

The Stinking Desert GAZETTE

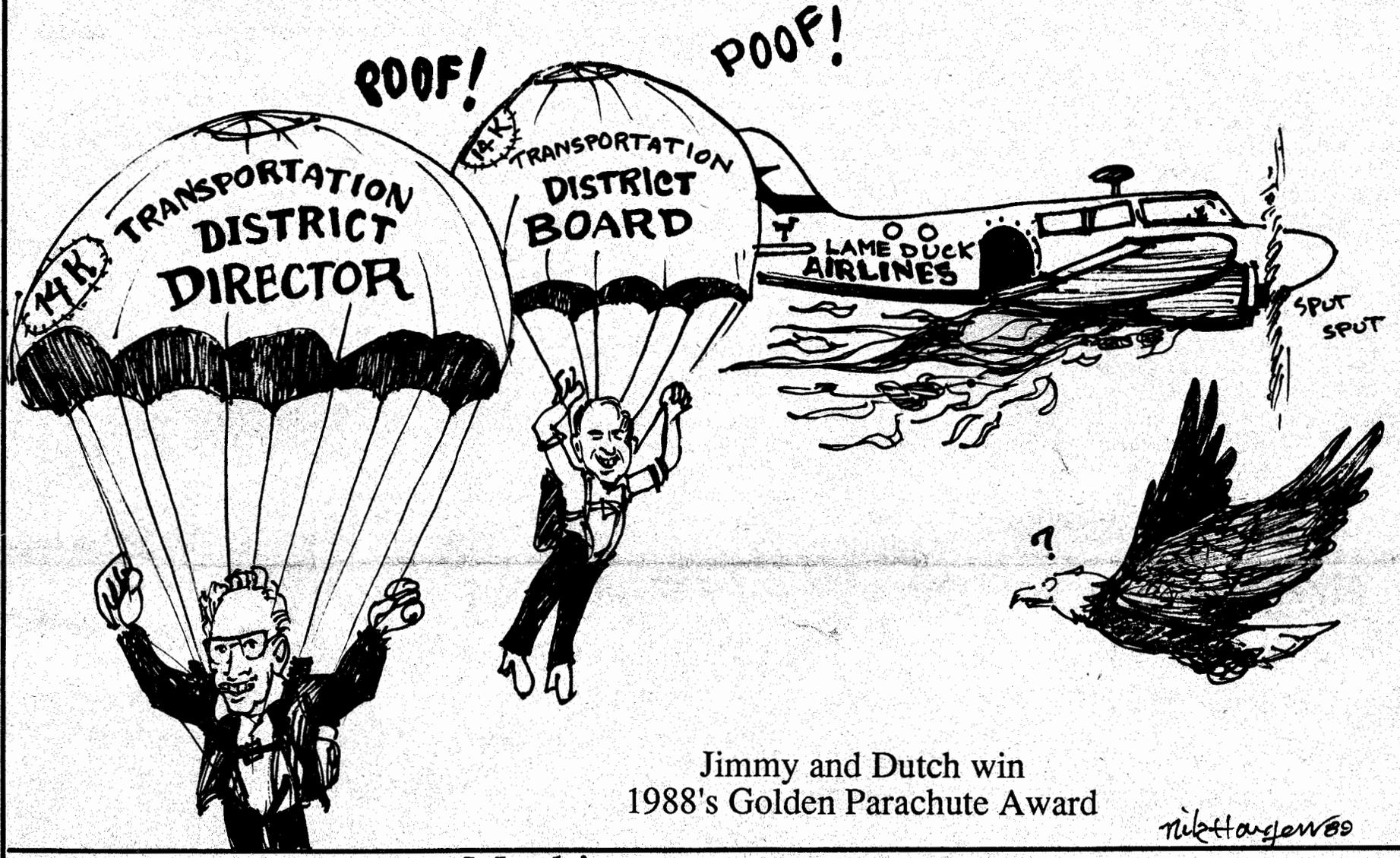
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Moab, Utah

Vol. 3 35¢ No. 6

Jan. 1989



Jimmy and Dutch win
1988's Golden Parachute Award

GAZETTE FOLDS

Philmore Banks, publisher of the Stinking Desert Gazette, announced last week that the newer, slimmer, winter edition of his paper folds neatly into quarters or eighths, making it easier to stuff into the hip pocket of one's levis.

Banks felt that this new feature deserved recognition as the "up side of a smaller paper." Banks hedged a little, however, when asked if the change was permanent. "It could bulk out again next summer and become once again a burden to carry around," stated Banks, "but that's just the down side of success."

Moabites Against Development

Apparently not everyone agrees with the need for economic development in Grand County.

A new group has been formed to counter the recent spate of proposed development schemes.

Calling itself MAD, an acronym for Moabites Against Development, the group has promised to fight any plans to make Moab more desirable to speculators.

Kathy Boonie, President of MAD and the official spokesman for the group, declared that her group would stop at nothing to thwart the recent wave of pro-development activities.

"We like Moab just as it is," declared Boonie. "That's why we moved here." We feel that anyone who wants to see Moab become another Park City ought to just move to Park City."

"We know that the people who like Moab the way it is outnumber those who are discontented by a margin of about 2 to 1," said Boonie. "Our group is going to give those people a voice representative of their numbers."

Boonie bemoaned the efforts to "save" Moab, claiming that MAD is the only group truly trying to save the town.

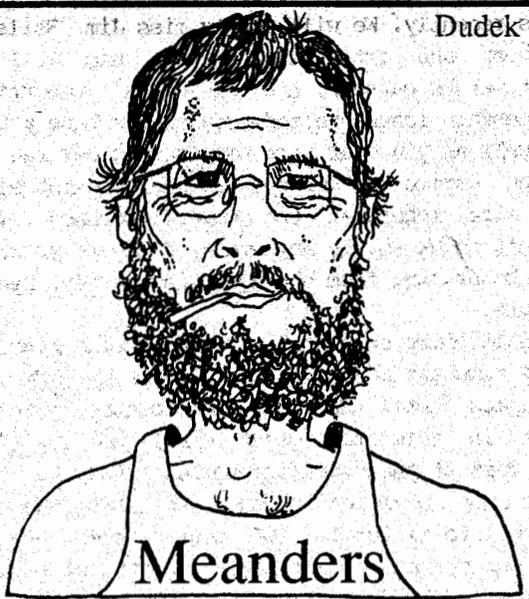
"What we have here," continued Boonie, "is a bunch of people who are attempting to slather Moab with a bunch of cheap make-up, deck her out in a revealing dress and put her out on the street where she will be fair game for all the sleazy, thrill-seeking, get-rich-quick entrepreneurs who might want to take advantage of her. There's a word for it, but I won't get into that here."

Boonie said that her group is dedicated to the preservation of all the things that make Moab unique and different amongst the tourist towns of the world.

Many people here in Moab enjoy the rich cultural diversity and broad range of economic classes that make up the town of Moab, said the pert spokesman of MAD. If the developers are successful, the town would be a "hot" property and soon only the rich would be able to afford to live here. "Who wants to live around a bunch of dumb, boring rich people? They all look and act the same, and none of them have the sense God gave a bowling ball," said Boonie.

"We want to preserve all the orchards, the hay fields, the pretty and pastoral country lanes, the clean air, the uncrowded streets, the unspoiled wetlands and waterways, the lack of parking meters and, most of all, the good and simple life we grown accustomed to," concluded Boonie.

MAD meets every Wednesday night in the Cottonwood Club.



Dudek

Strangest Dream." Remember that folk song?

"I dreamed I saw a mighty room, and the room was filled with men.
 "And the papers they were signing said they'd never fight again.
 "And when the papers were all signed and a million copies made,
 "They all joined hands and bowed their heads and grateful prayers were prayed.
 "And the people in the streets below were dancing 'round and 'round,
 "And guns and swords and uniforms were scattered on the ground."

Forget it, said the hard-eyed realists. A commie's a commie. Gorbachev simply has too many problems at home; a recalcitrant economy and widespread discontent. He badly needed some good PR. Glasnost is merely a diversion. We brought them to making concessions by holding a big stick over their heads, and we need yet a bigger stick to get more concessions. The Russians can never be trusted, and any talk of peace is simpleminded and stupid.

It's the same cheerful refrain we've been getting for the last forty years. If they have their way, it'll be forty more. But serious thinkers have expressed doubts that the world can stand this arms race insanity for that long. Gorbachev is a serious thinker.

True, it should have been the US making peace overtures. We talk about our desire for peace in all of our speeches. Why haven't we been able to articulate it to the Russians. I think we're afraid we might look weak. It's like the good friends who suffer a devastating disagreement that wrecks their friendship, and when it comes time for a truce, neither wants to extend their hand for a shake for fear it'll get spit upon or worse.

Well, Gorby's gone and done it. Now, we can gather up our adolescent self-righteousness and spurn the offer, walk away, and spend hundreds of billions more on military crap that we never want to use even if it worked properly.

Or, we can agree with him that perhaps this has gone on too long and too far, and begin to build the kind of trust it will take to disarm the doomsday machine.

Dec. 7, a date known for an infamous act of war, has now been graced with a visionary act of peace. The Secretary General of the Soviet Union stood before the United Nations General Assembly and called out for an end to the heartbreaking waste of the world's resources brought about by the confrontational politics of forty years of cold war.

In Europe, there was dancing in the streets. In America we settled for "cautious optimism", and wondered whether our economy could survive an outbreak of peace. In Utah, U.S. Rep. Hansen declared that cutting the defense budget would lead to a loss of jobs. The unthinkable.

Nevertheless, Gorby's speech lit a fire of hope in the hearts of many who heard it. He stressed the need to involve all the nations of the world in solving our problems which are now truly global in nature. He called for an arms cut, and unilaterally disbanded a million troops and ten thousand tanks in Europe. He called for further democratic reforms in his own country and in the bloc nations. He affirmed the essential brotherhood of mankind and offered a humanistic alternative to the bloody strife between secular states. In short, he declared that all men were created equal, and that differing economic philosophies could compete peacefully and creatively in the world arena.

It sounds a little like "Last Night I Had The

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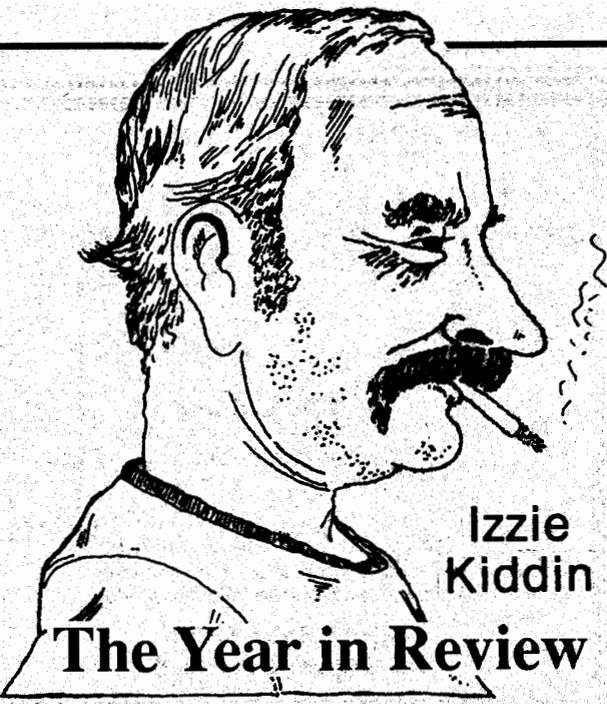
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And what a strange, weird trip it's been. From the onslaught of Co-Wests' obscene proposal, to the busiest tourist season this little canyon country town has ever witnessed. First of all, thanks are in order to all those who toiled long and tedious hours on the incinerator issue. Your efforts, both pro and con, were greatly appreciated. Thanks also are in order to all of you who contributed informative articles on the issue. It helped separate fact from folly.

But in the end, it was YOUR VOTE that proved the deciding factor. We all go up off our complacent butts on this one and we DID make a difference. So, give yourselves a pat on the butt. We not only dispersed the black cloud that was hanging over this community, we also chose a new direction by electing two new County Commissioners. Jimmy and Dutch have contributed greatly to our community, but they totally isolated themselves from the town by

their unswerving stance on the incinerator issue.

We welcome Fern Mullen and Merv Lawton and look forward to working with them towards a better Moab through tourism and small, clean and safe industry. Besides, we'll be watching them...

Moab was once again bombarded by the film industry this past year and everyone benefited by their presence. Why some of these wild-eyed producers pick our little town to make some of the most awful movies ever conceived by man is beyond me, but we welcome them just the same. Maybe one of these years, we can have an Annual Worlds' Worst Film Festival right here in Moab. The cinema would run every film shot here for 72 hours straight. Admission would be free, but you'd have to pay twenty-five bucks if you wanted to leave!

The European Traffic was stupendous this season. And that trend (with Bush taking office) is sure to continue for the next few years. I'm brushing up on my German this year. How about you? The only other language you still know is Pig Latin? The Europeans, for the most part, are polite and gracious visitors and in a way, they've really helped to keep the bread on the table a bit longer this winter. WUNDERBAR!!!

The BLM has brought up that ridiculous scenic loop highway proposal again. A seven million dollar loop road that would connect Kane Creek with Needles Overlook Road. This proposal comes from the very same people that are always hollering 'lack of funds' for much more needed items. Facilities and garbage cans at Slickrock Bike Trail and the river roads should certainly be a higher priority than more new roads. Let's try and protect what we've already promoted, rather than open up more areas to overuse and ruin. Preservation and promotion. There has to be a way.

The SDG lost one of it's most talented members recently. We will sorely miss Jim Stiles' artwork and articles, but wish him well in whatever he pursues. His 'in-depth' reporting on certain issues helped broaden our base a bit as well as win over some new fans to our rag. I think satire and seriousness can co-exist side by side inbetween the covers. Perhaps Jim didn't think so. In any event, I'm sure we will all be hearing from him again in the very near future.

Salt Lake once again is squandering tons of good time and money in it's bid for The Winter Olympics. Until the elders that control government in this state grant us a liquor law like the rest of the civilized world, a bid to entice the Olympics along with it's inherent night life is futile. (Of course, some of us see our current liquor laws as a kind of saving grace from BECOMING like the rest of the civilized world.)

My hat's off to most of our local businesses this year! Not only did a few more stores stay open later during the summer and cater to the captive audience here, they even gave us some good incentives for shopping in Moab this Christmas. We're not only starting to look like a tourist town, we're starting to act like one as well. HOORAY!!

I must give my humble thanks once again to this paper for allowing me to continue this lunacy for another year. My...er, rather close friends: Omega Beseller and Steamboat Willie also give thanks. We can all only hope to continue to strive to keep you informed, and at the very least, make you smile once or twice. That's all we ask, a smile a month. (and 35¢)

All the opinions expressed above are mine alone. I'm Izzie Kiddin. Wishing you and yours a very happy and healthy New Year! Here's looking at you, kid.

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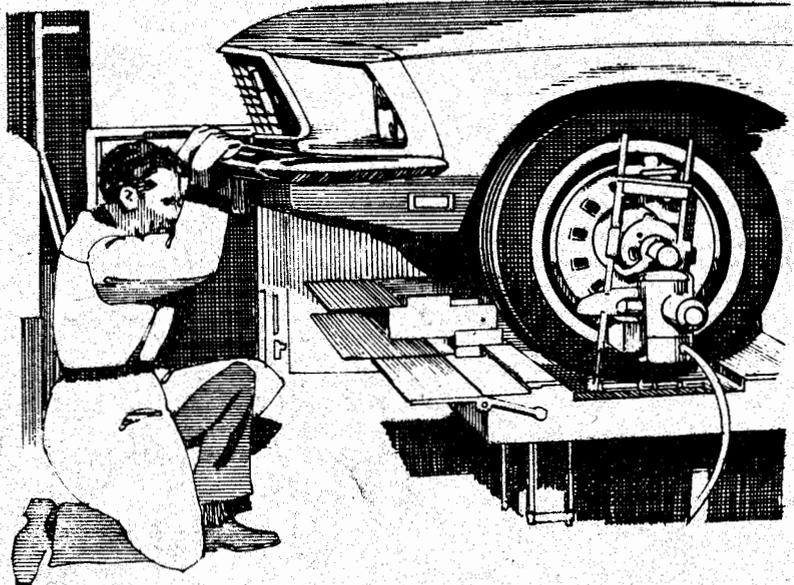
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The Trough Springs Road Issue

by Lance Christie

Bill Turk, a Registered Professional Engineer and avid mountain biker, has noticed two problems with the Kane Springs county road portion of the proposed loop. First, after looking from an engineer's perspective at (1) the cliffs above and below the existing road for about a quarter mile at the portal, (2) the switchbacks past Funnel Arch, and (3) the threats to the Kane Springs roadbed from flooding in the canyon narrow, Bill wonders whether the county realizes what it is getting into by attempting to widen and pave the road to a standard which can handle this much traffic safely and not wash out with a ten-year flood. Second, Bill (and others) note that the portal is a popular access point for non-motorized traffic: joggers, hikers, and mountain bikers. They and a tenfold increase in motor vehicle traffic don't mix on the blind curves of a roadway bordered by cliffs on both sides, even if the county manages a feat worthy of Ramses II by expanding the roadway to a consistent 22 foot width. Sending these folks farther from Moab to enjoy their chosen activities could possibly have negative economic effects.

Up In Salt Lake, Jim Catlin of the Sierra Club snorts at the Trough Springs proposal as another manifestation of the "Cult of Asphalt." More seriously, he points to the Utah Wilderness Coalition's proposal for a Hatch Canyon Wilderness Area, the boundary of which extends across the proposed roadway to the south rim of Trough Springs Canyon. This wilderness area is expected to be part of Wayne Owens' 5-million-

acre Utah BLM wilderness bill in 1989. Catlin also points out that the road project is not in any current BLM land management plan, and thus would require an Environmental Impact Statement and other legalisms be performed before money could be legally sought and spent for the project.

Rodney Greeno of the Southern Utah Wilderness Alliance heaves a weary sigh at the proposal. Like Bill Turk and a number of other Moabites who jog and bike, Rodney points to the popularity of the area affected by the loop road with off-road vehicles and non-motorized users. He sees a negative effect on visitation by these users, and on the environmental amenities of the area in general, from increased motor traffic.

Locally, many outdoorspeople take a dim view of the Trough Springs loop road proposal. The Anticline Overlook road area and Kane Springs Canyon are popular with mountain bikers because they aren't overrun with motorized users, but are easy going for inexperienced riders. Visitors can enjoy recreation in the canyon by day, and still be close enough to town to enjoy evening dining and entertainment in Moab. Access to sporting goods and other supplies is easy and convenient to them.

However, local people with doubts about the

road proposal don't appear to view the Trough Springs road as an environmental disaster. As with the incinerator issue, the focus is on an economic sort of thinking, not a knee-jerk anti-development viewpoint. The proposal is questioned within a cost-benefit framework: Will the increased windshield tourism traffic on a road to Hatch Point benefit Moab's economy enough to justify spending both \$7.3 million in federal tax and unknown millions in county road funds? Will the sacrifice of existing amenities and uses of the area offset actual economic benefits from paving? Might the loop's effect on traffic flow make Monticello and Moab more equal in attracting tourists, removing Moab's current competitive "edge?"

The boosters of the Trough Springs road proposal clearly have faith that more paved roads with good scenery means having more tourist cars driving around, and that more tourist cars driving around equals more money in local pockets. Experts on economic development and tourism, however, don't necessarily agree. They differentiate between transient tourism - where tourists use your community as a pit stop on their way to somewhere else - and destination tourism, which is where the "economic multiplier" is found if your community has made the investment in infrastructure (facilities, goods and services) to effectively capture tourist dollars.

On November 24 the Moab Times-Independent announced that Gene Nodine, Moab District Manager for the Bureau of Land Management, had requested \$7,390,700 in BLM funding to build a

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scenic highway connecting the Anticline Overlook road on Hatch Point with the Kane Springs road. Predictably, Moab City, the Grand County Commission, the Utah Department of Transportation, and Sam Taylor endorsed the proposal. The following week, letters appeared expressing problems with the proposal.

After getting more information from the BLM about the proposal, and talking with various concerned people, a complex picture of economic and environmental costs and benefits emerges.

The BLM originally proposed to connect the Anticline Overlook road with Kane Springs in their 1960 plan for the Hatch Point scenic road system. The plan proposed three overlooks: Needles, Canyonlands, and Anticline. At the time, the BLM District office was in Monticello and Moab was more interested in yellowcake than tourism. Thus, given the cost of building the Trough Springs link, the total amount of money available, and the expectation that tourists would drive out of Monticello to tour Hatch Point and return, the Trough Springs and Canyonlands Overlook roads were not funded.

The current BLM proposal provides for the following: (1) paving the Anticline Overlook road; (2) building and paving a road to the Canyonlands Overlook site; (3) surveying, building and paving a road from the Anticline Overlook road down Trough Springs Canyon, turning down the South side of Kane Springs Creek and connecting with the existing county road at the Kane Springs Creek crossing where the gravel now ends. In 1982 the Rocky Mountain School built an excellent hiking trail on the route of an old cattle trail to the floor of Trough Springs Canyon from near the Anticline Overlook road. The proposed road would travel the same route and wipe out the hiking trail.

The proposal does not provide funds for any improvements to the Kane Springs county road. It would be the county's responsibility to provide funding for upgrading and paving the Kane Springs road from the creek crossing past Egg Ranch and the river portal to 500 West. The tenfold increase in traffic projected to result by 2010 from building the loop (from 35 to 200 cars/day) would require the county to improve the existing road.

Both those who think well and poorly of the Trough Springs road project make assumptions which we should examine. Those favoring the project think it would benefit Moab's economy. Would it? What would we have to do to make windshield tourism really pay off, and do we want to do it? The locals who don't like the road proposal think the paved road and attendant increases in traffic would consume environmental amenities and endanger existing uses. Would it? Is it possible to design a project which mitigates negative effects? For example, could an access route for non-motorized traffic separated from motorized traffic be engineered into the Kane Springs road upgrade? Could we have some mountain biking and hiking trail development in addition to the loop road, so there are expanded recreational opportunities for everyone? What sorts of measures could be taken as part of the project to protect adjacent lands from abuse and degradation?

Several "Environmental Impact Statements" have now been written which include consideration of economic and social impacts to an area, not just impacts to land values. Rather than a Burr-Trail-like confrontation, or even a sort of grumpy disagreement which does not promote anything positive, wouldn't we be better off to encourage BLM and Grand County authorities to

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do an "Environmental/Economic Impact Statement" which analyzes these issues? The continuing trend in this town away from ideological polarization and toward a skeptical pragmatism can result in everyone's working together to mutual advantage. Let's reality-test our assumptions and see if we can come up with an area development project that will maximize benefits while keeping development costs to a minimum.

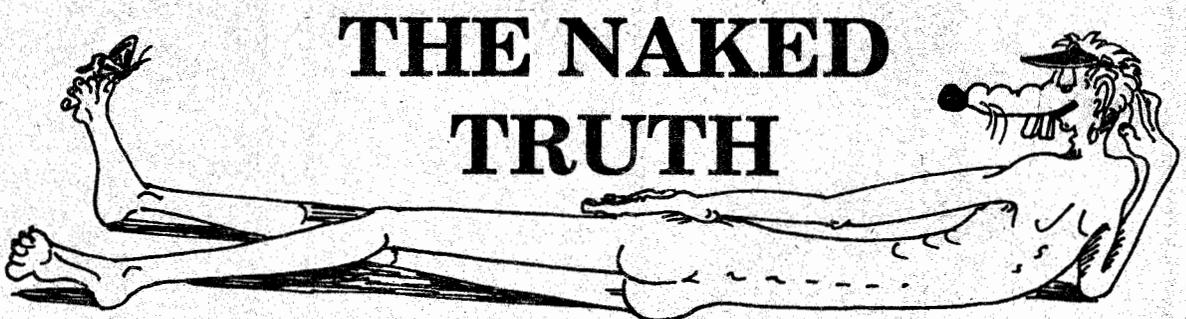
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THE NAKED TRUTH

Burr Trail Vandalism Charges Die

A state judge dismissed vandalism charges in the case involving damage to four bulldozers scheduled to begin work on the Burr Trail.

Grant Johnson, of the nearby Deer Creek Ranch, was the man against whom the charges were brought.

Sand had been poured into the fuel systems of the four dozers, and the case against Johnson was based on some footprints that allegedly led from the scene to the ranch where Johnson and others live.

The judge ruled that there was not sufficient evidence to support the charges.

The bulldozers were prematurely put into action on the trail after federal judge Aldon J. Anderson ruled that the improvements could be made to the trail. This was over the objections of environmentalists who sued Garfield County and the BLM to stop the project.

It was the judge who stopped the work when he lashed out at the county for rushing into the work before approved areas were defined and other preliminary work was done.

Creative Defeat

At least one worry - what Jimmy Walker will be doing for a living after January 4 - has now been lifted from our community. Jimmy lost his re-election bid for Chairman of the Grand County Commission last November 8th. John "Dutch" Zimmerman also lost his re-election bid.

After the election, the Grand County Commission created a new Transportation Taxing District. The Commission said it was necessary to form the District in order to handle mineral lease revenues distributed back to the counties which generate them under a new state law. The Commission appointed a three-man Board to run the Transportation District, composed of John "Dutch" Zimmerman, Robert Shumway, and Ollie Knutson, father of County Commissioner David Knutson.

The Grand County Transportation District Board voted to hire Jimmy Walker as the Director of the District at a monthly salary of \$1,250. Mr. Walker's salary as Chairman of the Grand County Commission was \$1,200 per month.

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OLD NEWS

Condensed by Dale Pierson

JANUARY - 1909

The town of Moab, 80 years ago, found itself occupied with the specter of demon rum on several levels.

The January 1st issue of the Grand Valley Times notes that the town would find itself in dire financial straits due to the closure of local saloons. The saloons had been effectively closed by the imposition of a \$2,000 per year license fee; which no establishment was expected to pay.

The entire 1908 town budget had been \$1,736, of which saloons had contributed \$1,025 in license fees. The Times stated "It is hardly possible that the [Moab town] board can reduce the annual expenses of the town to \$700."

Henry Grimm and A.P. Sorenson, members of the town board, were appointed to draft a new saloon ordinance. Following a two week deliberation they recommended that no action be taken until after the Utah State Legislature had acted upon the question of state-wide prohibition.

More spirited news was forthcoming in the middle of the month when Henry Crouse, a local grape grower, was arrested for selling wine to Steve Day and Earl Loveridge. Earl's sister Annie turned the trio in to Marshal McConkie after she witnessed Steve and Earl stashing suspicious bottles in their wagon outside Crouses's house; and the later consumption of liquid from the bottles.

Despite the testimony of Day and Loveridge that they thought they were being sold vinegar, and Crouse's claim that "...he had never in his life sold a drop of wine to anyone" but only sold vinegar for medicinal consumption; the jury found Crouse guilty as charged.

JANUARY - 1929

The Grand County Budget for 1929 was \$17,850.

William R. Wallace, Colorado River Commissioner, suggested in a plan submitted to Colorado's Governor that two flood control dams be built on the Colorado river drainage. Construction of these dams, the plan stated, would decrease the cost of the proposed Boulder dam by reducing the flood hazard in the lower river. The suggested sites for these dams were the Flaming Gorge and either a Green River project (site unspecified) or Dewey on the Colorado River, 30 miles above Moab.

JANUARY - 1949

In twenty years the Grand County Budget had risen to \$118,725.

Three experts writing in the Journal of the American Medical Association observed that drug addiction was decreasing in the United States. Figures for 1948 showed approximately 48,000 addicts nationwide, down from a high of 200,000 in 1914.

JANUARY - 1969

Slim Mayberry, while on a vacation hike in the Devils Garden section of Arches, discovered that a 6 foot thick by 15 foot long rock fall had enlarged Wall Arch. The former Arches official determined that the fall had occurred within the past week by the marks left by falling rocks in the snow.

A Master Plan for the development of Moab and Spanish Valley was presented by an official of Planning and Research Associates of Salt Lake City. Among the recommendations were: (1) A truck bypass to skirt Moab to the west, connecting back to Main Street at Kane Creek Blvd, (2) A riverside drive through the Sloughs, (3) The discouragement of residential development in Spanish Valley until all available areas for residences in Moab had been developed, (4) A stream-side parkway along Mill and Pack Creeks, (5) Expansion of the Golf Course to 18 holes.

President Lyndon B. Johnson, in his last 90 minutes in office on January 21st, signed a proclamation which added massive acreage to the Southeast Utah National Park and Monument System.

Among the areas benefiting from the proclamation were Arches National Monument which



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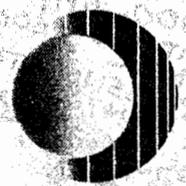
added 48,943 acres, to bring total acreage within the Monument to 82,953. Capitol Reef National Monument received 215,000 additional acres and Marble Canyon National Monument was created.

The news of the NPS land increase came as a surprise to local residents. Most cries in opposition to the move dealt with the manner in which action was taken, not the action itself. Times-Independent editor Sam Taylor in his Community Comments stated that he would have supported the inclusion of the new areas into Arches, but that "...the underhanded methods used...fills me with nausea." An editorial comment by Dick Wilson called the action a "...bitter victory for conservationists."

One positive aspect of the increase, the Times noted, was the possibility that Arches could be raised to Park status and that such a designation would lead to an increased awareness of the area and increased tourism.

Negative impacts appeared to be primarily upon local stockmen who would lose grazing range, although some oil, gas and mineral claims would also be affected.

Utah State leaders appeared to be mostly concerned over the loss of potential natural resource development areas, while the Utah National Delegation appeared to be in a state of confusion over the issue.



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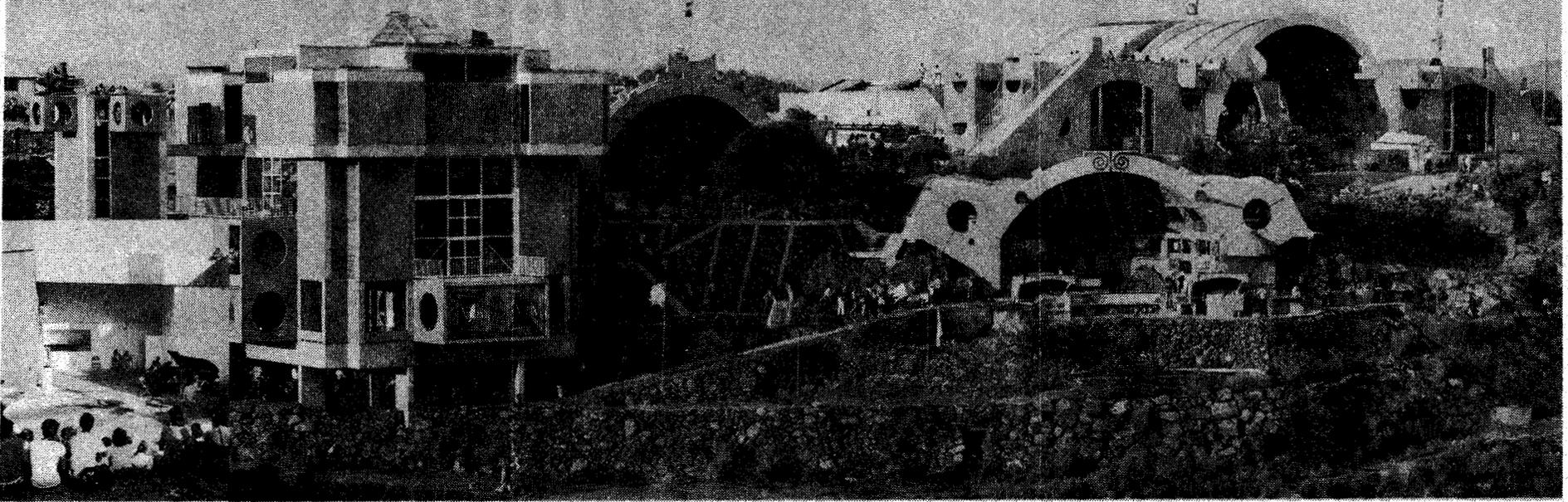
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ARCOSANTI AND THE BIOSPHERE PROJECT

Experiments for the future on the Arizona Desert.

by Charlie Catron

Arcosanti is located at the junction of I-17 and Arizona State Hiway 69. The visitor's center is open daily and tours are conducted hourly. Bronze and ceramic wind-bells, books, and tiles are among the many items in the gift shop, all made in, or pertaining to Arcosanti. There is a bakery and cafe open to the public, serving meals from 8:30 to 5:00.

In the sun-parched Arizona desert 75 miles north of Phoenix on I-17 is Cordes Junction. Gas station, cafe, bar, and good ole boy cowboy types, dusty pickup trucks and vans. About a mile and a half down a dusty, bumpy road beyond Cordes Junction, amidst the cactus and cats claw mimosa clinging to the edge of a rocky canyon rises one man's vision of the future, like something out of the Arabian Nights, a three-dimensional structure of concrete tilts toward the sun. Canyons and caves of colored concrete playfully formed into great vaulting arches and clusters of cubic modules comprise the beginning of a city of the future, called Arcosanti. It is an ambitious project of the Italian-born artist, architect and visionary, Paolo Soleri.

Arcosanti is being built around a central concept of Soleri's: ARCOLOGY. Soleri believes this blending of architecture with ecology can deal positively with the problems of urban life, population sprawl, pollution, energy waste, natural resources depletion, food scarcity and quality of life. Arcology works with nature to make the urban system possible. According to the arcology principle certain physical and biological phenomena or effects that man either knows, uses, or lives by can be brought together "to act upon one another in pursuit of a synthesis useful to mankind." Four of the effects are the results of physical laws:

The greenhouse effect makes possible the collection of the sun's warmth inside a defined space. Huge glassed-in areas of Arcosanti will collect solar energy for heat, agriculture and electricity. Since hot air rises, the chimney effect allows collected warm air to be channeled throughout the multi-layered three-dimensional city.

In the apse effect, a quarter sphere structure facing south acts as a sun collector in the cold season and a sun shade in the warm season. "The sun's curved trajectory demands curved traps," writes Soleri. He views the apse as a passive solar energy machine that runs solely on how it displays itself on the ever-changing journey of the sun.

The heat sink effect, which permits heating during cold weather, is based on the capacity of a thermal mass (concrete, stone, water, etc.) to store heat when the surrounding temperature is higher than its own and to give it back when the surrounding temperature is lower.

The horticulture effect is the only effect that is a result of the conscious intervention of man upon organic processes. Mankind's ability to control and guide the growth of selected plant life, combined with the greenhouse effect, give a city a natural agricultural base.

Finally, the urban effect, posited by Soleri in somewhat mystical terms, to predate life itself and not to follow the laws of physics. He views the urban effect as a fundamental phenomenon in which two or more "particles" of physical matter, whether these be nuclear particles or human beings, begin to interact in ways that do not follow the laws of prohibiting. Instead, their interaction is organic and living and eventually instinctive.

Most people aren't ready for Soleri's ideas on city and man, but this is OK, because his city is not ready for them. After 17 years and many millions of dollars, Arcosanti is only about 3% completed. Enduring ridicule, stretching funds, building, ever-building—it is continually under construction. That's why I was here, to help. I had been visiting the site for many years and am attracted to the sculpture of Paolo Soleri and the sculptural qualities of Arcosanti. Now I was finally here, living on site. Albeit temporary, a pie in the sky was in my hand and I wanted a big piece of it. I would have an opportunity to meet the "Man." Paolo Soleri permeates the place. He says "the solar system is round, the sun is round, the eye is round, hence a round window is a more natural shape." As I gaze out a huge round window in

the cafeteria I contemplate the enormity of it all. You begin to experience a re-connection with nature looking out a round window. Once detached from our traditional architectural concepts my mind began to play freely over the whole canvas of existence and began to imprint on basic natural structures like caves and trees and springs and man-made artifacts elaborated in their image. It's a primal thing. The arched cave gave early man his first concept of architectural space. But these are no dark, dank, concrete caves. These are large light-filled, airy structures, with at least an ever-so-gentle breeze all the time. Large windows and light glass doors open to catch the wind or close to trap the sun's heat and warm the structures later—all of this oriented to maximize the use of sun and shade. Just a step away from almost anywhere in Arcosanti is a green space. Grass, olive trees, Italian cypress and benches mark some of the larger areas. Others are more intimate, a stone seat near a fish pond surrounded by mint or a small patch of grass secluded by a shading grapevine and large geometric shapes of concrete. An oasis of peace in the bustle of life. This is truly a human city.

Soleri calls it "an urban laboratory" and uses the metaphor of music to explain that he is building the instrument for wo/man to play the music of culture on. Our present urban sprawl demands contraction of the urban container. The elimination of the automobile and resulting effluvia (streets, garages, gas stations on every corner), the primary protagonist of energy waste, segregation and alienation. Get everything within walking distance, skirt the city with greenhouses for heating and cooling, open field farming to re-introduce urban man to the reality of where his food comes from. Urban man becomes rural man and vice versa. Nature is at everyone's doorstep.

To Soleri the city is a step in the spiritual evolution of life on earth. Like the sea, the cave, the farm. City man is genetically selected for certain characteristics that permit him to survive and even thrive in a city environment. Indeed the city is a necessary instrument if mankind is to reach its ultimate

potential leading to more developed forms of social interaction and even high consciousness. To describe a Soleri city is to describe life itself, for at its most basic level a Soleri city is a living organism with a thousand minds contained in a mineral structure. A being functioning as an entity while the inhabitants also function individually.

Soleri is sculpting this mystical vision in concrete with the help of students, volunteers, people who come for seminars and workshops. Elderhostel is an active program here and 40 to 50 permanent residents live and work on site for a wage. When Arcosanti is finished sometime in the future as many as 5,000 people will live and work in one unified structure covering about 14 acres and rising 25 stories. This will include cottage and light industries (there is now a ceramics shop and bronze foundry in production), shops, schools, parks and greenhouses. A few steps outside your door is a 860 acre greenbelt along the Agua Fria river surrounded by thousands of acres of unspoiled desert. It will occupy only 2% of the land that would be required for a conventional suburban community with the same population.

It is a concept difficult to imagine even after you've seen the model in the visitors' center, and it is only one of the several score of single structure "Arcologies" he has designed, whose sketches and drawings appear in his remarkable book "City in the Image of Man" (MIT 1969), out of print, unfortunately. In this book are plans for: "Novanoah," a floating ocean-based city for 400,000; "Arcodiga," a city atop a dam whose 280,000 residents enjoy an unlimited supply of cheap energy and unparalleled watersports and recreation; "Stonebow," constructed like a giant bridge over a canyon or ravine; "Asteromo," a city for space to explore the stars; "Hexahedron" is two crystalline pyramids rising 3,500 feet into the air. In an area of less than half a square mile it would house 170,000 for living and working.

Soleri has been called a utopian, a dreamer, a lunatic and a genius, but prefers to think of himself as a realist looking for real answers to real problems that urgently need to be solved if mankind is to survive and evolve to its ultimate potential. He concerns himself little with the economic and social implications of life in one of his cities. He designs cities not societies, he points out. "I only build the instrument. I do not write the music."

However, the man does write some books, and I had tried to read all of them. Those that were unavailable I found at the Arcosanti library. I knew I would have an opportunity to meet and talk with the man, and I wanted to be able to say something intelligent.

The first meeting was like an audience with the Pope, all staged with a predetermined subject for discussion. It was to be the book "Arcosanti--An Urban Laboratory?" This book helps to define and open for discussion certain topics (63 of them) and how they bear on Arcosanti and the urban laboratory. It is an attempt to show that Arcosanti is more than a purely brick and mortar project.

The audience was a cross-section of people, some young folks, some in college--some not, an architect from Germany, an engineer, teachers, and elderhostel members, about 18 to 20 people. I was the only artist and was only interested in the artist. He came into the room with no



Desert

Marshes

Ocean

Savannah

Rainforest

fanfare, small, wiry, quiet, unassuming, and very friendly. We all did the routine crowd intro, "I'm so and so from here and there doing this and that." He fielded questions, laughed, joked and left. I was let down. It was almost like an apparition.

The second meeting was about the same with fewer people and a more open question session. I did get off a couple of questions about monumental sculpture and residual anguish experienced by the artist that he talked about in one of his books. His answers were uninspired as I expected. I suppose I knew the answers; I was just trying to make conversation with a man I held in awe. He at least knew my interests and a few days later we engaged in a brief conversation about a piece of sculptured stone that was in a meditation garden. It was a brief conversation and was too soon interrupted by someone who took him away. It was difficult for me to go one-on-one with this man.

One of the rituals at Arcosanti is "Frugal Soup." Paolo Soleri would serve the simple potato and onion soup with bread and encourage readings and discussions of world hunger. I read a small paragraph that talked of hunger but also said something about the starvation of the soul in a famine of aesthetics. This made Soleri's eyes light up and he followed with something on this same subject, and then the discussion went on to something else. Later in the afternoon I was warming myself in the sun, gazing out at the desert which is a panorama in every direction. Suddenly "the man" was next to me. There was no one around to interrupt and he initiated the conversation. We sat in the sun and talked about his sculpture. "Aesthetics is an end in itself," he said. He was talking of Arcosanti, a city based on aesthetics only. Mind boggling. "Action is sterile without a vision that makes it real and engrossing." He made it clear it was his city, his idea and he was the prime mover. He used as an example a disagreement he had had a few days earlier with someone I know. "If you want to do your own thing, go somewhere else and do it. This is my thing." As to the detractors and critics he says "It is most reasonable to begin somewhere with an island of functional sanity and let its pattern spread according to its own merit, neither coerced nor coercing."

We talked until it cooled and was time for dinner. It was a high point in my stay, not to mention my life. The man is a genius and is several levels above the rest of us in his thoughts. I would ponder our discussions for long periods of time. Douglas Davis said "As urban architecture, Arcosanti is probably the most important experiment undertaken in our lifetime."

Because of its futuristic overtones, some people (futurists?) have lived and worked at Arcosanti and have gone on to other futuristic projects underway in various places. One of these is the Biosphere Project near Tucson. It was my good fortune to be given a very personalized tour of this project by a leading architect on the project and former Arcosantian.

Space Biospheres Ventures is located at the SunSpace Ranch Conference Center, a 2,500 acre facility near Tucson, Arizona. The \$30 million research project is funded entirely by private investment. The intensive agricultural and species selection greenhouse research is being done by Environmental Research Labs in Tucson. SBV has begun to market biospheric systems. Potential clients include space programs, universities, research institutes and foreign governments.

All life known to humankind exists within the context of a biosphere, the biosphere planet earth, a stable, complex, evolving system containing life composed of various ecosystems operating in a synergetic equilibrium, essentially closed to material input or output and open to energy and information exchange.

SBV intends to create a second biosphere, Biosphere II, essentially isolated from the existing biosphere by a closed structure, composed of components of the existing biosphere. Like the biosphere of planet earth, Biosphere II will be a stable, complex, evolving, materially closed, life closed, energetically and informationally open system containing five kingdoms of life, at least 5 biomes, plus humankind, culture and technics.

The project is now under construction. Partial closure experiments begin in 1989 and a full two year closure phase commences in January 1990.

The Biosphere II design as presently conceived covers approx. 2 acres, 98,000 sq. ft. floor area, 5 million cubic ft. volume. It will contain a habitat biome with apartments for eight resident researchers. It will contain laboratories, computers, communication facilities, workshops, library, and recreation facilities.

The intensive agriculture biome will have crops for food and other human uses and domestic animal's use (goats, chickens, pigs and agriculture). The tropical rainforest biome will be 20,000 sq. ft., and 85 feet high from a mountaintop in the center of the rainforest area. A stream flows down a waterfall, across the forest floor, and south to the transition section. The transition includes the tropical savannah biome, fresh and salt water marsh biomes and marine biome. The ocean will be 25 ft. deep and will contain a coral reef ecosystem. A thorn scrub forest marks the ecotone between the savannah biome and the desert biome. The desert biome is patterned after a coastal fog desert (such as Baja) populated by species adapted to low rainfall and high humidity.

Species selection is underway with various biome teams. Besides plants and domestic animals, Biosphere II will be a habitat to birds, reptiles, insects and small mammals. A complete evaluation of the food web as well as behavioral patterns for each animal and insect species is required to ensure sufficient food sources. A monumental project to be sure, but well underway. Stand by for the future!



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"Yes, But."

by John Wahl

Anyone who has traveled around some in the western states (or elsewhere) will have a whole bunch of favorite places, areas that are special for different reasons, in different seasons. To single out one for the top honor, the ultimate affection, is a difficult if not impossible task--which one of your ribs are you most partial to? But if it were narrowed down to a single sliver of terra firma, just a place for my feet or the seat of my pants, then it's no contest. With an unerring instinct, like a salmon or migratory bird, my thoughts always return to Green River Overlook, Canyonlands Natl. Park, Utah, U.S.A. I don't mean that recently fenced and popular viewpoint which visitors are naturally funneled towards from the parking lot. I mean that particular chunk of rimrock maybe a quarter-mile away which juts out slightly around a deep crack, offering an uncluttered and precipitous view of...everything. Like being on the edge of a dinosaur continent, or an implacable sandstone glacier ---huge Navajo and Wingate burgs calving off to float slowly away over the White Rim.

I spent a lot of time there, off and on, staying at the campground which was mostly empty, before the road got paved. I watched sunrises and sunsets and storms. I read books. I walked gingerly along the rim beneath towering "Half Dome;" it's sheer concave face seemed to lean against me, pushing me toward the edge. But it was only an illusion of exposure, actually safe as a sidewalk. Safer. I was becoming acclimated, getting the first glimmerings of a

feel for this country. I found a way up to the top and looked around. There was a lot to see. Once when thick cool overcast was rolling in, I hurried down from camp, tucking myself under a slender overhang just back from the edge. Fast-moving clouds slammed silently into the mesa's unyielding chest and rushed up and over the rim --it was like being on the wing of a plane as it cut through heavy fog. Other times I watched a thousand potholes gleaming down below, filled with the soft orange flames of evening.

When it became clear that roads were going to be paved, I fired off a letter to the NPS that was almost comical in it's degree of outrage, something along the lines of "You've butchered the place, I shall never return!" etc., etc. They responded with a thoughtful and detailed explanation of the reasoning behind

And so occupations that were always thought of as essential to a "growing nation" have gone into a slow decline, even become disreputable in the eyes of some. People are sad, worried and angry, responding to the case made by the environmentalists with a "Yes, but..."

their decision, and about all I could think to say after reading it was "Yes, but..." And I did return, sort of sneaking back. After all, the Island is diminished but not destroyed.

It bothers me that the middle ground of tourism is being swept away, belittled. There are, thank goodness, innumerable spectacular opportunities for backpackers. Four-wheelers and (shudder) ORV enthusiasts can choose from a vast web of old exploration trails. At the other end of the scale, motor homes cruise smoothly to facilities in most of our state and national parks, and practically everywhere else. Planes and helicopters service those willing to pay the price for a quick cheap thrill. But the traveler who wants to just get

away to a reasonably remote spot in the family car, someplace that will be uncrowded and quiet while at the same time offering magnificent scenery, maybe a picnic table and privy--those folks are slowly but surely running out of places to go. Yet another endangered species.

My family took a long trip every summer, even when I was very young. Memories of Detroit, Chicago, New York City are vague or nonexistent. I have very little recall of Michigan, the Great Lakes, New England. But I do know how we traveled. By asking around or advertising beforehand, my parents would find someone interested in sharing expenses and coming along. Then we would stay in tourist homes or inexpensive downtown hotels, maybe make use of the YMCA, YWCA. A few years later we took several vacations out west, sometimes sleeping in the car--Mom, Dad and me on strategically placed planks in a Rambler sedan with fold-down seats. Eating out of an ice chest and taking sponge baths behind a makeshift plastic curtain. My parents were being frugal, seeing the country on a tight budget, a minister's salary. For two weeks we would drive and drive, cramming as much as possible into those fourteen days, trying to see it all. In that sense we were like so many tourists today; in a big hurry, impoverished when it comes to available time.

Then we started going to Colorado each summer, driving the back roads. Aspen was a sleepy old mining town--Independence Pass and the road to Maroon Bells were both gravel. Every pass in the state prominent enough to be shown on a road atlas was conquered by our trusty Rambler, even Mosquito Pass, where they race burros between Leadville and Fairplay. Stopping to ask directions (my Dad will ask anyone, anywhere, anytime how to get anyplace), we were given advice such as "I wouldn't take my car over that

road for \$1,000!!" But we did anyway, stopping every little bit for me to jump out and move big rocks, finally reaching the top at 13,000 feet to find a monument for Father Dyer, the Snowshoe Itinerant, a Methodist minister who had carried mail over Mosquito Pass during the 1860's. He would have been amused to hear us talking about our "adventure." I suspect he would be dumb-struck to find that many people won't even venture off a paved road these days, no matter what.

I don't mean to romanticize all this economy traveling. Had my parents been more well-to-do, we probably would have stayed in motels, and we usually had a marked preference for smooth roads as opposed to bumpy, dusty ones. And there was no hardship involved, no real roughing it (except for Mom and Dad having to put up with my bratty behavior). But I do think this illustrates the important truth that something worth seeing is worth making an effort to see, and becomes in the process somehow more precious, more honestly experienced. And so when I hear talk of improved access, expanded facilities, greater visitation, I think "Yes, but..."

There is another side to this coin, a troubling one. Miners, loggers and ranchers have their own version of "Yes, but...", and although I vote against their interests when given the opportunity, and write letters supporting wilderness instead of multiple abuse, still their arguments about a way of life have some resonance. I worked for sixteen years on oil and gas exploration crews, much of that time in the west. I remember a young kid (younger than me, anyway) who ran a 'dozer for us out of Rock Springs, cutting seismic line. It was an old cable-blade Cat, no hydraulics. He had to finesse the force of gravity, had to deal intimately with the quirks and shortcom-

ings of his machine, had to accurately judge terrain or suffer the consequences. He was very good at his job, took pride in it—still too young for a legal beer. I had respect for his skill, and have that same respect for lumberjacks, prospectors, construction workers, all the trades and skills which undergird extractive industry. But this old earth can't take much more bulldozing and cutting and constructing; there's been much too much already. And so occupations that were always thought of as essential to a "growing nation" have gone into a slow decline, even become disreputable in the eyes of some. People are sad, worried and angry, responding to the case made by environmentalists with a "Yes, but..."

I met many a rancher over the years, knocking on their doors seeking permission for our survey. This was usually done cold; no previous contact, no appointment set up (I was now with a small outfit doing gravity work, very informal and low profile). They were almost invariably polite and helpful, though oftentimes leery of our intrusion. I didn't meet up with much greed for an oil bonanza—quite the opposite. I remember one rancher whose place was way out in the sticks, south of Lordsburg, New Mexico, near either the Big or Little Hatchet Mountains, don't recall which. You wound for a long ways through a gravelly wash to get there. A large tank of cool water sat beneath an old windmill, up next to the house. He was inside, eating a plate of beans and bread—offered me some. We talked for awhile, and he mentioned that a coatimundi had once hung around in a gnarled tree not too far back down the road, but had been killed—"Those kids from town will shoot anything." A quick little grimace ran invisibly through my guts. I had once been a kid from town who shot anything that moved, and

have always deeply regretted it, feeling guilty as hell. His last name, curiously, was Muir, and I mustered the nerve to ask if he were related to the famous John Muir. He gave me an uncomprehending look, and when I explained that Muir was a naturalist and the founder of the Sierra Club he shook his head emphatically and with a resounding "No" turned back to his beans. A week or so later when the work was done I met him in town to present him with a pitiful little check. The client had only authorized us to pay something like \$25 for the privilege of beating around over his land and gathering data. It was insulting, and I was embarrassed—this was worse than offering nothing, which was our usual procedure. He kind of grinned and shrugged, wondering aloud why we hadn't just bought him a bottle of whiskey and called it good. I think of him sometimes after reading, and agreeing with, an article proposing the removal of cattle from the public lands.

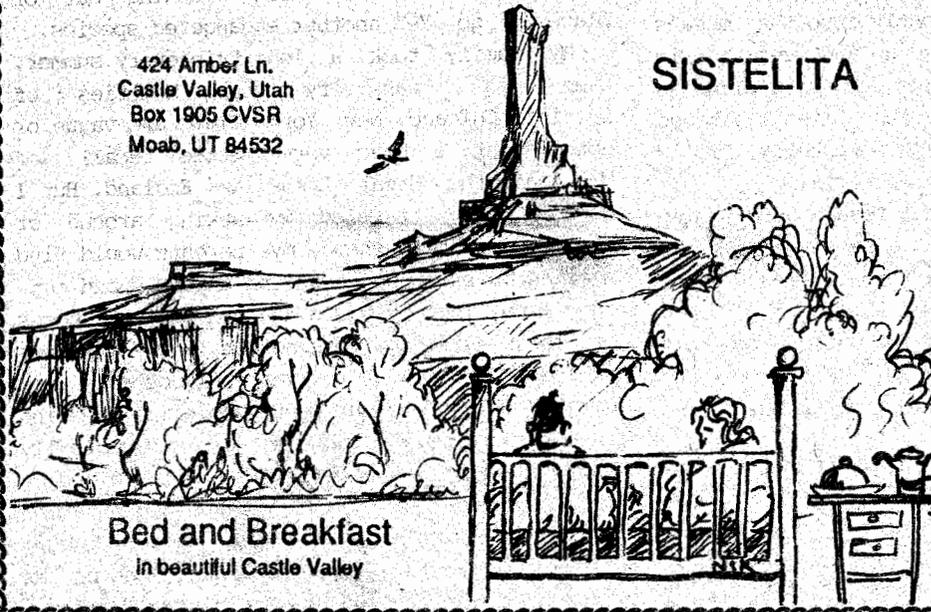
Don't know exactly what I've been trying to say here, rambling on and on ad nauseam—nothing original or profound. Complex world, easy to make mistakes, callous disregard hardening on every side, etc., etc. Old stuff, and unavoidable as well. Sorting through the "Yes, buts" is an obligatory chore, not always undertaken in the most tolerant frame of mind. Who knows what will remain when the dust finally settles—just take out your ground and call it good.

JOHN WAHL IS A FREE-LANCE WRITER BASED VARIOUSLY OUT OF DUNCAN OKLAHOMA, FLAGSTAFF ARIZONA, AND THE GREEN RIVER OVERLOOK.

READERS OF THE GAZETTE WILL REMEMBER HIS POEM, "LINE OF SIGHT", AND HIS TREK LAST MONTH THROUGH THE DAMP LABYRINTH OF TONTO CREEK, ENTITLED "WET CRITTERS."

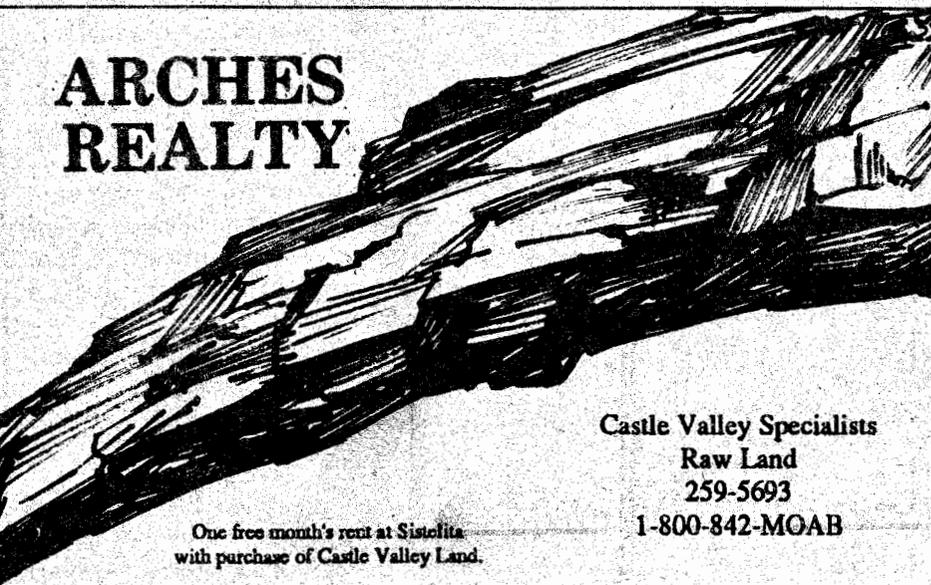
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BOOK REVIEW

By Dudek

"THE FOOL'S PROGRESS

by Edward Abbey

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A copy of "The Fool's Progress" was made available to the Gazette courtesy of Ken Sleight Books.

Poor ol' Lightcap. The world is floundering in a sea of pollution, confusion, and social, political, and moral chaos. Yes, and he alone possesses the consummate wisdom and pragmatic ethics that the world so desperately needs to reestablish some sense of justice and humanity. This of course alienates him from most of his peers, and turns Henry Lightcap's life into an iconoclastic confrontation with modern society. His story is the subject of Edward Abbey's latest novel, "The Fool's Progress."

In an insane world, the sane person will be declared insane by comparison. And one gets the impression that Henry would have us view his actions from this sympathetic perspective.

On the other hand, in a really insane world, no one can be sane. There would be no context for true sanity, no place to go to confirm the condition. One suspects that Henry Lightcap was aware of that, and aware of the fact that his search for an island of sanity was ultimately futile and cosmically frivolous.

Because, while the rest of humanity lumbers along under the spell of an institutionalized madness that seems to be the inevitable dark side of all of its progress, Henry proves his rugged individuality by becoming a greater fool than the rest. This he does with daft and silly acts of defiance that he hopes will make sense in the larger picture, as if he were endowed with a poetic license to drive against traffic and generally disregard most of society's trite little rules.

From the opening pages when he shoots a noisy refrigerator to death to ameliorate his sorrow

over losing his wife, to his pathetic act of self-destruction that takes us to the end of this roller-coaster ride through one man's insanities - Henry is at odds with the world.

And sitting behind Henry's right shoulder is Abbey himself, warning us of the dangers and the dehumanizing effects of the entire smoking-silicon-polymer-PHD/driven-networked-nose-to-the-grindstone-corporate-religio-military-industrial-androgynous complex we call the modern world.

Abbey takes us back to Henry's youth in a revealing series of flashbacks. These glimpses into an earlier rural America explain Henry's rage. Times were tough, but the struggle was immediate and pure, and by God you just wiped the snot off your nose on your armsleeve and tried a little harder. And all was set in the pastoral beauty of backwoods Appalachia, a soothing backdrop for defeat. Compare that to Henry the adult, trying to do battle with a faceless magamachine called modern society, a technocracy on wheels that sucks our humanity like a reverse blood transfusion. Henry will stop at almost nothing to disrupt the thing's diabolical, mesmerizing, cancerous growth.

But the reader, whether they be Abbey fan or Abbey critic, will miss the point by mistaking Henry Lightcap for Edward Abbey. That would be akin to mistaking the demented murderer in one of Edgar Allen Poe's works, for Poe himself.

On the cover, in addition to the title and the author's name, is the inscription: "An Honest Novel".

We have to conclude, then, that the author has attempted to reveal himself through his characterizations, and wants there to be no uncertainty about it. But his honesty, in this effort, has nothing to do with confession, or profound rationalization.

The honesty here is Abbey's attempt to portray in vivid terms an accurate portrait of our most candid and primal mental sensations, devoid of gloss, camouflage, and social convention. In that sense, it is not Abbey's truth we are confronted with, but the truth of the absurd plight of all of us as we connive and strive, and give and take, and make our way through life. Abbey's honesty is a faithful portrayal of the common denominators of us all.

Some will think this literature to be somewhat offensive. Sure, and so is poverty, greed, injustice, rape, cruelty, child abuse, murder, corruption, and all the rest of the reality we like to think of as an orderly civilization. Abbey prowls the dank, steamy alleys of the human spirit for this one, and the result is a very juicy, highly entertaining piece of literature verite. Or, "an honest novel," with none of the pimples and wrinkles airbrushed out.

As always, one takes Abbey's message about the technocracy with mixed emotions. We know he's being an unbelievable romantic, and yet we share his rage at the irretrievable loss of a finer world that existed not so long ago, in

Al McLeod



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our own lifetimes. To dismiss his message as simple nostalgia is to deny that something malignant is really happening to our world, and that position is becoming less valid every day.

So, there's something happening on all levels in this book. One runs the risk of trying to be too clever and too analytical in criticizing any of Abbey's works. Understand, dear reader, that this reviewer is bound up in his own mindset, and that these opinions are highly subjective in nature. And emphasis on the "deeper meanings" that may or may not exist in this work exaggerates their importance. The bottom line is simpler.

This is a finely written, poignant, outrageous, sometimes hilarious novel that one should not miss. It is Abbey's best fictional work to date.

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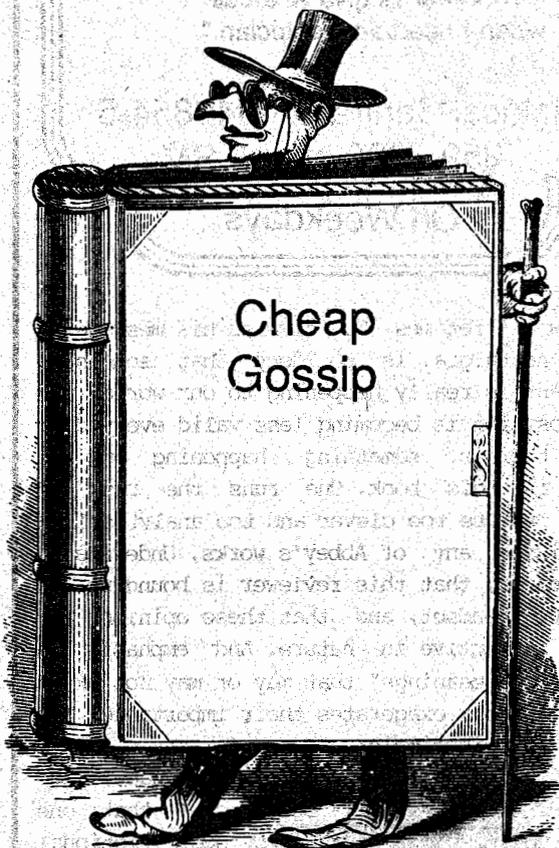
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Cheap Gossip

His Honor, Thanatopsis K. Marjoram, Chief Justice of the Moab Regional Judiciary, has instituted a system of "social sanctions" to replace expensive and troublesome jail terms. Convicted criminals will be sentenced to penalties ranging from having to give tourists clear directions to the nearest public toilet, or enforced listening to sales talks by local realtors, to eating only generic canned foods. (This last will be reserved for malefactors of great wealth.) The space gained at the local jail will be used to house overflow prisoners from lockups as far away as Whited Sepulchre, Florida and Mount Holycow, Pennsylvania. These jails will pay as much per day per prisoner as the average tourist drops for a single room at the Moab Hilton, adding greatly to the city coffers. (Editor's note: Certain jail systems are under court order to reduce their inmate populations at once to prevent inhumane overcrowding. Failure to comply can result in a local sheriff arresting himself for Contempt of Court. Of course, he would have to be sent to another jail. This "procedural difficulty" has led to an ad hoc travel agency service among law enforcement officials, prompting investigation by the F.B.I., which is quite jealous of

those officers who managed to spend last winter in Key West or San Diego at the taxpayers' expense.)

Speaking of crime, we regret to report the arrest and conviction of local drayman Sylvester "Frenchy" Shapireau, currently in jail for manipulatio in excelsis. "I tried and tried, but I just can't get it to work nomore," he sobbed to Judge Lesbia Thruster, who was not at all sympathetic.

Moab's newly-formed First Church of Solar Energy has invited the public to worship next week. The congregation will celebrate the Thermal Mass at Noon, led by the Most Reverend Caloric B. Tindergrass. Reverend Tindergrass is a recent arrival from Benevolent Technology University (BTU) of Windsock, Oklahoma and has a wonderful tan.

Doctor Guido Scuttleship has announced that his office will be closed next month for remodeling. After numerous complaints from patients, Moab's premier medico will remove from his office walls the "Illustrated Guide to Your Organs" posters and, in an effort to provide more comfortable seating, has asked every furniture dealer in town for stool samples.

The nation's Surgeon-General-Designate, Dr. Arjay Reynolds, stunned the world with a recent speech here in Moab, addressing the annual convention of the Association of Western Independent Petroleum Exporters (AssWIPE). Dr. Reynolds argued for a re-interpretation of the scientific data which led to the current warnings on cigarette labels. Reynolds carefully explained his "analytical breakthrough" to a hushed audience: early researchers made a fundamental error in statistical technique by failing to compare the rates of lung cancer in smokers and in the general population, an error that has been repeated over and over out of "mental laziness." The facts are these: only a relatively small percentage of cigarette smokers ever develop lung cancer and only a minority of all lung cancer patients have ever smoked at all. Reynolds announced that these data clearly show that smoking cigarettes may well prevent lung cancer, and put the blame on "a self-centered medical community out to protect a major source of income. Doctors urge their patients not to smoke in the knowledge that a lot of them will need treatment, very expensive treatment, for lung cancer." In support of his argument, the good Doctor quoted a Federal Census review, an exhaustive and

rigorous statistical survey, which shows that the death rate of cigarette smokers is precisely the same as that of non-smokers, one to a person.

Feeny Downtrip, City Commissioner recently ousted in our local election, has left us with a final proposal to deal with. Feeny made a formal proposition that the City of Moab dissolve its charter and re-establish itself as the Moab Country Club. "Every citizen, man, woman and child would be a country-club member and that's by-God real democracy!" Feeny shouted over protests. "No one would ever have to pay taxes again, just a few greens fees, and we could stick newcomers with a giant initiation fee. Hell, we don't have very many city services anyway. Golf is a good exercise, and as members of a private club, we could get a drink anywhere or anytime we wanted." The notion is not without merit, it is thought, and serious supporters are circulating a petition to "re-creationalize Moab."

Congratulations to Luminarius ("Bad Lum") Baygose, owner of Moab's first all-Sicilian restaurant! The Messina Bowl celebrates its First Anniversary this month. The jubilant entrepreneur credited his success to low prices for hearty fare. "We put out a lot of cheap food and the customers just eat it up," said the happy man, "especially our famous Chloro-Filly sausages, which we make on the premises of ground horsemeat and aspen leaves from right here in Grand County. We feel that local products are best for freshness and we give our visitors a real taste of Utah. And for the finicky, I can guarantee that the pasta on our Upper Plate and Lower Plate is al dente."

The Utah Tourist Commission will begin a new license control program beginning March 1, 1989. The annual fee for mulcting tourists with ugly T-shirts, shabby posters and tawdry souvenirs made in Korea will rise from \$6.00 to \$15.00 and the number of licenses issued will be limited to 90% of last years' applicants. "This should weed out some of the fast-buck artists," said Commission Chairperson Dementia Preakness. "We expect to see a big increase in sales of Utah souvenirs made in your better-type places, like Taiwan and Japan. Maybe then the businesspeople won't refer to a tourist-mulcting license as "a license to steal." The Commissioner added that the extra monies generated by the increased fees will be used to stock Utah with fingerling tourists every year.

DERAILED



Mudpuppy

I think his name was Chinle Sam, at least that's what folks back in town told me later. They called him "The Old Petrified Log."

I met him up on an overlook in NoName Canyon. He was standing still as a stone in the shade on a lone pinyon on the high rimrock gazing out across the valley with a pair of old green surplus field glasses.

"C'Sam's my name," he said without looking over or lowering his binocs. He must have heard me as I walked up. "Just found a new one, probably never been waffled by us modern folk."

I figured he'd been spotting Anasazi Ruins in the far cliffs. Judging from the wrinkles in his leathery-lined brown face framed by white hair and ratty cowboy hat he was a pro at it.

Eyes blue as the sky then turned on me and smiled as he commented, "Waffle Stompers, Modern Moccasins. Hard to find a place they ain't been these days!"

I introduced myself by raising the vibram soles of my hiking shoes, one at a time in a kind of foot salute.

He then proceeded to pull a pair of handmade moccasins out of his pack. "Always wear these when I'm goin' into a ruin, walk in the wash bottoms, then nobody can track me, 'specially after a rain or two!"

I smiled, thinking, "This guy is worth getting to know!"

"Got a little spotting scope, mind showing me what you're looking at?" I asked, pulling my foldable lens out of my daypack.

Sizing me up with one long glance, he smiled again and said, "Ok, listen carefully."

C'Sam turned back towards the canyon, "When you're pointin' out somethin' in this country, always start with the horizon and work towards the foreground. The clouds, if there are any, are a good start.

"Can't see 'em from right here, but there's the LaSals, and the Books, and over there the Henry Mountains. You can tell by the cumulus building in those areas. Let's start with that long sailing shiplike cloud halfway between the LaSal's and the Books."

I nodded, watching the clouds and his long crooked finger as it traced the patterns on the horizon sky.

"Now come straight down from the prow of the shipcloud to the Pinyon Juniper Mesa on the farthest ridgeline, down the right side slope to where it goes behind a big dome of sandstone. Look's like a loaf of bread, got it?"

I nodded again.

"Ok, down from the dome to the left, big twisted tree with one arm waving high right on the opposite edge of the canyon. Below the tree, three cracks, follow the big one down to the base of the cliff."

"Got it," I said, noticing his subtle nod as he lifted his field glasses.

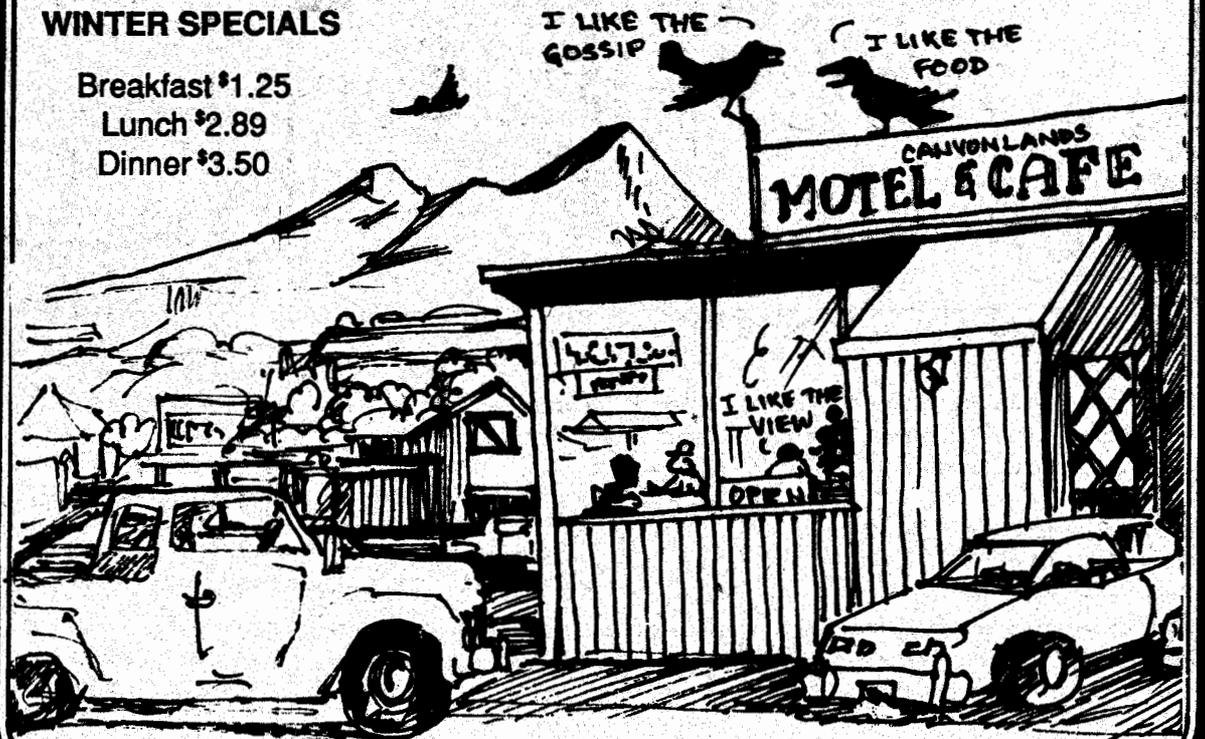
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under the rock for safe keeping so I can show people when I come back."

C'Sam then looked over the rim again, "Then I thought I'd look around, spotted the ruin over yonder."

After examining the jasper point I carefully placed it back in the sand depression and slid the slab back into place.

"Remember this spot now," C'Sam instructed me, "We'll meet back here sometime later and go look at that ruin together."

I felt honored, and said, "You just name the time!"

C'Sam grinned as he walked away saying, "Keep an ear to the wind in the Junipers, they'll tell you when to come back."

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"Through the glasses, follow the cliff base ledge right, past one big Juniper, past a set of conchoidal fractures, one shadow area, and there it is, under the big overhang, three rooms, door on the left. Would take some rope work to get in there."

"Expect you'd find much?" I asked.

"Bones, shards, chips, corncobs, maybe a tool or two. With any luck noone else will find it who'll walk off with everything!"

"here," he said as he stepped back from the rim. "Lift that slab of sandstone."

I hefted one side of a pentagon-shaped flat rock to expose a beautiful chocolate jasper two inch long arrowhead pressed into the red sand. The craftsmanship and delicacy of the piece caught my breath.

"Found it five feet away on the road here where rain washed it out last night. Put it

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Commie-Rag:

I don't know what your rates are. Am enclosing \$20. Do what you can.

James Brad Bowen
Englewood, CO

You bet.

Moab is a wonderful place to visit, I love it dearly.....you people are the ones who are keeping it a great place, cause you love it too. I can tell.....Thanks loads,

Art Mielke and the Ride Mongers
Mendocino, CA

Send my poor, slavering bud in NY one a yer odorous concoctions - she hasn't read a word from your glorious, opinionated laugh-rag in months and is going through stench withdrawal. Thanks.

Danny K
New York

I have read four or five issues of your paper on as many trips to the Canyonlands vicinity and have always found it enjoyable....I must see the SDG more often.

Sincerely,
Steve Cringan
Topeka, KS

Congrats to your most odiferous journal for your part in defeating the hazardous waste incinerator! Keep up the big stink!

Scott Hacking
Durango, CO

Keep up the good work and if you see a couple of old farts on mountain bikes (or our new tandem) say "hi".

Merle Harrison
Durango, CO

Dear Stinking Desert Gazette:

Please send a free complimentary copy of your paper to review for our library. Thanks.

Christian
Robins Nest Christian Academy
Norwood, NC

You bet.

Please enter a subscription for me. I love your rag. Re: Mudpuppy's article (SDG, Oct. 88), is Grant Johnson innocent?

Chris Roberts
Springville, UT

Of course. See the Naked Truth in this issue.

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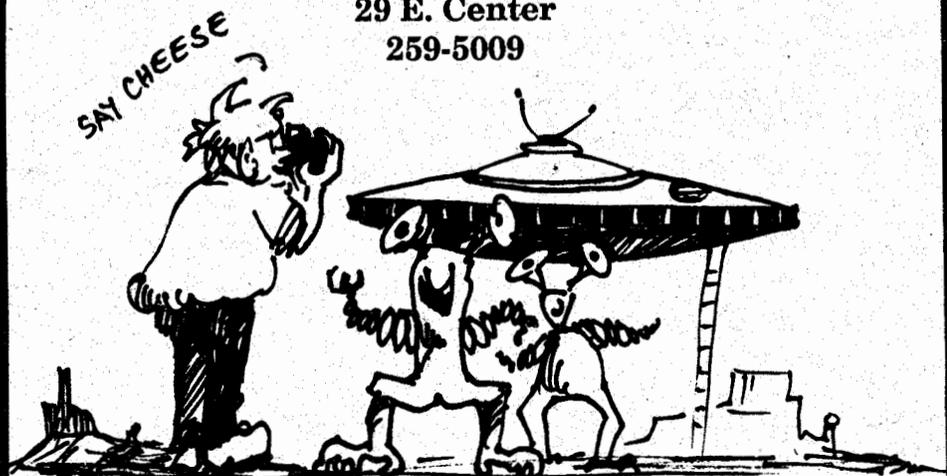
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Moab's Body And Fender Artists

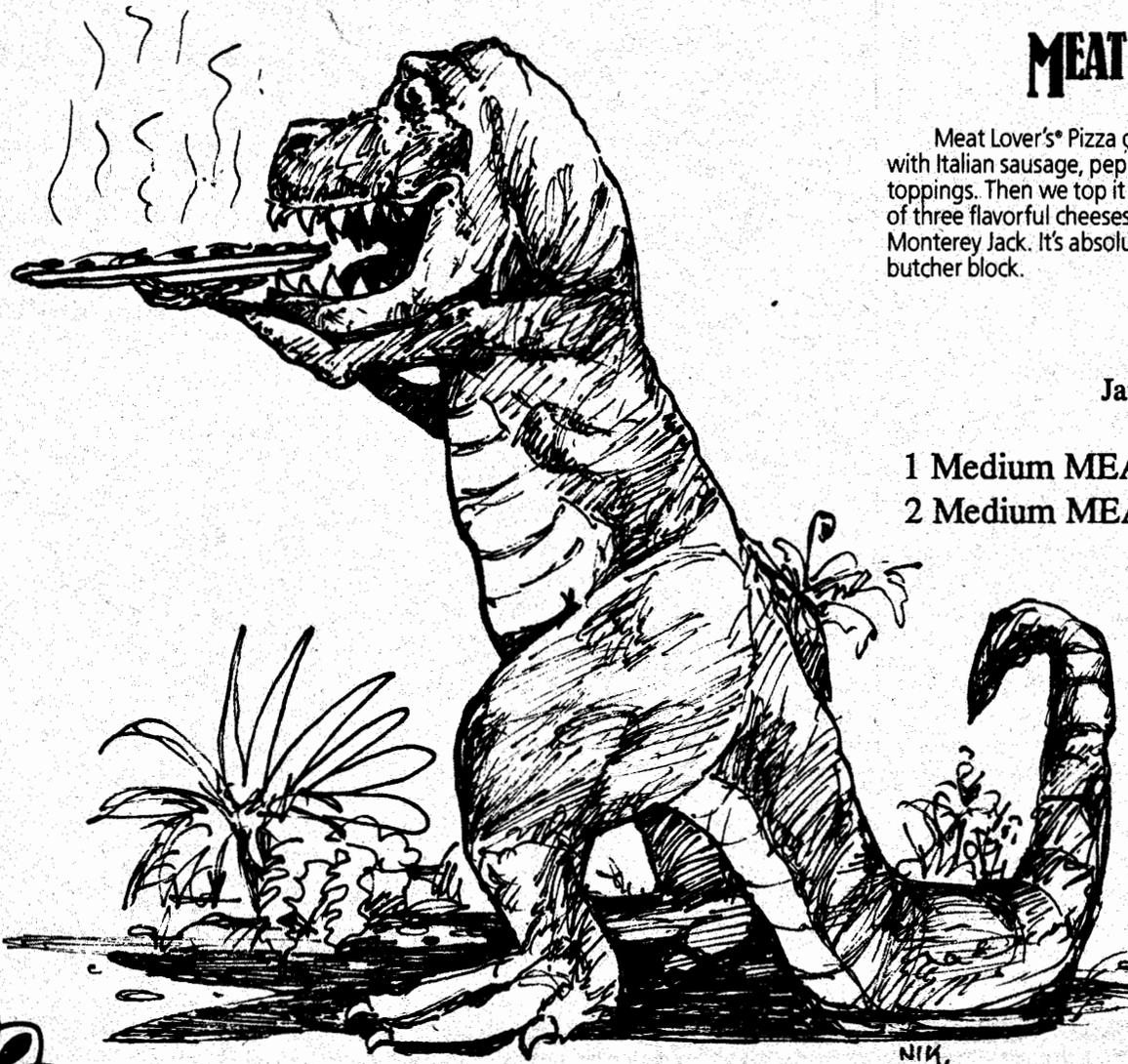
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STARSCAM

Your
Horoscope
by

**Rama Lama
Ding Dong**

Capricorn

(Dec. 22 to Jan. 21)

Capricorns are considered hardworking and dependable, even plodding or unimaginative. You tend to hide behind this goatish facade, but the real you fantasizes over slasher movies and has a poster of Freddy Kruger hidden in your closet. Admit this darker side of your nature and try to control it. Mercury will retrograde back into your 1st House on the 29th, causing you to overreact to minor annoyances. Stay calm. Above all, resist the urge to buy a new chain saw.

This is the year to allow free rein to the egotistic and status-seeking aspects of your nature. Utilize the strength of your greed and ambition by creating a good financial scam. You might consider setting up a special taxing district and hiring all your newly unemployed friends.

To save all of you the trouble of deciding upon those annoying New Year's resolutions, Rama Lama has a list. Trust me. I know what I'm doing. Your life will be much better this year if you Resolve To:

AQUARIUS: Defy public opinion every chance you get. Especially at Republican hot tub parties.

PISCES: Allow the escapist side of your nature to come out. Run naked through Horseshoe Canyon playing a tambourine.

ARIES: Be prepared. They are after you and they are going to find you.

TAURUS: Fire on all cylinders this year. People are beginning to think you are a bit thick.

GEMINI: Learn to concentrate and follow-through. If you don't film "Debbi Does Canyonlands," someone else will.

CANCER: Quit worrying about your gene stock. The sudden growth of an extra appendage can prove beneficial.

LEO: Learn to laugh at yourself. Your sexual partners often do.

VIRGO: Sprinkle your conversation with esoteric Elizabethan expressions like "Avaunt, varlet!" and "Maximum pelf." It will confirm what people already suspect about you.

LIBRA: Become an expert in scatology. You're going to be so deep in it this year, you might as well learn to enjoy it.

SCORPIO: Stop being so suspicious. Those people who are lying to you are doing it for your own good.

SAGITTARIUS: Try to develop some tact. Even your closest friends are beginning to consider you a blunt instrument.

Notice

Izzie Kiddin's Music Trivia Quiz had no entrants last month. The deadline is hereby extended to the end of January.