

GULCH MULCH

All The Pulp That's Fit To Gulp

IT IS RISEN!!!

The Mateel Community Center has riz' again! Saturday Night: New Years Eve and the newly built hall is full of revelers celebrating the end and beginning. With none of the chaotic thoughts that used to haunt me at the Firemans Hall, I'm dancing among the seething throngs moving from one woman to another on the free form dance floor. This is it! We're back and beautiful! No more cramped bar scenes to back into with the requisite low-life vibe. All ages filled the dance floor once again!!!

One woman in particular smiles sexily at me as the band refuses an invitation for another encore despite Sherry and Danny and the rest of us chanting, "Ja say yes!!!!!!", and we all stagger home.

She occupies my thots all the next day and night not unlike the old Firemans Hall fantasies created on that historic dance floor. As luck would have it I run into C_____ at the Woodrose the next day and she gives me the phone number of the dance floor princess.

So now, dear computer, its time for a heart to heart (or should I say mouse to icon?) before I pick up the phone and make that call! Like what should I friggin' say?!?.....

"Er, hello, is Z_____ there!"

"Hi Z_____, this is P_____. I'm calling because you're so sexy and I've been thinking about you day and night, and all the delicious things I'd like to do with your beautiful body..."

"Uh this is her father speaking..."

"Like, yo Pops could you put your georgeous offspring on the line. Ipso pronto!"

"Look, I don't know who you are but my daughter is barely 18 years old and...."

"18? Yikes, I thought she was at least 23. Yo daddio, we're all a little jail-bait around here

and from what I've heard you're Mr. Mega-Bucks. So could you please put Z_____ on the line please."

THE ZONERS

Understanding Youth Today

First of all if you're not tech, you're lame. Any attempt to get anything in life is soammy. Words have been refractionalized, every thing is a "factor" like when Seth asked for more enchilada "factor" at Marshall's birthday. Then the factor becomes the factoid leading to the Yerbold, Rosoid and Android. So after you're factored out and past the oid zone it will be necessary to further your mega-ambitions in some other zone, preferably not a skanky one.

Yes, these are the zoners speaking skateboard-ese in the dawn of tomorrow's unbearable possibilities

THE MISFITS

When the Misfits decided to move the remains of their busted motorcycle gang up to the hills of Whitethorn, it looked like it could be the beginning of the end for the local inhabitants. The squirrels didn't mind, or the sparrows that still flitted around the deep purple sweet peas that hung in the dust along the fence by their camp. The human inhabitants were a little more leary.

Mem and Zuke sat talking in the A-frame that Mem called home.

"Did you hear about the Misfits moving up here?" Mem asked

"The what?" was Zuke's response.

"Yeah the Misfits. They're a motorcycle gang that moved up from L.A. I gave their gril friend a ride yesterday. She was black and blue. I guess the land is in her name. They bought McNasty's old place. Try not to think about it," Mem concluded. "Let's get going to the dance." They walked out of the A-frame and did not lock the door, they didn't even think of locking it.

The car was a 1964 Valient stationwagon. The road was dirt

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next page.*

misfits... cont...

for 6 miles bordered by flora and fauna of many shades of dusty green. The car rumbled around the virtually blind bends that cut a flat swath along an otherwise very steep mountain face. That people were actually living in this steep gulch was truly amazing (as Adam, the Don Rickles philosopher thereabouts, might have said). Up the rock-pocked road the Valient chugged, internally combusting the gasoline and leaving in its wake a residual film of dry heaving exhaust. Mem shifted into second cruising the almost hairpin turn by the Misfits' place. A car was parked up the drive but no more could be seen.

There had always been the potential for "hell to pay". Bands of various unbalanced marauder had roamed the hills before though never before had they owned land. This was a problem indeed. The local people, mostly young in their late twenties and thirties, had sought out this area to carve their own version of the American Dream, and have a nice place free of pollution to rear their children. The American Dream of a skinny wife and a fat house survived along side the emerging welfare mother matriarchy. They say the three passions of the hinterlands are sports, politics and religion. On the coast that trinity was dope, music and sex, and so the children came.

One of the Misfits thought someone had tried to run him off the road. He opened fire on Larry with a revolver and missed. Later his lawyer got the charge of attempted murder dropped to disturbing the peace. Many people weren't too bothered since Larry was new to the area and didn't seem to have the street smarts to avoid such a situation. Until they bother me there's no problem seemed to be the code of the hills.

When Bruce and Richard's wood was stolen and when tracks led right to the Misfits' house it was time for action. The home had been hit. They confronted the Misfit in his trailer one fine morning as he lay with his latest bruised lady.

"Look", Richard said, "You guys got caught. We found the tracks. We're just saying give us our plywood back."

"If I hear another word about the wood", replied Misfit Barnes, "I'll bury the next man who says it."

"It felt like we were in a rattlesnake den", Bruce later told friends. "Those guys are animals. You can't reason with them. Their brains are all in their little finger," he said waving his hand

like a gun.

The community took up a collection for Bruce and Richard to help make up for the loss. The wood was written off, it wasn't worth getting killed over.

The cops finally raided the Misfits, finding stolen cars, trailers, stereo equipment as well as tables and cupboards from the BLM-run campgrounds. While the Misfits were being arraigned the plywood was also retrieved. And that was not the end. A week later, one of the Misfits fingered Uncle Mo as someone who was at their camp when they were in jail. He was slugged in the face, losing a tooth. Later that night fifty rounds were fired into the Misfits camp. A week later Barnes was found dead on The Avenue of the Giants, plugged by his ex-old lady in the nuts, justifiable homicide the police report declared.



END

CB-30

On CB channel 30 the people meet and there is just one rule the CB Police (alias: The Three Stooges) try to enforce: "After making radio contact on CB-30 please switch over to another channel to have a conversation". (The Redwing Exception: "This rule does not apply to Redwing because everyone likes her and doesn't want to bum her out.")

When I got my radio the CB Police put me through the Freshman Hazing. They had me switching over to say two words. Well now I approach it more casually, in fact I have a few suggestions that would make CB-30 a more interesting place to live: Everyone should have to tell one joke a week on channel 30. Everyone must play some live or recorded music once a week on 30. And yes I foresee a day when everyone will have their own channel. (I hear you can call The Joker on 39 now.)

And then you have the Switch-over Burns living on the edge of their CBs, following other peoples' lives up and down the dial. The Switch-over Burns know that the witches meet on 13; Hoosier and The Pentagon go to 27; and the Pink Dust crew do the 23-skidoo. So you've got to have a **code** to get any semblance of

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WHITETHORN THEFT!!!

The theft of Whitethorn was discovered about nine o'clock Sunday morning when an observer arrived at the location where the town should have been and noticed that it simply wasn't there. The town was gone. It hadn't been disappeared sci-fi fashion leaving an empty void which one could approach, reach out and watch one's hand disappear, but Whitethorn definitely wasn't where it was supposed to be. Recalling bits and snatches of recent rumor, wild talk and other messages dispatched over the telegraph of the hills combined with the overwhelming evidence immediately at hand, there was no doubt but that some person or persons unknown had perniciously perpetrated the purloining of Whitethorn. To be blunt, some sicko had stolen the town.

The store, not yet open, was there but with a twilight zone shimmer so that it seemed to not be there. The post office seemed normal and there was nothing unusual among the mail accumulated in the box since Thursday, but that meant about as much as the restroom in any Greyhound station in the country - just because you recognize the graffiti above the urinal doesn't mean you are necessarily in Topeka.

Surveying the view of where Whitethorn had been revealed the crude resemblance that was a cruel parody of the real thing. The pavement of Main Street as well as the concrete sidewalks on either side had been swept clean beyond recognition with a look of untrod newness. Gone was the mother lode aluminum deposit through the center of town which nature had left in such a way as to almost uncannily give the appearance that actually countless beer cans had been haphazardly strewn about by half hazardous semiconscious drunks over a period of unknown eons. Gone was the accumulation from approximately the same time period of the general layer of muck, grime, rubbish, trash, squalor, refuse, filth - call it what you will - the disgusting yucky stuff that successfully kept the overly fastidious at bay. Gone was the pall of sickness which had been recently hovering in the air and clinging to bushes or unwary passersby like an invisible gothic-novel fog which, in contrast gave me a feeling of robust good health, even on my shakiest days.

The picnic table and surrounding area had been brushed and pampered into a place pleasant enough to enjoy eating a snack or

light meal without vomiting. Even the gutters looked clean enough to eat from.

The emptiness where Whitethorn would have had a soggy, slightly fetid and gelid mass of polyester, cotton, virgin acrylic, promiscuous wool and other assorted tatters and scraps oozing between the slats from the freebox provided the irrefutable evidence that a thief had made off with the town. Gone was the finest clothier and haberdashery establishment west of the Eel.

The identity of the thief who stole Whitethorn will probably never be known, and one could grow accustomed to the clean town left in its place. But already on Monday afternoon there was the repulsive sight of a cigaret butt on the sidewalk to serve as a reminder that out there somewhere running around loose is the sicko who stole Whitethorn.

By Usi Junk

... CB-30, continued

privacy from your nosey neighbors; here's what you do: Contact someone on CB-30 and tell them to meet you on 35 which *really* means 25. Then the Switch-over Burns have to race frantically up and down the dial in search of vicarious conversation. And when they find the switch-over channel its probably just Bear-Bear telling Heart to Heart to remember to bring her Cabbage Patch doll to school, although I did hear White Light talking about her boobs on 22 the other day.

Yes, the only sure way of getting some privacy on CB radio is to use the "delayed switch". You contact your friend on 30 and tell them to switch to 37, what that really means is wait five minutes and then go to channel 7! Works every time!

Strange CB scenes: I had some neighbors who broadcasted their dinner party by mistake! The microphone was jammed open-call it "The Dimension X Experience"(And thanks for the great show,guys!) Then there was the CB terrorist who took channel 30 hostage with some raspy heavy metal music one night. (Know anything about that Red Rock?)

Mexico New Years

Three hundred miles south of the border the Gulch-7-Mobile's left rear steel belted radial slammed into and out of a half foot deep pot-hole at seventy miles per hour on carraterra (hiway) 57 in the Huichol desert twenty miles out of Matehuala late at night on December 31. I was letting Carl drive as fast as he wanted because I felt bad about throwing my beer on him a few miles back after he had asked if it was alright to turn the heater on.

We limped into town on the spare arriving at the new guest house of La Huerta where our considerate hosts, Roberto and Cynthia, have left a stick of incense burning and a doobie on the side-table. Villa and Zapata are back up on the wall as well as a huge Geo-map of Mexico showing every peak and vally. A surf-board hangs along the bamboo ceiling and a few 50 lb. bags of pecans lay on the floor. Everyone has already gone up to Catorce for the party. (And so it was that as the year ended I found myself back in La Huerta, an orchard compound on the edge of Matehuala, where wandering around a shed I found a drawer full of little rooster boxing gloves.)

We raid the Zacatecas purple stop for a case of beer, and head out of town in the desert-cruisin', low-ridin' Gulch-7-Mobile. We drive the flat run to Cedral then turn off into the Sierra and up the grade to the tunnel of Real de Catorce. With the purple smoke burning bright we blaze down the cobbled roadway under the mountain of silver, entering the narrow streets of the old town which once thrived with mineral wealth and now features a little off-the-beaten-path tourism. We creep slowly past the church and stop at Roberto's place The Hotel El Real.

There's the usual assortment of travelers, peyote-eaters, and artists hanging out at the El Real, South Americans, Texans, and Europeans high in the mountains of Mexico waiting for the traditional chicken dinner. We drink and smoke then go outside, en masse, to watch the fireworks in the street which soon becomes a smoky mess amidst the gay laughter of the town kids. We head up to Roberto's apartment above the plaza to work on some cactus, cleaning the little white hairs from the buttons. Then the green meanies are cut up and cooked into peyote chocolate bars! (I took a bite, chewing with a cringing jaw the bitter mouthful raw.)

Its 1989!!! We're back at the Hotel hugging the helpless heathen as many bottles of Mexican wine are opened with dinner. The Americans and Europeans chow down in the early morning cacaphony of music and talk. We are dancing the midnight electric in the heights of San Luis Potosi here in the steepness factor, the cobbled streets of Catorce: party town, get-down geological formations, the feast of San Francisco, and one group of daze-eyed peyote-eaters, faces burned by the mid-day sun on the wild trail up to Que Mado.

THE ADVICE MAN

Dear Advice Man,

At the store I buy fresh vegetables with all the best intentions only to let them yellow and rot while I lay around smoking reefers and watching Triple XXXstasy on the dish. Then I throw them down the hill at the old oak tree. Any suggestions?

Desperately Seeking Nutrition

Dear Seeking,

Yes. Buy only round vegetables like cabbage. You'll probably hit the tree a lot more.