

THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE



VOL. 2
NO. 2
SEPT.
1987



25¢
MOAB,
UTAH



LOCAL RANGER GETS WEIRD

A local State Parks ranger has been making quite a name for himself around these parts lately.

Ranger Neil Mean, on duty along the "daily stretch" of the Colorado River, has been handing out tickets to local boatmen at a rate that would make a Georgia State Trooper blush with embarrassment.

Armed with a '38 service revolver, handcuffs, badge and spotting scope, ranger Mean spends his days lurking in the tamarisk along the shore, recording violations of the life jacket code.

Local boatmen have seen numerous changes in the code over the years. At one time, unbuckling and even removal of the jacket on flat water was permitted. As the law got stricter over the years, everyone assumed it was in the interests of passenger safety, the prime concern of the professional boatman. Things have changed.

River runners who unclip a single buckle of their Mae West, or allow a hypothermic passenger to slip out of one momentarily to change into dry clothing, are being met by Mr. Mean at the takeout with a written citation for their sins against humanity.

These tickets, which cost the better part of a local boatman's daily pay, are given for transgressions on calm, flat water, and even in the knee-deep water in the eddy at the takeout.

Ranger Mean has single-handedly redefined the role of public servant, and his activity seems part of an organized plan on the part of area government officials to "milk" more revenue from the public lands to employ more police to "milk" more

revenue to employ more and more police, according to the WRGA, the Wizened River Guides Association.

According to spokesman Crandall 'every man for himself' Dently, the tickets are the equivalent of a "speeding citation for going 55½ MPH in a 55 MPH zone". And he insisted that the ranger himself is anything but a model of professional behavior.

Recent reports from area guides would seem to support this allegation.

Ranger Mean has been known to threaten guides and their passengers with handcuffs and incarceration. He reportedly refused to accept an EMT card as proper CPR certification.

But the most unnerving aspect of his behavior is a kind of palsy he goes into as he writes the tickets. Whether it's due to acute excitement or nervousness, or simply an inability to master the art of Palmer Penmanship, he has trouble writing due to a bad case of the shakes.

"That's what scares us the most", said local guide "Big Linda" Gitsoff. "He's armed and dangerous, and when he shakes like that it makes all the tourists real nervous."

Several guides have suggested, however, that this lack of control of basic motor function could ultimately prove to be his undoing.

Rumor has it that there is a plan in the works to run 30 naked hippies, all without jackets, right by his secret hiding place.

"If he shakes over an unfastened buckle, just imagine what will happen", said a local guide who chose to remain anonymous. "This should completely overload his nervous system, and give him the shakes so badly the only thing he'll be good for is mixing paint in the state maintenance shed."

DIVERGENT CONVERGENCE DIVULGENCE

Moabites were abuzz last month about the true meaning of the Harmonic Convergence, labeled by its inventor, Dr. Jose Arguelles, as "the most special occurrence or event that we have faced as human beings, certainly in our generation, certainly in the last several generations."

To learn more about how local residents regarded this earth-shaking event, reporters for the Stinking Desert Gazette conducted a man-on-the-street interview, and asked Moabites what they thought of the occasion.

Mayor Tom Stalks: How ya doing? What did you say your name was? Ah yes, Stinking. Well, the first question is: what can this Harmonious Belligerance do for us, as a town? I guess if it's good for the Earth then there's a fair chance that we here in Moab might benefit from it. Whatever works!

Businessman Harold Gaynurd: This is a transparent ploy by the environmentalists to hinder development of this stinking desert which, as I have said before, is nothing more than a stinking carcass that draws environmentalists like blowflies. Tourism will never be a viable industry in this town, mainly because I am personally not involved with it! I say, pave it all, seal it off, and be done with it. It'll make it that much easier for the surveyor crews, and there won't be any more endangered species to worry about.

Jeff Mavis: I suspect it might have been that goddam galactic beam that set fire to my travelling hot tub.

INSIDE Izzie Kiddin's Twenty Top Compact Discs

see page 10

Also: Izzie Kiddin, Rama Lama Ding Dong, Floyd Pinkly, Mudpuppy, Alexander Skye, Nemo Glitz, Mobabble, and Bobby Bloato.

Naturalist Dave Might: They were off by a whole week.

Dennis Buddhaman: I was pretty excited about it until they told me it wasn't a harmonica convention.

Commissioner Nudeson: I don't know too much about it but things are starting to happen around here. We have had three separate requests by different firms to build incinerators in Cisco to dispose of other states' non-toxic-and-totally-safe-hazardous-wastes. We are elated, and if whatever-you-said is responsible, I'm all for it!

Novelist Susanna Christie: It was exciting! It was like being taken by a masterful lover; the long delicious buildup, the throbbing and turgid moment of realization and the peaceful denouement as the Earth lay back upon its soft pillows and enjoyed a cigarette. It left me breathless!

Philmore Banks: While we endorse the concept of the Earth as an alive Being, we were reluctant to anger her by pretending that we could be of some assistance in her natural evolution.

CARTOON CAPTION CONTEST WINNER!

MELVIN OYNC
GUNSTUFF
692 SOUTH MAIN



FOR HIS WINNING ENTRY, MR. OYNC GETS A FREE ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE!

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

THE STINKING DESERT GAZETTE
BOX 13
MOAB, UTAH 84532

THE RATE IS \$9.00 FOR 12 ISSUES, SENT BY FIRST CLASS MAIL. ADVERTISING RATES AND CIRCULATION FIGURES AVAILABLE UPON REQUEST. ALL SUBMISSIONS WILL BE READ AND CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION, BUT WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR RETURN. WE WISH ALL FRIENDS OF THE GAZETTE TO NOTE OUR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, FROM BOX F TO BOX 13, MOAB, UTAH, 84532. THANKS.

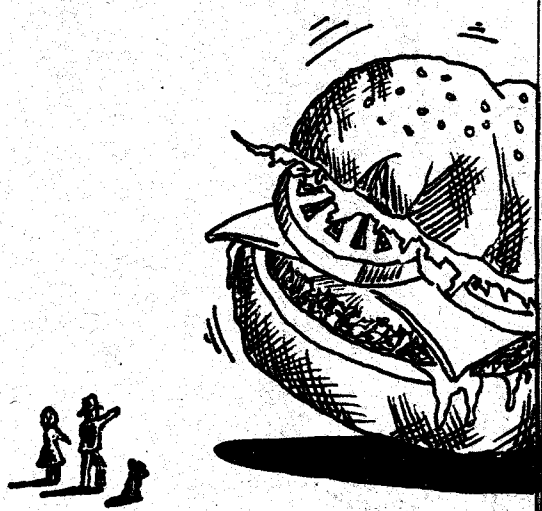


"I'm sorry to report that the sales of Taiwanese Mexican Serapes are not going well."

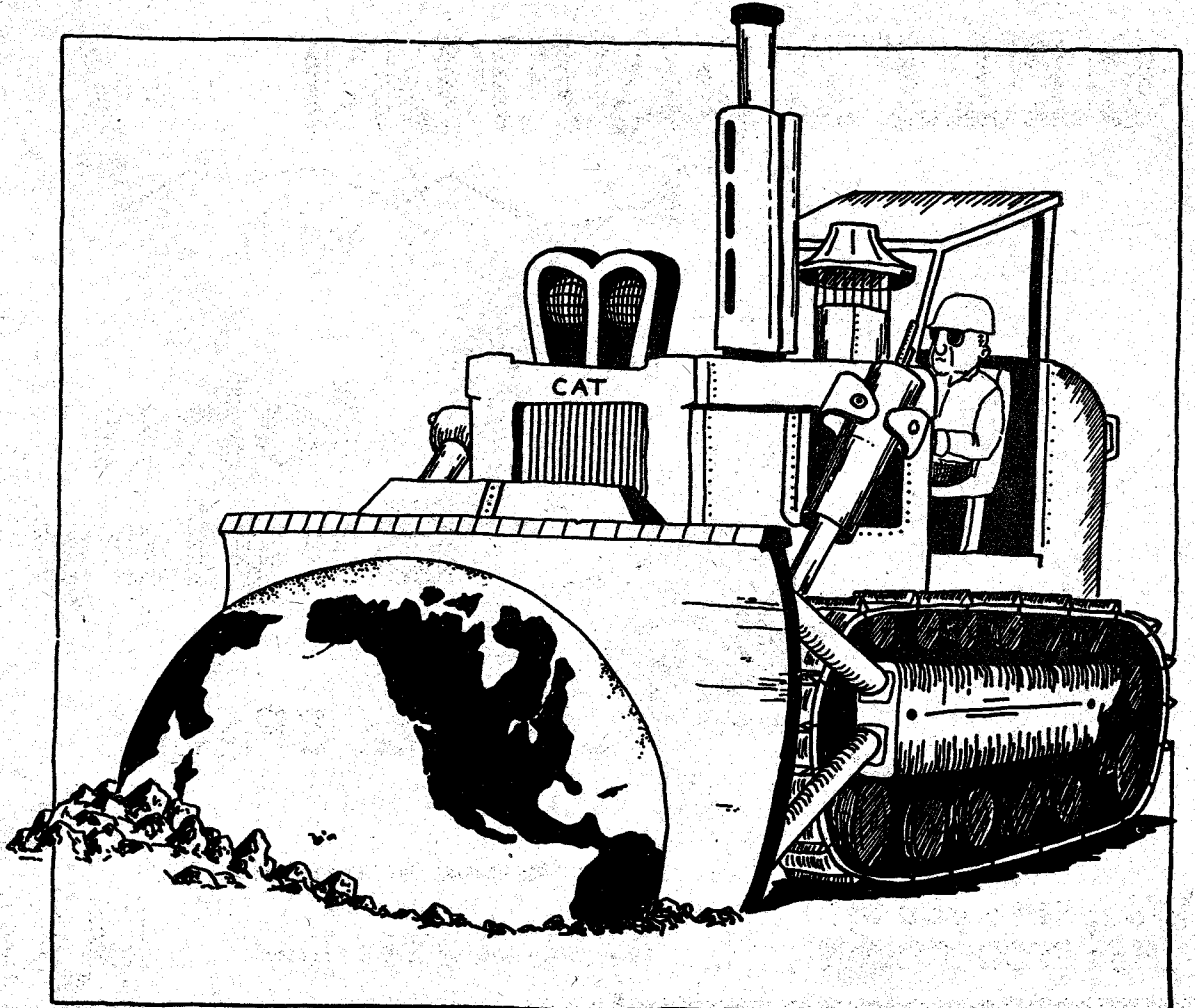
PROOFREADING--Professional.
Any length/type manuscript.
Call Mary at 259-5579. Keep calling.

MAIN STREET BROILER

259-5908



You get unBelievable Big Burgers
at the Main St. Broiler



Jim Stiles
©1980



STARSCAM

Your
Horoscope
by

Rama Lama
Ding Dong

VIRGO

(Aug. 24 to Sept. 23)

Lucky Virgo! this will be a great month for you financially, especially on the 8th when Mercury enters your Money House. Don't bother paying any of your bills this month. All of your creditors' computers will lose your name, thus enabling you to skip out on all your legal debts. Which, considering how sleazy Virgos are, you will undoubtedly do. Due to outstanding astral influences, the hairy-handed anthropoids sent to collect on your illegal debts will try to find you by following BLM maps and will disappear, never to be seen again.

On the down side, this is a bad month for romance. If you're going to get any, do it before the 14th when most of your relationships will turn to buffalo chips. People just get tired of your passive nature. Your trouble is, you're boring.

The 23rd will be a crux point in your life. Have you accomplished your goals in life? Where do you go from

here? Now is the time to make those decisions. Move to Blanding and open that head shop you've always dreamed of.

LIBRA: After the 10th, people will circulate vicious rumors about you. Most of them are true.

SCORPIO: Don't go to any parties on the 4th. You won't have a good time.

SAGITTARIUS: Friends abuse your generosity. Tighten all sphincters.

CAPRICORN: Have you ever been sued for sexual harassment?

AQUARIUS: Learn to play golf so that when you are 65, you can buy into Moab's elite retirement community scam.

PISCES: You will have a very dull month. Fortunately, you won't notice any difference.

ARIES: You could make a lot of mistakes during the first part of the month. Forestall the problem by doing nothing at all. Have yourself fed intravenously.

TAURUS: Trust no one.

GEMINI: The Solar Eclipse of the 23rd marks a great time to buy property. You can find a great deal on unsaleable acreage next to the Cisco Toxic Waste Burn Facility.

CANCER: The Full Moon on the 14th causes you to make promises you can't keep. If you are in politics, don't worry about it.

LEO: Be more social this month. Invite several Bulgarians to a pajama party.

Moab's 5th Annual

LABOR DAY CELEBRATION

Rockers Get Ready!

**Rock
Reggae**

with

**John
Bayley**

& SPACES

OLD CITY PARK

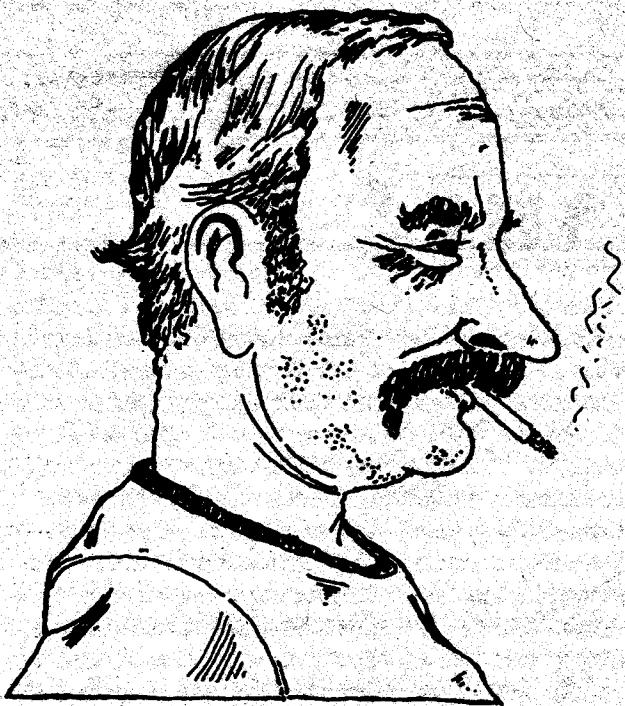
MOAB, UTAH

Monday, Sept. 7
2pm - 10pm

brought to you by
FUN PRODUCTIONS

"Unity is the answer, like the harmony

between the drummer and the dancer"



Izzie Kiddin

Every town has an Adultery Acres Motel. The kind of seedy place on some side-street where for twenty-five bucks a week you got: cold running water; a bed with various bugs residing in it; eccentric neighbors and walls so thin, you could hear a turd dropping in the next apartment. The kind of place where you'd half expect to find Ginsberg and Burroughs running down the halls shouting mantras.

around a bucket of chicken (18 pieces), while the other was trying to restrain a rather unruly black labrador who answered to the name of, 'The Black Bitch.' The dog was wearing a lampshade around its head, its face poking out of the opening like some grotesque black bulb. For some reason, I did not think this too unusual... at The Adultery Acres.

Joe told me he had a room available in the back and grabbed the keys off the rack to room #3 and led me across the driveway. Shoving his massive girth across the door, it finally gave way and opened and I caught my first glimpse of home sweet home.

Room #3 was a one room cinder block with a creaky bed, something that looked like a refrigerator and walls decorated with various water stains from past storms. The bathroom and shower stall just DARED you to step in! It was a health inspector's goldmine.

Running the water in the shower, I said to Joe, "Hey! There ain't no hot water!"

Joe looked perplexed. "HOT WATER??? YOU WANT HOT WATER TOO???"

The room is twenty-five a week, cash in advance. TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!"

I forked over my twenty-five bucks and brought my few possessions into the room and spent the remainder of the day trying to make the place livable. By midnight I was exhausted and crawled into bed. That's just about

"Now what the @#%\$ do you want? It's one o'clock in the @#%\$#@ morning!" He was devouring a tub of caramel corn.

"Joe! There are people in Room #2 slaughtering each other! Call the cops!!!"

"Ah, that's just Vee and Meg," Joe said in between mouthfuls. "They go to the cowboy bar in town, proceed to get smashed and then come home and beat the crap out of each other. By morning when they wake up, they don't remember a thing that happened."

"Does this affliction happen often?" I asked.

"Naw. Just once a night. NOW...will you go back to @#%\$#@ bed!"

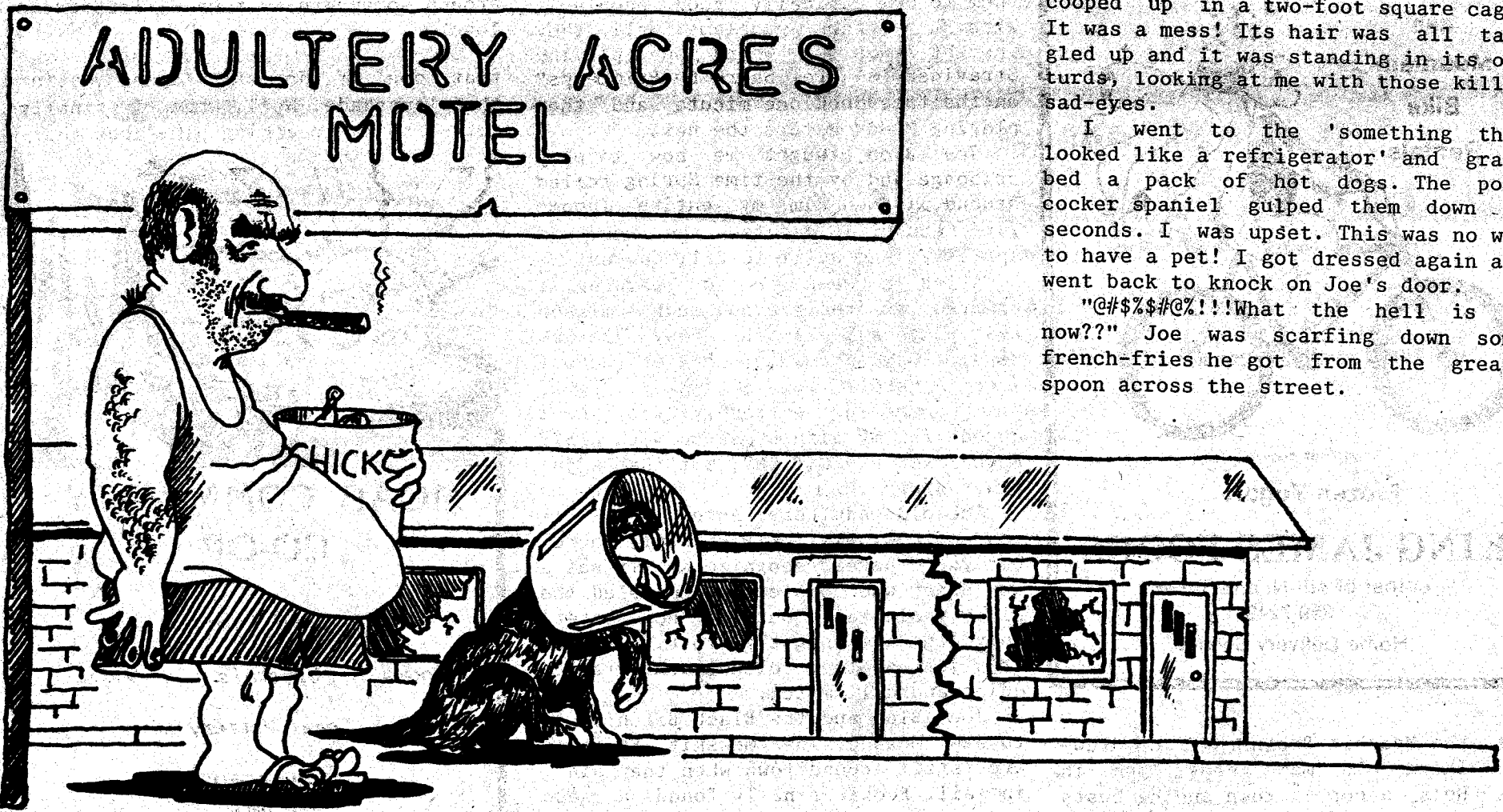
Returning to my room, I noticed that Meg had somehow got herself locked out of the apartment. Her pleas to Vee went something like this:

"Vee, open up. I gotta pee! I love you Vee...(pause). YOU NO GOOD SON OF A @#%\$#@=@#%\$!!!! (pause). Vee, you know you're the only one I'll ever love. Come on and open the door honey... (Pause). OR I'LL BREAK THIS @#%\$#@% THING DOWN!!!!"

The shouting ceased after a few more minutes and Meg opted to sleep it off in the car. Returning to my room and bed, my drowsed attention was now drawn to a mournful whining sound coming from the rear of the apartments. Getting up again, I went to the back window and opened it. There in back of room #4 was a poor cocker spaniel cooped up in a two-foot square cage. It was a mess! Its hair was all tangled up and it was standing in its own turds, looking at me with those killer sad-eyes.

I went to the 'something that looked like a refrigerator' and grabbed a pack of hot dogs. The poor cocker spaniel gulped them down in seconds. I was upset. This was no way to have a pet! I got dressed again and went back to knock on Joe's door.

"@#%\$#@!!! What the hell is it now??" Joe was scarfing down some french-fries he got from the greasy spoon across the street.



Facing the harsh realities of winter, I needed to find a cheap place to hibernate the off-season away and a friend told me that The Adultery Acres Motel was as bad a place as any, so I thought I'd go check it out.

I rang the buzzer and Joe Blob answered the door. This guy-- was HUGE! He stepped outside and the sun stopped shining! One massive arm was wrapped

when the racket started next door.

Did I say 'racket'? World War III would be more appropriate! The room next to me was exploding with sound! It sounded like furniture was being hurled against the walls and the obscenities were fierce and nasty! I quickly got dressed and ran back to Joe's apartment and banged on the back door.

"Who in the hell does that poor cocker spaniel belong to? That's no way to treat a dog!"

"Aw, that's Boobie's dog," Joe answered between gulps of fries. "He got the dog as a birthday gift, but since he's allergic to them, he keeps it out back. Since it was a present, he just doesn't think it's right to give it away."

(cont. from pg. 4)

"But it's criminal the way he's neglecting it!" I persisted. "I ought to call the dog catcher and file a complaint against this guy Boobie!"

Joe started laughing so hard he spilled all his french-fries, the lampshade dog quickly licking them off the floor. "Boobie's father IS the dog catcher!" Joe shouted. "Who the hell you think gave him the dog?"

All I could do was laugh and shake my head as I stumbled back to my room. Goodness! What next? Next was a souped up hot-rod roaring into the driveway. I had to dive to get out of the way! Joe came rushing out of his apartment screaming at the top of his lungs! "I TOLD YOU @#\$\$%#@#\$\$%#@# NOT TO DRIVE IN HERE LIKE THAT!!!!"

The hot-rod parks in front of #1 and out of it step three young guys all looking like post-punk anarchists. One of them laughs and gives Joe the finger as they all saunter to their room.

"Gees Joe. I'm almost afraid to ask you who those guys are?"

"Aw, don't worry about them. That's

The MOVIES

COMING THIS MONTH

Star Trek IV

Angel Heart

Raising Arizona

An American Tail

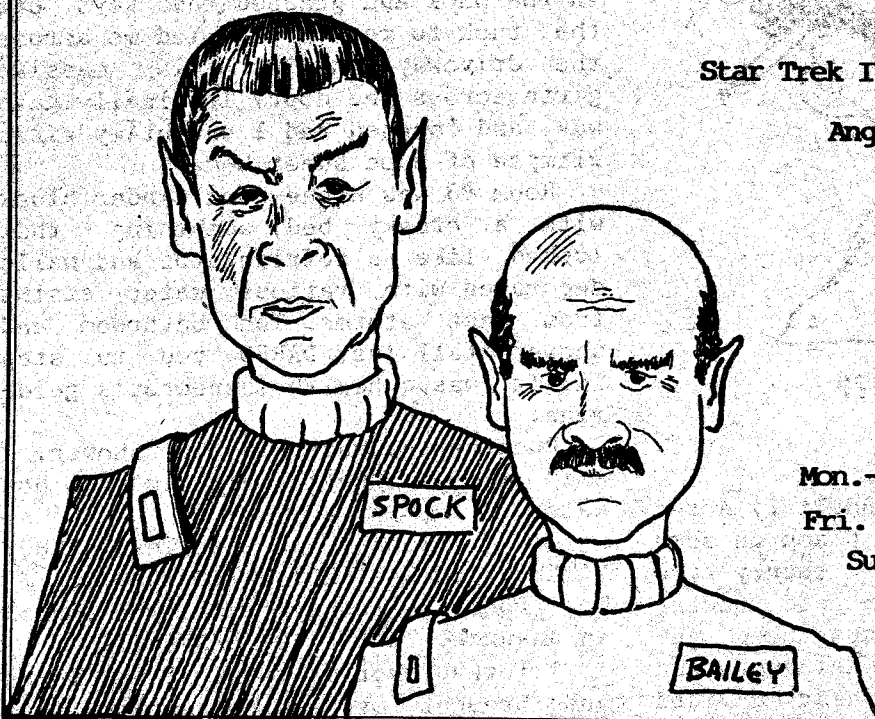
HOURS :

Mon.-Thurs. —10:00-7:30 pm

Fri. & Sat.—10:00-8:00 pm

Sunday—11:00-1:00 pm

Phone 259-8847



NOW!

King James has Mountain Bike Rentals



and of course

Frozen Yogurt

KING JAMES FOODS

corner of 4th N. and 5th W. 259-7249

Home Delivery Service

just the Messkit Brothers," Joe drawled. "Their old man keeps them in line. He's a cop in town and he busts them practically every week."

"He busts his own sons?"

"He's a cop, ain't he?" Joe took on that irritated look again. "Will you PLEASE get some @#\$\$%#@ sleep before it's @#%#@ time to get up!"

Time to get up, I thought. Hell, how was one supposed to get sleep around here? This was a regular @#\$\$%#@ zoo! You couldn't find this kind of entertainment anywhere for twenty-five bucks a week! You didn't get much shut-eye, but it was never dull.

I wound up staying at the Adultery Acres Motel all that winter. I got to know most of my neighbors and found them to be basically good people... with a few problems. Hell, they thought I was the weird one, playing Stravinsky's "Le Sacre Du Printemps" on the tape deck one minute and then playing Muddy Waters the next.

Joe Blob taught me how to play cribbage and by the time Spring rolled around, I owed him my entire Income Tax Return! I vacated the room on April 1st and split to Rill Canyon.

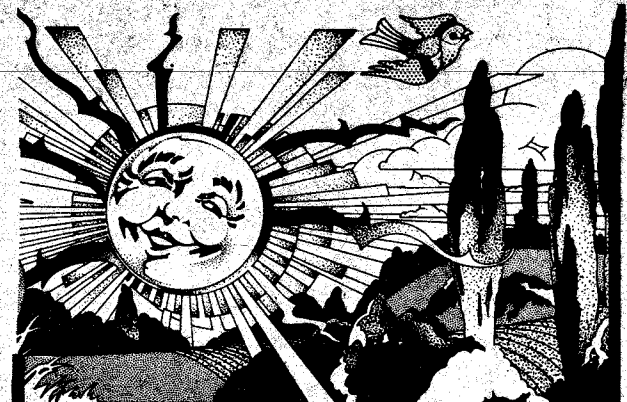
After a week or so camping, I started to realize how much I missed that place and all the zany characters. It was so quiet in Rill Canyon, I could hardly get any sleep! So, I did something extremely foolish. I opted for my eighth season with RISKY ROAD RIVER EXPEDITIONS, but that's another story...

The old Adultery Acres Motel is gone now. Well...it's still there, but you'd never recognize it. It has a new owner who completely remodeled the place inside and out. It now caters only to the nightly tourist trade. It's just another clean, comfortable, quiet and dull motel.

Joe Blob and the Black Bitch split to New Mexico. The Messkit Brothers are still around town when they ain't in jail. Boobie finally found a good

home for that poor cocker spaniel when he left for Salt Lake City and Vee and Meg are still throwing each other around somewhere in town -- forever in love.

Oh! You're probably wondering why that dog of Joe Blob's was wearing that lampshade. Well, when I finally got around to asking him about that,



MOAB COMMUNITY CO-OP

Real Food

Books

Crystals

Beads

Local Pottery

Phone 259-5712

111 N. 100 W.

Across from Rim Cyclery

WestLight Photography

Assignment or Stock • Custom Lab

Special views of special places, products, people.

464 N. 5th West Norm Shrewsbury

Moab, Utah 84532 (801) 259-7943

he gave me a perfectly logical explanation. The dog had a nasty wound on one of its legs and the lampshade around his head was to keep him from nibbling at it.

Joe Blob and The Black Bitch were in town last week and I noticed the dog had only three legs, so I guess it didn't work all that good...



MOBABBLE

Buddy Hummer

The big event this last month was the Harmonic Convergence. And the Big Question on everyone's mind was, "What shall I wear?" I mean, even if you didn't believe that the Intergalactic Intelligences were going to land, you kind of wanted to be dressed right.

The Harmonic Convergence was a trippy event by anyone's measure. When was the last time millions of people around the world awaited the arrival of a miracle?

Moderns, who know that miracles don't happen, began wondering whether the impossible might be possible. What if some force greater than he work-a-day variety actually intervened in world affairs, issuing in a new era of trust and commitment to Mother Earth?

So people chose to celebrate the day in various ways. Worshippers gathered at power centers around the globe (places like Chaco Canyon, the Pyramids of Egypt and -- yes -- Fisher Towers). People went to the Grateful Dead Concert in Telluride. Lucy Wallingford and friends went on a quest in search of the Harmonica Virgins and Robert Deglas announced an End of the World Party.

You may scoff, but miraculous things did happen that day. One of the people I was celebrating the convergence with was bathing in the Colorado River when suddenly he cried out in wonderment, "My god, I can swim! Before the convergence I couldn't swim, but now I swim!"

Yeh, he was joking, but most of us did feel like a miracle was happening even if it was hard to precisely say what it was.

And the world goes on...

You may think astrology is so much hocus-pocus, but it is cause for pause when you consider the list of Moab characters who had birthdays under the sign of Leo: (listed alphabetically, in order to avoid offending strong egos) Brian Coombs, Ken Drogin, Bob Dudek, Laura Lee Houck, Darrell Hunter, Chris Kauhi, Ken Laurio, Janet McVickar, Deb Orem, Scott Owen, Judith Schroeder, Teri Tibbetts, Lucy Wallingford, and Linda Wittkopf. (Yoiks! Moab, the town that roars!)

My favorite gossip this month is about Ballard Harris who runs the store out at Dewey Bridge. For years he has been giving his wife Maxine two massage treatments a day. He uses reflexology and accupressure techniques and claims that he's reduced Maxine's need for insulin (she's a diabetic) by massaging the "pancreas spot" on her foot. Ballard, at over 75, is still making miracles!

Meanwhile, Norm Shrewsbury is doing an outstanding job of massaging women's egos. He's photographing local ladies in "flattering poses", a procedure which is stimulating for both the voyeur/photographer and the voyeuree/model. Even the toughest boat-lady isn't averse to using a well-placed ice-cube to sharpen up a photographic profile, so to speak. Reliable sources say that Norm's hottest shot is of Cheryl "oozing up a

WANTED:

Women 6-106

Ladies Bowling League

Thursday afternoon
1-3:00 P.M.

Moab Lanes

Call 259-5188

staircase, while her dress lags provocatively behind."

Did you notice that Linda, who has worked the breakfast shift at Golden Stake for years, changed jobs and moved over to City Market last month? She bagged groceries for a couple of weeks and then decided she'd rather be back at Golden Stake. She looks refreshed having discovered, she says, "That the grass isn't always greener on the other side of the fence."

And did you read in the newspaper about the good works of Spike, better known as The Buddha? The ducks out at Old City Park were cut out of the recent City budget but Paula and Spike came to the rescue! Everyday they collect food scraps at the Poplar Place and haul them out to the waddling wonders.

I asked Spike if the ducks were getting emotionally attached to him. He said, "I've discovered that ducks aren't all they're quacked up to be. But I did get shivers reading about myself in the newspaper."

Wow! Last month the SDG sold out! All 1000 copies! Could it be that the brassiered lady on the front page caught the eye of discriminating readers? Who says what you wear isn't important?

Poplar Place

Pub & Eatery

Main St. & 1st North - Moab, Utah

259-6018



DAR-C TRUCK PLAZA

CATTLEMAN'S RESTAURANT

Diesel - Food

Breakfast Anytime Daily Specials

OPEN 24 HOURS

1991 S. HWY. 191 MOAB, UTAH 84532

(801) 259-6585

NUTS AND BOLTS



By Floyd Pinkly

Boy, I'm glad the peach season is over. I've never eaten so many peaches in my life. Peach pies, peach cobbler, peach shortcake, peaches on ice cream, peaches in the lunch pail - it seemed like whenever you turned around, there was somebody with another box of peaches for you. And Alice insisted on taking every box. It'll be nice not being so regular anymore.

The fruit was just phenomenal this year. The apricots, plums, cherries, apples, grapes, pears; and the roses! It's the exact opposite of last year. This year we had that beautiful cold March, and the balmy April.

It was so warm last April that the boys down at the garage bet on a hot summer in our semi-annual "Bob Welti". As you may remember, I called for a cooler and damper summer than normal. It looks like they're going to be buying the doughnuts again this coming winter.

But, anybody who brags about their ability to predict the weather loses the gift. So I never brag. I just state the facts. That hippie kid down at work - I shouldn't say kid, he's practically as old as me - Collie; he's already made his October prediction for the coming winter, and he says it's going to be a real cold one, like 78-79, when the old boys at over at Maintenance were working on busted pipes all March from two and a half feet of frost. My house moved a little, but she settled back where she used to be.

I'll wait a little while before I make my guess. I haven't seen the Autumn yet. Collie says he can see the clues most people can't. That may be true. I've watched him stare at a wheel bearing for fifteen minutes, and he was definitely seeing something there that I wasn't.

But, talking about fruit, who's going to buy all the grapes that are getting ripe on all the five-year old vineyards in this county. That winery over in Junction isn't buying like

they said, after telling everyone to go on ahead and invest maybe five or six thousand dollars an acre to get started. This valley needs a winery to make use of it all.

No, I'm not much of a drinker. Oh, I'll have a glass at Thanksgiving or maybe Christmas, and a beer once and a while at a picnic. But getting drunk doesn't agree with me. The only time I ever got drunk I sprained my wrist, years ago when I was a kid.

I was drinking some whiskey and Kool-Aid up at the power dam after we graduated, and suddenly I thought I

was upside down. I quick tried to right myself. I did half of a standing somersault and crashed ass over teakettle in the rocks.

Everybody enjoyed it but me. I guess I looked pretty funny, but it hurt like the blazes. To top it off, I got sick, as sick as a dog that's eaten a cache of rotten eggs. I knew right then that getting drunk was no fun, and except for that time I got on the wrong ship back in my navy days, right after I got out of Boot Camp, I've never been really drunk since.

Anyway, a winery would be a good business for this area. They could put it where the "egg ranch" is, along the river, and age the wine back in those caves. There's probably enough grapes in the county to do 50,000 bottles the first year. They could sell that in a month if it was any good. The state liquor stores are bound by law to feature Utah products.

That's a \$250,000 gross the very first year. All the local growers would get a fair return on their investment.

What's wrong with that?



Al McLeod
Electrical Contractor #40854-5
Phone 259-7090 after 5:00 p.m.
on weekdays

**FOUR CORNERS
DESIGN CENTER**
39 EAST 1ST NORTH
MOAB, UTAH 84532

ZEKE & MARALEE FRANCIS (801) 259-7050

T-SHIRTS © HATS © GIFTS © BASKETS © GALLERY © RUGS
SOUVENIRS © UNIFORMS © SPORTING GOODS © LETTERING



CUSTOM SCREEN PRINTING © CUSTOM PICTURE FRAMING

DOZER WORK
CUSTOM DESIGN WORK

RETAIL © WHOLESALE © GROUP DISCOUNTS

LARGEST SELECTION OF REPUTABLE SPORTSWEAR AND TRAMPERS IN SOUTHWEST UTAH



Bite your tongue. Get a cinder in your eye. When you feel good, you feel nothing.

R. Buckminster Fuller

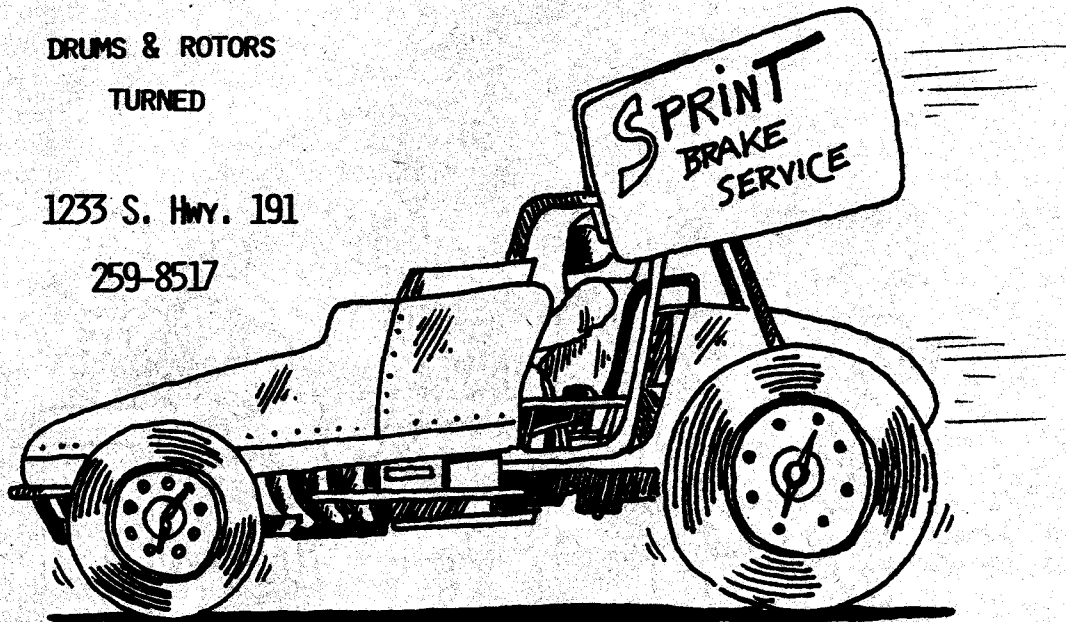
SPRINT BRAKE SERVICE AT PARRIOTT ENGINEERING

CUSTOM AUTOMOBILE AND TRUCK BRAKE SERVICE

ALL KINDS OF BRAKES — PARTS & SERVICE

DRUMS & ROTORS
TURNED

1233 S. Hwy. 191
259-8517



A SIGN OF THE TIMES

(And the Wrath of God)

By Nemo Glitz

It was long past midnight when my associate and well-known roofing magnate, Roscoe T. Tyney, decided that we needed some fresh air. We had been watching video commentaries on the life and times of John F. Kennedy since mid-morning. Now, at 2 AM, I was beginning to speak with a Boston twang and Tyney, who had been gobbling my dog's thyroid medication for hours, was becoming quite excitable.

"Why do you keep taking those pills?", I asked.

"Because there's not a damn thing to eat around here," he snarled. "I want a snack! It's no wonder you're so skinny."



ROOFING MAGNATE R.T. TYNEY

Of course, it was all true; the cupboards were empty, but only because Roscoe had inhaled the last bag of Corn Nuts during the Cuban Missile Crisis. At 263 pounds, Tyney's appetite is not tiny.

"I'm hungry!", he roared. "I want a Whopper!"

I tried to explain that Moab was a Whopper-less town. All of our junk food is locally owned, I told him, but he was adamant. As we climbed into the car, backed out the drive and rolled toward Fourth East, Tyney hung out the window demanding his Whopper.

Roscoe spotted the Stop n' Eat first and insisted that I pull over. "I want to stop...and...eat," he said.

"We can't, Roscoe; it's two o'clock in the morning. It won't be open for hours."

But he walked over to the diner anyway and rattled all the doors. He even climbed up on the roof in hopes of fitting through the ventilator fan, but it was no use. We ended up at the Westerner Grill, where he consumed four double cheeseburgers and fries (Cheese D's) in about three minutes and then stared pathetically at my plate like some starved and wretched junk yard dog.

"Can I lick your plate?", he asked when I had finished.

After he was done licking, Roscoe started flirting with the waitress and Jeri Ann drop-kicked him through the front door.

"I think she likes me," Tyney said, as he picked himself up off the concrete. "What now?"

I suggested that we go to sleep, but Roscoe said that the night was still young.

"Nemo, can we shoot off some more parachute flares?"

"No," I answered slowly. "I think we shot the last of those on Pioneer Day. Besides, that grass fire we started practically burned up Salt Valley."

"Yes," Tyney agreed. "It's too bad Spakk isn't here with his Uzi; we could cause some serious mischief with that sucker."

"Well, I suppose that's true." Months earlier, Tyney and his neo-fascist friend Orwell Spakk had shown up at my family's farm in Ohio with an Uzi sub-machine gun. After terrorizing some tobacco farmers, I led them to the stock pond where they pumped 5000 rounds into the water in about ten minutes. Three weeks later, all of my father's cows went belly up from lead poisoning - it was difficult to explain.

Now, at two-thirty in the morning, Roscoe T. Tyney was looking for something to do. He thought about driving up in the Park and re-arranging all the Auto Tour Guide numbered signs so they would be out of sequence, but we finally agreed it would be too much work.

"Cost-benefit ratio," said Tyney. "Always remember that, Nemo. Thank God we learned something from managerial economics."

While he talked, I drove, and since the Entrance Station was closed and we could beat the fee, I turned the car into Arches National Park. Tyney was telling boarding school stories as we climbed the switchbacks. He had once fallen asleep under a circular sun lamp; the lamp stand had slipped and was concentrating it's light on his belly. When he woke up he had a big red circle on his stomach.

"That's a true story," Roscoe swore. "I looked like the flag of Japan. A bunch of underclassmen tried to run me up the goddam flagpole."

I was about to reply when Roscoe screamed for me to stop. I thought he'd seen a deer, so I slammed on the brakes and screeched to a halt, throwing Roscoe against the dashboard. As the smoke cleared, he stared at the roadside.

"It's gone," he said simply. "What are you talking about?" "Where is the sign? The sign?"

I knew what he meant and I feared where the truth might lead us, but I saw no choice but to tell him the whole dreadful story from beginning to end.

For many years Arches had quaint little wooden signs with routed letters along the roadside. There were information signs, rules and regulation signs; But they were so attractive and unobtrusive that they were stolen on a regular basis.

Then, a few years ago, a man in a polyester suit and matching white patent leather shoes and belt came from Washington D.C. and said that the quaint wooden signs had to go. They were not up to standard, he said. You have to go by the book, he said. So the government threw some more oppressed people in jail and told them to quit making license plates and start making rules and regulation signs for the National Park Service.

The new signs arrived and the old ones were thrown away. The new (now reflective) ones were dutifully installed by the book, according to regulations, bringing the park up to standard. Nobody complained too much; still, there was an authoritarian ring to them. It was like running a gauntlet through the Ten Commandments:

GATHER NO WOOD IN PARK
CAMP ONLY IN CAMPGROUND
UBERNACHTEN IST VERBOTEN

But one woman, Amazing Amanda, a distant relative of Aimee Semple McPherson, had a vision. Amanda was as determined as she was weird; her evangelical zeal carried her away with the spirit of the thing. On Arbor Day, she deliberately got herself arrested for snatching the purse of a 103 year old Daughter of the Utah Pioneers. Just so she could be sent to prison and make signs. Thirteen months later, she was paroled and set free, but not before she smuggled her sign out of Lompoc Federal Correctional Institute for women.

Back home again, she installed her perfect facsimile NPS Regulatory sign under the cover of darkness, and headed down the hill, content that her vision had been fulfilled.

The next day Roscoe arrived and was one of the first to see the "Throw Ye No Litter" sign. He loved that sign. He had me take his picture beside it. Other people loved the sign too. Before it could be removed in fact, so many people praised the rangers' wonderful sense of humor that the Park Service decided to leave it in place. "Why of course we have a sense of humor," they said. "We're very funny people."

And so the sign stayed and Sam Taylor went out and took a photograph of it which appeared on the front page of Moab's alternative newspaper, and everybody thought those park rangers were real party guys.

"Nemo," interrupted Tyney. "You are a long-winded son of a bitch for such a little feller. That is enough narra-

tion for this story. Where is the damn sign?"

And so, I had to explain how a little lady from Gnawbone, Indiana wearing a "Bring Back Jim & Tammy" button had complained bitterly to park management about the shocking blasphemy the rangers had installed along the road. "An insult to our LORD and



to good Christians everywhere," she'd said. Somehow "Throw Ye No Litter" was finally determined to be too offensive for public consumption. So they took it down.

"Jesus Christ," Tyney muttered. "Yeah, well I guess they didn't think Christ thought it was funny either," I told him.

But the sign was gone and that was that. Still we were both overwhelmed by its absence.

"First Burma Shave, now this!" cried Tyney. "It just isn't right."

We had turned and were about to leave when we were blinded and paralyzed by a brilliant light that descended upon us from the starry skies above and bathed us in its eerie glow. From the center of the incandescence appeared the faint image of a person, first vague and undefined. But as we stood frozen in terror, the image became clearer. He looked like Jackie Gleason. He stepped forward, set his gaze upon us and spoke.

"I'm God. Where's my sign?" Tyney and I were stunned; we could barely speak.

"You-you're G-God?" we stammered. "Of course I'm God. Why do you think they call me the Great One? Who else could descend from the Heavens on a celestial beam of light? Where's My sign?"

We told him the whole story: Amazing Amanda, the lady of Gnawbone, Jim and Tammy, the Blasphemy.

"Good Me!" he swore. "I sent Amanda...she was on a mission!"

For the next five minutes, God told us a story that no mortal man had ever heard. Thousands of years before, the Great One had descended on a similar beam of light to give Moses not ten, but eleven commandments.

"Over and over, I kept telling Moses 'Throw Ye No Litter,' but by the

time he'd descended from the mountain top, he had chisled that commandment from the tablet. Moses, I am sorry to say, was a litterbug. How do you think he led his people out of the wilderness? I'll tell you how: he followed his own trail of trash. At least it keeps the archaeologists busy."

God leaned against a juniper tree and picked at a berry. "Did you know I made these berries to flavor gin?" he inquired.

We nodded. Finally He stood up and asked us who was responsible for the removal of the Eleventh Commandment. We pointed down the road to the visitor center and the new darkened offices.

"MY WILL BE DONE," he exhorted. "Don't worry boys, I'll take care of this; you go home and get some sleep."

We shakily climbed back in the car and started down the switchbacks, but again an unearthly glow filled the interior of the car and a piercing, shrill noise shattered our eardrums. It grew louder and louder until it was almost unbearable...

"But Roscoe," I argued, "those guys are cops; they're really into this stuff. I hear they carry bazookas now."

"Ridiculous. Small arms fire at the worst....Maybe a riot shotgun, but nothing more than that. Keep going--- HIT IT!"

We raced around the curves, the car end fishtailing all over the roadway as we went, and splattering the cruiser with gravel and tar. We shot past the visitor center and the entrance station, but the rangers were quickly closing the gap.

It looked as if we'd never make it to the main highway, when suddenly Roscoe looked back and saw the earth begin to move -- to open up.

The hole grew larger and larger and the collection box began to vanish in the void. The pursuit cruiser careened into the hole and disappeared as well. Then as quickly as the chasm had formed, it re-sealed itself. The silence flowed back and all was calm. We pulled up to the stop sign at the 191 junction to catch our breath.



It was the Park Service police cruiser, lights blazing and siren wailing. What did I do wrong, I wondered as I started to pull to the side of the road.

"NO! Don't stop," bellowed Tyney. "We're just a mile from the entrance-- we can outrun the bastards!"

"Well, I'll be damned," I said. "There really is a God."

Tyney shrugged. "Justice...May justice prevail. I'm hungry. Let's get some breakfast."

As dawn broke over the redrock desert, I took Roscoe back to Moab he could stop and eat.

TWENTY GREAT RECORDINGS ON COMPACT DISC

by Alexander Skye

When I purchased the first CD player ever manufactured four years ago, (a joint effort by Philips and Sony) there weren't too many compact discs to choose from. I listened to a version of Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" for eight months straight! Currently, there are more than 15,000 titles available on CD and they are getting easier to obtain. Prices are still somewhat high, ranging from \$12 to \$16, depending where you look.

The prices of CD players however, have come down to within almost everyone's budget. You can pick up a reliable brand name for around \$150.00. A leading audiophile magazine also says that there is no discernible difference sound-wise, between players. The technology is that good. So, pick a brand you trust and get ready for the closest thing to being there.

You might find yourself upgrading your system around your new CD player, a bit of an expense, but you'll be the prime beneficiary of that move and wind up with the sound system you've always dreamed of owning!

Digital remastering of old analog tapes can in most cases, work like miracles. Elimination of hiss and surface noise is usually accomplished, letting the original music shine through like never before. Of course, a full digital recording will knock your socks off! The code to look for on CDs are: DDD-full digital recording, ADD- and AAD- are original analog recordings.

Next time you're browsing the music stores up in Salt Lake, look for a Schwaan or a Green CD Catalog. They list everything that's available currently on compact disc. The Green Catalog also has a card you can send in to evaluate sound quality and performance of recent CDs you have purchased. That gets tabulated in the catalog alongside that particular disc. Helpful. Each has reviews of new CDs.

Although I've spent the last four years acquiring the Basic Classical Library, most of you out there are probably more 'pop oriented'. So, allow me to give you: THE IZZIE KIDDIN LIST OF GREAT POP & JAZZ RECORDINGS ON CD. In my opinion these are albums to treasure. They have withstood the test of time. One can always listen to them and hear something new, or just be moved like you were the first time you heard it years ago. You can't say that for much of today's pop music. I mean, could one really pick up a Madonna album ten years from now, and get something out of it? Anyway, here's my list from what's currently available on CD:

LATE FOR THE SKY
JACKSON BROWNE
ASYLUM CD#1017

Simply the most poignant collection of pop tunes ever amassed onto one album. A master lyricist at his best. Dangerous to listen to if you're blue. Proceed with caution.

THE PRETENDER
JACKSON BROWNE
ASYLUM CD#107

His follow-up to LATE FOR THE SKY and almost as heart-wrenching. Excellent sound on CD.

HEJIRA
JONI MITCHELL
ASYLUM CD#1087

One of her electric best. Features Jaco Pastorius on bass. Superb sound!

LIVE WIRE/BLUES POWER
ALBERT KING
MOBILE FIDELITY REISSUE CD#838
ORIGINALLY RELEASED ON STAX

Could be the greatest live blues recording ever produced. 'lbert, live at the Fillmore!

LIVE AT COOK COUNTY JAIL
LIVE AT THE REGAL
BB KING
MCA CD#5877

Could be the 'other' greatest live blues recordings ever produced! Thanks to MCA for filling up the 70 odd minutes one can get onto a disc by sticking both albums on one CD. A blues bargain!

CSN
CROSBY/STILLS/NASH
ATLANTIC CD#19104

Their fifth album and their most painfully honest. Miraculous harmonies on CD!

PIRATES
RICKI LEE JONES
WB CD#3433

Her second offering and far more adventurous than her first. Excellent arranging by Russ Tittleman backs this sassy singer and beat poet lyricist. One of the best analog CDs I've heard yet. Crystal clear sound.

SECURITY
PETER GABRIEL
Geffen CD#2011(digital)

A full digital recording that will knock the coleus plants off of your speakers. By one of the true visionaries of pop music today. You won't listen to this album as much as you'll LIVE IT! You should stop here and run out and procure this for yourself right now.

cont. pg. 11

Grand Old Ranch House



"ON THE NAT'L REGISTER OF HISTORICAL PLACES"

• AUTHENTIC GERMAN DISHES
• PRIME RIB • SEAFOOD • STEAKS

LUNCH: 11 AM-2 PM—
DINNER: 5 PM-10:30 PM—

PHONE

259-5753

SO
 PETER GABRIEL
 GEFEN CD#24088

Not as adventurous as the SECURITY album, but still contains some dazzling material. Kate Bush and Laurie Anderson are on hand to add a couple vocals as well. (For all you Gabriel fanatics, Geffen will release 'The Melting Face' album on CD later this year.)

HOUNDS OF LOVE
 KATE BUSH
 CAPITOL CD#46164

Speaking of Kate, this album's a treat! Full of surprises at every chord change. Bagpipes, backward vocals, a string quartet; everything but the kitchen sink. And...it works! Rock should take some risks and this album approaches the danger zone. Spectacular sound.

KIND OF BLUE CBS CD#40579
 IN A SILENT WAY CBS CD#40580
 BITCHES BREW 2CDS#40577

Released in 1959, KIND OF BLUE opened up jazz to a wider audience. Timeless first takes by Miles, Coltrane, Adderly and Bill Evans. The backbone of any jazz collection. For being 28 years old, the digital remastering on this CD is a miracle of sound!

In the late sixties, Miles was the first to experiment with utilizing rock rhythms in jazz. IN A SILENT WAY and BITCHES BREW represent the first jazz/rock fusion music, with Miles leading the way again.

BIRD OF FIRE
 THE MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA
 CBS CD#31996

Guitar wizard John McLaughlin, violinist Jerry Goodman, keyboardist Jan Hammer, bassist Rick Laird and drummer Billy Cobham created some of the most frenzied music ever, with riffs no one had even thought of! Unfortunately, they all played distorted, which is only enhanced on the CD, but it still makes for some of the most thrilling fusion music ever recorded.

THE ULTIMATE OTIS REDDING
 WB CD#27608

No one lived a song like Otis. Here is a generous compilation from his Stax/Volt albums. As these albums are no longer available, this CD is especially worth having.

ATLANTIC RHYTHM & BLUES (1962-1969)
 VOL.5 ATLANTIC CD#81297
 VOL.6 ATLANTIC CD#81298

Otis, Aretha, Wilson, Sam & Dave, The Young Rascals, Percy, they're all here on these two generously filled CDs! 28 soul classics -- on EACH disc! Get in the groove and let the good times roll!

CLOSE TO THE EDGE
 YES
 ATLANTIC CD#19133

One of the densest, avant-garde recordings for its time. A thick landscape of sound over Jon Anderson's cryptic lyrics. Anyone ever figure out what this guy was singing about? Sound. Quality is a bit disappointing.

SGT. PEPPER
 THE BEATLES
 PARLAPHONE/CAPITAL CD#P7-46442

It was twenty years ago last June 1st that SGT. PEPPER was released and elevated the pop album into an art form. You have to marvel at Producer George Martin and the boys for what they accomplished on a four-track machine! Martin had his hand in the remastering of the Beatle CDs and the sound is glorious! The first eight Beatle albums are available on CD. with four more to come later this year.

Be advised that the first four are in MONO at Martins' insistence. Also, they are being reissued as they were originally in England, so song sequencing is a bit different from the American versions we've come to know. Now, where's that lava light...

DARKNESS AT THE EDGE OF TOWN
 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
 CBS CD#35318

For three years, THE BOSS was kept out of a recording studio due to contract hassles. When he finally was allowed to record, he recorded DARKNESS, a recording full of such anger and intensity, you had to get a hold of the lyrics to find out what all the raving was about. Only then did you realize you were listening to a masterpiece. His best.

HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED
 BOB DYLAN
 CBS CD#09189

Dylan goes electric and folk music has never looked back since. A classic.

WELCOME TO THE PLEASUREDOME
 FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD
 ISLAND CD #101 (Digital)

A full 72 minute digital CD that is nothing but ass-kicking. The most exciting thing I've heard in recent years. If you're not offended too easily and dig high energy rock and roll, this is a must. Oh, there are a few clunkers thrown in, mainly one God-awful ballad, but for sheer digital excitement, this album is a cruncher.

RECOMMENDED OUTLET FOR CD PLAYERS:

WISCONSIN DISCOUNT STEREO 1-800-448-3378 MC/VISA/COD

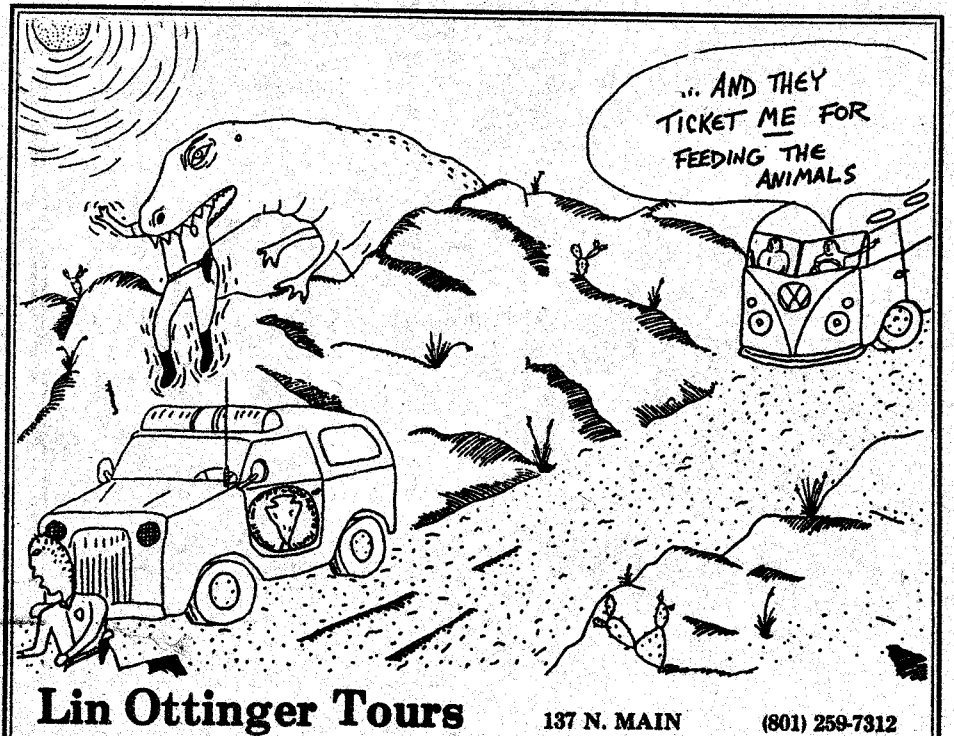
RECOMMENDED OUTLET FOR CDs:

COMPACT DISC CENTRE 1-800-232-3687 MC/VISA/COD

(Minimum order of five. Have manufacturer's CD number ready. Call back in 30 minutes and they will tell you exactly which CDs are in stock ready for shipment that day. 10% off on 10 or more. One of the quickest and most reliable CD mail order places I've found.)

ENJOY!

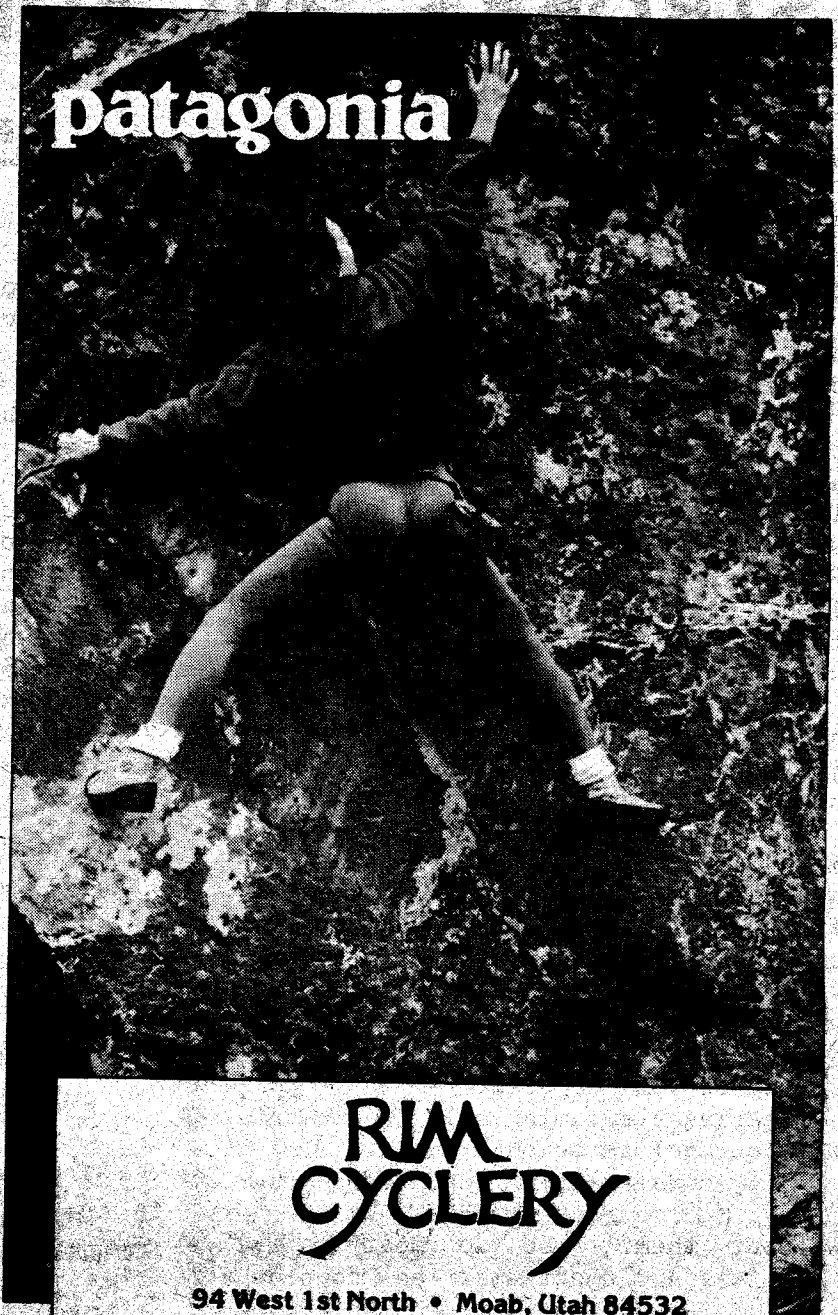
FOOTNOTE: Alexander Skye played blues on the South Side of Chicago in the mid-sixties and had the first punk/blues band in Boulder, Colorado in the mid-seventies. He leans heavily toward classical music listening now, when he's not raving about Peter Gabriel.



Lin Ottinger Tours

137 N. MAIN

(801) 259-7312



ARCHES REALTY

Castle Valley Specialists
Raw Land

690 S. Main
Moab, Utah 84532
801-259-5693
1-800-842-MOAB

RIM CYCLERY

94 West 1st North • Moab, Utah 84532
(1 block west of Main Street)

THE OPPOSITE OF A CORRECT STATEMENT IS A FALSE STATEMENT. BUT THE OPPOSITE OF A PROFOUND TRUTH MAY WELL BE ANOTHER PROFOUND TRUTH. NEILS BOHR



The County Attorney goes to COURT.

VIDEO TRANSFER SERVICE

Transfer your Home Movies & 35 mm Slides to Video Tape

WE CAN: Add music
Improve Color
Add Titles

Old Spanish Trail Camera

Western Plaza
259-5009

STROKES and POKES

Bobby Bloate



The town of Moab lost one of its most unique and enjoyable recreational facilities last month when the famous "Travelling Hot Tub" went up in flames due to a fire of unknown origin that occurred during routine maintenance.

The brainchild of Moabite Jeff Davis, the Tub was well-known around this area for making special occasions a lot more special. Area party animals went into mourning on that Black Friday, Aug. 21, when the tub turned into a Thiokol Rocket Motor and took the tow car and a storage shed along with it.

We all had such a great time in it at the Stinking Anniversary Party, just two weeks earlier. It's hard to believe it's gone.

I've sat in that hot bubbling tub in some of the most interesting wilderness areas one could imagine, from Castle Valley to Cresto's yard, and it's always a genuine pleasure.

You never know what the protocol is going to be until the tub gets warm - whether it's going to be suits, no suits, or some of each.

Wearing a swimming suit is the safe way to revel in sensual luxury.

All conservative Republicans wear suits, 'cause they would feel naked without them. So do most native Moabites. And most married couples. Married couples equate being naked with having sex. No one knows why, it's just something that seems to happen to them.

In fact, a lot of them seem to view nudity in a hot tub as the first step to wife-swapping. Or even the far more heinous act of husband-swapping. Either way, it's clear to a lot of them that bubbling in one's birthday suit contributes to the breakdown of the family, the basic unit of society. They are probably right. Most of the skinny-dippers are single.

Those who do dip their skinnys are a fun-loving lot who have somehow arrived at a more European attitude toward nudity. And, like Europeans, they tend to be more slender than most Americans, which means that their excesses are usually in areas other than eating.

However, regardless of style, the Travelling Hot Tub has provided us with many a fond memory. We hope Jeff can get another one together soon.

Yee-Haw!
It's an auction!

SAT., SEPTEMBER 26

NOON TO DARK

PROFESSOR VALLEY RANCH

MAKE YOUR DUTCH OVEN DINNER
RESERVATIONS NOW

CALL 259-7750

ALL PROCEEDS BENEFIT
Canyonlands Field Institute



UPTOWN PIZZA

Spaghetti Pizza Sandwiches

Monday-Friday 11-2 & 5-10
Saturday 5-10 only - Closed Sunday
51 N. Main 259-6070



All you can eat
Spaghetti
\$2.95

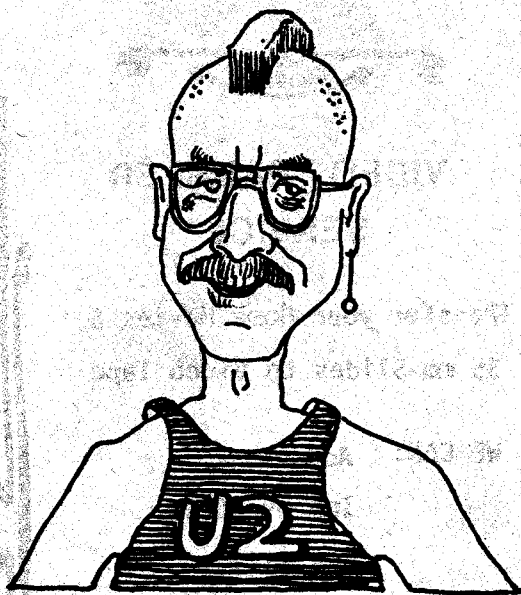
ED'S LANDSCAPING, SPRINKLER
& MAINTENANCE

We install professional Rainbird
Sprinkler Systems Service Repair
Winterization Design Construction
Railroad Tie Rock Work Planters

Free est. 259-8447

Row, Row, Row your boat
Gently down the stream.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream.

TRADITIONAL



Dave's has changed!
Newly Renovated

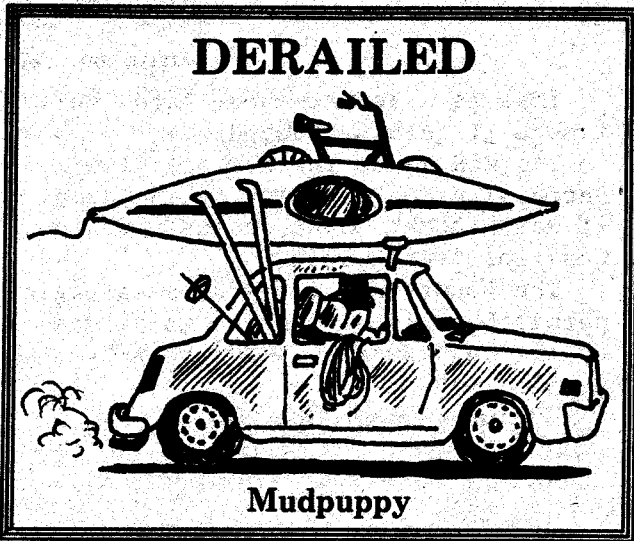
Dave's Corner Market

At 4th E. and Mill Creek
259-6999



SAM TAYLOR'S GOATHEADS ARE OUT OF CONTROL.

The County Attorney goes to court.



Back in March and April the local raft guides dressed in their Summer Best, grabbed their rigging baskets, buckknives, and a case of beer and went out on a picnic to fall in love.

The river was their lover.

They took jobs at less than minimum wage rates averaging eighty hours a week and spent time and money to certify, qualify, clarify their status as a lover of the river.

"40 hours of volunteer time for first aid? Nine unpaid trips to get trained? Buy my own rigging? Yes Yes Yes, I'm in Love. Anything, I'll do Anything! I don't care if there's no insurance, benefits, guarantees, just let me feel her flow and watery cold splash! Can't you see? I'm in Love."

And the river, tempestuous and violent, was as high as the boaters. Life is so easy when everything is high and in love! Hard work doesn't seem like work!

But the young wild exciting love of Spring soon yields to the hot windy tantrums of Summer, and the high water races off to distant shores leaving boulders and gravel bars strewn about like leaves tossed in the Autumn breeze.

The boaters continue to work hard, though, tending their passengers -- children of a lost love affair -- hoping and dreaming of a far away Spring that will blossom again.

By September the illusions have died. Work is work. Heat is heat.

Tourists are tougher to entertain, having come to meet a magical lover only to find that the wild and exciting part of the lover has gone.

JR's Restaurant



True Family Restaurant

OPEN 6 a.m. • 259-8352

You haven't been to Moab unless you've eaten at JR's

COME IN FOR THE BEST HOME COOKED MEALS

--- We are the Best ---

--- for Breakfast ---

Try Ron's Famous Fluffy Omelets and Fresh Spuds

Todd's Tasty Western Omelet with Joyce's Salsa

Travis' Cubed Ham & Scrambled Eggs

--- for Lunch ---

Try our famous (The Original) Burger ala Morgan

Kimbo's Chili Burger

Cindy's Famous Homemade Chili

--- TRADING POST ---

Genuine Indian Arts
Unusual Fine Gifts and Souvenirs
T-Shirts and Hats
Cards and Books

The river has become a different mistress, slower, older, wiser, couched in a landscape that is often forgotten about when people ride the swifter waters. Guides learn to spot wildlife, plants, rocks, and make them the high points of the tour. Guides learn to be true guides.

The tensions of the long and intense hours of a busy summer break and release. Some people stomp away from the love affair gone sour in anger, vowing to never return again. Some throw away their frustration with buckets of water, dousing others with a rapid like spray. Some just sit back, smile and laugh.

They laugh at the broken equipment, leaky boats, leaning trailers, overheated busses and trucks, dissatisfied customers, lost lovers...it's the best way.

They laugh at their stressed co-workers, the sluggish water, and the aching muscles from a rowing summer. They laugh at how their laughing makes customers and other guides mad at them.

They laugh at the neurotic River Ranger using a spotting scope to sight unclipped life jackets. They laugh at his gun, badge and air of self importance.

They smile at his impotence and wonder what the true reason for the spotting scope is.

And eventually the business of Summer wanes, and the smiles and laughter begins to rub off on others. They smile dreamily thinking about next Spring's love affair. They laugh happily at the prospect of a day off, and they begin to laugh at the stories of another River Summer Gone By.

As the river changes into her Autumn finery, the old boater, the retired ones, start to gaze longingly into the canyons. For them, a love affair has just begun.



LA HACIENDA RESTAURANT

FINEST & MOST UNIQUE MEXICAN FOOD ANYWHERE

BREAKFAST ★ LUNCH ★ DINNER

801-259-6319 - 574 N. MAIN ST. MOAB, UTAH



New Movies All the Time

VCR's--\$45°° over our cost

DON'T HAVE A T.V. ? RENT OURS !

MOVID

35 W. Center

259-6000

LEDITERS

Phileditor

I like the pictures of the womens in their underwear.

Capt. Tom
Downtown



(Ed. I've always been big on bras and panties myself. Banks takes it to another level. Ask him and he'll show you his private collecion.)

Fillmore-

I mean Hey! I know what we should call the Black Pantheists: "The Church Of The Valuable Redemption." Whadya Think?

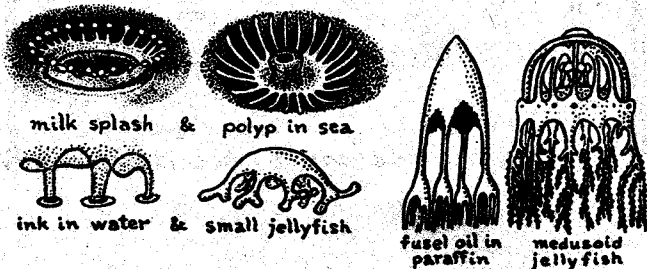
Look at it this way. The basic premise of the B.P.s is that we are a part of the Earth, and not apart from it; that our life is it's life, and to renew our energies and groove on the God-Force that permeates all of nature all we need to do is to go forth into it - Nature, that is - a beneficent adversary upon which to test our overrated intellect to find that we, once again, must realize we truly know nothing, and that is as it should be - leaving us free to see each moment new, uncluttered by preconceptions of how it "should be".

So here's a coupon. And remember, that at the price of two bits a month, it's cheaper than other leading brands.



Irreverently yours,
Memphis Gale

DYNAMICS OF LIVING FORMS



Dear Philmore Banks, Esq.

.....Please pass the word on to Cliff Walker that I think his "Nighthawks At The Diner" is an honest-to-God masterpeice....

JPS
Lyons, CO

Editors:

Excellent writing in your last issue, esp. the Nighthawk piece. Loved the description, including the smell of the dusty screen - so accurate, so overlooked, these bits of reality. A "William Carlos Williams" of prose, there. I do appreciate the creativity and skill of your writing staff so much. I've forwarded this issue to a friend in Michigan. Also, the course offerings were hilarious.

Envious Writer
Grand Junction, CO

(Ed. Cliff appreciates the strokes. Watch for his next effort, "Hellbound Train", in our next issue.

This is a letter about land, Phil. I hope it gets published.

I'm mad about the new ordinance pertaining to salvaging at the dump. It was brought about because of some messy or trash yards.

The county now requires a salvaging permit & business license to salvage at the dump, which is enforced by the Sheriff's Dept.

It makes criminals out of people like me, who don't go to the dump every day to salvage, but when going to the dump to dump kicks around for useful or still workable items which aren't then scattered across their property.

What ever happened to recycling?
The Griper

Human Spare Parts List*
Cornea: \$2,500-\$5,000
Bone Marrow: \$60,000
Lung: \$50,000-\$150,000
Heart-Lung combo: \$78,000-\$92,000
Heart: \$57,000-\$110,000
Liver: \$54,000-\$238,000
Pancreas: \$18,000-\$50,000
Kidney: \$25,000-\$35,000



CLASSIFIED ADS

STINKY ADS GET RESULTS

WWW! Sheherazade, Little Red Riding Whore, Pennochio, Miss Piggy, Little Red Riding Hood, Blue Fairy, Peter Pan, Swimmin' Siren, Scintillating Scout, and Princess of Power. The truly young at heart always drink Champagne.....out of their diaphragm! Especially when they're back in the High Life! Loved flyin' high! And bright! With you! Fairy tales can come true! Hope yours do, all life long!

Love ya!
Tink

There will be a meeting of the Moab Women's Literary Tea and Social Club, Wednesday, Sept. 9, featuring guest speaker Eleanor Schlemiel, speaking on the topic: "Tips for more effective communication between women".



*Services For
Your Convenience:*

1. UPS Shipping
2. UPS Receiving
3. PACKAGING MATERIALS

--ROLL OF TAPE -- \$2.00
--BOXES STARTING AT \$2.00
--LABELS

We will package your items for you!
We SAVE you MONEY, TIME & TRAVEL

BRING THIS AD AND RECEIVE ONE DOLLAR OFF WHEN YOU SHIP TWO OR MORE ITEMS VIA UPS. GOOD THROUGH SEPTEMBER.

Our Service Center is made possible through

ATOMIC MOTEL
Phone: 259-7615
72 South 100 West
Moab, Utah

HOURS: 9:00 AM - 7:00 PM MON.-FRI.

SATURDAY 9:00 AM - 4:00 PM



1999

The Stinking Desert Gazette
Box 13
Moab, Utah 84532

Affix Postage Here

TO:

STINKING DESERT GAZETTE

© Copyright 1987

All Rights Reserved

Robert Dudek
Jim Stiles
Cheryl East

Editor
Artwork
Advertising

First Class