The Gulch Mulch

all the pulp that's fit to gulp

Me Siento Comma Un Tonto...or Confessions of a Family Dog

Have you ever known that guy who hangs out at your house a lot more or less regardless of what you're doing.? He answers your phone, eats your food, smokes your weed, and eyes the teenage girls who sometimes emerge from their bedroom in their underwear. (That's over now.)

It all started during that first cold winter when I would bound over first thing in the morning for coffee, not bothering to make a fire in the frigid little cabin. Once, to illustrate the point, I bounded through the door and across the room on all fours with the SF Cronicle in my mouth where I proceeded to hump K's leg as he stirred the vegetables on the stove.

It all ended the day of the second anti-Green Sweep demo. (You remember? When George Butch's lesions of dishonor descended upon the helpless hippie hordes to take a bite out of green coller crime?) Riding down to the Cove for "brunch after demo" I panced R causing major backseat fighting. K looked disgustedly back at us as if to say "And now I have to listen to this."

When we got back to the house K,S, and C went gaily out into the garden with glasses of wine while the ubiquitous dog was ignominiously ignored,wine-less, on the couch.

(For someone who then decided never to hang out mindlessly without structure again it was with some astonishment that I found myself in a holding pattern at the Matehuala,Mexico Xmas dinner. I had already been nearly killed on the hiway racing down to the dinner which turned out to be so boring I went into the backyard to fire up some San Miguel green, then sat obliviously not eating at the table as rapid, inconprehensible Spanish swirled above my head.)

ASTROLOGY OVERLOAD

Its time to delve into the dirty little secret of astrological bias. The way astrology is practised today in Northern Cal, by the ignorant masses, is like a stereotypical quasi-religion discriminating against certain signs (I won't print the maligned signs here since it would only increase the depression of people thinking "I was born under a bad sign?" You know who those signs are, and one in particular.)

Astrological prejudices are encouraged by the stereotypes that we've been absorbing by osmosis in the last two decades of the hippie sub-culture. Do you ever find out a person's sign and start to look at them differently, treat them differently? Such as "No, I don't want to get involved with her, she's a spacy (sign)." Or "That explains it , he's a (sign)." The country women pass the lore/blanket descriptions down to the daughters around the fires.

Your sign can never help your image, only hurt it. I like to think I don't believe in Astrology then these prejudices march in. Short of lobotomies for a whole hippie-dippie generation I don't know what can be done. Free the astrology underclass!!!

Editorial

Opinions Are Like Assholes

What are we doing here people? I'll tell you what.....we're getting old. Most of us are pushing fifty or more. (I'm pushing forty though I don't feel a day over,say, twenty-eight after fifteen years stuck in the time-lock at nine-teen.) What are we going to be doing in fifteen or twenty years? Is it too early to wonder, worry?

How about heat? Are we still going to be schlepping those logs into the house into the next century with a bad back? Maybe we'll convert to cleaner gas after long-term wood stove poisoning scare.

We're out in the woods folks; phoney country people who put gas in the car and drive to town when we want something to eat. Suburbia without the 9 to 5.

With no health insurence or retirement plan what kind of future do we have. The smart ones have bought second homes in town. As we begin to drop like flies there will be more emphasis on I've got mine, I mean peace, love,and understanding is fine just don't ask to stay in my town house.

We're getting old folks. Now we're in the bubble living in relative good health in the country while the cities are killing people with electricity, violence, and poverty. What does the future hold?

The Advice Man

Dear Advice Man,

Don't you hate it when you're not invited to a party when you know other people who are going? Don't you ever wonder what the thought process was when your name came up."Nah, we won't invite him, he's probably already having way too much fun listening to the rain fall down."

There are three types of invites: #1-first class when you are invited personally; #2-second class when a first class invitee brings you along, and #3- third class when you hear about it and just come on your own.

Signed, Left Out

Dear Left,

Do you have the hosts over socially,ever? Do you bring nice things to potlucks that you do get invited to? Do you generally despise most people just on matter of principle? I thought so! You've got to get into the social swirl, get on the dinner party circuit and write back in a year. You've got to start giving instead of just take, take, take! Take my food, take my weed, take my booze then complain if you're left out in the third class cold. (Can't cook? A box of GrapeNuts is always welcome on the pot luck spread.)

LIFE IN HELL

By Matt Groening

pierced and tatooed denizen of "CLUB FUCK" in NYC.

Sacred Cow Bashing

Today the station manager went on the air to announce that the Eureka-Arcata transmitter project is draining money out of the day-to-day operations of the station so we should all donate more money. KMUD, to me and many, is probably the most important institution in town (give or take the Woodrose). No, we couldn't be satisfied with a community radio station , we had to have growth.

When this deal was in the works one of the high mucky-mucks at the station assured me that it was criticle for economic survival to expand to NoHum. He said if we don't expand and increase revenue we would have to cut the local news.

I listen to the local news every day, very carefully to make sense of Estelle's often tortured syntax. She is jacking up the news budget with her daily phone calls around the state, most probably necessary though many chasing rediculous stories such as the division of the state, to name just one. We will be keeping a log of rediculous and wasteful phone calls for subsequent editions.

FOREST FOREVER TRIES AGAIN

(Cecelia Lanman on KZYX, Beth Bosk's Show)

The River, Oak, and Wildlife Protection Act of 1991. We have until April 15 to turn in the signatures. We got off to a good start last weekend gathering 10,000 signatures in the Bay Area; we're hoping that continues to build, especially as we reach out to rural areas.

The Attorney General really messed up on the title and summary, they have failed to define clear-cutting correctly; they made an insane statement about replacing equivalent size oaks that sounds like it came out of fantasy land. What it really should say is the measure requires a no net-loss policy for California's endangered oak woodlands. The initiative protects criticle habitat all over the state requiring The Endangered Species Act to be applied to local projects as well as state. The appeal is broadened for people throughout the state, its not just a Northern California redwoods issue.

The other part of the summary we're very disappointed in is the fiscal analysis.The report that came out of the state office was quite good and reflected that our program doesn't cost anything that doesn't pay for itself. Unfortunately they didn't make that point in the title and summary. Our initiative will actually generate revenues that may be greater than what it will cost to do the program, especially in the long term. There will be some short-term costs because the state will have to do studies of distressed water courses and various other planning issues.

So we're very disappointed that they were only able to point out the costs rather than the savings. The state will also save money on education because we're putting more money into the county coffers, especially for timber counties. We've got a restoration program that will be available to timber counties as well as general funds. So we're actually going to double and in some cases possibly triple what comes into the timber counties.

Its the only measure that has any hope this year to protect the forests. We're out here on a shoestring. We need to get 8-10,000 signatures a week or more as we redouble our efforts. Everyone's working very hard-most people aren't being paid anything. (Some people are being paid to do regional co-ordination.) We've got a lot of volunteers out, we've got our grass roots campaign out, and we need all the help we can get. People can get petitions at any of the environmental centers. (Mendocino, Willits, Laytonville, Garberville, and Arcata.) We also have a central number people can call in San Francisco: Forest Forever...**415-771-1107.**

BACK STAGE

Two more satisfied customers at Reggae on the River

The Cat Lady of San Marcos, Texas

The Cat Lady lived next door (where I was staying in the suburbs of San M.) with forty cats and a major cat house in the backyard. She has over one hundred more around town spending two to three hours a day feeding them while teaching English at Southwest Texas State U.

Yesterday I saw some maurading dogs in our backyard biting pulling tearing apart one of the cats-the neighborhood dogs come to these killing grounds for sport. The cat clawed the air one final time and was still. By the time I got out there the cat was dead and the dogs were gone. With the shovel I started to hack a grave in the unfertile Texas turf, then decided to dump it over the fence into the Cat Lady's yard instead. (When the CL came over that evening I scored major negative points of insensitivity with my hosts, who are also in on the cat-feeding, when I told her that I dumped the cat over the wall since "you're the Cat Lady, you deal with it.")

A few days later I dumped another dead cat over the wall then on a neighborly visit offered to dig her a little row of graves. I pointed out the latest dog-victim causing her to cry in a kind of whining tearless way. Apparently she knows all the cats by name, sobbing this time for "Arthur". I thought to comfort her with an arm or hug but held back. (Is there something sick or crazy about having all these cats or is it just me?)

Later while playing frizbee golf I heard her confronting a neighbor about his dog. She was pleading, moaning, crying and begging him to keep his dog inside while she's gone to her mother's farm up in North Texas for the holidays. I edged closer behind the bushes where I was able to hear them talking at one hundred paces. He was saying that fifteen dogs in the neighborhood come to her place to kill cats so why is she bothering him? Because he's close? "Shoot him if he comes into your yard," he says to the Cat Lady who smells like canned cat food.

And....They're Off!

I went to the Humboldt Co. 2nd District Supervisorial candidates meeting with the express purpose of annointing ED Denson as "the" Southern Humboldt candidate; instead I ran into a faction of liberal pragmatists who don't think Denson can be elected. They support Tom Hiller as the candidate with the best chance to defeat the Fortuna "candidate from hell", possibly an arch-conservative named Nyberg.

In the last two supe. elections the conservative has defeated the liberal by less than thirty votes. In each case the liberals (Katz and Maurer) had Fortuna roots as well as the automatic lib. vote from SoHum. Hiller is seen in that mold, a moderate who's lived and worked in SoHum and Fortuna.

The pragmatists (townie liberals) don't even want Denson in the primary because he could knock Hiller out in SoHum then get clobbered in the run-off. The conventional wisdom is that Hiller could make the run-off and then give Nyberg a close fight(with straight and hip SoHum votes) but only if Denson drops out more or less immediately.

I think Denson can sweep SoHum, make the run-off, and win the general election with a lot of work and a political miracle. So what to do: Vote your heart for someone you can really relate too or compromise and still maybe not get a winner? I say everyone stay in the race. Thats what primaries are for-to weed out the weak.

Rosa Kicks Ass in City Brain Olympics

McAteer high school senior Rosa Rashall won three awards at the San Francisco Academic Decathlon competition held recently. The Decathlon is a city-wide event with twelve schools represented.

Rosa, who has a 4.0 plus average, won the bronze in speech, the silver in economics, and the silver in fine arts.