



# The Gulch Mulch

all the pulp that's fit to gulp

## HIPPIES, REDNECKS AND TOO SHORT

### THE MATEEL SAGA CONTINUES

I went to the Too Short concert out of curiosity. Rap comes to Garberville, wow I gotta check that one out. The gig was sold out but I managed to wrangle a press pass/work the door combo. Too was late so we milled around; it was mostly fun, then again I was sober and got in free so I didn't feel that manic pressure of "having to have a great time".

I struck up a conversation with a girl from Eureka, a huge woman who was practically wearing her bra on the outside as her abundant breasts cascaded out. She was complaining that beer wasn't being sold and wondering why all the young kids were there. I explained to her that around here the age thing pretty much overlapped (8-48?) and that the kids were pretty hip, that some have sexual relationships at fourteen and their parents are aware of it.

"We have that up there too," said Shelly who'd recently moved up from the Bay to have her baby.

Inside the hall I liked the mix, black and white together; there was a mutual respect in the crowd. I was spozed to be watching the door but Piri was there so I scammed out of the work, as usual. It got a little boring and I almost went home since I wasn't the rap king like Mike Raphone whose raputation was on the line since he'd been talking about the show on KMUD for weeks.

When Too Short finally made it to the building (hours late) the jaded crowd wasn't yelling enough so the MC got up on the stage and shouted "C'mon you bunch of wimps!" (I thought that was rude and she did get canned for that.) So Too came on and did a show. The lyrics weren't very creative or inspiring and some people thought they were downright nasty. Sure it was rude but what're you gonna do? Tell an Oakland B-Boy to watch his language?

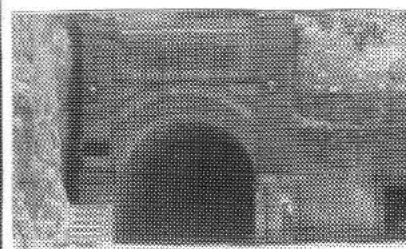
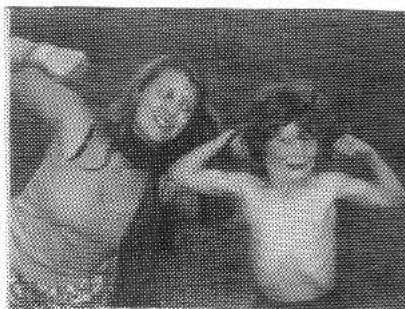
...continued on next page.

## REDWOOD SUMMER SURVEY

On election day I asked one hundred average Garberville hippies (and one redneck) what word comes to mind when I say "Redwood Summer."

Here are the responses:

Trees, crowds, trouble, positive, nothing, ???, hot, Earth, excitement, possible conflict, hippies, scary positive, scary, people waking up, earth first, hot, great, hopeful, hot, hot, undecided, bad PR, violence unbelievable, dangerous, happenin', Indian Summer, Daryl, trees, bike, good luck, great, past due, trees, dryness, justifiable, excellent, entertaining, demonstrations, be there or be square, finally, action radical, shit, resolution, good, trees, bad news, questionable, fun, Humboldt, trees, great, hectic, good, interesting, on the fence, Mississippi Summer, Yes, ???, trees, happenin', Community Center, forest, Shakespeare, logger, wonderful, non-violence, hope, people, forest protection, uncomfortable, right on, right on, I support it, confusion, earth first, cool I guess, hot, influx, totally against, great, yes, exited, action, hot, now, trees, good, yes, survival, long hard fight, trees, Mississippi Summer, and trees.



## Hippies, Rednecks, etc... cont,

I hear that tensions were rising on the street but when you hang out in the gutter with the homeless, alkie, junkies, and slummin' teens, which is the usual scene by the liquor store, there's obviously something missing in the brain department in the first place. Those who came to the hall and left when it was over were fine. Indeed if you asked the kids most would say that it was the gig of the year, they were up and down the stairs networking all evening.

The idiots who drink to excess combined with their lack of "street smarts" are the ones who get into trouble. I don't know what can be done about teen drinking short of AA for all of them. I saw it vividly with the short-lived Teen Center two years ago: Face it...kids these days are into sex and drugs and rock n roll or they're home studying for good grades. After we threw a dance at the Vets in Garb in the morning there were beer bottles everywhere. Town Father of the Old Guard Monroe Tobin gave me a talking to and he was right but still no solutions.

Now the Mateel is under attack by bureaucratic forces and hippies gone wrong though probably over 90% of the people at the gigs are glad to have the choice to come or not. I'm told that some of the rednecks really hate the Mateel but hey there's idiots on both sides around here such as the cretin who wrote "Loggers Lick Corp. Balls" on the Briceland Rd. Heightened tensions anyone? Its that type of rhetoric that helps create an atmosphere of violence. (Daryl and Judi might attest to that.)

Most of the straights of Redway are prudent people, not fools. Having a noisy boogie barn in the nabe is one thing but thinking you can't use it is another. Maybe the hippies are just more out-going; if the hips wanted to join the Kiwanis or whatever we'd find a way to take it over and probably have the most radical chapter in the state like the Vets have done with the Am Legion. The other day I was telling this friend that the last institution the hippies would take over is the Senior Center. Then he reminded me that Jerry Garcia bought the Senior Center for Redway. Can you dig that? Jerry Fucking Garcia of the Grateful Dead bought the aging Garberville Hippies a retirement home! (Just say what, Jerry?)

Maybe there won't be peace in Red-teel until the necks and the hips start playing basketball games at the Taj.

## Mateel Community Center

One Election day I asked 100 average Garberville hippies what word that comes to mind when I say MATEEL. Here are the responses: Community, fun, devider, community center, good, shameel, good, center, overcharged, whoops, problems, crazy, political, yes, shaky, bigger, community, community center, fun, Taj, confusion, pizza, rivers, fun, center, center, disorganized, bifurcation, center, Mateel Cafe, shoelace, nothin', mess, positive, food, Mateel Cafe, loud, new name, community, omigod, center, community center, boogie, redwood, community center, spirit, disorganized, grandiose, Mateel Cafe, trouble, its alright, a blank, community, great, river, good, entertainment, oh god, center, community center, community, great, center, hope music, community, gathering, Mattole Eel, river, all for it, controversy, division, Reggae, conflict, polarizing, Joan, fucked, top of the hill, dances, good thing, community center, dance, crazy, OK, hate it, center, nation, no country n western, fucked, on line, community, Mateel Cafe, yes, communication, community, hardship, fun, sacred cow, synagism, and conflict.

## CPR

All the responsible people came to the CPR class at the school. There were the usual goofy guys who tried to be funny about the dummy. (Why is it always the guys, like Hoosier and Bunny Man who pull that shit? Just once I'd like to see Redwing play the fool for a change.)

Hoosier and Lambsbread didn't practise on the dummy, therefore they are dummies. Hoosier was just too lazy, therefore he'll have to hunt one down in Redway to complete CPR. Yo Annie!

Everyone should take CPR. Doing CPR on someone you can keep them alive for **hours** until more help arrives. More on this in ten or twenty years.

# Letter From Matehuala, Central Mexico

Cuatro Milpas -- Can you imagine naming a community Four Cornfields? It's a godforsaken place, stuck in the middle of the saline plains with no reliable water source other than a diesel well that pumps up salty water that makes clothes stand up on their own and doesn't even serve to cook beans. Besides, the campesinos can't afford the diesel fuel. Since my arrival, I've

been making weekly treks, one and a half hours, down a pitted out gravel road that takes another six months off my vehicle every visit. Each time we head out there, we pray that the clouds have showered their mercy on the place, filling up the dirt tanks in which the livestock wade and the people drink. Until then, we know the people will have to take a two hour jaunt by mule and cart to the railroad to haul their water, and the bare ground in the rangelands will expand cancerously. And each time we go, we find it dry as a bone, dry like the bones of cattle and goats that are cropping up in place of the elusive corn fields.

Until Wednesday. The drought breaks, July 28, two months too late to plant with any hope of a crop. We veer off the gravel onto the dirt trail two kilometers from the cluster of abandoned adobe huts they call Cuatro Milpas. All but five families have hopped the train to grovel for work in Monterrey, vowing to return after the first good rain. Glorious drops of life, the creosotes glisten in the morning mist and the trail has been converted into a fishless creek. We get stuck in the mud a couple of times, and decide to abandon the vehicle and take a ride with our co-worker veterinarian in his pick-up. The deep melody of croaking frogs is deafening. Like the people, they somehow entrench themselves in the dust and dessication, springing back to life with the first cooling showers.

But the feeling is eerie, ominous. Not celebratory as I had somehow expected. When we slide into Cuatro Milpas, we see skulls, hides, and intestines draped over the fence. Doña Kika, on Luis and their three children are skinning four goats and two abritos with machetes. The dogs are scrounging for meat, lapping up blood as it drips to the ground.

The rains came on quickly the evening before. Irineo, the twelve year old shepherd, was heading home with the herd when the thunderstorms ripped through. Don Luis darted out to shelter his son under a piece of plastic sheeting. The goats, being deathly afraid of rain, ran crazily for cover. Without a tree in site, they all piled on top of one another in panic, crushing and suffocating the weakest among them.

It seems to have forgotten Cuatro Milpas, the people say. So many weeks waiting for rain and look what it brings us. But the parched dirt tanks are overflowing with water, and the rains will finally turn the rangelands green with "hierbitas", annual asses and herbs. The people will return from Monterrey. Death has taken its toll, its price for the rain, but life will come back to this community like frogs from hibernation.

The kids stop skinning to help us grab goats to ear-tag and weigh. We pull out our data sheets and get to work in the mud. Research goes on. Life goes on. I wonder if somewhere along the way, they will meet, if the enduring people of Cuatro Milpas will benefit from the time that we take from them on each visit. A few hours later, we finish our monitoring work, Saul does a gross necropsy on the dead goats and treats the live ones still shocked from the night before. We leave a half a watermelon for the family, left over from a party at home the night before. After driving out record the rainfall from our rain gauges, we take off to visit three more ejidos.

That's how it is. Each day with new surprises, new things to learn. It's a little overwhelming, especially trying to fit all of it into a normal life in a nice little town. But I sure don't trade it for anything at this point. It seems that just when I get frustrated and fed up with the office work, I get out to the country and remember why I'm here.

Shelly S.  
Matehuala, SLP

"Let's speak clearly once and for all... We Cubans don't export garbage. But often what we get back in trade [from the East] is junk!"

"No one else in the world buys Bulgarian forklifts. They are such garbage, only we bought them! How many hundreds, thousands of them stand idle today in our ware-

houses? The Hungarian buses we have get four miles to the gallon! They pollute the city with fumes and poison everyone around. Who knows how many people have died from the fumes of those buses just because they put in a defective fuel pump! On top of it all, those buses have a two-speed Czech transmission that alone wastes 30 per cent of the fuel! Oh, how happy I am to speak with such openness! It's been difficult to talk about these things in the past, but thanks to these new circumstances, we have been relieved of our previous compromises!"

Fidel Castro



Frazzle is drawn by  
Michaelangelo Jokez



# Just Say No

Dear Mulch,

Who remembers those three second television commercials which simply flashed, in black and white, the printed name of the product being advertised? Subliminally the message was imprinted on the viewers' unsuspecting minds, not unlike a hypnotic suggestion. Suddenly the sales of certain products soared as housewives all over America found themselves wheeling their carts to places they had never been before, loading up on products they never previously considered to be a necessity in their lives. The success of this simple advertising procedure became a great topic of interest and discussion. Nationwide, advertising and business management swooped down on this device of subliminal imprint like a voracious bird of prey. Potentially, they could control the mind of the consumer with a three second blip ... truly a new frontier. On the other hand psychologists and certain political figures became increasingly alarmed. The Docs proclaiming that the American people were being brainwashed and the politicians proclaiming that blip mind control was unconstitutional. Eventually blip ads were banned because in effect they replaced the process of choice through cognition with mainlining messages directly to the brain.

What do blip ads and simple slogans like, "love it or leave it," "freedom and justice for all," and "just say no" have in common? Have you ever been to a big sports event and witnessed four cheerleaders unite fifty thousand crazed fans with a repetitive three word slogan like, "push 'em back"? Or how about a major musical concert when the really great performer can homogenize the most diverse audience with a simple sing a long slogan. It's great. It feels terrific. It's in the spirit of "all for one and one for all." We're hippies and we're Americans and we love it. The flip side of this coin is that danger lurks if the wrong slogan pops out of the wrong mouth and the brain dead masses find themselves with a raised right arm repeating some hideous demonic chant as they goose step to euphoria.

Slogans like "just say no" are insidiously dangerous because like the blip ad, the slogan eliminates the process of thought and choice. Ridiculous, you say? To strong, you say? Okay then, let's see what happens when we take a ride in the comfortable "just say no", air conditioned, pure and simple organically grown, Toyota 4x4 or for the more discerning, the highly respectable professional Volvo, to our purely simplistic rationalized destiny.

What is it that we are supposed to just say no about? Drug abuse, including pot, alcohol, tobacco, caffeine, sugar and or any habitual substance use which we not longer have control over and which is harmful to our physical and emotional well-being. That sounds pretty good but how about other flavors of abuse which are not necessarily drug related? Do we just say no to lies, competition, deceit? Emotional sickness, co-dependency, ancient grudges? How about hate between neighbors? Hate can be a pretty intoxicating and habitual experience! Do we just say no to dysfunctional communities, territorial pot wars, disrespect, judgement, righteousness? What about punching the just say no kid in the face who ran into your car with his motorcycle on a blind turn? What do we just say about that? How about cash rebates out of Granny's pocket for the kid who doesn't go to school? What do we just tell Granny? Well, we should definitely just say no to the irresponsible and ruthless "uncool" growing scene and for sure to smoking a lot of pot, especially before noon.

What about selling pot to other people, who may abuse it and become the dreaded substance abuser? What do we just say about living off substance abuse money? Do we just say yes to hypocrisy?

Do we just say no when the kids want to just get rich too — grow, smoke and sell the substance? Or do we just say yes as long as we just

get rich but just don't smoke ourselves? Let others just say yes and pay the price. That way we remain substance free while we just sell those pounds, buy that 4x4 and enjoy that just say no drug free lifestyle.

I want to be substance free like you guys out there, but I don't exactly know what I have to do to get accepted. What it looks like to me is this ... I must throw my rolling papers in the compost and run over my cork screw. I must empty all small pouches and vials and check old stash spots for zip locks just in case ... I must never ingest any psychogenic substance ... ever! ever! ever! However, I can grow a psychogenic substance and sell it to other people to use, enjoy and/or abuse and it's okay to live off the proceeds. Because, hey, it's a free country, right? And if I didn't sell it, somebody else would anyway!

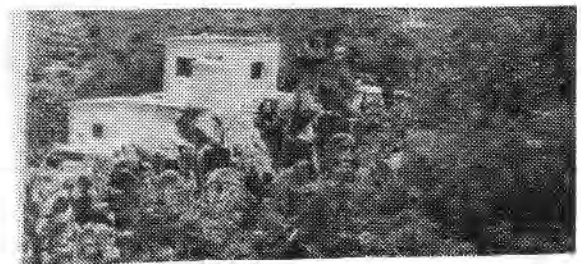
I can also encourage my children to grow, sell and live off this forbidden substance and I can enjoy the pleasure of watching my childrens' expanding prosperity. Although some of these children enjoy, use and at times, whole heartedly abuse the substance, we know it's not really a problem because in the end they will have the clarity of our understanding, their role models to guide them. As an extra gesture of our diligence, we will offer a drug program in our school taught by none other than our own teachers, growers, and parents.

So in conclusion, may I ascertain that as long as I myself refrain from all and ever itty bitty fun loving, mind altering dimension expanding, reality shifting drug induced transformational experience, I will be eligible to be a just say no-er? At this level of commitment, it appears that I will be worthy to judge other people — point my accusatory ordained finger at the suffering masses and proclaim them to be substance abusers.

I can continue to economically prosper by growing the substance and living off the money of the generic substance abuser. The thing I love about this is that I don't have to give up being rich to be righteous and the thing that scares me about it is it may be tricky to hide the hypocrisy from my kids but the strangest part of all is that as long as I just say no, I just don't have to think about life abuse, love abuse, friend abuse, child abuse, neighbor abuse, community abuse, because, hey, "love it or leave it," "freedom and justice for all," "baby, we've come a long way," "two, for, six, eight, who do we appreciate," right? No problem!

Awesome ...

Anonymous



## ANATOMY OF A FIGHT

After Too Short got out there was a fight. Two local guys were mouthing off to an out-of-towner. One of the locals said he'd "give the guy some lead." "You better make it a 4-gauge," the guy responded. The local guy making the threat went toward the trunk of a car and the out-of-towner said "He's got a gun in there."

Then the other local was mouthing off as everyone moved south from the liquor store down Redwood Drive. He got a staff, a cane of some sort and continued mouthing off. The staff infuriated the out of towner and tensions increased, some girls he was with tried to cool him out saying, "You don't wanna go to jail Roosevelt!"

Then the local abandoned the staff and tensions lessened. Onlookers formed a circle around Roosevelt and the two locals; I was telling everyone the party's over-go home. Then some other out of towner made like he was gonna fight Roosevelt. Then one of the two locals started mouthing off again and an as yet unmentioned out of towner emerged from the crowd and slugged the mouthy local in the face, a really crunching blow that sent him to the pavement. Boy that took the fight and tongue out of him, he got up staggering and holding his head.

Now the other local boy decided to grab a tequila bottle which infuriated some of the outies. I told him to get rid of it and tried to take it but he said he was only drinking. Then an outie shined a flashlight on the bottle and said, "Drinkin? Thats empty." One of Roosevelt's girlfriends tried to slug the guy who had the bottle, he pushed her away and then was attacked by a group of outies. He was down and they were kicking him-I thought they would kill him. Then they backed off and he remained in the fetal position holding his hands over his head.

Then someone slugged an outie girl and she hit the deck. Then all hell broke loose and all these scattered little skirmishes started, a chaotic scene. (If it was a riot, which I doubt, then that was the moment of riot.) I couldn't see who was hitting who 'cause I was looking out for my ass at the moment. A minute or so later the police roared into the scene, both county mounties and black and whites and soon restored order. People drove off to motels but now there was an undercurrent of hate pulsing to the surface, people driving into the Redway Motel were shouting,

challenging each other. An out of towner yelled something at a local.

"Hey, we didn't do anything," said the locals.

## WHALE GULCH WEATHER REPORT

Accident of the week: Hoosier, on the 4-Wheeler, collided with Blue Blossom on the bicycle. When Blue Blossom got up Hoosier punched him in the face...Curly wins the 4-Corners sign contest: Welcome to Whale Gulch, Where You Don't Need To Be An Asshole To Be A Man, And You Don't Need To Be A Man To Be An Asshole...The Health Center now has a cosmetic surgeon on staff for the aging, wrinkling hippies...Rumor has it that the Mateel is secretly owned by Ozzie Osborn and is going to bite the head off Redway(Thud)...Four million\$\$\$ later The Sanctuary Forest is 520 acres. The hot rumor has Talk Show moving to Fortuna to run for Supervisor...Look for major developments in the Redwood Summer tee-shirt wars very soon...Can you believe the parents who give their pre-schoolers axes? ...The Mateel asked the RCSD what they should do about their sewer pipe. Said the RCSD, "Put a sock on it"...That wild Harley Run came through town last week and was that Bill Roddy on the street corner shouting "Show your tits!?"...On a more serious note remember Pepe, who worked at Sicilitos? The bad news from San Miguel is that he was killed in a car accident in Peru...



Have A Nice Redwood Summer

## WHALE GULCH VOLUNTEER FIRE CO.

is offering a 40-hr. First Responder course, to be presented over the summer, with scheduling adaptable to participants' needs.

"First Responder" is a new program which fits between First Aid and Emergency Medical Technician. The purpose is to give victims of trauma and medical emergency the benefit of fast stabilization, to take advantage of the "golden hour" following medical crisis when quick informed response can make the difference between life and death.

Participants will receive certification upon completion of course. There is no fee, but purchase of textbook is necessary (\$12) and workbook advisable. Nancy is instructor, with assistance from other local EMT 1's. Class may not happen if less than six participants. Sign up at school bulletin board, or call Nancy (986- 7356) or CB.

## SCHOOL NOTES

At the last general meeting of a tumultuous school year lack of money was the main issue. The school is owed a few thousand bucks so it was decided that instead of having a separate committee to deal with the 25% of the families that owe money, a new policy will be tried: the general meeting will deal with the problem case by case.

Everyone is protective about who owes-I didn't hear name one. And that is part of the problem: people are too nice to clamp down but they need the money to operate the school so they're going to try harder to collect. "We have to face our own wishy-washiness," said Ray.

It was also mentioned that it would be nice to have a Crisis Co-ordinator for when something goes wrong. (Yeah, a Principal)... Someone said Conflict Resolution training would be helpful; perhaps Rondal could put us all through a mediator overview...The biggest laugh was when Ray misspoke and said, "This is the shituation."



Here are the new policy guidelines:

- \*People that owe dues should be notified prior to meeting.
- \*Every three months discuss dues owed at general meeting.
- \*Mid-summer general meeting to discuss each case.
- Send letters to parents before registration.
- \*Creative financing, include parents in fund-raisers.
- \*Budget representatives at registration.

## BRUCE WATCH

\* Driving through Texas last month I listened to the concerned fundamentalists calling up the talk shows and expressing their fears about New Age stuff creeping into their childrens' schools. It reminded me of Bruce Andersons sneer campaign against anything New Agy. I think Bruce is terrified of circles because he might have to (ugh) hold some guys hand. Well Bruce, here in greater Vineland a circle is sometimes unavoidable so what you do is get next to a couple of likely babes and make sure you hold their hands.

