

GULCH

MULCH

THE RAG WITH A SENSE OF HUMUS

SLINGING THE MUD

I cannot believe the reckless irresponsibility exhibited by **KMUD** (99.1 on your FM dial) in their new program schedule! Who makes those decisions anyway? They're all hot for "Public Safety and Awareness" and then they show reckless disregard for the public's well-being by exiling **Bill Jackson's** show "A Column of Bullshit" to midnight on Sunday.

And you know what is bound to happen: Some tired truck driver or other motorist will be driving along on the run from L.A. to Eureka, he'll tune in to **KMUD**, be instantly put to sleep by that monotone, and proceed to crash into a redwood tree or worse. **Harold Day**, the blood will be on your hands!!!

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So now they want more womens' programming. Oh give me a break. Doesn't **Ms Mike** and **Creative Women** cover that? (How about **PEOPLE'S** programming? Actually, who am I to say what **KMUD** will play at 2:00am?)

And while I'm ranting, all Astrology programs should be immediately transferred to 3:00am when the stars are out. Who are they trying to kid with that hippie-dippie drive? **Antonia**? Oh puleeze! It really says a lot about this area that the Astrology shows are prime-time and local news is non-existent. ("Oh give me a Libra" **OH GIVE ME A BREAK!!!**)



RUN JESSE RUN !!!!!

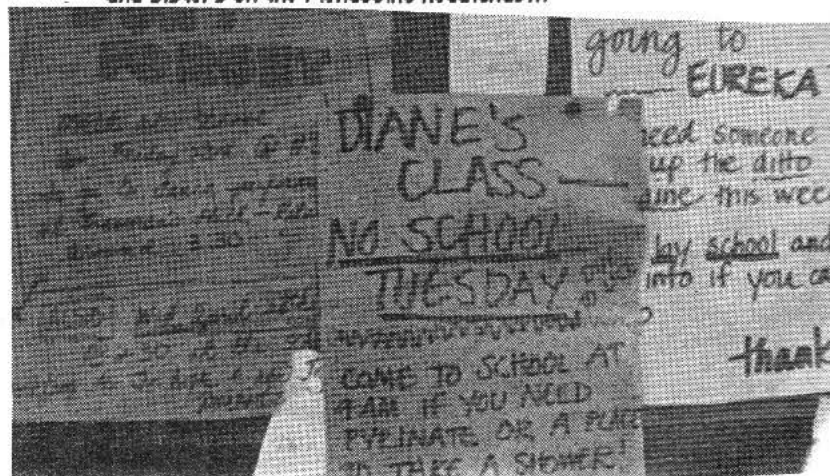
The people of the Northcoast descended upon the village of Mendocino today to welcome presidential candidate Rev. Jesse Jackson to the Headlands. Unfortunately he didn't show up.

I drove down Hiway 1 over the mountains, then past the absolutely cute little burg of Westport along the Coast. In Mendocino cars were parked all over the side-streets and I was lucky to find a spot just a ten-minute walk to the rally. I purposely arrived an hour or so late knowing that Jesse (can I call you Jesse, Rev?) is always very late for all his campaign stops.

And there they were, a few thousand Jackson and Ocean Sanctuary supporters in all their counter-culture and yupp-eoise glory. 60's music greeted my ears as the crowd of virtually all white folks waited through the speeches against ocean-drilling for the Man, the Main Man, the only one that we were going to vote for in the June primary. But he never came.

Holly Near kept up her one-woman MC gig with a mixture of songs and exhortations for gays and straights to work together. Darryl Cherny, the singing interloper from New York and carpet-bagging candidate for Congress cruised around passing out "Bedtime for Bosco" bumperstickers. (Vote for him.)

The crowd joined in the singing of "Glory Glory Mendocino" and then it was announced that Jesse was canceling out. Hundreds of groaning people left immediately. Virtually all the people I interviewed said they were disappointed but still support Jesse. The most disappointed person I talked to was James Geth. Lighten up Jimmy, my good man. Don't feel bad because you'd organized car-pools, etc. There are circumstances beyond your control. All in all it was a fun afternoon connecting with Mendocino brothers and sisters on the Mendocino headlands!!!



CB SHAKEDOWN

The "Come as Your CB Handle" costume party April Fools Day will mark the end of an era as everyone will be choosing new handles after that day. We know how hard it can be to come up with a new name that you'll have to live with for years so the staff here at the Gulch Mc Mulchy has taken the liberty of doing the job for you. (And another bottle of wine is gone!)

Holly Berry-Typical Teenager

Curly-Fart-Maker #20

Conan-Dicklit

Storm Shadow-Tuna Fish

Miracle Whip-Boss Lady

John Deere-Gregory Pecked

Bird Woman-Bird Brain

Dirty Ernie-Raunchie Richie

Hoosier-Hippie-crite

Heart to Heart-Hot to Trot

Pink Lust-Psych Out

Ma Bell-Gabby Goodheart

Hot Pepper-Noodnick

Blue Diamond-Spellbound

Redwing-Young Love

Dimension X-Naive Teenager

Mop 'n Glow-Beach Bunny

Ivory-Heartwood Clone

Talk Show-Mr. Humble

Blackberry-Grass is Greener

J*17-K*23

Mountain Lady-Radical Republican

Seester Foss-Latina Groupie

Boola-Boola-Verbal Vet

Tiger Lily-Super Mom

Chopped Liver-Home Free

Woodever-Why Not, What If

Tinkerbell-American Beauty

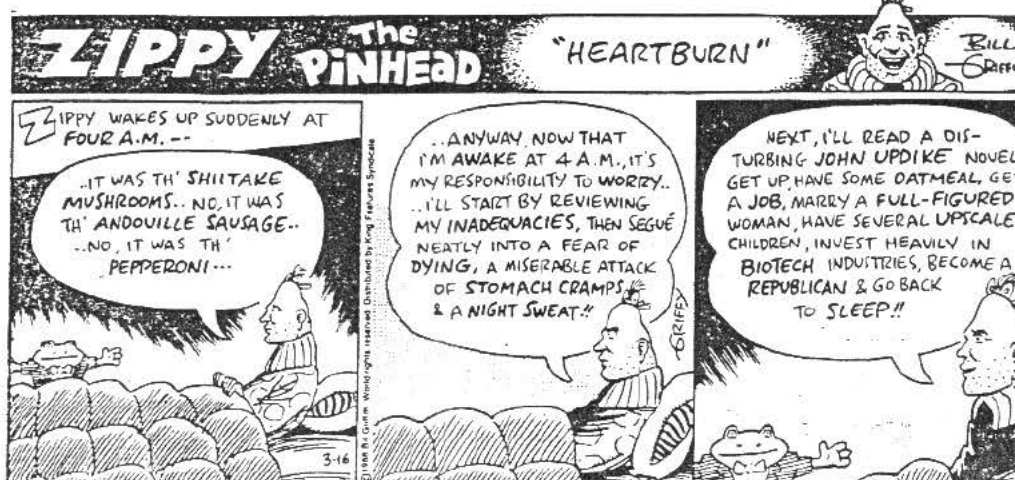


THE RISE AND FALL OF THE RUBY VALLEY CO-OP

I woke up one morning in June, 1975, in Elaine's old plastic house at the edge of the "Jan's Experience" land, already deserted for Moonier climes. I was 21 years old, had never owned a car, and was living on food stamps and not-odd-enough jobs. I decided it was time to start a food co-op. I made out a rough list of the various necessary grains and wondered how it would all come together.

A week or so later Elton cruised into the Gulch, producing a price list of all the foods available at bulk rates from the Cooperative Association at the memorable massage workshop put on by Joan at Carleno's house. Then riding up to Eureka the next week with Don Mc Groovy to buy various supplies we picked up a hitch-hiker named Studebaker Hawk. We began to rap about the co-op idea and he said that his land partner, Lance, on the Shit Fuck Piss Ranch in Ettersburg was also into getting one together.

I got Lance's address and gave it to Elton who contacted him and set up the meeting of the five co-ops from Briceland, Ettersburg, and the Gulch on July 10th, 1975. (I'll always remember that day because that evening after the meeting was Lynn Meserve's last birthday party in the Gulch. It was during the era that if the party broke up and you didn't have a flashlight you just slept right there. So I proceeded to crash upstairs, made some gauche move at Ma Bell, and listened to Sky



being conceived as Danny put it to her downstairs on the floor. It was scandalous for about five minutes and reminds me of the time I took Bill Wallace's monkey in to try to get AFDC and they gave me SSI instead!)

And so the co-op got off the ground. Each area had buying meetings to come up with bulk orders then joined together with one huge truck to Arcata. Our local meeting took over three hours as we went through each item on the list. There was a lot of give and take: "OK, I'll take two pounds of cashews to make up the tin. Allright I'll take a pound less split peas-there thats a full bag." People complained about the time involved but I kind of liked the meetings.

Don Mc Groovy drove his cool bus up to get the first load of food. We had the big divide between the five buying clubs in Brice land, then the next day we did our own.

So that was the concept for a few months until fall came and we found we could buy the old Country Tavern for \$3000 down. That worked out to twenty-five dollars each for the 150 people involved. And so the Ruby Vally Warehouse was founded. We shopped there, paid a little more, and abandoned the marathon ordering meetings.

The co-op started to go down hill with the purchase of a \$3000 pricing machine. The leadership was seriously out of control but no one was concerned. Food began to cost more as more money began to come into the community. The warehouse was operating across from the Country Store so the leadership thought it would be a great idea to buy it too and keep Murray happy since we were cutting into his business. That was the fatal move that signaled the beginning of the end.

When the vote came up at the general

membership meeting the only person in the whole goddam room who had the guts and intelligence to vote "NAY" was Jan Iris. The RVC entered the retail business complete with hired help and payments on two buildings. Well the Warehouse was sold at a loss and the retail store followed in the belly-up fashion. (More recently only one person, me, voted "NAY" at the Mateel Community Center meeting when it was proposed to spend \$27000 cash for the lot next to the charred remains of the Firemans Hall. That money would have been more useful for the Redway rebuilding project.)

FIT OR FAT-An Interview With Pablo Zukini Gulch Mulch: Why did you go on a diet?

Zuke: I was tired of being a fat boy. When I was at the Motel-6 going to Mexico I, frankly, looked like a pregnant man in the mirror.

GM: What was breakfast before the diet?

PZ: Over to the Woodrose for huevas rancheras, then a couple donuts and milk, then eat a bag of chips and maybe a beer on the ride home, and...

GM: Whoa! So whats breakfast now?

PZ: A bowl of Grape-nuts with skimmed milk.

GM: How many pounds have you lost?

PZ: Twenty in two months. Thirty to go.

GM: How do you do it?

PZ: Eat less and exercise more.

GM: Anything else?

PZ: Well I'd rather not say too much since my diet book will be coming out soon. Don't want to give away too much.....your readers can buy the book, OK?

GM: What will be the title?

PZ: Diet For A Small Belly



THE SAINT OF HUIZACHE (CONT.)

I walked back to the car and gunned the old buggy up Hiway 57. The words the old man had muttered kept going through my head:

"We need money...We need rubbers...Are you the Saint of Huizache?"

I lit up one of the Catorce Purple joints and tugged on it blissfully, leaving the huts of Huizache behind at 85mph. In the distance the La Paz mountain loomed cool and blue like a huge stone animal guarding the gateway to peyote country. Soon I was passing under the yellow arc and slowing through the residential district of typically Mexican and untouristy Matehuala where in the Centro the boys and girls were playing the eternal game of romance and attraction around the plaza.

I arrived home, unlocked the huge green gate, and drove through. I walked down the tiled path and found Max, Garbonzo, and Roberto sitting around the marble table discussing the topic of the moment.

"Look", said Garbonzo, the Texan. "There are over 10,000 peyote buttons growing at the Campo Experimentale just outside of town. We could make enough mescaline from that to supply San Miguel for fucking years!"

"You crazy, man, replied Roberto. "How we gonna get the stuff out with that guard and his dog there, fuckin' perro?"

"No shit man. Lets just stick to the usual plan, buying the buttons from the campesinos and finding it ourselves," said Max the Swiss.

"Yo Roberto, Garbonzo, Max," I said, walking into the room.

"Hey Lenny! How you doin' man!" Roberto said. "Everything go alright in Allende?"

"On yeah, no problema. Henri is probably capping the stuff up right now."

Cynthia walked into the room and gave me a big hug.

"Alright, you're back-fast trip."

"Yeah, went real smooth this time. I see these guys are still talking about ripping off Campo Experimentale!"

"Garbonzo's crazy. He's always looking for another angle."

"Cynthia, I had an interesting experience on my way back up today. You know all those people on the road by Huizache? Well when I..."

"Oh those people are terrible," she interrupted. "They've killed all the snakes around there and they're killing the birds, selling the hawks and eagles out of the area."

"But what about the ones with no birds or snakes, just their hands out."

"Oh they're just lazy, Lenny."

"Cynthia, don't you think there's a lot of poverty in Mexico and those people are just the most apparent?"

She seemed cold and selfish, unwilling to admit that suffering was taking place other than in her own life.

A few days later I went down to the drug store and bought fifty boxes of rubbers. When I got home Cynthia's daughters, Dawn and Melody, helped me slide 5000 peso notes (about two bucks) into each little box, and promised not to tell their mother. Then I roared out of town with a new batch of mesc. and when I reached the huts of Huizache I rolled down the windows and threw out the packets to each person along the hiway.

"Yes," I thought as I watched them scramble for the little gifts. "I will be the Saint of Huizache!"

(continued next issue)

**ROSA WINS MIRANDA 8th GRADE
SPELLING BEE!!!-NEXT STOP
EUREKA!!! GOOD LUCK ROSA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**