

GULCH MULCH

254

ALL THE PULP THATS FIT TO GULP

HIPPIES TALKING ABOUT MONEY

That seems to be the current theme...Can the Gulch support its human residents? Who are we and what do we have to offer? What can we provide that originates here?

If seems the place to begin is with an inventory, the following outline is just a start: read it over and list anything you can think of that fits into the categories listed. If you need to, add new categories.

Please send your input to me or give it to me in person. I (and anyone else interested) will put the collective input together and print it in a future issue of the Mulch.

This is only the beginning but we have to start somewhere Keith, Bx#282, 95489

INVENTORY

POPULATION (People)

- A. Skills
- B. Desires
- C. Jobs already created or happening

RESOURCES

- A. Water
- B. Clay (for cosmetics)
- C. Lumber products
- D. Medicinal plants
- E. Mushrooms
- F. Fish
- G. Decorative plants
- H. Wild food plants
(acorns, madrone, manzanita berries)
- I. Dye plants

CABIN FEVER DEPT.

PHONES ARE US

DIARRHEA OF A SWITCH-OVER BUM

(Why I Quit The C. B.)

I was reading a Chronicle sports report about Key 'n Will and the Bash Bro's when a voice came over Channel 20. Then a different voice answered and the two decided to switch to Ch 26 because we don't want to hear about your little lives on 20 in wild wooly Northern California. But I leaped out of bed with a roar and charged over to the handset switching over to #26 just in time to overhear some dumb conversation between some teen-agers who are plotting to sneak off to some secret party (they end up getting busted in town when their mother drives by and now they're pissed because their innocent driver refused to lie to their parents!!!).

So then there was Dimension W's party yesterday and I didn't get the word. How can I get my revenge? Who can I hate? I know...I just won't invite "W" to my party, in fact, I'll get back at you guys....I won't invite *anyone* to my party.

Being a hard-core switch-over bum I over-hear the dinner plans (please no mercy invites) as I heat up the miserable split-pea soup. If I want a home-cooked meal I have to invite myself over to the Dusty-Curls.

I know the score: stay in touch with the school if you want to know whats happening. So you see, thats why I had to quit the C.B. cold turkey.



Dawn + Melody - 1979

BORDER PIGS

I drove across the Arizona desert and into the Dept. of Agriculture inspection station where they check the fruits coming into California. This time the stop was crawling with area Narcotics agents lead by a slimy L.A. County cop..and this in Riverside Co. They were pulling whoever fit the profile out of their cars and searching them.

The LA slime asked me to pull over for a search.

"Are you asking me?" I asked.

"Yes we're asking you", the slime said.

"Then I refuse."

"Ok, then. Custom*blah,blah, I order you..."

So I parked up the way and Bush's sleazy goons tore through my car. Soon other young and Latino persons were ordered from their cars and joined me in the row of chairs alongside Interstate 10.

One woman from Houston said,"I wonder how they pick which people to stop and search" as all these expensive cars carrying straight-looking uptight Republican jerks whizzed through the check-point.

The Supreme Court ruled this year that if you fit the profile, ie you fly to Miami and return the same day, check no luggage and pay in cash, then you can be searched sans a warrant. So whats next....road-blocks on 101?

As I repacked my stuff I said to one of the border pigs, "So whats next? Hitler and the Nazis?"

One responded,"You can take your Nazis and....

"Hey ~~you~~ guys are the Nazis", I said and roared on down the road to Los Angeles.

MICE FROM HELL

Why I Decided To Fix Up The Pad

I arrived home from town with a new box of Grape-Nutz in my hand. I noticed that there was already a nearly empty box on the shelf and, being a thrifty kinda guy I decided to finish those first. The box top was ajar but I dove right in.

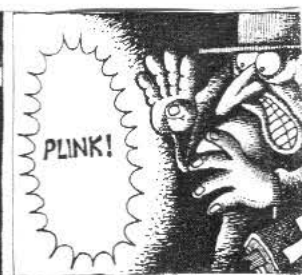
After a few bites I thought yeah its a little stale and kept on eating. A moment or so later I looked down into the bowl (for the first time) and very much to my dismay saw mouse turds floating in the non-fat milk.

I leapt up and threw the rest of the bowl out the door. Then as it sunk in what I'd just ingested I went over to the sink and spontaneously vomited the Grape Nutz as mouse turds flew from my mouth as well as well as that funky white stuff from the back of the throat.

Yes the day I ate shit in the Gulch I decided to patch up the holes in the wall and to re-modell

DISTRACTION ON AISLE 12

You know how when you go into Murrishes to just "pick up a few things" it takes a lot longer than planned because you keep running into people you know and feel obligated to enquire about the llamas and the skin wraps, or how the divorce is coming along. Well, now for the first time in a major NorthCoast market Groucho Marx masks will be available at the door. The new policy started this morning and its quite a sight to see all these Grouchos pushing their carts up the aisles and shopping effeciently. (But Harold...could we please have some SORBET?)



LOCAL MEDIA REPORT

This week in the **Anderson Vally Adver-deepfeer** Brucie baby, in defense of radical Mendo School Board member Don Lipmanson who was just busted for growing for the second time within a year, calls some jerk "a lying sack of shit". Brucie, supposedly anti-drug (according to his **Taj Mateel** informant David Katz) seems to be growing a tad impatient with our hero Don.

Last month on his KMUD segment (Mondays at 8:00AM) Brucie told a joke about Senator Barry Keene humping his dog on the steps of the state capitol. It was funny but it wasn't very "safe radio". (Put a rubber on it Bruce) Actually our boy Brucie has been on better behavior since we put him in his place with a taste of his own medicine last issue.

Meanwhile I see that weekly column ace Larry Livermore (like, are you a journalist or a lab?) is starting to take on Godfather Bruce's style of sexual cheapshots. (The Margie Handly article). Don't be a clone L.L. or you'll be open to "lap-dog" charges. C'mon, you don't really want to flush your credibility down the same toilet as Dr. Anderson, do you?

The AVA-still the most entertaining rag in the area, you just take Brucie with a couple mountains of salt!

THE WRETCHED REJECT trudges along like a sleeping giant in its corporate cocoon desperately needing an infusion of intelligence and creativity so it can rise up and crush the

SO-HUM LIFE-LESS TIMES which has the same news as the RR and more adds.

THE GULPED PULP (all the gulch thats fit to mulch) continues to save paper and trees.

KMUD UPDATE

Another thing I like about KMUD is that its on the same frequency as KNER-AM meaning I can, with one flip of the switch, listen to those oh-so-hot San Francisco Giants or flip back to my favorite KMUD show...which happens to be the news. (Call me a fascist but I sure wish the news came on ON TIME!)

Sometimes I think "J.D. are you running a radio station or a circus, or a Mud Pak., or a Blues Extravaganza.?" Now the latest "MUD" gimmick rumour is the ultimate....total immersion.....yes we're talking about MUD BATHS! Apparently hot mud will be trucked up daily from Calistoga and one more unit at the top of town will be turned into a MUD SPA. Projections are that within six months the MUD BATHS will be covering all costs at the station enabling those 90 ego-maniac D.J.'s to keep putting it out to us.

CREDIT UNION MERGER???

I took an informal poll at the Faire and here are the results:

Do you support the merger of the two credit unions?

YES-22% NO-53% Undecided-25%

Most people queried admitted that theirs was an uninformed opinion. For those who would like to see the whole sordid issue aired in a public forum, **Rick Quest's Interactive Radio** show on KMUD-91.1 FM this Thursday night at 7:00 will feature this issue I'm told.



WHALE GULCH WEATHER REPORT

I have never seen a "Nintendo" but it must be the cats pajamas. I think the trouble with youth today is they don't figure in their heads, they use a calculator instead, turns their brains to mush. Exercise your cerebrum....collage or perish...Since no one has gone in for the free vasectomies as advertized on David J's reggae show, the Health Center has announced that they will be giving away transistor radios for anyone who wants the "little operation". Also a VCR will be awarded to anyone getting a tubal ligation. (Sex-change operation good for on satellite dish.)...Found out I've got some readers in Kentucky, friends of Janine, my old high school buddy from Northside. In Varsity Varieties we sung "Hello sulfur-dioxide, welcome carbon mon-oxide" (from "HAIR") and then Duane robbed the cradle. (Yes, we were Hoosiers on the edge.) So you readers along the Ohio River, we want a column from KENTUCKY!...Uh Zuke? It might not take three hours to dry your clothes if you cleaned the lint thing more than once every three months, you dumb fuck...The Gulch is establishing sister-city relations with Johannessburg, S.A. Looks like Curly and Blackberry are the finalists for good will ambassador...Deb will not be pissed at me this issue. Thats positive. (Wasn't even close White Light)...I think the cops around here pull over the people who *don't* drive over the center line. They must realize that the sober people cockily and confidently cut a few corners and don't worry while the stressed-out drunk people are the ones carefully guiding their vehicles between the lines...There is a movement afoot to

fix up the Gulch Comm. Ctr. (doors and windows) and start a theatre group. Cristy had so much fun producing the school play that she's inspired others to carry on in the thesbian way...To the snowball ambushers:it may never snow here again so maybe you're not worried. But someday there'll be a knock on your door...its gonna be the snowball from hell, man (got that k-9 and White Rock?)...Someone who was so pissed last issue, because I (tackily?)reported on her new romance, came up to me at the school play and passionately kissed me saying " Put this in the Gulch Mulch!"...Dawn and Melody came to visit for a couple weeks. It was a good time 'cept I wouldn't buy them Tater Tots and I got mad at Melody for slamming the freezer door. They loved Nancy's llamas.

ABBIE H.

Yes Abbie was my hero- I stole Steal This Book three times and, yes, gave them all away. I landed in New York for a couple years in the 70's and got a job at the Tiny House daycare center where Abbie's son America was a three-year-old. So America's mom recruited me for some outside babysitting when she needed to go out and do some research for the book she said she was writing about the Guru Mahara-ji. (Also at Tiny House was David Mason's son True-a brat-and Dean Martin's grandson-ditto.)

America was a cute kid and Abbie was freshly on the run, what would turn into a nine-year run complete with plastic surgery, a year or so in prison, and now the end.

America sat under the bathroom sink with a firemans hat on as I lead him in choruses of "Right on Abbie!" After he went to sleep I snooped around till I found a joint. Anita thought I was such a good sitter that she invited me back to Hudson Street for a chicken dinner. When I asked her about Abbie she said "He doesn't play by the rules."

Abbie Hoffman..... maybe he peaked too soon.....

