

GULCH MULCH

THE RAG WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR

CRACKDOWN AT THE WOODROSE CAFE

We were sitting in Garbageville's (excuse me Kathy E.) most popular breakfast eatery downing the glorious caffeine concoction when Pam came over to lower the boom. Now I, myself, enjoy the summer arrival of hordes of Redwood-seeking tourists up from the various locales of industrial disease. (Wasn't it P.B. in one of his comedic monologues who said "Being a Northcoast tourist is the only opportunity for white men to dress like pimps.")

So there we were downing Colombia's second-most important export, like fish, when a chorus of wails pierced the mid-morning aging-hippo ambience followed by a series of random thumps and unconfirmed shouts. The travelers looked on in sodden disbelief as two pre-schoolers mounted their campaign of harmonic anarchy while their bead-crazy parents discussed the relative merits of being cooped up with said youngsters for the ten hour trip up to the **Oregon People's Fair**.

Cries of "Disipline! Disipline!" rent the air as the rowdy youth proceeded to abandon their tofu omlettes and began running all over the cafe, nearly soaring the tourists out of their light green shorts and purple shirts.

It was then that Pam made her move, came over to the offending table and said, "Look, Margo's getting married in December but before she moves to Albuquerque we're going to clean up this daily cacaphony of "terrible two" factor. 'Nuff said?" (Alright Pam! And please pass the java!)

(IF THE SHOE FITS WEAR IT DEPT.)

SHORT CHANGE ARTISTS INVADE G-VILLE

Once again local cashiers are busily holding back fives, tens, and even twenties from suspecting and unsuspecting cash customers, padding their wallets and leaving in their wake a residual film of disgusted customers. Lets face it, when we catch one of those thieves

with their attendant phony excuses its more embarrassing for the people who catch them then it is for the struggling wage-slave herself. (And yes it is virtually always women who try to pull those tricks around here).

SHOPPERS BEWARE !!!

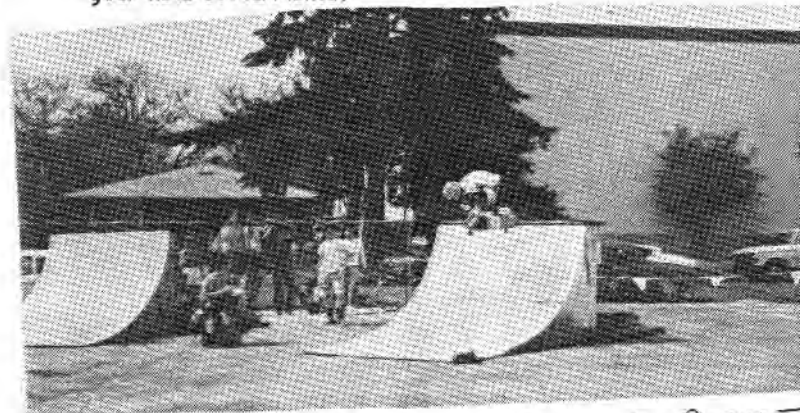
(TRUE CONFESSIONS DEPT.)

I DON'T RECYCLE IN REDWAY

Yes I don't recycle in Redway, in fact, I don't recycle at all. I guess I'm just a wasteful pig doing my share to pollute the Earth. Do you recycle in Redway? Are you a polluting pig too? Don't you give a shit about Mama Earth? Please, if you see me on the hot sultry streets of beautiful down-town Gardenville(is that better Kathy?) this summer, give me a shout, give me the finger and say "Start recycling you lazy phoney radical." But whatever you do don't tell **Liz Citrino** or my ass is grass!

Doing The Murrish Shuffle

I've got this great idea. Ok, you're shopping in Murrishes and as you leave the air-conditioned comfort and walk out the door you put your used food list in a box by the entrance. Then when someone comes to shop who's forgotten their list they can just reach into the "List Box" and grab a list to use. No you're not bound by law to buy into someones Twinkie fantasy, but hey, there just might be something on someone elses list that would go good with that six-pack of Corona. (Think about it....and recycle your lists at Murrishes)



EXPLORERS Skateboard POST
Corvallis, Oregon

(spitting the beans dept)

AM I A SEXIST PIG?

OK, me and the guys like to get together, have a few, and sometimes talk about girls, women, females, you-name-her. We make juvenile jokes and giggle foolishly about the various feminine attributes that turn us on. Single, married, it doesn't matter which, we're on the loose-lips campaign.

I find I make the most ridiculous comments only when with my best friends. Then there is the school of thought that says that people who are all uptight about off-color jokes have more of a problem than we perpetrators.

So what is our excuse? First of all I don't consider myself a practising sexist pig. (Sure, Buddy) We don't need no stinking excuses, we're coarse men who love women. Is this getting anywhere? I don't think so, so if you see me on the street, give me the finger, lambast my sensibilities, and tell me to recycle in Redway.

THINGS AREN'T WORKING OUT.....dept.

So I drug myself from the bed of tears and went up to see my counselor. I said "Carmela, I'm working on all these projects but I'm not having any fun. I need a woman, I need some

love

in this life." She said to go where the girls are and then if I meet someone there, well, we've got something in common already, we're both hanging out in the same place.

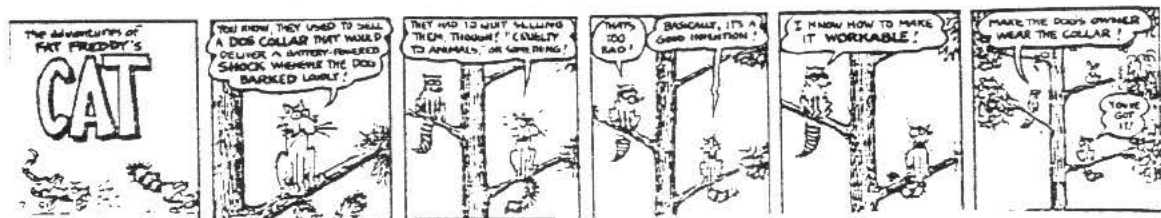
So the next time I was in Murrishes I saw an attractive woman in the dairy dept. I said "Hi! Judging from the fact that we're both food

shopping at the moment I'd say that we've probably got a lot in common. Lets see, since you've got a couple boxes of pampers in your cart may I presume that you've got a baby and an "old man" waiting out in the parking lot? Let me put it another way: I can see by the gallon of VODKA in your cart that you're a fun-lovin' sort. I'll buy the orange juice and lets go party at Kegger Beach. (How'm I doing Carmela? Mr. Savoir Faire, right) Wait a minute! Aren't you Anna Sparks? Anna BABY! My number three fantasy!! What are you doing in this neck of the woods, honey? But the pampers? Ofcourse, they're for Harry!!!."

So anyway Carmela, things are working out a lot better now. When Anna takes off those funky frames she's like "Ms. Fox" and I'm smothered with delight in Bazoombe-land.

Board of Supervisors Report (HUM-CO)

Well I've been trying to be serious about writing these past few weeks, but with Armagedden around the corner and the "Fools of The Low Road" shooting at one another (on excuse the harsh language, you're actually very **wise** to be trying to **off** your neighbors) its obviously time to crank the ascerbic wit into high gear. So lets start with the Bd. Of Stupes. The Board is basically run by the Gang(bang!!) of Three. It doesn't matter what people say when addressing the Board because Renner, Neely, and Pritchard will do it their way even against overwhelming opposition from the public. And when they're not being jerks, the Board is BDRING. Why just the other day I had to imagine the Stupes naked dancing on the dais just to stay fucking AWAKE!!! I don't think they knew why I was chuckling with amusement. And you'll never tell, will you Anna?...Bye kids....



THE SAINT OF HUIZACHE...cont

We walked up the desert trail, higher and higher up the barren mountainside until the buzz of Hiway 57 was just a low murmur and the low-ridin' Plymouth Valiant Stationwagen a purple speck on the brown cactus background below.

"Where are we going?" I asked. "What was that the old man gave me to smoke?"

"Questions, questions," she replied, taking my hand in hers.

"Yes, questions," I answered. "What about my car down there?"

"Don't worry about your car. For you, all is safe. Come"

We stumbled further up the mountain as the Mexican mid-day sun blazed down upon us. Soon we reached the summit and began the ascent down to the vally below. Shining before us was a group of Orgonos cacti formed in a fence around a little thatched hut. A whisp of grey smoke floated out of the stove pipe on the roof. Esmeralda parted the bamboo door and we walked onto the dirt floor.

"Here, have some water," she said with a devastating smile and handed me the guord after taking a sip herself. "You must be thirsty."

"Yes, I'm thirsty but I can't drink the water in Mexico. You must know that."

She sat down on the goat-skin, took a long drink on the guord and offered it to me again.

"Come have a drink and take a seat by me Carlos."

I felt my defenses dropping as my will was taken over by a strong desire for her. Yes, I wanted the water...and I wanted Esmeralda, badly. I sat down on the goat-skin and, throwing caution to the wind slugged down the

rest of the water with a feverish gulp. She laughed as some of the water ran down my neck, and onto my shirt. I put my arm around her shoulder, drew her to me, and kissed her excitedly on the lips and face. I pulled her down to the floor, my hands seeking the heat of her body. She returned the embrace and kissed me as my hand found her breasts.

* * *

"Come," she said. "Lets return to the old man's place; we have much work to do. We must plan the tourist attraction and put the people to work. We must create the "Huts of Huizache" tourist attraction."

We headed back down the mountain and soon could hear the familiar sound of Hiway 57 in the distance.

(to be continued)

disaster 1957

Teen center fails to open Monday -horrible loss to community. Neglected children wander the streets. Mr.Teen disappears on Tuesday in a dirty valiant; the only cab in town is seen heading north to Eureka. Mr. Teen's familiar face was seen peering from the tailpipe. Mr. Teen is famous for his meat ball pool game and spaghetti-sucking contest at **Sissylitos** every Monday night. Last week's winners were in the search party. **Tweaks**, the local sugar fix, will be featured in next weeks review a la gonzo. By C.H.



FRIDAY NIGHT SCENES

What if we put on a Youth Dance and over a hundred young adults (we don't use the word "teens" anymore- that's the kiss of death for a dance poster unless we're featuring the popular "**COLD STEEL**") actually paid their three dollars and raged on into the early morning hours? Amazingly enough that's what happened last Friday night when **THE DEAD**

JACKSONS and **BLISS** came to town and quickly rocked the crowd into a punked-out thrashing frenzy.

I must admit I had viewed the dance with trepidation all week. I had been to **Thrash on the Grass** in May and quite frankly felt like an uptight adult when viewing the action in the pit. So there I was at the first "**SKATE-BOARD PARK BENEFIT**", the guy who was supposed to break up the fights if things got out of hand.

There was a crowd outside the doors lining up to come into the **Vets Hall**. (And what a delicious sight that was!) At the head of the line was a veritable "wall of sound" as many youths blurted out at once all the various reasons why *they* should be admitted for free. It was groupie heaven at "the wall of scam".

It was a pretty mellow thrashy scene really. Then a scuffle broke out and a fight erupted on the confetti-strewn dance floor. The combatants slammed against the stage and nearly sent the tower of speakers tumbling to the floor. Others were trying to stop it, forming a mass of gang-tackling flesh coming toward me. This was it...what I had been dreading all week...and it was time to act.

Earlier in the night when we were in the kitchen preparing burritos for hundreds of hungry humans (thank you **Obie**) I had asked

Maya

, chief youth advisor, what I should do or say if people got too out of control. She said to tell them that they're not being cool and will have to leave.

So I thought "OK, here goes" and dived into the midst of the fight. I tried pulling them apart, then concentrated on pulling the most aggressive one away from the other. I broke him free of the raging scene and stood him up. With my hands holding his sides (ever-watchful for a sucker punch, I hope) I said "Yo dude, you're not being very cool...you'll have to leave." Surprisingly the guy bailed for a cooling off period outside and I had lost my virginity in the PIT.

The dance was a success (the Skate Park Project made \$100) because the band was good and the youth of the area were involved in all phases of the event, from Obie's killer **POSTER** to the kitchen crew in bean heaven.

NEXT DANCE: **COLD STEEL** **SKATE RAMP** **BENEFIT, FRI, JULY 29**

GARBERVILLE YOUTH CENTER REPORT

The main project of the Garberville Youth Center this summer is to raise money for a **SKATE RAMP**, organize an **EXPLORERS SKATE-BOARD POST**, and find a site to put the half-pipe. Some places we are interested in are the Mateel slab in G-Ville, the old Spectrum Auto in Garb, and the land by the laundry in Redway. If you have any other suggestions about a possible site; if you want to join the Explorers Post or be a skate master; or if you want more info call **923-9335**.

