

The Gulch Mulch

all the pulp that's fit to gulp

CONFESSIONS OF A REGGAE INSIDER

I awoke with a start, the bright Northern California sun streamed in through the windows of my camper parked on the edge of the Festival site. Someone was pounding on the door;+ I opened it to a group of young long-haired burnouts wearing reggae colored shirts and out off jeans.

"Hey man," a young man said. "I heard you could get us tickets. We'll work, man. We wanna see the show." He motioned to his two companions, a young man and woman fresh up from Santa Cruz or down from Eugene or wherever. The peasants were lining up to beg for tickets and backstage passes. Some had even offered to trade sex for a wristband and I had a bad back to prove it.

I shook the cobwebs from my eyes and smiled. All year I was a powerless guy mostly stoned, drunk, and 'shroomed but now that **Reggae on the River** was back again I was a "strongman", head of Lost and Found Souls where I controlled about 100 wristbands, er... workers, who would work for a day, then get to enjoy the music on the following day. The problem was that I got too many **flakes** who would work for a while then disappear with their wristbands. I would have to return many times to the Volunteer Co-ordinator booth and get another forty or so for the new recruits. Also I'd promised four backstage passes (worth about \$400) to my mechanic to fix my chronically ailing auto. I'd given another twenty or so out to my friends. Those passes were the **gold** of the local barter community. But even they were losing their lustre; they were becoming as common as suppressed yawns in a writer's workshop. Then the **holy laminate** was created, the all-access pass, but now those were mushrooming out of control -- soon there would be 1,000 hangers-on muscling their way onto the stage. And backstage was

getting very crowded; every ass-kisser and her sister had mustered that "must have" credential and were elbowing the musicians out of the food and beer lines.

"No passes now," I said to the small crowd. Let 'em beg for a few hours.

"But Saffie said you had 'em," one protested, dropping the name of a high mucky-muck.

"We'll get one from her -- I'm going back to bed." I slunk back into the camper to sleep it off.

By Anonymous



I HATE THE HOLIDAYS!

Yes that terrible time is almost upon us once again...the holiday season! Halloween officially kicks it off. This is the worst time of the year. One year I was about to write this piece when I ran into H at the dance at the Vets Hall. H, I said, I'm going to write this story about the **Holiday Blues**, how no one invites me to Thansgiving dinner, etc. So H, good heart that she is immediately invited me over for the Big D, a **mercy invite**! She was trying to save me from wallowing in self-pity on these pages. As I left the dance hall happily, because now three weeks before the big Thanx, I had invitation, H called after me "Call me" though ofcourse I probably wouldn't.

An invite to **Thansgiving**! Not that I was completely enamored by the gluttenous event itself, what really mattered was that the stage was set in my mind, this time I wouldn't be all stressed out wondering for weeks where I'd be on the first major gut check of the holiday / depression season.

The day arrived; I was kicked back in my Garberville pad watching a meaningless football game and trying to decide whether to head out to H and M's. Part of me just wanted to stay ensconced in my warm pad **smoking fatties** and maybe head over to the Vets Hall later where the Homeless and other lost souls would be gathering. When it occurred to me that H's sister might be visiting up from Big Sur I decided to head out to **Elk Ridge Road**!

I grabbed the bottle of cognac and barrelled out of town to Briceland. Even though I had been out to their place before, this time I was confused and couldn't find the right way. After a while I noticed I was close to running out of gas; I hadn't really planned on driving up and down Prairie Meadow road in a **holiday stupor**. I stopped on top of a convenient mountain and lit another joint. It started to rain... I went to the nearest wisp of smoke and got better directions to their house.

I thot maybe I should just give it up and go home, back to town and the Vets dinner. Nah, I've come this far so... I parked in the driveway and walked down the trail to the house. It seemed kinda quiet. I knocked on the door with my bottle in my hand. H's room-mate answered. How pathetic! There was no Thansgiving dinner going on here. They are in town with M's family he said. So

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after all that driving around and etc, it turned out to be another holiday bummer. But I wasn't done yet. Noooooo. No, not me...

I headed back into Garberville to the dinner at the Vets Hall. I was obsessed....I had to eat turkey, Eat Turkey, **EAT TURKEY!** I walked into the hall where my other wise meal-less brethren were hanging around. It was now late in the afternoon and the pickings were slim. I served a little ratty turkey onto my plate as I noticed a raggedy guy pick up a piece of meat with his fingers, then put it back in the pan. **Ugh!** I put a little dressing on my plate and found a seat. The place was depressing or at least I was. I gnawed on my stringy turkey.

Well what can you say about consistency? Once again, Thansgiving dinner was a complete bummer, a freak out...and do you still wonder why **I HATE THE HOLIDAYS!!!!**

CLASSIFIEDS

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*** **FOR HIRE**: Dry wall & Paint/Interior & Exterior. \$15-20hr. Local refs. **Rex Hickey**, PO Box 371, Whitethorn, CA 95589

*** **LOST OR** ? Does anyone know what happened to the wall-length **Japanese Samurai wall-hanging** that was taken down when the floor was painted at the Community Center? If you know or have it, please bring it back to the Comm Cen. Thanx.



Pop goes to the demonstration
He feels for those old trees!



REDWOOD AMPHITHEATER-CON

Interview with Ken Goldman

GULCH MULCH: How do you feel about the Redwood Amphitheater project?

KEN GOLDMAN: First let me say I'm glad you could come by, and it's a really beautiful day in Myers Flat. I hope you can appreciate the kind of quality of life that's here for being this close to the highway, and the sense of living rurally, this is basically why we live here. This is why people choose to live in Myers Flat. It's a big trade-off living in a flood plain -- there's a lot of stress in the wintertime when we have our storms; we're the ones that get wiped out first. The trade-off is we've got really beautiful flat ground; on my property here which is just a few lots I've got more useable ground than I had on 40 acres out in Etnersburg and it doesn't have any rocks in the soil; it's all just nice top soil, you can grow anything -- we've got fully developed apple trees and grapes. We've looked at a lot of places around Humboldt County -- this is just a real special niche, flavor of Southern Humboldt all it's own.

I needed to kind of say that before I got into Doug Green's financial fantasy, The Redwoods Amphitheater. Basically the project has been a thorn in our side since its inception because it threatens our very way of life here. Most of the people who live here would not want to live here if the concert site was to become a reality. Until very recently the whole thing has been about a lot of P.R. because nothing actually had been done, no money had changed hands. In fact it took Doug 26 months to come to agreement just on the price with Bill Meagher. Now that that's happened he's proceeding with the permit process. This is the first time that there's really any kind of reality in terms of potential concert site existing here. This is the first move that they've really made now that they've approached the Planning Commission. The first thing that Doug applied for was a Conditional Use Permit which has been flatly denied by the Planning Commission. From what I've heard he was not going to be able to get a Conditional Use Permit because of the enormous scale of the project. They don't want to test it out and do it little by little, they want complete plans to be submitted. That was kind of a set back for Doug to find out that he was basically going

to have to deal with the full nine yards of county stipulations and meeting certain requirements before he would get the required permits to do what he wants to do. I'm still hopeful, in fact very hopeful, along with I would say over 90% of the local people, that he will not ultimately get the permits and this whole financial fantasy would basically dissolve or he would have to search out another location somewhere other than in the midst of an existing community, which seems a particularly stupid location to many of us. When you have Reggae on The River you're basically holding that event once a year. It supports many good causes; all the volunteer food booths get a lot of money to run their organizations all year. You're basically holding it on a site that is a defunct motorcycle race track. It's not in any way a pristine setting, there's no existing community to disrupt. As far as having that many people come together once a year it's a much more appropriate location. As far as Myers Flat, a lot of people have compared it to Reggae on The River and actually what Doug plans to do is have many, many more events here. If he gets his way he would like to build up to having an event every weekend, some of them larger than others, but the larger ones would be the last figure that he stated: 10,000 in attendance, which is larger than Reggae on The River which is limited to selling 7,500 tickets. Just physically, I don't know if you've walked around town or anything, I don't know if you can visualize 10,000 people coming into a town of 200. There really isn't room for that scale event. I don't know if it's a negotiating tactic that he's developed to start real high. He started with a figure of 20,000 actually, and he came down to 15,000 and then he made a brief stop off at 12,500, which we thought was an interesting figure. We put out some posters to the effect that "Keep the 12,500 Ecotourists Out Of Myers Flat", and now he's at 10,000.

Gulch Mulch: I look around here, and as you say this is a beautiful, peaceful place, all these wonderful plants growing, and then right over your fence line over there is where camping could be. In this whole Myers Flat area, all this open land, is there any development that would be acceptable to you and what kind of use would you find acceptable?

Ken Goldman: Certainly, I don't think it's the nature of things to stay the way they are. All of us personally change over the



years and a community can change also. Some kind of slow growth as a residential or vacation community, because a lot of people quite frankly don't want to sweat out the winters in a flood plain. The other use that would be really appropriate is an agricultural use because we have a couple large plots of flat, fertile soil here. There's one that has asphalt over it but the other two large parcels, the one that would be used for the actual Redwoods Amphitheater area and the one for the campground are, I believe, about 14 acres each. There could be some beautiful organic farming going on here. I know there are some people that are interested in seeing an agricultural development because basically we don't have an agricultural base in Humboldt County right now -- most of the land is just flat out not farmable on any large scale. You can sneak a garden in here or there, but putting in a plot of flat, fertile ground large enough to produce a commercial quantity of fruits and vegetables is kind of a rarity.

Gulch Mulch: Is there anything else you'd like to say about this whole issue?

Ken Goldman: I don't think I'm merely just a citizen of Myers Flat, I really feel a part of the Southern Humboldt community, of the Mateel Nation. I've been here since 1969 and I don't limit or classify myself as strictly a resident of Myers Flat. It's a bit disturbing to find people that live in other areas like Briceland or Whale Gulch or up in Alderpoint that are basically kind of disinterested in this issue because I think there's some real basic things at stake here. I don't think anything gets much more basic than quality of life and the question of why in the hell are we here? If we're here primarily to make bucks and to accumulate material possessions then it's kind of backwards. There's a lot more of that going on in big urban areas. I know personally I could make a lot more money living in an urban setting if that was my primary desire. The question to ask ourselves is why are we here? I really think if people searched their hearts for the answer to that, that there's not much difference to the answer for somebody that lives in Myers Flat than there is for somebody who lives in Briceland or Whale Gulch. If you can't identify with some massive, intrusive, loud development coming in and setting up literally in your back yard, and basically forcing you out of there and making you totally change your lifestyle, then it's sad.



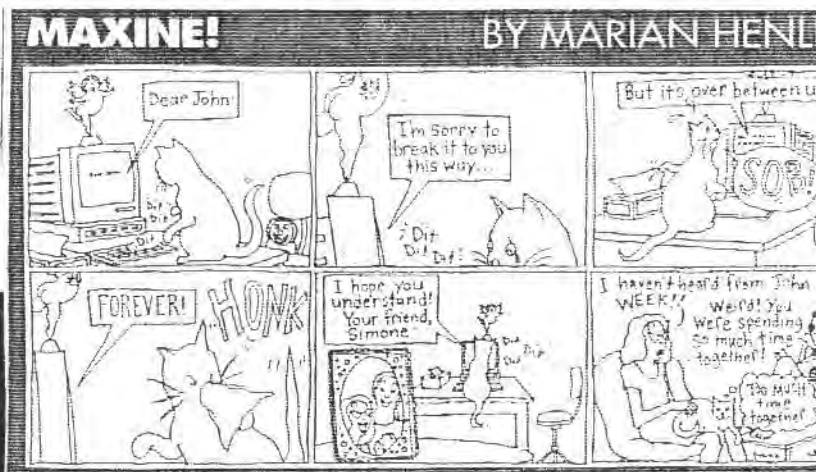
It's pretty sad if people can't relate to the issue that's going on here when they say, "I know how you feel, but I'm going to be far enough away, it really won't affect us that much."

Gulch Mulch: Do you feel very confident that you can stop this project?

Ken Goldman: I won't speak for anyone else but I don't personally feel he's going to get his financial fantasy off the ground. There are so many things that would be compromised, so many people and wildlife would lose in such a big way for Doug and a small group of investors to profit, that I don't see where it's a really a good trade-off for the County or the Southern Humboldt Community. There are a lot of other more organic and beautiful ways our communities could develop without going to Disneyland approach. I wish people could identify with us in Myers Flat, it's not really just a Myers Flat issue. I flat out don't think it's a Myers Flat issue. We're at a crossroads here where a lot of people moved up in the 60s, 70s, even the early 80s, have gotten older and it's time to look at our priorities and see how they've changed and why they've changed. I think there's still some people here for pretty close to the original reasons which revolve around the quality of life, serenity, living in proximity to nature. These are really the reasons why many of us live here. There's been a lot of small businesses start up that weren't here 25 years ago and I say great, my hat's off to the small entrepreneur and business developer, but the scale of Doug Green's proposal is obscene.

Gulch Mulch: Do you have any closing remarks?

Ken Goldman: I'd just like to say, brothers and sisters out there you're in our hearts in Myers Flat and I hope that we can be in your hearts, and that you can realize it's not just a Myers Flat issue that you don't have to be involved in. If you're against massive development and obscene numbers of people in your face then you ought to join with the people of the communities all along The Avenue of The Giants and oppose this financial fantasy.



REDWOOD AMPHITHEATER - PRO

Interview with Doug Green

Gulch Mulch: What is your vision for the Redwoods Amphitheater?

Doug Green: We're trying to create 50 acres of a multi-faceted performing arts and convention venue. We'd like it to be used for more purposes than any existant facility than I know of. We've got 15 acres for parking, most of it already paved, fenced, ecological damage done- an old abandoned mill site to use for parking. We've got a 10 acre area that we can use as an exposition area, which we're going to turn into a park-like setting...which can be used for interests groups that may come here and want to do conventions, whether they're into alternative energy, tour biking, mountain biking, kite flying, old cars or whatever they might be into- it could be a facility available for that. Then there's the other approximate 8 acre area that we would form into an amphitheater and use for musical, concert and possibly play production. We have another grass field of 9 acres that can be used for additional parking for if we had concerts that had full capacity.

G.M.: What's the total acreage of the project?

D.G.: 50 acres. It's been much misconstrued that it was all agriculturally good property-it is not. Most of the property is lightly contaminated with deisel fuel to some degree. It certainly couldn't pass any certification for any type of farming probably, except for two 9 acre pieces, and they could be certified organic; they could be put to some agricultural use but we're not going to take them out of the agricultural resource base because we're just going to turn them into park-like settings and put some lighting and some water stanchions, camping and exposition areas. So it could return easily to an agricultural base.

G.M.: There's been a lot of controversy about this project. Are you feeling very confident that it will go through?

D.G.: Yeah, I feel very confident that a vast majority of people are, particularly as they find out more about the project and get more detail about it, that they are supportive. I know that there's some opposition to it and I think there's been a lot of misinformation disseminated. I think that in the process of going for the permit and doing an environmental impact report, and

doing town meetings that are not required of us just to try to get input to understand what people's concerns are to try to design it so that it answers those concerns. The positioning of the stage is pointed out and away from the town so that it doesn't impact the town in a loud sound way. We will be putting in sound berms and planting to try to decrease, to hold the sound in the bowl as much as possible. It will face over on to property that's family-owned in timber preserve and into a second growth forest area that's part of the Parks Dept., basically an uninhabited area. I took my decibel meter out onto the highway the other day and did readings, full rigged trucks, 18- wheelers going by, run between 95-100 db at about 50-100 feet. That's basically about the range that a music show is-it's usually about 100-105 so we're not that far away from what is constantly the noise level here with the trucks that go by.

G.M.: What kind of music are you into putting on?

D.G.: I always have been into all kinds of music and have worked in the promotion of lots of different kinds of music. I have certain things that I really wouldn't put on. I'm not a great fan of rap music, there are certain things that just wouldn't be appropriate to the marketplace, to the audiences here. We would hope after years of doing it, getting a reputation, and putting on high quality productions and good shows to start drawing people from out of the area to it so that we get some income, get some tourism. And in the summer I would hope that people that come up here to stay in the parks would take advantage of this as something to do on a Friday or Saturday night.

G.M.: You've been a promoter for a long time. Is this the next career step, basically, for you to do this project?

D.G.: Yeah, I've been involved in theater all my life. I had my first paying job in theater when I was 14. My father produced some plays in New York. My great aunt, Dorothy Fields, wrote "On The Sunny Side of the Street." I was a drama major in college and have been in theater companies as a performer. I've been a promoter of music shows and I developed French's Camp into a concert venue that the Mateel has taken over.

G.M.: So there's going to be a town meeting on October 19th?

D.G.: Yes, here in town.

G.M.: How is your relationship with the residents here in Myers



D.G.: It's been improving consistantly with their exposure to what the realities are of the project. We've done a certain amount of going out, walking around and talking to them. There's a lot more of that to be done. We've put notices around town what our office hours are and invited them to come by. We've been here for 10 months now.

G.M.: How many jobs could be created from your Amphitheater project?

D.G.: We would hope to have 10-15 people on year-round employment in the early stage. We would hope that during the summer if we had a fairly full schedule of shows that we could get up to 200-250 people, mostly part-time. A lot of those jobs would be particularly oriented toward youth. Here's a way to get involved in something that's sort of exciting to be around. You could learn different aspects of the business. The biggest economic impact is not just on how many we're going to hire, it's like if we start having a regular summer program of concerts and people start knowing about it in outlying areas, such as Eureka to San Francisco, then they'll come up here for one of their little 3-4 day mini- vacations. We're at the north end of the wine country and at the gateway to the redwoods and this is a perfect area to have something like this. You get the people to stay a little bit longer and they can see the parks and the trails during the day and have fun and do camp outs, but they'll spend their money here locally. Most of the money they're going to spend is not here, they're going to buy a \$20-25 ticket here and maybe something at the concession stand, whereas most of the money is going to be spent in either gasoline, food, a hotel room or in shops. Basically you're developing an economic basis for the area to bring in tourism. I've lived in tourism areas and I enjoy it, it's a relatively benign industry, it would particularly be benign here because there's kind of a natural clean-out that takes place with the rain every winter. There's a down season here; this will not be a year-round destination - entertainment or tourist area, but it can definitely be one, hopefully, from May to October.

G.M.: Is it very easy to handle the controversy about this project?

D.G.: Nobody has thrown a question of a direct issue that hasn't

been answerable. We're not locked in stone about anything, there are going to be compromises made throughout this project. I don't think we would want the music to go past midnight on weekends, maybe it's 10:30 at night on the weekdays. We don't plan to slam-bam start trying to have shows here the first year that max the place out. I'd like to start with a series of summer concerts, maybe just a couple of them a month, that draw 2,000 to 4,000 people and we see how that happens, see how it grows. I want a permit for more than that because I want to grow into what I think this area will grow into.

G.M.: What about the sewage implications of the project? Is there a town sewer system?

D.G.: No, people are on individual septic and there's not a very dependable or good water system. We would hope that when you raise the living standard in an area because some economic basis is brought into it, some jobs and stuff, you start having the money to make these developments. If the county starts viewing Myers Flat as a productive place they'll be more inclined to come and provide more services and maintain the roads better, etc.

G.M.: What can you say to the fears of some residents who fear that this whole project could ruin their peaceful lifestyle?

D.G.: After the 1964 flood it was deemed that there were no residences here and there have been no additional residential permits issued since then to my knowledge, so there are 11 residential permits in the town. Most of them are up here right on the commercial area. The other are summer recreational use. Some people are coming in and buying lots now in anticipation of the development of this project. It isn't exactly a bucolic pastoral setting as it is. This town has a lot of service problems, a lack of law enforcement, and a high incident rate of violence and drug-related problems. So we're not looking at a pastoral, bucolic setting. I have lots of people that come up to me and say, "Thank God you're coming in here and doing something because in this place they take speed and drive around all night. It's pretty crazy at night, there's gunfire." So we're not talking about (as it's been described by some people) a pastoral set up....There are going to be some things that aren't perfectly maybe the most comfortable to everybody. Hopefully, in the long run, the results will be overwhelmingly positive for the vast majority of the people. That's what our goal is.



DRIVING

Last spring a big local issue was The Dust raised by cars rolling down the mountain roads. There was talk of paving it to help out the people near the road who disliked clouds of it blowing into their yards and also to attempt to slow the savaging of fish habitat in the river.

After attending one of the meetings on the subject one of the messages I got was "Slow Down!!!" Well I didn't slow down because I'm already a freaking slow driver. I guess there's no way to get this message through to young minds since I admit it used to be one Gran Prix for me too when I was young, driving as fast as I could. (Actually one neighbor said they might sue one of those hot roddin' Toyota-drivers in Small Claims Court for damages caused when their car was run off the road.)

So now in the middle of summer when someone comes up behind me I'm extremely reluctant to move over and let them pass. Why should they be rewarded for driving fast and raising more dust? Didn't the road etiquette used to be that if you came up upon a slower driver you would stop for a few minutes and wait for the dust to settle? Whatever happened to that? Of course in the wintertime it's no dilemma to stop and and let a faster driver go by since there's no dust, but I don't think it's asking too much for my 40 something peers to observe this etiquette. Like, what's the big rush anyway?

GULCH COMMUNITY CENTER

It's great to see the Community Center being used so much. It's evolved from being the neglected "Plywood Albatross" into a real local asset. The basketball games Thursday nights are great sweaty inspirations!

Could be a long wet winter so let's think about maybe having a volleyball time slot, perhaps ping pong on Thursdays also, and other sports activities for the sports nuts/exercisers/fun lovin' folks among us. Also wouldn't it be nice to add on that long-planned kitchen?! Then we could add another hoop for full court.

"Austin Chronicle Classified Advertisement Blues"
by Devane Clarke

Women Seeking Men:
Thirtysomething female, affectionate and true
Been around the block a time or two
Got a Ph.D. in English Lit, and a lot of grace and charm
But when my biological clock went off
I slept through the alarm
Lookin' for a lover who's rich, generous, and kind
'Cause you know a good man is so hard to find

Men Seeking Women:
Divorced middle-aged male, father of four
Looking for a woman to marry and ignore
I like high livin' and fast women
Or is it the other way around?
But now I'm pushin' 40
And it's time to settle down.
I watch reruns of the *Brady Bunch*

To ease my worried mind
'Cause you know a good woman is so hard to find.

Men Seeking Men:
Young gay male, disease and drug-free
Out of the closet and just turned 23
I'm HIV negative and want to get in the game
And if you know what's good for you,
Honey, you'll be the same
Tops and bottoms are encouraged to apply
For what I have in mind
'Cause you know a hard man is so good to find

Women Seeking Women:
Bisexual female, that's the life for me
Don't need some stupid man
To save me from homosexuality
Please don't be too butch, but don't be too fem
No hard-core lesbians, I've had it with them
You can lick it or you can stick it
Where the sun refuse to shine
Why is androgyny so hard to define?

We're all looking for true love, but it's so hard to find
Why can't we forget our orientations and open up
our minds

Peace,
Devane Clarke

MEXICO TRAIN

The cow's out in the lake; the pigs, roosters, and goats are scrounging around for food. The sky is a little overcast as the ugly American waits by beautiful Lake Zirahuen for the train that will take him to Urapan. He finds himself in the middle of a sling-shot fight, resisting the temptation to send the little boys on their way. The setting sun sends its muted fingers into the lake.

Copping a crap is a great accomplishment as he ducks behind the railway station; a dog moves in for some gringo dinner but no dessert. The train is half an hour away; he looks upon the lake where today he swam and floated in its cool embrace. Now the light is gone and the ugly American waits for the train to come shaking and rattling down the tracks.

The beautiful American has a five o'clock shadow as he waits in the bean-commissioned kitchen, gramaw rustlin' up the grub—oh holy beans and eggs! The ugly and/or beautiful American devours his beans, washing them down with coca-cola, waiting by the tracks and writing under the dim glow of the newly-installed lights while the night is filled with the sounds of children shouting, dogs barking, and men talking in the distance...and here comes the train!

From the darkness of Patzcuaro the train howls into the station, bright light beaming mightily; the huge engine storms by. The neither ugly nor beautiful American bounds up the stairs and is greeted by a howling guitarist and other singing voices! Walking onto the drinkin', smokin', music-makin' 2nd class car with bamboo flute in hand and he knows he's on the right train: Makin' music with these night howlers he stops only to catch his breath to record the moment with a bumpy scrawl, then back to the music as the train rumbles melodically to Urapan!

And so the straight-lookin' American makes his freaky way across Mexico; standing in spit and other various juices he's higher than ever, breathless after many ballads of Michoacan! From the beauty of the tranquil lake to the helter-skelter of the Spanish beat. And the porter rushes by with canned fruit juice jostling a woman with a baby in her arms and another in her belly and another in her lover's eyes! The music reaches into unknown ears in the countryside, then the train rumbles through another town, across this mountain land it travels on to Urapan!

Platonic:
Older Christian female, just lookin' for a friend
To escort me to church socials every weekend
Won't tolerate smokers, drinkers, sex maniacs,
blasphemers, hedonists, reprobates,
moral degenerates, perverts, dancers,
musicians, or lascivious men
That's downright unChristian
And what's more, it's a sin
Been running this damned classified ad since 1969
Why is a decent man so hard to find?

Once you've had true discipline
You'll learn to love the pain
I'm discreet and professional,
Guaranteed to blow your mind
There's just nothing better
than a submissive man in a bind

Variations:
Red hot dominatrix, into leather and lace
If you've been a bad boy I can put you in your place
Step into my dungeon, try my whips and my chains

GULCH MULCH WEATHER REPORT

Can you believe these beautiful days? It's O.J. freedom weather!... That very upfront Garberville community organization is still in shock from having one of it's officers split town in a rush leaving behind \$1,000s of dollars worth of phone bills, etc...Did anyone catch the show the other night when that Gulch freak accidentally broadcast a semi-intimate phone call out over the C.B.? (Make sure that radio's not jammed on folks!)...The hot rumor around town is that McDonald's will soon be opening their new franchise at the south end of Garberville. Already the elitist soy burger-eaters are protesting in an attempt to begrudge us our greasy, salty chunks of traditional Ameri-trash cuisine. As a concession McDonald's has agreed to paint the golden arches reggae colors every summer. Also, as the new strip mall fills out Supercuts will be moving in with the corporate goal to cut off the last hippie's hair by the year 2000.

Then there was the guy who read his "erotic" prose at the writing class. Said one of the tearful, offended ladies, "It was horrible, like an obscene phone call you couldn't just hang up on. He said 'muff-diving'!".... Speaking of erotic, has anyone seen the new newsletter, The Green Door, out of Phillipsville? No holds barred there.... And finally we want to bestow "Flake of the Year" awards to all those guys who lined up their workers practically all summer, then when the time came they just shined them freaking on!...Congratulations Kate and John! I'm an uncle again! Welcome to this crazy mixed up world Peter!!!!...Have a great fall everyone and GO INDIANS!!!



Save Headwaters Forest!
(Arrest a policeman.)

THE ADVICE MAN

Dear Advice Man,

A terrible thing has happened! My maid fired me! She said I was too stressful to work for! (Me?) Now I really need a maid tho it's not like I'm a total lazy slob or anything; I mean at least I aim for the garbage can when I throw a banana peel across the room from my spot on the couch surrounded by an ameoba-like mass of newspapers and magazines.

What can I do Advice Man? Where can I find a new maid who can tolerate a big ape like me?

FEELING ABANDONED

Dear Ab,

A maid? I thot you said a "mate"! A good maid is even harder to find. This time you fucked up big-time, buddy. You might just have to clean it up yourself freak! Good luck and don't let your meat loaf.

LIFE IN HELL

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GROENIN



RED MEAT

those aren't raisins

from the secret files of
Max cannon

