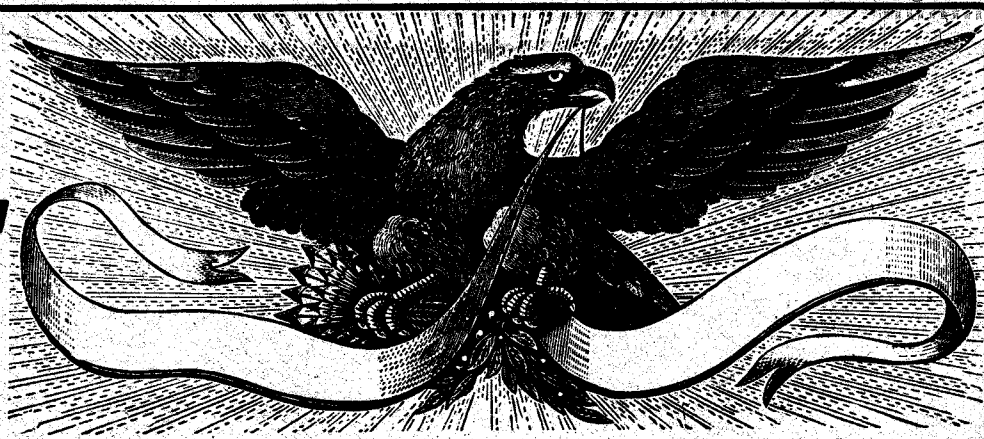


# The Stinking Desert GAZETTE

"Serving SE Utah Since 1986"



Moab, Utah

Vol. 2 35¢ No. 11

June, 1988

## Moab Opera

World famous composer Antonio Frivolitti has announced his latest work-in-progress, an opera about Moab!

Entitled, The Town That Killed Itself, the new work will closely follow poet John Milton's epic, Paradise Lost, in which an innocent mankind is led into evil by a glib Devil.

Previous masterworks that made Frivolitti's reputation include the operas Iphigenia In Fort Worth, Daryl And The Barbarians, and his gently whimsical The Kitchen Symphony (nicknamed The Four Seasonings).

The maestro also has an unbroken string of popular hits, like the long-running Broadway play, Me And Muscatel, and his best-selling ballads "Mom's Third Husband Was Not A Nice Man" and "Charleton Heston's Pet Gerbil Made A Break For Freedom Last Night".

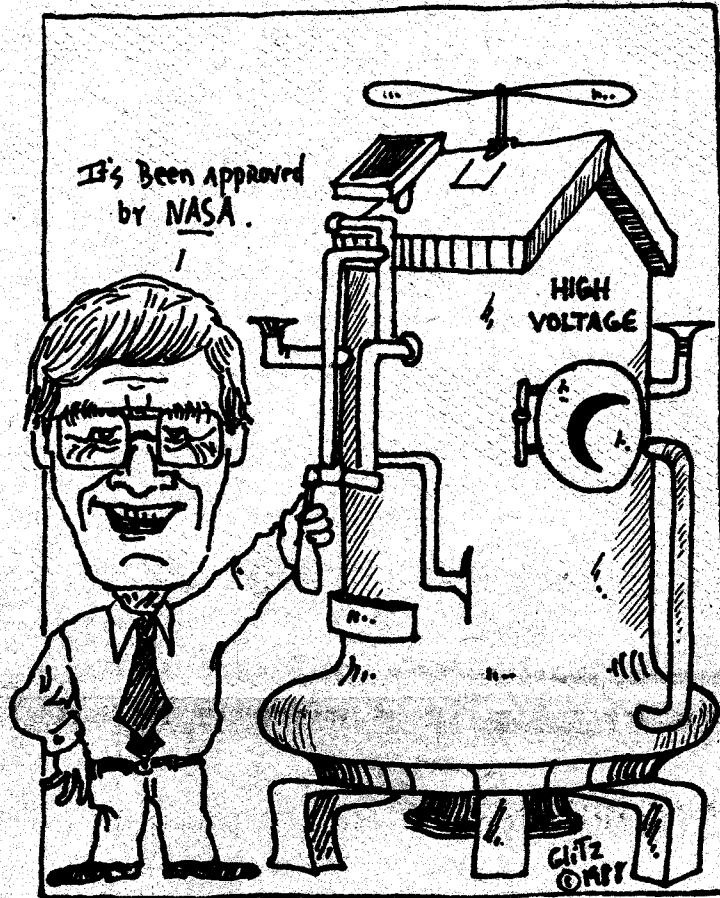
Frivolitti has promised to conduct the premier performance of the opera on the ruins of Moab if a small area can be successfully decontaminated of toxic waste. Proceeds will benefit the Grand County Memorial To Folly Fund.

## Bindweed Festival This Month

Moabites are gearing up for the gala First Annual Bindweed Festival scheduled for the second week in June. Many exciting events are planned to celebrate this newly-inaugurated holiday.

Following in the footsteps of the World's Most Scenic Dump Contest, the festival

## The Mayor's Hi-Tech Crapper



promises to be our most popular annual event, stated festival promoter Rotunda Wonderbuns.

"Many people were skeptical about the radical idea of celebrating something most communities would tend to downplay, like the town dump," chuckled Wonderbuns.

"When the Dump contest turned out to be a huge success, we decided to promote the most disagreeable aspect of life in Moab," said Ms. Wonderbuns. "We polled area residents to find out what they thought was the most undesirable feature of Moab life."

As it turned out, bindweed, that pestiferous vine that has broken the green thumb of many a local gardener, came in first, ahead of gnats, cracked cuticles, dust storms, goatheads, vengeful gossip and painfully dry nostrils.

The festivities will get

underway with a Saturday morning parade down Main Street. Leading that parade will be the Grand County Red Devil Pep Squad, clad in tiny bikinis made entirely of bindweed. It is expected, however, that by the time these ladies reach the end of the parade route they will be covered from head to toe with a shaggy coat of the vigorous vine.

Other events include: A seminar on bindweed control entitled, "Forget the land, save your home!", and a dance on Saturday night to be held in a notorious bindweed patch in Poverty Flats, where rescue crews will be standing by to assist any slow dancers who become ensnared in the stuff.

## Bottomless Croquet?

Moab Police have concluded their 10 month investigation into reports of an illegal

bottomless croquet game that allegedly took place last August in nearby Spanish Valley. After weighing all the evidence it was decided that there was insufficient "hard" evidence to proceed with prosecution in the matter.

Although details are sketchy, rumor has it that the suspected XXX coquet game took place at the home of Philmore Banks, publisher of the Stinking Desert Gazette. From the beginning, however, Banks has steadfastly denied all charges.

"Bottomless croquet, indeed," snorted Banks. "I don't know where they get this stuff."

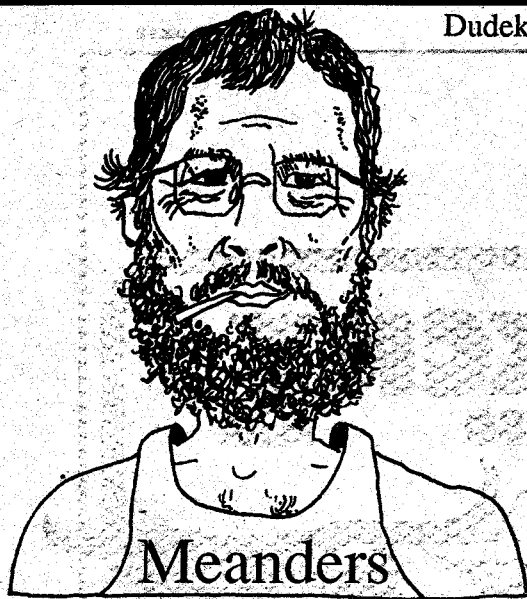
"Anyone who was there can testify to the fact that everyone's bottom was secure and readily apparent to even the most casual observer," declared Banks.

## Cottontails Return

It's that season again, when local wildlife observers gather on the cliffs overlooking the pools near the power dam to watch the spring courting ritual of the rare Mammoth Roundheaded Cottontail.

This endangered species, threatened with extinction in the face of encroaching civilization, still returns to the pools in Mill Creek every year in June, in ever decreasing numbers. Experts fear that the very presence of spectators inhibits the mating performance of these unusual animals, resulting in fewer offspring and a declining population.

Local residents are urged to avoid these pools for the remainder of the summer in the hopes that this species can once again reestablish itself in this area in sufficient numbers to assure their survival.



Dudek

said that there would be some kind of industrial enterprise there in Cisco and we didn't need to worry what kind since everybody knows that when you get an industry to locate in your area, you automatically get enough money to provide all of the mandatory county services and protections plus any unique requirements that would go along with very unique installations. Whether it's automatic or not, (depending on the type of industry), reasonable people might disagree.

However, our county officials have a blind faith in that idea, and are willing to buy a pig in a poke. One can only speculate that they are getting pressure from certain quarters to involve the government in the business of luring industry, any kind of industry, even those not permitted by most communities in this country due to weighty negative impacts. Either that, or they stand to gain personally from the development somehow. Since none of them have declared a conflict of interest in the matter, we have to assume that they have no family or business partnerships with interests in the area, and that personal gains will result strictly from increased economic activity in the county.

Whatever their reasons, they are willing to embrace these potentially disastrous installations, blithely trusting in luck and oversimplified economic axioms.

As to the method and legality of the land sale, they claimed that the County Attorney, Elaine Coates, had repeatedly assured them that she saw nothing illegal in what they'd done.

There were a few unruly outbursts. Perhaps the most riveting moment of the evening occurred when the gent who insisted that nobody had the right to tell a man what he could do on his own property characterized the opponents of the incinerator as being against all industry in general.

The hassle over the toxic waste incinerator continues unabated. The main event for last month had to be the May 17th "public hearing" over the Industrial Zoning OK for CoWest properties in Cisco. The commissioners decided to rezone Dean Norris's land I-2 for other industries, in the event that county voters reject the toxic waste incinerator plan this fall.

Some very pertinent questions were raised but were dismissed by the commissioners as impertinent. Like: Why are the commissioners willing to grant a change in zoning from Grazing to Industrial without an inkling of what kind of industry will be built, when a similar change elsewhere in the county requires the specific usage to be spelled out in detail? How can such a zoning change be permitted without knowing what the county liabilities regarding services for the unknown industry will be? Why is the promise to withhold action on the industrial zoning pending the November Referendum being broken? How can county land, which belongs to all the people of the county, be sold to a developer without the state-mandated, written procedure?

Perhaps the most interesting question was heard in the corridor outside the council chambers: Does this zoning change permit CoWest to begin storing toxic materials on site pending a favorable outcome this fall? Apparently many toxic poisons are petroleum distillates which can be stored in I-2 Zoned areas.

One fellow stood up to state that, by God, the man had bought and paid for the property up there in Cisco and it wasn't anybody's business what he put there! It was his land and he was free to do whatever he saw fit to do with it!

Balderdash! If that notion was true there'd be no such thing as zoning. Furthermore, after more than a year the Grand County Recorder's Office still has not recorded the transfer of title. Whose land was rezoned? Why hasn't the deed been recorded?

But the commissioners see such questions as nothing more than the monkey wrench tactics of a meddlesome group of obstructionists, as evidenced by the frequent upward roll of their eyes as if to say: What a dumb question. Can't you come up with something relevant to this discussion? They

## The Stinking Desert Gazette

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Moab, UT 84532

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Hmmmmmm. I've thought about that moment several times since the hearing and although the broad accusation was not accurate in any specific sense he had struck a jarring note, a rude and dischordant counterpoint.

We've heard it many times before, but it always comes as a surprise. The gross generalization is intended to discredit those who see the value in the ongoing debate over what kinds of industries make good neighbors, and really add to the quality of life.

Although there are some who oppose the incinerator as industry in general in much the same way that there are proponents who would welcome any kind of industry regardless of the consequences, the vast majority of us can appreciate the value of industrial enterprise to an economically-pressed community.

What we do not want is to be railroaded into developments that could prove to be a detriment to the long-term economic picture. But at this meeting, like all those before it, the tracks were already laid and the outcome a certainty.

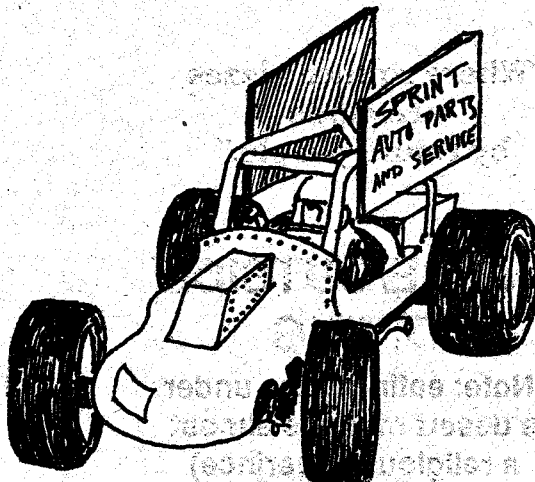
The zoning change was approved.

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## Notes from the Risky Road Expedition Diary

by Steamboat Willie

MAY/1976 - Rob Rossana and I have just put in four rafts up at Sand Wash for a five day Green River trip. It's nearly two hundred miles back to Moab and this damn Jeep is acting up again! There's always something wrong with it! Most companies use reliable Suburbans. We've got this bastard Scout 4-wheel drive! It's forty miles to the nearest phone and we are already two hours late.

Checking under the hood, Rob informs me that the accelerator pedal cable has snapped. Great! No wonder we weren't going anywhere when we stomped on the gas. Rob's into pyramid power these days and actually carries around with him a translucent pyramid! He places the object on the broken cable and tells me that when the sun reaches the proper angle, the powers of the great pyramid will 'heal' the cable! We watch this stupid pyramid for two hours.

Rob finally admits that the sun never reached the right angle, or maybe the powers of the great pyramid didn't want to be bothered with such mortal things as auto-mechanics. In any event, we're stuck here and it's getting dark. We need to get this vehicle back because it has to make a run to Hite in the morning.


Rob has an idea again. He gets out a long piece of string from his ammo can and ties one end of it to the carburetor. He then runs the rest of the string under the hood and pops it out near the side window of the Jeep on the drivers side. He then ties down the hood so there is a two inch gap for the string to be left free. He gets into the Scout, starts her up, puts her into gear, pulls on the string ... and the old Scout starts lumbering down the jeep road. It works! And that is how we drove all the way back to Moab that night, Rob pulling that piece of string for gas!

Rob was excited about his new invention! He wondered if he could get it patented for amputees. I don't recall whatever happened to that idea .... Anyway, late that night, we finally limp into the river office parking lot, safe and sound. Tim comes running out waving his hands. He thinks we must have been in some kind of accident and he's asking us a million questions as we are trying to back the Scout and trailer into it's slot. We've almost got the rig backed up next to the shed when Tim notices that piece of string hanging out from under the hood.

"HEY! WHAT'S THIS?" (pause ...)  
"TIM!!! DON'T PULL THAT STRING!!!"  
(pause ...) oh my god .....

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MY WIFE MAKES  
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# A BRIEF ENCOUNTER WITH "BOB" REDFORD

By Jim Stiles

I have always been afraid of famous people. Totally intimidated, and I really don't know why. After all, as the cliché goes, these celebrities put their pants on one leg at a time, just like the rest of us. Most of them don't deserve the celestial status they receive anyway. Still, the sight of a famous person somehow turns me into a stupid, blabbering moron.

My first brush with famous people came when I was just a babe in my mother's arms. Presidential candidate Dwight Eisenhower and his lovely wife Mamie came to Louisville on his specially equipped "Victory Special" train. They arrived in the late afternoon to a throng of admirers and supporters. My mother had positioned herself just below the train's rear platform, with her darling little Jimbo cuddled and snuggled in her arms. Ike and Mamie looked down at this cute little fellow. They stepped onto the tracks and Mamie put her hand under my chin, Ike beaming by her side.

"What's your name, little boy?" she asked in goo goo talk. According to legend, I looked up at Mrs. Eisenhower, crossed my eyes, replied, "Boing", and then spit up on her dress.

Mamie hurriedly withdrew her hand, as if she'd just learned I was a leper. She and the candidate made a hasty retreat to the platform, Mamie dabbing at her befouled blouse with a pink hanky as she fled. Ike won the election anyway, in spite of the spit up episode at Union Station.

Twenty years later, I had a chance to redeem myself. I was an adult now, mature, wise, self-confident. No doubt, if I ever came face to face with a celebrity again, I'd be the totally in control kind of guy that I really was. That golden opportunity came one afternoon in, of all places, Hanksville, Utah. I never thought of Hanksville as a Mecca for the stars, but on that fateful day I was sitting in Jim 'n' Elle's Cafe trying to eat a

hot fudge sundae and dripping most of it down the front of my shirt, when ... this guy walks in. I remember it clearly. He wasn't that tall, but he was lanky and the way he carried himself made him seem bigger than he really was. He wore a battered straw cowboy hat, a scarlet western-style, snap front shirt, faded Levis and gaudy, pointy-toed Justin boots. He walked, no ... swaggered up to the



waitress behind the counter to ask a question.

I gazed at this stranger across the room; there was something familiar about him. I know this guy, I thought. I squinted, and could practically imagine that if he shaved off that week's worth of stubble and stood him up on Hollywood Boulevard, he'd be a ringer for Robert Redford. But what would Redford be doing in Hanksville, Utah? Impossible, I concluded.

The stranger turned and walked away from the counter. The waitress clutched her breast, her eyes rolled back in her sockets, she collapsed against the wall and slid slowly down below the counter. My God, I thought, It is Robert Redford right here in Wayne County. I headed out the door and saw him walk around the corner to a pay phone, no doubt calling his agent, or closing another multi-million dollar deal. His entourage, a group of about ten or so go-fers, were scurrying around him like a swarm of ants. "What can I get you, Bob?" "Beautiful, Bob", "Whatever you say, Bob." Bob looked bored.

He hung up the phone and headed in my direction. I was checking the oil on my old VW bus, and he was about to pass directly behind me ... within inches. Robert Redford. This is an opportunity that I can't let pass, I concluded. I had to say something. At the time, the proposed Kaiparowits power plant was making national news, and Redford was actively opposing its construction. Of course, I thought, I'll discuss Kaiparowits with him. A natural subject to break the ice.

He passed behind me and had walked several steps beyond my car. "Excuse me," I said. "But aren't you Robert Redford?"

Suddenly, he spun around on the heels of his pointy-toed boots and faced me directly. He flashed that remarkable Hollywood smile (My God, I thought, he has straight white teeth). His blue eyes twinkled in the October

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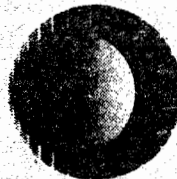
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sun; he crouched just slightly as he turned and replied, "I sure am."

I froze. Suddenly I felt very short. I shifted my weight from foot to foot. He continued to stare ... and smile. I looked at the bricks on the building and down at the ground, across the highway to the Poor Boy Motel and back to Redford. He was still staring, still smiling. I shoved my hands in my pockets, looked at my feet and took a deep breath ....

"Next to the Wizard of Oz," I blurted, "Jeremiah Johnson is my favorite movie."

There was an uncomfortable silence. A long pause. Redford was still staring at me but his smile had faded. He seemed to be thinking, yes even Hanksville, Utah has its share of geeks. I wanted him to walk away and leave me in my misery, but he just stood there. He apparently took an interest in my dog. Muckluk, maybe the coolest dog that ever lived, walked toward Redford, no doubt looking for a handout (the animal was an absolute glutton). He looked down at Muck and said, "Nice dog," and bent over to pet her. But before his hand could hit the fur, my dog looked up at those blue eyes and capped teeth, and with an arrogant look of absolute disdain, sauntered slowly away. At least my dog has a little class, but for days after the encounter, I sensed she was embarrassed to be seen in my presence.

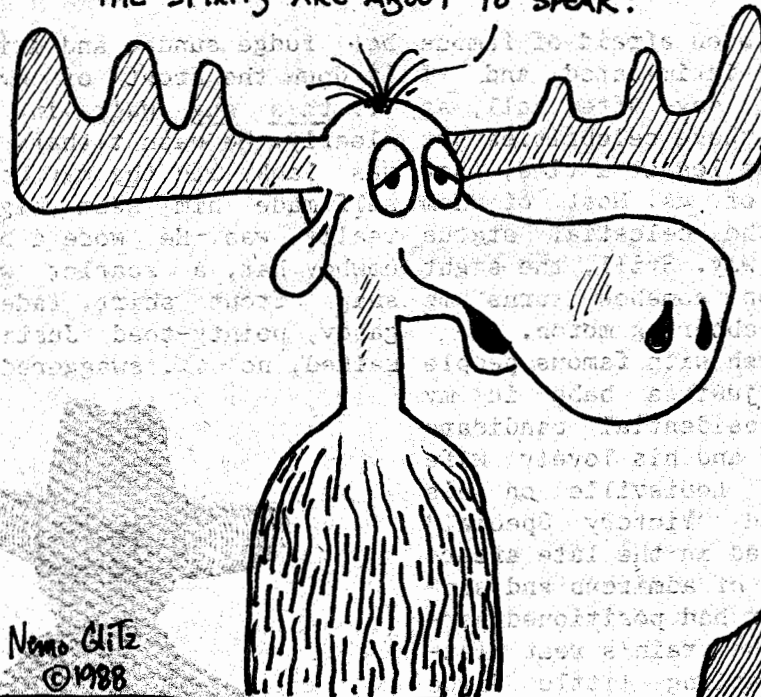
Redford, now empty-handed and ready to go, turned and walked away. He climbed into a big Chevy Suburban with his entourage and drove South towards Lake Powell. But as the vehicle vanished down the highway, I couldn't help but wonder; now that we've met would he mind if I called him Bob?

## Reagan's Astrologer

by Nemo Glitz

EENIE WEENIE, JELLY BEANIE,  
THE SPIRITS ARE ABOUT TO SPEAK!

Well.. uh...  
ARE they  
friendly spirits?



TO ALL MY PALS  
IN SKAGPATCH

"3.2 beer really  
ain't that bad."

Have a good summer

Love,  
Cooney

## ART BY JOHN HAGNER

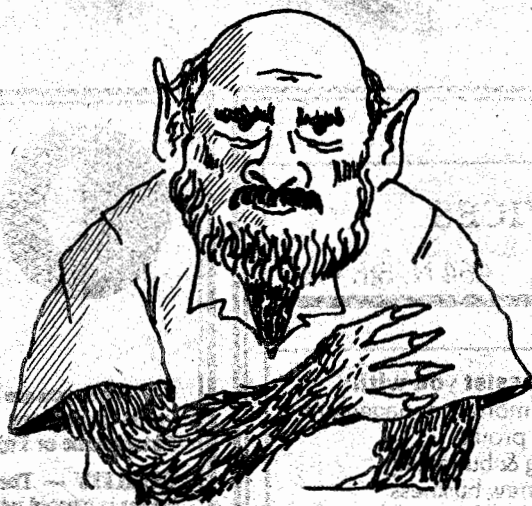


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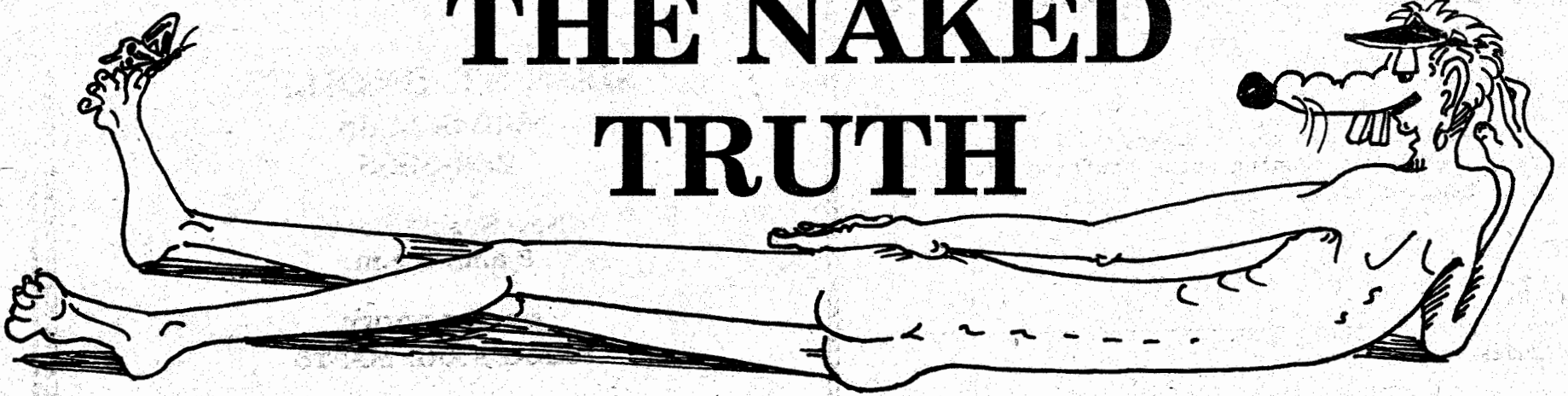
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# THE NAKED TRUTH



## HIGHWAY PATROL HIJINX

What is going on out there on I-70? The Highway Patrol seems to be growing desperate to find any reason to stop and detain a vehicle, no doubt in search of drugs and another vehicle forfeiture.

But an incident a few weeks ago is beyond being absurd. A visitor from S.L.C. was returning home after visiting friends in Moab. Heading west from Crescent Jct, he passed a Highway Patrol cruiser heading east. The patrol car made a sudden U-turn and chased down the driver. He was stopped for failing to install his front license plate, ... fair enough. The officer took his license and registration, went back to his cruiser and ran the I.D. through the computer. Ten minutes later, he came back with a warning ticket. But there was a problem -- he advised the driver that he was going to keep the drivers license. The man was flabbergasted and demanded an explanation. Finally, the officer replied, "I don't like the looks of the lamination?"

Say what? The victim was furious; he demanded the officer's badge number and name, and ultimately got his license back. The officer started to leave and the driver reminded him that he had failed to return the registration. The officer insisted he had returned it ... No, he hadn't. The officer returned to his cruiser, and returned with the registration.

We can all sleep better at night, knowing the Highway Patrol is checking the lamination on those licenses. In this case, we believe the officer in question has been eating too many prairie dogs.

## WHERE GOATHEADS CAME FROM

I discovered my first patch of 1988 goatheads this week. Those nasty little horned buggers with their deceptive little yellow flowers make my life miserable. And my dog hates them. Sam Taylor hates them. They're like Nazis of the weed world. Only perverts like them.

But where did they come from? Despite popular belief, they did not come straight from the horrid depths of Hades. But almost ... they came from Texas. According to lifetime resident Carol Hines, Moab was goat-head free until around the late '20's. It was then that a circus from Texas came to Moab and set up its tents in a vacant lot where the Middle School now stands. Apparently the hay for the animals was laced with the horned monster seeds; after their departure, the goatheads began to spread. The rest is history.



## DEAN'S TWIN

On May 4, Grand County residents were supposed to have the opportunity to hear from Lee Torrens, the President of Catalyst Waste, Inc. and Dean Norris's/Co-West's partner in the Cisco toxic waste incinerator project. But no public notice was given by the Grand County Commissioners -- every effort, in fact, was made to depublishize Mr. Torrens's visit.

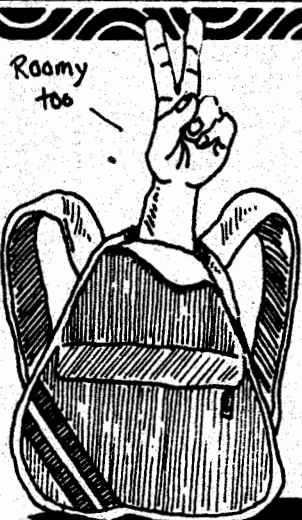
Fortunately, his presence was leaked and word of mouth communication resulted in a group of 30 citizens who came to hear Mr. Torrens provide information and answer questions ...

That's why we came, but it is not what we received. No one ever dreamed that anyone could be as rude, as arrogant, or treat the residents of Moab with the contempt that Dean Norris has consistently displayed. But Lee Torrens proved every bit as pompous as his partner.

Mr. Torrens sat with his feet propped up on the glass top conference table for most of the 2 hour meeting. He expressed the hope that the audience would not become "hysterical," but as one legitimate question after another was asked, it was Mr. Torrens, whose voice began to rise and temper began to flare.

When John Groo advised Torrens that his own report to stockholders had failed to mention nearby critical Golden Eagle nesting habitats, a national park and a national monument, he shrugged and said, "Maybe we should have done more research." How much research besides a road map does it

Roomy too



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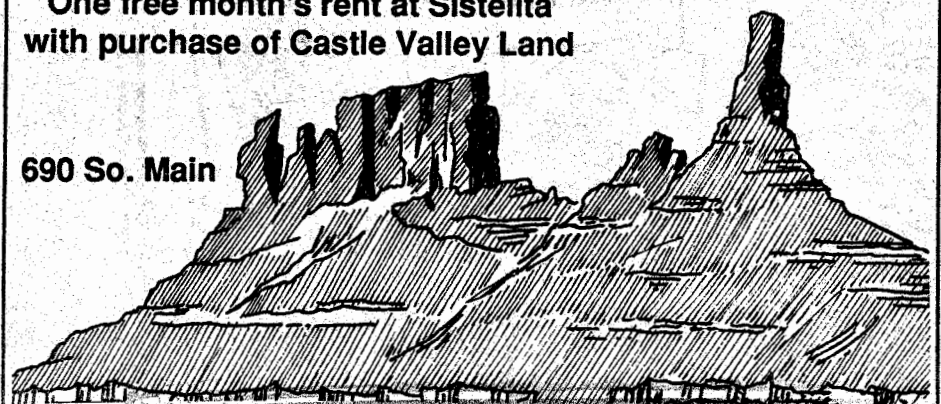
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# SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

the death of Michael Barrie

By Jim Stiles

take: "A lot," he replied.

When Carl Rappe advised Torrens that a large packet of information had been sent to him which documented questions and concerns about the incinerator, Mr. Torrens sneered, "Good for you ... Go to the head of the class."

Each time citizens presented concerns or information, Mr. Torrens had two stock replies ... "Whatever" or "I don't want to debate the issue."

Almost embarrassing was his demeanor when Joe Kingsley tried to document the real estate losses he had incurred due to the threat of an incinerator. As Kingsley itemized each case, Torrens slouched in his chair with his feet on the table. He picked his nose, yawned, looked at the clock six times, took off his glasses, rubbed his eyes, and chewed his fingernails, briefly once even showing Mr. Kingsley the courtesy to look him in the eye.

I have never in my life seen anyone who so badly needed to impress a community with their good intentions behave so rudely, so thoughtlessly, to the point of being vulgar and repulsive. If these people run an incinerator with the same contempt that they treat human beings, we are in serious, serious, trouble.

To be honest, I am tired of writing about the County Attorney. It would be a welcome relief to see one month pass without new, nagging questions about the competency and judgement of Elaine Coates. But the latest revelation, involving the brutal death of 3 year old Michael Barrie on December 16, 1986, once again requires an examination of the facts and statements made by the County Attorney.

Michael Barrie died suddenly while in the company of Steven Ray Allen, the companion of Deborah Barrie. While Ms. Barrie was shopping at a local store, the boy according to Mr. Allen stopped breathing. The little boy was pronounced dead by Dr. Robert Murray, and although an autopsy was requested, permission was denied by the mother.

Within hours, Allen and Ms. Barrie left Moab with the body of Michael Barrie for funeral services in Idaho. The police did not become aware of the death until the following day. Then County Attorney William Bengé attempted to stop the vehicle; Bountiful police made contact with the couple and requested that the Utah Medical Examiner be allowed to determine a more specific cause of death. But again the request was refused. Michael Barrie was buried several days later in Ririe, Idaho.

But by late January, 1987, Deborah Barrie had begun to have doubts of her own regarding the cause of her son's death. She contacted the Moab Police department and urged them to consider the possibility of foul play. On February 10, the new County Attorney Elaine Matthews (now Coates) was briefed on the case, and advised the police to continue their investigation. On May 13, the Moab Police, working in conjunction with Idaho authorities, requested an exhumation and autopsy. The results were appalling.

Michael Barrie had sustained 11 broken ribs, bruises to his right and left temple and the back of his head, as well as bruises, abrasions and lesions to his face and body. The autopsy report was reviewed by Utah Medical Examiner Sweeney. He concluded on June 9, 1987: "Except for his injuries, Michael Barrie appeared to be a healthy and normal child with no reason to die."

On four occasions in 1987, Deborah Barrie contacted the County Attorney, pleading for Grand County to take action against Allen, who by now had left Barrie and disappeared. But on November 25, the police file records show "County Attorney lacks probable cause to pursue prosecution," and the police department was forced to suspend its investigation.

Finally, Ms. Barrie retained the services of an attorney, Myrna South,

who on December 8, 1987, notified the Moab Police Department that her client was considering legal action in the death of Ms. Barrie's son. Complete copies of the case file were sent to attorney South. It was Ms. Barrie's attorney, not the Grand County Attorney, who finally contacted the State Attorney General's office. Mrs. Coates was recently quoted as saying, "At the time we asked for help from the Attorney General's office, all we had were unsubstantiated allegations and the autopsy report." This statement is misleading and suggests that her office initiated the contact with the A.G. In fact, according to Michael Hines of the Attorney General's office, their first knowledge of the case did indeed come from Ms. South. She presented the case file, composed mostly of evidence gathered by the Moab P.D. and medical and law enforcement authorities in Idaho. The A.G. office concluded that there was ample evidence to pursue prosecution and notified Mrs. Coates of their intentions. Only then did she request their assistance.

A subsequent visit to Moab by Hines and Assistant Attorney General Robert Parrish led to a meeting with the Grand County Attorney and Moab P.D. Chief Investigator Doug Morck. Finally, on May 10, 1988, a complaint was filed in Seventh Circuit Court of Grand County by Assistant A.G. Parrish, charging Steven Ray Allen with three counts of child abuse, and criminal homicide -- murder in the second degree.

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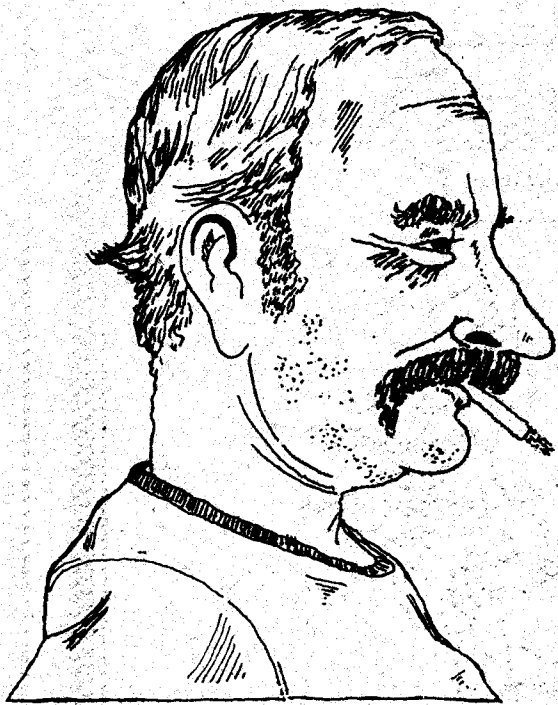
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Izzie Kiddin

## I Spent a Week In Telluride One Night.

WINTER/1975 - I'm singing vocals with a group of crazies who call themselves "APATHY". The leader, long-haired Guitar Dan is inspired by Zappa and an assortment of oddly colored capsules and pills he keeps in an old Prince Albert tobacco can. We've been performing our rather off the wall material for the past week in a dingy bar called The Drift, the first bar on the right as you enter this mad town called Telluride. It is the last night of our week long stint here and we're anxious to get paid.

A black dude we simply call "Black John" shares the vocals with me. I sing all the soul songs and he sings stuff like "Mr. Bojangles" and other assorted ethnic folk tunes. The remainder of the band is your typical bash and crash guitar and drum riot squad. All in all, it's a very unique experiment in theatre, satire and stereotypical stances and nuances, all orchestrated by pill-popping Guitar Dan. Pete's on bass, John on rhythm and Todd bangs the drum.

The owner of the bar is named "Evo." A sinister looking dude, kind of a cross between your violin case carrying hood and Italian medicine show hustler. Our verbal agreement with him was 500 bucks for the week plus drinks on the house. As we drink like prohibition is about to descend on us at the stroke of midnight, we always include this clause in our agreement. Evo is telling us now that we have a bar tab of \$420.00!!! We are outraged!

"Oh come on now boys. I never made any such agreement. Hell, you want the club to run into the red for this week? The way I figure it, you got \$80.00 coming to you. Take it or leave it!!!"

We were furious! We had one more set to do. What to do? We sat around and steamed, trying to decide our next course of action. At first we decided that we wouldn't play the last set in protest, but then we probably wouldn't get a dime out of old Evo. Besides, the bar was packed and the patrons were already clapping and stomping for us to get back on stage. It was then and there we decided to take the stage -- and give everyone a set to remember!!!!

Black John starts things off with a medley of "Old Black Joe and Camptown Races", exhorting the bewildered crowd to singalong on the DO DAs! His white girlfriend crashes the stage. Her name is Rita and she thinks she is the next Janis Joplin. We never let her sing because she is the most wretched singer we have ever heard! Like a pig in heat. But, tonight's the exception and we let her caterwaul along with John. The crowd doesn't know whether to laugh or boo!

Dan is flailing away on his guitar, periodically bashing it into his stack of Silvertone amps. I'm doing a jig atop the bar's piano. Evo is in the back shaking his fists at us. We're really getting the crowd worked up now! The place is getting unruly. The dancers are starting to heave their empty glasses across the dance floor into the fake fireplace at the other end of the bar! Black John is doing a shimmy with Rita, a rated X version he says he picked up at some bordello in Juarez. A drunk cowboy is puking into someone's mai tai! It's gonzo time at The Drift!!!

The band jerks into a blues riff and I start into a song called "Somethin Evil is Goin On," only I change the word 'evil' into 'EVO', and ad-lib a song to the audience about how we've been ripped off at this establishment. The crowd picks this up and starts to chant: "EVO! EVO! EVO!" Evo is still shaking his fists in the back but he dares not step forward now.

Todd, the drummer, lashes out the intro to Zappa's "Little Jewish Princess." John and I harmonize the offensive lyrics while Rita covorts around onstage like some schlemiel femme fatale! The crowd is going bananas! Evo is shouting at us from the back of the room but his cries are drowned out by the near riotous crowd!

The band goes into a long and decadent instrumental while John and I rush through the bar and steal everyone's drinks off the tables. We get a table of our own up on stage, set up all the drinks and motion for the band to stop. They all head for the table, pick up a drink and stare dumbly out into the crowd who are dumbly watching us. Cattle staring at cattle...

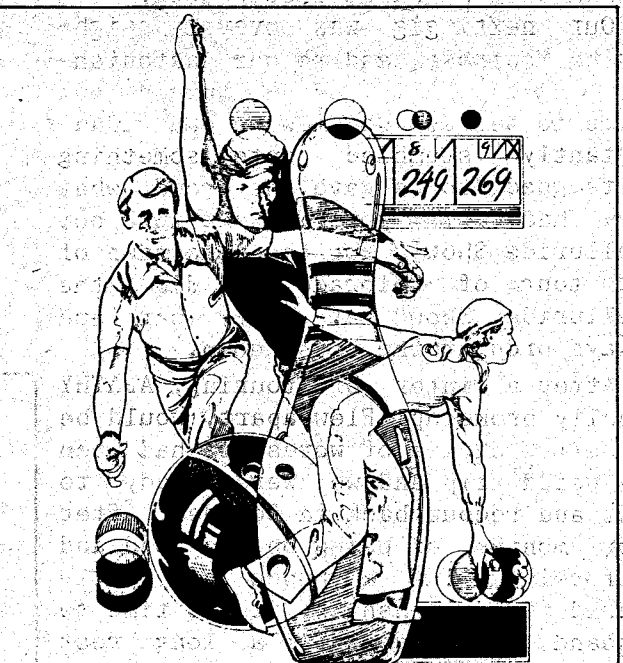
This games goes on for about four minutes until someone in the back starts booing. A few empty glasses are tossed our way. The beasts are getting restless! Someone lights off an M-80. Evo is standing on a table now waving his fists in the air! I point him out to the crowd and start after him! EVO!

EVO! EVO! He retreats to the safety of his office. We see him yelling into the phone as the band slams into "Electric Aunt Jemima."

Rita gets up on the piano and starts to do a striptease. The crowd is shouting her on! A drunk cowboy tries to get onstage with Rita but Guitar Dan kicks him off and he falls on some jock in the audience. They start wrestling on the floor. Rita almost has her top off when she slips and falls into the open top of the piano. There is general pandemonium breaking out on the dance floor now as John steps into the crowd and starts showing everyone how to do "The Hand Jive," another decadent dance he learned somewhere in Cambodia he says.

In between songs, Guitar Dan reaches into his vest for his tobacco tin. It slips from his grasp and an assortment of oddly colored pills and capsules go rolling all over the dance floor. The crowd as a whole drops to their knees in search of the elusive pills. It looks like some Greek orgy! Everyone groping and reeling on the floor after those pills and capsules! The scene is totally out of control now! The band slams into "Panama Red!"

We see the flashing lights and hear the sirens approaching over the roar of noise. In the midst of all this commotion, a mild-mannered dude pops up on stage, grabs the mike and says, "Hi! I'm Dan Peaks from the group AMERICA!" The crowd yells SO WHAT! The drunken cowboy sweeps him off the



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stage and he is beaten rudely about the head and shoulders.

The Sheriff is trying desperately to separate people from the dance floor. He's hollering at us to stop playing! We gesture to him that we can't hear because of all this noise! He starts striding over to the stage but slips on a quaalude and falls down on the jock and the cowboy. This brings on more beatings about the head and shoulders. This -- is chaos!!!!

We are halfway through our TV version of The Green Acres theme song, (DA DA, DA DA DA - GET BIT! DA DA, DA DA DA - EAT SHIT!) when Evo throws the circuit breakers and the bar is suddenly shrouded in complete darkness and silence, save for the flashing squad car lights rotating around the bar room walls like some disco inferno.

For about twenty seconds there is absolute silence. Then, one by one, the applause and laughter starts. A tremendous ovation ensues! It was -- OUR FINEST PERFORMANCE!!

After the place was finally cleared, we told our story to the Sheriff. Evo in turn, told him we had just done about 400 bucks damage to the bar. We stopped and watched Rita slowly climb out of the piano. One of the deputies started to laugh. We finally arrived at an agreement. Evo would pay us 100 bucks and we would be escorted out of Telluride by the Sheriff and promise him we would never return to his quaint little town.

Our next gig was over in neighboring Montrose, and to our astonishment, half of Telluride turned out there to see us! We knew we had inadvertently stumbled onto something quite good, so we gave the crowd what they had come for! We went into our "Telluride Show!" For the remainder of our tour of Colorado, we did the "Telluride Show" at every bar and always brought the house down.

After a winter of touring, APATHY finally broke up. Flew apart, would be a better choice of words. It had been one weird trip and we were ready to rest and recoup back in Boulder. After four months of being on the road and performing like a bunch of pill-crazed wild banshees, it was time to disband, settle down for a long rest and maybe withdraw to 3.2 beer and raiding the McDonalds Hamburger Dumpsters at 2 AM for nourishment.

About a week later, Guitar Dan calls me on the phone. He is shouting at me to turn on channel six! I turn it on and I am accosted by the sights and sounds of a new group who call themselves -THE SEX PISTOLS! Dan is still shouting on the phone while I absorb myself in this new music that they are calling "punk rock."

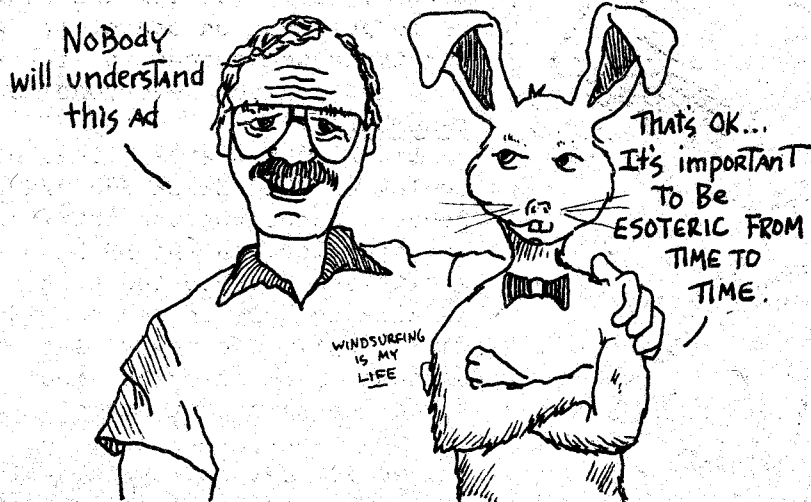
Dan is screaming on the phone: "DON'T YOU SEE??? DON'T YOU SEE WHAT THEY'RE DOING??? THEY'RE DOING OUR TELLURIDE SHOW!!!!"

And that, my friends, is how 'punk' got it's name ....

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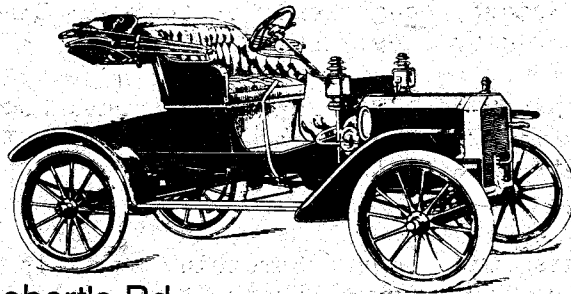
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## DERAILED



Mudpuppy

Slickrock doesn't melt! At least that's what a guy named Raleigh Wheels told me recently while explaining why his company, Ultimate Toys Unlimited (UTU) was moving to Moab. "It's always in season, Man, rock doesn't go away like snow!"

UTU sells Mountain Bikes and Four Wheel Drives in Bigtown, Colorado. The company hopes to branch out into Condominiums and groomed bike trails here in Moab.

Raleigh told me that their new motto was going to be: "U-Too can own a condo and bike in Moab." He said that people who get pissed off at the snow conditions in Vail and Steamboat will be selling out their time shares and moving their investments here by the dozens.

I met this Raleigh guy while checking out a news tip that the Slickrock trailhead badly needed some Porta Johns. He was scoping building sites and commented on my concerns, "We'll go ahead and put in public Restrooms with the fifty unit spread, pool, and bike shop, but I want them located behind the sales office!"

The UTU philosophy appears to be if ski areas losing money can attract buyers of land and condos the Moab Mountainbiking Mecca ought to draw investors faster than rotten beef draws flies.

I asked Raleigh about all the rugged individualistic environmentally minded non-development oriented survivalists living in Moab who would try to shoot down his zoning permits. He said they'd be so happy to have some good clean investment money that permits would be as easy to achieve as grazing land.

Looking out over the cows on the Slickrock Trail, I began to feel some doubts about his optimism, after all, this is redneck country, isn't it?

Maybe if someone designs a Yakima bike rack for horses, or if people start cycling with cowboy or hardhats some of the old timers will get interested.



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The people with the bikes though do have the bucks, in which case UToo would have the right idea in bringing Moab out of its reverie of depression.

On the other hand, maybe someone like the SAG people (Survivalists for Agriculture and Guns) will ultimately fill the economic gap. SAG people are hoping to complete an extensive rock-seeding project by 1990. Rock-seeding involves activating Acid Rain to increase sandstone decomposition and is aimed at putting an end to "all that useless slickrock sandstone."

This year's SAG mottos are: "Plant a Rock Garden" and "SAGwagons are Not for bicycles!"

Meanwhile neither of the two groups are aware of the recent reports of an isolated spot of "slickrock meltdown" that appears to be spreading somewhere out behind the rocks. The rock spot affected seems to have been transformed into a glass like surface that can't be chipped, eroded or even bicycled. It's too slick!

It seems that some of the factions for economic planning need to get together, they might jointly find out that Slickrock neither SAGs nor Melts. Slickrock, in its own lively manner, simply does whatever it wants!

With an ever growing audience of visitors, I'm not surprised that the rocks are finally actively participating in Moab's new growth scene, after all, condos & plowblades can be just as painful as open pit mines!!

## Baba Rebop

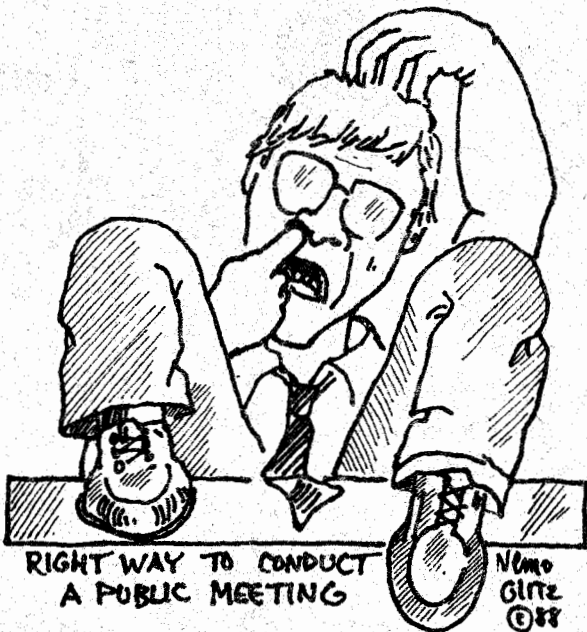
The Baba Rebop is pleased to announce that his copy of The Art of the Deal, by Donald Trump, whom we all admire so much, has been won by Grand Country Attorney Elaine M. Coates, for demonstrating greed and a disregard for equal application of the law. Wouldn't you just know that a lawyer would win? Wouldn't you just know it?

## Incinerator Boss Opens Charm School

by Nemo Glitz



**WRONG WAY TO CONDUCT A PUBLIC MEETING**



**RIGHT WAY TO CONDUCT A PUBLIC MEETING**

Nemo Glitz ©88



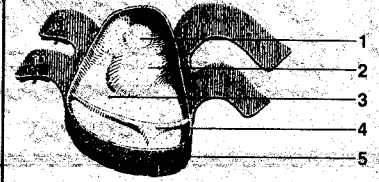


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## Stinking Bovine National Park

by Todd Campbell

In a February letter to High Country News, author Fram Barnes offered strong evidence that points to cattle grazing as a major cause of erosion in canyon country. The 1859 Macomb Expedition, which utilized part of the Old Spanish Trail is "a route that would today be physically impossible for the animals (horses and mules), and extremely difficult even for men on foot" to travel, because of deep, sheerwalled cuts in the alluvium. By dating ranch buildings nearby that were undercut by the same severe erosion, our author was lead to believe that all of the devastation had occurred since the time the ranch was established, for no one would build in such a vulnerable place. The conclusion: "One century of domestic livestock grazing in southeastern Utah has largely destroyed 4,000 years worth of natural soil-building alluviation in the region."

This research is unprecedented. It took the knowledge of a geologist and the passion of an historian to put these observations together. Mr. Barnes has isolated cause and effect like never before. And the implications are scary.

During the same hike in which I first noticed a large shrub growing on the southern side of Delicate Arch, I encountered several cattle grazing the pasturelands immediately north of the arch. They were within a quarter mile of our beloved Park symbol, a free-standing vault of stone that frames and blesses the land to which it is at once so unique. And in light of the aforementioned evidence, too close for comfort.

The travesty of the situation is that while Arches National Park Rangers are issued spendy combat batons, and while the Park's volun-

teers are begrudged their meager alms, Headquarters is besieged by an ever-more topheavy bureaucracy that hamstring its employees such that only a superhuman reserves of energy can forward the truest values of the Park - the preservation of an eco-system for sound recreational use - not merely the perpetuation of Park Service jobs, as so often seems the priority.

There's no sense in appealing to the cows for cooperation. How could they respect our wishes when, after all, we only want them for their bodies?

Why is there no fenceline across Winter Camp Ridge? Why are those pie-faced cattle near Delicate Arch? (Don't tell me they're part of a charter group, either.) When will the Park be able to afford some fencing materials? When entrance fees go up another three dollars? When Delicate Arch is eroded down to a couple of schoolmarm's stumps? When it has to be preserved with liquid plastic, like the tunnels in Zion?

Where the heck are our man landagers?

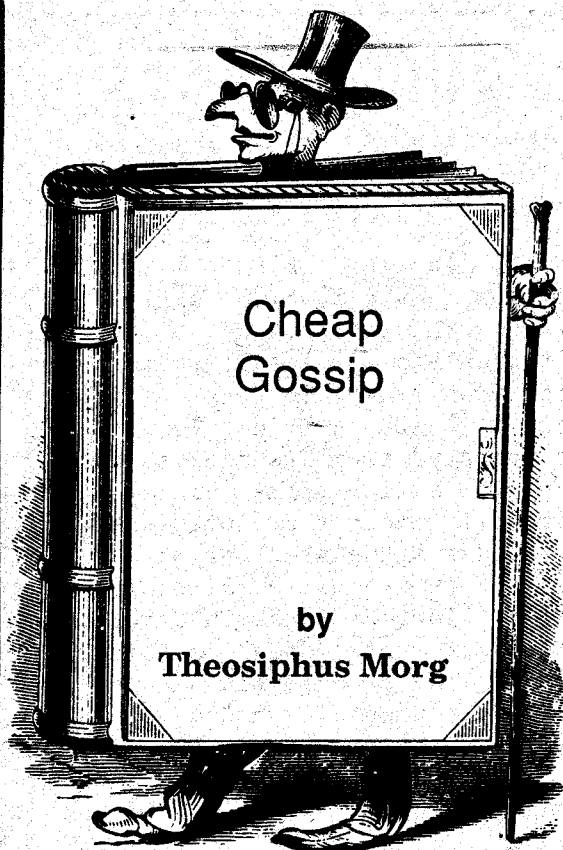
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Persons mentioned in this column are fictitious residents of the fictitious town of Moab. Any resemblance to real persons in a real town of Moab, should there be one, is completely unintended and coincidental.

There's more to life than human dignity and responsible behavior! Justin Paradise, City of Moab Municipal Chandelier Inspector and second cousin of our mayor, recently volunteered to help the Castle Valley Nudist Club Ladies' Art Guild by posing fully clothed. Paradise, a long-time bachelor, says he has nothing to be ashamed of. "Art is my life," he stated, "and I am proud of doing what I can to help make our area a more beautiful place." The ladies of the club seem to have seconded that notion by three separate proposals of marriage and half-a-dozen offers of paid vacations with companionship. Justin reports that he is content with the money the Guild pays him to keep his clothes on and has not accepted any offers yet. The suspense, we hear, is almost unbearable.

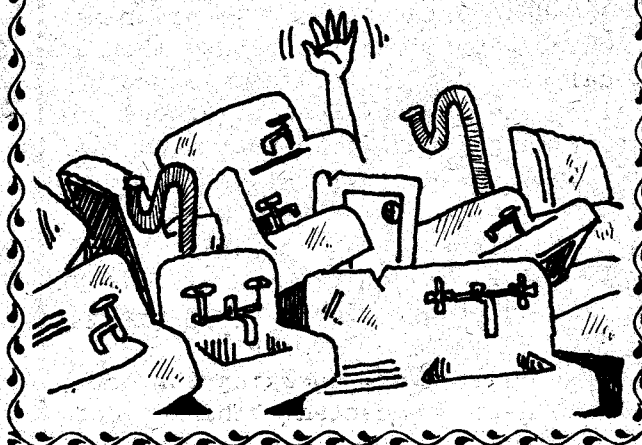
Freebie Gryphon, Chief Dominatrix of Gryphon Watersports, has announced her latest enterprise: the redoubtable Ms. Gryphon is opening a school for potential owners of tour companies. Tentatively titled, "Sweat The Help", the school will offer courses in day-to-day administration of an outdoor adventure company, such as 99 Really Fun Ways To Serve Cheap Generic Bologna, 16 Perfectly Good Reasons The Paychecks Are Late Again, How To Fix A Punctured Tire With Rubber Bands Stolen From The Post Office, Counter-Terrorism Assault Techniques (for angry clients), Why Unpaid Overtime Builds Employee Character and Sexual Promise and Intimidation as Personnel Management Tools. Ms. Gryphon, who dresses extremely well despite operating under Chapter 11 of the Bankruptcy Act, is offering the course primarily to new entrepreneurs, as

"most of the local guys already know that stuff." Appropriately, we add that "gryphon" was the name of a mythical beast whose sole diet was young virgins of either sex. Ms. Gryphon has stated that due to her increased workload, she has no plans to run for political office at this time, nor does she have any plans to marry. Lucky guy.

We are sad to report the arrest and deportation from Grand County of Dodo Patroon, much-beloved proprietress of Moab's "Frou-Frou Lingerie Shoppe". Poor Dodo finally stepped beyond the bounds of the law by overdrawing her account at the Eastern Badlands Sperm Bank for the fifth and final time. County Attorney Actuarial Fleece, in a move unprecedented in her term of office, pressed charges without any pressure from the State Attorney General. In accordance with local custom, all of Dodo's possessions were confiscated and she was ridden out the county on a Sleep-Tite mattress sold to the county for that purpose by Attorney Fleece, who has a large col-


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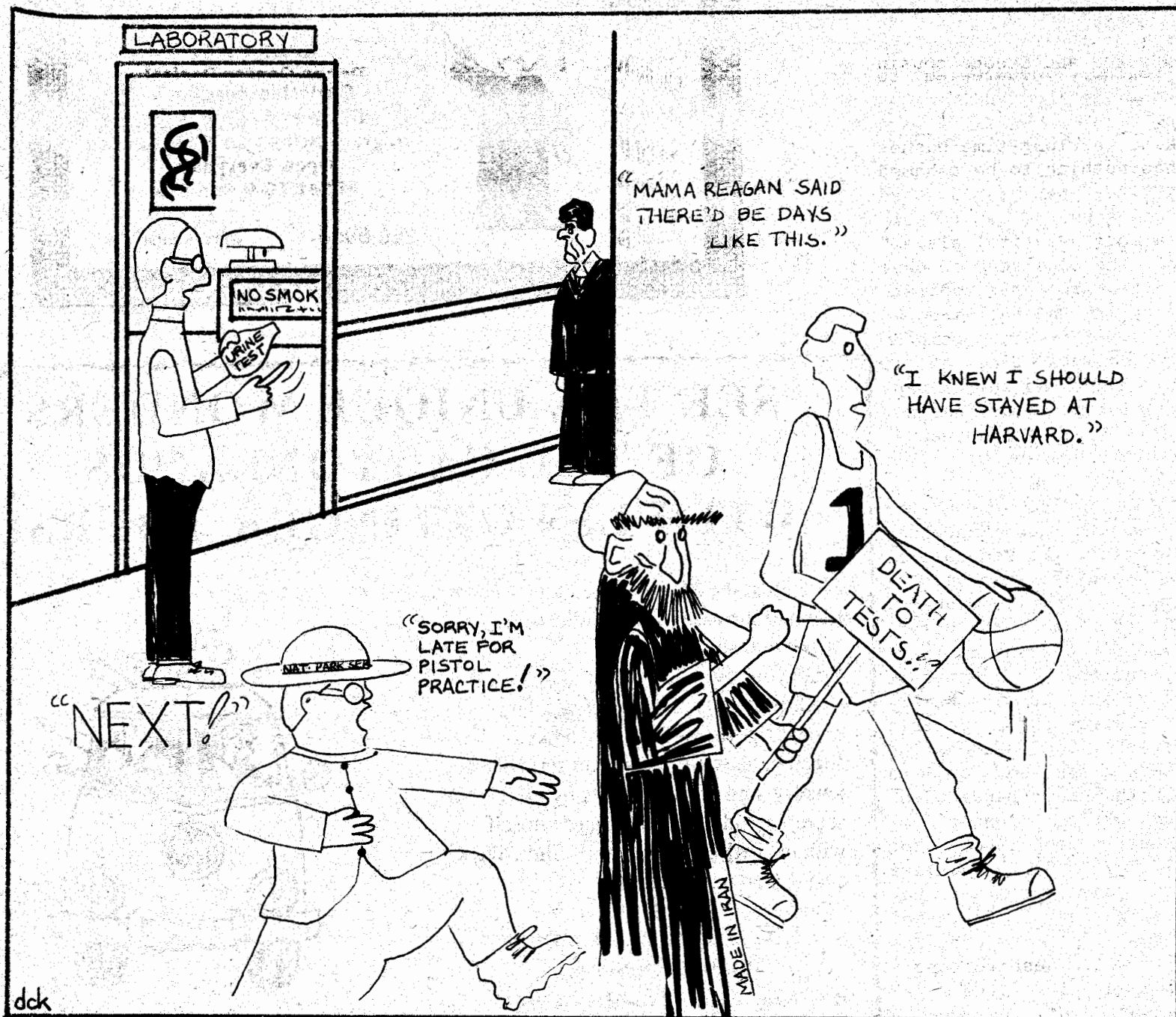
lection of them obtained in local police raids. So long, Dodo. Perhaps one day you can learn to control those appetites and finally settle down.

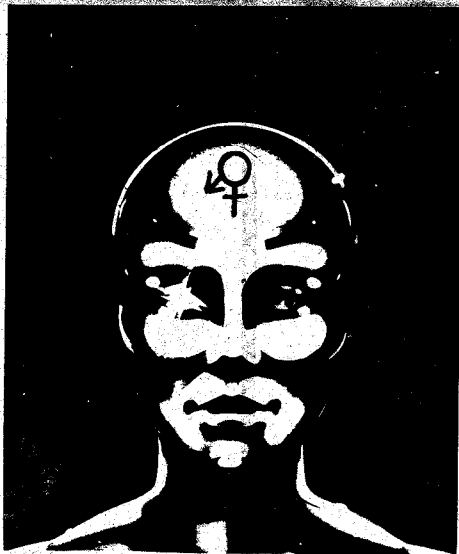
The Moab Sheriff's Force, in conjunction with the Grand County Marshall's Posse, has announced the signing of a new 36-month contract with Interstate Perpetrator's Union Local #1740. The contract promises a supply of crimes for the local police units to investigate, guaranteeing their income for the term of the contract. The new deal establishes a lower crime rate for the first two years, then a gradual rise during the last 12 months to allow the law enforcement groups to justify larger budget requests, as is traditional. The pact also sets expanded visiting hours for families of union members while in jail, and a minimum of 3 choices of meat at every meal. Onion rings will be a la carte. Marshall Dempsey "Jumpin'" Jacks, uncle of our mayor, speaking for both police units, commented, "Thank God that reason has prevailed and we have another 3 years at the public trough. I don't know how to do no other kind of work, you know. Have some herbal tea?"



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The recent visit of Leak A. Torrent, representing the incineration firm Flotsam, Jetsome, Wreckidge and DeBris, was cause for some comment here in Moab. Mr. Torrent's behavior was considered arrogant, abusive and definitely lacking in the social graces. Our investigative staff has discovered the cause, and a truly humanitarian one it is! It seems that the unfortunate Mr. Torrent recently contracted PAIDS (Perfect Asshole in Decent Society) from French-kissing a lavatory seat in a gay bar in Cody, Wyoming while under the influence of the bartender's "Opiate" perfume. In a wonderful gesture of social responsibility, Mr. Torrent determined to stop the spread of this dread affliction and acted in an obnoxious manner in order to keep people from coming close enough to contract his illness. Well Done, Sir! Would that all sickos were as thoughtful as you!





# STARSCAM

Your  
Horoscope  
by

**Rama Lama  
Ding Dong**

**DISCLAIMER:** In answer to the proliferation of rumors currently circulating in Grand County, Rama Lama wishes to categorically state that she is in no way responsible for the actions of Moab's Mayor and First Lady; nor is she in any way to blame for the actions however farfetched they may seem, of Moab City Government. Whatever the basis for actions of that body, Starscam may not be held legally or morally responsible.

**Gemini (May 21 to June 22)**

Your restless nature, nervous energy and short attention span often lead others to assume you have done too many chemicals. However, this is your natural state. Blend in whenever you can: wear blue suits and ties in summer weather. Ride a bicycle. Smile beatifically. Or open a used car lot.

Your true nature is adaptable. You will have to do quite a lot of adapting this year. Consider yourself lucky that your dualistic nature doesn't let you dwell on defeat. However, the stars do hold some hope. Since you need constant challenge and excitement, you start a river-running company catering to Execu-Droids and make an embarrassing amount of money. You discover that you have many more friends than you thought.

You have an amazingly curious nature. NB PCX JNJYV, FCXOJ PCX MCVWDQ VC BNTXQD VVNR CXV? PCX HQD H EXNSI-FNVVDJ ONVVOD RSWNKC. Have the best year possible (considering what the stars have in store for you in 1988).

**CANCER:** You will get into trouble on the 7th. This is not unusual. What is unusual is that you will not enjoy it.

**LEO:** In preparation for joining the staff of the local Park Service, buy a large toothbrush and practice cleaning your toilet. Learn to salute.

**VIRGO:** To err is human. You will be very human in June.

**LIBRA:** Libras are often too social. Be a curmudgeon whenever you feel like it this month.

**SCORPIO:** Quit wearing women's clothes.

**SAGITTARIUS:** The Full Moon on the 29th promises financial gains, energizing your argumentative but procrastinating nature. You consider filing for County Attorney in the next election.

**CAPRICORN:** Watch your mail on the 6th. Uranus influences Francis Ford Coppola to invite you to star in his new movie, "Yuppies from Hell."

**AQUARIUS:** Mercury retrogrades on your Fifth House. Clean it up before the neighbors complain.

**PISCES:** Pisceans often feel misunderstood. From that standpoint, June is not going to be your month.

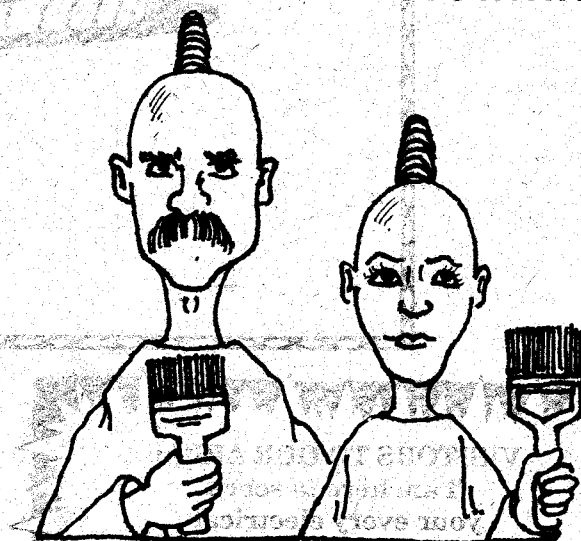
**ARIES:** Caution: do not speak to children on the 7th, 13th, or 21st.

**TAURUS:** Subvert the obvious.

# K. G r o u p

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**HOUSE PAINTERS**

**The Ancient Ones**

**By Omega Besseler**

I'm sitting up in The Clover Canyon alcove, the smoke from my campfire sending up signals towards the long lost souls that used to inhabit this place - The Ancient Ones that hunted on their hands and knees, used this matate and perhaps caught a bit of poison ivy itch from the plants that line these wet walls.

I think of these early settlers who managed to carve out a meager existence up here in this alcove. A far cry from my full backpack, modern cooking equipment and freeze-dried foods. I suppose if most of us so-called 'outdoor types' were given an arrowhead or two and told to go out there and scratch out a living, our white bones would be found within a period of two months. Some desert rats ....

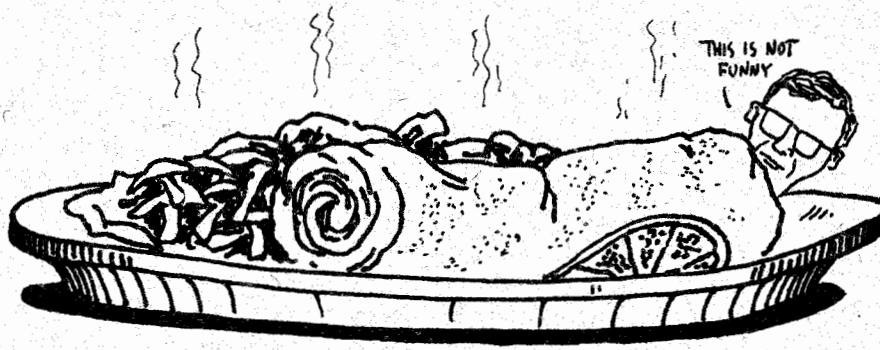
We all aspire to be hardy souls, able to brave the coldest weather conditions; if we can bring our Arctic Tent and sleeping bag. We can rough it for weeks on end, as long as we can bring our ensolite pads and little pillows and some high-tech camping clothes. We can break away from the perils of so-called 'civilization' and head for the vast wild places, if we can bring our Walkman and maybe a book or two.

When one really stops and considers what kind of life the Anasazi had to live, just in order to survive, it makes our little jaunts into the wilderness seem like so much folly. And so, as the smoke rises towards this blackened ceiling just as it did a thousand years ago, I raise my bottle of Riunite, smoke the peace pipe offering on my Virginia Slim and toast The Anasazi, The Ancient Ones. We may be wiped off the map long before their rock art fades back into the sandstone of Utah. They knew how to live on the land, we don't, but we know how to sample it.



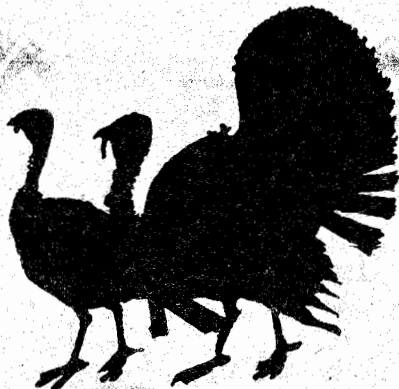
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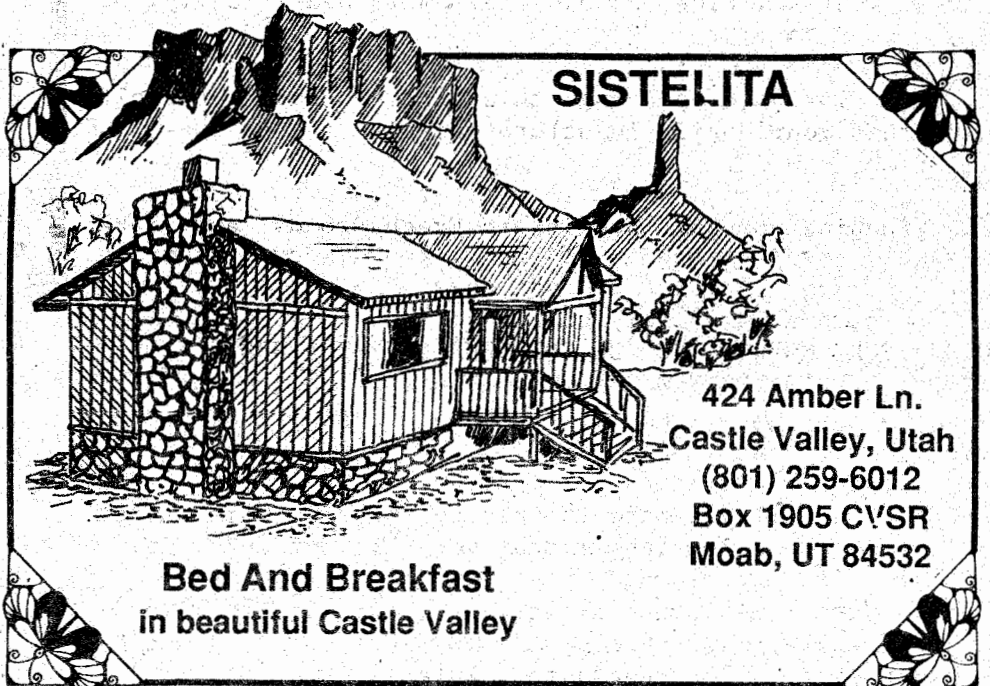
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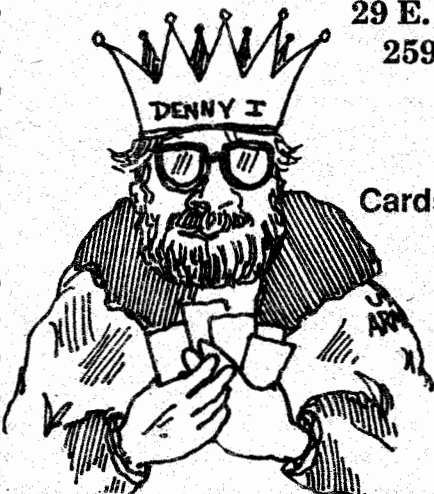


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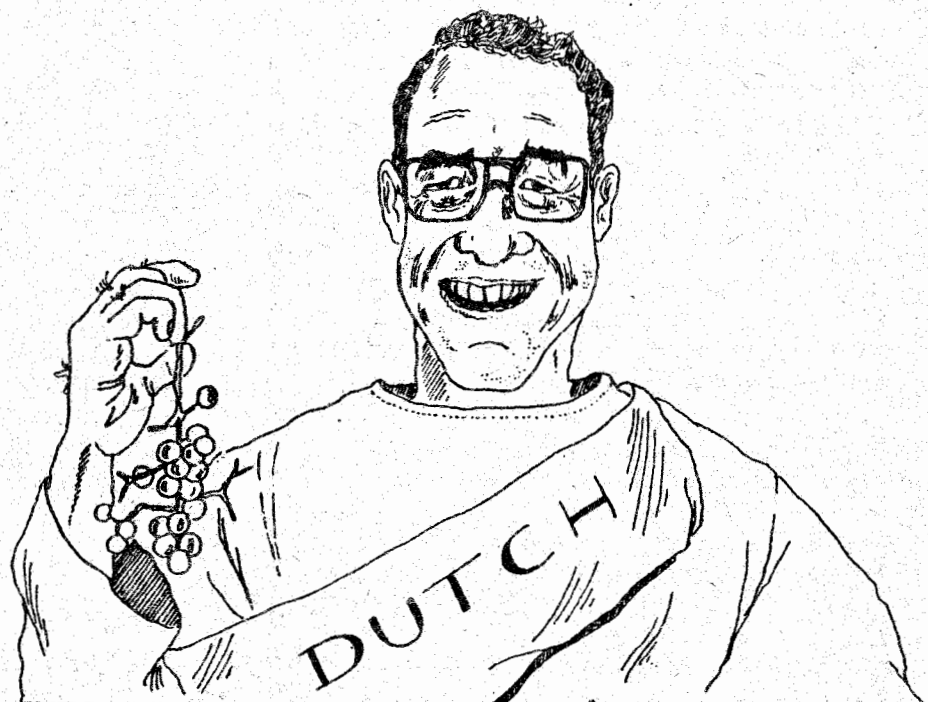
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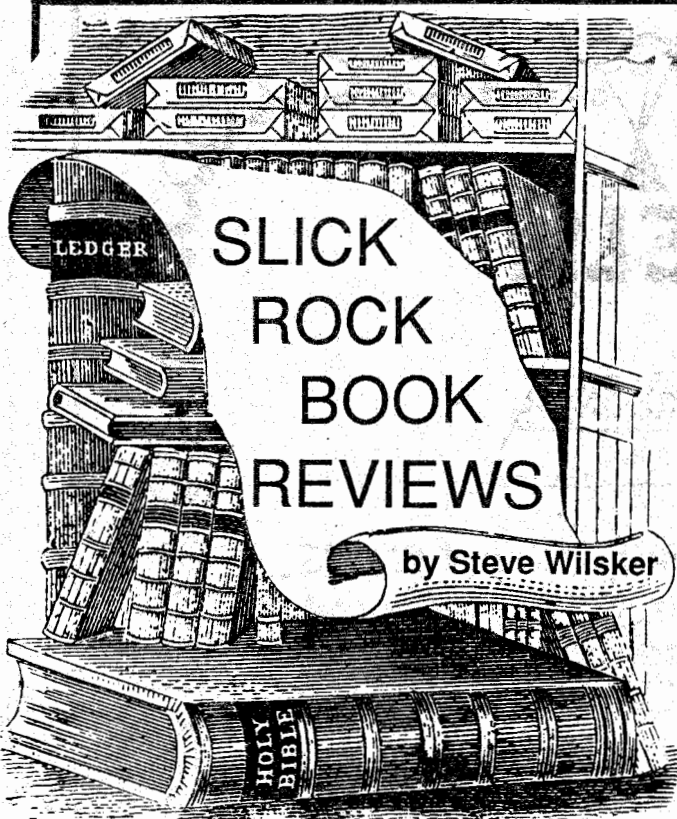


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"The people? Let 'em eat grapes"

Norm Galt  
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with line drawings, including scales to human size to aid in identification; there are a few color plates as well. The descriptions are clear and definitive without the leaden nomenclature of the passionate botanist. The author has included commentary on potential uses for each plant by man and other animals. Alternative or local names are listed. This is a serious and useful guide for beginners and experienced hands. We highly recommend it.

Flowers of the Southwest Mesas  
by Pauline Patraw

This helpful guide to the flowers of the "Pinyon-Juniper Woodland" is neatly organized by flower color, a handy assist in identifying local flowers. Local? The author lists every flowering plant native to the extensive habitat, even if found only in one locale. This includes some trees and shrubs. The line drawings are clear, but I wish she had included color photographs (for beginners at floral lore, like me), such as those contained in the next 2 books.

100 Roadside Wildflowers of Southwest Uplands & 100 Desert Wildflowers  
both by Natt N. Dodge

I wish these 2 little booklets had the organization of the previous book, or any real organization at all. The color photographs are clear and definitive, but only for the blossoms. The plants remain obscure and hard to recognize. Descriptions of the whole plant are sketchy and sometimes missing. Should the plant not be in bloom when you see it, identification will be difficult from these books alone. Bring these along, to be sure, but another guide to flowers would be helpful, too.

.....  
With the arrival of Spring it seems appropriate to interrupt our reviews of histories for a look at some useful guides for naturalists; specifically, the following books are helpful for those interested in our high desert and mountain wildlife, most of which are becoming highly visible at this time of year.  
.....

The Audubon Society Nature Guides:

WESTERN FORESTS, by Stephen Whitney  
DESERTS, by James A MacMahon

These are the most comprehensive guides available, covering our year-round dwellers and regular visitors as well. (Example: the American Robin is not listed in Deserts, as it winters elsewhere, but it is listed in Western Forests.) The photographs are clear, the descriptions as definitive as space allows. Each volume begins with a history and discussion of the general habitat conditions, which is useful background for the beginner and a good reminder for the experienced naturalist. Margin notes include maps, line drawings, footprint outlines and scientific (Latin) names as appropriate. These are heavy volumes which will test the determination of the backpacker conscious of weight and space in his pack, but well worth the effort if you are serious about learning the identities of our partners here on Earth.

Shrubs and Trees of the Southwest Uplands by Francis H. Elmore

Part of a series published by the Southwest Parks and Monuments Association, this small volume concentrates on woody plants. Logically divided into altitude/climate zones of vegetation, it is well-illustrated

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Flowers of the Southwest Deserts  
by Natt N. Dodge

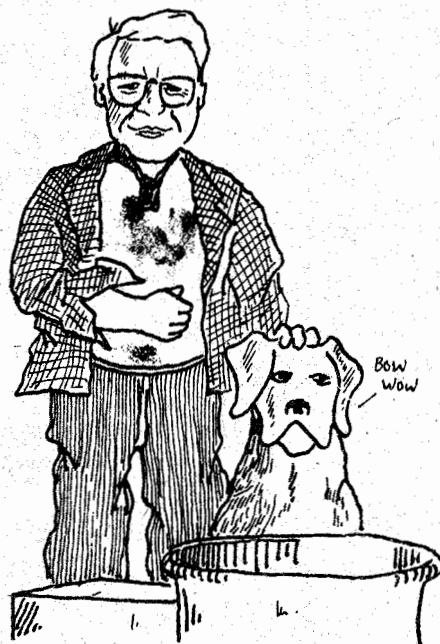
This is the book Mr. Dodge should have written in the first place. In the same general format as the Elmore book listed above, this is a fine effort and a handy reference, well-illustrated with color photographs and precise line drawings. Flowers are organized into groups by blossom color, with color-keyed pages to help the reader. The commentaries are helpful and clear. Even though it is primarily a guide to the flora of lower elevations, many of the flowering plants listed are dwellers in our region as well, making this book very useful. Highly recommended.

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## Flowers of the Canyon Country

by Stanley L. Welch & Bill Ratcliffe

An excellent guide to local flowers, this is a fine book with a minor flaw - the large-size format will be slightly awkward for carrying on field trips and lends itself to being bent, folded and otherwise damaged. The color photographs are clear and illustrate the entire plants as well as the blossoms. The commentaries are directed at identification rather than lore; use of scientific names for plant parts will be useful even for the beginner. Plants are grouped by blossom color, and the authors have listed the flowering season of each plant. A wonderful effort.

.....

Plants are not just to look at, are they? Floral aesthetics come first when we are healthy and well-fed, but in other circumstances, even "weeds" have their uses.

## Western Edible Plants

by H.D. Harrington

This is a fine introduction to living off our landscape, beautifully crafted and thoughtfully written in a personal and non-scientific style. Harrington carefully includes sensible rules for testing the "edible-ness" of a plant new to us and has a separate chapter on known poisonous species. The line drawing of each plant type includes a dimension scale, and the descriptions include both historical uses and the author's own experience. Learn how to make a tasty dish of Russian Thistle before it grows into those troublesome Tumbleweeds. We'd like to see Canyonlands Field Institute run a seminar on the plants in this book, including identification, collection and preparation, both at home and in the field. Highly recommended.

Native Harvests, by Barrie Kavasch

strongly recommend.

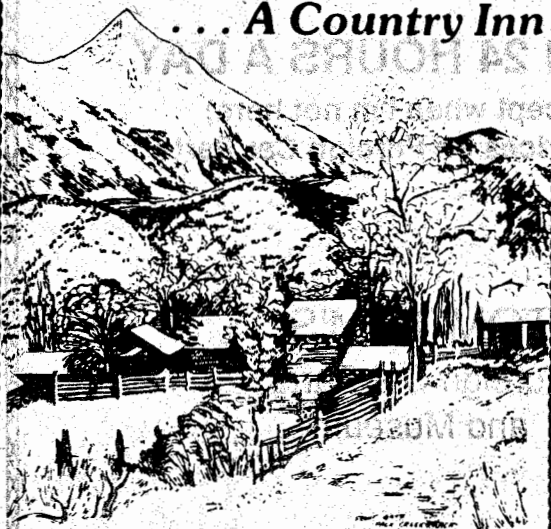
Although primarily about the native foods, herbs and medicinal plants of the American Indians of New England, this is a vital, interesting book, especially for the beginner. Some of the plants listed are native to our area as well, or have spread here with human migrations. The recipes are simple and easy, providing tasty replies to "What do I do with this supposedly edible thing?" Purslane, Salad, Batter-Fried Dandelion Blossoms, Spiced Jerusalem Artichokes and others are complemented by recipes for Fish and Shellfish, Game, Native Breads, Beverages and Wild Medicines and Cosmetics. A fine book, which we

Medicinal Plants of the Mountain West by Michael Moore

The best herbal on our region to date, this is a valuable book. In strict alphabetical order, Moore lists every plant in our area (and beyond) of known medicinal value with its alternative names, appearance, habitat, collection and preparation guidelines, line drawings are exact. There is a glossary, a therapeutic index and a botanical classification list. This book is a must for the serious reader and a fine reference for use at home and in the field.

## Pack Creek Ranch

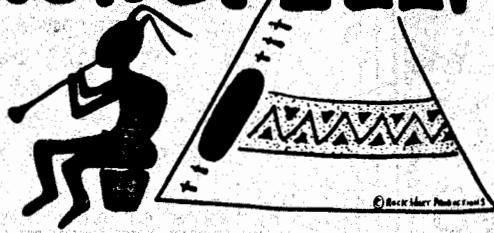
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## Kings Of Old

by Molly M. Stevens

The cliffs  
Like a fiery inferno  
Rise up in majestic splendor  
Threatening the sun with their brilliance.

Towering above me  
They are the Gods  
Something to be worshipped  
A monument to be loved

Red as blood  
Tall and thin  
Flickers of a frozen flame,  
From a time beyond memory

They are the only remnants  
Of a lost kingdom  
From which they were king  
A time far from here

Time is a corridor  
And if I had the key  
I would unlock this ghostly hall  
To behold this time of kings

## "Turning To One's Fancies"

by Aurora Jones

Florence, decked all in flowered skirt  
flounced and flipped a-by so curt  
A smiling face escaped the brim  
which stirred a-plenty beats in him.

Come hither young lass  
I do here insist  
a moment of bidding  
a moment not missed.

Ooh ooh she did beckon  
a coo slipped right out  
I see by your style sir  
you're a gent of no doubt.

Si si my young damsel  
Indeed, I do claim  
A dance would be gentle  
and a kiss just the same.

Ah yes they danced sweetly  
afloat with the night  
and yes, they kissed gently  
time slipping - daybreak's light.

## The View

by Omega Besseler

The view is not pretty. From where I am standing, I can see nothing but bleakness. Oblivion. If one looks close enough, one can perceive the constant struggle, torment and pain of this landscape. I can't take my eyes away from this image. It would make the strongest man buckle and weep. There are creatures out there capable of killing and devouring their own kind. It's such a lonely and sad landscape. So beckoning, yet so dangerous. I cannot look in the mirror any longer.

## The Spring Of '68

by Jim Stiles

Twenty years ago,  
I was a Republican.  
I didn't know any better.  
"Nixon's the One!" they proclaimed.  
"One what?" I should have asked,  
But I didn't.

I remember the feel of the country  
In the Spring of '68.  
It was a time of chaos and despair,  
of hope and apathy.  
The country was divided  
By war and by race,  
But sometimes it was easier  
To just look away...  
Martin Luther King is dead?  
No problem...change the channel.

It was Bobby Kennedy's last ride.  
The fatalist and the dreamer  
Wound into one fragile, complicated man.  
He spoke about the future  
But his own mortality and his brother's  
Ghost  
Were always by his side.

It was easy to hate Bobby Kennedy.  
It was easy if you were wealthy  
and white,  
With a comfortable home and a  
color TV.  
If you were a Young Republican  
With a student deferment.

It was easy to hate Bobby  
If you didn't live in a slum -  
the Ghetto, the Barrio;  
If you didn't share a filthy tenement  
with the rats and the cockroaches.

His message was troubling;  
It made comfortable people  
uncomfortable.  
And when he died,  
I didn't realize what was lost.  
Not right away.



So there was no Revolution  
Of new Ideas.  
Don Quixote became a cynical joke.  
We got Nixon in the end,  
(so to speak)  
And people shrugged.

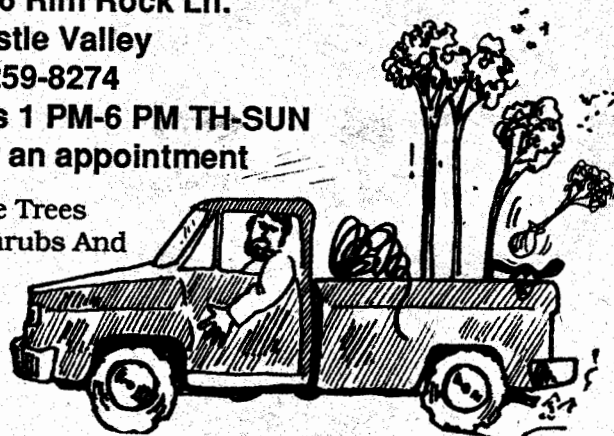
We've learned to live  
With "diminished expectations"  
....what a despicable notion.  
Maybe Bobby's dreams didn't die  
On the Ambassador kitchen floor;  
But twenty years later  
The glow is not as bright.  
And I'm not sure anyone notices  
the Difference.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hey Bro Buddies!

Thanks for that sad excuse for a newspaper!! I really appreciate it, as I was running outta stuff to put on the bottom of my hamster cage.

XXX  
Sky Yaeger  
Madison, WI

My Dear Dudek

It's nice of you to print a poem of mine in your Stinking Desert Gazette, but how about spelling my damn name right.

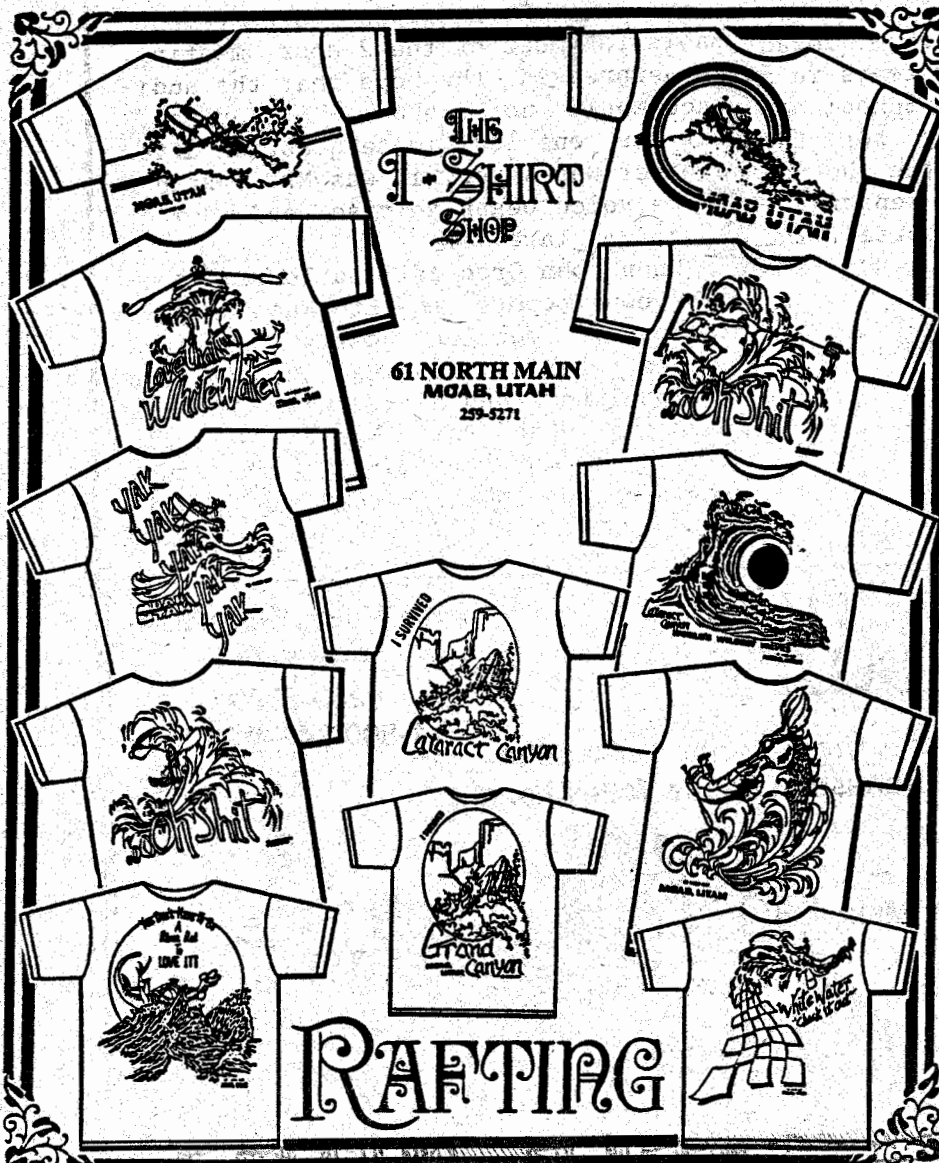
Sincerely  
Thomas Perera

(My Dear Tim: I don't know how it happened, but I can assure you it will never happen again! Ed.)

Hi, you wonderful people! I made it as far as Ruby Valley, Nevada, and started picking up a lot of work. I've got a few art jobs lined up .... also, I'm doing some cowboying and ranch labor. This saddle tramping is rather fun ... The ranch I'm working for is a Mormon outfit, but some of the family and ranch hands are heathens, so it's OK ... Hope all is well with you and the paper is rolling along ... I love and miss you...

Nik  
Ruby Valley, NV

There's a lot of people here who love and miss you too, partner, and we all hope that when you've lost all your money in Nevada you lead that mangy string of critters along a southeasterly trail back to slickrock heaven where you f----- belong! Take care.. (Robert)



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Editor:

Yes, the rocks are alive, and they are irritated.

Frisby  
SLC

Editor:

Well, thanks for the sample issue. I busted up, sending guffaws through the restaurant where I was coffee-ing.

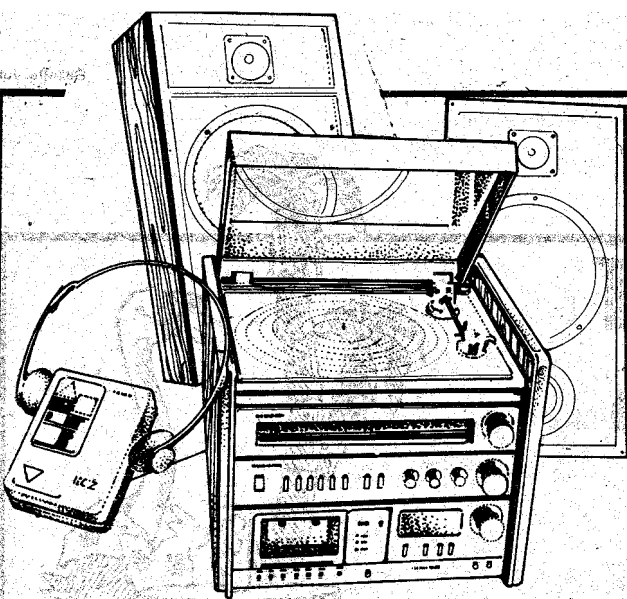
Our town is full of Yuckies (no, not the tourists) condemning private land for an 18 hole golf course to lease to a developer and other major "developments" - all under lies, red herrings, behind closed doors.

We can feel it, but don't know what's really going on. We don't have a paper - but at least we can read yours and know we're not alone in our struggles against our own town representatives.

We need the sense of absurdity, the chutzpah to poke fun. Start our subscription; if the bar will build a magazine rack, I'll switch it to there. Thanks!! Great work!

Lynn  
Springdale

Lynn, I guess it's the same everywhere. Developers out to make a pile of money are seducing community leaders to help them in their efforts under the guise of patriotism and the public welfare. From Ticaboo to Timbuctu, the scam is the same. Some day sanity will be restored, and government will look sinful lying there in big business's brass bed. All we can say is: Pull the covers off and stop them, coitus interruptus, before it's too late. We are behind you 100%. (Ed)



## The Blues On CD, The 12 Best

by Skye

I thought it would be a few years before any great blues surfaced on CD, but Lordie lookie here! There's enough blues on compact discs to satisfy even the most die-hard fan! Let's briefly review some of the best, with sound quality (SQ) and performance (P) rated from one to ten:

ALBERT COLLINS  
COLD SNAP  
ALLIGATOR CD #4752  
SQ-10 P-10

This could be the baddest, tightest blues album ever recorded! Albert's ice cool guitar cuts through butter like a laser gun. Backed by an impeccable band featuring jazz great Jimmy McGriff on organ, this is the best that blues can get. "I Ain't Drunk -- I'm Just Drinkin'" destined to be a classic.

ERIC CLAPTON  
E.C. WAS HERE  
RSO CD #831-519-2  
SQ-8 P-10

This live recording from the mid-seventies marked Eric's return after a long bout with drugs. It's an all blues program that makes the age old question: "Can a white man play the blues?" sound incredibly ridiculous. I still consider this his finest album.

JOHN LEE HOOKER  
JEALOUS  
PAUSA CD #7197  
SQ-9 P-10

John Lee was seventy years young when he cut this up in Vancouver last year and it is his strongest set in years, thanks to a great band led by tasty guitarist Mike Osborn. It reaffirms John Lee Hooker as THE voice of the blues. Now... Boogie Chillun!

JOHN LEE HOOKER  
THE BEST OF  
CRESCENDO CD #2000-7  
SQ-7 P-10

When you talk of 'The best of', you must be talking about the sessions John Lee did for the VeeJay Label in Chicago in the late fifties. Twenty

greats in here! Enough to keep you boogie-in' all night long or just drinking whiskey wondering where in the hell that woman gone to now?

THE PAUL BUTTERFIELD BLUESBAND  
THE FIRST ALBUM  
ELEKTRA CD #7294-2  
SQ-7 P-9

The late great harp player on his debut album. Many still consider it his best. With guitarists Elvin Bishop and the late Mike Bloomfield. And the future fate of the blues harp is very questionable now that Butter's gone.

MUDDY WATERS  
HARD AGAIN  
BLUE SKY CD #34449  
SQ-9 P-10

This late seventies session, superbly recorded, features Johnny Winter and James Cotton in what was Muddy's most successful album. A great, fun set by another grand spirit that will be missed.

MUDDY WATERS  
FOLKSINGER/SINGS BIG BILL BROONZY  
MCA CHESS CD #5907  
SQ-9 P-10

Muddy may be gone, but he left a rich legacy of blues on tape behind him. MCA has recently bought the rights to re-issue the Chicago based Chess/Checker catalogue. Hopefully, this will mean more Muddy, Bo Diddley, Sonny Boy Williamson, John Lee Hooker and a host of other great Chicago recording artists. This two album on one CD set is an acoustic program by Muddy accompanied by a very young James Cotton and Buddy Guy. For these sides being almost thirty years old, the sound quality is better than some of the recently recorded stuff I've heard. Highly recommended!

JOHNNY WINTER  
SERIOUS BUSINESS  
ALLIGATOR CD #4742  
SQ-9 P-9

Johnny turns up on the Chicago based Alligator label with a real hot set! Just bass and a bit of harp, some drums and Johnny all the way. The Alligator label also boasts Roy Buchanan, Lonnie Mack, Son Seals, Koko Taylor, Lonnie Brooks and, of course, Albert Collins, all available on CD.

ALBERT KING  
LIVE WIRE/BLUES POWER  
MOBILE FIDELITY CD #838  
SQ-8 P-10

Although I mentioned this in last years "Twenty Great Compact Discs" article it deserves another mention here, as it is the definitive live blues recording of all time.

HOWLIN WOLF  
HOWLING WOLF/MOANIN IN THE MOONLIGHT  
MCA CHESS CD #5908  
SQ-5 to 7 P-9

All the classic original cuts are here on this generous 70 minute CD. 'Spoonful'; 'Little Red Rooster'; 'Wang Dang Doodle' and 20 others. This is a compilation of the first two albums the Wolf recorded for Chess in the early to late fifties, so sound quality is from poor to good.

JIMMY REED  
THE BEST OF  
CRESCENDO CD #2-0006  
SQ-5 P-9

All of Jimmy's Vee-Jay hits: 'Baby What You Want Me To Do'; 'Bright Lights, Big City'; 'Goin to New York'; 'Big Boss Man' and 19 others make this a nice complete collection. Sound quality doesn't fare as well as the John Lee Hooker transfers dating back to the same time period. I'm not sure if the fault is in the original tapes or the CD transfer

CHUCK BERRY  
THE GREAT 28  
MCA CHESS CD #92500  
SQ-9 P-9

Although Chuck isn't exactly a bluesman, his music was blues-based and bluesmen were utilized on all his sessions. This is the Berry package you want. Pass up all others. Every pertinent hit, 28 of them by one of the founders of rock and roll. Tell Tchaikovsky the news!!!

\* \* \* \*

Granted, some of these compact discs won't be that easy to find, but you go see my friend Smokey at Smokey's Records next time you're up in Salt Lake and need a blues fix. He's got quite a few of these in stock and if not, he can get them for you. Now, lets have some Mad Dog and get down in the alley!!!

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## Witch Hunting in America Arroyo Flotsam

The other evening I found myself visiting some friends around supper-time. They happened to be watching the evening news on TV and a story was on about the U.S. Government confiscating a boat in Key West for a gram of Cannabis and five seeds found in one of the lockers on board. The spokesman for the U.S. Government justified their actions as stopping the drug trade from entering our borders.

You know, from the film, I couldn't quite tell which side was the organized crime. Sure, half of the people on the news cast were wearing uniforms and carrying guns and the other half were in t-shirts and shorts. But that didn't give me a clue either. Because I've seen news casts before coming out of Nazi Germany and South America where the guys in the uniforms were really the "bad guys" and were harrasing their own people for nothing. So I figured that I'd better look closely at the crime that was going down.

Now the guys in the uniforms who had confiscated the boat justified their actions as stopping the drug trade from entering our borders. But

since a gram of Cannabis wasn't going to get too many Americans "high" I had to conclude that the guys in the uniforms must have wanted that boat pretty badly, maybe badly enough to steal it.

Is this prohibition?

Course they didn't arrest these folks for having alcohol on board because this isn't prohibition, right?

## HONEST OZZIE'S CAFE

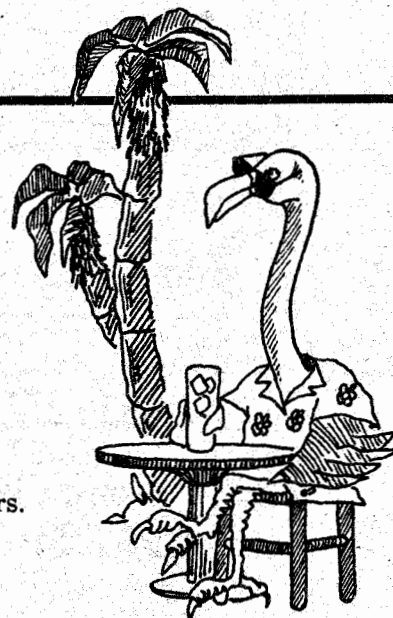
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They could of had diet pills, mood up-lifters, anti-depressants, and sleeping pills galore in their lockers and they would have been left alone.

No, these guys were looking for really hard drugs, like a gram of Cannabis.

As I am writing this a thought just occured to me. I wonder if the Reagans would consent to a lie detector test concerning the prohibition period. Should we turn up any indiscretions, revenue is good 'revenue' and it's easier and safer arresting casual users than facing the machine guns of organized crime that control the coke and heroin trade in the United States.

Because, real organized crime shoots back!

In conclusion:

In 1972 President Nixon formed a commission to study Cannabis (Marijuana) and it's effects. The study cost us tax payers millions of dollars. When they returned their findings, they recommended legalization of Cannabis, citing it's medicinal properties in treating glaucoma, as an anti-depressant and mood up-lifter, with few negative side effects. The study was quickly shelved and never publicized.

Why do we as a nation continue to group the relatively harmless Cannabis with cocaine and heroin? The only thing that they have in common is that they are all illegal. But it wasn't that long ago that a cold beer on a hot afternoon or a good glass of wine with dinner was illegal too!

Perhaps we as Americans should get our priorities straight before the witch hunt to protect us from ourselves gets way out of hand.

we could confiscate their California mansions and ranches.

But, getting back to my story, these guys in the uniforms wanted the boat. Maybe they could sell it at auction and add to the revenue of their department while performing their righteous duty. After all, any

# Robert Dudek's Place In The Cosmic Scheme Of Things

by Steve Wilsker

A Drama In Three Acts

Act I

(We are in God's kitchen, which is simply appointed. God has chosen a new form for the day's activity, and is now a short, balding male with knobby knees that startle the viewer. He is wearing Bermuda shorts of Navy Blue, no pleats, and a design T-shirt that reads:

"Armageddon Concert"  
1993

The Angel Metatron walks in clipboard in hand, as God stirs a large pot of something aromatic.)

M: Morning, Boss. That's a nice persona you're wearing today. What smells so good?

G: (Does not look up) Stew. What've you got?

M: (Frowns) Trouble. Michael and Gabriel are at each other's throat

again. This time it seems to be about Robert Dudek.

G: Don't know him.

M: I didn't think so. At any rate, his number is up and we can't get a classification because of this wrangle between the boys. And until we classify him we can't effect a disposition. Archangels should know better. It's backed up the case load, and I'm not sure its worth the trouble.

G: We have to be fair, you know that.

M: Exactly. You made that rule and its a good one. But this is a tough case and I don't want to force a decision. Still, if it came from You....

G: (Looks up, smiling) Naturally; that's my trade. Here. (Hands Metatron the large stirring spoon.) Stir slowly.

(God takes the clipboard, slowly scans the pages one by one as Metatron watches and stirs. After the third page God looks up sharply at the Angel. Metatron nods, God resumes reading. When finished, God, flips the pages on the clipboard down and turns to Metatron.)

G: You're right, a tough decision. Still, nuance is what we're here for. Keep stirring.

(God sniffs, walks over to cooking pot and peers in. He adds a bay leaf from a jar of them.)

M: So what?

G: I'll have to think.

CURTAIN

ACT II

(Still in the kitchen, God is at the stewpot, sprinkling in some salt with a flourish. Metatron is seated at the

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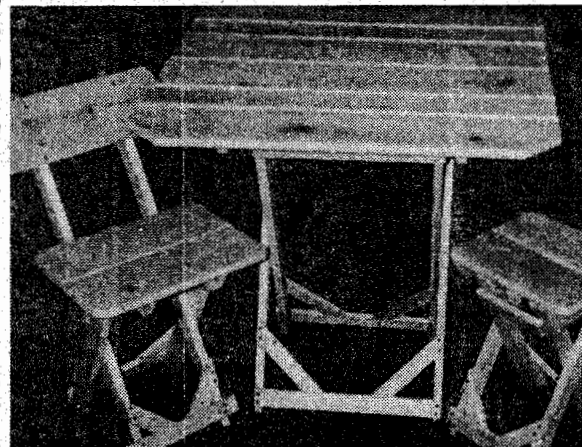
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small dining table, sipping coffee.)

G: I've been thinking.

M: Yes?

G: He's like anyone else, some good, some bad, some unavoidable accidents, some irrevocable mistakes.

M: Yes, but...

G: No "buts"!

M: I beg to differ.

G: Don't beg. I hate it! I've never granted anything to anyone who begged and I never will. Not even as an expression! Find another idiom.

M: I always resent it when you split hairs.

G: That's what I'm paid for. That's what you're asking me to do with this Dudek. Don't be inconsistent. For someone of your rank its unbecoming.

M: Alright! For God's...

G: (interrupting) Yes?

M: ALRIGHT! (Takes a deep breath. Smiles.) Alright. You're the Boss. What do we do?

G: This Dudek, he's good, he's bad, he's in-between. I can't give him wings, I can't send him to The Adversary. All I can do is test him.

M: I thought life was supposed to do that.

G: True. But I can't decide now without being unfair and I won't do that. So we'll test him.

M: And how do we do that?

G: Put him on Staff. This Dudek likes music, I saw. Make him Gabriel's assistant and tell Gabe to work him hard. Let's see what he's got.

M: Right, Chief! (Rises and picks up clipboard.)

G: The stew is ready. You're hungry?

M: When I get back. You'll keep some warm for me?

G: Sure.

(Metatron turns to leave.)

CURTAIN

ACT III

(In the kitchen, God is seated, eating stew from a bowl. Metatron strolls in, whistling "St. James Infirmary".)

G: So?

M: All set.

G: How did he take it?

M: Who, Gabriel? Just fine. Relieved. Dudek? Not so well. He's angry, upset. He wanted a decision. Either way, but he wants to know now.

G: You explained?

M: Twice! Is there some stew?

(God waves at the stewpot, resumes eating. Metatron walks to stove, ladles stew into a bowl, sits, tastes, nods approval.)

M: So, we're clearing the backlog, Gabriel and Michael are friends again, Dudek is being tested and this is great stew!

G: Of course; thank you. You met him, this Dudek?

M: Yes. I can't make up my mind, though. He's either a nice guy who's strange or a strange guy who's nice.

G: That's what caused the problem to

begin with.

M: I know, I know.

G: If it'll make you feel any better, Spinoza came by earlier; I told him the story and he had the same trouble. I had the same trouble.

M: Still, its not a bad solution.

G: Its not a solution. Its a test.

M: A test Dudek knows he shouldn't flunk.

G: Its only a few eons. Let him sweat.

M: Fine. How about some cards tonight?

G: Sure. But be careful about drawing to those inside straights. You could wind up like Dudek. (Both laugh)

CURTAIN

THE END

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LEAVING SO SOON DUSTY?

# Man Versus Nature

by Tim McNoodle

News Brief - January 18, 1988  
Arches National Park, Moab, Utah

Three park visitors were found unconscious and in very serious condition in lower Salt Valley Wash today. Apparently, the enraged and endangered yet very aggressive Salt Cedar or Tamarisk trees in the area attacked the hikers via strangulation.

Other incidents of violence occurred when two Cooper's hawks cornered a park service ranger, confiscated his hat and threatened his life. Luckily the ranger was a post-graduate student from the University of Wisconsin in wilderness survival studies and had an undergraduate degree in modern dance, pirouetting safely around Delicate Arch for hours until relief came from a group of boy-scout tourists. Meanwhile, the park service vehicle parked at Wolfe's Cabin was demolished by a local herd of deer, hoofing the vehicle to two thirds its original size.

There were also noted incidents in the Fiery Furnace. Golden eagles waited until humans were directly underneath them, dumping magnificent amounts of droppings over heads. One woman reported symptoms of whiplash.

The ravens at the Windows Section showed unusually strange behaviour today, one being so bold as to land on one tourists's shoulder and caw in his ear in entirety "God Save the Queen." Minor damages were reported to the man's inner eardrum.

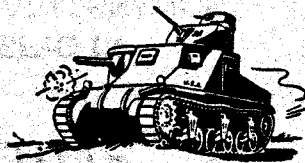
All of this behaviour from rebelling trees, animals and birds resulted from a proposed tamarisk burn in the lower Salt Valley Wash vicinity. The confusion resulted when nature decided to interpret a 1916 Organic Act differently than man. The act states "the purpose of the National Park Service is to conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wildlife therein and to provide for the enjoy-

ment of the same in the manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations."

Flummexed, nature questions which generations? Tamarisk believe they have seniority in this circumstance over Park Service Personnel and tourists.

The National Park Service is planning a burn of the tamarisk and a treatment with a chemical, Garlen 3A herbicide, on the unburned stumps this spring in the area. The trees, animals and birds got wind of the ensuing plan and realized that perhaps man should be the one to disappear, as earlier man was not in abundance in the vicinity either.

Cautions are out to visitors, and park officials are dealing with the incidents as the tensions arise. The tamarisk are extremely violent and upset regarding their impending fate, choosing to defend themselves. An update will be published next issue.



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## Notes from the Risky Road Expedition Diary

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Antonio.

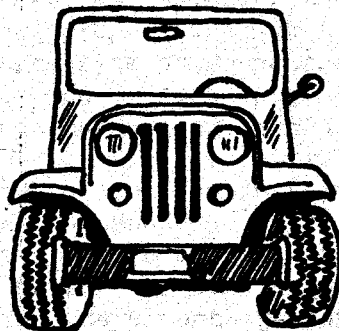
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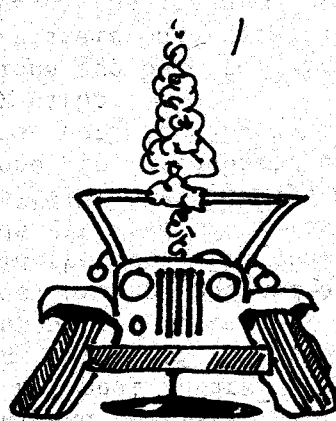
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