

SEX AND DEATH JOURNAL OPEN MINDS ONLY.....



The Bulch Mulch

all the pulp that's fit to gulp

KMUD CONTROVERSY

I'm glad Maureen Primadonna's show was suspended because I'm tired of hearing that I should take out all my fillings, sew my foreskin back on, and burn my HIV test. (JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!) As far as I can tell the latest bruhaha (and Condit's back in the news too) is about some KMUD programmers whose shows were suspended because they didn't volunteer for a few hours a year. Just fucking VOLUNTEER you little whining freaks! Sit out there in front of Murrishes and make a fool of yourself like the rest of us. If I could launch MY raging ego onto the airwaves I'd be gratified to sit next to Watering Tree begging for subscriptions. I would exult in the pleasure of trying to squeeze 30\$ from wealthy growers!

(How's that Simon? Michael? Do I get Maureen's time? That prime-time Thursday morning talk-show slot? What? NO?!...Then, dammit, YOU'RE NEXT!!!%\$#@&*%\$#@!)



LOCAL SURVEY

#1. What would you do if marijuana were legalized?

Call a meeting to discuss the **unemployment rate** in our immediate peer group; have a party; grow poppies; form organic growers co-op to market the Havana cigar of joints; give blow jobs down by the Town Square; i'd still grow it; smoke a joint; people would be leaving; we'd still be growing; **I'd grow more** out in the open; relax; have fun with it; it would be a good thing; I can't imagine that anything would change; we wouldn't have to hear helicopters; I'd rejoice that we gained some sense of sanity in our society; I don't think I'd be affected; I'll move; it wouldn't really affect me; I'd have to move; it wouldn't affect me- I don't work around here; look for a new hobby; I'd still have disability; I'd grow it; learn to live simpler; I wouldn't smoke it; consider some new options; make hemp stuff: salves, food, paper; it would be great-people could sell **vintage marijuana**; we'd have to see what would happen; maybe the government would hire us to grow it; not much different; celebrate the end of stupidity; I would keep it in my house; the technowledgy of growing should be transferred into other crops; I would start some kind of marijuana-related business, maybe a B& B; it would suck; grow it; become a naturopathic doctor; **marry a really rich man** somewhere else; find another line of work; say "Allah be praised"; starve; I grow it I smoke it I sell it and I live off the money; I'd live with less fear, I'd get my court cases reviewed; nothing; not stop smoking it; nothing; locals could become pot consultants; nothing different; I'd be like everyone else but poorer; I'd have to expand my horizons in the work field because there would be less money around; I'd smoke a joint outside in a public place; expand my brewery; develop an alternate means of making a living; the gold rush only lasted a few years, **THIS gold rush has lasted 25**, its been great while it lasted. If you haven't figured out something else to do by now then you're just stupid; I'd rejoice that I made it through the demise of the underground economy without being eviscerated; I'd probably do what I'm doing but more openly; send a bong to the Pope in Italy; plant more of it; start smoking it. (Continued on next page)



(local survey continued...)

#2. Do you judge people by what they drive?

YES-26.....NO-18

#3. If you had one year to live would you radically change your life?

NO-12

Sell everything and go on a tour of the world; get laid a lot, practice unsafe sex, and eat a lot of chocolate; I would quit working; quit working; I would try to live more with awareness; sell everything I own and travel; I wouldn't be working for a living; spend more time meditating and with my family; I'd quit working and pick berries; I'd probably travel around screaming **Jesus Is Lord**; get rid of everything I've got and travel; find someone to love and be loved; quit my job and go traveling; quit my job and stay home; travel; appreciate everything more; work less- enjoy things more; I'd quit work and spend the rest of my life enjoying home; change it mentally and spiritually; nothing like a deadline to give you focus; socialize more; travel, **take the family to Europe**; travel; I would just want to have a lot of fun; quit working and live every day peacefully by myself; I'd go and live communally on a tropical island; I'd probably live it; quit working on landscaping projects; I think I live my life to the fullest every day- at least I try to stay humble; for real I'd take it one day at a time; leave things in proper order or grab your favorite people and plant yourself in a beautiful place in the world; quit being middle of the road; be more extreme; probably, don't know how I'd change; I would go to a mountaintop; I wouldn't be a wage slave; **I'd rob a bank**; stop everything and try to remember how everything looked when I was a child; I would do a sit-in to support acquisition of Rainbow Ridge; I might change what I do but it wouldn't change what I feel; I'd take my children, go to Ireland, and listen to music.

#4. Would you support the Town Square project?

NO-7, I don't see any long-term vision for maintenance and support; depends if parking is dealt with seriously; half Town Square and half parking because **parking in town is fucked already**; I think other things need funding more like the library, hospital, and schools; I think that's kinda dumb; depending on how they're going to work the parking lot; people would just hang out there and make a mess; I don't think that's a good idea- where's everybody going to park?; it needs a larger space; where are people going to park?;

YES-31, They should put a **statue of Bob Marley** there. He's a wonderful symbol to show what Reggae on the River has brought to the Community; a place where people can meditate, slow down; I like the farmers market, a place for kids to play, mini-outside art shows; when they tear up the asphalt I'd haul some of it away to use as erosion control; fabulous idea; a big swing set would be nice.

#5. Should we start thinking about building an old folks home at New Tooby Park?

First build the one by the library, see how that flies; not a residence place; I haven't seen positive examples of old folks homes; they are already building one; not sure we have the resources; **no to Tooby Park locale**; don't we have a couple already?; there already is one there; I don't know about that.

YES-20, Rainbow Rest Home; we're gonna need something; how about an Everybody's Home?; rather than another concert venue; more like a recreation center; **we need an old growers home**; how about a co-housing community with a mixed age group?

#6. Do you want marijuana to be legalized?

Yes-33...No-7

#7. (asked woman over 40) Do you do mammograms?

YES-, 16, NO-7

(asked men over 40) Do you have prostate

checkups? YES-8, NO-6

#8. What do we need around here? What service, business, community organization, recreation venue- what so we LACK?

A bowling alley; more venues for art, gallery space; a town square; high speed internet connection; public transportation; decent computer store; more land to sell; we got everything we need-life is just perfect; **affordable housing**; a youth center, youth outreach; free health care; homeless shelter; a racquet ball court; a shelter; a skateboard park; love; a community dark room; youth services; skateboard place; motocross; bowling alley; more mental health care; new motocross track; a shoe store; a gourmet shop; a brewpub; good medical and dental care-the dentists here are booked up for months; some kind of labor-exchange, networking for odd jobs; some form of clean industry; an indoor pool; a spa with a sauna; **more social responsibility-taking city kids into the woods**; a really good coffee shop with comfortable chairs, good music, fresh coffee not in bins, and interesting people working there; a bakery; healthy schools and financially-sound, fully-funded health care; cheaper prices; more street masseuses; **legalized cathouses**; a downtown park; nothing- we lack people who see the potential of the area; more for the youth; a permaculture center; a health spa; more university courses, continuing education; public transit; a nightclub; a hippie casino; public transportation; any kind of local government; classical music; we need match-making service.

#9. What do you want?

30 more years; peace of mind; an under 30 blonde beautiful woman with old world values; a new roof; more time; peace in the world, no wars; I'm pretty content, I enjoy my life and feel really fortunate; I want to travel and have a really good relationship with God, and for him to use me a lot, to bring other people to Jesus; **I want to save the planet from all the greedy bastards who are destroying it**; I want my kids to be happy and successful humans, conscious caring people in all aspects of their lives, and I hope I'm teaching them that; peace love harmony and happiness; friendship with God, peace love sex and happiness; I want to find a woman, get married, and have a child- I need an heir, someone I can leave a map to telling them where to dig; I want world peace; communiversity; free accessible onsite hands on **apprenticeship and other educational programs**; genuine interaction; less stress in the world; a glass castle made from lego-like, refrigerator-sized recycled glass blocks fueled by an energy-generating system where people convicted would be sentenced to however many kilowatt hours on Recombent Style Generator System; I want to go into my dreams and bring them back into reality; more sleep-less homework; national health care-according to Harpers Index there are more Canadians who think Elvis is alive than want an American-style health care system; **a good nights sleep**; I want the resources of the city in the country lifestyle, education, dance workshops, etc; a mayor; **a date for New Years Eve**; I want to live on my land and finish my house; no debts; full-time employment; more time, more energy; better employment opportunities in SoHum; I'm blessed, **I really don't need a lot- I have a lot**; more daisy chains; a little peace on earth would be nice; immortality; I want that goddess I met at the Mateel to love me, or at least **CALL** me; love and light; to be happy; I want to go on vacation; inner contentment; I want to get better and not be sick; my own property; I want to finish building my house; **a 215**; to live in truth; world peace; peace love and good vibes; I'd like to figure out what to do when I grow up- I'm only 56 next month; **I want my life to be my art**; joy and everybody to have a place to live and food to eat; Peace; this interview to end; FUN!

POP'S LAST STAND

I sat here and watched my father die. For a month while he lay in bed I was there helping him live, helping him die, helping him to pee, bringing him food, helping him dress, helping him undress, helping him try to understand what was going on.

"Whats happening?" he asked daily.

For awhile I told him that he was going thorough a very difficult time, that he was sick. Then later, prompted by the hospice people not to sugarcoat it, I told him, **"You're dying and we're trying to make it as comfortable as possible."**

So he was dying, right there in the dining room where he had been moved from his upstairs bedroom.

* * *

Hospice arranged for the hospital bed and bedside cammode to be brought in, a family friend named Lucy was hired to work nights, I did the days, and a hospice aide came in for a few hours in the afternoon for respite. When my sisters arrived a few days later they supported the hospice view that Pop should have 24-hour care. I mildly objected because I didn't like the idea of paying \$10,000 a month. (The hospice facility was half that but we didn't want to go there.).

The sisters had all flown in because the nurse didn't think he had much longer to live, the week-to-week vital signs were changing rapidly, he was going downhill. When they were making out the care schedule I noticed that they were trying to fill every block of time. But I could do hours- hell I'd been doing DAYS! They out-voted me and got 24-hour care; though I had tried to forestall it I was immediately RELIEVED! If! No wiping, no nothing! Now all I had to do was manage the coming and goings of the various home health aides, shop, write cheques, **squirt morphine into his inhaler** and fill in when the nursing agency we hired couldn't fill a particular time slot. I was managing a death scene in Fort Wayne, Indiana, home of my youth, youthful folly, and formative experiences. I had given up the idea of returning to California anytime soon- I was here for the DURATION.

And so began the days of shadowing Pop, 24 hours a day. If he wanted to get up and walk an aide would be hanging on to him. The overriding goal was to not let him fall down; if he DID, and broke something he would have to be hospitalized, perhaps have another operation. **He hated the whole situation:** being out of his room upstairs, living downstairs without a real toilet or shower, having all these strange women here all the time, and the disease which was eating his life away.

In those early nights downstairs his groan would draw me into the sickroom. He would be sitting up on the side of the hospital bed maybe trying to figure it all out? In those moments my heart would go out to him: I sat next to him, put my arm around him, kissed him, cried, and told him I loved him. It was kind of funny because he would sometimes say consoling things, trying to comfort me.

In the mornings it was always an encouraging sound to hear Lucy come upstairs with the cammode bucket meaning he'd had a bowel movement- things were moving along. During the days I learned to ask him to pee about every two hours; when he said he didn't have to I usually insisted. **Each successful urination seemed a small victory...**of sorts...

Still he was living: eating sleeping shitting pissing thinking talking walking. I think he would have really liked it if we had just let him walk across the living room floor by himself ONCE. He physically COULD have, he never fell when we were shadowing him but we couldn't take that chance. He'd fallen that one time upstairs before 24-hour care and that was IT- one strike he's out.

He felt like he was being held prisoner. Sometimes he wanted us all to leave- once he walked an aide to the door and when she wouldn't leave he threatened to call the police. He was suspicious of me, my motives.

"Why have you changed Paul?" he would ask.

Finally I told him. "I realized that you didn't have that much longer to live and I didn't want to fight anymore."

The first couple of weeks home whenever he picked a fight or said something irrational I joined the argument immediately. At one point I told my sister on the phone that I couldn't last much longer.

"I'm not trained to be a mental health professional," I whined to whoever would listen.

Finally I stopped fighting and committed myself to being with him for as long as it took: the nurses thought days or weeks but these cases had been known to linger...on into the summer...

My father was very upset about losing his control over basically EVERYTHING, except his bladder and bowels (which came in the last week- it wasn't too bad really: **he only had to wear diapers for one week** and only two enemas). Food, money, and house was all in our hands and outta HIS. Though the house was already in my name when he asked whose house it was I told him, ofcourse, that it was his. Money was a big issue; he'd lived frugally all his life collecting free stuff around the neighborhood, driving an old car, and investing in mainly safe, low-yield accounts. Now he thought he had "nothing."

During especially anxious episodes we called his brother, Uncle Ed, who explained to him what had hapened to his house and money, what was happening to HIM. One night when Lucy and I were ministering to his needs the topic turned to money. His bank had been robbed the week before so ofcourse I made an injudicious joke about how the robber had only taken Pop's money!

Lucy said, "Don't worry John, Uncle Ed and Paul are taking care of your money."

"Lucy!" I told her later. "Don't say I'M taking care of his MONEY! He doesn't trust me!"

(After that conversation about the banks and money Pop said, "The banks are in trouble," the memory of which always set me off in paroxysms of laughter. I guess you hadda be there.)

If my sister Kate couldn't settle him down with a phone call, then Uncle Ed usually could. One day I went off to the Firefly coffeeshop for a couple of hours without leaving the phone number. When I returned he was having another anxiety attack with an aide; through all these episodes I managed to remain cool unlike one care-giver who, in a moment of frustration, barked at him, **"Die! Just die!"**

* * *

Pop laid around in his hospital bed a lot. (Though he was losing it he was still able to criticize me for never getting "lay", "laid", and "lie" correct. I would say it wrong, again, and a familiar grimace would arise on the old grammarian's face!) We pressed a button to move him up and down, fed him there or walked him over to his big mechanical chair. I propped his legs and feet up on a chair to help circulation and he sometimes watched a little TV while he ate lunch or dinner. We always gave him his choice where to eat: the bed, chair, or in the kitchen.

After a spell of late March bad weather we took him out onto the porch occasionally to gaze out onto the green lawns of Kensington Blvd. When we got the wheel chair we pushed him around the block every day or so. Finally I and an aide took him out for a ride: we went to Wendys, **picked up a burger and milkshake** at Atz's, and then drove the old "78" Impala over to Lions Park to eat it. The next day we went to the Ramseys for Easter dinner. We took the portable oxygen bottle. There was good food.

He was adjusting alright to his new circumstances downstairs. He wiped himself after using the bedside commode and the aid cleaned him up after. He seemed to take this whole operation well: I guess when you're dying of cancer and CHF these are just bodily functions.

THEN one day there was a GAP in the nurses schedule- a two hour space in the morning that wasn't filled! Pop wanted to get out of bed and I thought it was another one of his urges just to MOVE, go

(cont.)

Friendship

somewhere, feel like he was LIVING. He had these urges a lot: often I'd be in another part of the house, the aide in the kitchen, and I'd see him get up.

"He's on the MOVE!" I'd announce and we would converge on him, shadow him wherever he wanted to go, oxygen tube trailing behind.

This time I said, "Oh you have to go pee? Here's the urinal."

He took the urinal but what he really needed was the bedside commode and I wouldn't let him go! Finally he pushed past me but he didn't make it in time, dirtying his leg and pajamas.

So now was my moment of truth! A BM moment with no nurse and my sister Kate busy with her baby. I started to panic.

"Where are the instructions! Where are the instructions!" I said.

Lucy had made me a list of stuff to do called "BM Care" in case this ever came up. Ofcourse I kept it hidden upstairs figuring if one of the nurses or aides saw it they would be insulted, as if it was for THEM!

I ran up to get the list. #1 was put on the rubber gloves. I did that but then started feeling overwhelmed. Lucy, the night girl, had just gone home but lived just minutes away; I called her up.

"Lucy", I said. "Could you come back for a few minutes and deal with a BM situation?"

"Lucia?," my dad said.

"Paul," She said. "You're pathetic."

Then Kate came into the room and said, "Here, hold Joey- I'll do it."

So Kate did the deed and I was off the hook wholly and finally.

I left him one late April morning to board the train back to California to take care of some business for a couple weeks.

"Bye Pop...I love you," I said

"Take it easy", He said. I always liked it when he said that.

I missed the last two weeks of his life but from what I hear from my sisters it was a crazy difficult time with much anxiety and pain. At the airport hotel on my way back I got the call from Lucy at 8:00am.

"Paul?" She said. "Your dad died this morning."

What I should stress is a duality in my attitude towards my friends. I've been praised for being a great friend and yet I could be totally disloyal. I talked behind their backs, criticized them, and made fun of their faults and weaknesses. In fact, the first thing I noticed were their defects. Strangely enough, that's what attracted me in the first place. I like the rogues and scoundrels best because we're of the same stripe, the same color, as it were.

What I can't stand are these people who are solicitous towards me: The ones who constantly inquire after my health. Or the ones who plague me with questions like, "Why haven't you been to see me. Henry, don't you like me anymore, did I do something to offend you?" That's enough to drive me away forever. A real friend doesn't have to ask those questions. He is there when you need him, but at the same time he knows how to make himself scarce. A true friend is one who picks up right where you left off whether it's been a week, a month, or twenty years.

There wasn't a friend that I didn't beg or borrow from; I even stole from them! Once I wrote a pamphlet about my good friend Alfred Perlès called "What Are You Going To Do About Alf?" I was soliciting funds to send him to Ibiza, where he felt he could live cheaply enough while working on a book. The pamphlet was sent out to a long list of other writers and artists, many of whom we'd never met. André Gide and Aldous Huxley were amongst those who responded by sending money and, do you know, I ended up spending it on myself! When Alf asked me if I had anything for him, I openly admitted to having used "his" money for rent, food, or whatever. He didn't get angry at all. He knew he'd have done the same thing if he were in my shoes. Now that's what I call friendship.

I didn't always take from my friends. If someone, even a stranger that I took a liking to needed help and I didn't have the money, I'd go out and borrow for him. During my time with Western Union, I'd empty my pockets to help people regardless of whether or not I could afford it. My wife and child suffered much of the time because of my generosity.

I owe everything to my friends. Just when I was ready to give up the ghost someone would come along and lend me a hand — the guardian angels, I call them. I believe I would've died without their support and assistance.

The one thing that bothers me is that I've never heard a word from any of my childhood friends, not a sign of recognition. I thought for sure that when I became famous I'd get letters or calls from some of them. It's as if they couldn't believe I'd made it as a writer, that I didn't have it in me. I don't know why that bothers me, but it does.

As I matured I found that I didn't need a lot of friends. I loved being alone, I loved my solitude. I could take long walks, spend days by myself, and if anyone was there they'd spoil it.

Friendship is a world in and of itself. Without friends life would be nothing, meaningless, dead. But, friendship has proven to be both a curse as well as a great blessing.

— Henry Miller



*NOT THAT THE HUMOR'S WET..

THE ROAD TO MATEHUALA

Grampa and Margaret took me and my sister Janet down to Mexico for their honeymoon, a two day drive from Indiana. I was a straggly-haired teen-aged hippie boy who didn't know shit from shinola. With President Nixon's obnoxious "operation intercept" in full bloom they wouldn't let me cross the border until I promised to get my hair cut in Monterrey; I've always suspected that Margaret paid a bribe.

In Monterrey we stayed in a pretty little court yard hotel on a plaza; Janet and I hooked up with a boy named Lincoln who helped us score some weed after many buses into the industrial sector. (He advised us to hold hands as we walked to discourage sexual predators.) The stuff was folded up in newspaper- we rolled and smoked it in pink wrapping paper; I got very stoned. Above us Orian seemed blissfully near, a celestial ceiling of excitement. Here we were in a new country stoned under the stars with these friendly brown boys: what a first day in Mexico! (I guess Nixon was right.)

The second day we drove down Hiway 57 to the town of Matehuala. At night while drinking rum and coke outside a dance hall near our Hotel we got to talking to Antonio. His friend Roberto showed up and by midnight Janet and I were riding on the back of his motor cycle past the faded adobe storefronts to his house on the edge of town. His room displayed the consummate early 70's hippie facade: black light posters and TWO different shopping bags full of weed. I was very impressed as we continued to smoke our way across Mexico.

On the third day we landed in San Luis Potosi, the state capital. The plan was for Janet and me to take a train to Mexico City, travel around for ten days, and then meet back up with Grampa and Margaret in Mexico City. At the market in SLP we bought a kilo of peyote; however back in our hotel room Janet became very paranoid and made me get rid of it. I threw it up onto the roof, down on the street, into the toilet, and wherever else. I did save one which I munched before boarding the very slow uncomfortable 2nd class train to Mexico City. (Ignorantly I ate the fleshy part instead of the bitter green fruit on top; the effects were limited.)

At the Mexico City train station we met some Europeans who directed us to the Casa de los Amigos, a youth hostel run by some American Quakers near the Revolution subway stop. (I came back many years to that place.) We connected again that night experiencing the delight of toking on the roof-tops of the city, or right on the streets - our new Mexican friends didn't care. (Once a policeman walked toward us then abruptly changed directions halfway across the street.)

We hit the road to Acapulco, where else?! (Hitch-hiking outside Cuernavaca our grandparents drove by! We really weren't supposed to be hitching though I don't think they noticed us.) A Mexican government agent picked us up for the most amazing ride! He roared down the red brick hiway to Acapulco at 90 mph, the Moody Blues blasted on the stereo, and we smoked the sweetest tastiest Acapulco Gold!

We hit town and quickly left behind the bermuda-shortened ugly Americans and boarded a bus to Pie de la Questa, a beach town recommended by some fellow travelers. There we stayed on the beach for a few days; I cut my foot on some glass and was treated at a nearby Army base with, surprisingly, no red tape.

Puerto Escondito was like nothing but the proverbial "sleeping Mexican fishing village" thirty years ago and the road North to Oaxaca City was a rutted rocky dirt path. A nice attractive couple in a VW bug picked us up; the driver had some little calendars with partially nude women on them. He asked if we wanted one and Janet (she was really picking up the Spanish) quickly said "No". I was FUMING! OF COURSE I wanted one! I was just too shy to say, "Why YES, I DO believe I would enjoy one of those, thank you very much!"

In Oaxaca we hit the market where a bowl of beans was one peso- about eight cents. The hitch from Oaxaca City to Mexico was through

glorious mountain vistas; most of the rides were in slow old trucks- usually I rode in the back or on top of the cab while Janet sat in the cab. I was a little worried when the driver would take out his machete to cut road-side fruit. Once one of the drivers lost a spare tire and had to drop us off and drive back many mountainous miles to look for it. In the back of those trucks I read Vonnegut's The Sirens of Titan as we drove through those purple hills.

We met up with Grampa and Margaret in Mexico City; I was now a devoted follower of the holy beans, the huevos a la Mexicana! As we drove North by the yellow arcs of Matehuala Grampa asked if there was any reason anyone wanted to stop there? There sure was but I couldn't say anything...and I've been coming back to Matehuala for 30 years now.

DEPRESSION AND PETTING

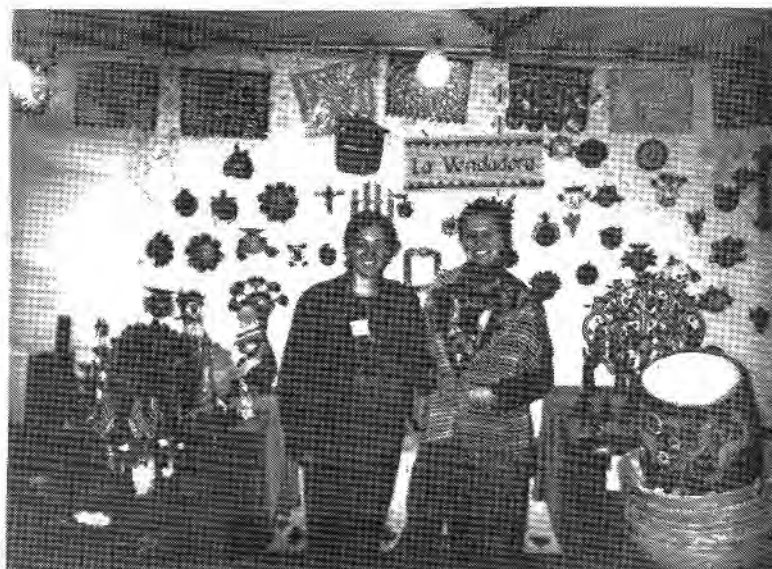
For the second time in as many relationship-endings it has been suggested that I take anti-depressants. Aren't I supposed to be down and depressed after a break-up? Do I really want to take a pill to abrogate the grieving process, which in this case is crying uncontrollably for a little while every three days?

Perhaps depression is an illusion. I'm sitting home, down, depressed, and observing the depression. It must be a mild one because I actually did the dishes and the counter which I really hate to do. The rest of the house is in an uproar- there are problem areas in every room. I leave the house to go to a party up the hill. There I eat, drink, and am merry; the depression is crushed under the weight of five or six margaritas! These are my people- I am happy in their midst.

(When I get down or depressed I need only watch the news to put my little crisis into perspective, for example 1000's of people starving in Africa. Do I really have it so bad dealing (or not) with the anxiety about what to do with my life? I start to feel better as the suffering on the tube intensifies. I realize then that I haven't felt this good since all those children were getting blown to bits in BOSNIA.)

Someone's coming to visit in a couple weeks which inspires me to try to clean up the house or hire a maid. She says the visit is platonic, only "petting" allowed. I think I could get into petting; petting is one of my favorite things! You start with the legs which are platonically stretched across my lap, a little hand-holding, some breast-feeling, and a very platonic kiss now and then, though NO petting toncils with tongue, ofcourse.

I have hope! I'm not too depressed at the moment though I am open to trying the herbal anti-depressant St. John's Wort perhaps. Maybe the "experts" are right- I am clinically depressed. Or maybe they just want to take the easy way out, warehouse me in a convenient category, hooked on pharmacies and little white pills.



HOT TIMES IN INDIANA

I first met Lucy when she was trying to recruit me for the Young Adult Group at church. At that moment I was chatting up Gloria at the Unitarian Meat Market who later met me at Borders where **we made out shamelessly** on the couch during the music performance before going back to her expense-account funded executive suite. After Rebecca (thankfully) left town (thankfully because you can only have SO much meaningless sex) I went to the first YAG meeting at Josephine's house where I got into a conversation with Lucy about her father who had left her when she was five after deciding that he was gay and was now living with AIDS in Tucson. I saw her again when I returned from California the next year at another YAG meeting at a downtown Fort Wayne Open Mike Coffee Shop where I read/performed my story about the alcoholic girlfriend.

Lucy was working in a toxic aluminum factory and getting ready to quit. It was terribly hard work; she was twenty-two, 5'5", 110 lbs and expected to lift very heavy loads. At the moment, and usually ALL moments back in Indiana I was recruiting people to either cook for my dad or help take care of him. Lucy said she'd be willing to help and when she quit the factory I offered her a job. She started out as a cook, producing some strange slimy food that we had to throw away, and soon evolved into more hands on work with my father. **When he started to need 24 hour care Lucy hired on as the night girl.** The schedule was Lucy from 10p to 8a, me from 8a to 12p, a hospice worker from 12p to 4p, and then me again till Lucy arrived at 10p.

Each evening as soon as Lucy showed up I took off on my walk through the neighborhood and around Lions Park where I circled the green expanse many times listening to books on tape, music, or just cogitating, ie, mental masturbation. The plan was to play Scrabble when I got back but for the first couple days I needed to get right to sleep because of my early morning shift; finally on the third or fourth night we started to play, listening to Loveline on the radio.

One night before playing Scrabble we sat on the futon: she told me about her boring marriage and I confided in her about my new lover in California who was irritating me **because she had a prison penpal** that she was starting to visit. I had browbeat it out of her that she had held his hand, and hugged and kissed him at Corcoran, where Charlie Manson is too. (Coincidentally I was traveling through the Central Valley on the train past the Maximum Security Prison at the exact moment that she was inside.)

This was the scenario: we sat there in the living room playing Scrabble and whenever we heard my father cough, moan or stir we leapt up and into the adjacent sick room. If he was sitting up I sat by him and talked to him. Often when he was lying down I would be on one side of him stroking his face, head, arm or hand while Lucy was on the other side of the hospital bed doing the same. We asked him what he wanted or needed and gave him water to drink or got him up to pee in the urinal.

Often we would hear him, dart into the room (me through one door and Lucy through the other), and find him sleeping. We then quickly retreated back to the living room. There were moments when only I heard something; I'd look knowingly at Lucy across the Scrabble board and she scampered into the death room. I like to annoy her sometimes when we'd hear a moan and I'd "order" her into the sickroom with a conductor flourish of my hand.

After a few nights of touching my father we began to touch each other. One night across the Scrabble board she said she had something to ask me but was too shy and embarrassed.

"Omigod!" I thought. "She WANTS me!"

She composed herself and asked me what my limits were. I told her that a man may say he only wants a kiss or just a little fooling around but really, a man wants it all, eventually if not sooner, if not NOW.

"Limits?" I said. "No, there are no limits... Lets go sit on the

futon." We sat there kissing, hugging, and touching until my father groaned again.

We were inseparable. We'd play Scrabble, fool around and flirt while **listening to people call in their sex problems on "Loveline"** till two or three in the morning when I went to sleep. In the morning she would often come into my bedroom to lie on top of me and kiss me after dumping out the bucket of the morning's bowel movement results in the upstairs bathroom. In the afternoon she would call me up and we'd go out for lattes, sitting in the coffeeshop, holding each other, and fantasizing about a life together. Once I was on a late afternoon walk through the park when I was startled by a sound behind me: she had tracked me down on her bicycle! She hated it when I joked that she was like a little puppy following me around.

Once we visited the group home of retarded kids where she worked: there was the one who liked boys with a perpetual precocious smile; another furiously tapped her teeth and made strange sounds; another just sat there with a tube in her; a fourth, her favorite, was so happy to see her he would be riding his wheel chair like a bucking bronc. After the visit she dropped me home; five minutes later the phone rang. It was Lucy!

"This is so pathetic!" she said.

Then my sisters starting arriving to say goodbye to my father. Let the fun BEGIN!

My sisters were bound to find out something was up but I made it easy for them. One evening I came back from my walk to find them seriously huddled around Lucy in the living room. It turned out that she had let my father walk up the stairs, a definite no-no. I had told them all earlier that when he wanted to go upstairs I would say fine lets go and then he would lose interest. This time he just kept going and though Lucy was guarding him from a fall she finally called up the stairs to my sisters for help.

"Well Lucy made a mistake," I shrugged. "Thats the way it goes." I went upstairs for my shower; when I got back down in my pajamas the room had cleared out and we were going to play Scrabble. **I walked across the room and spanked Lucy a couple times.**

"You've been very bad," I told her.

Well she certainly didn't mind but the next day I told one of my sisters ([REDACTED]) that I had had to spank Lucy and ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE.

We had incredible fights after that. I had sexually harrassed Lucy they said. Don't interfere with my sex life I told them. All three, following the head prude's lead ganged up on me but I wouldn't give an INCH. [REDACTED] It was a big fight about Sex, although no sex had even happened.

* * *

When my father died we all came back for the cremation. We had planned a breakfast together but when I got down in the morning they were already eating.

"What about coffee?" I asked.

"Make it yourself," my older sister (OS) said.

"Do I detect some hostility here?" I asked. "Are you still pissed off about all the fights we had last month."

"Yes," OS said. "I'm still pissed at you."

The younger sisters were lockstep behind OS though they would go absolutely ballistic whenever I pointed that out. The argument escalated and OS threatened to call Lucy up. (cont. #)

THE SEX ADVICE MAN

Dear Advice Man,

What is it with us older men who want to "capture" these free-spirited younger woman? The chick shows us some interest, we fall in love, then after she gets a little experience she goes off on her carefree way. How can a guy KEEP one of these babes?

Older not Wiser

Dear Older,

Often when an older man gets a younger woman you soon hear him complaining about how "immature" she is. Some older men think they don't want women their age because they have a lot of baggage, but the baggage of youth and inexperience is a pretty big pile itself. Maybe you could knock her up and hide her from the abortionist? That could get you a decade or two. (Whatever you do never let her see the decrepid old man who you really are.)

Dear Advice Man,

I gave my girlfriend what she called the "epiphany of all orgasms" and the next day she left me for another man. A month later she came back to my bed and after she came she called me The Orgasm King. Then she gave me a goodbye blowjob and I never saw her again. What gives?

The King

Dear King,

Once you hit the top that's it, it's all downhill from there. Your girlfriend sounds like she likes to come and go. Get over her.

Dear Advice Man,

I'm writing you because I can't afford real therapy, maybe you can help me. I'm 23 years old and have never had an orgasm! (One trooper went down there for Three Hours with no luck.) In my one-night-stands I usually just fake it because it gets tiresome. Each guy thinks HE'll be the one to "make me a woman" but no one has.

No, I haven't been molested or abused. What should I do? Is it a trust issue? Do I need therapy? (I've never had a lover over twenty-six years old)

Want to Come

Dear Want,

It's not you, it's the sex partners you choose, ie, bad lovers. Find a lover over 30, or better yet over 40 and I can practically guarantee that there are many occasions of satisfying pleasure and release in your future. Maybe I should hook you up with the Orgasm King above?

(And though I hesitate to send you over to the other side, lord knows they've gotten enough of our women already, you might consider making love with a WOMAN, helping you get in touch with your own body, recognizing what it is that you really like.)

Then I flipped out and said, "No! You're NOT going to call Lucy!"

I picked up an old chair and smashed it against the wall. Then I chased OS out of the house threatening to kill her! The front screen door got a little bent, one sister wanted to call the police, but we settled down and all made it to the cremation in Ohio within the next hour where I pushed the button to start the fire.

So it was all about sex: my sisters upset that MAYBE I'm having sex with one of my father's nurses; me upset that they would interfere with my sex life. So sex...

The sisters all left while I stayed around for another month tearing out the old sick carpet and sorting through his possessions. The affaire with Lucy ran its course: **we had sex three more times**—very memorable orgasms. Then she told her husband, we all went to therapy, and we were forbidden to see each other unless we had a chaperone. When we went out to dinner together we'd take Lucas, another member of the Young Adult Group.

The night before I was going to fly home to California I was playing frisbee in the street with Jack; he was starting to become very curious. He eventually "got it out of me" that he had been playing the unwitting chaperone. A while later Lucy came over with the kids for our final visit. Now that Jack knew he was the chaperone he started acting like one and it was very annoying. Lucy and I might be alone in one room for a milli-second and Jack would come bounding in! Finally they were all about to leave, I was feeling frustrated by lack of kissy-face with Lucy, and I snapped.

I cursed at Jack telling him fuck you, get the hell outta here! Lucy got upset and started gathering up the kids and things; she had never seen this irrational, ugly side of me. They all left as I launched one more verbal assault at poor perplexed Lucas across the street.

After sitting home alone for an hour I decided that I didn't want to leave town on such a discordant note. I called Lucy but there was no answer. I walked over there where I saw her talking on the phone through the door window but she didn't answer my knocks.

After a couple minutes I said, "Lucy, open the door. I just wanted to try to leave on a good note."

"Well you tried," this little voice said.

Yeah I guess I did I mumbled to myself and left.

In the morning I checked my email at Kinkos on the way to the airport and found a message from Lucy. **She had called the police on me** while hiding in her closet. She said her husband would never scare her like that and that I had sure made things easy for her.

So off I flew to California, never imagining that the worst was yet to come. **On June 27, 2000 the bomb dropped.....**(to be continued)



STICKS AND WEEDS

That local lawyer explained why he scowls when he walks into the Woodrose, "I'm trying to discourage people from asking for legal advice when all I want to do is enjoy breakfast with my family." (So here's what we do: YOU tickle him, and when he cracks a grin I'LL blurt out the question.)...**Will someone please check out the connection between excessive consumption of Human Growth Hormone and whining letters to the local papers?**...The police report many more rear-end collisions on Main Street this Summer; "Garberville Tennis Neck Syndrome" is to blame. There seems to be no solution except to ban halter tops or bring back the burka...**Whew! How about that new couple who met, moved in, and got married within a WEEK! (Good luck Bud!)**...The inside scoop is that Estaben is about one electro-shock therapy session away from enlightenment.(cut-rate deal at a Mexican Hospital?)...**One guys sure cure for getting rid of a bear: Come out on the porch playing an accordion...** If you want to listen to a banana slug move put it on a very smooth glass and wait...

* * *

LETTERS

Dear Mysterious Gulch-Mulch Dude,
For the most part i liked my first experience of the Mulch-thing. Altho, like the advice-man said to "Boring": thinking you're wild, crazy, and interesting makes you boring (don't worry i need to heed this advice, myself). The story about your father was very touching. The Dea/Amtrack one kept me captivated and i admit i read the sticks and weeds w/ plenty of nosy interest. i think it'd be better if the comics were macrobiotic (created by someone local, more relevant to local life). It's good, tho. And the picture of the bare-breasted young woman was probably effective in subduing any who might otherwise harbor competitive feelings toward you. Something for everyone!

peace, Quirky

Hey-

How dare you put out such a funny, raw, unspeakably true, reckless zine? I liked it before I saw the part about me. So who are you? Your mag/paper looks like Arcata's Bum Times. I'd visit the Gulch, but I'm afraid to drive through Whitethorn.

Kevin

Hi,

I was at the Peoples Prods. office on my way to the Oregon Country fair and I just grabbed the Gulch Mulch.

I read it, and read it again. It rocked!!! Love the piece about the statute of limitations. Can Reeeeeeeaaally relate! Anywayz, the folks here loved it too, and I think I'm gonna take it with me to Eugene and read it again. Keep up the good work! Love, A. G.

Nader Wins!

Congratulations are in order for Nader voters, you do have power! The power to elect Republicans. Now don't feel defensive, you're not being blamed for electing Bush president, you really DO have the power! (The power to eat your young! Oops, slipped out, be calm!)

Yes Nader fans you really have the power and what are you going to do with it Next Time? Vote for Wilma Mankiller and elect John McCain? California voters can say well it was safe to vote for Ralph here, that you were voting your heart and helping to get the 5% that would trigger matching funds in four year. Is that safe? What havoc could be wreaked by those matching funds? How many Republican presidents will you elect every four years until the Green Revolution comes?

The real elitists are the ones that need to tell us morons why Bush is better than Gore, perhaps there's a reasonable explanation. I don't condemn any vote, everyone's free to do what they want, and on most levels it doesn't matter. (When I told a Nader voter that 90% of Blacks voted for Gore she replied "Oh they're ignorant.")

(Written before September 11th)



THE GULCH MULCH IS GOING MONTHLY!...Send in your quirky tales about homesteading and growing and if its not long and boring we might put it in.

SEND letters, classified adds, personal adds, question ideas for more surveys, local comix, and anything else: gulchmulch@hotmail.com
c/o General Delivery, Whitethorn, CA 95589

Disclaimer: If anyone is offended by anything in these pages, have Hope! There are many good therapists around who might help you get over your hang-ups. **GOOD LUCK!**