



The Gulch Mulch

all the pulp that's fit to gulp

IN RECOVERY

People need help. The perils of alcohol and drug abuse are well-known. The Family Recovery Service (FRS) at St. Joseph Hospital in Eureka (and Singing Trees near Garberville) offers an opportunity to break the addiction. It costs \$5,000 for a one month program. Most people are there because of a partner, family, or job that demands it. These are the lucky ones: they have someone who cares and the health insurance to pay for it.

From 9-5 five days a week the clients see films, hear lectures, and meet in groups where gradually honesty about who they are and how they got there replace the lies and excuses that are so common in addicts and alcoholics. Once or twice a week family members attend support groups where the clients earnestly express their desires to overcome their addictions.

At the FRS there are pill, heroin, speed, alcohol and coke addicts, and even users of that old "pussy" drug marijuana. You got yer truck driver who needs to quit smokin' the herb to pass the drug test to keep his job. You got the mill-worker who's drinking a couple six packs a day interspersed with the weed. So you have to quit it all at FRS, not including coffee, cigarettes and anti-depressants.

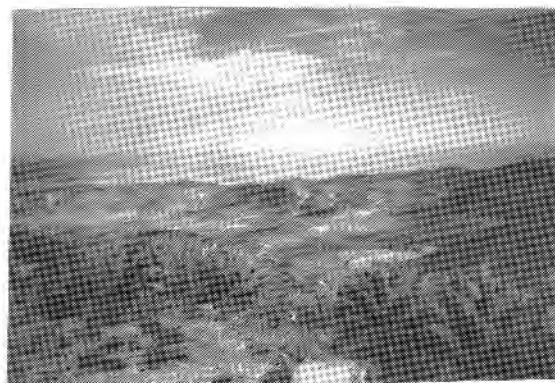
The FRS program is augmented by AA meetings. You are expected to go to 90 AA or NA meetings in your first 90 days. The meetings can be very emotional, listening to the stories describing people with their lives on the line, struggling with a problem with a bottle in their hand. From others' experiences you get strength, support and encouragement. You say your thing then go on to the next person. There is no "cross-talk", i.e., no

back and forth conversation. There is recognition for sobriety; people proudly go up to the front for their one month chip, their six month, one year, 17 years -- this sobriety thing seems to be a life-long commitment.

Al-Anon is a support group for the families and friends of addicts and alcoholics. You sit around a table and usually there is a topic people speak about. (As in AA you don't have to speak -- you can say "I pass.") It's very supportive because here are all these other people going through a similar experience: trying to cope with an addict or alcoholic in the family. Often people keep coming to Al-Anon after the relationship is over or the family broken up because it is a caring environment, friendships are made worth keeping. (AA and Al-Anon are like secret societies, they don't want any publicity though they're open to anyone.) →



cont.
next
page.



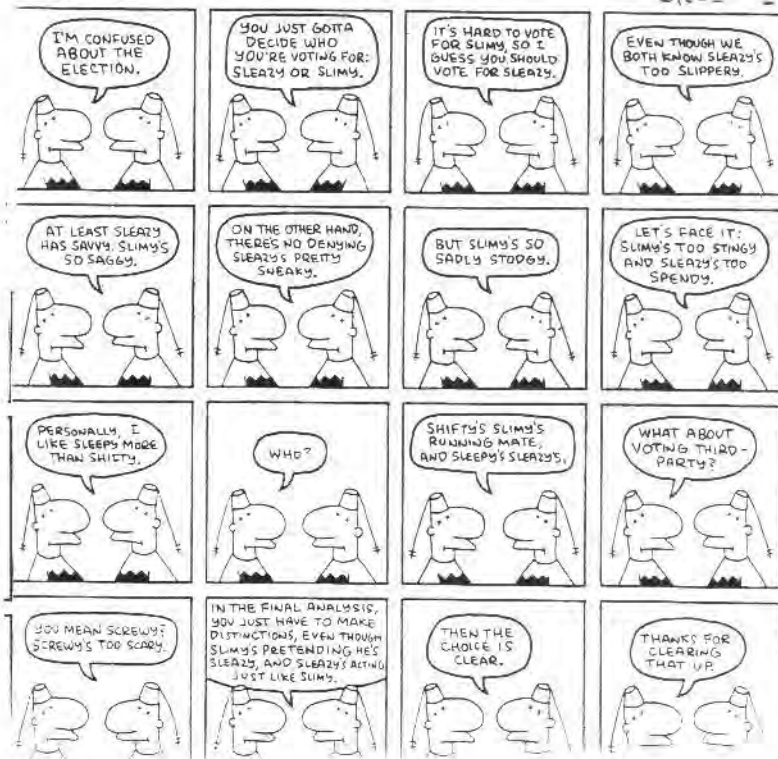
Recovery conti.

When you enter the FRS program the doctors examine you; some people have liver damage; some bruise easily or are speed freaks with open sores, heroin addicts who are skin and bone. As the detox and recovery begin to take effect physical health improves. The counselors are almost all ex-drinkers and drugees themselves. They've been there and have credibility and compassion. They've heard all the stories, all the lies; they can look in your eyes and tell you've been using. From 9-5 they give you tools to cope with life without the aid of a substance, convincing you that it is better for your physical, emotional, and mental health to quit using, quit pouring that liquid down your throat, etc. (Once the phone rang and the counselor was heard to say, "Just pour it down the sink, just get rid of it!")

When the FRS program works, maybe a 25% or more success rate, it makes quite a difference: from a life of drinking and making it hell for the family to a new sobriety. The newly sober person then begins to meet and create their own new person. Everything has changed -- lies are mostly gone. It's a track to truth and beauty, trust and love, and meetings. They keep going to those meetings. It's so easy to backslide, relapse. Often it can take two or more intensives until one will take.

A drink or two now and then is no big deal. But when the bottle or drug controls you, when drinking or drugging changes your personality, your abusin' live is over...or could be.

LIFE IN HELL



LOOKING FOR PEYOTE

We drove out of town on the old cobblestone streets of Real de Catorce, rumbled through the tunnel and descended the mountain road to the desert below. (It had been 20 years since I drove my old '65 Dodge Dart wagon out into the desert to look for peyote, those little green jewels decorating the land beneath various bushes -- a couple of Italians had guided me out to the spot. The old rutted road we followed became worse and worse until it completely disappeared, the car wedged against the brush.)

We drove through Estacion Catorce, crossed the railroad and headed into the foothills. After driving about a half an hour on a old dirt road we turned off, sort of hiding the pick-up between some trees and cacti. We walked out into the desert.

To find peyote it is necessary to walk briskly covering a lot of ground, always glancing beneath the little bushes where they thrive in the shade. Pancho found the first one, he left an offering of some corn beside it. A few minutes later D_ found one which she cut. We spread out over the desert but couldn't find anymore. Pancho suggested we climb over a hill to the vast lands beyond. On our way up the foothills Pancho spotted one, then D_ saw one; finally I find one, then two, and another and more. Pancho stayed by the one he found while we kept looking, finding, and cutting just the green button tops gleaming in the desert. He took a couple of candles out of his bag along with some more corn. He burned the candles humming a tune, singing a song in honor of his new son.

In that little area we found about 9 which we wrapped in little branches to transport them back to the car. (While looking in the pocket of my day pack for matches I found my passport which I thought I had lost somewhere in Texas a week ago!) I took a little bite of the first little bitter guy I found. I have not seriously done peyote in many years, maybe a bite or two or a button just to see how I am with bitter. It must be in the top 5 of bitter along with goldenseal and whatever.

In my impetuous youth I ate many buttons all at once in a variety of ways: plain, with oranges, as tea, dried capsules, etc., til I finally realized the way to eat peyote is poco a poco -- maybe a button an hour. The first time I ate it was on the third day of my first trip to Mexico. My grandfather and Margaret took me and my sister, a couple of teen-agers, along on their →



peyote cont.

honeymoon. In San Luis Potosi I bought a big old bag of it in the market and took it back to the hotel room. I started to eat some but my sister got very paranoid and made me get rid of it. I was throwing it on the roof, down the toilet, and wherever. Later we boarded a very slow uncomfortable train to Mexico City.

A year later I was travelling west out of Ann Arbor, Michigan with Melinda Dart and her friend who were going to California (I was 19 and fleeing a shop lifting rap. I had put a package of Laughing Cow cheese into my army trenchcoat pocket, at Campus Corners, then ducked into the sandwich shop next door. The store people came in, reached into my pocket, took out the cheese, and ushered me outside. On the sidewalk I announced, "Here I go!", and took off running. It was a hard go with my heavy army coat; in my panic I ran into a dead-end alley after scrambling over a fence, just like in the movies. After they dragged me back to the store it was found that I had in my possession half a recorder, a bag of peppermint tea, and Chairman Mao's Little Red Book.) When we reached Cheyenne, Wyoming I was unsure whether to head south to Mexico or continue on west with the ride. In the Cheyenne bus station I remembered how Bob Dylan in his 115th Dream flipped a coin to decide whether to go "back to ship or back to jail". (That's the song where he starts out, "I was riding on the Mayflower when I thought I spotted some land," and he cracks up because it was the wrong key or whatever and they keep it on the record.) I flipped a coin, it came up heads and I left the ride promising to meet them in the square of Oaxaca City in 10 days, (spontaneous fool that I was I actually did make it there on time but I never saw them again).

In Cheyenne I also left my money behind but I didn't realize it till after I'd hitched through the beautiful snowy hills of northern New Mexico. That night I passed across the border at El Paso on a bus with my long hair hidden in a hat. In a couple days I made it to Matehuala but I couldn't find R___'s place so I slept in a field. In the morning my Oaxacan string bags of possessions were gone. (My sister and I had met R___ the year before outside a dance hall in downtown Matehuala where we were drinking rum and cokes. That night after midnight he took us back to his hippy pad on the edge of town, a most amazing motorcycle ride through the faded multi-colored adobe of Hildago Street. He was the black light

poster man with 2 different bags of weed! I was a very impressed hippy boy.)

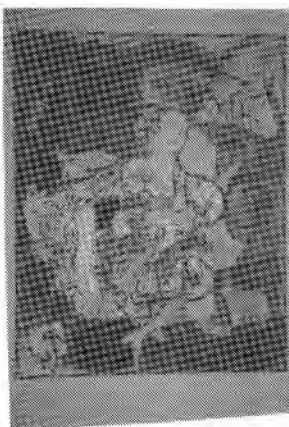
I finally found R___'s place in the morning. He had a girl around, a cute little Matehualista named Rosie. We made eyes at each other and talked a little when R___ wasn't around. The next day we took off on his motorcycle to see the country people in La Jolla, all three of us with her in the middle. I'll never forget how she would hold on to R___ while turning around to kiss me. (The next year I asked R___ where she was but she was already on the trash heap of memory and I never saw the sweet little puta again.)

At the village of Coronado we switched to horses and got to La Jolla by the end of the day. There we ate deer meat, drank beers, smoked fatties and I got sick. I lay down in one of the thatched cabins where a girl brought me herb tea. In the morning we rode the horses back to the motorcycle-- my butt was so freakin' sore. When we got back to Matehuala I calculated the time and realized I'd have to eat the peyote today, now, in order to get to Oaxaca by the 10-day rendezvous. I cleaned about 16 cacti, ate them straight raw, wandered around in the field by the big yellow tree behind R___'s house till I became very nauseous, threw up, and went to sleep.

The next year I ate peyote I sat on R___'s patio eating about 15 buttons with tangerines. The towering sounds of Mozart filled my ears and soul. The next year I cooked a very bitter tea of about 20 buttons for many hours. Then I gulped down that noxious mixture and got very sick again. This time I was infested with lice and scabies. I remembered the name Kerosene Kathy and proceeded to cover my body with it.

So when you get right down to it: bottom line -- I can't handle psycho-delics; just about every one has been a bad trip, weird trip. Because the cactus will strip you naked, you can't hide from it. If you think you're ugly, if you hate yourself -- you can't hide from it.

Peyote is OK, for the indios and others it is a spiritual trip. Eat a little fresh slowly -- see how you relate to bitter.



INTERVIEW WITH SYLVIA BRANZEI

Sylvia Branzei, author of Grossology and science teacher at the Whale Gulch School, was born, reared, and educated in Michigan. She taught in L.A. and Oakland before seeing an ad in the Chronicle to work up here. She has taught for 15 years on all levels and has been a science performer for The Lawrence Hall of Science where she "blew things up and stuff." She has been a textbook editor for science books and workshop presenter for recycling. She has worked with "everything you can possibly think of within the teaching realm: every grade, rural, inter-city, suburb, rich kids, poor kids, private, and public."

Gulch Mulch: Why did you come up here?

Sylvia Branzei: I was sitting in Oakland and I'd applied for this really big job and I didn't get it, being the head of science education for Alameda County. I was bummed out. I was looking in the paper and it said "Teachers needed in rural school," and I said "Cool" and I applied and I got it.

GM: Will you be teaching next year?

SB: No, I'm retiring. What happened is I was gone for a whole month of the school year because I was on a fall book tour and it just sucks like that. I don't think I'm doing kids justice by being gone. And then I'm writing other books all the time. I can come in here and sing and dance and everyone thinks I'm great, but I know I'm not doing my best. To be a teacher you really have to give it your heart and your soul.

GM: But realistically, don't you think the school would take whatever you can give us?

SB: Yeah, you guys would for sure, but I'm not happy with myself. So I'm gonna focus on my writing and probably do what my husband does. He volunteer teaches here, teaches a class when he wants to, so you can really give yourself.

GM: You'll stay in this area?

SB: Yeah, we're looking for land around here.

GM: What are your plans for the future?

SB: To write, maybe open a coffee house.

GM: So are you working on another book now?

SB: I have a third Grossology book coming out in the fall, that's called Grossology Begins At Home. And I wrote a book with a friend called How To Write a Mystery which will be out a year

from this spring. Right now I'm finishing working up on a CD-Rom that will be out in December, that's a Sega Soft. I'm starting to write my proposal for my puberty book. My books so far are Grossology and Animal Grossology.

GM: What is Grossology Begins at Home about?

SB: It just follows you around your house; bed bugs, cockroaches, all the junk inside your sponge. It's way gross, I really like it.

GM: Are you a very tolerant person about grossness?

SB: Actually, when it comes to loogies and stuff I really have a hard time. But in general, compared to other people, I'm so used to it, it's so ingrained in my head that I don't trip on it very much anymore. I have my one area of queazyness. I think it was because I was a very queazy person that I started to research, because it makes you less...knowledge often makes you more accepting and less reactive of things.

GM: How or when did you get the idea for "Grossology?"

SB: I was cutting my toenails in Oakland and I thought "Oh God, some of these toenails are so gross." I starting thinking about it and said, "I can figure out what it is." I started to analyze it and think what is that stuff under my toenails? And then I thought, "Wait a minute. Kids love gross stuff. Grossology! I'll just teach them science using it as a hook."

GM: How long did it take to write Grossology?

SB: About 4 months; writing the proposal took two months.

GM: Did you have a publisher first?

SB: I shopped it around, "over the transom." I mailed it off to 3 publishers and Planet Dexter accepted it.

GM: Is it published in any other languages?

SB: The rights got sold to a company that's going to be translating it, I don't recall what language, it might be Italian or Japanese. It's also being sold in Australia and England. About 130,000 have been shipped to stores now. I get \$.94 a copy — I made about \$75,000 so far.

GM: So this is more money than you've ever made?

SB: Ever made in my entire life! It's great! We got a brand new truck, we're looking for land! It has to be somewhat accessible to an airport since I fly so much.



(Sylvia-cont.)

GM: Was there anything that you wanted to include in Grossology, that your editor disapproved of?

SB: Yeah, he wouldn't do hemorrhoids or varicose veins, but he's gonna do them in the third book. I insisted; I had a big argument with him and I won. Originally, this is pretty silly, he calls me and accepts the book, right? Yeah, we love it, blah blah blah. Then he calls me back 2 weeks later, after they say they want me to write the book, and says, "But, no 'butt' stuff." I say, "What do you mean no 'butt' stuff?! I don't have a book! No poop, no farts, no diarrhea? I had hemmerhoids and constipation in there before. There's a lot of 'butt stuff' in Grossology. He said, "No 'butt stuff'. And I said, "I can't do that." Then he called back a few days later and said they had written in "People Magazine" that the number 1 question people wanted to know the answer to was, "What is a fart?" So he said, "O.K. put in all the 'butt stuff'" because he knew kids were dying to know that information.

GM: OK, book tour. What TV shows have you been on?

SB: "CBS This Morning", I was the answer to a \$1,000 "Jeopardy" question (nobody got it), the "Carryl and Marilyn Show", "Talk Soup", The Family Channel, MS NBC; the Science Museum in Seattle brought me up for a "Gross Out Weekend" and lots of TV stations covered that. Then I do this thing where they fly me to an NYC studio where they do a satellite hook-up and beam me to stations all over the country, live.

GM: How many cities were on your tour?

SB: Six. East coast, west coast, Cleveland, Minneapolis. The west coast likes me the best. I don't really like being on tour, it's tiring, it's a lot of work. It's awesome when you're on TV, it's great, it's a rush, but then you're sitting in a hotel room alone, you go to another city and you don't know anybody. But I have to do 11 events for Sega Soft. I'm going to Atlanta for the E3 Convention for all the new multi-media stuff coming out.

Grossology is going to be a TV show. I sold them the rights and I'm going to write for it; I don't want to be on it really. Fox and CBS are interested but they were both booked for this fall so they stalled us for a year. It will air a year from this fall. I'll get rich sooner or later. (laughs).

GM: Newspapers, magazines?

SB: "People Magazine" and "USA Today" came to the school and took some photos. "USA Network" filmed some here.

GM: Any weird experiences on your tour?

SB: Just silly stuff. I get interviewed in boys bathrooms for some TV shows because I do grossology. I've made fake snot more times than you can friggin' count! I've gotten weird fan mail where some girl sent me her boyfriend's ear wax. The weirdest thing on tour is being like a minor celebrity; I go to Seattle and 1,000s of people show up and little kids tell me, "Oh, you're my hero" and "Sign my books." And it's a weird feeling because I shit and don't clean my house and I'm just like a normal person and to think that other people are viewing you as this other thing is a bizarre experience.

GM: Is there any room in the gross products business for you?

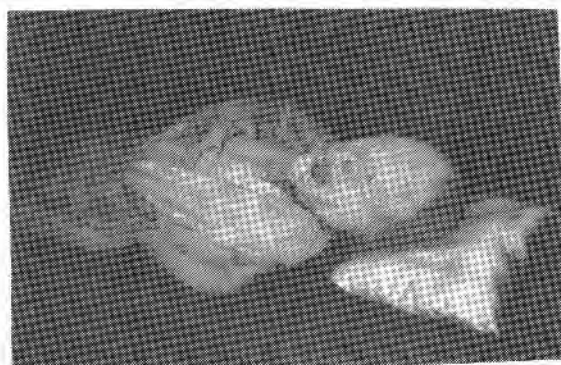
SB: The television show owns the rights to most of those.

There'll be a "Grossology Calendar" coming out in the fall. My whole goal is to educate kids and to teach science. I'm not into being gross for gross's sake. This works well -- it's a great teaching tool.

GM: Any complaints? "Pee hole" and "butt hole" are pretty strong words in middle America.

SB: Couldn't say snot in Chattanooga, Tennessee. Most of the places won't let you say "fart". In the Exploratorium, in SF, they didn't want me to use the word "butt hole." I could say fart and booger and snot, but not "butt hole!"

QUOTES FROM GROSSOLOGY: Puking usually collects stuff from the beginning of your intestine as well as your stomach. * Your poop factory is in your 5 foot large intestine. * Every day you make and deliver 4 to 8 cups of urine. * Snot keeps junk from reaching your lungs. * On your legs about 8,000 bacteria live in each square inch. * Under the grease layer on your forehead are about 8 million critters for each square inch. * Over 3/4's of household dust is made of dead skin cells. * Daily about 10 billion tiny scales of skin rub off your body. * Right now there are over a million dust mites feasting on the skin scales that you dropped into your mattress last night. * A person farts 14 times a day.



From Mummy Museum
Gto, Mex



SOFTBALL FLASHBACK

The other morning I was walking across Miranda to buy a newspaper and it all came back again: 5th inning, game tied 1-1, 15 years ago, Lost Coast Whalers Vs. Salmon Creek Buds, Labor Day finale, Loaded Bases waiting in the wings to play the winner.

It was the great improbable year of 1982. Those were the days of working in the morning, then driving over to Whitethorn to pick up the Chronicle, over to Shelter Cove for fish and chips at Mario's, then back over to Wailaki where I practised pitching the infamous sky ball an hour or so a day under the big trees, until I could throw 30 footers on to the plate.

To get to the Labor Day playoff we had upset the Briceland Buzzards in the heat of Redway the day before, then driven up to Miranda to beat Garberville, the skyball dazzling the batters fighting the late afternoon sun in their eyes. (Such was my zeal to win we had even voted out some of our long-time starters to let a couple ringers play that Ray found somewhere).

But we had somehow made it to Monday, the third day of the three day tournament, for the first and last time!

When the game started I took the mound to pitch and the Salmon Creek bench erupted in a frenzy of non stop razz, "Nuke the Zuke," they hollered. We got the side out uneventfully and went in to bat. I leaned against the fence and launched a barrage of verbiage at the opposing pitcher and team, a curdled array of sound, a one-man non-stop razz-fest. Ray got me back to the bench and had Marie hold my hand to calm me down.

So the stage was set for the crucial play: runners on 1st and 3rd, one out, game tied. We had a little huddle -- remember the double play. I pitched, the batter hit a soft grounder back to me! I whirled and threw to big Jeff covering at 2nd, who got the out but the throw to 1st was too late, what proved to be the winning run scored.

Now, 15 years later, as I stand here on the mound I replay it: I grab the grounder, look the lion man back to third and get the out at 2nd. Or fake a double play and catch lion Michael wandering off third. He's out, he's out!! Better late than never! OK that's it 1982 -- you can go now.

(What a year what a team what an era.)



LINDA TILLERY & THE CULTURAL HERITAGE CHOIR

Today I had the unique pleasure of sitting in on a recording session of Linda Tillery & The Cultural Heritage Choir at the Earthbeat! Records studio near Briceland. They are in the process of recording their second disc to be called "Front Porch Music". Their first one was called "Good Time, A Good Time".

The performers are Linda Tillery, Eloise Burrell, Rhonda Benin, Emma Jeane Fiege, and Melanie De More. Eloise invited me up the winding road to the house in the hills where all, including the engineer, were staying during the recording project. I knew Eloise from Austin, Texas and, after she relocated to Oakland, saw her perform with her other group "The Amandla Poets" at the Mateel last fall. (KHUM occasionally plays their music as well as "Brian's World" on KMUD.)

They had been working 8 to 12 hour days and had recorded 11-12 songs in the last four days. When I got there they were overdubbing the percussion instruments on to the vocals. They went over and over the same lines until they got them right, ("The captain is riding now...down on the line.") The wizard at the mixing board, engineer Gary Mankin, danced his fingers along the electronics and encouraged the gals with humor and affection, keeping a light side to the long session. "When you hit that open tone I'm not hearing enough slap to it," he said. "That's right gorgeous." The owner of Earthbeat!, Leib Ostrow, oversaw the proceedings until he repaired to the kitchen to help make dinner. (When a song is completed and the women really like it they say things like, "That's really funky; That was stinkin'; She really peed on that one.")

Linda Tillery & The Cultural Heritage Choir will be playing June 21st at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley. For the months of July and August they'll be playing almost every weekend at the folk festivals in Canada including Winnipeg, Calgary, Canmore, Vancouver and Edmonton.



STUFF & NONSENSE

This marks the ten-year anniversary of the mini-renaissance of March 1987 that gave birth to The Life and Times, The Garberville Gazette, KMUD and The Gulch Mulch. The out-of-towner Gazette, run by Mary A. floundered and folded pretty quickly. The L&T, the great voice of moderation and not much else, is still here. **KMUD**, of course, rules, and The Gulch Mulch egomaniacally hangs in there amidst the cries of "why bother?", "Who cares?" * * * * *

Over at the **Anderson Valley Advertiser** Bruce has mellowed out big-time. No more gratuitous personal insults and immature scatological attacks (which we loved!). He got slugged in the face, sued, jailed and reconsidered his "nasty" pose. (Maybe Ling finally insisted, "Bruce be nice.") The AVA is still the best paper around for in depth news and entertainment. * * * * *

We sure need a good paper around here. The **Wretched Reject** was kicking some journalistic butt when it folded two years ago. The Life and Times is probably just struggling to make it financially but that's no excuse for the lack of creativity, innovation and interesting articles. Where are all the creative people around here who could write real stories? The letters column is a community service but otherwise it's newspaper by press release. (Where is **Manny Frischberg** when we need him? Actually in Seattle via Texas chasing that endless cuppa coffee. * * * * *

The **Redwood Record** had real articles, was a record of what was happening. Looking back into the archives of The Life and Times someday wouldn't tell you much. **Estelle** at KMUD is the one creating the record these days. But how would you go back and research her news tapes? Meanwhile **Jerry S.** is contemplating starting a local paper. Maybe some of the other people interested could collaborate with him. * * * * *

The **Arcata Eye** has a cute little paper up there. A lot of local opinion, a lively letters page, home-made comix, and a healthy dose of political incorrectness. (But not too much!) The editor is pretty entertaining when he gets on his Monday Morning Show slot at 7:45 AM on KMUD, with his quick wit and humor. * * * * *

There's been some upheaval on that show. **Diana** told **Michael**

and the guys to quit picking on her, on the air, then the next week she was gone. One year was enough with those boys. (She may be angling for a Tuesday morning slot with **Dave D.** in the next rotation.) So **Mike** needs another side kick -- he's now run through nine or ten in the last eight years. (John, Simon, Bob, **Paul**, Michael, Diane, Eryn, Diana, and Michelle.) He's like the Liz Taylor of the air waves! * * * * *

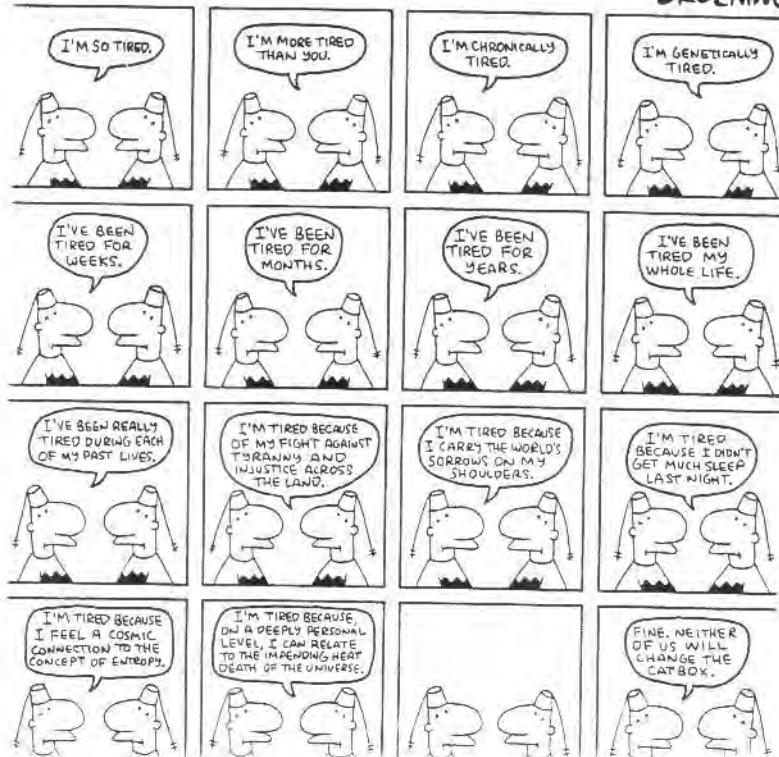
Estelle, who we love, fear, and respect tried to get her position of News Director elevated to the same status as management. The Board didn't go for that but they did give her a healthy raise, fitting for the **KMUD MVP** * * * * *

Owl's new play will be performed in June. **Howard Phun** is making a movie. Apparently **Al Remote** is banned from all Bill Graham Presents venues, especially backstage. **Ray Oakes** is everywhere these days: in front of Murrish's in Redway, on main street in Garberville, writing columns for the Humboldt Beacon and H. Trader, writing and performing on the live radio theatre show on KMUD at 6:00 PM on Saturday, and is rumored to be making an appearance in both Owl's play and Howard's movie. (I'd like to put that mug on a cereal box -- would make a million!) * *

Ah yes **Howard Phun**, the movie man, plumber, builder and all around good guy, as well as head of backstage security for Reggae. Howard's the one who uttered those memorable words outside the old Fireman's Hall meat market during a break one night: "I'm short, I'm fat, I'm ugly, I have bad breath...**I'M GOING BACK IN THERE!!!**" * * * * * *Cont. Next Page*

LIFE IN HELL

©1996
BY MATT
GROENING



RED MEAT

hot buttered fungus

from the secret files of
Max Cannon



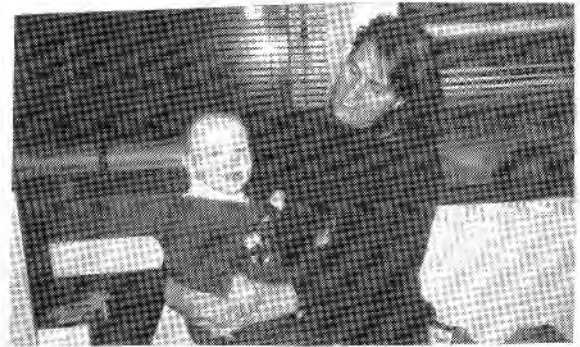
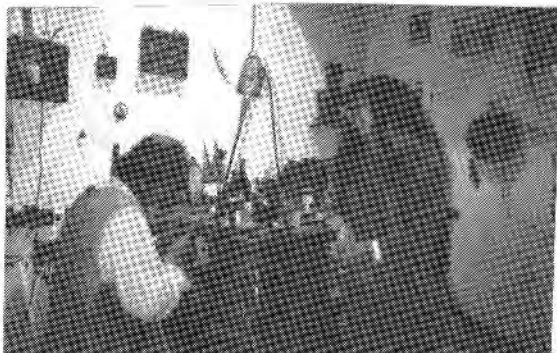
Meanwhile **Doug G**, may yet be proven right in his attempt to create a music venue. In the wake of **Prop 215**, and other factors, creating jobs with a pretty clean industry seems like a good idea. Myers Flat wasn't the right place and there'll always be people protesting change. Perhaps Doug is waiting for the **Bear Creek Bridge** to be built to do his "financial fantasy" across the river from Garberville. They're starting to post notices in the paper about it. (Which will happen first, Eel River Amphitheatre or the exit ramp and McDonald's on Evergreen Industrial Park.) * * * * *

The Whitethorn Junction, the gem of the area with meadows, creeks and river is for sale! I'd hate to see a music venue there with the hordes overrunning the river. (No, Doug, Stop!) * * * * *

The sign for **James Demulling Park** has been up for a year now at the triangle of land near the hardware store in G'ville. When are the vets going to get moving on making the park in honor of that ol' hip-neck logger and tree planting environmentalist Jimmy D? It could be a beautiful place to hang out and stroll. **Plant these trees!** And don't tell me fear of burns is holding this one up. We need a nice park!!! * * * * *

Dear People's Productions, **The Mateel Community Center** or whoever the hell's running Reggae on the River this year: This year I want, oh, about ten backstage passes to divvy up among my friends. I also want to introduce some bands and sing a song or two with them. I want a couple kettles of that rasta food you got back there and of course all the beer I can drink, smoke. And I want an **All Access Laminate!** I thought I was something with my Backstage Press Pass but I'm nothing without that laminate. Make me a real insider! O.K., forget all that other stuff -- just give me the laminate!!! (P.B. -- "As if...") (Howard -- "I'll get you one.") * * * * *

Goodbye Herb Caen, Alan Ginsberg, Judi Bari.



FROM SYLVIA's PROPOSAL FOR HER PUBERTY BOOK

So what's the big deal?

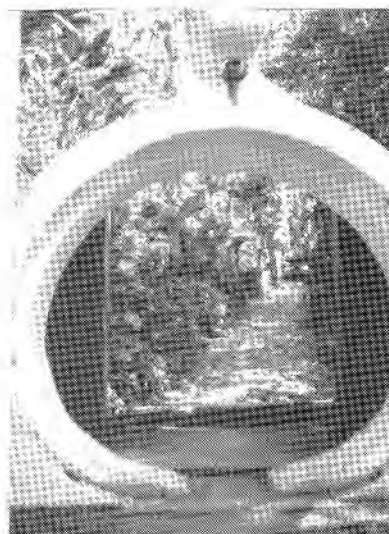
Dogs hump, cats hump, whales hump, rats hump. Camels hump (Ha, ha, ha.), horses hump, fruit flies and earthworms hump. Pigs hump, squirrels hump, and rabbits hump, hump, hump. Many animals hump. Yep, humans hump too.

Basically, that's why you go through puberty. So that you can hump. To be really scientific about it, humping is when a male of the species inserts his semen tube (some type of penis) into the female's semen receiver (some type of vagina) in order to impregnate ther female (make babies). The whole thing is rather simple and it goes on all of the time. Yep, there's a whole lot of humping going on. You've probably seen dogs or cats involved in this act. The dogs and cats really don't care if you are around; they are busy doin' what comes naturally. Most animals don't give a whole lot of thought to humping, they just do it.

So whats the big deal?



The Birdhouse
Xilitla, S.L.P.
MEXICO



KMUD -- ALL SIDES NOW

One of the most entertaining features on KMUD (91.1 FM) can be "All Sides Now," the editorial spot anyone can call to get their opinion out to the community. (Often every freak show and his sister turns up there.) It was started in April, 1989 when various people demanded a forum to express their views about the fights after the "Too Short" concert at the Mateel. You leave your message on tape and it is aired after the local news in the evening (6:30pm) and morning (8:30am). Call 923-2605 to get your message on the air.

On some recent talk shows there have been charges of censorship on "All Sides Now." One called, local author of Bushwacked by the Bushmaster, said that he was censored by not having his statement broadcast. According to Estelle at the station this is what happened: On a Wednesday reporter Scoop Miller went to report on the CLMP/Greensweep update at the Mateel. Since she normally announced the news on Mondays she decided to wait till the subsequent Monday to file her report on the air. That Monday the local author recorded his message attacking the fact that there had been no report on the CLMP/Greensweep meeting. He said that there probably would be one now that he had protested.

That Monday evening there was a major story by Scoop about the CLMP/Greensweep Meeting. Estelle decided not to run the "All Sides Now" attack because she thought it might make him look ridiculous. (I think she should have just run it anyway.)

By now it was turning into a big conspiracy, a big censorship case. "All Sides Now" was being censored. In reality not all opinions taped are aired on A.S.N. When someone personally attacks someone else in a slanderous manner that tape is not aired if Estelle determines the statements to be untrue. (Corporate bashing seems to be usually fine, however.) Someone must determine the propriety of the statements and that arbiter is currently the News Director. If you have some constructive criticisms for KMUD that will usually be aired. Mean spirited bashing might not be.

A couple weeks after the "Censorship Conspiracy" the same caller put on an A.S.N. bashing the News Director. She responded immediately with an A.S.N. of her own saying, among other

things, that she would no longer air personal attacks.

(Another caller was broadcasting almost weekly apocalyptic treatises and Estelle decided to stop airing them. Then the caller, a pied piper kind of guy, called in a personal attack on another community member. That was also not aired. A few days ago that caller sent a card to the station thanking KMUD for not airing the rant.)

THE ADVICE MAN

Dear Advice Man,

Got into a little gun play on my PROPERTY. Police came. A homosexual policewoman arrested me. How'd I know. Well she was short and stocky, had short hair and a bumper sticker on her squad car that said, "My Other Car is a Broom." Now I think my case is prejudiced already 'cause everybody knows I don't like homosexuals, and they sent one of their uniformed perverts to arrest me. Don't call me a "homophobe" -- I'm not scared of anybody (except maybe Butch Reno). It just ain't right, the Bible told me so. And don't tell me you think I need "help". What is this, the Soviet Union where people with unpopular opinions were put in mental institutions?

Then I went before the judge but I think he was a freakin' flamer! So how can I get justice with all these lesbins' conspiring against me???

One Paranoid Dude

Dear Para-Dude,

What can I say? You're the star here. How 'bout:Have more tolerance for alternative life-styles?

Dear Advice Man,

This guy is making and selling products with our community organization's logo on it and he's not paying us! What should we do?.....Angry and Concerned

Dear A & C,

Don't ask me! Didn't you say you were going to go back there and break his legs!?



Whale Gulch School

Interview with

Cietha W.

Gulch Mulch: What is the new relationship with the state, Leggett, etc.?

Cietha W.: When the school started in '78 as a community coop it was a parent/teacher situation. We got no money from the state. We were doing it because there was no place else to go. In '79 when Ray got involved in the Jr. High/High School he was able to get some funding from the state and got us involved with Ft. Bragg Unified School District as an Independent Study Program. Recently Ft. Bragg wanted to close down Leggett School. We would be part of that district if they broke off, which they decided to do. Leggett asked us to help keep their little school going by voting that they become a separate district, which we did, and now we're asking ourselves was that a good idea?

We've been involved with the Leggett Valley School District for two years now. We're almost half of the district and intimately involved with Leggett; they keep a pretty good eye on us and it makes it a lot more difficult.

GM: What is the change that is happening regarding going from a semi-private to a public school?

CW: There's more paperwork, more bureaucratic bullshit that you have to be involved with. That's the thing that takes away from the teaching. You're not thinking "lesson plans" as much as "I've got to fill out this form or keep track of this, or make sure that's in on time."

There's just a lot more stress involved

with the administrative end of it. We never had to be so concerned with what the county or the state thought before. We were more concerned with what the *neighborhood* thought and whether it was working in terms of the community. Now there's a whole other set of people watching us and telling us how we'd better behave.

The school is growing a lot. There are 47 students now. It's expanding mostly in the Jr. High and High School. The high school has no place to go.

GM: What are the advantages and disadvantages of becoming a bigger school?

CW: The advantage of a bigger school is that the students going there have more kids to be with, it makes it seem more like a real school to them. Amber loves the fact that there are all these new people and it's more of a social scene.

The disadvantage is we're unfortunately getting many of the teens who don't fit in in other schools. They tend to be the ones who are not really academically motivated and might have behavior problems. We may be inadvertently encouraging kids that are unmotivated rather than just providing an alternative. We're becoming something that they can come to which is fine if that's what we want to do, if we can really help the kids that can't make it in other places. That's a real need and that would be great, but I don't know if we're capable of coping with all those needs.

The definition of the high school has been changed; it's not just independent study any more, it's also a Necessary Small School which has a different type of funding and can be a lot of money. We are *technically* entitled to

\$320,000 with only *one* highschool student

Roy's been really careful *not* to make it look like we're taking advantage of it which is one reason he's encouraging a lot of kids. We're trying to provide a pretty big program. In fact, we're trying to provide a pretty big program for a lot of kids.

GM: How much money was the school getting from Ft. Bragg and how has the additional money affected the school?

CH: We were getting under \$100,000 from Ft. Bragg; now with the increased funding we're able to hire a lot more people to do things instead of relying on volunteer help. We're providing jobs for people who otherwise might not have jobs in the neighborhood. But we're also not getting the volunteerism and parent involvement that made the school the special place that it is. The parents have backed off due to either burn-out, disillusionment or being fed up with meetings. That's disappointing, I feel sad that the parents feel somehow alienated. It's a shame that there's that feeling of separation between people. It's always easier to criticize something than to get involved to change it. Changing things is difficult because there's a lot of vested interest in keeping things the way they are for some people. Everyone's got their opinion and they're all going to state it.

GM: What would happen if Leggett folded?

CH: Every year we're sort of wondering what's going to happen next. We never really know who our superintendent and principal are going to be, what the situation is. We're constantly trying to define who we are as an entity separate from the district, so we can continue to provide quality education to be what

we started out to be rather than just blending in with something and then possibly dissolving when *they* dissolve. Part of what we're doing this year is trying to retain our identity and figure out just what that is, what does that mean. Who are we?

GM: What is your vision of the school in five years?

CH: I've given up on visions of the future because it keeps changing all the time. I get torn between trying to keep it small, community oriented, and parent-involved as it has been; at the same time I see the possibility that we're just going to keep growing, changing and becoming something else. Maybe that's really good - I just have to learn to be flexible, to go with it.



SCHOOL

The school has one of it's biggest challanges coming up. They must hire 6 new teachers and choose a site for the new high school. They've had pretty good luck attracting out of town teachers for a couple of years, luring them here with fresh air and clean water to live often ramshackle existences or rent houses out in Ettersburg and commute to the school.

The neighbors near the high school are tired of it. The high school will have to move somewhere else or shut down. A new site could be picked this spring. That could mean annexing part of Humboldt County and condemning Barnum's meadow, or perhaps he would be a willing seller. Gopherville is still in the running. (With all the politics it's easy to forget it's about the kids.)

Necessary Small School's funding is what drives the school ; the high school was started to get the NSS money which flows through the whole program. There is a chance that the elementary school could be asked to move to the new high school site someday or the high school might not happen at all. If it's going to happen I think Supt. Lynne is going to have to lead the way -- now she's waiting patiently for the school meeting process (local government) to make a decision.

* * *

(Here are some out-of- context notes and quotes from various meetings.) SCHOOL NOTES

High School Drug Policy: No pot smoking before or during school. If caught -- three Fridays of attendance. 2nd time: expulsion hearing. Third time: expulsion final. (Legally supposed to arrest after 2nd offense -- Supt. Lynne.) How do you know if they toke before school? (red eyes, smell.) First step of suspicion is conference with kid. If Mendo student is expelled, another setting must be found. For So-Hum student -- no.

Flag Pole: Students vote no. Flag might attract tourists. Could lead to cafeteria or a principal's office.

Policy (about policy): Talk about it now, vote next meeting. The record of policies are included in the minutes. It's muddled; the policies should, could be put in a computer, or somewhere, so they could be found on demand.

Proposal: Policy should not be voted on at the meeting it's first brought up in.

What is policy? Policy is something which will be applied over and over in the future.

Proposal: Supt. Lynne suggest: Nothing be send out to larger community without being checked for content, grammar and spelling. Someone else edits before being sent out. (No names are mentioned -- it's all very respectful -- ed.)

HIGH SCHOOL SITE MEETING #1

This was very interesting meeting because Gopherville was nearly aced out of consideration at the beginning but by the end of the meeting 9 out of 12 people chose it as the best site. However, in the intervening months it seems to have fallen back out of favor, I guess.

BARNUM GOPHERVILLE BEAR PAW 4 CORNERS CHEMISE

Positive:

good access	in district	in district	in district	sunny
utilities	utilites, flat	utilities	beautiful	services
beautiful	nature near by	borders San-	in Gulch area	Cove
can grow	location	ctuary For.	willing seller	beautiful
sports	available		good karma (?)	

Negative:

poss.pollution	toxicity	barely qual-	enviroment-	access-
condemnation	displaces people	ifies for state	ally sensitive	noise
logging trucks	dealing w/owner	lease only	too beautiful	too close
boundry change	karma	too small	sump	to Cove
	social engin-	too steep	no J.r High	district
	eering	no growth	parking needs	lines
				extend.

HIGH SCHOOL SITE MEETING #2

Present H.S. site neighbors respond: M says it's dusty, creek polluted. N: impact on plants, loud music, trash. It's time to find a temporary site, just move it. Time to leave.

G: Site now is barely adequate, sometimes hot water works, sometimes not. We deserve better, school deserves better. It's always been temporary, we've been camping for 5 years. Let's have a proper site.

M: Are we going to ask Sandy for an extension now? Maybe students could park at the end of the Low Road or at elementary



School - cont.

S: I feel like the house guest that wouldn't leave.

B: I've been looking at permanent sites the last month or so. It's going to take longer than we thought.

Supt. Lynne: Two week trips, then back to school for a couple of weeks. Still would need a base, a place, the school. Need a document saying what's going to happen with a "traveling school". Gas, where, etc. More trips and less use of the property if you'd allow us to use it again. How many teachers are we hiring? Include So-Hum kids? We must consider this as we envision what next year is going to look like.

M: Make something happen. Traveling school. Lots of education on trips. I'm single, I could go away with the kids for a few weeks at a time.

B: We must move forward. A little dust and music -- the site works for another year. (Leggett has school spirit.)

Supt. Lynne: Must try to keep the site this year. Have kids take more responsibility. Can't use it as a phoney site and have the school somewhere else. Expanded field trips. You can't have the school around a specific group of kids that you've chosen. Outline the traveling school.

G: 6 want to travel, 12 are iffy. Traveling school logistically difficult, lots of stumbling blocks -- not feasible.

B: Do the traveling school. Buy a bus, send them out there, bonding on trips. "If there's a will we'll find a way."

M: Hire teachers who would travel. Teach the school out of the bus.

Supt. Lynne: Traveling school: the issue is about the kids who don't go. We need the site for another year.

S: I almost feel like a fool for saying yes (to rent the site) 5 years ago. I feel stuck between high ideals and a community which never wanted a school there in the first place. I did it for the community. Is it still important for us to have a high school? Can we hang in there one more year? We're stuck.

N: Next year we'll stay at the same site and only one year. No vehicles next year -- keep them out of the creek.

P: I want the best thing to happen. The traveling school was a brainstorm. Get a vision, get the energy, make something happen.

R: I don't want to push the issue of that site. Personally the site hasn't been that oppressive to me. I voted twice to extend

the school one year, no more. Love it or hate it.

K: I'm gonna plead for that site... we need a home base.

SCHOOL NOTES -- last meeting April 21

Local School Board members Bruce and Paul, Supt. Lynne, the school Supts. of Humboldt and Mendocino Counties (Louie Bucher and Paul Tichinin), and So Hum School Bd. members Cliff Anderson and Dennis O'Sullivan met to discuss possible high school site outside of the Leggett (Gulch) School District, one half mile into So-Hum's District (Barnum's). Cliff ran it by the So-Hum Board who were not eager to have a boundary change (So-Hum says they're possibly planning a school in the Whitethorn Junction area in the next 10 years). It was pointed out that the So-Hum Board may be more concerned with ADA money than the needs of the kids. (Whether the school is in Humboldt or Mendocino, So-Hum will still lose ADA, Average Daily Attendance, money.

Supt. Lynne: Can you have a school in another county? Could So-Hum buy a piece of property and let us use it? So-Hum has a very conventional program; we're much looser, more creative. No marionette situation where kids are popping up to bells. They don't know how to be as flexible as us.

There was a meeting with Save The Redwoods (STR). They're interested in the excess acreage of Gopherville the school wouldn't need. STR could also use the facilities as a visitor center during the summer. STR can evict with no responsibility to relocate. The School District (the State?) could be legally responsible to relocate and pay the rent for 48 months for displaced residents (there is one tenant on the part of the land that the school is looking at).

CALENDER -- Whale Gulch School could be going on a full five day program next year. The fifth day wouldn't have to look like the other days; it will be a non-traditional day. A parent can put a child on Independent Study on a weekly basis by having a contract with the District for Fridays. You can take kids to Mexico or wherever and it will not count against ADA if the kid does the full packet of work. Much more on this later.

NEWS FLASH!!! -- Meeting in meadow April 24th!

Much venting. 97 surveys went out, 40 came back: 29 -yes; 6-no. All is well!!! No more rude looks. High School to remain one more year in Thompson Creek!

