



The Gulch Munch

all the pulp that's fit to gulp

ACUPUNCTURE-DETOXIFICATION

So here I sit in the local acu-detox program strung out on.....er..TELEVISION!...that's right, with ten needles sticking into my ears, five in each one. As the acupuncturist sticks them in he mutters, "This point's for channel 3 and 6. This one's for cable. This one's for videos. This one's for satellite TV. And this one is for the fuck channel."

"What about my spirit gate point?" I ask him.

"That's the fuck channel," he replied.

So it's sittin' around for 45 minutes with these needles in my ears, classical music playin', and the tea boy bringin' me Chinese tea. I'm worried that one day the acupuncturist is going to say, "You know I could stick this needle in your ear and kill you in about three seconds."

I ponder what brought me to this point...that I just watched six movies in two days, three NBA play off games (GO RODMAN! you rainbow-haired freak!), Crossfire, the O.J. trial, Roseanne, Seinfeld, the Simpsons, enough! But could I go cold turkey? Is there any other way?

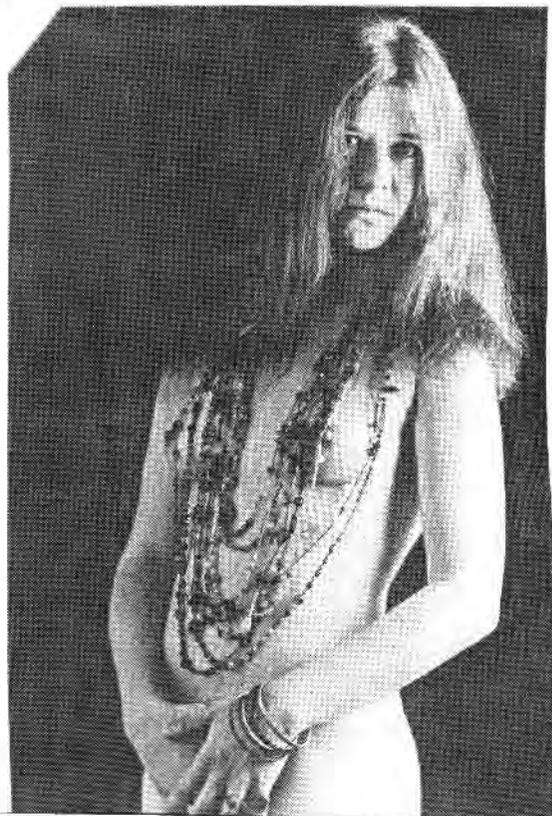
So what to do? Kill my television? Or maybe take up a more healthy addiction like marijuana, alcohol, or sex. The program might be on the way out anyhow as Peter, the acupuncturist, is learning to play the viola and will soon be auditioning with the S.F. Philharmonic Orchestra. This is bad news so I'm trying to discourage him by telling viola jokes. (Such as "How is pissing your pants and playing a viola solo similar? Ans. You get this nice warm feeling but no one really notices!")

"You, my friend,—a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens,—are you not ashamed of heaping up the greatest amount of money and honor and reputation, and caring little about wisdom and truth and the greatest improvement of the soul, which you never regard or heed at all?"
—SOCRATES, The Apology

TEXAS

Ah Texas, you crazy mixed-up pizza shit state. Where even if you live in the relative countryside of Martindale the ozone pollution of Houston blows across the state and into our backyards every afternoon. Wonderful.

But there I was in Martindale sitting on the porch of an old farmhouse in the afternoon with a very smelly big ol' yellow dog at my feet along with three or four others and a compliment of recently stray cats looking around with paranoid eyes as the ozone blew in. That wonderful pollution then veered up into Austin where the multitudes of environmentalists were trying to (continued on next page)



Janice Joplin
At The Mateel-July 8

save Barton Springs from the proposed 4,000 acre development sought by Freeport MacMeran's chairman Jim Bob Moffit. After despoiling Louisiana (chemicals) and Indonesia (world's largest gold mine) Jim Bob won't be satisfied until his FM Properties fuck up Barton Creek once and for all. (Freeport has the dishonor of being the U.S.A.'s most polluting corporation.)

Ah, yes Austin...that wonderful island of Liberalness in the vast toxic waste dump called Texas. Austin you sweet ill' yuppified, hippied-out, internet surfin', music-makin', pot-head mecca capital of Bubbalaad. Yes dear Austin where the aisles of Whole Foods Market are filled with the forms of fabulous babes and the 1,000 bookstore are crowded with the intellectual elite. (A fact: more books read per capita than ANYWHERE else!) Yes Austin the great internet hub where I found the Green Day Fan Club, erotic stories about the Rolling Stones, and pictures of oaves from Australia.

So it's life in the farmhouse, a ten minute drive away from the Cafe Latte at the Kismet Cafe in San Marcos, Austin's sister city. My landlord was talkin' about how since he didn't have insurance he was open for lawsuits. I assured him that I wasn't interested in lawsuits and he said, "You know, if someone threatened to sue me I'd tell 'em, 'hey I know about five people in Houston I could hire to KILL you!'"

My landlady would often complain about him, his ly'in', womanizin' and phuckin' around. She said he was very cool in that he could actually get girlfriends from topless bars, including her. They had just been up to Chicago to be on the Jenny Jones Show titled "My Boyfriend Goes to Titty Bars." JJ flew 'em up there, put 'em up, gave 'em \$300 and bought her a new dress for the show.

I had to ask, "Mary, why did you go onto that freak show and put your freaky thing out there in front of goddess and everybody?"

She said she was hoping to shame Dave into changing his evil ways. She was thinking of returning to topless dancing and was very proud of the time she'd table-danced twelve tables in a row. (It reminds me of the time I made 14 greens on Park Avenue in my taxi in New York.) I was on the verge of asking her to

demonstrate a "lap dance" for me.

* * *

Well I got out of there but while packing up to leave Texas I hurt my back moving a stove. So there I was stuck in San Marcos lying on the couch of a friend. It was a smokers' house so the atmosphere was rather unpleasant; I left the front door open all the time, regardless of the weather. The second night I moved onto his futon in the bedroom and he moved onto the couch. For the next week I stayed there, spending the days on the couch: just me, the remote control and O.J.

One night Ed came home and lit up his usual cigarette. "Does this bother you?" he asked politely.

"Yes, it does," I replied. "In fact this room, your whole house is a toxic waste zone. You're killing me and you're killing you!"

Saint Edward put out the smoke.

THE ART OF KNOWING (or not knowing) As it Relates to the ACT OF BEING

I guess it's one of those things that make life interesting -- you're growing up -- everyone is telling you what to do. You want to do what you want -- anyway the others are so stupid -- it's OK because as time passes you get to make more of your own decisions. Pretty soon, maybe you have your own kids -- now you get to make more decisions for more people -- you know what you're doing -- of course all these decisions are experienced by your kids as them being told what to do -- you may accuse each other of "thinking you know it all" -- this goes on for quite some time -- accelerating in the teen/middle age years. Teens have more people putting more restrictions on them, giving more advice, and asking for more decisions from them.

By this time you are definately "in the know." You've got people asking for advice ---.

But alas, the road has many turns -- you are starting to enjoy the act of saying "I don't know" while at the same time your kids have become adults facing more and more forks in their own road -- and what do they want from you -- Advice.

I know, I know. I know what you're thinking -- well, maybe I don't.

Keith

GREEN DAY



Danish Proverb: "Nobody is rich enough to get by without a neighbor."

HOME OWNER'S INSURANCE

So you want to get some home owner's insurance? Each insurance agent deals with specific companies. The one I talked to said that the only one he deals with who is writing it now is American Reliable.

For a house valued at \$75,000 it would cost approx. \$900 for extended coverage which includes fire, vandalism, injury, living expenses, and contents. Not included is flood or earth movement. For another \$525 you can get earthquake coverage.

You are not eligible for insurance if a wood-burning stove is your only source of heat. A gas or electric stove must be installed. The wood stove must be at least 18" from the wall; if it is less, then the wall must be covered with brick or an asbestos product with a one inch air barrier. The stove must sit on a material such as brick or tile extending out 14" from the door.

The house doesn't necessarily have to be up to code but it can't be obviously under code, such as a sagging roof.

Any house pre-1960 requires proof of retrofitting. A perimeter foundation is not always necessary; for now American Reliable is the only company in this agent's group that is insuring without a perimeter foundation. (In Humboldt Co. the code doesn't require a perimeter foundation, he said.)

The home owner's policy requires a \$250 deductible. The deductible for earthquake coverage is 10%. So theoretically if an earthquake destroys your \$75,000 house you have to pay the first \$7,500. Home owner's insurance will also cover you in some situations outside the house: For example if you're on the golf course and you hit someone in the head or break a window with a golf ball your policy will cover you.

A closing word about homesteading. You can file a Declaration of Homestead with your county by filling out the form which is available at the Paper Mill. Then if you're underinsured and have a terrible accident your home cannot be taken from you in a lawsuit. You are still able to borrow against your home but if you fall behind on the mortgage they can take it from you.

If you have your house insured for a replacement cost of, say, \$75,000 the insurance will (well... is supposed to) pay the contractors to rebuild it if it is burned down, toppled by an earthquake, or a tree falls onto it. (You definitely need any dry

brush cleared from within 30' of your house though living trees are OK as long as they're not hanging over the house.)

This is a sketchy look at insurance. It pays to shop around so do your own research to find the best deal for you.

THE MEANING OF LIFE

Often I wonder what is the point of life. Probably parents raising children don't obsess so much on this question. They know. (Well at least they're busy rearing kids.) Having been to a couple of wakes in the last year makes me think maybe the point is to generate a memorial service where many people say wonderful and true things about you, where they are sincerely sorry to see you go.

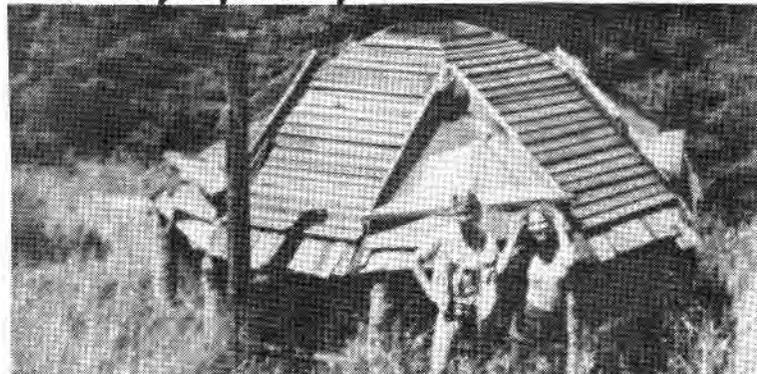
Last year death took a very popular and simpatico fellow named Harris. When I first met Harris he said to me, "Hey let's fly down to Puerto Vallarta, take a bunch of drugs, and play a lot of golf!" I think he was a little disappointed when I told him that I didn't fly.

A little time later I wrote in these pages my own suicidal eulogy. (Remember? Jumped into the middle of Benbow Lake with my Little League and Pent Pass 'n Kick trophies tied to my ankles!) After that Muloh came out (and I actually still have most of those!) Harris began inviting me to play golf and I assumed he was reaching out to me because of the fake eulogy. Actually at the time I thought Peg might be behind it, assuming the woman would express the empathy.

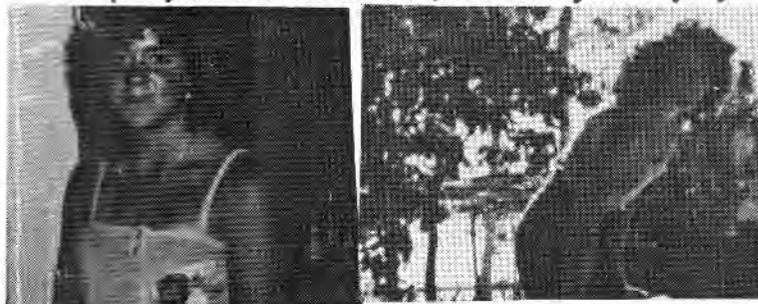
Yes Harris was a popular guy, had a wonderful wake, his last word was "GOLF." One other local person Dave McCormick was so well-liked that he had at least three separate memorial services!

Sometimes I wonder what is said at the wakes of people who don't really contribute much to the local humanity or are even complete lowlifes. Well, I imagine someone comes up with something nice to say!

So my friends: Do good deeds, be nice to your neighbors, protest injustice, and p'raps you'll have nice things said after. For that could be one of the points of life...to have a beautiful wake...and a great potluck spread too!



Kate + Alice at ARNIE'S YURT



HAPPY WEDDING! ANNA and BRIAN!!

I didn't have any papers or pipe and the ~~mota~~ was mainly stems and seeds. I cleaned it up til some serviceable material emerged which I rolled using some of that pink wrapping paper. It was the **fattie from hell** but it worked. I started thinking, "Hey maybe I could marry that daughter who's lingering in the back of the kitchen." And soon I got very paranoid -- just like the old man. I felt my traveling wad in my pocket and thought they were going to rob and kill me. I had to get out of there! Then they said come into this room and look at our armadillos and I thought "this is it" as I went into the dark room. I looked at a couple of armadillos and thought I gotta get outta there! Since I'd over-paid for the mota I took two animals, said "Regalo?" (gift) and headed for the door.

I abruptly left the house, and my betrothed, behind and Alphonso hurried after me. It was getting late and groups of bleary-eyed young men were walking down the street against me. Everyone seemed drunk, drugged, sick, dying, inbred. Alphonso had been accompanying me all afternoon and I was sick of it. I tried to ditch him but he wouldn't budge. I said, "Adios," turned right and walked off down some dead-end dirt path. That seemed ridiculous so I soon returned to the main strip where he was waiting.

I began to play Frizbee golf, walking through the disconsolate guys, feeling like the court jester in hopped-up Hell. Each electric pole was the golf hole and often I'd throw it to giggling children watching from their doorways but it was hard to get a thrown response from these foot-dominant kids.

Finally we got to the top of the village where Kathy had just arrived at the van, **business completed**. I wanted to leave but Alphonso wanted to show Kathy his stuff.

"Kathy, let's go. I've been trying to ditch this guy all afternoon," I whined.

"No, that's not how we do business," she said. So back into town we went to look at his stuff, cutting down a dirt trail to his house. I was skeptical but he turned out to have the nicest stuff in town!

As we were leaving **Tamalecatzingo** the guy from Fresno was trying to do one more little deal through the van window. I bought a couple vases then off we went down the dusty Mexican

roadway.

COUNTY ROAD TO BE PAVED?

There was a meeting yesterday to talk about what to do about the county road. There is concern about the health of the river, fish and people. People drive way too fast and there's dust flying all over the place. Some want to pave it and some don't. Some want to pave it just a little bit for an experiment. We're talking about the distance from the county line to 4 Corners. But as one person said even if every member of the community came to the Board of Supes or Dept. of Public Works and requested that the road be paved it still probably wouldn't happen, maybe never, on account of the County's more or less broke.

There was a straw vote: half the people wanted it paved and the other half didn't. There are many questions that need to be asked and answered. If there is going to be any paving the materials used must be thoroughly investigated. If we're trying to save the headwaters (from silt, salmon extinction, etc.) we don't want to increase the toxicity. Some other questions raised were: What is chip seal? Are speed bumps allowed on County roads in unincorporated areas? What can be done to make people slow down? Should we do a poll?

Last year after a few meetings about the road conditions the usual 5% or so of the community -- the movers and shakers who make these decisions -- presented a petition to the county asking for the road to be fixed. A FEMA grant was applied for and received by the county. The county will, somehow, come up with \$30,000 and the Feds will kick in the other \$90,000. The plan is for the road to be culverted or re-culverted at the existing trouble spots including driveways. The base will be reconstructed. This is all a temporary measure. We need a petition for local maintenance to keep the road up.

What's happening now is the bidding is over and a contractor from Mendo was chosen. There is already a boner of contention about this process because some locals are saying that the Wilcox Bros. never had an opportunity to bid. (When a contractor comes from Mendo they don't get here till 11:00 AM and they leave at 3:00 PM.) Lots more on all this later. Gotta go to press. Watch the bulletin boards.

Sweet Despairs

MORENO



SLICES

In late April the local theatre group put on a performance of the skits that they had been working on for the last three months. They killed! The crowd went wild at the two sold-out performances: -- glazed smiles on the faces and many laughs from the mouths. The first night the Mateel was packed with all the good ol' boys 'n girls we've seen around the area for years -- I must've known half the people there.

The first slice (skit) was an ethereal piece, written by first time playwright Gena Huffer, dealing with the pleasures and disillusionments of life. Every time the main character, who we follow from birth, reaches a hopeful point she is brought back to reality by the cold, base facts of life. Illusions are shattered as we follow the character through adolescence, college, marriage and divorce.

The second slice, written by Barbara Sher, is the classic for this area. Grower surfer dude banging dudette. Mother worried about surfer dude wasting his life. ("Go to C.R. -- make something of yourself!") The ex-husband of the dudette's mother comes back from trekking across Asia with plans to sell the house and land. The grandmother of the girl is hilarious as she injects her common sense worldly view upon her daughter and really to everyone. The two mothers conflict with their maternal defenses of their "babies" but in the end they say, "What the fuck," light up a fattie and become friends.

The third slice, written by Joanie Rose and Laurie Rose, dealt with an Alzheimer's victim (or maybe just senile) who told her grand-daughter that she didn't want to be hooked up to tubes in the hospital when the end was near. But of course, she is anyway. Her deceased husband hovers around in the mist trying to draw her into "heaven" with him. Her daughter pulls the plug, then puts it back in, repeating that a few times till finally it's pulled for good and the spirit of grandma joins grandpa in the great beyond, or so they say. This was a funny skit though disturbing for those of us in denial about death.

The fourth slice, conceived by Linda Lowe and written by Joanie and its cast, was about aging and menopause. The main actor rued the changes going through her. She and her two friends sang a delightful song about menopause complete with



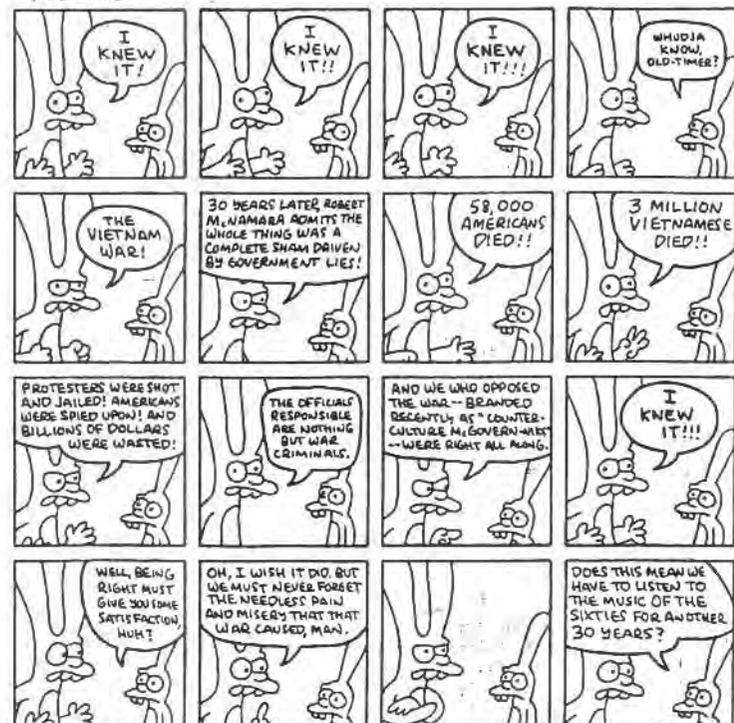
lyrics about vaginal dryness, hot flashes, the works. Their men try to understand them while investigating their own feelings about love, sex, and companionship. In the end the menopausal lady is convinced he still does love her despite all the mixed feelings she was having about her self-image.

Having spent a morning with the theatre group early on, I was amazed at what a tremendous job director Joanie Rose did pulling it all together. The actors, almost all rank amateurs, were terrific in their many roles. (Especially local stars Carl and Judy as well as the effervescent Deb W..) Who'da thunk it that this little theatre group would produce such a sell-out smash! Great going kids!!!



LIFE IN HELL

BY MATT GROENING



VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPT. BAKE SALE

Once again the King of Memorial Day, Archibald Q.

Joker, and his merry band of baked goodies sales-people ruled the day at the Annual Volunteer Fire Dept. Bake Sale. With his extractive qualities the King siphoned every possible peso from the rolling yuppie hoards, or made bad jokes about them if they didn't stop. With cookies going for \$10 each over \$3,000 was miraculously vacuumed into the local coffers.

These are the two days of the year when we're very polite and helpful to the tourists. "Needle Rock? Just three miles away, that-a-way. Usal Beach? On down that way but there's some hidden ruts so be careful. You want a guide? Here take my daughter, take my son, they're yours!" However the rest of the year it's like, "Needle Rock? Uh let's see. You go about 30 miles that way till you hit Whitethorn; then take a right to Ettersburg Junction -- now gii!"

It was a party -- a fund raising success, even mannequins were stationed at strategic spots along the road equipped with hand-held CBs. When a carload would stop to get a better look messages were transmitted to them on Channel 30 inviting them to donate their bucks and fill up on empty calories.

Congratulations King Joker, you evie treasure you!!!

ANNOYING THE BEATS

Back in '73" when I was a 19 year old New York cabbie I used to run into Alan Ginsberg on the streets of the Lower East Side where we both were living. (I started driving taxi after I lost my day care job in Harlem for insubordination. Those were the days when I lived in one skum, worked in another, and rode the subway inbetween. With the taxi I would ride my bicycle home at 3AM to count my pile of ones, sometimes stopping at Washington Square Park for a little late night jam, bamboo flute in hand.) I used to ask him about Jack Kerouac's writing technique as I had read On the Road and immediately done so. After a couple of these encounters I decided I was probably annoying him so the next time I saw him I said, "Alan, next time I see you I'm just gonna say 'Dum!'"

"I'm saying 'Ahh' now," he replied, and walked away.

If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of a contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind.

—JOHN STUART MILL

Around 1977 I was down in Mexico City chasing after some woman I'd met in Merella. I got a room at the Hotel Estadio near where she lived near the Centro Medico metro stop and went to see "The Towering Inferno." It was boring so I walked out after Fay Dunaway said to Paul Newman, "I'd live with you anywhere, even on the cliffs of Mendocino." (!)

I was walking back to the hotel when I wondered if I was anywhere near where Kerouac used to live, in the rooftop apartment of 212 Orizaba Street, according to one of his books. I looked up at the street sign and it said Orizaba! I looked at the number -- I was on the 200 block! I quickly found 212, went up to the rooftop and probably completely bewildered the tenant who let me in anyway after I explained to her that a famous American novelist had once lived there, and I was looking for scribbings on the walls!

A few years after that on a rainy depressing Gulch day I stopped by my buddy's who was feeling similiarly and we decided to just hitch-hike out of there to a poetry reading in San Francisco where the semiotic Kathy Acker was flinging her phrases against the walls. After the reading we were hanging out on the street with Gregory Corso, Simone, and other poets preparing to go to a party. Now old Greg was happy to get a taste of the Hum-Bud but didn't seem like he was going to invite us along. Instead he went up to all the women in the group and over the next twenty minutes asked them all, "Hey have you ever been f---- in the a--?" Over and over he wanted to know.

Now that was annoying!

LIFE IN HELL

BY MATT GROENING



GULCH MULCH WEATHER REPORT

Partly foggy, water-logged...summer's here! So what's happening on the edge? Well, the High School may have to be completely shut down if something isn't done about the **SPEEDING** problem on the commute over the twisting mountain roads. The school is scheduled to be relocated to Bear Paw Ranch in a year. The site is very promising with phone, power, the works. Ray is taking a year off and there are many teaching positions open if you want a job and have a lot of **PATIENCE**... People living along the Co. road are sick of all the **DUST** so "save the salmon -- pave the road"... Just had the 20th anniversary of when **TOM KILLED RAINBOW** -- did anybody notice?

Our local radio star Erya brings his **Generation X** musings to KMUD Mondays from 7-9AM, running the board and manning the phones, call him 923-3911 and he'll put you on the air... If **astrology** is taught in the schools then why not the **BIBLE** too?

SOUND CONCEPTIONS PRESENTS

NOT A STAR

FEST with

TRULIO DISGRACIAS

A 25 PIECE BAND FEATURING MEMBERS OF
FISHBONE · RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS
SPEARHEAD · PARLIAMENT & P-FUNK

ALSO PERFORMING

WEAPON OF CHOICE
PLUM · THE VICKIE
CALHOUN
BAND
AND
WEEK

\$12
AT
DOOR
ONLY

NUTMEG
POTTY IN
SOUTHERN
HUMBOLDT!

AIN'T NO
POTTY LIKE
A NUTMEG POTTY
CUZ A NUTMEG POTTY
DONT STOP!

THE MATEEL COMMUNITY CENTER
IN REDWAY
DOORS 8:00 P.M. MUSIC 9:00 P.M.

JUNE 3RD

Astrology is probably the main religion in the hills and it can't be any whackier than **Christianity**... All you wanabe Indians: there's a severe **peyote shortage** on the horizon due to the destruction of the peyote grounds in South Texas because of development, etc. Maybe it's better left to the **REAL INDIANS** to trip on... Is it true you have to pee in a bottle to work for the **Redwood Record**?

Ran into an old tourist couple undecided in front of the **Woodrose Cafe**. "Yes," I told them. "This is the place, best food in town. Get on in there. **No smoking and no hamburgers.**"

"How about chewing?" the old man said.

"Only with your mouth closed," I reminded.

"Oh, he doesn't chew," the old lady said.

"That's fine, intravenous feeding in the back."...

Now that Newt and the Repug's have taken over, **Mateel-Bashing** has gone out of style as the bashers focus on the real enemy...**LATE NIGHT LIZ** is on the air!!! Spinnin' the discos Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday on **KMFB-92.7 FM** from 8:00pm til midnight. (Sometimes after the Giants games.)

NewtWorld



CONGRESS AND THE NATIONAL FOREST SERVICE FIND
A QUICK SOLUTION TO THE WILDFIRES PROBLEM.



THANKS, BOYS. WHEN WE
NEED TO DO IT AGAIN WE'LL
CALL YOUR GREAT, GREAT,
GREAT GRANDKIDS.

DOUG POTTER
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