

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



The Gulch Munch

all the pulp that's fit to gulp

ESCAPE FROM VILLAGE OAKS

When arriving home from a hike through the woods I dreaded the flashing light on the machine, the death light. Back in Indiana Pop was taken to the emergency room a few times when he was having trouble breathing. A few ambulance trips later he signed himself into an "assisted living" facility; his friends gave me the number but I was too afraid to call. Someone needed to go East to assess the situation.

Charley drove me from the train station in Waterloo at midnight to the old house on Kensington Blvd; in the morning I drove Pop's beat-up "78" Impala over to Village Oaks where I found him lying listlessly on the bed in his little room. Three times a day he joined the throngs of mostly old ladies down the long hallway to the dining room; a procession of walkers, wheelchairs, and veiny wrists holding on to the railing.

I visited him there for a week until I could stand it no more. Each day after dropping him back there after a lunch or dinner out I cried as I walked down the hallway or out in the car. It was too painful- I had to take him home. I told him that he'd be leaving in a few days but first I wanted to set it up with the nurses to help deal with his pills, etc.

The day before he was set to leave I took him out for lunch in my little white rental on a rainy afternoon but when we got back to Village Oaks, or The Stables as he called it, he refused to go back in! I threatened to just leave him in the car and went in to call a taxi to take me home but it would be another hour before one arrived. I finally got him out of the car but he said he was going to just wander off into the rain. I called to an attendant to get help; very soon an ex-officio came out to persuade Pop to go back into the facility. He threatened her with lawsuits- the situation was getting out of hand! Finally I gave up and loaded him back into the car. He was quite self-satisfied and stuck to his story that he had to Force me to take him home (a day early!) when it had been all my idea!

He was glad to be home, relatively speaking, but there were immediate signs of trouble: the smoke alarm woke me that first morning, he had put the electric stove up to High for his morning oatmeal.

"Why did you do That?" I asked.

Then he refused to let me bring in a home nursing service to organize his pills and take his vital signs; he insisted he could sort them himself and he actually DID that first time.

The next morning the smoke alarm went off again. Later I gave him the "bill test" to see if he could write a cheque, stamp and address an envelope, and mail it off. He actually was able to do that once though with an irregular scrawl.

I had heard good things about the hospice organization in Ft. Wayne, Indiana. They told me that if a doctor gave a six month terminal date Social Security funded home-care services would kick

in. We went to the oncologist who interpreted the x-rays taken at the hospital a few days earlier. He told us there were spots on the bone and the lung again and what our options were: chemotherapy and/or radiation if the pain got too severe. He outlined the various pain-killer options emphasizing that though he was a Chemo Man he didn't recommend it in Pop's case. He gave him six months to a year to live.

HOSPICE

Now that we had the death sentence we invited hospice into the house. The nurse and social worker told us we needed a plan for home care. At that point we were still looking for housing in Garberville, Seattle, and even considering Cleveland, the original homeland. I was naively thinking that if he stayed in Ft. Wayne I could just set it up with hospice, find someone to cook, and head back West.

Hospice emphasized that Pop would eventually need very personal care and I reiterated my unwillingness to wipe; that was my bottom line. When I said that, Shirley the head nurse looked at me like I was some sub-normal specimen of patheticness but I had my limits.

Pop had the choice of being upstairs or down, permanently; we set up the death room in the dining room. That first night they set up the hospital bed downstairs he had a lot of trouble adjusting to it. He said he was too hot so I removed a blanket or two; then he said he was too cold so I put one back on. This went on for over an hour: too hot...too cold. Finally I said, exasperated, "Well are you too hot or too cold?!"

"Somewhere in between," he said.

"Somewhere in between? Well thats where you want to be!"

He got out of the hospital bed headed for the stairs- he wanted to go back to his bed, his room. That was forbidden! He had chosen downstairs and he had to STAY there. I got on the phone to the hospice night nurse who couldn't help me. I shadowed him as he lumbered up the steps. I brought up the blankets and settled him into his bed. Later I looked in on him and found him sitting on the side of his bed.

"Whats going on Pop?"

He didn't answer. I went to sleep in the next room.

In the morning I heard a terrific "Thump!" I found him on his hands and knees by the bed. He said he had slipped and fallen. That was a major turning point- I immediately called hospice and within an hour they were all there: the nurse, the social worker, the chaplain, and even a trainee. It was time to keep him downstairs, watch him all the time, and review all the options: hospice home care, hospice facility, or nursing home. Mission: Don't let him fall down...And so began the days of Shadowing Pop...

BY AMY ALKON



—Hit On

THE ADVICE MAN

Dear Advice Man

Well here come the Smile Lines! I didn't get them when I was a hermit. A hermit doesn't have to smile like those eleven year old child actors with full-on smile lines from being the cute little Hollywood imp all their dear little lives.

Yes here come the smile lines which I can blame on sex I suppose. Also here come some some EAR hairs which I can't blame on sex, can I? (Oh just a few silky threads so far.)

I came out of the hermit's cabin, cut down on the smoking, lost 40 pounds, and started to attract some nice women. So then I had to smile before sex to show them that I'm a nice friendly guy, and then after to show them that I had a good time.

Oh what can I DO Mr Advice Man?

HELP!

Dear Help,

I remember my dying father's words of advice: "Never grow old."

* * *

Dear Advice Man,

I'm writing you because my therapist doesn't seem interested in my problems with life and women anymore. I call for an appt. and she doesn't call me back! I even stopped by her office in Eureka, scribbled a note in crayon, and left it outside her door. I think maybe I'm boring her? But I always thought I was this wild crazy interesting person. Maybe she's annoyed because at one of the last sessions I told her she was a very sexy woman with nice legs. Maybe she's just tired of hearing about my self-indulgent angst? She always writes "Anxiety" on my bill when I pay her the \$60. Finally I got a session with her on the morning of September 11 but she seemed awfully uninterested.

Boring?

Dear Boring,

I see you're finally getting the message. You've been boring for YEARS! Thinking you're this "wild crazy interesting person" is what makes you so BORING!. You're always telling her about your problems with woman and then you come on to your THERAPIST?

* * *

Dear Advice Man,

I think my girlfriend's dumping me except she won't say "You're dumped," she's leaving me hanging. I'm in pain! I miss her so much, life is so MEANINGLESS without her, I feel so empty! Every day I drive around Garberville looking for that little red truck. I feel like a STALKER! What am I going to DO? I just want my sex goddess back!

Boo Hoo

Dear Boo,

Leaving you hanging is like a public execution, being dumped is throwing you into the trash. You ARE empty; you've always been empty, and I mean that as a compliment, like the Zen thing. A stalker? That would probably be UPGRADING your image.

Q: Last Saturday, my girlfriend (of nine years) and I went to a club to listen to the band. We were sitting at the bar enjoying the music when four beautiful blondes suddenly joined us. Now, I love my girlfriend, and I'm not looking for another woman. I'm curious, though. In the old days, when I was single, I'd walk into a bar by myself and women would barely glance at me. When I go to a bar with my girlfriend (who most people would consider beautiful), other women look around. A pal in Australia has noticed the same thing. When he goes to bars, he takes his large-breasted, very attractive cousin. He meets lots of women that way, tells them he's just showing his cousin the sights, and gets lots of phone numbers. What's going on here?

A: There's one thing that separates those who get the milk of human kindness from those who get the Perrier-Jouet of human kindness: It's need.

Say, for you, "Home Sweet Home" is decorated with a huge "Whirlpool" logo on one side and a "this side up" on the other. It's sure to become the final resting place for hundreds of unwanted cans of yarns. If, however, you're a Hollywood star, earning bajillions, you'll probably have to hire armed guards to keep admirers from piling complimentary steaks and caviar on your front lawn. Designers will chase you down the street and throw free evening dresses at you. (This is especially irritating if you're a man.)

The chick pickup economy mirrors the charitable one. Just walk into a bar looking like you need a woman (which is to say that you're without one or more on your arm). You're sure to attract the attention of a number of women—all of whom will glower at you like you're something somebody should have scraped off the bottom of their shoe. This will not escape the attention of your ego, which is sure to chime in with helpful, confidence-building messages, like "you'll never have sex again, as long as you live!"

Bring a beautiful woman with you, and other women will parachute in to rescue you. (Of course, it helps if you and your date don't look but a "check please" away from tearing each other's clothes off.) By being with a beautiful woman, you're eliminating the element of need. For some women, this will, in turn, eliminate your eligibility. But what they're all thinking is "he must be *somebody* if he's with her." It's transformation by association, elevator shoes for your image. Whatever you call it, it beats imagining women imagining you as a giant garden slug on a bar stool.

Your casual conversation with your date is all a girl on the prowl needs to make a graceful entrance. It's easier to break into somebody's conversation than to break into somebody's silence. Predator Girl will pretend that she's just looking for a little friendly chitchat. After all, you're with another woman (one she'd like to see fall into her martini and drown). What she knows is that you, like all men, are quick to define your relationship to the woman you're with. Men find a way, right away, to drop the information into conversation, even if it takes a backflip half-twist. "Yeah, in that way, Nelson Mandela is a lot like my girlfriend here." Or should one of a bevy of friendly blondes get lucky? "Like Nelson Mandela, my cousin here will probably kick me if I don't ask you for your number."

WRITE THE GULCHMULCH
GENERAL DELIVERY
WHITETHORN, CA 95589
gulchmulch@hotmail.com



MEDIA REVIEW

It still amazing that this little area is buzzing along with TWO weeklies. When I started **The Independent** it was in reaction to Bill Roddy's strident editorials in the **Lifeless Times**. Now that he has a little competition he's too afraid to publish his confrontational ravings which we now remember fondly. These two rags overlap mercilessly.

The Anderson Vally Advertiser continues to bring us interesting and informative articles from the local, national, and international scene. However Bruce's verbal vehemence has scared off most of the entertaining opposing views in the letters pages devolving into a mutual ass-kissing society. Attack Bruce in his own paper and he retaliates twice as viciously, a harrowing prospect. We need more of your fake letters attacking yourself Mr. Anderson. (Fortunately the biggest boring king of the ass-kissers, one Don McQueen, has resigned from that fatuous role.) In every issue of the AVA the editor charges Judi Bari's ex husband with her bombing, The Only Person in the World publicly espousing that view. Hmm, wouldn't it be interesting if he turned out to be RIGHT?

The Arcata Eye continues on guided by the funny, whimsical, witty Kevin Hoover. Is this guy squeaky clean, or WHAT? We need at least ONE outlet down here; couldn't they sell a few at Redway Liquors next to the **New York Times**? (By the way, someone donated a three month sub to the Times to the Garberville Library. It will be over at Christmas- does anyone else want to buy the next three months? Contact the library) Catch Kevin's NoHum report on KMUD's Monday Morning Show at 7:45.

It looks like **KMUD's** internal bickering has subsided, if not ended completely. I'd write a story about it if it didn't seem so boring. Perhaps when the jets crashed into the skyscrapers and all those people died a lot of the petty conflicts in our lives dried up and disappeared. Almost instantly our little feuds with neighbors, our resentments and hurts seemed trivial.

The DEA and AMTRAK

I boarded the Amtrak train in Emeryville, settled into my sleeping car, and wrote a couple of letters on my way East to Sacramento. The one to my mother was a sketchy "Hi how are you blah blah blah" one though the other to my close confidant went into detail about sex and drugs and rock and roll.

When we rolled into Sacramento I couldn't see a mailbox nearby so I gave the letters to a guy standing on the platform wearing a tee-shirt and baseball cap who assured me he'd mail them for me. A few minutes later a man came to my door and announced that he was checking on crime on the trains. I told him that I ride the trains occasionally, that its a pretty crime-free environment. He insisted that there was crime to be investigated, said he was a law enforcement officer, and asked me to identify myself. How do I know you're even a cop I asked? Would you like to see my ID he said? No, thats OK.

He attempted to ask me more questions and I reiterated that there was no crime around the sleeping cars; why didn't he just LEAVE ME ALONE?

"Let me see that ID after all." I asked.

"Well you wouldn't show me yours so I won't show you mine," the plainclothes man said.

I told him to just get out of my face, that I'm taking a nice train ride and I don't appreciate or need this interrogation.

As the train prepared to leave the station he went back out to the siding. We rolled onward to the East and I asked the car attendant what that was all about.

"Did you pay cash for your ticket," he asked?

"Yeah, \$263 out of Emeryville."

"Well that flagged you in the computer and they're checking you out. Its the DEA, they're trying to catch smugglers hauling drugs on the trains. The other day they caught someone with 30 lbs of pot."

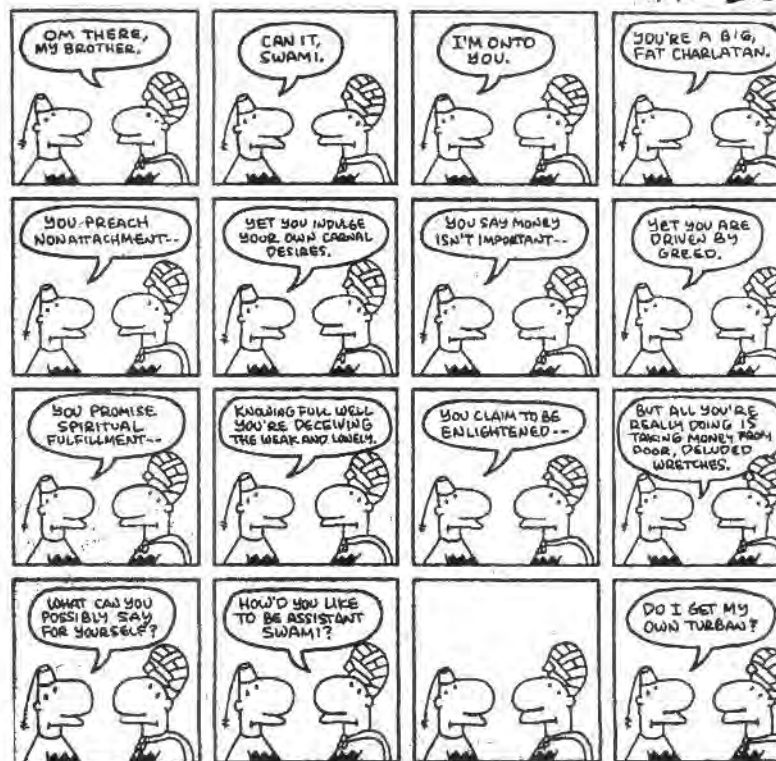
"What about that guy in the baseball cap out there?"

"Oh yeah, he's DEA too- they're out here every day."

And the two letters I "sent"? Well the innocuous one to my mother ended up in the envelope to my friend, and the revealing one (with little gems like "Hmm, maybe I should get a prescription?") never made it to anyone, just disappeared. Shit, the DEA stole my mail! Isn't that a federal offense?

HELPFUL RULES FOR BACHELORS HAVING HOUSE GUESTS

- #don't pee in the shower
- #don't spit in the garbage
- #pretend to be nice to your cat
- #don't drink out of the milk carton
- #ALWAYS flush the toilet
- #TRY NOT TO SCREAM TOO LOUDLY WHEN ORGASMING UPSTAIRS



"AH, LIFE!"



John Leonard Modic
May 4, 1920 - May 9, 2000

STICKS AND WEEDS

Heard about the groovy couple on the Westside who convinced their neighbor to let them drive through his land to their building site? Later he asked them to stop driving through his curtilage and develop their own access road. Their answer?: "Sorry, its OUR road now, we're not giving it UP! Ha ha!!!!" ...**Then there was the** Briceland guy who imported a woman from SoCal, quickly found they were incompatible, and spent the rest of the Summer auditioning other lonely mountain men to take her off his hands!...**That Woodrose Regular PC dude** got permanently kicked out of Harbin Hot Springs when he refused to douse his medical marijuana joint he was smoking in the hot tub. (No more hundred naked women for YOU!)...

* * *

Was that Tuna Jackson with a Republican bumpersticker selling American flags out of his trunk? (Always keep 'em guessing)...**She thought she was in love**, the sex was nice, she was older, and didn't want to be alone. After a year together he begged her to drag his trailer onto her land, then after a few more nights in bed convinced her to put his name on the deed to her 40 acres. As soon as the papers were signed he told her he really wasn't very interested in her anymore, but he was sure glad to have a nice place in the country to live and grow! (Her friends had warned her that if she signed the papers she'd never get laid again!)...**How 'bout that guy** who just imported a mail order bride from Tajikistan? Hmmm? Details?...

* * *

Hey wait a minute! Does anyone remember when "Right On" actually MEANT something? Such as: Free Huey, Stop the War, Off the Pig, etc? Now what does it mean?: "Ok"..."Yes"..."Sure"..."I agree"..."And nitpicking on, let me just say that its NOT "All Good", OK? ...**Then you have the uptight** and paranoid IndoBoyz thinking "Oh man my neighbors all hear this fuckin' generator 18 hours a day, pretty soon one of them gonna drop a dime on me! Oh god, now I gotta go buy some more Gas, gotta go hijack a Renner Deisel truck, hide it in the woods, helicopters will be looking for it. Then I'll turn on the generator, breath more of that toxic exhaust, fuckin' poison fumes. Then I'm gonna get in there with all those lights shining, giving me skin cancer! Oh well, better just smoke another joint"...

RANDOM INTERVIEWS

At the RRHC Benefit

Gulch Mulch: Do you go to the Health Center.

Person #1: Not any more...

GM: Why don't you go?

P#1: Turn that off for a second...

Gulch Mulch: Do you go to the Health Center?

Person#2: I haven't for a long time. I have gone there. If there is a clinic thats where I would go. I just haven't been to the doctor for a long time.

GM: What do you think is the main problem with the Health Center? Why do you think it came on hard times?

P#2: Thats such a complicated question. I've been in the middle of some of that but not a lot of it. Its hard to answer; I think the main reason is that it lost its constituency base as far as people really identifying with it as their place, and health care in general has fallen on a lot of hard times- sort of the nature of the beast, but I think its a very complicated issue.

Gulch Mulch: Do you go to the Health Center?

Person#3: I have been there yes.

GM: Do you go there very often?

P#3: Every day between 9 and 11 o'clock I go.

GM: Why do you think the HC has fallen upon troubled times?

P#3: There's not a lot of sickies around anymore. There used to be a lot of sick people and it seemed like the sick people had a lot of money, you know, getting money from workers compensation...

GM: What happened to them?

P#3: They either died or got well, which is good, either way is pretty good 'cause they went to where they need to go. This is what I figure is happening; I feel well and I enjoy myself.

GM: What do you do there?

P#3: Well, I look at the new magazines and...

GM: Aren't you worried that you could pick up some germs while you're sitting in the waiting room?

P#3: Well you know I spray myself very heavily with pesticides and old-fashioned antibiotics all over my body, so I don't have any fear of that. But I like it, I enjoy it, especially on a rainy day when you have nothing to do and its cold and you need to get out of the rain, you sit down and read the old Newsweeks. You know there's a lot to be said for the Health Center, really.

GM: Well thanx for answering my questions Al.

P#3: No problem



Fun at Reggae on the River

