

GULCH MULCH

All The Pulp That's Fit To Gulp

BIG RED -- ANOTHER ROADSIDE ATTRACTION

Sanctuary Forest is immediately threatened! Eel River Sawmills, in a surprise move, filed a Timber Harvest Plan for a haul road routed near Big Red. One surprise after another in these times.

The old growth reserves, recently sold by Collins Pine Company, have been named as lands to be purchased with June, 1988 bond measure funds. Dennis Scott, Eel River Sawmills V.P., says with one mouth, "We will wait to log, watching for the outcome of the state initiative." Yet he signs a THP to push a road thru that same forest, cutting 150 ancient trees that stand in the path.

Jess Kinser opened up the land locked forest by selling a right-of-way agreement through Gopherville to Barnum Timber Company. He stands to gain \$5/thousand board feet that comes out the road. The agreement dates from last October to the futuristic year of 2001.

Recently revealed is the fact that all 1200 acres of land purchased by Eel River was deeded to Barnum in exchange for access to all parcels. So Eel River has the timber rights, Barnum owns the land, and Jess dreams of dollars to come.

The onslaught continues as Francis Carrington, real estate speculator, gained title to adjacent property by suspicious means in a trade and sale of BLM land. After acquiring land-locked parcels at a ridiculous price, he will hook into the proposed haul road and cut timber this summer. Profits on this could be in upwards of 500%.

Eel River Sawmills "waits", while Carrington cuts, and the road makes it possible. The THP calling for road construction is full of holes. If it is not withdrawn, it will be busted in court action.

Protest THP #1-87-309 Men.. Write now, saying no! For

more information talk to the friends of the forest. You can start with Tree Hugger or Talkshow. It's time to take up the pen. Write on! Comments go to CDF., Attention Len Theiss, PO Box 670, Santa Rosa, Calif. 95402.

by Emmet Groen



THE MISFITS

When the Misfits decided to move the remains of their busted motorcycle gang up to the hills of Whitethorn, it looked like it could be the beginning of the end for the local inhabitants. The squirrels didn't mind, or the sparrows that still flitted around the deep purple sweet peas that hung in the dust along the fence by their camp. The human inhabitants were a little more leary.

Mem and Zuke sat talking in the A-frame that Mem called home.

"Did you hear about the Misfits moving up here?" Mem asked.

"The what?" was Zuke's response.

"Yeah the Misfits. They're a motorcycle gang that moved up from L.A.. I gave their girl friend a ride yesterday. She was black and blue. I guess the land is in her name. They bought McNasty's old place. Try not to think about it," Mem concluded. "Let's get going to the dance." They walked out of the A-frame and did not lock the door, they didn't even think of locking it.

The car was a 1964 Valient stationwagon. The road was dirt

for 6 miles bordered by flora and fauna of many shades of dusty green. The car rumbled around the virtually blind bends that cut a flat swath along an otherwise very steep mountain face. That people were actually living in this steep gulch was truly amazing (as Adam, the Don Rickles philosopher thereabouts, might have said). Up the rock-pocked road the Valient chugged, internally combusting the gasoline and leaving in its wake a residual film of dry heaving exhaust. Mem shifted into second cruising the almost hairpin turn by the Misfits' place. A car was parked up the drive but no more could be seen.

There had always been the potential for "hell to pay". Bands of various unbalanced marauder had roamed the hills before though never before had they owned land. This was a problem indeed. The local people, mostly young in their late twenties and thirties, had sought out this area to carve their own version of the American Dream, and have a nice place free of pollution to rear their children. The American Dream of a skinny wife and a fat house survived along side the emerging welfare mother matriarchy. They say the three passions of the hinterlands are sports, politics and religion. On the coast that trinity was dope, music and sex, and so the children came.

One of the Misfits thought someone had tried to run him off the road. He opened fire on Larry with a revolver and missed. Later his lawyer got the charge of attempted murder dropped to disturbing the peace. Many people weren't too bothered since Larry was new to the area and didn't seem to have the street smarts to avoid such a situation. Until they bother me there's no problem seemed to be the code of the hills.

When Bruce and Richard's wood was stolen and when tracks led right to the Misfits' house it was time for action. The home had been hit. They confronted the Misfit in his trailer one fine morning as he lay with his latest bruised lady.

"Look", Richard said, "You guys got caught. We found the tracks. We're just saying give us our plywood back."

"If I hear another word about the wood", replied Misfit Barnes, "I'll bury the next man who says it."

"It felt like we were in a rattlesnake den", Bruce later told friends. "Those guys are animals. You can't reason with them. Their brains are all in their little finger," he said waving his hand

like a gun.

The community took up a collection for Bruce and Richard to help make up for the loss. The wood was written off ,it wasn't worth getting killed over.

The cops finally raided the Misfits, finding stolen cars, trailers, stereo equipment as well as tables and cupboards from the BLM-run campgrounds. While the Misfits were being arraigned the plywood was also retrieved. And that was not the end. A week later, one of the Misfits fingered Uncle Mo as someone who was at their camp when they were in jail. He was slugged in the face, losing a tooth. Later that night fifty rounds were fired into the Misfits camp. A week later Barnes was found dead on The Avenue of the Giants, plugged by his ex-old lady in the nuts, justifiable homicide the police report declared.

LOCAL DIRECTORY

When Ever - Garbage pick-up; Puao and Tim

Wood Ever - Tree trimming, firewood; CB #20

Keith Rashall Metal Fabrication; POB 282 Thorn

Beadz-Semiprecious stone; Star and Yerba POB 55 Thorn

Carrie Pierce-Massage Practitioner \$25; CB#20

Sharon-Massage & Deep Tissue; Hot tub optional

Yerba Santa- Futons&Slipcovers- Kiehl's Essential Oils

Talismans. POB 112, Thorn CA 95489

Rondal Snodgrass-Mediation and Counselling

Lost Coast Llamas & Shady Bay Stables. 77321 Usal Road

Whitethorn, Ca 95489

Janis Gray- Therapeutic massage. POB 244, Thorn

Bryce Gray- Redwood lumber, milled to specifications

CB#20

Syreeta- Open Channeling Session. 1st & 3rd Wednesday- healing, and trance-reading.

Frank Letton-Electrical work, CB & FM Antennas

POB 294 Whitethorn or CB# 20

GULCH WEATHER REPORT

There's a skunk in the kitchen what I'm a gonna do? Yo Direction, pick me up? Are you there? Gotta copy? Do you receive me? You piggie me yuppie? Don't strut your stuff, skunk.

The deer lay in the middle of the road, the driver sitting shocked in his pickup, when Woodever came by. He saw the deer was about to leap up and when it did he chased it and tackled it by the hind legs. It tried to gore him with its antlers so he broke its neck and it was deer-burgers for Pueno and Jessie for a week.

The David Letterman Syndrome: Who was running their generator at 1:30 AM to watch NBC'S hottest Hoosier?...Old propane tanks need to be re-certified. Tanks prohibited in cars-trunks and trucks OK...Smart move of the week: Hoosier's door not completely shut going through the car wash....They're starting to print the pictures of missing hippies on granola boxes.

On television Pee Wee's Playhouse is the show to see. Watch Pee Wee and his computers and robot friends go on mini-adventures and make ice cream soup. Or watch Contra-Toons live from Washington on PBS...They want to give Ollie immunity to testify but I want to see him rot in some Southern California minimum security prison playing tennis for three or four months and only watching basic cable. Oh no, North will have the first dish at Maxwell Air Force Base.

JD now has a couple of pet rattlesnakes he picked up near Clear Lake. He also kidnapped some baby racoons in his quest for fox. JD is building an aviary and shooting cats that stalk in his backyard. JD will jump on his death-defying, wacky Carlotti number if there's a wild animal in it for him.

As if we needed another tree-raping pulp wad around here Star Root is planning on making a

comeback. The Garberville Gazette is gone, dried up into less than the sum of its parts, and Southern Humboldt Life and Times will be next as it wallows in staid, uninteresting, uncontroversial white bread journalism. Now that the Arcatazation of the Redwood Record (Publisher, Editor, Writers) is complete maybe it is time for The Star Root to come back and kick the ass of the ruling class. No, that's Bruce Anderson's job, Editor and Publisher of the Anderson Valley Advertiser, still the most provocative rag in the area. (Check it out at the bus stop - and pick me up a cashew-chicken salad sandwich.)

"You never know what might happen in life. Sometimes it is necessary to take your passport with you even if you're just going to the shitter." - Pablo Zukini



MATEHUALA MUNCHIES

I left La Huerta and the little rooster boxing gloves and headed across the Matehuala Fair for a La Luna pizza, weaving through the sea of people past the sugar cane juice and the chureria stands. (NEVER eat the chureria!) Francesca and Carmelita are there, its "hola" at the pizza. They leave and I, stunned, order a pizza. Then I recover and dash out the door into the sounds and crowds of the feria, turning instinctively left down the midway. Soon I catch up with them; Francesca is

admiring a white knit shawl at one of the tents.

"Is that the one you like Francesca?" I ask.

She turns to look, smiles, and tugs on my sleeve directing her entourage up the midway. The bright lights are buzzing the twi-light electric, the hawkers are getting warmed up for the night of selling from the back of their trucks.

"Let's drink," she says so we buy tequila and fanta in great coco-nut shells that we take with us to the bumper car where it is highly competitive to even get a car. We buy our tickets and climb over the railing where we stand watching out for oncoming cars. Then when the ride ends we're the first off the mark and everyone rushes to a car. I get to one at the same time as a little muchacho - I glare at him and he backs off.

After the bumper car we play footballito (foos-ball) then head over for more tequilas which we bring over to the little restaurant where I eat the taco that does me in. Soon Francesca wants a ride downtown so we low ride it down Calle Hidalgo. She goes into a house and we wait...and wait. I take a little walk around the corner to burn some Catorce Morado and there's still no Francesca when I return to the car so I go in through the open door of the house and find a man who, earlier that day, had been at La Huerta working with the chickens, in fact, we had played a little gonzo golf around the pecan trees.

"And Francesca?" I asked.

Soon she appeared and we drove back to the feria.

"Los gallos!" the girls said and I couldn't disagree though I usually try to avoid a commitment to the chicken fights so that I can feel free to leave during the boring bingo segment. Ah what the hell.

"Yes", I said. "Let's go to the chickens, vominos a los gallos."

So we're off to the chicken fights in the huge arena at the edge of the feria. I buy the tickets and we find seats on the upper tier. Down in the ring the handlers are picking out the knives for

the next fight while the people play bingo and place bets. They throw their bets and money in cut tennis balls back and forth from the ring to the seats. There are about twenty people milling about the ring. Some hawk bingo cards, others rush to the officials' table with betting slips, and still more cross the ring with no apparent purpose except for one man who stands in the middle doing nothing. He has no need for pretence - he's the referee!

Soon Roberto, the guy from downtown, enters and sits on the other side of Francesca. Carl and Ricarda come into the arena so I excuse myself and duck out to see if the pizza I ordered is ready and waiting or cold as the frost on a street-persons head. I chow down then head home to the guest house to burn a little Zacatecas Morado. I've got my timer on the whole time: walk, pizza, and tokes has taken about 45 minutes - it should be time for the next chicken fight. So I'm out of there except at the gate I run into Roberto and Francesca coming in.

"See you at the fights" she says.

"Francesca, why should I bother going if you're over here? You're the only reason I went in the first place!"

We stand around for a few moments till I determine that my guest room at La Huerta must be a pied a terre for this Matehuala couple. I head back into the feria where I find Carl and Ricarda still at the fights. I scan the seats across the way for Francesca's amiable amigas. Maybe I was barking up the wrong tree but I sure wasn't doggin' it. (The day I found those little rooster boxing gloves changed my life...)

