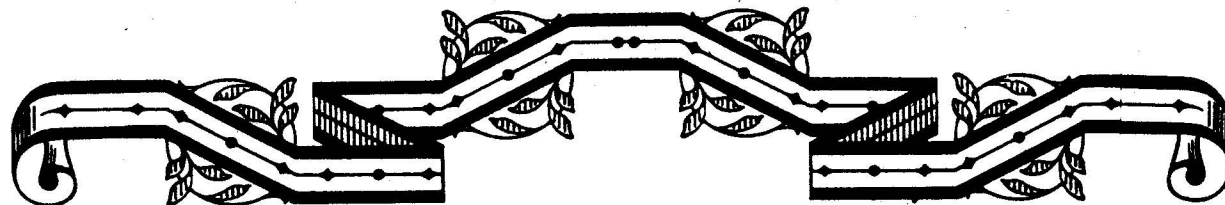




Collectors Edition



Slinking Dessert Glacé

*from Moabavalon, where the Women
are smart, strong, and sensual,
and the Men are delighted.*

Volume 1, Number 1, August 1988

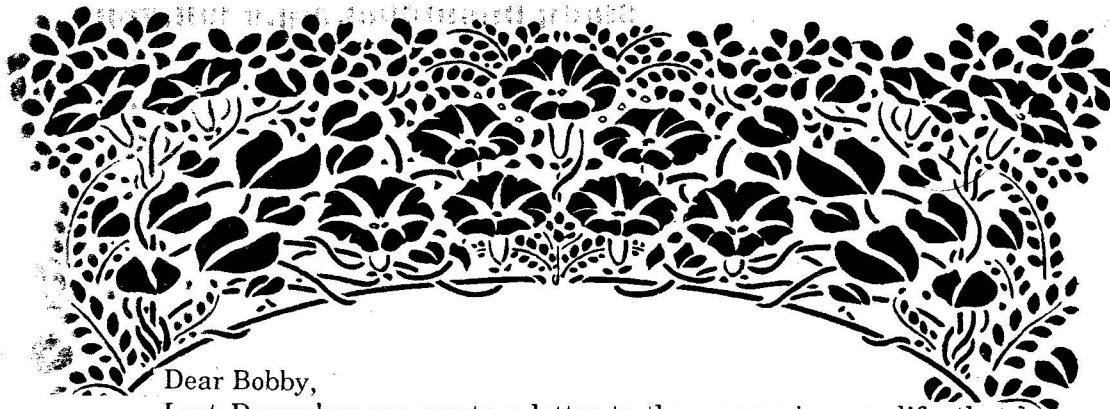


Foremothers of Moab . . .

Fourth of July Celebration, 1890
Moab, Utah

These women are the Foremothers of the Wild Wonted Women of Moab. In those days, strong women carried rifles, sabers and often had a stiletto concealed underneath their patriotic petticoats. Following are the names of

these proud and valiant women. Top row: Ruth Strauss, Lulu Katzenstein, Trecia Montoya, Etta Goldtree, and Bernice Cheney. Middle: Ruth Brown, Emma Johnson, Birdie Cluver. Bottom: Lilly (Esther) Drachman, Florence Fish, Lydia Roca, Ina Wilkinson, Eleanora Geldenbahn. Can you match these colorful women with their tenacious and sensual latterday Moab granddaughters.



Dear Bobby,

Last December you wrote a letter to the women in your life, that touched many of us deeply. We talked about the issues you raised, we talked about you. One comment that seemed particularly accurate was, "This is really a good sign. He has finally gotten mellow enough to begin a discussion."

We, the Wild Wonted Women of Moab, decided that to respond immediately would be too much positive reinforcement, and that we needed time to express our real feelings. We are passionate creatures, given to letting others know how we feel. Your letter was angry, we understand that, we feel anger too. We have chosen the tabloid format to present our response, as it is one with which you are familiar. The timing was chosen for your birthday, as a present.

As the material came in for this birthday present, it became obvious that women are sensual beings, given to caring more about how we treat each other, how we speak, how we touch, and even how our eyes meet across the room.

So here is a collection of original and quoted favorites from us to you.

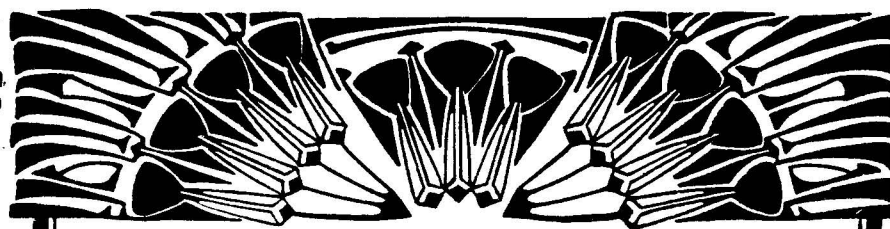
Happy Birthday Bobby.

Hoping for a future with better understanding and a deeper relationship, with real intimacy for all of us.

Love and Kisses,

WUWM

The Wild Wonted Women of Moab



An Open Letter to Edward Abbey:

We have noted your frequent references to the issue of overpopulation which causes so many of the problems on our planet. We would like to suggest that you do your part to stop the flow of excess population. Five children is three too many, and it may not have occurred to you that there is a simple solution to what must bother your global conscience. Please, Mr. Abbey, get a Vasectomy.

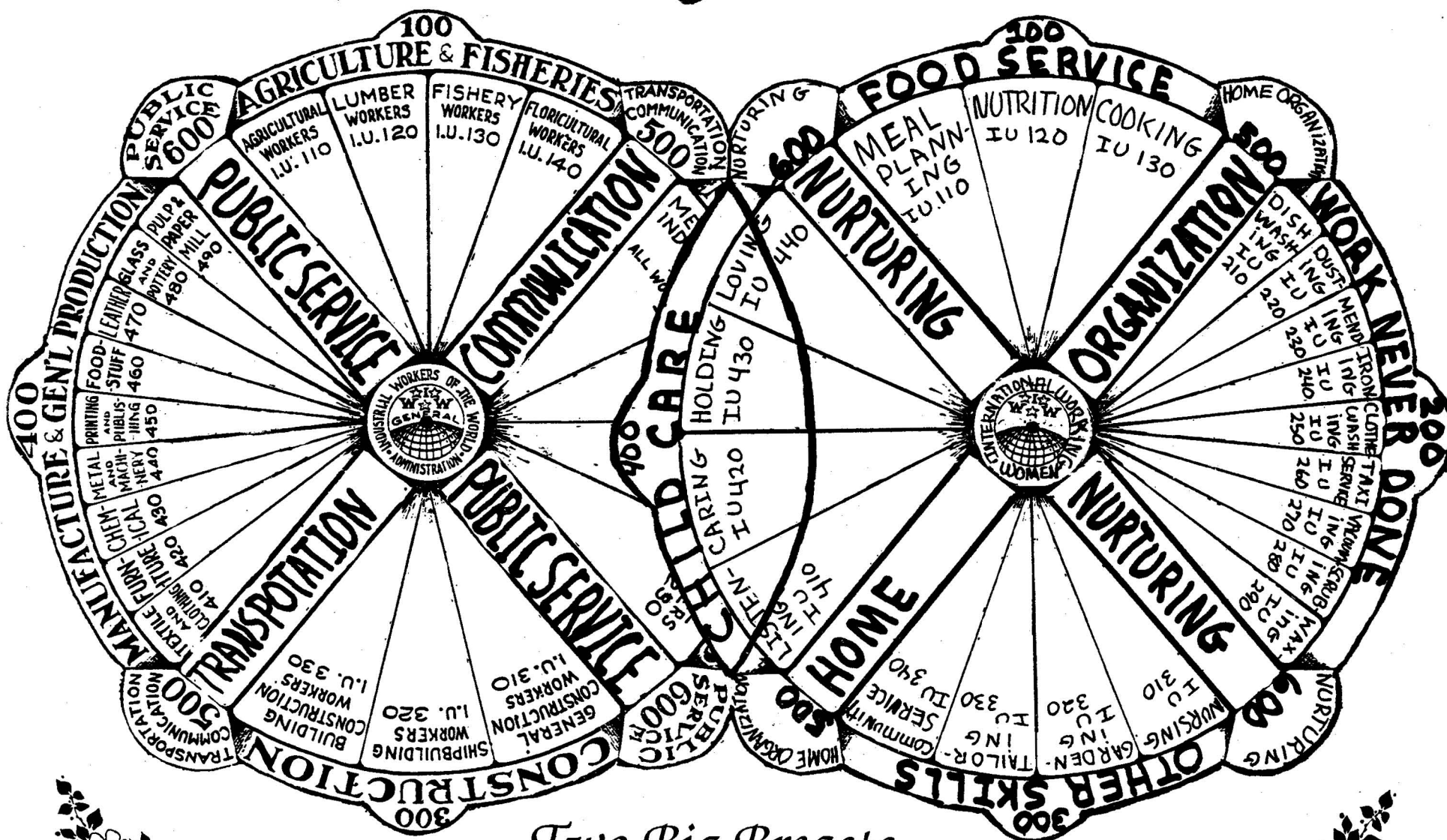
Respectfully,

WUWM

The Wild Wonted Women of Moab



The One Big Union Structure



Two Big Breasts -
both necessary to feed the world



SNORES AND BORES

by B.B. Ubiquitous

Did you know that I sometimes find myself wondering the following: who, just who put the goat heads under the saddles the women of this town have the honor of wearing?

I swear, these women, our females really seem to be ungrateful to us for the honor of wearing these saddles, upon which ride the roles we men have decided that they should play. At times my wonderment upon this expands into the shocked awareness that these women have in some cases, gone beyond being merely ungrateful and have had the audacity to go to the radical extreme of reversing the established roles to the blasphemous extent that they seem to look down upon men with contempt! I mean, it is one thing for women to be pro-female within the accepted scope of things. I like to see our females obediently and quickly learning to play the established roles in ever more creative ways and it warms my heart to observe them diligently improving their minds so that they might better amuse us in conversation. But it is definitely going too far—it is in fact stepping out of bounds—for them to presume to cast the spittle of contempt upon the whole idea of traditional and accepted roles, indeed upon the whole of male culture, which has ever since the dawn of time thoughtfully tried to mold and domesticate women along lines which are subservient, yet dignified and acceptable.

Of course you do not see men behaving with such impudence. Men know what is right. Men have tradition on their side. Men in fact have the full weight of thousands of years of established male cultural domination keeping women in their place. You do not see us, as you do some of these impertinent Moab women, banding together so as to presumably better struggle against "the enemy." We men do not have to band together in groups in order to focus our collective strength in such a manner as to impose our will upon women. This has all been taken care of by our forefathers. To rest secure in a contented knowledge of this, is the only logical and well thought out way to view the world.

And yet there exist women who actually hate the traditional and accepted dictums of male culture, who refuse to play the roles we expect and who have the audacity to try to point out to us certain moral responsibilities they think we have neglected. Ha!

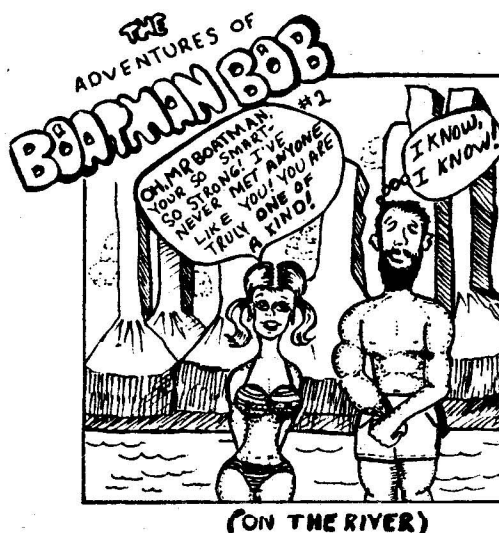
It is hardly worth stepping out of the heaven of my intellectual superiority to grapple with such nonsense. And it is only with a profound sense of boredom that I allow myself to condescend to come up with a few brilliant ideas which will blaze with glory and completely illuminate the matter. But I feel it is my duty as a gentleman to offer guidance to those of our females who have gone astray. Even these upstart Moab women will, I know, be overwhelmed by my reasoning, the mighty force of which will gather them up in its iron clad embrace and force them back into that place from which their disrespect and impudence catapulted them.

Even if it seems to be continuously and conclusively demonstrated that many of these Moab women are quite strong (in every sense of the word), stronger in fact than most Moab men, my sagely head constantly reminds me that this is an illusion; an illusion perpetrated by a conspiracy; an illusion which makes my stomach lurch with true nausea. Well, I figured out a solution. What we men need to do is to forcefully remind our females of their true subservient role in the scheme of things—give them some role aids, so to speak, so as to neutralize their caustic conspiracy which we men just cannot stomach and remind them they are the weaker sex.

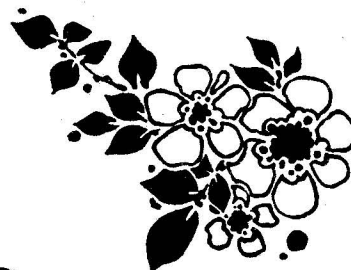
Now I just want to tell all you ladies (I have known women who do not at all appreciate the pedestal this term helps keep them on) that the main point here, which I hope will be firmly hammered into your recalcitrant skulls, is that we are talking some heady male talent when we are talking about Moab men. We men need, in fact we expect, more praise. Our superiority needs to be humbly acknowledged, by ourselves, but especially by our females. Our no-

ble and heroic actions are constantly speaking—indeed screaming out—for themselves. Why then can't the women of this town see the imperial outstandingness of them? I think that they can and do, and are deep down inside very much in awe of us, but for reasons I fail to comprehend they irrationally feel compelled to conspiratorily perpetuate the illusion that they are strong; that they do not have to acknowledge our superiority in all things.

And so gentlemen, the next time you are at the bar distending your stomachs with beer in the drunken expectation of picking up some action and the lady you are dazzling with your desirableness seems to be contemptuous or even impertinently criticizes you, remember—she is really trembling inside with an overwhelming reverence for your person and must defend herself against revealing her true feelings to your august countenance. Just gently (as a gentleman should) change the topic to something trivial or stupid—like football—then demonstrate just how great a master you are of such things.



(ON THE RIVER)



To be sung to the tune of "The Candy Man."

Complainin' Man

Who can take things female,
Doesn't matter what,
Cover them in rumors
While he sits upon his butt.
Complainin' Man
Complainin' Man can
Complainin' Man can 'cause his
balls are soaked in bile,
He makes the fun seem bad.

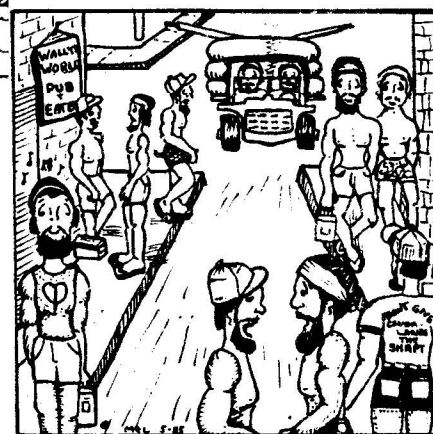
Who can take a party,
Rap it in a lie,
Soak his brains in beer
And make a sour-grapes pie.
Complainin' Man
Complainin' Man can
Complainin' Man can 'cause he
likes to be an ass
And make the fun seem bad.

Complainin' Man makes trite
Everything he writes
By criticism unjudicious
That's not wit, it's just malicious,
Jealous, mean and plain pernicious.

Who can take these ideas,
His foul and nasty thoughts,
Throw them in the garbage
With the rest of all that rot.
Strong women can,
Strong women can,
Strong women can 'cause they
recognize themselves,
And make their world more fun.

And the world's more fun
'cause the strong women make
it run!

Sheila Whittaker



(BACK IN TOWN)



Gee Boys, What's wrong with us? Why don't them igerent women ask us to their parties? Could it be that we need a bath, or a clean shirt? Nahhhh! Could it be that we dominate the talkin' and we all stand around together waitin' for the food? Could it be we get soo drunk and stoned that we're no fun?

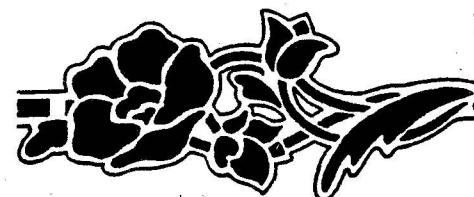
Nahhhh!



Cosmic Silk has meditated on the stars for signs and advice to give to her dedicated readers. One full-moon-lit night, whilst so pondering in the lotus position, a shooting star fell out of the sky and hit her on her third eye---sending her some lovely insights she wishes to pass on to her readers

"Be strong--Be Independent--Love Yourself"

With these in mind, she sends you, dear reader, the following zodiac HINTS...



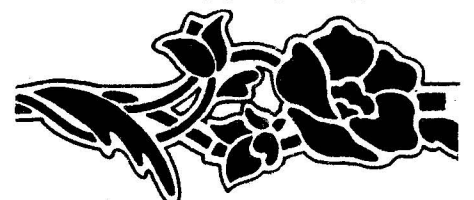
LEO---July 23-August 23

Dear, You are the adventurer of the zodiac. . .so go for it. Your motto is "Don't die wondering," as if you ever would! Search out the unusual--the bizarre.

Exotic, erotic Leo, keep in mind that all cats love to purr. Summer of 1988 will be hot and steamy, so---relax in front of a fan blowing over a cool dish of ice cubes---with a scarlet ostrich feather---something fun will come to your mind that will make you purr, trust me.

Seek out the company of fellow fire signs, especially Aries. They will tolerate and even enjoy your natural tendencies toward excesses. This is the month to suck toes.

Follow all the advice for each of the eleven signs listed below. It will wear you out, but keep you grinning.



VIRGO---Fall asleep alone by candlelight listening to a Marvin Gay album, LUV. It will do wonders for your dreams. . .trust me.

LIBRA---Keep in mind, HAIN coconut oil. It melts and becomes very slippery at 82 degrees (lower than body temperature), and best of all, it's tasteless and odorless.

SCORPIO---Plan A, go out and sting someone---they may get off on it. Plan B. sting yourself---you may get off on it.

SAGITTARIUS---Regarding old lovers; better keep a healing distance with erotic interludes. Trust me.

CAPRICORN---Take a trip. Go see Georgia O'Keefe's exhibition with an old friend.

AQUARIUS---Read a romance novel in a hot tub with ample supply of Chanel bath oil and strawberries and creammmmmmm.

PISCES---Water's your name---chocolate is your game. Ride the Sugarhouse Rapids with a plentiful supply of Haagen-Dazs bars.

AIRES---Silk underwear---soft leather---and lace---What more can I say. . .?

TAURUS---Take note: August 27th is the full moon---all over the country. Think of someone in Vermont---or if you're in Vermont, think of someone in Utah. Got it? Now, close your eyes and believe in levitation.

GEMINI---Hey Babe, treat yourself to an erotic film by yourself on a VCR. This enables you to run the good parts over and over and over.

CANCER---Find a decent erotica collection and mull it over, and over---preferably with a good bottle of white wine.



Pedestal Madonna
by Lyn Lifshin

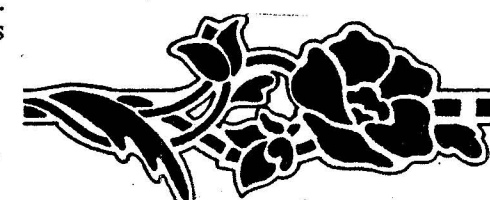
DEEP DOWN: The New Sensual Writing by Women
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Winchester, MA 01890
\$17.95

"Women are what it's all about."

Mythologist Joseph Campbell,
in an interview with Bill Moyers,
on PBS, Spring, 1988

"He's a philosopher," Bube used to say. "All day he thinks about G-d and the universe. You should meet a man so grateful as this cat. You give him the gizzard, he thanks you purring and rubbing. You pet him on the head, he kneels to you. Let him in your bed and he's a gentleman."

Gone to Soldiers
by Marge Piercy
Publisher: Fawcett
201 E 50th St.
New York, NY 10022
\$4.95



In Search Of A Weak Man

by Bobbie ('The Boobs') Doudou

I moved to Moab at least in part because of the kind of people who live here. Especially the *strong* women. In Berkeley, where I come from, most of the women are real pansies. They comb their hair, wear shoes, buy their clothes new, are sober a good part of the time, and hold regular jobs. They even take time off work to have their babies; they don't squat in the bushes, pop their kids, and then get on with it, like the hearty Moab women. You might not believe this, but they even let men come to their parties. Disgusting, isn't it?

I came here with the expectation that if Moab has truly *strong* women, I would also find appropriately weak, dependent men. I even got excited, thought my dreams had come true, got *turned on*, when I saw a local river runner wearing a skirt, displaying gorgeous, if a bit hairy, legs. Ah! I said to myself. There's a guy just waiting for a woman to take care of him. But what a shock when I discovered he's as butch as they come. It's all a pose, possibly just to attract women like me. Ha! so much for *him*.



The more I looked around, the more disillusioned I became. Moab men run around just like they have a right to do things without the protection of strong women. For example, the Pooper Place is just teeming with men who are there *without female escorts*! Isn't that atrocious? And of course they damage their reputations with that kind of conduct. I can't help but assume they are damaged goods. Used merchandise. OK for one night stands but not the kind you want to shack up with, you know. Of course they don't seem to be in the least concerned about this. As if chastity in a man means nothing. Well, they got another think coming.

And while I'm on that topic, what about immodesty? Have you seen those guys on the construction crews that are putting in the sidewalks around Moab? Strutting around without shirts, those bronze muscles all covered with sweat and dust! They're just asking for it! Any red-blooded Moab woman is gonna give 'em what they're asking for, if they don't watch out. I get upset every time I drive by. By their immodesty, I mean.



Stocking Stuffers

A look at Men's Lingerie



Of course I've been involved with one or two men since I've been here. Well, maybe three or four. Ok, ok, five or six. But I had nothing but aggravation. Imagine the chutzpah of a man who won't let a woman pay his way! One guy wanted to move in with me, but didn't want to give up his job, which he said he "enjoyed." He said it was important to his self-esteem. Now, *really*. His identity should depend on the woman he teams up with, and that's all. Why else do the strong women of Moab expect our men to take our names when we marry? Men should only work long enough to find a mate, and then quit and stay home and be ornamental. How can a strong woman tolerate a man who has any other interest in his life but *her*?

One of my guys even objected when I asked him for a photo of himself in bikini shorts so I could show it to my buddies on the river. Said it was demeaning! You should be grateful that I'm proud of your body, I said. You certainly don't have a brain in your handsome little head. He left. Can you imagine?

The other trouble with Moab men is they seem to have opinions on everything. They even presume to disagree with women, sometimes in areas where they're ignorant, such as politics and economics. Men who presume to have opinions on such subjects are a threat to the women's community. The next thing you know they'll be wanting to go and come without asking permission, and without accounting to their women for their movements. Some of this is going on already. I heard this week about a couple of guys who went off riding on their motorcycles--by *themselves*.

Let's face it, women. Moab men are in bad shape, getting so uppity that I wouldn't be surprised if the next thing that happens is, they'll be wanting to come to the women's parties! When that day comes, I think I'll just pack up and leave Moab. I'll go somewhere where men are weak, and appropriately grateful for strong women to protect and care for them.



Reciprocity

This man entered my life when I didn't particularly want one. He so softly approached my vulnerable world, that had I noticed what was happening, it would have reminded me of slipping without a ripple into a still pond in the dark of a warm summer's night.

If it had occurred to me that this could become a "relationship" I would have fought it, kicking and screaming, so I could continue my growth as an "independent female person." Because I was obtuse, we became friends.

I soon discovered I could learn a lot from this man.

His ability to be sensitive to other's needs was hard-won. It is a product of his humanness but also of practice. He won't buy the "that's just the way I am" excuse. He has succeeded in being what he wants to be through constant introspection and outward communication. The macho has been discarded in favor of caring and nurturing. The trade-off is good, for what he gives, he also receives.

When I forget and slip into my previous silent stormy pattern he takes the time to sit down and ask me what is wrong.

This man has also learned to let himself cry. Which makes it easier for me to cry in an age when women are supposed to be as tough as men.

Lest you think this is the emotional rendition of the Eliza Doolittle Story, the other side is that he is still pursuing characteristics he wants to improve. Some of these things are strong points in my personality. But that is for the next edition.

We have both gone through some rough changes these past two years. It hasn't been easy but it has been rewarding. Both of us slip into our respective shithead personalities every so often. Hopefully we will be able to not only accommodate growth in each other but foster it. After all, we're both human.

..... not only Strong, Powerful too!



Labor Dance

the answer to the question
Why
is in a newborn baby's eye
the light of love and life
as one
the labor dance is never done
woman keeps the flame alive
ever warming mother heart
breathing out a tiny spark
into an answer
which is yes
yes
it happens sixteen times a second
yes
the labor dance is never done
the song of life is ever sung
in the words of her soul
too deep for
expression
valor being all discretion
she knows the answer
but doesn't say so
just loves and gives and as she does so
yes
shines from her eyes
yes
seeps into our lives
all from a tiny spark
an enormous gift
the labor dance
yes
the rhythm of life
yes

The Body Politic

What could she tell them? She didn't know their marriage wouldn't last. She didn't know the kind of man he'd become. She didn't know she'd grow apart and part from him finally. And she didn't know the price she'd have to pay and keep paying. She didn't know, then, what would be demanded in sacrifice—or what it would extract or the strength of her weaknesses. But now she's growing aware—beginning to discover the fierce gluttony of flesh freed of matrimony: *The Blues in the Night* by Wandā Coleman

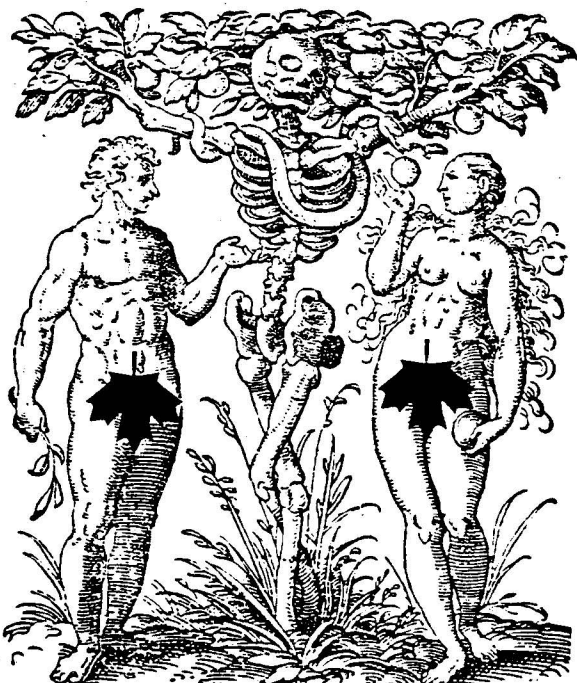
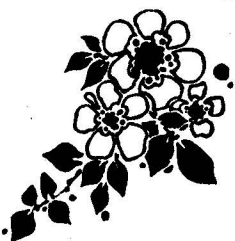
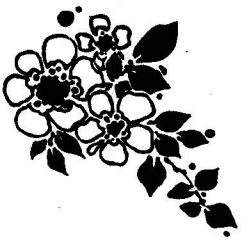
LAURIE DUESING

DEEP DOWN: The New Sensual Writing by Women
Edited by Laura Chester
Publisher: Faber and Faber
Winchester, MA 01890
\$17.95

Blossoming

She told me she opened up like a flower. I said that to you while I was sitting in the swing in your loft. I wore no clothes and bent my knees trying to swing higher. You thought I meant sex but that was too obvious. I was talking about childbirth, the way she felt when her baby came. When you put your hands on my thighs, the swing stopped. Perhaps I was beautiful because you knelt, put your mouth over me, your tongue inside. Though you misunderstood, you wanted me to open up like that.

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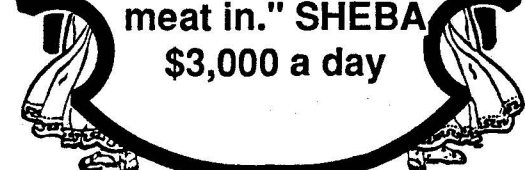




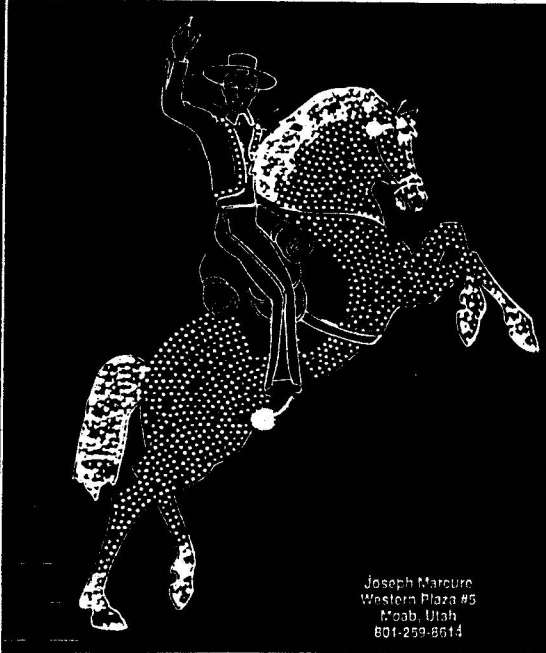
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