

GULCH MULCH

ALL THE PULP THATS FIT TO GULP

THE ADVICE MAN

Dear Advice Man,

I went to Benbow Lake and after a swim through the refreshing chunks of algae I met a tourist Mama; we ate some Mexican food (or was it Chinese? Italian?); dropped the kid off at the baby-sitter; drank lots of beer and wine; walked the moon-lit streets of the Garberville mid-summer nights dream scene; went from light to heavy petting, but no matter how much I begged for it, it just wasn't an 80's thing to do. Do you think I blew it when I told her I wanted to go back and get the rubbers "just in case"?

Grazing

Dead Graze,

Are you sure that was "algae"?

Dear Advice Man,

I'm trying to quit smoking weed so there are some people I don't dare visit. However, by the end of the day I'm looking for it, wanting it. Then the other this guy asked me if I had a good joint. What is a "good" joint?

On The Wagon

Dear Wag,

It ain't no Shakeys Pizza.

Dear Advice Man,

CAMP copters are supposed to stay 500 feet above the ground but they keep swooping lower. Anything to do about that? Ulcer- Prone

Dear Ulcer,

Move to Stanislas County or buy that Stinger Missile advertized in the Wretched Record.

The Meese Legacy

Edwin Meese 3d was so bad an Attorney General that he probably did some good. The nation became so disgusted by his loose ethics, his misuse of his office, his excessive partisanship, that he became an enormous political liability, and even the unwavering support of his master couldn't save him from being forced to resign. It is a safe bet that no matter who is elected President in November, the next Attorney General will have at least some integrity.

The damage that Meese did to the cause of liberty, justice and good government will not be easily overcome, however. The Iran/contra investigations have been irreparably injured by his calculated casualness in making his investigation, the primary effect of which was to alert Oliver North that the jig was up and that the shredding party better start right away.

Meese's attacks on the Supreme Court and his intellectually bankrupt original intent doctrine, a shoddy and transparent effort to undermine long-established constitutional doctrines promoting individual liberty and social justice, have been dismissed with the scorn they deserve. But the opposition of the Federal government to the aspirations of blacks and other minorities, an opposition that he and his mendacious colleague William Bradford Reynolds led, helped generate an atmosphere of racial hatred and bigotry that reverberated from Howard Beach, Queens, to college campuses.

Most damaging, Meese was the main force behind the campaign to put reactionary judges on the Federal bench. Long after Meese is gone and forgotten, a name in the history books alongside those of John Mitchell, Richard Kleindienst, A. Mitchell Palmer, and Harry Daugherty of Teapot Dome fame, his judicial legacy will survive. Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia, and Federal judges Douglas Ginsburg, Daniel Manion and Frank Easterbrook will be there, working to keep the courts indifferent to the assaults on liberty and the cries for social justice.

HERMAN SCHWARTZ



BORED OF SUPERVISORS REPORT

Things are getting hairy for "Tofu Harry" Pritchard. Red-faced and fat, no neck and bed-ridden with pneumonia last weekend, he's on his way down the short road facing an uncertain future of strokes and heart-attacks and possibly one more burbling trip through the Rotarian meat and potatoes circuit. Harry...just say "no" to the fat-tell the Kiwanis you'll take the tofu.

Terrorist Take-over at Bored of Stupes

Armed to the teeth with new-age Water Weenies, a band of angry young skate-boarders took over the Chambers of the Board today in protest over the anti-~~skate board~~ ordinance passed by the flunkies of the Shopping Center Elite last February. The Stupes were ordered at Weenie-point to get down in the pit and thrash to the "music" of **COLD STEEL**. In the chaos that followed, Wesley and Anna became violently entangled and even Erv Renner began to grin maniacally as Bonnie Neely put an elbow in his mouth. The party was finally broken up by an over-dose of fear-gas and all the Supervisors were jailed.



Extra Innings

ZUKINI BUYS THE FARM

Pablo Zukini committed suicide over the weekend; they say he died of a broken brain, initially split open by a hit of window pane. The leak of consciousness had never been fully repaired despite the fact that he once saught **ATD** from the Golden Welfare State of California. Was this man totally disabled? Was he really faking it for the bucks? Some say he was deeply trobled by the philosophical question of whether or not to wear deodorant to the Board of Supes meetings. Wear it? This man has not bought a stick of it since he was a lad of nineteen years driving taxi in New York City.

Once again Pablo Zukini is dead; his body was found after intensive dredging of BENBOW LAKE. He had leaped from a canoe with his Little League trophies tied to his ankles. Will anyone, besides his Mother, miss this raving ego-maniac? Said Harry Pritchard "I'm just happy I out-lived that goon." Said Anna Sparks tearfully, "I didn't know he was so sensitive. I *never* should have given that sweat-hog my extra tube of BAN roll-on."

(The other day I found a suitcase near the hiway so I turned it in to the proper authorities (EPIC). Little did I realize it belonged to Jeffree, the man who walked accross the country for peace and now the once and future Saint of Garberville, cleaning our gutters of cigarette butts on these hot summer nights.)

Paul-Hi, I'm Jeffree.....A person without a home must set his possessions down-one cannot carry them about all day long.

I have learned from this experience. I shall attach an explanatory note to my bags wherever I set them from now on.

Please understand that you caused me great inconvenience by not simply leaving my luggage where it rested. You also needlessly freaked out my mom. No hard feelings. Hopefully we both learned something. Peace, jeffree

Well, Excuuuse me,
Jeffree!

Letter to the Editor,

Contrary to rumor, I have a sense of humor concerning recycling. As a matter of fact, I find some garbage really funny. Sometimes reality is so overwhelming that you either have to laugh or cry. I'd rather laugh.

It doesn't matter to me personally whether you recycle at Redway, or even if you recycle at all. Your soul is your problem, not mine.

Actually I have friends who don't recycle. I even know people who use disposable diapers (blech!).

Perhaps it would be appropriate to save cemetery space by burying non-recyclers along with their garbage in plastic bags in the county landfill.

Remember, people with grass asses shouldn't throw trash.

Liz C.

MATEHUALA

I left La Huerta at one o'clock to make copies of my letter home-the first day's journey. Patricia was carrying a bowl of tortillas to her grandmother's house. She lead me to the copy machine at Conosuper though I insisted on going on with her. It isn't important but it might be interesting I told her.

It was one of those little blue houses with the open court yard and the avacado tree in the middle. She was an ancient, wonderful lady, eyes gleaming as her 35 year old ejos worked around the fire. It was a beautiful day and I loved that little house! She said her house was my house so I said hey I'm moving in for three weeks.

We left and went looking for the Michoacan furniture supposedly for sale at the Plaza de Arboles. Had I invented the notion that the boys walked one way and the girls the other around the fountain in the plaza on a Sunday night or did they really? No one was doing much walking in the Centro with the annual Matehuala County Fair rocking nightly on the outskirts of town.. The furniture sellers, ya se fuey-they gone-so we make the photo-copies and head back into the Centro. She handed me a new peso and we began flipping them up into the air trying to catch each other's peso. We did this till we got to the renovated Cathedral square where we resumed the game with the twist that it must bounce before we catch it. When we finally both caught them on the same bounce we walked into the market to a comic book stall where her cousin occasionally sold me a book of jokes. We sat there flipping more pesos, stopping occasionally to let the hoi palloi trundle by with their market acquisitions, filing seriously down the aisle while we flirted with pesos. Then they would fall among the hundreds of ceramic pots in the stall across the way which was ok since the peso was worth less then half a cent. We sat down and after looking at some of Patricia's glamour boys in the magazines we flipped still more pesos, reaching wildly around each other trying to catch the pesos.

So off we went to drink carrot juice at the best juice stand in the market, the peoples choice: El Penquino: It's the same place that black-balled me last year after I ordered a banana milkshake without sugar. I cultivated that carrot juice uncharacteristically, being known gulper. I sipped as never before; she put her knee against mine and we rocked to the Mexican market muzak beat. I knew I should have ordered another carrot juice.

(So is it time to settle down with a nice vivacious seventeen year old Matehuala girl? After all didn't I send flowers to another one-the candidates daughter? America-I gave you the best twenty years of my life.)

Oh, look, there's Tree with his kids Forest and Lawn

Oh yeah, he's with Leaf, now



Uh... isn't Lawn Zayel's kid with him

yeah, he lives with her and she's got two other kids with Woodrat...



and he lives over on Plain Planes Meadow with his other son, Alaska, and his partner is Willow



Doesn't Alaska live with his mother, Lottery, part of the time?



yeah and she's got another kid named Pyramid who she had with El Beau



oh yeah, Pyramid is grown up now and is going with Cougar

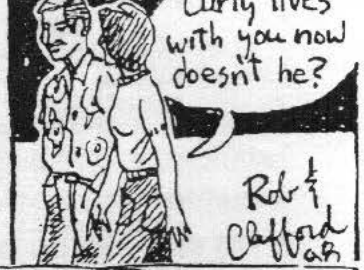
and he lives in Albatross Gulley



Right... his dad is werewolf. He lives with Fawn and she had all those kids with Curly



Curly lives with you now doesn't he?



Wow, Fawn, it's gotta be in the 100's. When's the last time we had a hot spell like this?



Hey, ya know what is really hot? that news story that the CIA sabotaged the 1980 Carter Hostage rescue to make Reagan look good and win the vote



Well, well, another scandal. O'Ronnies what a tattered web we weave

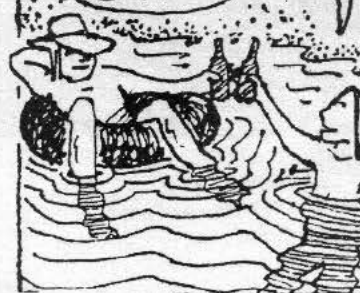


Yaa hoo! Splash!



Jeez, I was witting

Imagine, werewolf, if it's this hot here what it's like back east...



a, Ron don't you think it's getting a little uncomfortable in here



Shot down Iranian airliner scandal



oh... i'm not worried george, I'm leaving soon - but go ahead and turn on the air conditioner if you'd like



Clifford '88