

GULCH MULCH

ALL THE PULP THATS FIT TO GULP

REGGAE ON THE RIVER

It was the night before REGGAE and PB was at Sicilitos nursing a beer while head-of-security Pedro Laughly was working himself into the police state mentality necessary to combat the expected gate-crashers.

He said "Yeah, a group of Dead Heads might mass outside then storm the gates so we'll have to guilt trip them when they start to gather, tell them they're ripping off the community."

I said, "Uh Pedro, can I get a back-stage pass for the Gulch Mulch?"

He replied, "Yeah the Gulch Mulch will get you a pass alright...into the outhouses where it will be used to wipe up."

Reggae would be PB's big moment too, from a humble start as the mud ball boy his whole Schminty existence had lead up to this day when he would MC the event with Baja Doug.

The next day I arrived at Reggae along with 5000+ others and promptly requested a back-stage pass. "I'm sorry, you're not on the list" they said. "List, schmist" I said. "I'm here writing a story for the Gulch Mulch, noted alternative news-wacky!"

I really didn't care that much if I got back-stage, the challenge was the thing, I wanted to see if I could make it, it was my big scammy moment too. I begged and whined till Shari (thank you sweetie) finally fitted me with the last magic yellow wristband.

Back stage the lucky ones were partying with the bands around huge amounts of delicious home-made food, gulping down kegs

of beer and basically being cool as the music roared on the stage beyond. Randy stood guard by the tent where thousands of dollars were being carefully counted out, then stashed in dirty socks in every corner.

Later I asked Pedro how the security had gone but he wouldn't give me the time of day, choosing instead to rap endlessly with Chastity, everyone's favorite **Benbow to Baja Beach Bunny Bimbo**.

AT THE TIRE IRON SALOON

Fluttering to the smiling ooze of alcohol in the NorCal barfly scene, its a shame that the bowling alley was destroyed to make a night-club in the dawn of Camp. I suppose it still is possible to bowl down the aisles at the hardware store-what I propose is a "bowl-in" 'cause we're sitting in this bar and this is it babe: its smoky, noisy, and questionable charactors abound and still we have no bowling allies as the new alcoholics suck at the rock music and dance into the fog-shrouded beat.

(I had a drink. Then I had another. Then I had another. Then I had another. And then I thought "Do I have a problem?")



GULCH PHONES

Once again the Gulch has been saved from phones at the last moment. After months of getting organized for underground wiring, ConTel said, "OK, we're ready to put the poles in." POLES? We don't want no stinkin' POLES!" So its CB fallback time. (Translation: your business is my business.)

Power of the Press

When I trashed those KMUD DJ's in the spring I had no idea that not only would they all be knocked off the air within weeks, they would also be completely run out of the community within months. So wherever you are Mr. Boredom, Ms. Giggles and Ms. Stumbler, good luck and may goddess bless.

ON MOCTEZUMAS REVENGE

Sitting on the john I feel compelled to outline the course of events that lead me to this constant posture: First I ate the tortilla with the hair on it; then I ate the hot sauce with the fly in it; then the beans with the world in them, not to mention the tiny microbes I never saw which were probably the culprits after all-those sneaky little things! Oh you phuckin' Spaniards, look what you did to Moctezuma and now look what he's doing to me. Spain the walls you built are crumbling and I am going down with them.

PEYOTE

Within my body is the struggle of everyone, of all humanity
Is the white-robed Indians picking off the magical fruits of the desert
Within my body are the opposing forces of the Universe, the giving up to get

Experiencing the pure body-nausea dichotomy
Within my body is the ascent of a man up
against the standards of his world
My breath brings my belly into the fold
Brings my feet up, head already there
Bringing my disjointed members back to the fold flow
Look at the tree
Look at the sky
Look inside
What do you see?
A struggling humanity
A taste of antiquity
A voice resounding, saying
Never again, leave the desert jewels for the Huichols
God it felt so good to throw up
We are all equal-one body

Barefoot Bob?

Well, our local C.A.M.P. candidate Barefoot (comrade)Bob is making the rounds so don't be alarmed when he comes around soliciting for the Bush-Quayle campaign, his distinct style is unmistakable for its sincerity. I'm sure you'll be convinced to contribute once you're treated to his inimitable style. Shaped like an avocado or pine-apple, some rather benign fruit, his gait resembles a ballet dancer in the second position or third. Really though, rumours and all seem to go nowhere and only contribute to the General Paranoia, perhaps aiding comrade Beecham's grand plan (oh, how the highborn must suffer). Whether true or no, Bob seems to be aiding the everpresent forces and giving pretext for the insecurity police to do a job on the community at large. By CH



Opener Archery 1988 July 23-26 Friday

Marco and Russ arrive Friday to scout and set up for the stay. On route to fishing excursion Russ and Marco play curious naturalists with large rattlesnake encountered on trail. After quick venom check snake is re-located to another location. Fishing trip is successful and 7 trout are relocated from cool stream to hot pan in Smith Cabin.

Opening Day July 24

Early start to Hadley, Russ tackles north ridge, Marco the southern. Upon hearing the crash of brush below, Marco nocks an arrow with visions of big bucks dancing in his head. With the parting of brush below he finds that it is soiled drawers time as a 250-300 pound irate Yogi heads up the hill towards him (vittles time?). Marco loses no time in heading for a loftier perch. Vocal cords are stretched and strained to their maximum extent as the bear tries to figure out how to operate state of the art compound bow. After 40 minutes of lip minutes of lip popping and groaning the bear decides to look for a healthier meal (too much sodium glutimate?). Marco sets new descent record for Kings Range. Russ hears Marcos cries for help, leaves bow in creekbed for quicker ascent, Fortunately is unable to find Marco, and returns to creek bottom finding Marco upon arrival. Both beat a hasty retreat for Yogi-less country. Headed for Randall on long, difficult, fruitless search for deer. 4 does, 2 golden eagles, one horned owl, 1 coyote and another rattler. Arrived at cabin dragging bows behind.

Day 2

Another early start followed Oat Creek up to headwaters. This time Russ takes South ridge and Marco the north. Both climb towards top. Russ's turn for soiled drawers as he hears rock rolled from above he turns to find large bear approaching from 40 yards (larger than Yogi, 300+). Fortunately bear hears teeth and knees chattering and departs for other country. Animal count: 3 does, 1 buck, 2 grouse, 1 bear. Return to cabin and meet Larry Brukenstein (game warden). Points out 2 forkies on Spanish Ridge. Long and exhausting, but well planned stalk brings bowhunters within 25 yards. At critical moment Russ is unable to draw bow to full draw (wheaties were not served that morning). Quarry escapes to higher ground after Marco continues stalk and narrowly misses. Returning to camp even more exhausted than day before, hunters find buck on hill behind cabin. Quick stalk proves unsuccessful.

By South C.

[I] COLLECT TELEGRAMS FROM
THE DOOMED [II] CRUEL
RUMORS AND DEAD ANIMALS [III]
TERRIBLE MISUNDERSTANDINGS
[IV] THE GARDEN OF AGONY [V]
WHERE WERE YOU WHEN THE
FUN STOPPED? [VI] THE MAN
WHO NEVER SLEEPS AND NOTES
FROM THE PASSING LANE

IT WAS JUST BEFORE DAWN when the queers rushed my house. I was on the phone with the sheriff at the time, trying to borrow a typewriter from the jail library, but the noise outside got so bad he demanded an explanation. At first it was just a bunch of screaming and the sound of cars banging against each other in my driveway. Then screeching and glass breaking and voices calling my name in a low, dumb tone, like zombies. I tried to ignore it, but suddenly I heard the

awful thumps of their footsteps as they swarmed my porch.

"What's all that screaming?" the sheriff yelled. "What's happening out there?"

"Don't worry," I said. "I'll handle it. But God only knows what they want this time."

"Who are you talking about?" he snapped.

"Never mind," I said. "I have to go. I need that big Selectric with the Courier 72 letter ball. And also a new ribbon. Why don't you just send a deputy out to the tavern with it?"

I hung up and quickly loaded the Smith & Wesson riot gun with twelve-gauge tracers, then fired seven or eight rapid blasts through a slit in the kitchen window. The night was suddenly lit up with explosions and long, wavering streaks of fire.

"You greedy bastards!" I shouted. "Get away from here! Next time, I'll blow your heads off!"

I could hear jabbering and the sound of running feet, then car doors slamming and engines starting up, along with angry cries and voices cursing my name. I reloaded and fired over their heads again. Within thirty seconds they were gone, and I went outside to inspect the damage.

There was nothing except a few deep tire ruts across the lawn, along with a mess of vicious political pamphlets scattered on the porch. It had happened before, and I knew it would happen again as the pressure built toward Election Day. We were locked in a bitter struggle with a local gravel-pit operator and his henchmen on the Board of County Commissioners over his insane application for an industrial-zoning permit in Woody Creek, and I was identified—in the strewn pamphlets as well as in the local newspapers—as a main spokesman for the "brain-damaged locals" who opposed it. Politics can get rough in the outback, but I have been here a while, and I am used to it. You

don't run for sheriff in a cowboy town on the Freak Power ticket without learning a bit about the process—especially when you carry three out of six precincts and come within 4 percent of winning.

I kicked through the trash on the porch and found a Bush '88 button and several tiny bits of black leather. Ah ha, I thought, it's finally come to this. It wasn't just the usual thugs, the unemployed dope fiends with personal problems and deep political grudges who were probably in the pay of the gravel-pit developer. No, those old CIA reflexes die slowly, and George was probably in on this.

Not everybody who covers politics has the same problems I have. Over a year ago, I wrote that Bush was at least as guilty as John Poindexter and the lunatic Oliver North in the Iran-contra bungs. Bush denied it, of course, but his lies made him seem only sleazier. And then, with the new revelations, it was I who pointed out that his face had become swollen, and he was said to be plagued by a growth of dead fatty tissue on his back, which was gathering in a lump in the area between his shoulder blades and preventing him from walking normally. The pain was turning him mean. You could see it on television, first with Dan Rather and then again with Ted Koppel, when the elegant *Nightline* anchor had him snapping into the camera like a cornered jackal.

It was like seeing the ghost of Richard Nixon: George started off in high spirits, but as the interview went on and on, his eyes got desperate, and he was transmogrified into a human cadaver. He had come to the studio as well prepared as the most highly paid staff in the history of politics could prepare him. He knew it was coming. He had known all along, but he figured he could give Ted the back of his hand, as he did with Rather. . . .

But Rather had him for only ten minutes—which should be a lifetime for a guilty politician on national television. And Koppel, probably the best working journalist on TV, had an hour. It was like the Battle of Dien Bien Phu or Grant at Shiloh.

Bush cracked about halfway through. He could not answer the key questions about his Iran-contra involvement—the same questions that have been hanging around like banshees ever since 1986, when Eugene Hasenfus got shot down over Nicaragua and turned up in jail with George's phone number in his pocket. It was George's office number with the extension of Donald Gregg, who is currently serving as the vice president's national-security adviser. Now, on *Nightline*, Bush wound up calling Koppel "Dan" and mouthing hysterical gibberish about how the people would elect him no matter what he had done.

They say that Bush was led away from the studio that night by loyal aides who tried at first to control his weeping but then abandoned him. They have their own problems to worry about—like whether they will be sucked into one of his past crimes and have to go to prison with him. Anybody who even discussed these crimes with him can be charged with felony conspiracy under the RICO (Racketeer Influence and Corrupt Organizations) Act and dragged off in handcuffs to a federal penitentiary. They watched Nixon's top people go off to prison, and they know the same thing could happen to them. But George has many friends he can call on, friends he himself has said "don't pass the Sunday-school muster, by our standards." The Panamanian bisexual rapist and strong man Manuel Antonio Noriega, for one, would have just the men for a job like this, and the general and George go way back.

It all began to make a twisted, murderous sense. It had been Noriega's men on my porch.