY THE PHOTOGRAPHER IS IN HIS UNDERWEAR?

HE'S HITTING ON THAT DAMN BLOND. THEY ALWAYS DO!



THE NAKED TRUTH



Park Rangers Issued Combat Batons

As part of its intensified law enforcement agenda, National Park Service Rangers at Arches and Canyonlands National Parks will be equipped this season with PR-24 combat batons. The 24" high-impact plastic nightstick will become a part of the standard issue defensive equipment carried by all law enforcement commissioned rangers.

The manufacturer of the PR-24 requires that law enforcement persons who intend to use their product be given 16 hours of certified training on its use. However, Rocky Mountain Regional Law Enforcement Specialist Tom McDonnell has waived that requirement, and will personally lead the PR-24 training in a condensed 8 hour session this month.

It has been difficult obtaining an accurate cost for the three dozen or so PR-24's that were purchased. Park Service estimates vary from \$800-3000. When asked to comment on the usefulness of the new nightsticks, one ranger thought they would provide an excellent tool for cracking walnuts. Another however thought the PR-24 would "put the fear of God into litterbugs."



"DROP THE FLOWER LADY!"

Nemo
Glitz
©87

Cosmo Covered

Have you seen the latest cover of Cosmopolitan Magazine? It is feminine pulchritude at its bulbous best. It will be necessary, at certain local vendors of that magazine, to remove the 3/4 length modesty screen - a cut piece of masonite - to fully appreciate the wonders that nature has to offer to the curious and undeterred. We assure you, it is well worth the small effort.

Burner Rezoning Rebuffed

Opponents of the proposed toxic waste incinerator can breathe a little easier this month.

The Grand County Commission, in an interesting reversal of their previous stand towards the toxic waste incinerator proposed for Cisco, turned on the developer, Mr. Dean Norris, and criticized him for not helping them "sell" the residents of the county on the plan.

At the Feb. 29 public hearing, the commission added injury to insult by refusing to take action on Norris' request for appropriate zoning for his burner.

It wasn't clear what Norris, president of the CoWest Incineration Corp., intended to do next. The issue is now on "hold", pending a public vote on the zoning in a referendum election slated for Nov. 8. If his intention is to continue pressing the matter pending the outcome of the election, his disgruntled demeanor discouraged such speculation.

"I hope they declare it illegal and give me my money back," he told a reporter as he left the meeting.

The commissioners declared that, although they all still support the project, they would no longer actively campaign on its behalf.

Opponents of the development were delighted with the outcome.

Citizens opposing the incinerator should be reminded that, even if this particular project should fold, the importance of the referendum remains undiminished. It is impossible to guess what projects might be promoted in the future, and the referendum is the only way to guarantee ~~clean, safe~~ industry in our outstanding environs.

Daddy Mark

Young Konani is in capable hands while his deserving mother tours the rapids, side canyons and scenic wonders of the Grand Canyon for the next 30 plus days.

In an admirable display of selfless and courageous philanthropy, our own DB, the Little Bear, has taken Konani under his wing for the duration and the two of them are a wonderful sight together.

Patrice will be delighted to know, as she reads these pages during the obligatory stop at Phantom Ranch, that Konani has developed a healthy taste for beer and shown remarkable improvement in his pool game.

Dean Spoils Police Work

Dean Norris, the prime mover behind the proposed toxic waste incinerator, reported last month that his site was vandalized and his life threatened by thugs he suspects are members of the Monkey Wrench Gang. He said he took both death threats seriously.

"But let's put it this way, I like a good fight," he said, "whether it's fisticuffs or anything else. The incinerator project happens to be near and dear to my heart and I'll fight anybody on it."

It's too bad he didn't take the mischief seriously enough to notify the authorities.

The expertise of the Sheriff's Department in solving crimes on the basis of footprints and tire tracks is well known. If he had reported the crime, the perpetrators might have been brought to justice. Is there a reason why he didn't want the tracks recorded? What could it be?

If his life was threatened, a serious matter indeed, it would have been a simple matter to report it to the authorities and a common phone tap could have led to the arrest of those who threatened him. Didn't he want his phone tapped? Why?

It's possible we may never know the answers to these questions. Apparently it is more efficacious for Mr. Norris to allege that crimes were committed against him and his property than it is to attempt to solve those crimes with the help of the authorities.

Lost Spring Rendezvous

by Omega Besseler

The pack is heavy. So is my heart. It's time to get away. Tumbling down the Pipeline Road from Sand Dune Arch, the ache in my back from the weight of the pack already is relieving the ache in my heart.

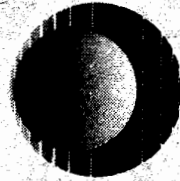
I follow the muddy brick road of Salt Wash to the cool clear waters at the head of Clover Canyon, refill the canteens and cut across the valley floor to that magical opening that marks the confluence of Salt Wash with Lost Spring Canyon.

The solitude is complete. The cows are even non-existent. I trudge up the sandy, dry wash till I catch sight of the second side-canyon on the right. Cliffhanger Canyon. The first side-canyon is worth exploring, but it is the second that is truly spectacular. A raven follows my slow progress up the side canyon till I'm beneath the massive span of Covert Arch. The raven, as if beckoning, flies through the opening of the arch and disappears.

My thoughts are far removed from the petty world of love and love lost. Petty love becomes abstract and nonsensical beneath these slickrock domes. Jealousy and hate become laughable and cruel vices we easily succumb to in the presence of the one we seek to own. The desert still says nothing. But its ancient walls look down on me and I, like just another speck of sand, submit to the nothingness. The fine line between oblivion and eternity.

Farther up the canyon, the drainage splits into three different routes. Take the one in the middle. After bush-whacking through the underbrush, the canyon walls start to close in and the route becomes more twisted and wild. At the upper end, the walls are 400 feet tall and twelve feet wide. A dead cow is half buried in the mud beneath the pour-over, the flies already gorging themselves on its eyes.

I sit there for a long time and envy his burial place. The mud almost looks beckoning.



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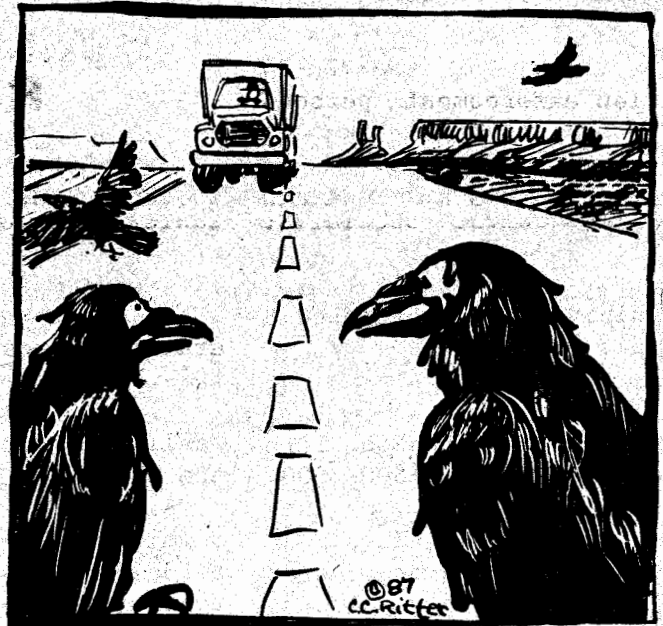
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ECONOMICS

by C.C. Ritter

THE TRICKLE DOWN THEORY



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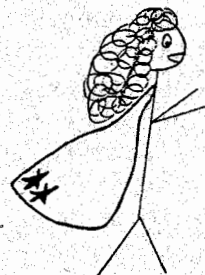


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But, your Honors,
How will our children learn about
Freedom of Speech if they don't
get to use it?

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Izzie Kiddin

John Denver Lied!

I've already related to you some horrible experiences regarding my bad luck with weather whenever I take to the hills. Let me tell you how all that started. . .

I had just relocated to Boulder, Colorado in the early seventies; a refugee from the perilous streets of Chicago. I had visited the Rockies a few weeks earlier for the first time and was captivated, converted and commanded to move from the ghetto to as near the mountains as I could. At the time, I knew little about the art of backpacking.

Larry and I worked at H.A.L. in Longmont in their plastics molding injection department; a mindless job of manufacturing small plastic parts that fit into bigger ones. Talking with Larry about my hiking and backpacking, I was shocked to hear that he, being a native of the area, had never been backpacking in his life! He said good ol' country boys didn't do that.

I told him we must remedy this situation as soon as possible and invited him on my backpacking journey to Frozen Lake that weekend. Nestled high up at timberline beneath the Front Range, it sounded like an area to visit. We go together a half-assed list of what gear we were to bring and split for the Rockies that Saturday morning.

It was raining pretty steadily by the time we reached the head of the trail. Our first lake enroute was Mills Lake, some 4 miles distant. Larry was wheezing and sneezing already, asking me why we didn't take any rain gear? I reassured him that this was only a summer mountain shower. Shortly, the sun would poke through those ugly black clouds and bathe us and the peaks in that radiant glow that John Denver had so eloquently sang about! It started to rain harder. . . Larry said he thought he heard his Dad calling him to do chores.

We were quite soaked by the time we arrived at Mills Lake, Larry giving me his patented hurt puppy look most of the way. I told him it just couldn't possibly keep raining much longer! A bolt of lightning struck about a quarter of a mile away. Larry gave me another one of his looks. He said he'd rather be back on the ranch watching the horses copulate.

By the time we arrived at Black Lake, elevation 10,000 feet, the summer shower had turned into a deluge! We chose to set up camp here, as Frozen Lake was still another two miles farther and 1,000 feet higher. Larry pulled out a wretched looking yellow tent.

"Larry! What kind of tent did you bring??? There's no floor in it!!!"

"Gee Iz, a tent's a tent. Do we need a floor???"

So, we set up the tent in the mud, threw our soaking wet bags in and crawled inside. The roof had a hole in it. Vague thoughts of hypothermia started to settle in, so I suggested we build a fire, warm up and cook those frozen steaks we had brought with us. It was time to show Larry a few tricks of wilderness camping, like lighting a fire in the rain.

Thirty minutes later. . ."Hey Iz, you've already used up all the toilet paper and our topo map map trying to get that fire going! What if we get lost? What if I gotta go???" We decided to use the camp stove and heat one steak at a time in the little pot we brought for the beans. I told Larry to open the can of beans while I started one of the steaks.

"I thought you were supposed to bring the can opener, Iz." I told him we didn't need the beans anyway since we were out of toilet paper, but he persisted in trying to bash that generic can of beans open over a wet

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boulder for approximately a half an hour. He said he really didn't give a damn about the beans, he was just trying to keep warm! It was raining harder than ever. . .

I told him not to fret but to look about him. Here we were in the high country and not another soul was in sight! We had the place all to ourselves! He told me that was because no one in their right mind would want to camp out on a weekend like this!!!

Just then, I saw the cutest, biggest chipmunk curiously sniffing the air about twenty feet from our camp. He was no doubt smelling the

WELCOME RUNNERS

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steak frying in the pot. I pointed out the little creature to Larry and we watched in wonder as the chipmunk slowly made its way to the stove.

"I think he wants a nibble of the steak, Larry." To our amazement, upon reaching the camp stove, he stood up on his hind legs, opened an enormous mouth and snatched the whole steak out of the pot! "Larry! I yelled, do something!!!" And there went Larry, running in crazy circles around the camp trying to catch that chipmunk as it dragged our steak into the forest and out of sight.

"He took your steak, Larry." "What do you mean MY steak??? You're the one that dragged me out to this God-forsaken country, freezing to death in all this damn rain! That was YOUR steak!!!" We shared the other steak, Larry still making valiant efforts to smash that can of beans open. It was still raining and after our rather flimsy meal I suggested Frozen Lake could wait for another day. It was time to get the hell out of here!

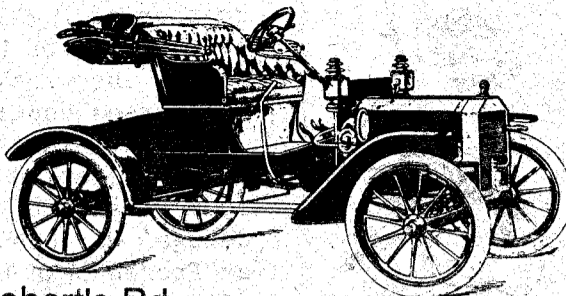
So, we crammed our soaking wet tent into our soaking wet packs along with our soaking wet sleeping bags and slung them over our soaking wet bodies and retraced the soaking wet and miserable eight miles back to the car. Enroute, it did stop raining. It started to snow.

Sixteen miles that day in the rain on a half of steak. A pretty good survival lesson I informed Larry. He was not amused as he boxed my ears all the way back to Boulder. We were both rather ill for a few days after that. Larry went home and promptly broke his Rocky Mountain High record. He has never asked to go backpacking again.

Of course, that was years ago. I'm quite adept at this cruel weather that always follows me about on my treks, so these days find me amply prepared. Old Larry still lives in Longmont and has a beautiful family. He still has yet to put on a backpack again. His eight year old son asked him about "those mountains" one day and Larry told him to NEVER MIND those mountains! They were just there. His son persisted in asking him about a field trip and Larry politely beat him about the ears and shoulders.

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Pre-Spring Canyonlands Swing

by Jeri McAndrews

It's off-season so I snuck into the park. Arches. The only visitors are water-colorists, bikers and General Motors encapsulated retirees. Because it is February and colder and wetter than desired.

I, the dilettante walker, winding between rocks while the over-head jets carve direct routes to their destination. The pilots have properties to manage. They do not dawdle.

I just gave some hand-skin to that rock while trying to get to its perch. When I topped it I found two feet of snow, "Ho not here, Ha not now, plant your cheeks somewhere else!" she chided me.

"Cedar berries to ward off evil spirits" the man in the vacant Moab giftshop told me. And here the snow feeds these cedars who wedge themselves cozily into multifoliate beds. Amidst snow-licking rocks, wetting them down. And straw bouquets.

Here in The Firey Furnace the flames of February do not burn. But my eyes snap shots of turpins, turrets, spigots, topknots, stillness. And particle obtuseness. And rigid obliqueness. Plus throw in some shadow seams, potted plants, drip-offs and bark-rags in the wind and you got the picture.

Nobody on the trail, nobody on the rim. Is this her nostrils I'm in or her lungs? I can feel her breath on my cheek, on my ear, and now for a short nap on her lap.

That's how it feels around here at this time of year before the ON season gets switched and the multitudes swarm.

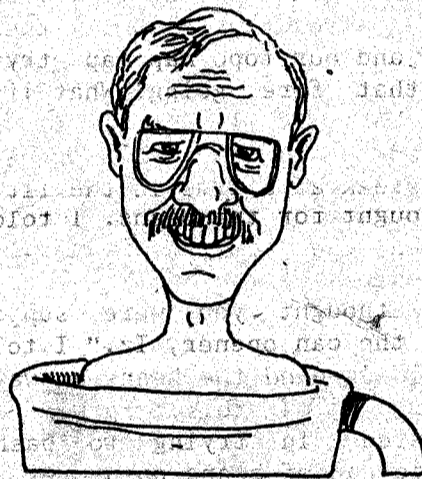
These Moabites read: The Daily Entrada, The Navajo Sandstone News, The Chinle Foundation and The Moenkopi Times. To keep on top of things, my friend, a new resident, tells me "There are so many recluses here who don't really give a rat's ass about the rest of the world!"

So I'm sitting in an empty amphitheatre watching the rocks receive First Holy Communion. . .they are all draped in white and look totally virtuous.

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Mudpuppy

I was pouring over one of the local backcountry guidebooks last week, happy hour beer in hand, when I was approached by some friendly backpackers seeking an inside line on some secret Springtime getaway.

I guess my petroglyph T-shirt and old rusty bicycle parked outside gave me away as a local.

Always willing to share some info on the backcountry, I proceeded to tell them about the very place I had been studying in the guidebook. Two minutes into the description one of the pair said, "Oh, that canyon. We've already BEEN there! What about something new!"

I paused, thinking about other places I might disclose to them, then I felt a hunch slip into my thoughts. "Oh, once, it was real nice and all, but..."

"ONCE?" I heard myself bellow out, awakening the bartender and two of the 3.2 alcoholics at the bar, "I'm getting ready to spend my fifteenth day in that canyon, and I'm STILL READING THE GUIDEBOOK ON IT!"

After slapping the book onto the table for emphasis I noted a strained silence, then sheepishly added, "Sorry, it's been a long Winter."

I proceeded to tell them about two freshwater springs, four petroglyph panels, one arch, and six side canyon hikes all of which they had missed on their previous visit. I thought to myself, "next time you come back, I might show you where I'm planning on going this Spring in that canyon!"

They probably went somewhere else anyway, thinking, "That guy just wants to save the good spots for himself!"

But if they ever return and dare to ask me again for a new place I'll ask them if they've seen all the places I previously recommended and if they've seen them at sunset, and at sunrise, and in the autumn, and with snow on them!

Maybe then they'll realize that finding something new is only half the fun, and getting to know it is the other half!

Moab is, however, blessed with a plethora of new and different places to discover. As so many say, "There's more here than a lifetime of professional pathfinding can uncover!"

Ah, but this treasure trove of places is also the bane and curse of the "One Timer" outdoorperson. Too many people race frantically through lifes' canyons always looking for something new, and completely missing almost everything along the way!



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The Sign Of The Beast

Mr. Harder N. Assfault, spokesman for the Moab Chapter of the Legion for Decency in Public Affairs, denounced the immoral influence of the American space program in an address to the Moab Chamber of Commercial Intercourse last Wednesday.

"Every time they have a space shot on television, it is like letting the Playboy Channel into your home uninvited, making lewd suggestions to your innocent children. I mean, it's bad enough having all those erect missiles shooting fire. Then they rub it in by debating with the Communists about who has the bigger rocket, talking about "thrust", and then, Heaven help us, describing a rocket that has made it into space on course as having made a beautiful insertion! It's no wonder the youth of Moab are influenced by this filth to go up to the scenic dump and hump like rabbits."

Mr. Assfault proceeded to demonstrate to the Chamber that this application of symbolic acid to the moral fiber GRAND VALLEY NEWS no accid success at finding the Sign of the Beast in the Proctor and Gamble trademark, the Legion applied their analytic skills to Morton Thiof, and found the signature of Satan on this fifth column in Zion.

"Take 'Morton'" said Mr. Assfault. "The root is 'mor', as in 'morti', which is Latin for 'to humiliate, subject or subdue'. What really caps it off, though, is 'Thiokol'. 'Thio' is Greek for sulfur, alias brimstone. Suddenly it all comes clear! The eternal adversary, cast out of heaven for hubris, is out to humiliate and subdue us, to lead us in his own sin by assaulting the realm of heaven with sexual symbolism! Ha! Satan! We caught you again!"

"If a guy wants to wear his hair down to his ass, I'm not revolted by it. But I don't look at him and say, 'Now there's a fella I'd like to spend next winter with.'"

JOHN WAYNE



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Moab, Grand County, Utah.

old news

Grand Valley Times

J.N. Corbin, Publisher

March 30, 1900

WARRIOR WOMAN

The position of women in the last century, writes Sir Walter Besant in the London Queen, led to many classes of subdivisions. I have ascertained, without much trouble, that woman drank like a man, fought like a man, and was as strong as a man.

One of these women led a mob in the Gordon riots of 1780, and to escape the consequences, assumed a man's dress, became a peddler, and kept up the disguise all her life. There was a negress on board the Queen Charlotte for eleven years; she became captain of the foretop.

There were many others, but I will only relate the case of Christian Cavenagh. Her father lost his fortune, and she was taken up by an aunt who kept a tavern. She married the waiter and had three children. This husband was then kidnapped, after the humane methods of the time, and was carried off to Holland. When Christian heard of this she dressed as a man and enlisted as a private soldier in order to get near her husband. She was wounded at the battle of Landen. She was made prisoner by the French and was carried to St. Germain-en-Lave, where she stayed until she was exchanged. She quarreled with her sergeant, fought a duel with him, wounded him, and got transferred to another regiment. She later remarried, set up a pie shop, died in 1739, and was buried with military honors."

Friday, January 12, 1900

USE OF COCA

Sucre (Bolivia) Cor. Chicago Records: The Indians regard the coca with extreme reverence. During divine worship the priests chewed coca leaves, and unless they were supplied with them it was believed that the favor of the gods could not be propitiated. One of the scientific explorers who has been working up in this region told me of his experience with a coca chewer, 'A man was employed by me,' he said, 'in very

laborious digging.' During the five days and nights he was in my service he never tasted food and took only two hours sleep each night, but at intervals of two hours and a half or three hours he repeatedly chewed about half an ounce of coca leaves. On leaving me he declared that he would willingly engage himself again for the same amount of work and that he would go through it without food if I would but allow him a sufficient supply of coca. The village priest assured me that this man was 62 years of age and that he had never known him to be ill in his life."


Friday, March 5, 1987

ASTROLOGICAL LORE

Signs of The Planets at Times of Birth

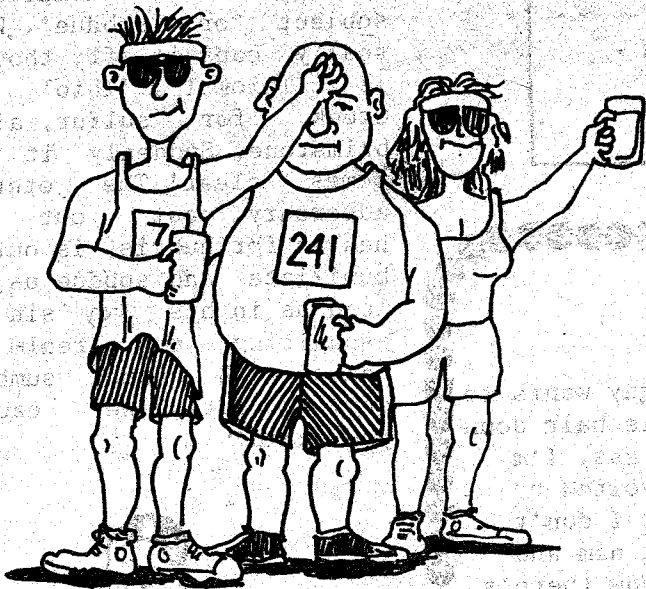
"Planets do not exert an influence over life. Their position at the time of a person's birth only indicate what that life is likely to be.

The free readings in these columns should not be confounded with fortune-telling. The most cultured in the land study astrology. No sensible person takes notice of fortune-tellers or fortune-telling. The popularity of our free readings attest the esteem in which the science is held. Letters come from physicians, lawyers, bankers and merchants. The most enlightened minds of the century are giving it special study, and its popularity is again in the ascendant."



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HALF-MARATHON RUNNERS!

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And Receive a Free Draft
BEER

Trip To Town

Mr. William Montfort went to Louisville last week to buy a truss.

Free Book For Yuppies!

The Baba Reboop is disturbed. No, no, not like that, you silly geese! The Baba is upset by the current trend which he sees in our world; the abandonment of the principles of good and evil. The Baba views with dismay their replacement by the principles of good and bad. The Baba is appalled by the prospect of the principles of convenient and inconvenient. The Baba would like to feel that he is not alone and hereby offers a gift:

TO THE READER WHO WILL FURNISH THE BABA WITH THE MOST WELL STATED EXAMPLE OF THIS PROGRESSIVE MORAL DECAY IN THE NAME OF PROGRESS OR GREED, THE BABA WILL SEND A COPY OF "The Art Of The Deal" BY THE ARCHFIEND DONALD TRUMP.

The Baba has no use for this book, which was sent to him by his mother who still is too easily impressed and who still wants the Baba to be a doctor, a lawyer, a dentist, an architect (no, you silly geese, not one of them, all of them!).

Entries must be reviewed by April 28, birthday of the late president Monroe, a very good man and a personal friend of the Baba (you thought the Baba had forgotten? Know, you silly geese, that the Baba never forgets).

Send your entries to the SDG, Box 13, Moab, Utah 84532

THE BARD'S NARDS

POETRY CORNER

Penthouse

by G.A. Rudd

It's a very exclusive address, Three East;
 Nothing but the best - so clean
 And the air so dry
 That hothouse flowers
 Lose their scent;
 Reminders of the long descent
 That brought you here.

Who'd ever have thought
 After that dark fall
 There'd be pastel rooms
 Saturday morning cartoons
 At the bottom?

No dames in white armor.
 It's casual dress
 To lend an air of randomness
 To a life that's as ordered
 As the Ten Commandments -
 Each hour another step out of the pit
 That's so comfortable and brightly lit
 You could almost forget where you are.

You could almost forget
 If you'd only stop crying,
 If your hands would stop shaking,
 If their eyes would quit taking
 You up like a mirror
 And reflecting you back,
 All empty and broken
 From the years of not feeling
 And the truths not spoken;
 And the secret of who's behind the white curtain
 Seems to you still to be just as uncertain
 As weather:
 As whether or not you'll remember
 The spring that preceded this endless December,
 And whether or not any good can be made
 Of velveteen, splinters, blood and shade.

Shards

Dark Canyon Primitive Area
 Walking with Friends

I start the fire with autumn leaves.
 All morning, passing rains.

Down, finding our footing - close
 to the edge
 Water strider, dragonfly, skim a
 millimeter from death by water.
 Even the mighty ant
 assumes life two degrees shy
 of death by heat.

Lizard, snake, scuttle to shade.
 One rock, a solid forty tons, wants
 only your weight, to tip.

Sunwarm slickrock: the radiant
 bed. Tonight on layers of cottonwood
 leaves, firm generations:
 our mattress into morning.
 They weigh nothing - light to carry.
 Fragile scrolls, pull them apart.
 Try to learn the alphabet.
 Lift one to moon face - radiant veil.
 The dead reveal the living.
 Now keep a few pressed between pages;
 pray for clarity.

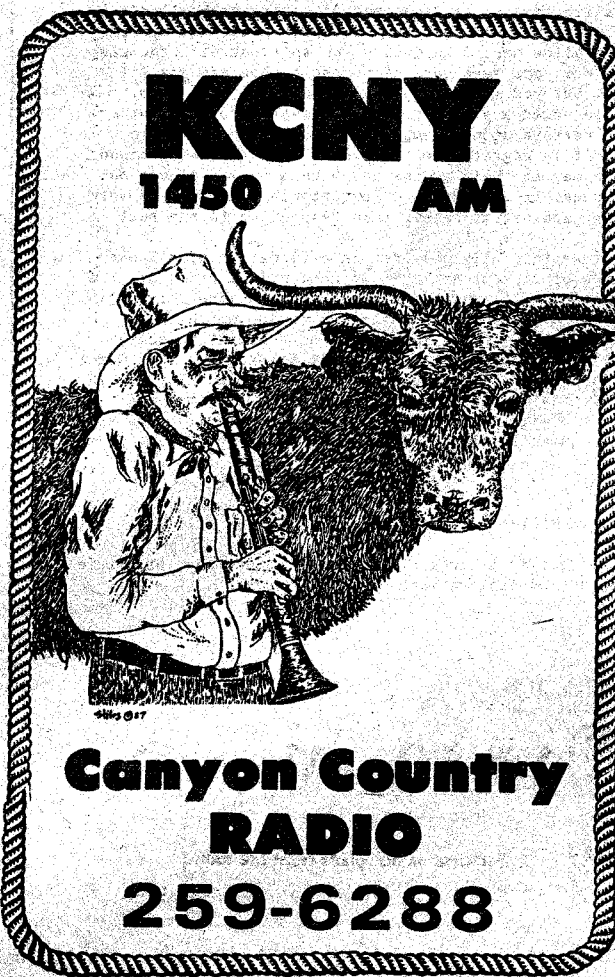
Along with bread and
 freeze - dried eggs
 Bill packs a practice violin.
 Last night he gave a concert,
 playing with the moon.
 This morning he was nice about it:
 let us catch his light -
 well dressed, in his violin.

All in the canyon - music.
 Press your ear to the mountain.
 Tune.
 When I was a child in Michigan
 it was snakeweed -

Haiku

by Steve Wilsker

Light steams the cliffs red
 Most evenings here in Moab.
 I have to live here.



How much hedge
 Could a hegemony mony
 If a hegemony
 Could mony hedge?

Slinky

When Music Was King

by Skye

hot sex and violence on the video
 little boys and little girls
 groovin to the music porno
 watchin 40 year old males
 in black leather sequinned pants
 making asses of themselves
 look see watch em dance

boys dressed up as girls and
 girls lookin uglier than sin
 todays generation dont realize
 the trouble theyre in
 lesbians and macho men
 pretty boys and aging queers
 if this is music baby
 then you better cut off my ears

do you remember long ago when
 rock and roll was really king
 when rock and roll was passion
 and fashion didn't mean a thing

now we got some valley girl
 with red streaks in her hair
 she sounds like Tiny Tim and
 looks like the wookie bear

You dont have to sing
 to become the latest rage
 just thrash around on stage
 and be sure not to act your age

I know Im gettin older but
 still know what I like
 and good musics fading
 its heading on down the pike
 time to dust off those
 45 records in the box
 and put on some oldies
 some stuff that really ROCKS!

Those oldies but goodies
 will last till the end of time
 We'll be singin 'rock around the clock'
 way past 1999

by Doug Anderson

grows only by the river here:
 green, hollow shoots
 They pull apart into pipes.
 Tie a row together. Use breath.
 Faces in mooncliff - odd stone -
 sun through current - dead tree.
 Tracks.
 Museums? Irrelevant.

Sunlight? Lamp? Easy.
 But write by vagrant firelight.
 Proud mind lost grip:
 the sun went to Africa.
 Bring on mortal creation.
 Feed fire.
 Meanwhile,
 a tiny mouse with enormous ears
 (envy the ears)
 skitters from the food sack,
 crosses my foot like driftwood.
 Dark cliffs, high - the jetty
 at mind's-end.

Turn, river.
 The water here somes from no
 mountain springs up out of the desert
 by itself.
 Drink.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mr. Know-It-All:

You seem no more able to get your foot out of your mouth than Bullwinkle can get a rabbit out of that hat. The point is, women aren't waiting for the "Last Judgement," and neither should we. There is an issue, and it will serve us men well to recognize that.

The other point is that in your response to Jimmy The Geek, civilization is a relative term. Do not suggest to an Ethiopian that his civilization is any younger than yours. It is important to understand that "they" implies "we." "We" spent our "thousands of years of civilization" chasing multiple ice ages across Europe. And that, Bob, isn't why there aren't any black hockey players.

Inequality does exist and is pervasive. In the case of black people; your reasoning is part of why that is so. In the case of women; denial by men is part of the cause. In both cases you are displaying considerable insensitivity. Try considering the issues on ethical grounds. Doesn't everybody (men too) deserve an even break?

I know why women don't include men in certain consciousness raising and social activities. In response to my own frequent objections, I've been told; "women change when men are around. They find it inhibiting. Women find it hard to be forthcoming in the presence of men. We do not see their real feelings." It is the same for men! That is why men do not rush to form their own consciousness raising and support groups. Sisters, lend a hand. Would you be the first to spill your guts in a group of men only?

That fuzzy ideal of beneficent co-existence is only to be achieved through revealing and mutual dialogue. I say, let's get to it!

Your faithful subscriber,
Frisby

Dear Bloato:

A few words on your December article about women. The subject was women and their attitudes about men except that it seems half the article expressed an amazing propensity for denial that there is a real issue to discuss. As a man I was left cold and empty by your article; it was humorless.

You didn't address the issue at all, you only resorted to the time worn rhetoric of what great men you are. Look at the qualities you expound on that make you "great." Versatility; in what ways? Versatile enough to be real with women about women/men issues rather than to deny there are any. Versatile enough to let your mind and heart speak in

a sensitive way with women or must they be resigned to interpreting your "actions." Ignoring the issue as you suggest is an action that speaks loudly of your "versatility," your "fearlessness," your "forthrightness," your "intelligence," and even your "strength." And what this action speaks of is denial. You suggest that when a woman wants to talk about these issues a man should "humor her" - put her in her place, as it were. But, where is a woman's place? Your position says that her place is to be in "awe of the fantastic men of Moab." And that is all she needs or should need in life?

There is more to life than that. Apparently, the women of Moab know that and want more. It must be terribly frightening to feel your insecurities surface as you begin to realize that your "awesomeness" just somehow isn't enough. I have come to know and expect more from myself and my fellow men. I encourage you to break with the ways of the past and seek more of yourself. The answers lie within, but you must be open and honest to find them.

While women are taking steps to learn from each other and to network among themselves what are men doing to learn? It is regrettable that women feel that they cannot include men in their groups and have a real dialogue on the issues. It is even more regrettable that men are only reacting against it rather than responding to the real issues.

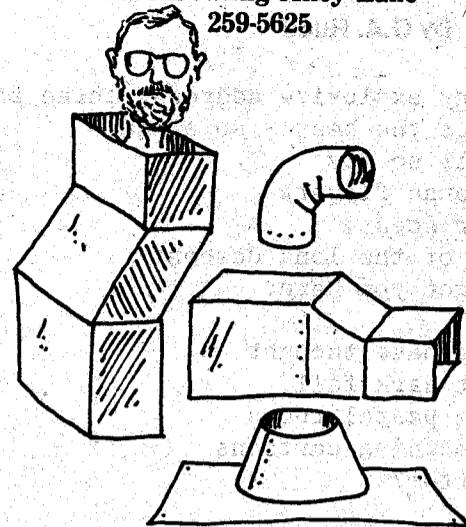
Your article only provides an affirmation of all our feelings of discontent. What is needed is a dialogue - an honest airing of the issues. You have a unique role as an editor of a newspaper, a challenge to do something different than the old worn "give us a break" response. You did hit it on the head when you pointed out that women want us to be "open, sensitive, and trusting." But, to do that one really has to be "awesome." You have taken a great step with the SDG to rise above mediocrity. Now try it with human relations. The SDG is a perfect forum.

Sincerely,
Rod
Wisconsin Millar

P.S. Here is my subscription for another year of future dialogues and explorations of human nature.

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Dear Robert or Jim:

Please start my subscription immediately ... enjoyed immensely your free trial issue, especially your article on tamarisk control in Arches.

Stephen Taylor
Page, AZ

Dear Stinkers:

It's almost that time of the year again, the season between ice and dust when I first saw Moab and discovered the SDG. I still believe that the rocks are alive, and the sky and the water too, so here's my \$9.00 to re-up.

By the way, to introduce a note of calm rationality into the current debate on the qualities of the women in your fair city: If nature abhors a vacuum, why doesn't Bloato's head implode?

Your humble and obedient servant,
George Day
Meadville, PA

Why I Oppose Votes for Men

1. Because man's place is in the army.
2. Because no really manly man wants to settle any question otherwise than by fighting about it.
3. Because if men should adopt peaceable methods, women will no longer look up to them.
4. Because men will lose their charm if they step out of their natural sphere and interest themselves in other matters than feats of arms, uniforms and drums.
5. Because men are too emotional to vote. Their conduct at baseball games and political conventions shows this, while their innate tendency to appeal to force renders them particularly unfit for the task of government.

Alice Duer Miller
1915

Dear "Stinking":

"Not since I chortled my way through that first virgin acquaintance with Mad magazine 30 years ago have I experienced the same rejuvenating sadistic glee as when turning the immortal leaves of the first Stinking Desert Gazette that came this way just one year ago. What an inspiring comfort, to know that someone, at last, has retrieved the Lost Ark of Great Literature from the bottom of the East River, whence the gods of New York City consigned it, to a generation of mediocrity past. When you reach your third anniversary - oh please! - kindly consider enshrining a complete set of back issues in a time capsule, so that future generations will remember us as something besides the bleak century that all but gagged on its own glitzy pulp and toxic waste.

"Fraternally,

"Doug Anderson
"Denver

"P.S. If you ever, ever, decide to take the word Stinking off your masthead, or make it even one teeny-weency point size smaller than you recently have, I will personally file a petition with the Muses of Satire to send your entire staff to the same tenement in hell that is already infested with or reserved for members of the FCC and the BLM."

(Ed. Note: Doug, Editor of the Bread & Butter Press, is our new Foreign Correspondent. His modest compliments prove he is a man of high journalistic caliber.

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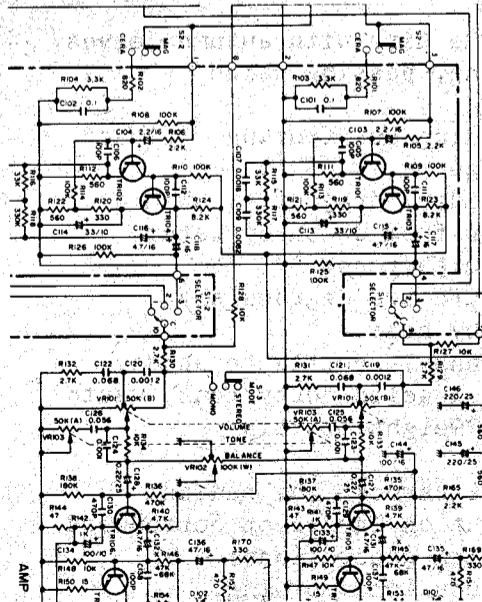
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STARSCAM

Your
Horoscope
by

**Rama Lama
Ding Dong**

PISCES
(Feb. 20 to Mar. 21)

Most of the world's greatest artists, musicians, actors and writers are Pisceans. You, however, skew the statistics. Don't worry about it. You are not completely useless - you can always serve as a bad example.

Don't trust anyone on the 22nd. In fact, you tend to be altogether too gullible. Did you really believe that Ed McMahon was going to call and give you \$10,000,000? (If the answer to this question is yes, call Rama Lama: she has a bridge she would like to sell you.)

You have a tendency to be living proof that ignorance is a renewable resource. Since this is a political year, no one will notice. Actually, you can slide through most of this year without anyone noticing. Indulge the indolent side of your nature. Pursue piscatory pleasures. Don't get hooked.

ARIES: Jupiter enters your Money House. Unfortunately, he makes a withdrawal.

TAURUS: Have you ever considered making friends with a frog?

GEMINI: The solar eclipse of the 17th leads you into indiscretions. Have fun.

CANCER: After the 8th, people will make extravagant promises to you. You believe they are sincere.

LEO: The 12th is a good day for castrating farm animals. Stay in the house.

VIRGO: The tulips are coming up. So are you.

LIBRA: People will try to confuse you this month.

SCORPIO: You will astonish yourself anytime after the 14th.

SAGITTARIUS: Fortunately, you have a good sense of humor about sex.

CAPRICORN: You suddenly discover that you are afraid of hard work.

AQUARIUS: Your intellectual nature leads you to answer life's profound questions (like, how much wood would a woodchuck chuck?).

MOTHER LOBE GIFTS



We Are Proud To Announce
**Digger and His Souvenir
Balloons**
are coming to Moab

Baba Rebop

Dear Ms. Ding Dong:

I have cast your horror-scope, despite your refusal to inform me of your birth date or place of birth, in the interests of fairness to all Gazette readers.

You were born on a really rotten day (probability - 93% plus or minus 6)

Your birthstone is mud.

Your lucky number is 42639018. Look for it everywhere.

Tendencies: You are often assaulted by vicious spaniels who are jealous of your large ears. You sometimes, (not often, but sometimes) get into fights with others for the affections of short, ugly men who drink too much beer. You get paper cuts and chapped lips a lot.

Financial future: Your patent application on stomach gas will be denied. Trim your spending. On the bright side, your last 9 trips to the beauty salon are deductible as a total loss.

Love life: A slimy thing known to the police as Mad Dog Kretzberger will brutalize and degrade you, much to your delight. Lay in a supply of aspirin and merthiolate.

Professional life: When the SDG shifts to a 3-D holographic format, you will be unable to cope with their request to turn your column into a dodecahedron and you will be fired. You will be hired by a stable-cleaning firm to haul horse manure, a substantial job you can really get your teeth into (so to speak).

Thank you for your offer to share in my leisure activities. By the way, what is the Locust Perversion?

Please pay the enclosed bill within 30 days. I'm afraid you don't have much longer than that. Enjoy.

Baba Rebop

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