

THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE



VOL. I
NO. 11
JUNE
1987



25¢

Moab,
Utah



SEX ED, UTAH STYLE

The Utah Legislature decreed last month that all Utah school districts are henceforth required to include in their academic programs a graphic course in sex education.

Central to the newly imposed program will be the mandatory viewing of a state sponsored film, tentatively entitled "Unholy Alliance".

The production has been described by those who have attended advance screenings as hard-hitting, persuasive and succinct. The State put a huge investment of time and money into the video, said Utah School Department spokesmen, and properly ran it by the LDS hierarchy who gave it their unanimous and unequivocal endorsement.

"The subject matter of the film may seem painful and unnecessarily brutal to some", said LDS President Isiah Daft Bunson. "However, we feel that the time has come for a strong message regarding the dangers of our present state of declining morality."

The controversial film graphically illustrates the tragic plight of two Scotch Terriers who, after their quick and mindless tryst, become stuck together for 45 excruciating minutes.

Intended to discourage teens from experimenting with casual sex, the film deals directly with the pain that can result from such liaisons. In addition, it

depicts the acute anxiety and embarrassment that can occur when others learn of the illicit activity. These feelings are especially evident in the faces of the two terriers when the stout housewife enters the scene and adds insult to injury by spraying them with a cold blast of water from a garden hose.

"The idea was to create an image that would stick in the minds of these spirited youngsters, even during



those moments when primitive emotion threatens to carry them away", stated local schools superintendent Bill Header. "This is one they will not soon forget!"



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GAZETTE RECOGNIZED

The publisher of the Stinking Desert Gazette announced last month that he was officially requesting his publication be dropped from the recently released 1987 Poindexter's Guide to Important American Papers.

Gazette employees were briefly elated to learn that they had been included in the prestigious list, which has for 94 years been the benchmark of journalistic excellence.

But elation turned to anger the following morning after publisher Philmore Banks' daily sermon to his employees in which he blasted those who would "artificially embellish themselves by association with established success".

They rallied behind Banks' remarks concerning "the evil of trading on the good reputation of others".

"This is nothing more than a transparent ploy by Poindexter's to enhance their credibility by including our untarnished name on their dubious registry", snorted Banks.

**Come out
of the closet!**

**THE KEY TO
LAST MONTH'S
NAME GAME,
CONNECTIONS.**

Page 14

**PLUS - Mobabble,
Derailed, Bobby Bloato,
Philmore Banks,
Yank Yankovich,
Izzie Kiddin, Rama
Lama Ding Dong
and more!**



MOBABLE

Buddy Hummer

The times they are a-changin'! Moabites who moved here because they were enchanted by this sleepy little town are now talking about how there aren't enough things to do.

Even the old hippies are changing. Dég Orem succumbed and bought a microwave this year. And one major well-known environmentalist is writing a piece for a major magazine about the attractions of RV camping in Canyonlands.

If that isn't enough to shatter all illusions, consider that Bego began his rock-climbing career at Disneyland as a mountaineer on the Matterhorn! Crowds would gather to watch our hero rappel down the chicken wire and plaster "mountain" slope while he skillfully avoided kicking a hole through the fragile edifice. Come on, Bego, 'fess up. You have probably spent all these years in Canyonlands trying to recapture the magic you found in Disneyland.

I visited Disneyland recently and was shocked to recognize that Frontier Land bears an awfully close resemblance to Moab. Are Moabites living out a childhood fantasy inculcated at an impressionable age by Walt Disney?

When you think about it Moab does look like those idyllic HOME scenes in 50's movies, the scenes where they used the fuzzy soft-focus and the pink tinted filter. Some afternoons, when Moab is fragrant with Russian Olive and the soft green trees droop blissfully beneath the surrounding

womb-like pink rocks, you can almost hear Dorothy singing: "Somewhere, over the rainbow...."

No doubt about it, we live in paradise - the next best thing to Heaven. But what scares most people about Heaven is that, quite honestly, it sounds a little boring. I mean, how long can you be entertained by harps and celestial choirs? And that's just what people say about Moab too: "It's really beautiful, and all that, but what's there to do?"

One hundred years ago the local Indians sang their own songs and danced their own dances when there was "nothing to do".

Modern Moabites are just as good at entertaining themselves. We throw great parties!

Last week the Poplar Place hosted the 10th Annual Ladies' Hat Party. This is an event of questionable taste and propriety at which women get together for an afternoon of comraderie, debauchery and mild abuse of the male valets (who are required to perform any service requested by a "lady"). Every years women spend days preparing outlandish hats which usually include elaborate full-body costumes. My all-time favorite hat was the fresh cabbage leaf which Shawn donned with charming aplomb.

Games at the party include lady-like sporting events such as Pin-the-dick-on-the-hick, a variation of pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey. And although it would make good gossip column material, the truth is that these parties are never as wild as people hope/fear they are.

If you missed the hat party, you still have a chance to dress "up" for next weeks': The Pink Flash Makes A Mad Dash Bash (Amy's goodbye party).

On the subject of wild parties and lewd diversions, the SDG got a lot of flack for last month's article listing members of Moab's "gene eddy". People felt that it was tasteless and defamatory, and that it implied that everyone listed was promiscuous.

But I would argue that it was an honor to be on the list. There are people on that list who have had only one "liason" in the last ten years. Members of the gene eddy are heroes who have kept in touch with their hearts despite the welter of confusion

generated by sexual appetite, loneliness, fear of old age, desire to procreate, and BOREDOM. It's not easy to be single in a town where "nothing's happening".

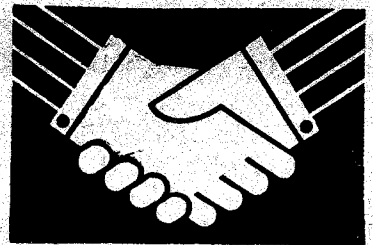
However, if you're worried about appearing in future, similar lists you might consider taking out multiple subscriptions to the SDG. Think of it as a penance. (Only joking!)

Seriously, heroic and beautiful things are happening every day in our boring little town. I've seen Becky out picking weeds in front of the P.P. early in the morning before she and Donna open up to serve breakfast. People are lured into the P.P. not knowing that it was Becky's loving care which has made them feel the urge to stop there for breakfast.

Up at Pack Creek Janina is making exquisite pastries. Her dinner rolls are baked to a golden color which is so glowing that when you see them you suddenly understand why artists were once moved to paint portraits of food.

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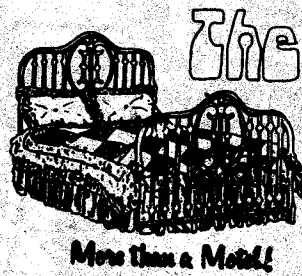
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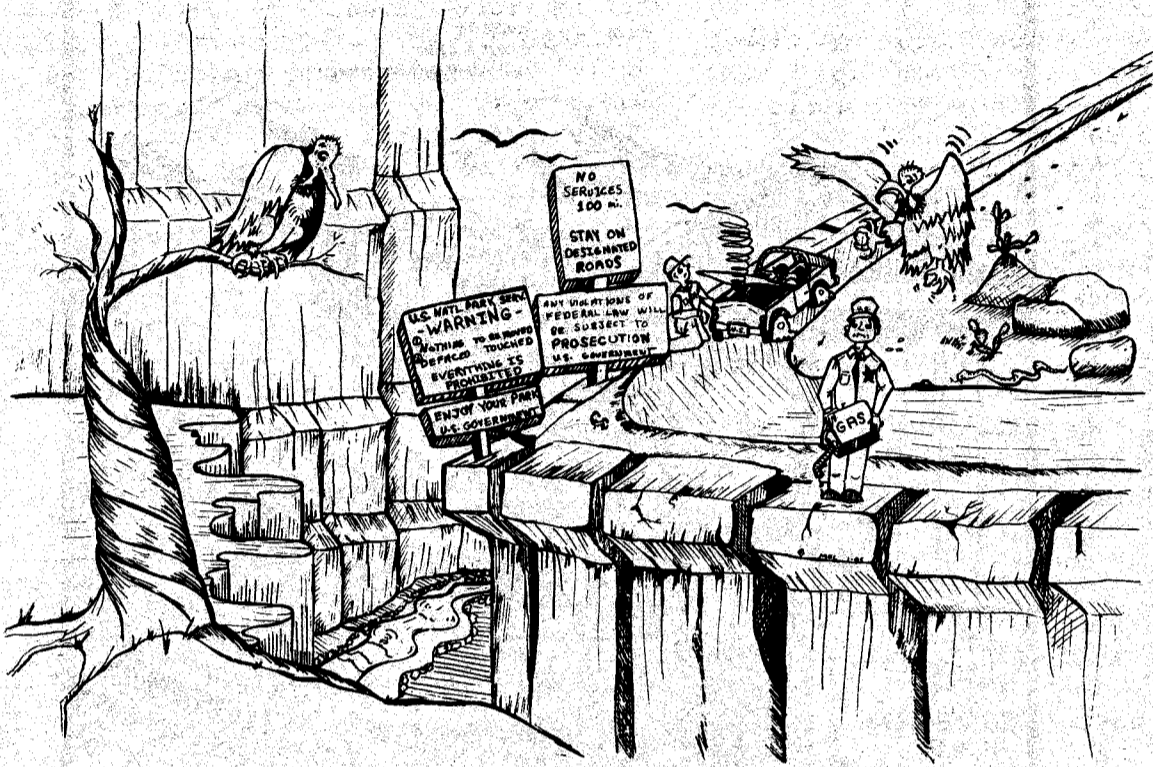
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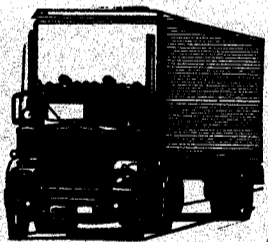
All entries should be sent to the Stinking Desert Gazette, Box F, Moab, UT 84532. Deadline- June 21.



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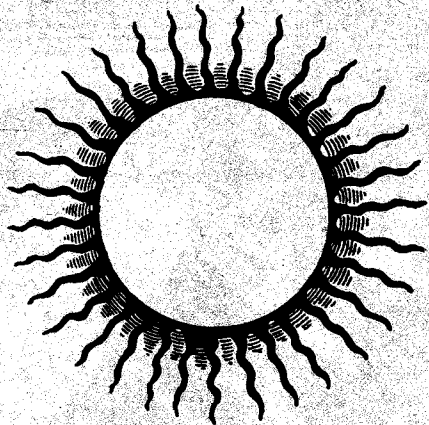
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BACKWATER

C.C. RITTER 870





TOURIST TIME!

by Winnie Bago
&
Cash Flo

Hey kids! What time is it? It's TOURIST TIME! Back on the payroll! Steak and gin and tonics, instead of welfare cheese pizza and ripple. Lining high off the hog, instead of low on the fatback!

So, once again, it is time to refresh your memory on pertinent questions that you will be asked within your respective field of expertise. We've gathered up a good cross section of the most-asked questions. Answer the ones that pertain to your specific line of duty.

Got your pencils out? Start when you hear the bell. DING...

How deep is the river?

Do these life jackets work if they get wet?

Are these sandbars real, or mandmade?

Do you have group discounts? There are two of us.

How many have you lost?

How come you charge extra for kids?

Do you know how far it is to Archives National Park?

Do you know how far it is to Archer's National Park?

Do you know how far it is to Archies' National Park?

Is Crazy Horse Point worth seeing?

Do you have any other papers, other than this?

Why is propane so much more expensive than it is in Texas?

What do you reccommend for sunburn?

You mean to tell me you have to go out the same way you came in?

Are the gnats always this bad?

Is there anyone else in town cheaper than you?

There's only one movie in town? But I've already seen 'Old Yeller'.

What does Monkey Wrench mean?

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Why don't they fix up these jeep roads? I almost wrecked my new Bronco.

What do you do in the off season?

What do you do around here for fun?

How far is it to Balding and Montibello?

Is Woody's a nice place to take the family for dinner?

Do you know anything about this guy, Charlie Spleen?

Who paints the rocks like that? The Park Service?

Where's your K-Mart located?

What's there to see and do in Crescent junction?

Do you know what the weather's going to be today?

Is it always this hot?

How hot is it?

Can you see the Park in an hour or two?

Why is gasoline so much more expensive than it is in Texas?

(In the interests of fairness, and to illustrate how everyone's a turkey away from their own turf, we plan to feature, in next month's issue, a list of questions most asked by Moabites on their first visit to New York City.)





DERAILED

Mudpuppy

Yogurt Almonds and Cherry Cider called me into the CO-OP after one of my recent early morning rides, and found me giving directions to a couple of anxious cyclists seeking a secret heat escape.

As the satisfied bikers walked out into the sun, napkin map in hand, I was suddenly accosted by two livid locals ready to whack me with dried pasta sticks and Anasazi Bean Bags.

"How could you just up and tell those people about that ... that ... that beautiful untouched secret place? How could you?"

For a moment I felt like a traitor, yogurt almonds turning sour in my mouth, having just given away the jeweled co-ordinates for an all out invasion of Nirvana.

But then a philosophical tree fell over in my foggy foresty thoughts and I said: "Does a beautiful spot in the Desert really exist if there's no-one there to admire it?"

From the icy glares of the two confrontees I knew the remark had gone over their heads, so I continued: "I just sent two appreciative young people to a place that should be shared, and I gave them the knowledge of how to care for and preserve it! They'll probably pick up someone else's pop tops out there! Result: A net gain in beauty!"

My enthusiasm was not shared. Evidently the two were concurring on the subject of "Guide Book Giveaway" when they overheard me and my directions. Someone had recently written about one of their secret spots and the pilgrims had begun to arrive.

I eyed the two suspiciously as a strange thought entered my head. Could these two be some of the dreaded, evil Cairn Kickerovers? Could these be the ones who left me stumbling at dusk, trailless, cairnless, routeless, lost in the dark looking for the smallest

hint of a Ten P.M. trail? (What a mess of the Crypto Soil I made that night!)

I took my cider outside to soak up some sunshine with my bicycle, and contemplate.

About halfway through the cider and nuts, a couple of heartbreakingly beautiful Women on Wheels ambled over from the bike shop and started asking about nice rides.

"God," I thought, "I've got to send these two someplace Really nice!" So I did, and half seriously called as they rode away; "Don't tell anybody else now!" It's so much fun being hypocritical sometimes.

Then I realized that the place I had sent them was soon to be written about in the local Mountainbiking Guide by my wild riding roommate. I remember him asking me about whether or not to disclose a couple of "Secret Place Locations."

I remember replying; "If you don't, my friend, I will!"



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AL, ARE YOU MAKING HOUSE CALLS?"

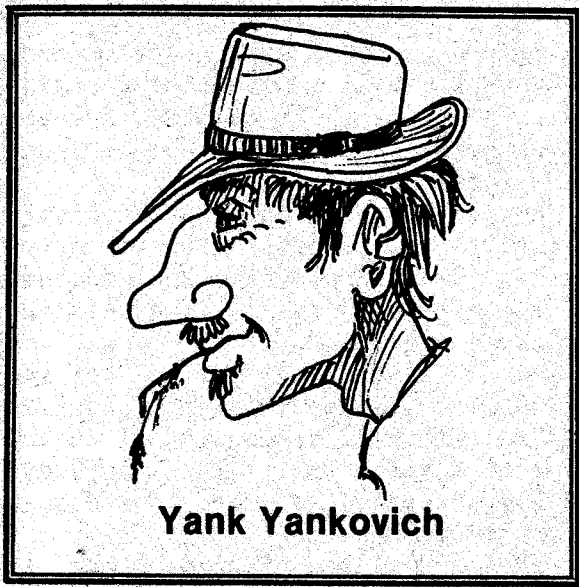
THINGS ARE TOUGH OUT HERE!
 WITH CUT-BACKS IN PARK DEVELOPEMENT -
 GRAHAM-RUDMANN-COST OVERRIDES -
 LOW MORAL IN THE RANKS...

AND THE SEASONAL VOLUNTEERS HAVE ARRIVED!!

HEY, MAN, THIS IS A FAR-OUT PLACE

NIXON POINT OVERLOOK

C.G. Ritter © 87



More Uses for Duct Tape!

"Well, Yank", someone said to me the other day, "we all know you're the new kid on the block." I steadied myself, certain that this "new kid" business was leading to some sort of undesirable responsibility, like resurfacing toilet seats at the bus station. My friend continued.

"So maybe you can shake up some of those old dogs over there at the Gazette. Now, I'm as big a fan as the next guy...." I nodded, and looked over at the man sleeping in his beer next to me.

"And I love that funny business as much as anyone," he went on, "but I tell ya, I wish that the Gazette would throw in a little more practical information. You know, stuff we could use."

A sobering point indeed. I thought about it a moment and concluded that my erstwhile chum was absolutely right.

I rushed home, determined to alter this precipitous slide into the dungeon of impracticality. I vowed to contribute something practical to the next issue. After many hours of thoughtful deliberation, and an afternoon spent in the "prac to praz" section of the Encyclopedia Britannica I found my topic, just the thing to keep the Gazette from wallowing in the unholy mud of impracticality. I had discovered seven more uses for duct tape.

1. Auto Repair

"Obvious, Yank", you may first exclaim, but I say nay! It's been known in Detroit for years how duct tape can work wonders on seats, dashboards and other interior surfaces. But what about that fresh scratch just picked up in the grocery store parking lot? How about that car that turned out to be a lot closer than you thought when you were backing out? Hey, no problem! Duct tape can be ripped to any size to cover any ding, dang or dent, on your car or your neighbor's. Instead of exchanging licenses and insurance cards, just exchange rolls of duct tape. In fact, the Japanese are perfecting a car with a finish that resembles the stuff, enabling anyone to do their own auto body repair with professional results.

2. Child Care

Have you ever had to watch an unruly 3 year old who couldn't be bought off with another bowl of Sugar Frosted Flakes? Well, fret no more. Duct tape can secure tykes of all ages to their favorite chair with usually just under half a roll. Just think, no more channel changing, game playing or Fisher-Price plastic telephones sprawled around the living room. Just tape 'em in and sit back and watch the ball game.

3. Child Care II

"But Yank, what about those screaming whiny types?"

No problem. Duct tapes sound absorption properties have been well-known for decades. A few wraps around those flapping lips and golden silence can again be yours. It also works especially well with in-laws and out-of-town relatives who drop by unexpectedly. I always keep a couple of extra rolls on hand for the holidays.

4. Housework Drudgery

Tired of looking at those dirty dishes piled up in the sink? Well, look no more. Cut about a dozen pieces of duct tape the length of your sink, allowing some extra for the mound of dishes. Place them over the mess from edge to edge until it completely disappears. Voila! The duct tape will remain stuck long after the smell has dissipated.

5. Credit Card Self-Arrest

Whipping out that plastic a little too easily? Ready to join the cash economy for a while? Take 5 pieces of high quality duct tape, tear them into one inch strips, roll them end to end with the sticky side out and place them on the backs of all your cards. Return the cards to their proper slots and see how easily they come out the next time!

6. Bills Piling Up

Getting a little behind in those car payments? Electric bills bringing you down? Well, squirm no more. Take ½ roll of duct tape and wrap it around your mail box, securing the door tightly shut. For flap-type boxes or door slots, simply cover the offending opening with enough duct tape to render it forever harmless!

If you have some unusual uses and applications for this wondrous product that you think would generally improve everyone's quality of life, I would be glad to include them in my upcoming book: "Sex, Duct Tape, And Mending Broken Presidential Candidates". The most original suggestion wins a one year subscription to the Stinking Desert Gazette!



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Philmore Banks, Esq.

As you know, I reported in the April Issue a revelation I received while meditating in the very bosom of nature, wherein God vowed to call me home if we failed to reach our goal of 200 subscriptions by August.

However, I was informed shortly afterward that what I had heard was nothing more than a garbled message from one of my staff members high on a cliff overhead.

To those who gave so generously in a sincere expression of heartfelt compassion for my state of distress, I am, if you'll forgive the expression, eternally grateful. And we did gain another 35 subscriptions, so some good did come out of it.

However, I was disheartened by those few who accused me of deliberate and nefarious deceit, to line my own pockets with ill-gotten tribute.

Those true-believers who make up the vast majority of our readership know that our motives are stainless, veritably germ-free.

But worse even was the cruel cancellation by one disgruntled and mean subscriber, accompanied by the terse comment - "I hope this'll grease the skids" - indicating that my final destination was something other than a celestial summer home.

The thought that someone would take perverse pleasure in the idea of me turning on a spit in the coal-fired bowels of the earth, sizzling and dripping forever, but never burned or even well-done, was unnerving.

To those of you who rushed to my side recently during my trying time of tribulation and despair, I can only hang my head in humble apology for the regrettable deception, an unfortunate black comedy of errors.

However, being a dyed-in-the-wool Black Pantheist, I am certain that there is no separation between the creator and the created, let alone a state of eternal torture.

We feel nothing but pity for those who were arrested in their development by fears of a gothic and vengeful almighty, instilled in them early on in their youth when they had no adequate defense, and thus remain mired in the illusion for the rest of their lives.

But Black Pantheists hold no grudges. They know well the tendency for one to become that which he hates. It's one of our most sacred and solid hunches.

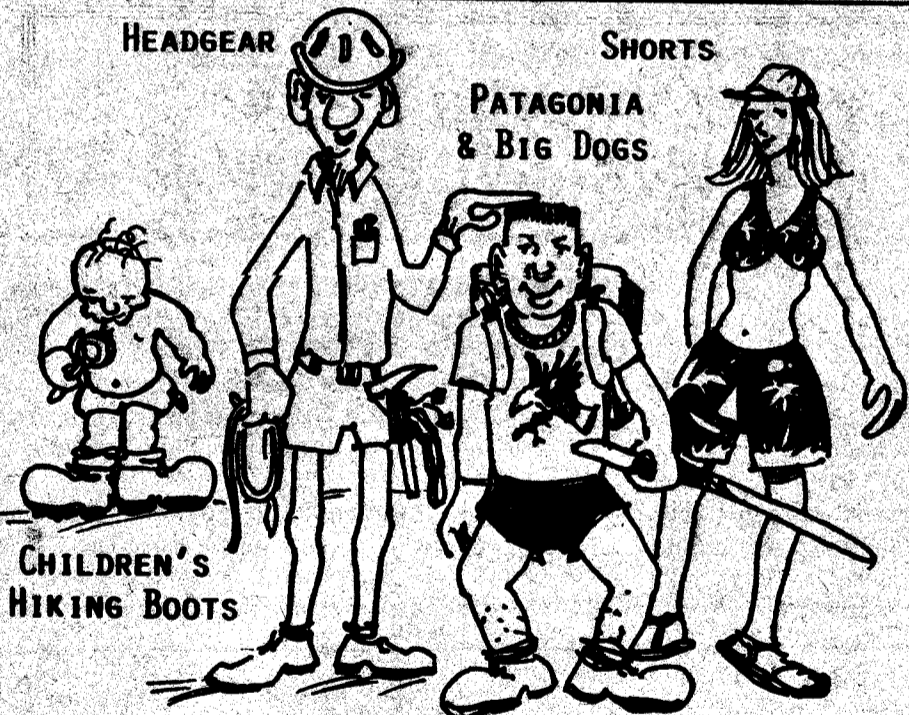
Be that as it may, I am relieved of the terrible burden of achieving an impossible subscription total in the next sixty days, and it's filled me with the renewed vigor of a new lease on life.

No longer is my mind troubled with thoughts of sales and promotion, crawling like some wingless, legless larva through the dank and moldy world of mercenary preoccupation.

A metamorphosis has taken place, and I find myself light and free, like an extravagantly beautiful butterfly, flitting gaily through this enchanting Springtime garden we call the Moab Valley, my sensitive proboscis buried within the lush folds of the fragrant petals of life's sweet roses.

Yes, dear friends, life is too brief for petty and pecuniary concerns that render us senseless to life's precious gifts, like the generous and expansive feeling we get from giving instead of receiving.

Indulge yourselves. Immerse yourselves in the pure and holy water of selfless charity, and know the unrestrained bliss of giving, and receiving. If you haven't subscribed, do so now. Our only reward is in knowing we've provided you a way to do this for yourselves. It's our greatest satisfaction.



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The Mavis Brothers Go Camping

by Izzie Kiddin

Have you ever invited a group of people to go camping out with you, only to realize that you had come to make a horrible mistake? I give you the Mavis Brothers - Jay, Jeff and Mikey. They were getting pretty burned out catering to the masses of crowd condiment consumery at the restaurant. They were in dire need of a break so I invited them to go camping-out for a few days. A few days I shall never forget...

Now, I should tell you that the Mavis Brothers are all originally from the San Diego Area. I should have taken that into consideration because people from California and New York tend to go about doing things a bit differently than most folks.

My idea of camping-out is to take leave from whatever it is you do for a living, head for the boonies, set up shop, go hiking, take a few pictures, and eat and sleep a lot. The Mavis Brothers had other ideas...

They roll up at my doorstep at 4 AM on the morning of our departure in two derelict pickup trucks. I notice immediately the two mangy-looking dogs in the back of one of them. They're already snarling at me. Now, I do not dislike dogs. It's just that I've never had a god enough reason to have one. I always thought little old ladies kept them to fill some lonely void in their lives. Jeff lets the dogs out and introduces me to Gizmo and Gertie. Gertie grabs my pants leg while Gizmo pees on it. A good start.

I hop into Jeff's truck where the dogs in the back are trying to slash my neck and ask him why we are taking two trucks? Over the whine of the engine Jeff hollers: "The second truck is carrying all the booze and the beer!" He guns the old Ford and hands me a Millers. It's five AM.

As soon as we turn onto Yellowcat Road, Jeff floors the truck and shouts: "LET'S SEE WHAT THIS BABY CAN DO!" Mikey bringing up the rear

follows suit. Dogs are flying around in the back of the truck, beer bottles are clanking and I'm going pale behind the dashboard. The Beach Boys are booming from the cassette deck. (I DO NOT LIKE THE Beach Boys!) We reach the Squaw Park area in record time. I pour out of the truck and the dogs attack me. Mikey says they like me. Gizmo must. He's gnawing on my leg.

Jay takes out a skateboard and heads for the nearest slickrock slope while Mikey puts on a Jan and Dean tape. (Horrors!) Popping open a bottle of Jack Daniels, Jeff takes a huge swallow and then turns to me and says: "Boy, this ought to be a trip to remember!" I almost drink to that.

I stay sober while the guys get soused. I am determined to tame these savages into having a peaceful and pleasant time. I ask them if they would like to go for a morning stroll and check out the Spring flowers. They look at each other and laugh. Jeff sticks the bottle of booze in my hands and says: "Check this out!" This is not a peaceful and pleasant time.

The Mavis Brothers build a campfire. Not a campfire as civilized people know it, but a blazing inferno that is practically threatening the entire Juniper forest! This makes the Great Chicago Fire look like a weenie roast! If any astronauts were circling above, they were seeing their first campfire from outer space.

The Mavis brothers go skate boarding. On my precious sandstone! And to think I was concerned about a few mountain bikes! The guys do various tricks and figure eights while Gizmo and Gertie chew on my backpack. I guess I'm not going anywhere...

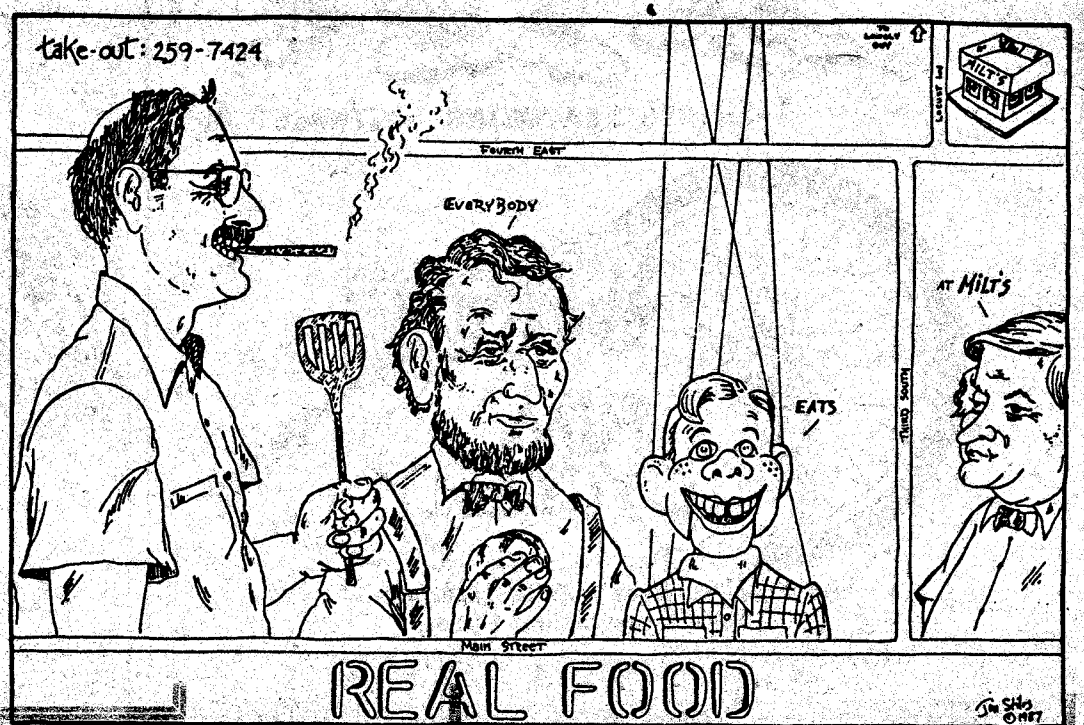
The Mavis Brothers propose a toast. Raising bottles of various toxic substances, the guys propose a toast to the desert. Then to Jayne Mansfield. To Woody Herman. To Sidney Greenstreet. To Blind Lemon Jefferson. To Pop Staples. To John Dillinger's ex-wife. Well anyway, you get the picture...

The Mavis Brothers go four wheeling. I watch while the two trucks bash their way across Wintercamp Ridge. Various spare parts are flying off the trucks. THERE GOES GIZMO! I tag along behind picking up empty beer cans, two shock absorbers and a beach towel that says, REDONDO BEACH IS A YUPPIES DELIGHT!

The Mavis Brothers cook dinner. The campfire is still blazing away and Mikey is trying to cook the steaks on it. They turn black on the outside and raw on the inside. And these guys own a restaurant??? Mikey tosses me my steak, but Gertie intervenes. She snatches it in mid-air like a frisbee. I settle for popcorn on the cob over the roaring fire.

The Mavis Brothers crash hard. One by one the guys conk out by the lava flow of burning embers. These guys have been partying since before dawn! Finally all is peaceful and quiet, except that by now I'm a nervous wreck. Gizmo and Gertie, seeing that the Mavis Brothers are asleep, approach me with grinning faces in the firelight. Never trust a dog that smiles....

It's dawn and the guys are up and at it again. This is the morning I'm to lead a day hike to The Cave, a secret place I promised to show them.



I now balk because of the presence of the dogs. I will not tolerate them desecrating this holy place. An argument ensues, beer cans are smashed. I relent and tell the guys how to get there while I stay behind with the trucks.

I abuse the booze while they're gone, thinking what a gruesome mistake it was to invite the Mavis Brothers. My spirit is too much despair to enjoy the day alone, so I get drunk and torture myself by listening to Dick and DeeDee for three hours.

The Mavis Brothers return that evening. They tell me all about the wondrous cave and how they built a huge bonfire in it to thank the Gods for that magical place! For once, they all retire early. The dogs too.

The next day finds us ripping down Owl Creek Road to Highway 128 and home. The Mavis Brothers want to stop near Fisher Towers and go for a swim in the river. I've had more than enough, so I say goodbye and walk/hitch the rest of the way back to town. I get home and fall asleep instantly.


A few hours later Jeff is at my door. He doesn't look very good. He's started to swell up like a balloon! I think for a minute and then ask him; "Did you notice the thick stand of poison ivy at the entrance to the cave?" Jeff's face turns white as a sheet. "Notice it! I thought it was scrub oak! We used it to make our bonfire!"

Poor Jeff kept swelling up like one of them blowfish. He was so puffed up, he couldn't get a stitch of clothes on for a week! He just got back from a vacation and now he had to take another one. Jay and Mikey were lucky. They didn't get the poison ivy itch too bad, but the doc said that old Jeff was highly allergic to the plant, and that the worst thing anyone could do was to inhale the fumes from a burning bunch of the stuff. Poor Jeff bought up every bottle of calamine lotion from here to Grand Junction. Waddling around the house naked, looking like a piece of chalk with all that calamine on him, I didn't dare laugh, but I was sure cackling on the inside.

That kind of made me feel a bit guilty about how I reacted on the trip. Hell, I guess everyone has their own way of having fun. Who was I to say what was right and what was wrong? They all agreed it was the best time of their lives, even if Jeff did swell up like an elephant. We're still the best of friends, but we tend to go our separate ways now when we go camping.

Recently, knowing that I'm a gardener at heart, Jeff asked me if I had any special spicy herbs to put on his new Mexican dinner at the restaurant. I said I had just the thing! Next morning, I donned my daypack and grabbed a pair of rubber gloves and went giggling towards the cave!

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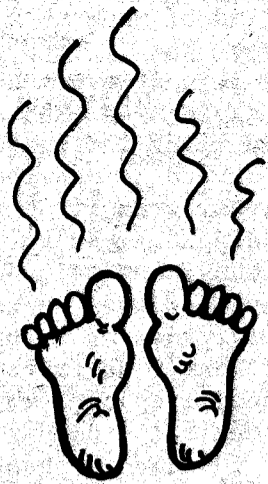
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CLITTER



Stinking Desert Feats

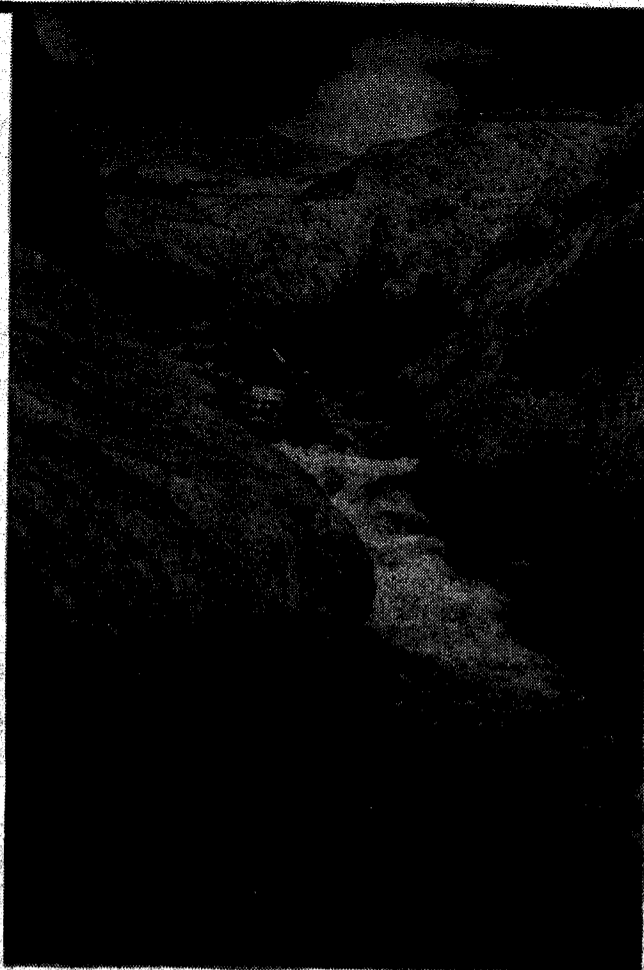
by DB

In an effort to not drop any names, I'll say this.

The only person in Moab who is almost as tall as his boat is long, just paddled his inflatable kayak through the Grand Canyon without so much as dipping his lofty locks into the water, even once! Wow!

He wishes to thank all of the short people who helped to make his feat possible.

Also, Mark Roberts of Moab and Grant Johnson of Boulder, Utah are claiming the first boating descent of Boulder Creek.



Grant enters Boulder Creek rapid.

The delirious duo put on about two miles below the town of Boulder. They paddled fourteen miles in two days, to the confluence with the Escalante River.

Their only comments were; "Boy, these hypalon innertubes sure are expensive," and "Everett Ruess, eat your heart out!"

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WONDERSTONE NATIONAL PARK

In an unprecedented move, the Department of the Interior has granted a name change to Arches National Park. The new name, effective this coming Winter, will be 'Wonderstone National Park', after the prominent protuberance that has received so much publicity of late.

Working in cooperation with Utah's Obscenity Laws, it was deemed that no one under the age of seventeen will be admitted to the Park, without an accompanying parent or guardian. This will be the first time a National Park has ever been given an "R" rating, according to the new Superintendent, Mr. Richard Peters.

Many improvements are now about to take place near the wonderstone. A loop road, which will circumscribe the spire, is under construction. A famous stock brokerage firm, Pain and Weber, plans to shoot a commercial, utilizing their symbolic animal, Ferdinand, near



WONDERSTONE

the wonderstone this Summer. Whether or not this is just another cock and bull story remains to be seen....

The Moab Cinema Committee is also trying to lure a major motion picture to the Park. Rumor has it that the picture, "Shaft - Part II", with John Holmes in the lead role, is slated for a July shooting. Ms. Lovelace, upon seeing pictures of the wonderstone, declined the supporting role in the film.

A Reknowned Evangelist is exhorting the prominent formation as a sign from heaven, to which it is obviously pointing. He has been seen on national television exhorting his followers to send in eight million dollars to build the world's largest waterslide around the wonderstone. If he does not receive the full amount by the end of this month, he is threatening to leap from an airplane at 5000 feet and impale himself on the stone. Channel six news will cover the event.

Zion Park has been creating a turmoil stating that they have the world's largest wonderstone. To settle the matter, a team of scientists equipped with three hundred and fifty rulers hope to settle the dispute by the end of the next week. Foul play has been alleged by Arches officials after hearing that the scientists plan to measure the Zion stone in the early morning hours. Their charge of unfair tactics is being reviewed.

Amidst all of this commotion and controversy, former superintendent Thrustin Parry is still in deep seclusion and was unavailable for comment. He still contends that The Stinking Desert Gazette is responsible for the turn of events up at the Park, and is believed to be resentful of the fact that his suggestion for reducing the size of the sensational stone was ignored by Department officials in Washington. Funding was never approved for his plan, which called for a large nozzle mounted on a nearby formation to periodically spray the spire with cold water.

Other Parks are now jumping on the bandwagon, naming wonderstones of their own. Formerly hidden from view and erased from topo maps, they are now being prominently featured on the colorful Park brochures. Yellowstone Park pulled a real boner when it displayed a wonderstone that is not within Park boundaries. They have called on U.S. Rep. Dwayne Bowens to enlarge the Park by 2300 acres to include the wonderstone.

Interpretive displays and slide shows are now being offered at the Park. Entrance fees will increase dramatically this summer. Video rentals of our wonderstone will be available. Movid has already secured the first rights for the adult rated feature, "The Wonderstone Does Winnemucca".

To further exploit the popularity of the stone, it has been suggested by the Park Planning Office in Denver that a curtain be erected around it with a series of private booths. By

COMING SOON C.C. RITTER GOES TO OREGON



inserting a quarter, a visitor would receive a 30 second peep at the reknowned formation. The idea is still under consideration.

The economy of the nearby town of Moab has been boosted by the attraction. The little statuettes are selling at a fast clip. The 3-D postcards are a hot item. One local camera shop is developing film for customers on a twenty-four hour basis. "We're working around the clock", exclaimed the owner, Dennis Weenie. "The secret of our success is that we know how to properly expose the wonderstone on film, and really give the customers their money's worth. We do 16 x 20's too. And this is just the tip of the iceberg!"

For many years the quaint little town was in an economic slump. Shouts of MINING and INDUSTRY and ENVIRONMENT are a thing of the past. Even the politicians have relented. In the words of the town's fearless leader, Mr. Rod Cox; "Here all the time we were arguing about mining and tourism and industry, engaged in shouting matches with every conceivable group in the area, totally up in arms as to what course of action our town should consummate, and up springs this spire and shows us the way!"

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Your
Horoscope
by

**Rama Lama
Ding Dong**

GEMINI
(May 21 to June 22)

Gemini
(May 21 to June 22)

You are the most flexible and adaptable sign of the Zodiac. This means you can never make up your mind. Another word for you is "wishy-washy". Relax: some of the most successful politicians in history are Geminis.

Your mercurial nature causes you to be easily bored. This is a good month for change. Change your residence, your lover and your underwear.

Geminis are thinkers. Have you thought lately? Try thinking about (A) the world banking crisis, (B) riparian development along the Colorado, and (C) why you woke up with the fuzzy sock on your tongue last Saturday.

From the 6th through the 11th, your emotional instability will prevail. A pre-frontal lobotomy can only improve your personality. Since you are undoubtedly a neer-do-well of no certain income, Medicare will pay for the operation. Remember, there's no place like numb.

CANCER: Make a list this month.

LEO: Because the New Moon on the 26th is in your 12th house, you will be fired from your job. (Look, don't blame Rama Lama, she is only a conduit for celestial revelation. Jeez...)

VIRGO: You are too trusting. See ARIES

LIBRA: Pay attention to what your best friends have been trying to tell you.

SCORPIO: Most Scorpios are the powerhouses of the Zodiac. You have the personality of a snail on Valium.

SAGITTARIUS: This is your month, Archer! You are free-spirited, daring, adventurous. (Enjoy it - the rest of the year will be feces.)

CAPRICORN: Your key word is ambition. Run for election on the platform of making Moab another St. George.

AQUARIUS: Because of your Aquarian intellect, some look upon you as a "border-line genius." Some don't.

PISCES: Quit carping.

ARIES: Your slick, oily manner and inevitable smile make you a perfect con-man. You will find another trusting sucker this month.

TURUS: Last month was as good as it gets.

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Bobby Bloate



It was midmorning, about an hour after launch, and the conversation had quieted down, the passengers content to sip their thermos coffee and watch the canyon walls revolve around them as the raft twirled slowly along the calm surface of the sunlit river.

The boatman took a pull on a hand rolled smoke and settled back against the the soft, rubber baggage he'd rigged for a calm-water backrest. The silence was accentuated by small noises, like his occasional dip of the heavy oars, the gurgle of water, the squeak of an oarlock. But the silence quickly reestablished itself, thick and tangible, an unseen but eloquent presence.

He wetted a mental finger and checked the ambient state of passenger contentment. He sensed no boredom or anxiety, and relaxed, satisfied to let the canyon speak for itself, keeping the boat on the invisible sinew of current that snaked through the slow and ponderous bulk of the river.

Silence was just fine with him. He suspected that it was impossible to talk and comprehend the canyon at the same time, a diversion of the senses, like trying to immerse oneself in the subtleties of the Utah Symphony while watching the fidgeting crowd in the brightly lit Moab gymnasium where they played once a year.

A resounding plop, like Basho's frog, broke the silence. A circle of ripples fanned out from the opposite bank where the beaver hit the water and disappeared.

The inflated raft rocked with the shift of the load as everyone turned their attention in the direction of the splash. George looked back at the boatman and stuck out his upper front teeth. They exchanged smiles.

George was a nuclear engineer from Livermore who'd finally relaxed and got "into" the trip the previous evening. The first day he'd been quiet and aloof, and had disappeared to his tent immediately after dinner.

The following day went the same, except for the argument at lunchtime. A mention of the possible location of a high-level nuclear waste dump near Canyonlands National Park mushroomed into an almost unanimous indictment of nuclear energy in general. George was compelled to take issue with them.

He spoke of the difficulties one encountered when pushing technology to the frontier of human capability. He defended the industry and it's people. He tried in poetic terms to make them all understand the intrinsic beauty of divine atomic theory, and it's place in the natural destiny of man. It was obvious he'd been forced to defend it many times before, and he was very good at it.

But the crowd was predisposed to appreciate primitive nature, and paid little attention to his remarks. He soon quit, and withdrew back into himself for the rest of the day.

That evening, during dinner, talk turned to camping skills. Someone wondered how hard it was to start a fire without matches. So the boatman proposed a contest.

He would show them all how to build a fire drill, and the first one to sustain a flame got VIP treatment for the rest of the trip. No more baggage brigade, firewood gathering or dishes to wash. Their tent would be set up for them and they would get to sleep in and be served breakfast in bed.

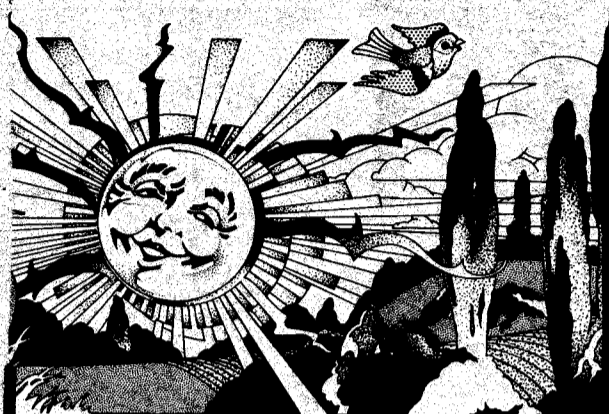
He showed them how to string the bow and drill, how to notch the board, even showed them how to borrow a little grease from alongside their nose to lubricate the upper end of the drill.

Everyone got their equipment ready and soon they were all busily sawing away. As time went by, it became clear that getting smoke was not too difficult, but blowing the infinitesimal sparks into flame was proving to be impossible.

George had declined to play the game, but stayed around to watch. His interest grew as the minutes went by. The salesman from Cicero gave up and abandoned his equipment, and George was soon down on his knees, spinning the drill, whittling finer shavings, puffing into the pile, but all to no

avail. He finally laid down the drill, got up, and walked over to the edge of the clearing.

The boatman watched him survey the surrounding river bank. He bent down, and gathered up some of the cottonwood fluff that had drifted like snow against the base of a small tamarisk grove. This he brought back to his drill, compressed it carefully into little wads, and laid them in the spark trough alongside the larger shavings.



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Within minutes he stopped sawing and puffing, and breathlessly declared he'd caught a flame. The boatman ambled over, slipped a cigarette he'd just rolled out of his shirt pocket, and touched it to the tiny tongue of fire. Exhaling a thin stream of blue smoke, he raised George's hand in victory.

With a shout of excitement, the engineer began jumping around in uncontained merriment. He took a slug from a bottle of tequila someone handed him and proffered a toast to the impassive canyon walls. By now everyone was gathered around, slapping him on the back and praising his success. They elected him Senior Woodchuck on the spot, and cheerfully congratulated him for being VIP. He graciously passed the award on to the salesman for building a superior drill. A party began that lasted well into the wee hours.

In fact, it was still going on, in a sense, on this, the following day. The beaver had broken the magical spell of silence, beers were being popped, and the wonderful sound of laughter filled the otherwise empty canyon as the passengers pulled and shoved each other over the side of the raft, shrieking from the contact with the ice-cold water.

Funny, mused the boatman, pulling on an oar to bring the boat around to begin hoisting them back in. A nuclear engineer builds a fire. And gets warm.



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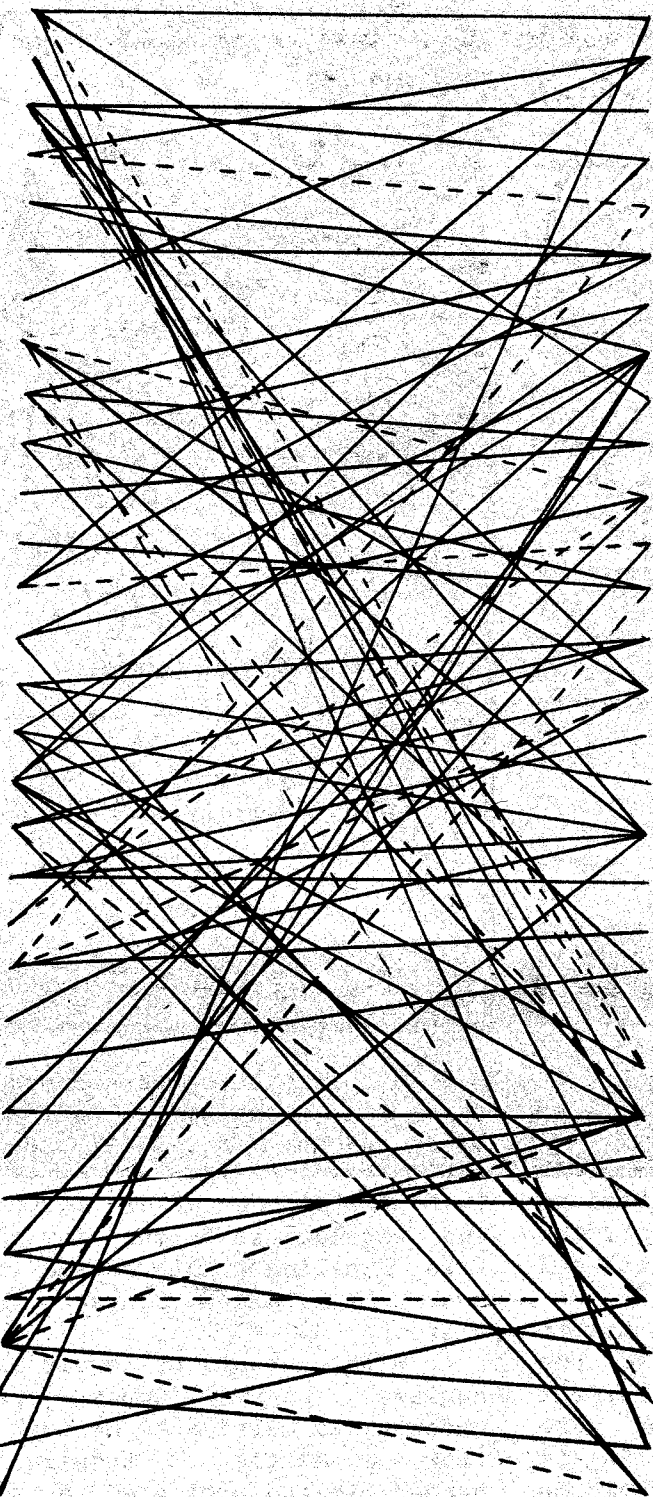
CONNECTIONS PUZZLE KEY

KNOWN LIASONS

SPECULATIONS

MALES

FEMALES



FROM THE AUTHORS: Above are the compiled answers (to the best of our knowledge) to last month's puzzle. The names have been left off for obvious reasons. The order has been changed to protect the guilty. Some of you deserve medals of honor. You know who you are! Keep up the good work, troops!

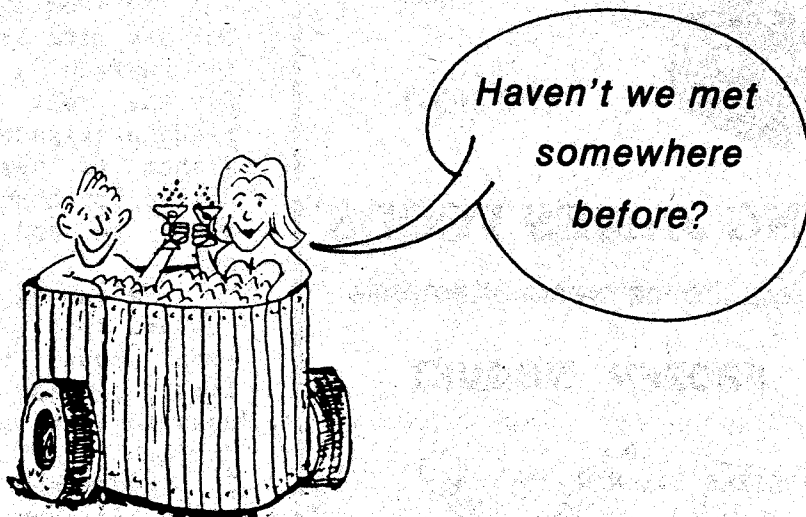


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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Stinking Desert Gazette

Several times in your paper you have promised to print all letters. I have written a letter and waited 3 months for print. I even got 3 friends to subscribe to read my letter because they agreed with me so. If the only reason you write is to laud yourself and your 1 sided opinions your not the journalist I hoped you were. I was born and raised in Moab. By my spelling and penmanship I'm sure you guess I graduated from Grand High. But I still have an opinion but because it differs with yours I'm sure it will never be seen in the LOCALS LOCAL print. With due respect

Japhy
(A real dharma bum)

(Ed. Note: We didn't know you were a subscriber! I hope the letter below is the one you are referring to. We liked it so much we were saving it for our 1st Anniversary Issue next month! But we don't want to keep you waiting!)

Dear Editor Abbey

It's true and I have to get it off my chest. There is nothing more sexist than a woman's river trip. I should know. I was on one. It turns out I was just a token man so that men would give money to the trip.

I never thought my good looks would be a problem. My troubles began innocently enough, just the usual flirtation I experienced hundreds of times in bars. The leader said we would rotate tents for greater team unity, and since this is common practice I didn't think anything of it. I was having a good time with each of my tentmates and they were treating me nicely. Eventually, I was missing a lot of my turns for boat pumping and cooking. In fact, I wasn't rowing very well at all and I was always tired. I should have become suspicious.

Finally, one of the women slipped as I was coming into the kitchen. She didn't see me and she was asking the group, "Who wants the stud tonight?" The truth finally hit home. I was a male prostitute on a woman's trip. I earned my keep by making them feel just like home. I felt so cheap, so used.

Well, I left the trip immediately. I heard the official story about me not holding up my share of the trip. I just wanted the truth to come out.

signed,

Lost in the Rain in Juarez



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