

**SPECIAL DIRTY LAUNDRY ISSUE
IMMATURE ADULTS ONLY!!!!!!**

The Gulch Mulch

all the pulp that's fit to gulp

GULCH SNOBS

What's with these nattering nabobs of **negativism** bad-mouthing the hallowed Gulch? The other day someone said "Oh you're from the Gulch? That's the place where everyone thinks they're **BETTER** than everyone else."

US? Snobs? What about **Salmon Creek**? And if we're snobs what makes us snobs? We've always felt kinda special (snobby?) with that gleaming deep blue sea out our windows. Now, people aren't **ENVIUS** of the Gulch, are they? (Sorry! Typical snobby cheap shot!)

Maybe it's snobby that Gulchers don't really accept new people till they've been here for years, and full respect isn't achieved till you own a piece of it. Good luck on that -- the Gulch is surrounded by State Park, BLM and the **ocean**. There's rarely anything available and when there is it's snapped up by the ultra-insider...

I think snobbiness is ignoring people on the road or in town even tho you know them and could easily acknowledge them and say "hi."

Maybe the nabobs are right! Seems I **HAVE** seen a few noses in the air around here recently! **SNOB HILL!**

(How many inlanders does it take to screw in a lightbulb?.....300, one to screw it in and 299 to bitch and moan about the Gulch!!!)

AL DECKER, Hit and Run Activist

Who is this guy and where did he come from? He swoops down, hugs a tree, and he's gone. He throws a pie in **HURWITZ's** face, **BOOM** outtathere. He's the caregiver for a medical marijuana garden then in a week the garden's gone. And who's going to be curator of the **Marijuana Museum**? You guessed it! He runs for congress for about 5 minutes then disappears. (And all that's before breakfast!)

What next? Climbs a tree, makes love to **Julia Butterfly...comes and goes...**

This could be the Al Decker summer...could it be the Al Decker year? How 'bout the **Al Decker MILLENIUM**? Oh AL we barely knew ye...

YOU KNOW YOU'RE A GULCH HICK IF...

- # You run your new toilet into your old outhouse.
- # You're **HAPPY** when you get a 9600 Internet connect speed.

(Submit **YOUR Gulch (or SoHum) "hick" examples** to Gulch Mulch, Whitethorn CA 95589, or e-mail at gulchmulch@hotmail.com.)



MEDICAL POT O.D.

It seemed like the perfect opportunity to use medical marijuana. My father was a recovering cancer patient with weight loss, reduced appetite and insomnia. Pop, I said, how would you like to eat a brownie that will increase your appetite, help your sleep, and make you feel damn good? Well he wasn't really into it but when he started talking about getting some cyanide I decided hey at least try this first.

I gave him some brownies though I hadn't tried them out to check the dose first. Oops. **BIG OOPS.**

He ate a couple of small brownies. A few hours later we were upstairs in his air-conditioned bedroom when he announced that he wanted to do downstairs to watch TV. I took that as a good sign since he had lost interest in TV before the operation. Then he said let's eat something. We had been eating out the last few evenings so I suggested House of Hunan for some shrimp and rice. **Second big mistake.**

I trundled him into the car, drove out beyond the mall, and physically supported him on the walk into the restaurant. We ordered the food which he ate, then drank, choked and coughed. Oops, (recurring theme) better get out of there! I guided him back to the car with our little white take-out cartons and drove him home.

He was seriously O.D.'d on pot. When we got back to the house I drove in back but the back door was locked. He asked me to go through the front to unlock the back so the neighbors wouldn't see me help him walk and think he was drunk.

I got him upstairs and realized that I'd blown it bigtime. I hovered around him while he tried to pee in the bathroom, afraid he might fall or something. I finally left him alone to let Nature take her (water) course. He got into bed while I lay down in the guest room nearby. Once, I heard him get up so I raced to the hallway where I encountered him, a big naked man making a bee-line for the bathroom. I touched his shoulder as he went past but he brushed me off and dashed toward the john.

In the morning he told me that as he was trying to get to sleep he kept thinking there was someone else in the room. I told him "Oh it was probably just your inner dialog." He said "You know those anti-marijuana ads on the radio where the kids can't even remember their own names? Well I always thought they were probably bullshit but now I see that they're right!"

By the end of the day he was doing alright. I gotta give the old guy credit for trying something new and different...but oh did I blow it. Bad!

GULCH MULCH, WHITETHORN, CA 95589

gulchmulch@hotmail.com

Send questions, comments, criticism, and complaints. All submissions will be published unless they're long and boring.



STICKS AND WEEDS

Sarah Mattole has graduated Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Santa Cruz! Congratulations Sarah, you kicked ass, we're proud of you! *** is it true that Darryl C. taught Kareem Abdul Jabbar the SKYHOOK at an anger management workshop? *** so who is that guy in love with Julia Butterfly who climbs up the tree to bring her warm tea? (Get in LINE, dude.) *** are there really "energy-sucking vampires" lurking in the halls of KMUD? Who? Where? (check first fridays, 7:00 PM.)

Hey Digital Dan from KHUM: That's SO sweet that you think the pepper spray victims got what they DESERVED. (I don't THINK so, asshole) *** it's good to hear that OWL is back to add a little SPICE to Thank Ja, a show that has gotten very predictable and PC *** the murmers of discontent are getting louder about that other, rather insipid, KMUD morning show (will it go on forever?)...

That little local feud between mother and daughter has calmed down! (Mother agrees to do HER share of the cooking!) *** hey, are there ANY happy and fulfilled people in the gulch? I nominate Nancy P. (How 'bout "most bummed out? most strung out? snobbiest snob? send your nominations to Gulch Mulch, Whitethorn, CA 95589 or gulchmulch@hotmail.com.

One proud SoHum farmer is saying that Dr. Hunter S. Thompson sampled his finger hash and found it to be the finest he'd ever SMOKED! Unfortunately he then took ANOTHER hit and fell on the floor completely zoned out *** how 'bout that OTHER KMUD morning DJ who it's said that if he was a dog he'd LICK himself to death *** best 15 minutes on KMUD is when the erudite and humorous Kevin Hoover gets on the air at 7:45 AM Monday morning to give the NoHum Report. (Kevin is editor/publisher of the excellent Arcata Eye)

With all the deisel fuel leaking on the county road they're thinking of handing out gaskets like they do condoms.

Community organizations can freak out when the press arrives at one of their public meetings. "You're not going to print THAT?" they'll say about the one thing I want to print. At a Mateel Community Center meeting a while back an adjacent land-owner to the Reggae site was making his point that festival crashers were trashing his land. After he left one of the Board members said, "He's next to Reggae? We kiss his ass! We kiss his ass!" *** coincidentally that's the same guy recently banned from KMUD for toking on the property ***

Is it much ado about not much at KMUD or is the station going through turmoil? Is it just normal political infighting at an institution coming of age? Is it just people impotent in the WIDER world trying to affect something where they think they CAN make a difference? How 'bout the guy kicked out of KMUD? He claims it's medicinal -- will he show the doctor's note? (Dr. Hunter S. Thompson?) How will the "restructuring" affect KMUD? I was so close to penetrating the "secret society of KMUD" last week but had to leave the Board meeting JUST as it was getting HOT 'n HEAVY to go to a SOFTBALL game...priorities *** (If ANYONE knows what's going on at KMUD and/or has the scorecard to keep track of the players please write Gulch Mulch, Whitethorn, CA 95589 or email at gulchmulch@hotmail.com.

(Remember chicken soup at the Eritrean restaurant near Ocean Beach? Well I miss you -- please call...)



REGGAE on the RIVER

It was the week of **Reggae** and I still hadn't received my backstage press pass application...what was up? I called **People Productions** and was referred to "**Scott**" who was handling that action.

"Oh" he said. "You didn't turn in anything from last year so we didn't send it out."

Oh well maybe I had a bad **YEAR** or **DECADE**!

Scott continued, "But since you're local we'll put your name down at **WILL CALL** for press and photo."

YES! Back in the game! The next day a friend of a friend called wanting to be put on **MY** little will call list to buy a ticket the gate. That is a minor perk...other more **IMPORTANT** people have actually free tickets to give away. (I've heard rumors they trade them for **SEX!**) I called in the name and they popped it on the list. (Hey **Karen of Burlingame** -- you still owe me two haircuts for **THAT!**)

Though I feel pretty ambivalent about Reggae there **IS** a certain excitement walking across the bridge into the grounds among the stoned, sunburned hippies and yuppies. This time I was pretty bored after a day so I headed over to the home booth **HEMP FOOD!** It's really nice having a Gulch booth again! For **YEARS** we were **Cosmic Canteloupes**, (does anyone know where that **SIGN** is?) a place to hang out in the shade away from the bustle of the midway; now after five years (or so) we were **BACK!**

I was recruited to take the money while all these amazingly energetic people made the **HEMP** burgers and **HEMP** ice cream. **Paul and Mike** were veritable **MACHINES** cooking the burgers over the camp stove for **HOURS**. **Justine, Emma, Zoe**, and many other Gulch School children moved non-stop to feed the hungry, gnarly populace. For four hours I stood there making change and directing the orders to the waitresses. It was the most fun I ever had at Reggae, working with my people, my community. **Dalen** was incredible organizing it and keeping it all together! I was there a scant few hours -- these other folks were there **DAYS** and to three in the morning selling food. (We made a lotta money.)

What a great **SET-UP** it was! All these stoned-out people with the cosmic munchies lining up to buy **FOOD!** Whenever the bands stopped there was a **SURGE** of business.

I finally took a break, drank a beer or two (**THANK YOU Mike and Byron** for **CONVINCING** me I shouldn't let a **BUDWEISER** sully my throat when there was **BOTIQUE** ale available!) and kicked back with a big

REDUNDANT fattie. After a few moments of relaxation I thought "Hmm... I **WONDER** if I can do my front-counter-money-changing gig, like, totally inebriated?" How **HARD** could it **BE**?

I went back up to the front and asked **Donna** if I could take my old place for a little while. I replaced her and looked out at the sea of hungry faces. A young woman with a bill crumpled in her hand caught my eye and said "**Rarooooah!**" like some alien or something. It was like being on an **acid trip** where the walls are undulating and **MELTING!** I had no clue what the girl was saying! Interesting experiment -- I'm **GONE!**

I ambled over to the photo pit in front of the stage after obtaining ear plugs from Communications. Everyone in there was dancing to the music, one of the big perks. (You could tell that I was a **professional photographer** because I always carried **TWO** instamatics!) At first I couldn't get into it, it seemed kinda corrupt; it's the photo pit, you're supposed to be taking pictures, but really it's a glorified insider's hangout where everyone's scamming a great location to see the music. Then I thot "**Hey it's a perk and I'VE got it!** May as well use it -- what the hell!

I boogied with the photo boogiers and remembered the year before when I scammed my way into **LAMINATE** territory onto the **STAGE** for the first time sitting on the risers off to the side, the musicians **RIGHT** there! And then you've got the **ultra insiders** on the stage even **CLOSER** to the band, like **Carol and John**, and **Kathryn M.** I was thinking I bet old **Howard Phun** will be up there in that inner circle spot at some point. I looked up from the photo pit and **THERE** he was, **Chief of Backstage Security**, flanked by a couple Jamaicans, exercising his **SUPER-PERK**. I waved and he waved back, distainfully looking down at the photo rabble from his lofty perch onstage...



RED MEAT

bitter mug of nether nog

from the secret files of
Max cannon

Son... your mother tells me you don't believe in Santa Claus. Is that true?

That's right.

I'm not going to pretend I believe that junk, just because it makes you and mom happy

Welcome to adulthood, son. Hope you enjoy playing with pants and socks, because that's all you'll be getting as presents from now on



MEDIA REPORT

First of all I see another **Gulch Mulch** is out. It seems to have traded its political edge in for laughs which is OK I guess. The latest issue is particularly self-indulgent and confessional. Like, "Who cares?" could be a common reaction. (The editor is blaming it all on El Nino.) He also says that the "Recovery" story in the last issue WASN'T about him. Well let's give the guy a break this time and see if the next issue is better. He's probably just got a lotta stored up junk he needed to get out (or it could be a cry for Help!)

gulchmulch@hotmail.com
GULCH MULCH, WHITETHORN 95589

The **Anderson Valley Advertiser** continues to impress. **Mark Heimann** is an excellent writer, investigative or otherwise. With its wide variety of local to international coverage the AVA has evolved from an insulting scurrilous rag to a well written format for many views. Even **Bruce** couldn't keep up that irrational "angry young man" thing FOREVER. A lot of nay-sayers probably still think that you can't believe anything you read in the AVA and all I can say is they're missin' out! Thursday is the favorite day around the hills when the newest arrives in the mailbox.

Bruce Anderson is so consistant that if he bashed you when you're living he'll trash you in your obit too. (Have you no shame Brucie baby? EVERYONE ELSE loved **Nat Bingham**, you just lost more disgusted readers and you don't give a shit, do you?)

Poor **Bruce** loses EVERY election he runs for: Congress, State Rep, Supervisor, School Board, even board of KZYX! His buddy **John Pinches** tried to appoint him to a county advisory board set up to evaluate whether or not to raise supervisors' salaries but the other spineless ninnies on the board rejected him for THAT one too! (Oh my god they dumped **Brucie**...those BASTARDS!)

AVA@pacific.net

Which brings us to the **Independent**, the little paper that refuses todie. The Indie, tho very green, hasn't really caught on locally but with the editor **Karol Andersson** quitting her day job there is hope that it can fulfill the promise of being a true alternative to the **Life and Times**. It may be going bi-weekly soon -- currently it's a monthly.

indie@asis.com

The **Life and Times** editor has been expressing a lot of provocative views in the last year, stirring up the shit, which IS his job. I guess he's trying to be like the

AVA but without the brains and humor.

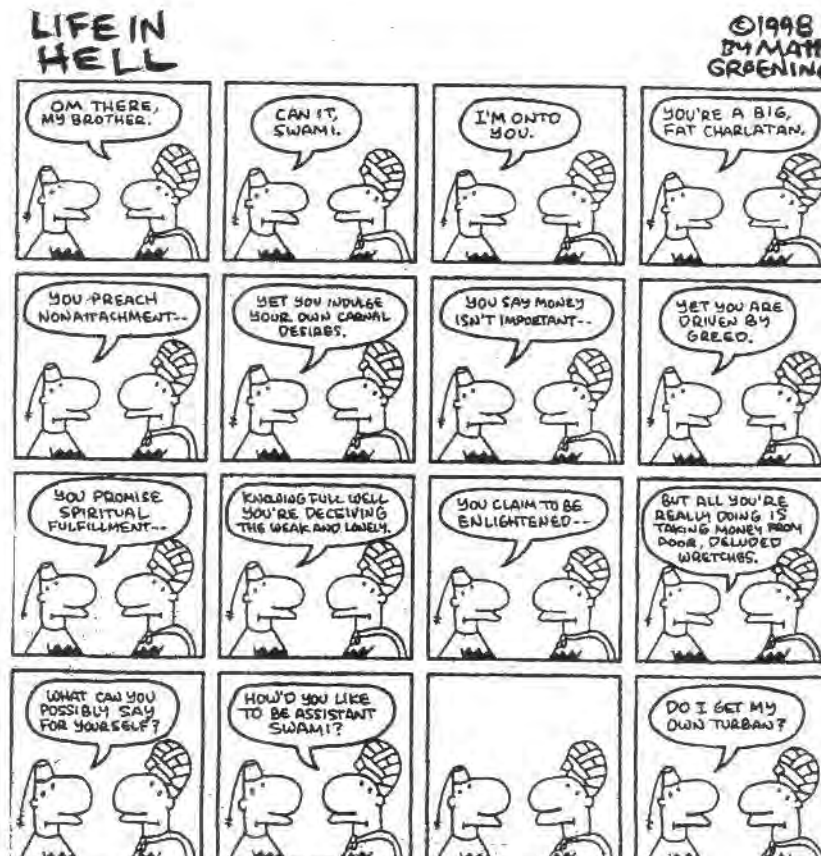
For some reason (rumors of mental and physical ailments abound) the editor seems intent upon driving wedges between segments of the community: Hippie vs. Redneck, Hospital vs. Health Center, Homeless vs. Merchant and now SoHum vs. NoHum.

One of the editor's latest unsubstantiated cheap shots, completely out of left field, is that "people who idealize old trees show little or no respect for elder humans." (So now it's environmentalists vs. the ELDERLY?! puleeze! Where'd THAT come from? The **Wise Use Handbook?**)

The editor is never wrong. He is so thin-skinned that if you write him a critical letter he'll respond in bold type with a bunch of defensive nonsense twice as long as your letter. (He won't even print critical letters anymore.) Just once I'd like to see him respond to criticism by saying "Whatever dude..." which everyone knows means "FUCK YOU ASSHOLE, YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT!"

Hey, there's a new monthly out called **River And Range**. First issue looks promising...

riverandrange@asis.com



LOOKING FOR SENOR FATTIE

We arrived back to Matehuala in the northern desert of Mexico after a rather amazing folk art buying trip to many art-producing towns including Tamalequatzingo where they make those little armadillos deep in the mountains of Guerrero.

I went looking for my pile of belongings which I had to leave behind when I boarded Kathy's van after the Mexican Customs didn't allow me to bring my car across the border without a credit card! I wanted to find my stash, get my head straight, and figure out if I should head up into the mountains for a few days or head back north with Kathy.

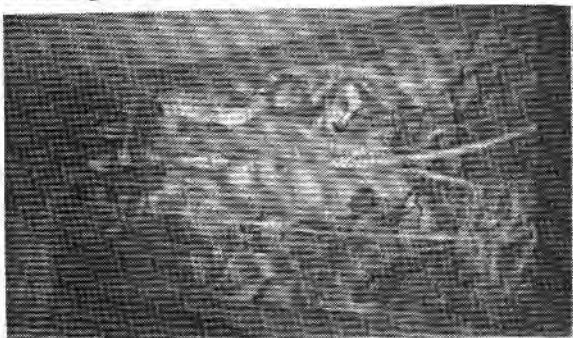
When I got back to La Huerta the van, where I had off-loaded my stuff, was gone; I looked in all the spare rooms but came up empty! I thought maybe Roberto had driven it out to the mountains of Real de Catorce; I went looking for a taxi that would take me out to Catorce, wait two hours while I visited with friends (and found Sr. Fattie), then take me back to Matehuala to hook up with my ride north the next day.

As we headed out of town in the taxi I noticed that it was almost 6:00PM; I told the driver to stop at the Altiplano bus station instead, bought a ticket, and joined all the little Catorce people on thier way back from the abundant market of Matehuala. To my dismay I realized that I'd bought a standing room only seat! Aah! NO WAY was I going to STAND all the way (an hour and a half) to Catorce! I bounded off the crowded bus as the little Mexican people laughed at the big fat gringo! I got my money back, jumped back into my taxi and shouted "A Centro!"

"It's only two blocks that way" the taxista said. I jumped out, walked back downtown and repeated my request for a round trip to Real. All the cabbies funnelled my request toward Hildago Taxi #1.

We negotiated a deal then roared out of town for Cedral. The cab was the worst piece of shit in town: fumeey and rattling. The cabbie's a young guy talking very rapidly; I couldn't understand a word. We got to Cedral, a third of the way to Catorce, where the hack stopped to put water in the radiator. He told me the car wouldn't start; I didn't believe him and told him I'd WAIT. If he didn't think he could make it to Real why did his take me THIS far?

He talked to this big beefy guy who helped us try to push-start the car; when it finally started the taxista did a u-turn, drove back toward Matehuala, and left me standing in the middle of the street dumb-founded! The fucking asshole dumped me in Cedral! I felt lost

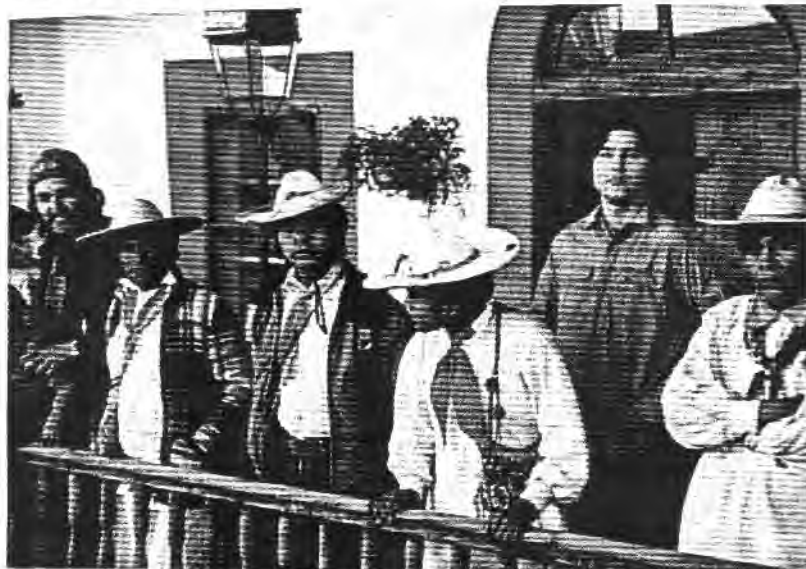


for a moment then jumped on the next bus back to Matehuala -- it was initially nearly empty but was SRO by the time we reached Mata. As we rolled across the desert I thought "I've got to find the taxi #1 jerk, tell him 'Hola tonto, chinga tu madre', and fight him if necessary." Even though I've never had an all-out fight in my life I had to call him out, even if he might KILL me.

When I got back to Mata I hung out at my friend's liquor store for awhile while looking out onto Hildago Street for cab #1. I walked down to the cab stand by the Hotel Matehuala where I told the other cabbies that Hildago #1 was a tonto, a fool. I told them the story which they laughed at, and soon me WITH them.

Back at the liquor store where my friends deal the devil's juice to the drunks and wannabes I wrote on the empty pizza box "Taxista #1 es un tonto" and placed it on the newspaper rack. Around 10:30 the mother, daughter, and I walked back to their house across town, next to La Huerta, to have a few drinks. There I found that Roberto was back, my things were STILL in the back of the van after three weeks! I had a quick visit with Roberto and Senor Fatti then headed two doors down for that drink.

Shit, looks like Pablo played the fool AGAIN! Alright, I'm BACK! In all my goofy fury! The Ugly American is once again the Only Tourist in Town, the Gringo's dream!



AT THE TITTY BAR

Back in Indiana last summer for a family medical emergency, whenever I went to the mall for a latte and the New York Times or over to Target for some cheap improvement to my father's house I passed a plastic-looking new building across from Sears called "Stewie's." It was a topless joint -- a titty bar -- whatever you want to call it. After three weeks going back and forth to the hospital I was jumpin' for some diversion.

OK, I'll check out "Stewie's" to see some real live breasts! I walked in, paid the \$3.50 cover charge, and sat on a stool in the darkness. A very large-breasted woman on the stage was dancing to some rock'schlock, twirling her body around a pole, and basically getting a pretty good workout. A man occasionally ventured down to the inner ring of stools around the hardwood dance floor; the dancer moved to directly in front of him where she lay on her back and spread her legs in his face. Then she pulled his head between her sumptuous breasts and maybe give him a peck on the ear. He took a bill out of his wallet and tucked it into her g-string.

The waitress came by to sell me a drink; I asked her (Mr. Innocent here) how much money did the guy put in and she said one dollar. Later a scantily clad dancer came up to the guy sitting by himself at the next table; they talked for a second then left together. When the waitress came back I asked her what that was all about. She explained that they went off to a semi-secluded area of the bar to do a "table dance" where she dances to a song while essentially draping herself all over the patron for \$10. Well that sounded pretty intriguing to me, if I'm going to check this place out I may as well do it all!

When a cute little blonde dancer came by I asked her for a table dance. Pay the man \$10 she said. I followed her to a chair near the bar area where she proceeded to dance to the song, soon removing her top to expose her cute little breasts. She danced around me pushing her butt up against my belly, rubbing her legs against mine. When her hips were a few inches from my hands I asked her if I could touch her.

"Oh no" she said.

She continued dancing around and against me. I had this BIG smile plastered on my face. She said she doesn't get too many table dances because most men prefer the big whoppers. By then she was smiling too and said with a laugh that the girls were legally supposed to stay six inches away from the customer. She pulled my head between her breasts. It was great fun in a kind of sick, depraved way. The music ended and that was that. My glazed smile spoke through my wallet. "Do it again, do it again!" I said, handing her another \$10. And she did.

The immediate downside was that after an hour in the strip joint I went home to suffer through a headache the size of Chicago. I knew it was the smoky toxic environment that gave me the throbbing pain that did me in.

Later I was driving by "Stewie's" with my father. "Pop" I said "Let's drop into that bar to see some topless women. Wouldn't you like that? You could tell all your friends you went to the strip club."

"Son" he said "I wouldn't want to tell them that. I wouldn't want to do that. I can't believe you went in there. That is so low."

"C'mon Pop, let's go in, just for a minute! You know I'm here for your immoral support!"

FOTO FUNNIES



DESPERATE TIMES

El Nino, Anonymous E-mail Relationships and Cybersluts

El Nino kicked me in the ass. I survived...or did I? Have you ever heard of Match.com? It's a '90s thang lookin' for a mate or some cheap thrills on the Internet. (You start by down-loading porno, then writing messages to real people.) With Match.com you put your personal profile out there and send messages, letters to those who's profile have piqued your interest, people you think might be a MATCH. (A couple notable local men have found their mates on Match.com.)

I took the free one week membership (\$80 for six months) and scanned through the West Coast atheists. As my free week was about to end I picked a couple gals pretty much randomly. Hey with El Nino crushing my life (not that I was 180 feet up a redwood tree or anything) it was fun to have someone, somewhere writing to me nearly every day; I felt positively '90s even though I figured I'd never meet them.

One was a mother lookin' for love, the other a randy bitch lookin' for sex. After a week I had developed an imaginary "sexual" fantasy relationship with my cyberslut. She's send me naughty pictures of herself (see page 7 -- gulchmulch) and I wrote erotic prose to her. In my dreams and on the keyboard I had her many different ways. Once I put out a particularly torrid fantasy where I f_____ her b_____ then c_____ in her m_____. I didn't hear from her for a while after that and figured I'd gone too far, but no, all orifices were fair game with cyberslut. Then she went off to meet some cyberslut guy she'd been e-mailing and ICQ'ing for a few months. I guess she finally got to do her elevator fantasy on the way to 18 orgasms that weekend, OR SO SHE SAID! Well I'd had her, conquered her, it was over, love 'em and leave 'em, fuck'em and forget 'em, on the Internet. I told her I was gonna take a break from cybersex and began to concentrate on the mother.

We wrote for a few months then got the opportunity to meet. We didn't really know what each other looked like when we met at the Starbux in Marin. I'm thinking well if she's a TOTAL dog I'll still TALK to her - I like meeting people. We met and we were both pleasant-looking enough. Her clothes were kinda baggy but there were probably some breasts in there somewhere, I'd investigate later.

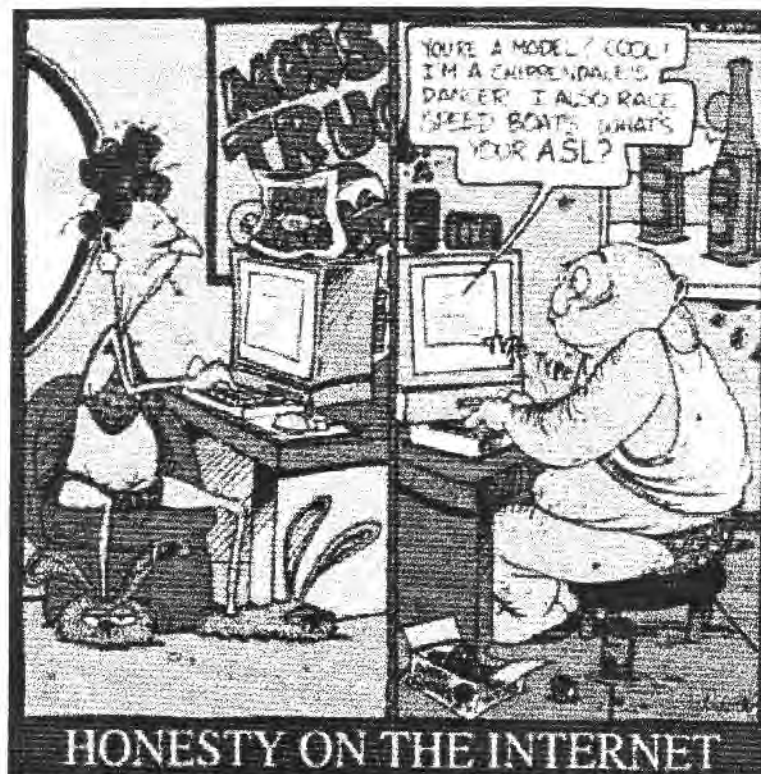
We talked for an hour at Starbux: she was a nice person with an open smile and an uninhibited laugh.

The plan was that if we got past coffee we'd go out on some kinda date. She said let's both drive over to the movie but I said no, no, I want to ride with YOU! Done deal. At "Primary Colors" I talked myself into trying to hold her hand -- well no response there! After the forgettable flick we had a few beers and pizza at a yuppie emporium, then drove back to Starbux and my truck.

We sat in her car for a minute and I told her I wanted to kiss her. She said OK but let's go out and lean against your truck. I thought about this for a second then said no, let's kiss right here. No, she said, we can hug too if we're outside.

We leaned up against the truck hugging and kissing. Somehow I'd overcome my well-known shyness and tried to "slip her the tongue." It was met by her ivory barricades, twice! (Later I was thinking well if a woman gives up the tongue she might worry that a guy will think "alright, prelude to sex," whereas a guy is just trying to get into any orifice possible with anything, finger, tongue, etc. (Gotta watch out for them "etc's.")

So I'm blamin' it all on El Nino! Maybe I'll go back to Match.com and do it right: put a profile out there, get responses, write a lot of people and MAYBE find a match...but I doubt it!!!



RED MEAT

dirt-flavored mouthwash

from the secret files of
Max Cannon

Say, Dan...I need to have a word with you. My son was very upset yesterday after you let him ride with you on your morning route.



I'm not sure I know what you mean, Ted.

Don't know what I mean?! Good God, Dan! He came home late last night...and he was staggering drunk with all his hair shaved off.



Hmm...

Incredible...I wonder how he got down off that water tower?



SOFTBALL BADBOY

Now that I'm playing softball again (and loving it!) it's probably time to review all the fits I used to throw on the field when I cared too much about it. (Actually just last week at a party one of my former teammates told me that once he really wanted to kick my ass after I kept telling him to yell to the outfielders to throw it to the right base! It was 16 years ago and I think the guy was still pissed!)

Leland organized a team, called us the Whitethorn Zombies, and off we went to play in a tournament in Boonville against Stogie and the Rainbows Boys who whopped us good! Tony and I both wanted to play left field where all the action was, for some reason center field wasn't good enough! I threw my glove against the ground and walked off!

Another time we were playing the Briceland Buzzards; I was pitching, the team kept making all these errors behind me, and I got so FRUSTRATED that I threw a big breaking OVERHAND curve to the next batter! Oops! It didn't break -- it came right at Dan! He jumped out of the way, glared at me, walked half-way to the mound with his bat, and said "You jerk!" (Hey it was supposed to BREAK!)

Then there was the infamous time I didn't play Bonnie in the first game against Phillipsville, the WORST team in the league. Then I didn't, as manager, play her in the second game either! (At that point Ray or SOMEONE should have interceded and talked some sense into me!!) She was the only gal in the league and she quit the team. (Christy, the all-time mother -supporter -of -talented -son -playing - Little League, likes to often remind me of that story. It's over Christy, OK?!?)

OK then there was the time during the first year of the Whalers when we lost to Piercy in the playoffs after a bunch of errors. That time I was so pissed I just stalked off and didn't even get into the team picture!

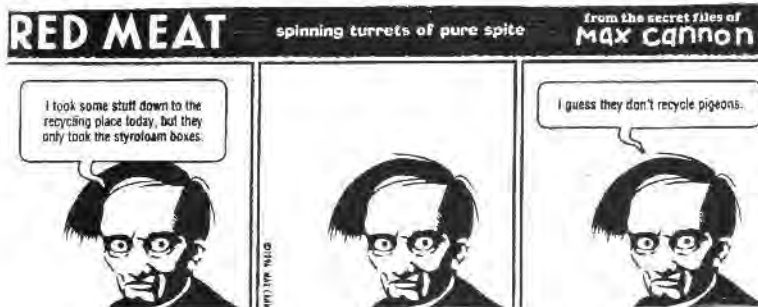
Finally there was the biggest game of our Whalers' lives when I was pitching and the Salmon Creek Buds were razzing me. Well I got the side out, went back to the bench, and took off on the opposing pitcher screaming baseball inflected invective at him. Ray had to get Marie to hold my hand (hold the big baby's hand!) to calm me down. We almost won that epic game in 1982 when the Lost Coast Whalers came from nowhere riding the back of the SKYBALL in victory over Briceland, Garberville, and ALMOST Salmon Creek, for the right to be DEMOLISHED by the Loaded Bases, Ted's ringer team!

Just before the playoffs Ray had found US a couple of semi-ringers; such was my obsession to WIN that we orchestrated a vote to play the ringers instead of the usual players. (Hey I'm sorry about the hurt feelings.)

The next year Salmon Creek beat us 27-0 in the first practice game (without the SKYBALL- now outlawed 'cause I didn't have a life except for softball and I practiced nearly every day that summer at Wailaki, throwing it 30 feet high and HITTING that damn plate!)

"Oh well, who cares" I said. I remember Jeff looked at me kinda weird and the whole team quit within a week because I was trying to be the Billy Martin of slow pitch! Ray stuck around to organize the next sports adventure. (Hey Ray? Remember Mystic Golf?)

Go FAT BATS!!!



LETTER FROM NICARAGUA

Life in Nica? Laura Power and I work for a non-profit called El Porvenir which is a spinoff of Habitat for Humanity. Originally involved in improving drinking water supplies in the countryside, we three paid workers are now figuratively up to our ears in latrines. In Ciudad Dario where we live, and even in Managua there are many homes without latrines. We finance hand-dug wells up to a depth of 100 ft., or we cover existing wells, and install a hand-operated rope pump. The sources of drinking water in most of the rural communities would gag the pampered pets of So. Hum. Many are just a hole in a creek shared with the dogs, cows, horses, and people washing their clothes and themselves. Dengue, malaria, and, due to the lack of latrines, cholera in the rainy season are prevalent. Intestinal parasites are the most common affliction.

NGO's, mostly European and Scandinavian are the biggest supporters of the campesinos in their quest for a healthier life. There are north Americans too, including Canadians and the Peace Corps. The latter have not impressed us, the fault of the organization rather than the recent college graduates who are sent here. They're willing, but have no money to spend on projects and aren't allowed to have cars or motorbikes. The ones we've met usually spend a year being frustrated by the seeming lack of interest of their masters and the lack of cooperation of their Nicaraguan "counterparts", that they spend most of their time partying or preparing for graduate school. The lucky ones find work of some interest, usually totally unrelated to what they've been assigned to do.

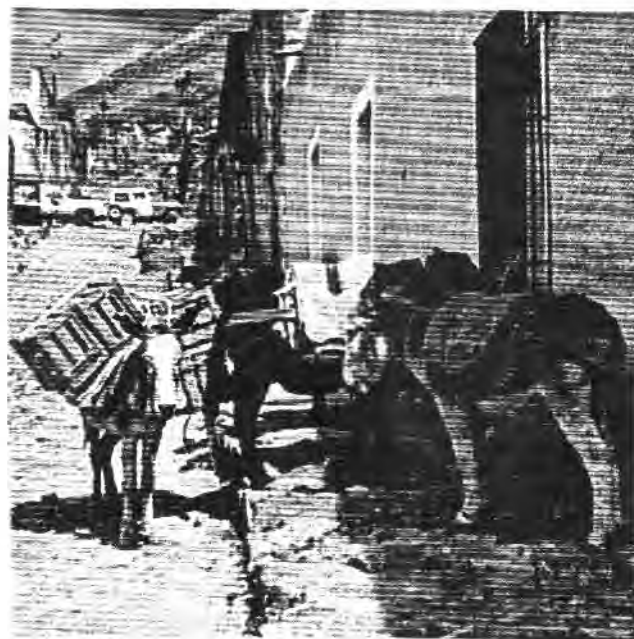
The government is always embroiled in scandal. The higher-ups make too much money and use their positions to improve their own economic situation. Teachers start at about \$40 a month. Doctors in hospitals and Health Centers make less than \$100, and are in their fourth month of a strike for better pay. Some have been beaten and jailed by the anti-riot squads. Some are on a hunger strike. They want a 200% raise (down from 1000%), the government won't budge from 100%

This weekend is the Sandinista Congress to elect new leaders and discuss reforms. It promises to be exciting as some would like to see new leadership which doesn't seem likely. Daniel Ortega's step-daughter is (supposedly) being kept out as she has accused him publicly of sexually abusing her since she was 11, She's 30.

The "Presidential" jet, a Lear stolen by a Cuban-American in Miami, in which the President has flown free once, and has been used by the vice-president and other ministers, is grounded. Traces of cocaine were found by a Salvadoran expert using modern technology in and on the plane. He was assassinated this week in El Salvador. And so it goes.

We'll be doing a speaking tour in Sept-Oct including in Cal. El Porvenir's funds come from donations from individuals and wealthier organizations, and from the tour. We have work brigades including during the winter months. Information can be had from Carole Harper/El Porvenir, POB 1213, Ventura, Cal.93002. E-mail-epuuu@igc.org Maybe you could organize something. We show slides and babble for 15 minutes (San Antonio rotarians) to an hour, and beg for money.

Errol Comma
porvenir@nicarao.apc.org.ni



THE LAST DAYS

of THE REDWOOD RECORD

I was hanging around The Redwood Record towards the end and boy that place was a zoo: stoners, neurotics, alcoholics, and freaks -- I guess I fit right in! There was the main reporter who waddled around town on a perpetual coffee break, a weird-looking character cadging stray tokens behind the church but he always got his story. Then you had the ad-sales gal, this very tall barbie bitch, a frustrated actress likely to be talking demurely one moment then screaming in your face the next. Let's just say that the staff photographer had the ability to tell you a story half an hour after she already told you the same EXACT one. There was another reporter who was kind of a professional victim, likely to be unhappy no matter what podunk paper she was working for. The guy who came down from Fortuna always seemed to have a few warm beers in his butt pack as he carried on an affair with the Editor who had a huge chip on her shoulder. Meanwhile the front office lady, the smile in the window said everything was "fine" as the paper and all of our lives were going to hell

And of course there was old Ray Oakes, Capt. Freak himself, the Marijuana Man, banging away on the computer, having a crush on every chick in the place, more hard-drinkin' and partying than kids 40 years his junior. Ray's the guy you should hide the car keys from; when the party's over he won't sleep on your couch. No matter what time it is there's always another scene for Ray to search out and somehow he always makes it home in one piece.

Into this den of iniquity, this rag from hell, I thrust myself, working in the back with the archives, culling interesting stories from the last twenty years before the whole mess was shipped up to Fortuna. And then I found the smoking gun: the infamous anti-hippy petition of 1969! I reviewed every issue from 1967-1984, decorating the morgue copies with HUNDREDS of post-its when the hammer finally dropped...

It was a Saturday morning -- I was post-itting the year 1984 in the back while the front office lady was running the photo copy machine up front. We took a break and I suggested that we have a seat on the couch in the privacy of the Editor's office. She said she didn't think that was a good idea. C'mon, I said, it's SATURDAY -- no one's here! On the couch I kissed her, ran my hand up her leg, and heard a click in the door! A moment later the Editor walked in catching us on her cheap plastic couch!

"Who said you could come in here!" she screamed.

"God" I replied.

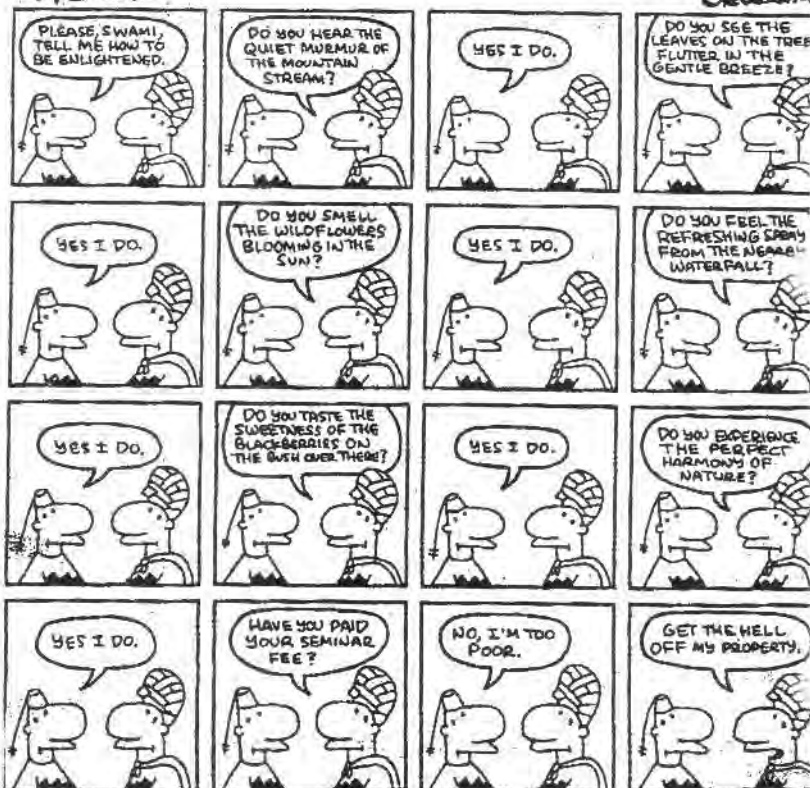
"God?! Get outta here! Go smoke another joint!"

"Hey I haven't smoked a joint in nine months! From what I hear YOU'RE the pothead!"

And that was the end of the great Garberville archival heist of 1995! The research project was history, the Redwood Record died, and the employees scattered to the wind.



LIFE IN HELL



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BY MATH
GROWING

SOFTBALL DIARY, JUNE 1998

Well I'm on the bench, my lesson in humility (the new guy on the team) has begun. Since I was such an eccentric extremist (asshole? - ed.) those other seasons I guess I deserve it. I DO get to BAT cleanup, an honorable slot in the lineup. Otherwise, as the old man on a team of hot-fielding and hitting twenty-somethings I'm relegated to pitcher, catcher or stumbling around first base in EXTREME emergencies! Friends say I'll get hurt but I'm careful and willing to risk it to have FUN! (My back aches, I probably need two or three knee operations and I hurt my NECK the other day drying my hair!)

The first time up I hit a hard single to left, eventually coming around to score. The team greets me with high fives and "Way to go ZUKE!" It feels great! I'm BACK! and with a great group of guys after all those years off!

The next time up the bases are loaded with two outs in a close game. Disregarding all previous batting practice I notice all that empty space in RIGHT field and decide to poke one down the line. I walk nervously up to the plate, anxiously swinging at a BAD pitch, weakly ending the inning with a soft grounder to the infield. Ugh! The next time I fuck up AGAIN, a pop-up to the infield. (Everyone ignores me as I come back to the bench.)

Meanwhile the team has started to HIT, especially Lucas, as we pull away from the Nuggets and WIN.

□ □ □ □ □

Game two is against the Stray Dogs -- there's a few grey beards on that team I remember from the old league. On the first time up I made another out hitting a weak fly ball off the handle. The next time up I adjust, backing away from the plate to get the FAT of the BAT on the ball and swinging DOWN. BOOM! I launch a line drive to deep center -- it's caught but it feels good!

The game is tied in the 4th inning. I'm playing catcher now and Pat, our other old man, is pitching masterfully, throwing a lotta tempting bad pitches but always coming through when he needs to throw a strike. The bases are loaded with one out when someone hits a fly to left field; Toby catches it and guns a PERFECT one-hop throw to the plate where I tag the runner out trying to tag-up and score! Three outs! It's the turning point -- the next inning our bats come alive, trouncing the Stray Dogs. I get two good hits -- FAT BATS WIN!

□ □ □ □ □

The third game didn't go very well. Allsport, the putative best team, got a lot of sneaky grounders JUST

past the lunges of the infielders for a quick five runs. We managed to load the bases, tying it up in the next inning. Then our bats went COLD (thin) while they started slammin' 'em. Our bright spots were when Toby crushed one over the fence for a homerun and a couple of circus catches by Lucas in center field.

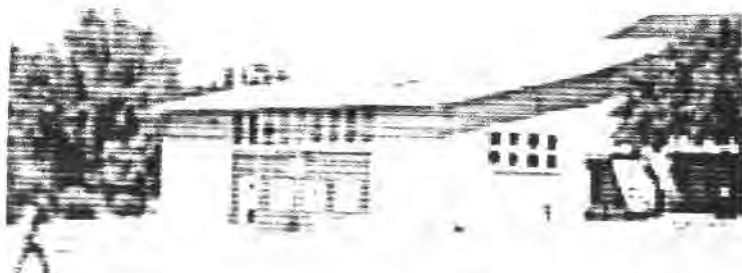
(I DID get to play two innings of catcher; on the last play of the game Jesse P. threw me a PERFECT peg which bounced out of my ANTIQUE glove, (when all else FAILS blame it on the GLOVE!) the runner slid in safely ending the game -- they "ten runned" us...)

I didn't get any hits, 0-3, none of my hitting theories panned out. I guess I need a sports psychologist. (Har! Har?) The community is uniting around my slump; Brent invited me up to use the batting machine and offered some hitting advice, keep by elbow up, etc.

Bottom line: El Nino is OVER and softball is FUN! Bring on the WHALERS!!!

□ □ □ □ □

HOT FLASH--Fat Bats win two more! Toby hits another home run; I go five for five!!!



CHRISTMAS
← IN →
MEXICO



THE ADVICE MAN



Dear Advice Man,

My goal is to keep my boyfriend from watching major sports events. Why should he have fun drinking beer with his buddies while I'm home wallowing in my baggage? He's missed the Superbowl and most of the basketball playoffs -- I got him wrapped around my finger now. The All Star game's coming -- he doesn't stand a chance, I'll think of something to divert him. World Cup final? No fuckin way! I'm doing this for ALL womankind! Mr. Advice Man, do you think I'm being fair?

Controlling Bitch

Dear CB,

Of course you are darling; if YOU won't draw the line who will? You sound like the positive upbeat woman everyone's LOOKING for! When you're done chewing him up and spitting him out look ME up. You go girl!



Dear Advice Man,

My girlfriend and I broke up a few years back; we split up most of the "stuff" (she got the stash and I got the rash). Now that I'm RENTING out the house she wants to renegotiate: she says she wants some of the furniture because I'M not using it, like that was the deal. What should I do? Give up the couch? Is there a time limit on any of this?

Perplexed

Dear P,

You bring up an interesting topic: statutes of limitations on loans, breakups, etc. The Advice Man lent someone a treadle sewing machine about 15 years ago; recently I asked for it back and she told me that she'd given it away! Well I was shocked but SHOULD I have been? If you LEND something to someone at what point in time does it belong to THEM? 5 years? 7 years? Ten? (I've had my friend's piano for 19 years but we know it's HIS!)

To your ex you should probably just say "WHATEVER dudette," hang up the phone, or walk away in disgust.

(Hey Readers! Do you have any stories about loans gone awry? An opinion on what the statute of limitations should be on a loan or break up? Share 'em with The Advice Man -- write Gulch Mulch, Whitethorn, CA 95589 or e-mail: gulchmulch@hotmail.com.)

Dear Advice Man,

I was recently banned from KMUD for 6 months for smoking pot on the property. I don't think it's fair because the chick who turned me in was smokin' the same joint but SHE was ONE FOOT over property line! (I guess she turned me in 'cause my weed was bunk -- she couldn't cop a righteous buzz. She's the one on the air with that really STRIDENT voice.) When I appealed to the personnel committee she was there laughing at everything I said!

We've got to take the station back from the "Gang of Three" controlling every aspect of it! I have full god-given rights to smoke pot, get drunk, snort crank and shoot horse at the radio station. Can't you understand this? Please PRAY for me, Argentina.

So Mr. Advice Man what should I do next? When you take a man's midnite radio show from him it's like ripping out his little ego-tripping HEART.

Dr. Bong

Dear DB,

Heavy dude. I don't think I want to get involved in this one. (Yeah right -- Ed.) So can we just quote one of the "Gang of Three" from the Personnel Committee hearing?:

"Fuck you crazy asshole; you broke the rules and I don't want to see your smirking face at KMUD till the WHOLE six months are UP! It's a punishment you DESERVE. (Just like Kenny on "South Park".) Open your mouth again and I'm ADDING another 12 months!!!"

(Ooh, harsh words -- I REALLY better stay OUT of this one -- Advice Man.)



Do you have questions about problems you want answered in The Advice Man column? If so send to: Gulch Mulch, Whitethorn, CA 95589 or e-mail to: gulchmulch@hotmail.com



GULCH SCHOOL

Meeting Demographix:

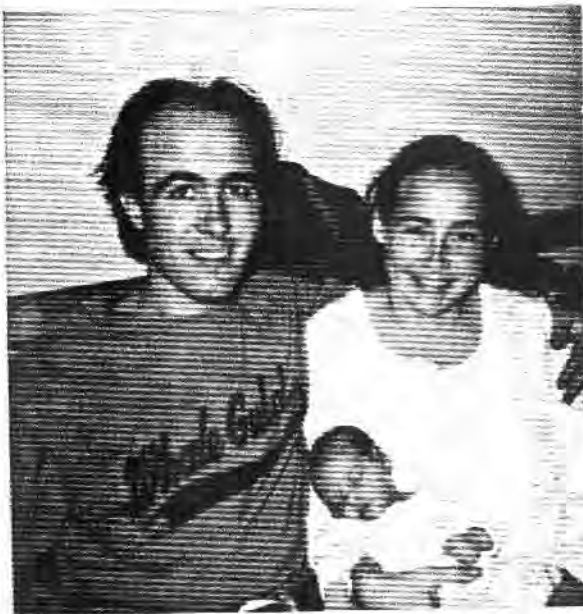
9 women	6 men
6 glasses	9 no glasses
13 long hair	4 short hair
4 blondes	13 brown/black
8 physically fit	7 not
11 over 40	4 under 40

It's been another tumultuous year at the Gulch School. And I don't know shit 'cause what you hear at the meetings is just part of what's really happening. The big story is the High School once again. Every possibly option for a new location has fallen through. The school will remain where it is for the foreseeable future.

There is a new Superintendent fresh from the mountains of Big Sur. (Talk about jumping out of the kettle and into the FIRE!) The last Supe was fired, then paid off handsomely, (was that \$30,000 or \$50,000? I fergit) golden parachute Mendo style. Will the new Supe lead us to the promised land, i.e., get that new high school site nailed down? He seems like he's got an excellent bullshit detector, required equipment around here.

Another big issue was the Junior High. At the meetings you get the idea that most of them are recalcitrant hellions. But then you look behind the scenes and find out it takes two to tango -- it's not just them rowdy teens. Our new Supt. Bill has stepped in, laid down the law, and now the Junior High will be handled tag-team style in segments by many teachers. It's been very difficult to find ONE who could handle that universally difficult hormonally challenged age group. (Apparently in this decade ONE Jr. High teacher for one year was up to the job!)

So go get 'em Bill! Welcome to the Gulch ZOO!!!



AN HOUR AT REGGAE

It was one of those really HOT Reggaes a few years back before I had a press pass and all that backstage frenzy. I had my ticket, my motel room, and I was planning to go for an hour.

At one point during the festival I walked up the grassy hillside and sat down on the ground. I looked around at all the pretty girls, probably from Santa Cruz. One in particular, very dark and beautiful caught my attention. In a little while Iris came by and said "You've got red ants crawling on you!" I got up and started to brush them off! The really beautiful dark girl came over and brushed some off my shirt and pants. I was in heaven! "Are you from Santa Cruz?" I asked.

"Yes," she said...

I went down by the stage where Stooddy gave me a mushroom and a few tokes too...the mushroom started coming on... It was VERY hot -- my hour was up so I headed back to Garberville and the motel.

The room was mercilessly hot, the mushroomized ceiling looked dirty and weird. I curled up outside under a tree; even that was too hot so I jumped in my car and headed back home to the cool fog.



RED MEAT

Forbidden fruit cocktail

from the secret files of
Max cannon

Oh my dear god...what is this filthy animal carcass doing in my oven?

It's no big deal, Mom. It's just a cat skull, and I'm trying to dry it out.

Larry and I are gonna go toss it around after lunch.

That's fine...but I'm not too happy about having it roasting in my oven.

Neither is Mr. Wilkie's cat, but Mr. Wilkie wouldn't give our baseball back to us.

I'm also not thrilled about the bloody fur all over my good potato peeler, either.

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