



# THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE

VOL. 2  
NO. 6  
JAN.  
1988



25¢  
MOAB,  
UTAH



## Psychologist Attacked

Police were summoned to restore order after a riot broke out during a seminar on stress management held in Moab last month.

Midwinter depression was the topic for discussion at the motivational session, led by noted psychologist Ashen Gravely, at the Four Square Gospel Church near the Moab Cemetery.

Approximately 40 Moabites attended the session to hear Professor Gravely expound on his timely tips to avoid the seasonal blues.

Seated behind a table gaily decorated with sprays of plastic flowers, Gravely began the lecture series with an explanation of the origin of the depression so commonly felt around this time of the year.

"Everyone needs to know that these feelings are not uncommon," stated Gravely. "In the words of the noted psychologist, R.D.Laing; 'Sometimes it seems that it is not possible to do more than reflect the decay around and within us, to sing sad and bitter songs of disillusion and defeat.'"

Since Winter is the time for reflection, it is during this time of the year that some people get overwhelmed by abstractions that seem "as real as wolves' teeth", stated Gravely. "That's when the walls begin to close in around you. Move into those feelings, go with them, inhabit them as it were. Don't rush off and seek solace among friends. The feelings will just be waiting for you when you get back home, lurking in the dark like an ugly monster."

Gravely indicated that

there is inherent in manic depression some sound growth potential for anyone who moves into it. He admonished everyone to remember the words of Oscar Wilde who said: "The basis of optimism is sheer terror."

"Thoughts of death are common during these moments of despair. When they come, trust them. They will soon become your friends. It's only the old grim reaper tickling us in the ribs with his scythe," said Gravely.

The remainder of the evening was occupied with an 18mm film entitled: "Count Your Blessings." The show consists of 30 minutes of catastrophes, disasters, car wrecks, etc., an altogether dreadful collage of terrible events designed to point out to all present how well off they are.

It was during the footage of desperate people jumping from the top floor of a burning skyscraper in Brazil that the disturbance broke out. A hollow-eyed diesel mechanic in the front row leaped for the projector and knocked it to the floor in a crash. The remainder of the crowd rushed as one person for the speaker's table and piled onto the terrified professor, screaming like a pack of wild animals. They were fixing the noose when the peace officers arrived.

Order was soon restored and Gravely was escorted from the hall to his car. Before he departed for Blanding, and a scheduled appearance on the following evening, Gravely vowed never to return to Moab.

"These people wouldn't know mental health if you rubbed their face in it," snorted Gravely.



## Commission Poll

Moabites were surprised last month at the announcement by County Commissioner Jimmy Talker that the townspeople were in favor of the toxic waste incinerator by a ratio of 3 to 1.

Those who attended the meeting on Dec. 2, when the public was briefed as to the nature of the facility and the permitting process that will allow its construction, noted that approximately 400 people demonstrated their opposition to the idea and only a dozen or so expressed their support.

This left many Moabites wondering where the 1200 supporters were that night, and where Mr. Talker got his 3-1 figure.

Reporters for the Stinking Desert Gazette investigated the matter and after much footwork and research uncovered the polling method used to establish the 3-1 expression of support.

The commissioners took their reading of the public pulse at local cafes during their morning coffee.

With the commissioners voting for, and the waitress against, the figure always came out at exactly 3-1 in support of the idea.

As a safeguard against statistical aberrations from too small a sample, the poll was repeated at every single cafe in town. The results, according to Talker, never varied a single percentage point, establishing in their minds the veracity of the 3-1 ratio that was expressed at the town meeting.

The commission is pleased with this expression of overwhelming support for their plan, and has implemented in their ad hoc procedures a process to poll the townspeople on all issues where it is felt that there might be significant opposition.

## INSIDE



## Top Ten Taxpayers

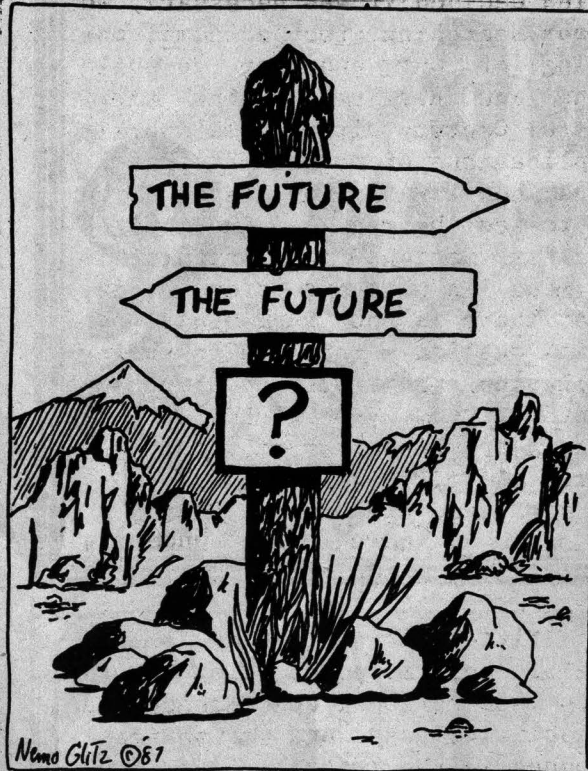
Tax records released last month showed that once again not a single local business broke into the coveted "Top Ten" on the list of Grand County Taxpayers.

Atlas Minerals moved up a notch from second place to capture top honors in this years race. Texas Oil & Gas, last year's winner, lost the Big Mo and dropped to third, their worst finish in years.

Northwest Pipeline, bolstered by some smart off-season trades, moved from fifth to second, and was voted "Most Improved" for the year. UP&L and D&RG, perennial powers in the county, finished strongly once again.

County Officials sent elaborate Christmas Cards to all the Top Ten finishers, crediting them with "staving off county budget cuts that threatened to reduce local government in a ratio consistent with the recent decline in population, an unthinkable act."





## Moab at the Crossroads

Jim Stiles

December 2, 1987, may well be remembered as a watershed date in the history of Moab and Grand County. Four weeks ago, when almost 400 of it's citizens crammed into Star Hall to express overwhelming opposition to the proposed toxic waste incinerator, a new era dawned in this community.

There were no "outsiders" to speak of - no representatives of the Sierra Club or the Wilderness Society stood up to express specific concerns, no one from the Wasatch Front was there to impose their will. No television cameras from KSL showed up to turn the meeting into a media event. Instead, the group was composed mostly of local citizens, native-born and transplanted, who have chosen to make Grand County home. And the diversity of the people is interesting to note as well. It was not dominated by any age group or social status; it was a cross-section of this community. Moab is changing and local government has to realize that.

The notion that economic growth in any form is a positive, valued force that can only produce positive results is no longer readily accepted. The last decade has shown many people just where blind faith can lead them. Ask the residents of St. George - the ones still living, that is, after surviving the 50's, the Atomic Bomb, and the U.S. Government. "Trust me," they said, and St. George did. Now its people are dying.

Today the County Commissioners and Co-West say "trust us", but this community is not buying. Opposition to the incinerator cannot be blamed on a handful of radical environmentalists; instead, it represents a cross-section of Grand County residents. They are young and old, conservatives and liberals, Republicans and Democrats.

What all these varied persons have in common is a growing distrust of entrepreneurs who want to make a fast buck at our expense, and politicians who don't seem to care what we think

or how we feel. But mostly, what we have in common is a shared desire to maintain a decent and healthy quality of life in a place we love and cherish.

The residents of this community are as wonderfully diverse as the land we live in, and its diversity is what makes Moab so unique. What could be more boring than a town where everyone thought the same? Who would I argue with? This town has always thrived on controversy, and for the most part, it has always provided a healthy, or at least interesting exchange of ideas. All that those of us who are opposed to the incinerator ask of our elected officials is that they respect our opinion and that they listen.

It is our privilege to live in Moab, and it is our responsibility to take care of it. We owe it to ourselves, to all of us who live here, and to all those who wish they could. No one can come to the Colorado Plateau and not be touched by it. The image of red rock and clear blue sky is indelibly etched in the longing memories of millions. It is up to us to insure that the image remains clear.

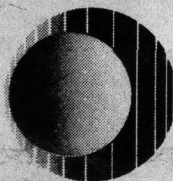
THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE, A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF HUMOR AND SATIRE ABOUT MOAB AND THE CANYONLANDS, IS AVAILABLE BY SUBSCRIPTION. WRITE:

THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE  
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### Thought for the month:

"Where can I find a man governed by reason  
instead of habits and urges?"

-Kahlil Gibran

paid for by Dave Lyle



I would like to preface the following remarks by saying at the outset that I deeply appreciate the support I've received from many of our readers who, in their kind and sincere appeals for more "Absolute Truth", have given me a renewed confidence in my earnest endeavors to present, as publisher of this magazine, a coherent and unified philosophy regarding man's proper role and relationship with the "inanimate" world of the rocks, a philosophy that could, hopefully, rise above sophist contention and shine like a beacon in the rarified air of pure reason, unobscured by the confusing fogs of mass perception and popular reality.

From the outset, I knew that it was a dangerous and difficult, however noble, experiment, and I was quite prepared for some verbal insubordination. Some people do not easily dive into the cold waters of true reality, where the ego dissolves like an Alka Seltzer tablet, and one's sense of self is no longer a hard and limited pellet of substance but a brilliant and sparkling effervescence - a world of rocks animated with inscrutable life born from the mutual interplay between mind and matter.

The roster of Black Pantheists has continued to grow, however, pushing 170 faithful. Which brings me to the point of this address, namely, our new name.

## The Absolute Truth



Philmore Banks, Esq.

Having decided it was necessary, we set about searching for a name, one befitting of our endeavor to build upon the New Realism of the early Twentieth Century with the metaphysical implications of modern physics. Bertrand, how I wish you were alive today to see the magazine inspired by New Realist notions that nature is basic, mind is part and parcel of it, and that there is no fundamental or essential dualism - that dualism being the illusion propagated by parochial interests. I know you would be the first to agree wholeheartedly that the rocks are alive!

In any case, the torch has been passed on to us and we rally under a new banner with a new title: The Born-again Pagans.

This title speaks, I think, of the essence of our movement, the desire for deep interpersonal coalescence and total self release. And of no small consequence is the rather fortuitous coincidence of the initials being the same as before, enabling me to keep my favorite smoking jacket with the black satin lapels and the monogrammed BP embroidered onto the left breast pocket.

And so, dear friends, we sally bravely forth under a new standard, the spirit of the rocks firmly in our heads, toward new elevations or, at least, a higher overall average.

# CITIZENS OF GRAND COUNTY!

We can forge our own destiny through participation in the Democratic process, or we can suffer the consequences of our indifference.

Our County Commissioners have scheduled two meetings in January to take comments and questions regarding future industrial developments in our county.

They are anxious to hear from you!

## Two Dates to Remember!

Jan. 19 Master Plan Hearings, Courthouse Council Chambers, 7 p.m.

Jan. 25, Heavy Industrial Zone Hearings, Courthouse Council Chambers 7 p.m.





# C.O.C.A.I.N.E.

*The Lady of the Eighties*

Learn to identify the drug user.  
Memorize the visible symptoms,  
reprinted from:

The Narc Officer, May/June 1987

## TABLE OF GENERAL SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS FOUND IN ACUTE DRUG INFLUENCE

Accommodating	Combative	Expressionless	Irritable	Paranoid	Stumbling
Agitated	Confused	Flat	Insolent	Passive	Stuporous
Aggressive	Contentious	Forgetful	Intoxicated	Persnickety	Subdued
Alert	Contradictive	Giddy	Jittery	Pesky	Submissive
Angry	Dazed	Giggly	Jovial	Rambling	Talkative
Animated	Deliberate	Happy	Jumbled Speech	Redundant	Tense
Anorexic	Denies	Hesitant	Laughing	Relaxed	Uncertain
Anxious	Depressed	Hostile	Lethargic	Remorseful	Uncooperative
Antagonistic	Disheveled	Hyperactive	Loud	Repetitive	Uneasy
Antisocial	Disjointed Speech	Hysterical	Mellow	Resistive	Uncaring
Argumentative	Disoriented	Impatient	Monotone	Restless	Unconcerned
Befuddled	Distracted	Inappropriate	Moody	Rigid	Unkempt
Belligerent	Drowsy	Inattentive	Mute	Ruffled	Unresponsive
Bizarre	Eager	Incoherent	Nervous	Sedated	Unsteady
Boisterous	Erratic	Inconsistent	Non-responsive	Silly	Violent
Bubbling	Euphoric	Indecisive	Non-communicative	Sleepy	Withdrawn
Cautious	Evasive	Indifferent	Obstreperous	Sluggish	
Cocky	Excited	Irrational	Over-confident	Somnolent	

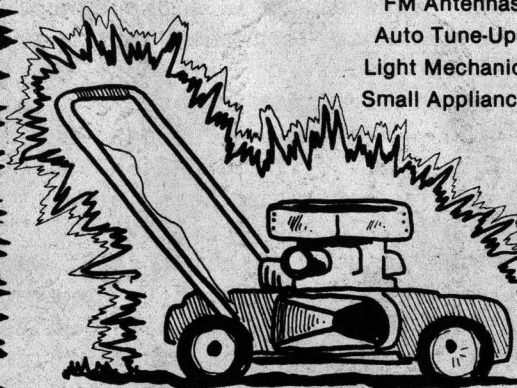
THE NARC OFFICER May/June 1987

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uh... pinky finger.



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(TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION)

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EDWARD DAHLBERG

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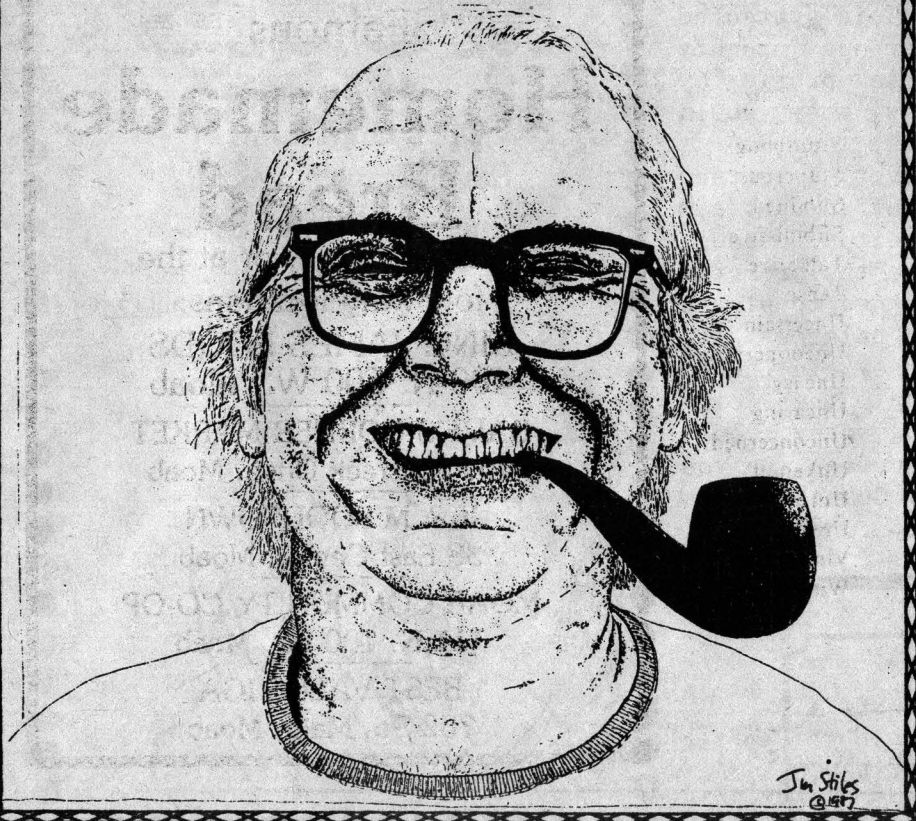
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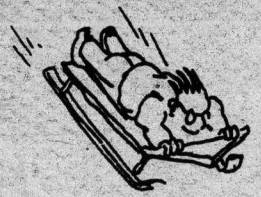
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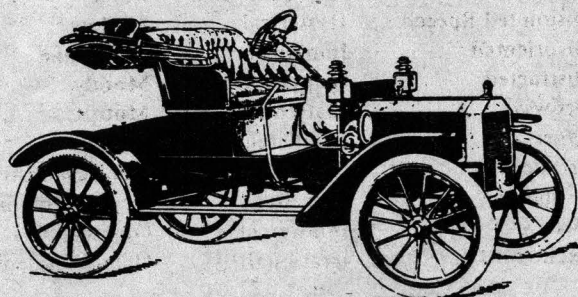
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## The Junction Jackass



### Road Company Makes One Night Stand in Grand Junction

When the oligarch's propaganda gets as crazy as any possible satire, the SDG can keep its sterling reputation just by printing the best of the male bovine scat that gets dropped on us.

Some real gems came down when the Bizarre Baron and his boys played Grand Junction in early December.

The plot involves the B.B. spending some of his sponser's dough on a big gas blow-torch out at Cisco to burn PCB's and contaminated acetone. His sponsor's understandable pride in bringing us this boon is premised on his remaining anonymous. Maybe he just doesn't want a high financial profile when the contraption puts out something nasty. The B.B. claims that can't happen, of course, that just one millionth -- or maybe one billionth (the baron seems to have trouble with decimal fractions, among other things) -- of the PCB's will be dumped on the prairie dogs and that will be below the zero response dose.

The nebbish in charge of selecting toxicological information assured us that the standard text on the subject, provided you don't read beyond the preface, postulates that every insult has a dose threshold below which it doesn't hurt. Never mind the possibilities of bio-accumulation, synergy, occult harm, reduced tolerance on continued exposure, etc. Maybe our favorite toxicologist can get reservations on the next trip to planet Earth where he could get a good course on ethics in science.

The high point of the performance came when the B.B. made the thrilling prediction that a waste disposal facility will attract new chemical waste generators to the area.

Contradicting the B.B.'s assertions that only trace amounts of the input poisons would be emitted, the author of preliminary engineering guesses confessed that significant amounts of carbon monoxide and nitrous oxides would be generated by burning natural gas and air in a confined chamber. Not

to worry though, these gases get a meteorological dilution of 200,000 on their way to GJ. No one questioned the basis of that computation, but the confinement of airflow in a deep valley with converging walls, prolonged thermal inversions preventing vertical diffusion, and the blank wall of the Grand Mesa blocking the down wind end of this tunnel won't fit the assumptions of a hand-book formula. Just how much the concentrated nitrous oxide smog would reduce the sunlight into Palisades-Clifton orchards and how the orchardists are to be compensated for the losses in trees and fruit wasn't mentioned.

EPA types then described the paperwork hoops they have strewn along the promoter's path to glory. Utah and Colorado health and air people did the same. It wasn't clear that any of them had significant control over what actually happens. The B.B. insisted that the welfare of all is protected because, should he ever be naughty enough to increase his profit by shaving EPA regulations, they would trounce him thoroughly.

When this farce was over, I learned that the city fathers of an upstream village had turned their business development funds over to the promoter of a coffee roaster designed to please the discriminating palates of Aspenites. With their money in hand, he disappeared, leaving the city fathers devoutly wishing they could wake up and smell the coffee. Do you suppose the Grand County Commissioners will?

You can't get snot off a suede jacket.

LENNY BRUCE

## Old Spanish Trail Camera

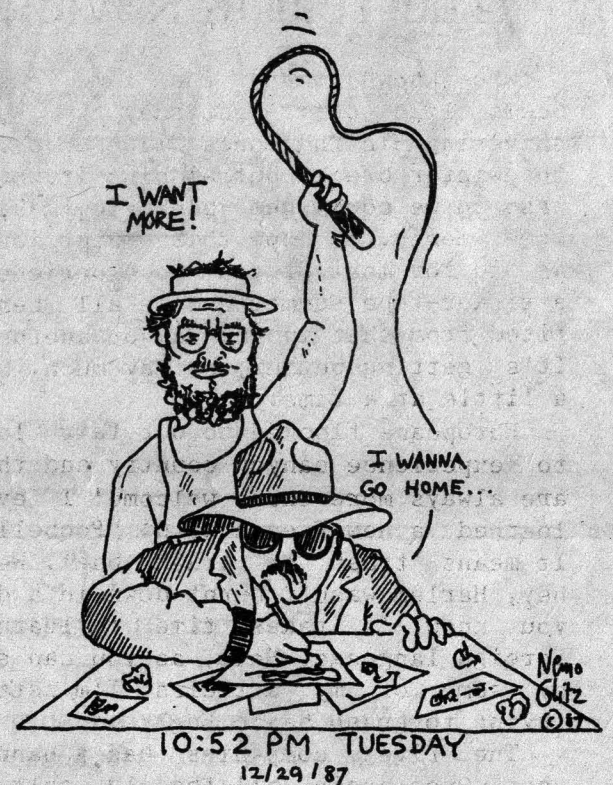
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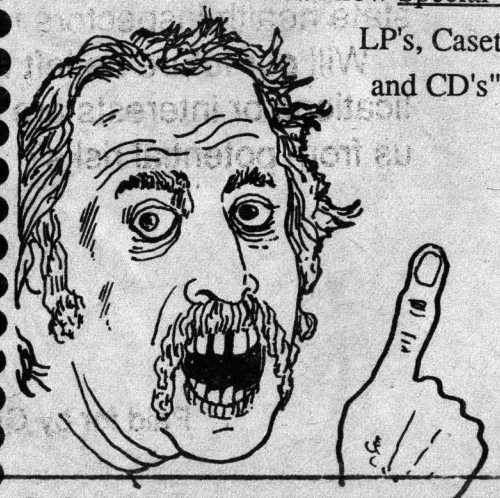


## MOVID

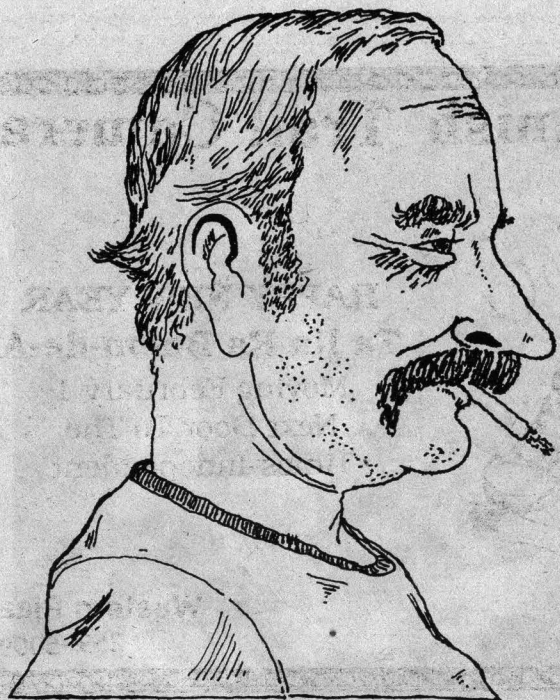
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Izzie Kiddin

## The Year in Review

Who knows where the time goes? Seems like only yesterday we were shivering in the cheese line enjoying the winter break, but wishing it would pass so we could get back to making some money. I hope this winter isn't as bad for most of you. We experienced a ticker-tape summer and we all benefited from that in one way or another. It's getting better, not by much, but a little at a time.

Europeans flocked to our fair land to experience canyon country and they are always more than welcome! I even learned a new French word! "Poobell." It means 'trash or trash bag'. Well hey, Harlem wasn't burnt down in a day you know. It takes time to learn a foreign language. Hell, as you can see by some of my articles, I'm still trying to grasp basic English!

The river companies had a banner year. Once again, all the old salties

came back for another season of showing a boatload of strangers what true peril really is. Seriously, it takes a special kind of person to return year after year and be a guide and still enjoy it and be genuinely enthusiastic about it all. My hat is off to you!

Condolences go out to the Balloon-Man. Having your livelihood go up in flames is one thing, but getting a ticket for having an open fire without a permit really takes the cake. He'll be back though. Some of us refuse to let our dreams go up in smoke.

This 'whatever it is' newspaper lost Uncle Nik this past year. We send our love and best wishes to him. We did gain the art and wit of Jim Stiles, a welcome addition to our rag even if he tends to exaggerate people's noses in his sketches....(my schlong should be so long.)

The restaurants and motels reported a booming business throughout the summer months. Unfortunately, this was not reflected on most employee's paychecks. There are still countless souls toiling away daily for minimum wage or less. Continue to politely but persistently fight for your right to a fair wage, until we somehow rid Moab of it's 'Transient Town Payscale Mentality'.

Arches Park came under a bit of fire for some heavy-handed tactics utilized by some of its new employees on our visitors to the area. It's pretty easy to lose your cool during the heat of the summer. Let us hope that this coming season we can ALL use a bit more tact, patience and old-fashioned country courtesy to our guests. They are the ones putting bread on our table.

I've been writing for this paper for about a year now and have been gratified by some of the positive compliments you have bestowed on me regarding my articles. Surprisingly, I've also found out I've ticked a few



Al McLeod

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people off. To those cherished friends, my humble apologies. I intended no harm, but I gather a joke can get quite old when you're reminded about it by everyone for the rest of the month. I'll try and be a bit more tactful this coming year.

In regards to issues, I'll still continue to speak what little mind I have left....

Which brings me to the one dark cloud that forever seems to hang over our fair land, that being; the incessant persistence by 'the powers that be' to import toxic waste into our region. I cannot believe that they are so blind that they would willingly jeopardize the one industry we have going.

It was gratifying to see the turnout last Dec. 2 for the Incinerator Meeting. I feel we, as a community, are becoming more closely-knit. We were duped by letting them 'speak for the community as a whole'. We must never let them do that again. I think it would be quite easy to gather enough votes for a referendum election on this issue, if that is our only other course of action.

And when it does come time to vote, I hope all of you will turn out in force as you did for the recent meetings. By exercising your right to vote, maybe we can finally play a part in the future of our community, rather than having our parts written for us by a misguided few. Paradise will not be lost when a community comes to find itself.

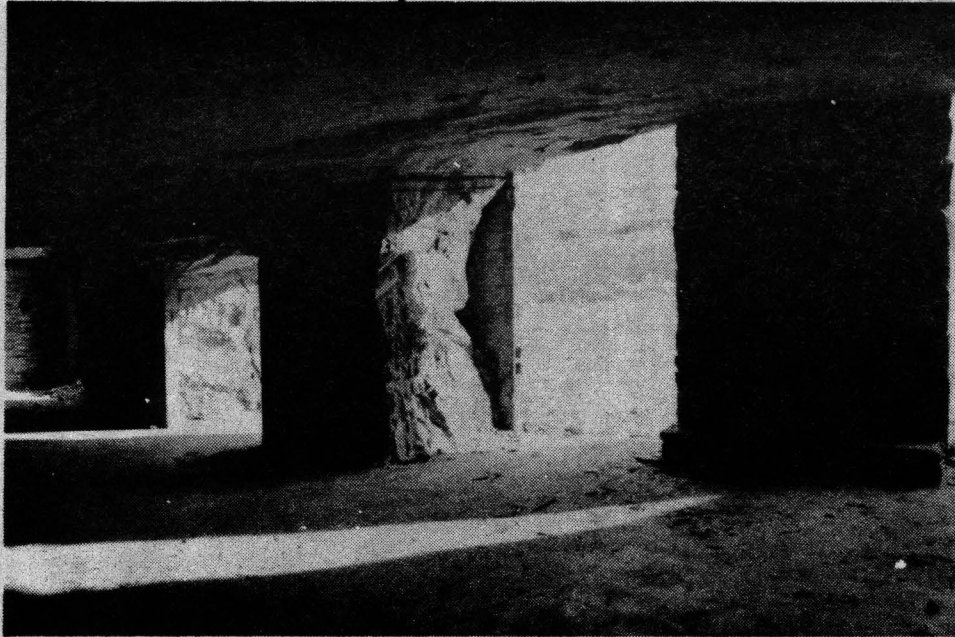
So, to you and yours, a very satisfying, challenging and hopeful New Year. Pouring myself a drink on this New Year's Eve and wishing for the best .... Here's looking at you, kid.

## WHO'S TAKING CARE OF THE STORE?

If the toxic waste incinerator is constructed at Cisco, who will assure its safe operation? Will qualified state health inspectors randomly monitor the plant?

Will our future be left to someone whose qualifications or interests are far from adequate to protect us from potential risks?





A VIEW OF THE LIVING ROOM, FRONT ENTRY, FIREPLACE.



THE KITCHEN AREA, AND THE DRAMATIC STAIRWAY.

## The Dewey House

Bob Dudek

More than one resident of the Canyonlands has looked long and hard at these fascinating walls of stone that surround us, and decided that he wanted to live in one of them.

The most famous example is the "Hole In The Rock" home twelve miles south of Moab, originally a restaurant and residence and now a curio shop and tourist attraction. The everpresent crowd of automobiles in the parking lot is testament to a widely-shared desire to see what it feels like to be inside the rock, if only for a moment.

There are numerous others, ranging from the "egg ranch" buildings in the cliff along Kane Creek Drive, to the home recently "built" in Castle Valley by Denis Wattlez of France. And then there's the Dewey house.

The first time I saw the house it was nearly finished, in the Spring of 1974. Built like the "Hole in the Rock" home, carved into a bluff of solid sandstone, it appeared to be the perfect answer to heating and cooling a residence in those energy-conscious times. It was a home that would maintain a reasonable temperature, summer and winter, purely on its own.

But more than that, the house was the answer to the problems of routine maintenance that plague every homeowner. Imagine owning a house with a roof that ought to be good for, say, 180,000 years, and an exterior that never needs repainting!

Anyone who had ever wondered whether such a house was possible was drawn to it to see for themselves how all the construction details might be resolved. After all, when one installs a water line to such a dwelling, it involves more than just punching a hole through a wall or floor. Most of these details were already worked out.

The front was glassed in, the wiring was in place and kitchen was ready for fixtures. The biggest part of the work was done.

But at that time it was already showing signs of the vandalism that would eventually reduce it to what it is today, basically a cave with smooth slab floors and a staircase. Anyone who saw it had to wonder why such a charming and romantic dwelling was abandoned and left to fall into ruin. The answer? It was "common knowledge" that the BLM had re-surveyed the area and found the house on BLM land. Not wanting to risk setting a precedent, they had refused to negotiate a swap and the house had been abandoned, a victim of the inflexible bureaucracy. In truth, that's not what happened. But first, some history.

The cavehouse was "built" by Bob Shumway, a uranium miner who possessed the skills and the equipment necessary

for solid rock excavation, plus the requisite imagination to undertake such an unconventional project.

The property was sold to Shumway and his partners by Jim and Nellie McPherson who bought it originally from Lester Taylor. It included the sandstone cliff on the west side of the road and the bottomland along the river to the east.

Shumway carved out the lower "floor" of the house, the living area and kitchen, tunneled up from that with a curving passage and opened up another room, the bedroom, at a higher level along the cliff face.

Although the rock is hard Entrada sandstone with no noticeable fissures the ceiling is held secure with

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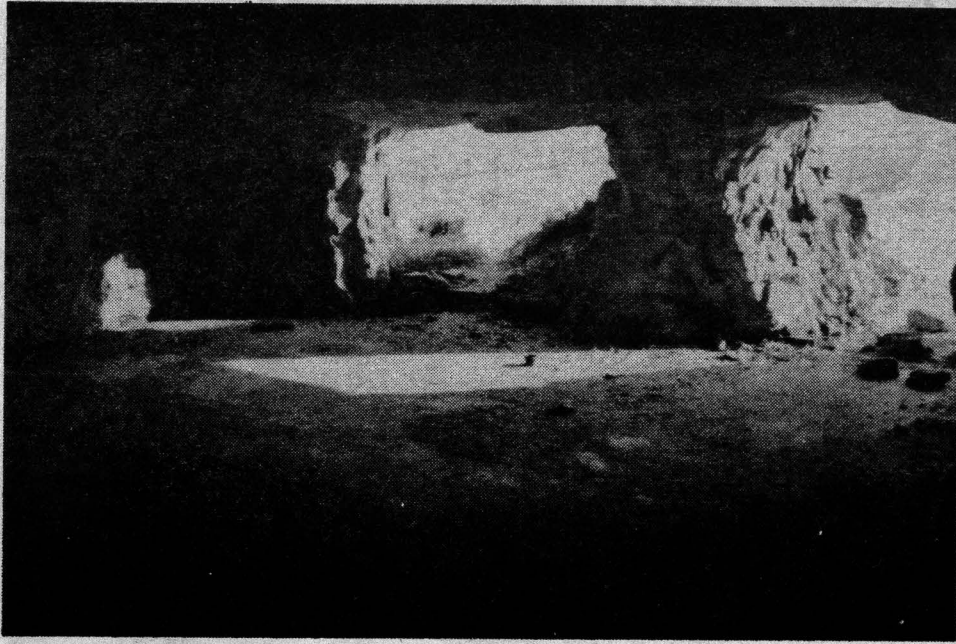
Castle Valley Specialists  
Raw Land

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Moab, Utah 84532  
801-259-5693  
1-800-842-MOAB

We oppose the construction of a toxic waste incinerator.







THE EXPANSIVE BEDROOM, AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS.

numerous lag bolts. The ceiling and walls are hewn rock, the floors and the connecting staircase are built of poured cement.

The opening of the main level was sealed off with a natural stone fireplace and on either side of that with walls of windows. Further north along the cliff face was a window to the kitchen. The bedroom above opened up to the outside and onto a stone terrace. Due to the abundance of glass, the interior of the home was fairly well illuminated with daylight.

Overall, the effect was charming and tasteful, especially the curving staircase that wound around and up to the bedroom. The house was, in fact, a fantasy house, the embodiment of many a homesteader's dream. Not only was it "natural" and highly romantic, it was the house you could lock up and walk away from in the dead of winter and know that the interior was going to be naturally maintained at a comfortable temperature. But the very charm that drew so many people to view it led to a lot of mistreatment and abuse.

I hope in the final judgement that those of us who trespassed onto private property to see this unusual domicile will be forgiven our trespasses. Most of us were drawn there by the irresistible lure of a romantic dwelling we had all fantasized about. We went there to admire. But some went to destroy.

There was no property line dispute. Plans changed, and the nearly-finished home was sold. The buyer, Paul Fritz, was living in Grand Junction at the time. He wanted eventually to live in this area and had taken a liking to the cliff house. He bought the property but was unable to move here due to career demands.

Time passed. In the interim, the home was empty, and subject to the erosive forces of the witless fools who went there to party.

It didn't take long, about one year, for vandalism to reduce the home to a skeleton cave.

What some saw as an example of new wave architecture, ideally suited to this area (like Jim Keough and Mike

Hill have proposed with their radical but stunning design for a convention center to be built into the cliff of the north river portal at Moab), others treated with disdain.

Fortunately, no vandalism is going to destroy the walls of the house, and perhaps at some point in the future the home will be restored to its full and wonderful potential as a "dream house" for Canyonland living.

## FOUR CORNERS DESIGN CENTER

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## After-Christmas Sale

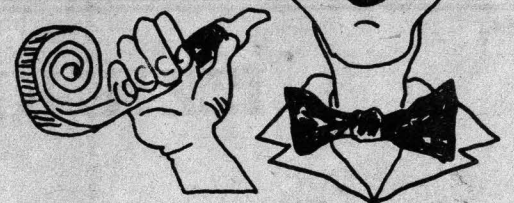
25% off on all 1988 Wilderness Calendars  
come in and see the amazing, the one and only. ....  
Sam Francis

## DAVE'S CORNER MARKET

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OPEN 7 to 11

We Now Carry  
Sunflower Hill Breads



HAPPY NEW YEAR  
To All Our Friends

## Sprint Brake Service At Parriott Engineering

Custom Automobile And Truck Brake Service

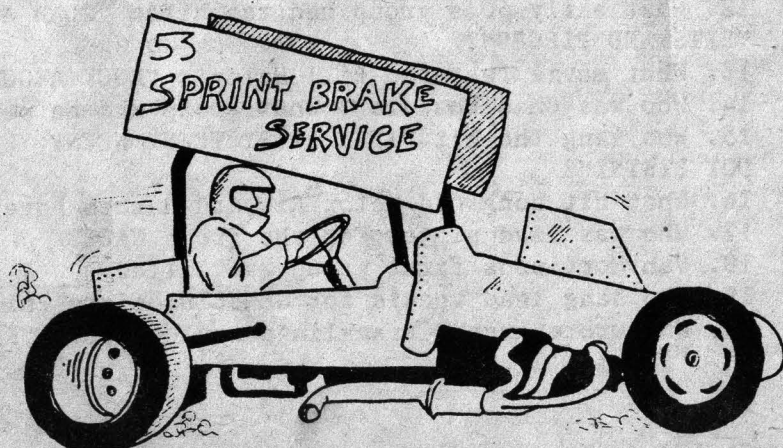
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If our life lacks a constant  
magic it is because we  
choose to observe our acts  
and lose ourselves in  
consideration of their  
imagined form instead of  
being impelled by their  
force.

ANTONIN ARTAUD



You do not need to leave your room. Remain sitting at your table and listen. Do not even listen, simply wait. Do not even wait, be quite still and solitary. The world will freely offer itself to you to be unmasked, it has no choice, it will roll in ecstasy at your feet.

FRANZ KAFKA

Don't lose  
Your head  
To gain a minute  
You need your head  
Your brains are in it.

BURMA SHAVE

Stay high and keep moving  
and give all of yourself  
away.

NEAL CASSIDY

Discard all theologies and  
all belief .... the whole  
principle that someone else  
knows and you do not know,  
that the one who knows is  
going to teach you.

KRISHNAMURTI



**Poplar Place  
Pub & Eatery**

Main St. & 1st North - Moab, Utah

NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY

LIVE MUSIC

## 2ND ANNUAL LIP SYNC CONTEST

Jan. 17

Starts at 3 p.m.

\$1 Cover Charge

Bigger and Better

Than Ever

a few measley prizes

But Lots and Lots Of Fun

closed on January 3

for employee's party

(We oppose the construction of  
a toxic waste incinerator)



### the FLIP side

After reading Bloato's diatribe on  
women (during my lunch hour)  
I couldn't resist making an  
appearance...



Guess you could say I'm one of  
those "strong women" responsible  
for his nausea.



But the roof is leaking...and where  
are all those "dazzling,  
versatile,  
strong Moab  
men" when  
you need  
them?



## IZZIE KIDDIN'S MUSICAL TRIVIA QUIZ

All right, you music trivia experts, time to sharpen your musical wits for our first trivia quiz. The first one to send in all the correct answers wins a year's subscription to this renowned paper!

What? You've scanned some of the questions and you think they're kind of hard? Well, for a subscription to the STINKING DESERT GAZETTE, you didn't think they would be easy, did you? Good luck!

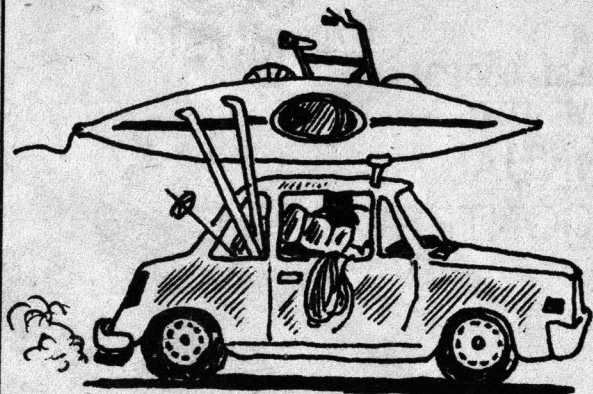
1. What three great guitarists played with THE YARDBIRDS at one time or another?
2. Who was Stu Sutcliffe?
3. What label did Elvis record his first songs for?
4. Blues great McKinly Morganfield performed under what name?
5. What group did David Crosby originally perform with?
6. What group did Graham Nash originally perform with?
7. What group did Stephen Stills originally perform with?
8. What is STING's real name?

9. Name a hit song by Freddie Cannon.
10. What group did Linda Ronstadt originally record with?
11. What group did Kenny Rogers originally record with?
12. What early 60's group had the hits, "GLAD ALL OVER" & "BITS AND PIECES"?
13. What movie featured Bill Haley's "ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK"?
14. Who was Chas Chandler? What group did he perform with?
15. Who sang the hit "ITSY BITSY TEENY WEENY YELLOW POLKA DOT BIKINI"?
16. What hit song did actor Richard Harris have?
17. Who was lead singer for the group NAZZ?
18. Van Morrisons first group was called \_\_\_\_\_.
19. Who sang lead vocals for GENESIS before Phil Collins?
20. Who wrote Aretha Franklin's soul classic "RESPECT"?

The winning entry (if any!) will be posted, along with the answers in next month's issue.



## DERAILED



Mudpuppy

Sometimes Moab reminds me of the old weather-beaten prospector who stubbed his toe on a rock while heading to the privvy.

The prospector cursed and spat while the rock yelled, "Ouch!" It was a rather soft rock. (Actually it was a hunk of gold and the guy got rich and the town boomed.)

But it's human nature to kick rocks and things and it's the nature of rocks to not worry about a kick or two. I guess they figure they have to take their licks in life in the interest of symbiotic relationships.

Rocks, though, (especially those around Moab) are imminently stronger and wiser than humans, and although we don't realize it yet, they are quite conscious of their image.

They like to be looked at.

Desert rocks themselves are a special breed. Did you realize that pilgrimages from all over the world are being made just to see the Locals?

And still Moabites are kicking around and complaining about mining slumps, isolation and poverty. "Between a rock and a hard place," everyone says, "If we could only get investors or developers to . . . . . blah, blah, blah."

Last month I was mountain biking on the rocky roads trying to keep up with some of the 1,000 Fat Tire Festival Pilgrims who had come to see Rocks, when I had a fit of Dehydrated, Fall-Over Fatigue Exhaustion, landed flat on a rock and had a vision.

The rock I chose to flump down upon in a fatigued heap sort of.... well... it spoke to me!!

In a rather coarse voice it said, "Don't Waste your time! Open up a National Rock College (NRC) or an Arch Enlightenment Center (AEC)! Teach Man Teach!!!"

It took a moment to catch the stony dry humor of this rock, and by then the rock was almost finished talking.

"You're sitting on an Outdoor Gold Mine, and the samples don't need to be mined, they just want to be dug!"

That was all. Not another word. Just an old red rock silently preening itself in the late afternoon sun. "What the.....?" I shook my head.

But it got my wheels turning. How about an ARC(H) (Allyear. recreation from Center) or an NEC(C) (National Energy Conservation College)? Or just an Outdoor Recreation School???

Maybe I'm dreaming, but after my toe stubbing conversation I've decided to stake my claim on Outdoor Recreation. More trails! More Bikes! More Deli's! More Nightlife! (Can't stay out there in the rocks forever!) Let's go for it!

I've even decided to put my song about saving instead of paving the Burr Trail on the tape I'm working on. If a picture is worth ... maybe a song is worth a million visitors.

And it's all just a stone's throw away! Soon a rock concert will mean singing to sandstone.

They'll love it!





# LEDITORS

Dear SDG,

Thanks for a good year! Sign me up again.  
I've enjoyed everything so far except the promo picture for the SPACES band. That picture is really violent and not in good fun at all.  
My Dad has been taking painting lessons from Serena Supplee and he's getting good. I have Moab Red Rock watercolors all over my office and pictograph and petroglyph watercolors in my bedroom to remind me that

THE ROCKS ARE ALIVE!

Abbey G.  
Ohio

PS. I hope to visit again soon.

Dear Stinking:

Please send a years worth. I thank you on behalf of the Wheezing Creampuff Quintet and Gauntlet Tossers Assoc.

Troy  
New Mexico

Dear Stinking Desert Gazette:

On my recent Grand Canyon river trip I was fortunate to be the designated custodian of the mandatory outside defactorium. And oh what a fine job I'd been doing! Beautiful scenery, river vistas, and occasionally early morning sun. The compliments kept piling up day after day. After a couple of days of 4,700 CFS and a successful avoidance of the Upsét Hole we were finally gearing up for our pre-Lava (Falls) party. The party began immediately upon camp selection at Fern Glen. I, having been lulled into complacency by three days of low water, set up the groover at the end of the beach - WAY to close to the calm eddy.

After a monumental pre-Lava party, person after person fell face down in the sand and off to sleep. Sometime between the party and dawn I awoke to the sound of an increasingly choppy eddy. I immediately knew that the pooper would be very difficult indeed to locate. I removed my clothing and located the nonfloating shit cans and constructed an on-river replacement for the well fitting crapper capper.

In the morning, my fine spirited friends notified me that the previously mentioned toilet seat (with strategically placed anti-skid blocks) was floating WAY out in the eddy. Most of the equipment was recovered. however, my well-preserved library of SDG's had all gone to the archives of the River Gods. The Gods, by now no doubt, have enjoyed the many entertaining articles contained in the SDG that were forever preserved in the waters of the Colorado River.

I thank the river Gods for safe passage through Lava. However, I'm still grieved by the loss to my literary collection. If there are copies of past SDG's that I might procure, future patrons of the morning depository could again be entertained by your words of wit and wisdom.

Thanks for the reading pleasure that your reporters and contributors have supplied in the past and future.

Kevin  
Flagstaff

Rev:

We can spare a set of Gazettes for Odin any time he wants. A new set is on its way to your groover for your future patrons who, we dearly hope, are using them for ding material.

Editor

## The MOVIES



Mon.-Thurs. 10 AM-7:30PM

Fri-Sat 10AM-8PM

Sun. 11AM-7PM

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Coming in January

Robo-Cop

Predator

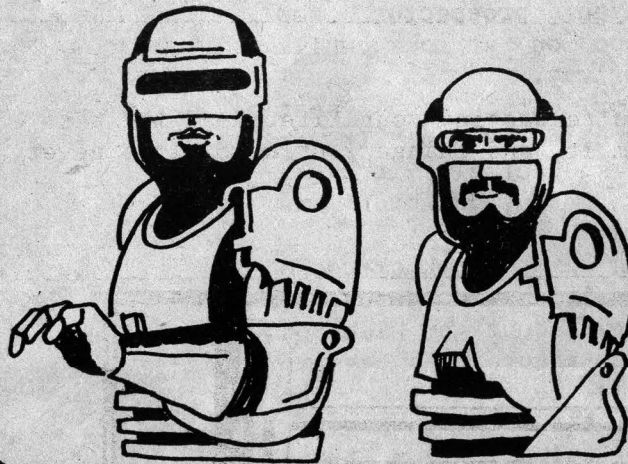
Dirty Dancing

Dragnet

Good Morning Babylon

Back To The Beach

The Boy With Green Hair



MAE FOR PRESIDENT  
IN 1988

"If elected I will abolish taxes and tackiness"

## LADIES ONLY

Give Your Sweetheart

An Erotic Valentine

Created Especially For Him

LINDA POWELL'S FOURTH ANNUAL  
SWEETHEART PHOTO SESSION

January 15, 16, 17

By Appointment Only

259-6000



# LETTERS

Dear SDG:

I'm thinking about falling in love again. But I'm wondering if it's worth it ... for all the joy and fun of being in love, there is the pain and anguish. For instance, when I think of tingling with the excitement of new love, every cell of my being alive and vibrating -- I hear this little voice that says "Hey bitch, get over here and SUFFER ... yeah, that's right, the party is over! Have some heartache! Did you like those orgasms, those cosmic rushes, gushes and moans --- uuuuuuuu, electric purple iridescent yummy bliss ... You stupid bitch! Did you really think that it was FREE? Ah ha, that's rich! YUK YUK YUK To the same extent that you soar in bliss, I will be there to slam dunk your ass to the very depths of despair.

But, but, but --- it's time for lovin', not drying up and dying. It's time to be juicy, hot and Tantric and in love with everyone -- everything. I don't care about the consequences --- if you see HIM, send him over. Hurry....

A La Allah

Dear Ms. Allah:

Get a clue. You're wasting your life. Read the next letter. Learn from it, and change your ways. It's never too late.

Editor

## MAIN STREET

## BROILER

You're never bored  
at the Broiler.



### GREAT BREAKFASTS!

Potatoes-any way you like them  
Only Real Espresso in  
SE Utah

### Fresh Homemade Pastries

bear claws  
date bars  
lemon cheese pillows  
fresh ground coffees

Daily Breakfast Specials

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Dear Bloato:

I have followed your illustrious career since its inception in May, 1984, with Vol 1, No. 1 of "TRADEWINDS". Since the beginning, with Games Jordan and Jeep Thrills Tours, through Harold Gaynurd and the Jehovah's Witnesses, you have always managed to stay slightly aloof from your subject (with the exception perhaps of the Falcon fetish you displayed in Issue #23). But, with this latest article, and your description of the nausea you experienced, it is plain you are more than a little personally affected by the subject that you address.

You have to understand that in terms of the length of civilized society, women have only been exerting their strength and independence en masse for a short (very short!) time. For thousands of years men have been allowed to search for answers and to make mistakes; for thousands of years they have been patting themselves on the back and thinking of bigger and better ways to prove their strength. The 'Women's Movement', as we know it, is only a few years old. Is it any wonder that women are now flexing their ideas, strengths, and even (if I may be so bold as to suggest) their superiority in some areas?

As a woman who has been treading life's road for a few years now, I can tell you that all men are not as understanding as you seem to be concerning the offsetting equalities of the sexes and that some men are, in fact, hostile towards women who try to express such sentiments. Women, on the other hand, understand the problems that other women face and much support is lent through a network of women helping each other.

In only twelve years we will be entering the year 2000, and women are still struggling to achieve equality and trying to explain why they deserve it. Don't you find that in the least amazing? Despite your obvious physical 'throwback' appearance, you seem to display an above average intellect. So, I am sure you will understand why a perfectly normal female will sometimes act as though she would like to rattle some man's obtuse skull against a wall. What she is trying to achieve is simply an acceptance of her kind, and is understandably frustrated with the lack of progress at times.

If some women appear to you to be overdoing it a little, why don't you just try to remember that this whole experience of equality and its expressions is very new to them, and cut them some slack. Gracefully allowing them to go overboard and proving their 'humanity' on occasion can certainly do you no harm; that same largesse of understanding has been afforded men for centuries. Whenever the young begin to walk it is necessary to allow them to fall a few times so they will gain their own sense of balance. So it is for us.

Lola  
SLC/Moab

Lola:

But aren't we really just innies and outies? Women live longer and control most of the wealth in this country. I'm hip to what you're saying, but ultimately, in the long run, in the final assessment, at the last judgement, where's the inequality?

The truth is what is; what  
should be is a dirty lie.

LENNY BRUCE





# THE BARD'S NARDS POETRY CORNER

"and when one of us is gone..."

We were just learning to deal  
with the last loss.  
We stumbled about in a gray haze  
of shock and grief and disbelief.  
We tried to find meanings in death;  
We tried to understand and failed.  
The only healer was time...  
The only answers that emerged  
were about ourselves.

The Christmas season came again  
and the lighted trees and the holiday songs  
Became poignant reminders  
of that last tragedy.  
But we go on—  
Living is what we're supposed to do,  
And so, in spite of how much it hurts,  
We continue to do just that.

And then it happens all over again.  
We are struck between the eyes  
by the same grief and shock  
That had finally subsided to a level  
we could handle.  
Once again, Christmas is marred  
by mourning bands.  
Again we look for answers,  
but the answer is  
There are no answers.

Life continues to be a mystery,  
As inexplicable as it ever was,  
or ever will be.  
But we are also reminded  
of how precious it is.  
Each moment to be savored,  
Each friend treasured.

Wherever they are,  
our friends remember those moments.  
And we will remember them.

JS



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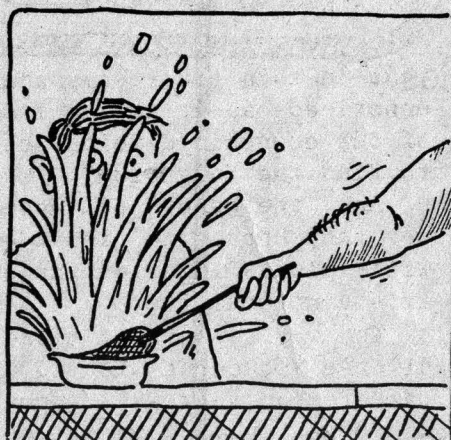
## THE T-SHIRT SHOP

Winter Is The Perfect Time  
To Visit Arches.  
Come Enjoy The Solitude, Silence  
And Invigorating Weather.

### ODE TO THE LIVESTOCK EXPERIENCE By Zeke Bickerstaff

I think that I shall never know,  
A poem as lovely as a cow;  
Which chews its cud with deliberation,  
To provide the burgers that feed our nation.  
No complex mosaic could ever rank  
With the patterns of flies that adorn its flank.  
No composer ever knew  
A music as moving as its mournful moo,  
Which echoes from the canyon walls  
And upon my delighted eardrums falls.  
With its bovine brethren it gambols o'er the land  
To dine on desert plants and decorate the desert sand.  
It swings its tail in exquisite graceful arcs  
As it gazes sad eyed outside our National Parks.  
A thing sublime, a thing devine,  
Is this beast they call bovine.

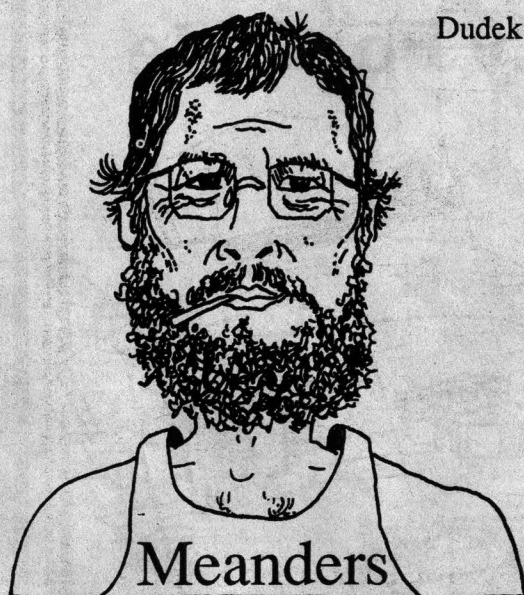
### Over the Counter



### by Nemo Glitz







Dudek

It's nice, writing opinions in a small town. You get instant feedback on everything, including elements of style.

For example, some people get very frustrated when they read one of my editorials. They think I meander too much. I hear things like:

"Jeezus, Dudek, You almost had it that time. You made some good points and your logic is consistent, but the thread is hard to follow."

See, you give people pearls, and they want thread. They want a strand of pearls. They want your editorial to be strung together nicely, the introductory pearls small, but graded upwards in size to the largest pearl in the middle, and then a gradual reduction to the smaller pearls again, to the clasp that binds it all neatly together like a museum piece.

Hey, what do you want, George Will? Give me a break here. We're humorists. We're only editorializing because we need some redeeming social value to broaden the scope of our paper and make a few more quarters.

Well, there's one other reason, namely, we are committed to resist the importation of toxic waste into our county, a plan so penny wise and pound foolish we'll reach for anything, even threads if we need to.

Besides, we're speaking for a clear majority here. Our polls show that public feeling about the incinerator is running against it by a majority of about, um, three to one.

And so, lest we be discredited for being threadbare, I hope our readers understand that our position, meandering though it may be by the time I get through with it, has not been hastily or thoughtlessly conceived.

We want a strong economic base for this desert town.

Tourism has inherent problems. It's affected by convulsions in the economy or the oil supply (as 1975 proved in stark detail), and even by unfavorable exchange rates in the foreign currency markets. (In fact, one year we noted a dip due to Mitterand's Socialist reforms in France, when he put a low limit on the amount of French Francs an individual could convert to foreign currency, thereby discouraging the French from worldwidetravel.)


Tourism oughtn't be solely relied upon for our security. On the other hand, it shouldn't be dismissed as an unreliable fluke that could fade away at any moment. Barring total collapse of the economy, tourism as an economic cornerstone is here to stay.

After that, our most bankable asset is a relatively clean and pastoral environment, and a well-thought-out plan to keep it that way. We firmly believe that therein lies the magnet to attract mainstream businesses that can put ordinary people back to work.

There's room for industry. In fact, little industries are arriving every

# KCNV

## 1450 AM



# Canyon Country

## RADIO

## 259-6288

year in this town, slipping in almost unnoticed as it were while the thrust of our economic development has been to find the "big plum".

Ask the owners of these businesses why they chose to locate here. They will always mention the environment. It's a natural fact.

The way to attract more of these diverse concerns is to establish a master plan that will appeal to those who are getting very concerned about the poisonous environments in which they live and raise their families,

### POPLAR PLACE BREAKFAST MENU

We plan to stay open for breakfast thru January 17. See you again in the early spring at our new location

"Honest Ozzie's"

Cafe and Desert Oasis

A new indoor-outdoor cafe serving home cooked breakfast and lunch for all diets and tastes.

Thanks to everyone at the Poplar Place  
It's been fun, and it's been real.

Becky and Donna

Eeny, Meeny, Jelly Beanie,  
the spirits are about to  
speak.

BULLWINKLE MOOSE

and are looking to move their money to a cleaner corner of the world.

The man who stood up at the meeting on Dec. 2 and announced to the town that he would not locate his health spa and resort here if the toxic waste facilities are built was no ringer; friends. Nobody knew he was going to be there, and his sentiments were very real. That's the thread.

If we zone to allow these toxic waste facilities we preclude lots of other industries from locating either near it or elsewhere in the county, pure and simple.

Nobody knows whether a terrible accident will ever occur at these proposed facilities. A guarantee of absolute safety is impossible. The aura of danger that hovers above a facility of this nature will have a chilling effect on other developments.

A master plan that guarantees pure air, clean water, a safe environment and a healthy existence is our best security. A community with the vision and the courage to adopt such a plan is choosing the class approach to economic development.

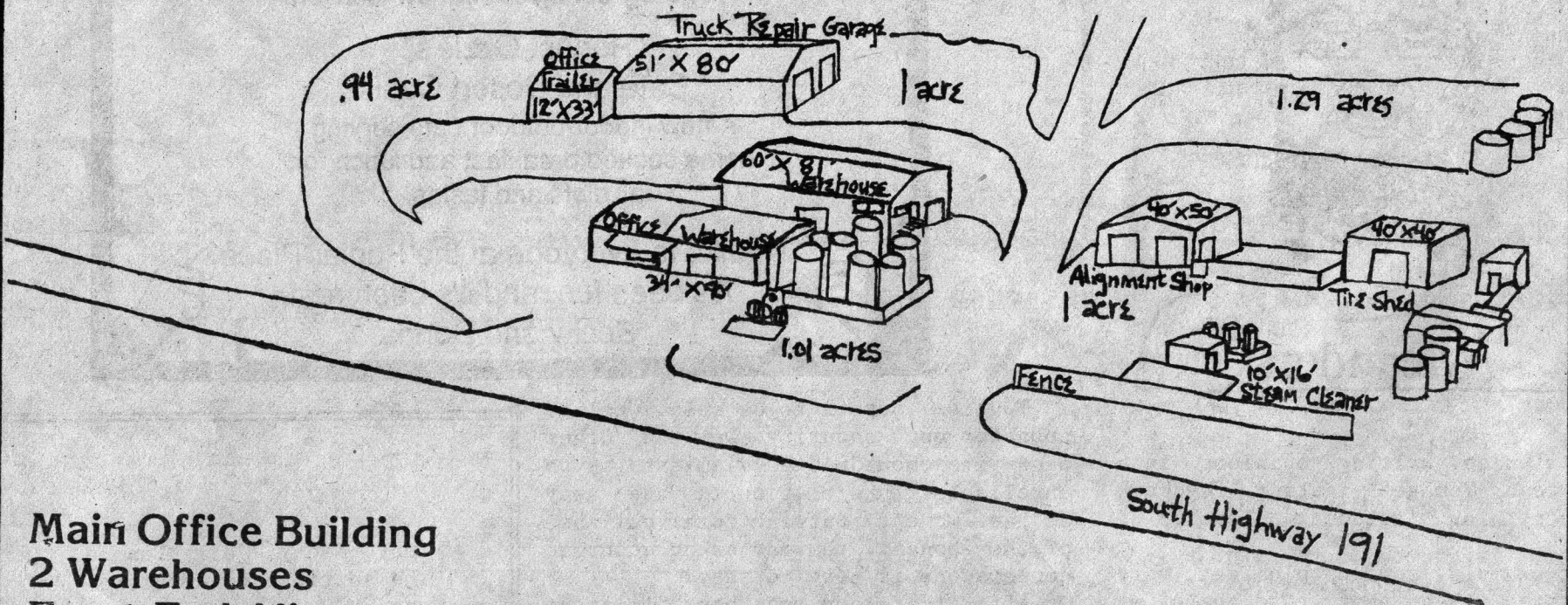
The higher standards we set, the higher the class of development we attract. Conversely, the opposite is true. It's up to you.

Since man is part and parcel of the supreme he can come to know something of God through self knowledge. It is like gaining knowledge of the ocean by inspection of one drop of its water.

SWAMI A.C.BHAKTIVEDANTA



# Petroleum Distribution Facility For Sale



Main Office Building  
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## CLASSIFIED ADS

WANTED: Jeep Cherokee or Wagoneer, 1977 or later.  
Call Mykie after January 17.....259-6008

ATTENTION: The next Moab Time Travel Club Meeting will  
be ten years ago this date at City Hall. Please bring  
future members.

I still have that stupid John Deere Model B tractor with  
the perfect engine and great tires and the two point hitch  
that nobody in their right mind would want. It would make  
a wonderful power plant, with belt and spline PTO's to run  
a saw, etc. \$550.00 this week only! Bob.....259-6857

## Vent Your Spleen In The Gazette



Do you have a bone to Pick?  
An axe to grind? A spleen to  
vent? A grudge to settle? Or  
on the other hand, are you  
so damned happy and content  
that you'd like to tell the  
world? Now you have a way to  
express those feelings, Take  
out a "VENT YOUR SPLEEN" ad  
in the Gazette today!

THE FOLLOWING SIZES AND RATES ARE AVAILABLE:

1/16 Page: \$12.50

1/8 Page: 17.50

1/4 Page: 30.00

DON'T GET ULCERS - BLOW OFF SOME STEAM!

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