

GULCH MULCH

All The Pulp That's Fit To Gulp

FIRE PREVENTION - A Burning Issue

According to John Barbour, Battalion Chief at the Garberville CDF, fire season varies from year to year depending on conditions. During Fire Season permits are required for all fires except camp fires on your own property or property you control. The season, generally, starts May 1 and goes until it is declared over in late Fall or early winter. It is possible to get a permit to do a brush fire during this period under "extreme need" circumstances when you can also meet the conditions specified by CDF after they look at the site.

When is it safe to burn? On the spring side of summer scrape away the top layer of the forest floor to see if it's wet, if not it's unsafe. Is the wind calm? What about grasses near the site? Dry dead grass under green grass can be a problem.

Barbour said that though fog lessens the danger it does not make it "safe" to burn, and fires should never be left unattended while still hot during fire season. When Fall comes it's safe to burn after two inches of rain, with the promise of more. (Check the forest floor - with a drought there could be periods of marginal safety even in Winter.)

According to Articles 13007, 13008 and 13009 of the State Health and Safety Code - if you make a fire and it gets away you could be held responsible for both property damages and fire fighting expenses.



SLAUGHTER IN THE AFTERNOON

All that was left of a banner waving across the street was the head of a bull pointing its horn up the side street. Did I want to see a bull mauled today? Sure why not, if the ring isn't too far away; it was in the next block. I walked past the ticket-taker without paying as the last "fight" of the day began.

As the big black bull came loping out of the gate four matadores lead it in a dance around the ring. Mr. Big with the lavender cape took over, distracting the beast while a man with two barbed spears crept up, jabbing the hooks into the upper back of the running bull. It bellowed gruffly, began to drool then sweat white pus from the top of its face. Two more spears were jabbed in, the attacker running to save ass, then leaping over the wall. The bull bled down its back trying to shake off the three-foot-long decorated spears which swung wildly against its body till one finally did fall off.

Sometimes one, sometimes four matadores led it around the ring till the main man took over, his bright red cape hiding a sword. They danced to the music then he drove the shaft into the area behind the neck. The bleeding bull groaned, dashing at another lavender cape that, along with an armored horseman, was leading him to alongside the stands where a spectator pushed the sword deeper in.

The three other matadors returned flashing lavender directions to the frenetic animal. However this time the bull scored; piercing an arm and drawing blood. The man limped off only to quickly return to land another sword into the neck of the staggering bull.

So now we had this black creature hanging three spears, two swords, and pissing its life away as the kids yelped around me. The four drove it into a corner then proceeded to mind-fuck it, switching off constantly till the beast began kicking at the lavender flags. One cape was put on the ground. The bull bent over in his roja fixation and down into his neck came the killer spike, then again and again - this was a hard one to kill.

The main man with the bright red cape aimed carefully and drove another length of steel into the spinal cord of the dreaded spectacle. The bull jerked, groaned, and fell to a giant sweating bloody heap. The crowd roared its approval; the handler came out with a dagger and finished the job.

The horses came out to pull away the carcass. The crowd roared. The fourth spear lay twenty feet into the ring. Before I could get it an official retrieved it and handed it to a little boy. "A ver" I said to the boy, looking meaningfully at the man as the carcass was being harnessed. I held out my hand and the child gave it to me.

The beastly remains were being pulled across the floor of the arena as the people cheered the loudest yet, all eyes on the bloody amusement. I jumped down the steps, out the door, then ran out the gate, not stopping till I'd run two blocks up Hildago Street with my souvenir. I walked home past the faire, then drove the bloody shaft into the skeleton of the dead avocado tree.



GUT CHECK AT THE YANABE CHURCH

One dirt road branched into another deeper into the mountains. At the end of the last road stood the hand-made house on the side of the hill. In the middle of a grassy meadow below Pedro was standing next to a large tipi. He welcomed and directed me up to the house for some bread and soup which I carried out to

the back deck where the "first-timers" were being informally oriented by Jan about what would be happening that night.

Within a few minutes most people had drifted on down to the tipi to celebrate the union of the host couple and the impending birth of their child. The people had come to church to pray and sing for the happiness of Julian and Jan through the traditions and rituals of the American Indians. In the tipi the fireman was painting a line down the middle of a crescent hearth he had built around the fire. An array of blankets in the circle staked out the space for the people to sit on. Pedro showed me to his guest blanket sending his child to the sleeping section behind the sitters. Some of us sat down inside as others mingled outside by the huge pile of wood that was to be burned in the next fifteen hours. The the Road Man leading this unique gathering called us all outside.

"Start over?" someone said.

"Should we bring our blankets out?" someone else asked.

The Road Man proceeded to address us as we stood in line with our precious pillows. "When an Indian does something we do it all night and all day again if necessary. We do not reach something fast. When we do the smoke inside that is the committment to stay all night. This is not a social gathering-we are here to learn."

We filed back inside and put our blankets and pillows down in a sort of musical chairs, quickly filling the circle around the fire. Only five didn't have a seat so the Road Man said, "Let's try to fit them in." People scrunched against their neighbor another inch but there was just no more space; they went outside to sit in the dusk light.

Flat sheets of corn husk were passed around the circle as the Road Man explained about the smoke that followed and was rolled up by young and old. After the smoke had gone around a jar of those little deer footprints followed. I poured a healthy spoonful on to my hand and chewed on the cactus while taste buds exploded in my mouth. The tea soon followed which I drank, staring intensely at the fire.

The beaded staff was passed around the circle, each one blessing themselves with it and singing the songs if they knew them. When it was almost to me Pedro said, "Take the staff."

"But I've still got this", I said showing him the medicine in

my hand that I had been very slowly injecting.

"Eat it", he said and I said I couldn't.

I handed it to him and he popped it into his mouth. I took the staff, blessed myself, handed it over to Pedro, then rose to change seats with a drummer Pedro wanted to accompany his spirited singing. I walked around the fire clockwise, then learned that when the medicine is going around you go other way. Pedro sung with great feeling and others joined in. I was new, I was there, I had already done the smoke and my ass was getting sore.

Within minutes of entering the tipi and finding my folded rug seat I was squirming around trying to get comfortable. Hours later I was sitting on my hands or propping myself up with my arms like a tripod. After about four hours I was beginning to have serious doubts that I would be able to make it through the night, traditional rules notwithstanding.

When a song ended someone would say, "Road Man, can I go out?" Then another would say, "Could I go, too?" Then another and another went outside. I went out thinking I wouldn't come back in with the others when the next song ended. Under the stars we walked and stretched, answering nature's call as the drumming started up again in the tipi. I hesitated, having not completed rationalizing my escape, and was drawn back inside.

I immediately regretted it as I found my uncomfortable seat on the blanket. I realized what was keeping me there, more than breaking someone else's rules, was peer group pressure. I looked around the circle and counted the faces I knew. Wouldn't they think I was a schmuck if I left? I thought of Pedro, who had invited me, and how my departure could be seen as an insult to him, the honored couple, and the Road Man.

A woman beamed her peyote glazed smile at me and I wished I could stay all night. Finally I didn't care what anyone thought, after 7 hours sitting around the fire I had to get out of there, go home, go to sleep.

I said to Pedro, "I don't think I'm going to make it."

"Then you came to the wrong place. Here, have some more tea."

"No, I don't want any more."

I went out with some others after a song and walked up the trail to the low-rider. I hesitated, then turned the key, internally

combusting 227 cubic inches of industrial roar into the cool night air. I glided out of there thinking, "I'm a bad boy, I'm the bad boy again. What sacrilige."

I didn't have the character to stay but I did have the guts to leave.

WHALE GULCH WEATHER REPORT

Summer's here! Beautiful days, pleasant nights and not much fog. The rest of America (from Briceland east) is burning up while that sweet ocean breeze carries the coast.....**Rub-A-Dub** picked up the wrong cat for **Moonlight** from the vet's. "I just thought it was looking a little white after the operation", mused **Captain Midnight**. They took it back to trade for the correct cat but found that theirs had already been picked up by a little Vietnamese boy.....Drove down to the city and had to put on the bumper sticker "Don't Shoot-I'm a Wimp". Saw another one that said "Honk If You Want To See Jesus".

To whoever stole the firewood, cute move chump.....The only difference between the Gulch and the rest of the world is the signs: There they say "SLOW CHILDREN", here they say 'CHILDREN SLOW'. (In Salmon Creek they have a "NO HUNTING CHILDREN" sign.)

The Blue Meanies gobbled up some little acorn mush muffins on their way to the strawberry pi...Are the super patriots of Chemise going to lower their flag to half mast now that the Constitution has been shredded?.....**Charlie's** getting religion...he wants to convert Hotchkiss' into the Church of the Latter Day Hippies.....



Who Wrote the Songs?

Danny Sims, a New Jersey-based music publisher, had Bob Marley under songwriting contracts from 1968 to 1976. Sims's lawyer, Stewart Levy (a partner of Peter Parcher, the entertainment lawyer who represents Bruce Springsteen, Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, Paul Simon, and Billy Joel), says that from 1973 to 1976 Marley suffered "one of the most mysterious cases of writer's block in history." During that time, however, Marley recorded some of his biggest-selling albums—*Catch a Fire*, *Burnin'*, *Natty Dread*, and *Rastaman Vibration*.

Sims suspected that Marley, who had been incredibly prolific before and after this period, was writing songs under the names of close friends and band members in order to dodge his contracts. Though the album credits state otherwise, Sims claims Marley wrote "No Woman, No Cry," "Them Belly Full (But We Hungry)," "Natty Dread," "War," "Rat Race," and "Roots, Rock, Reggae," among many others. Sims also claims that Marley composed 28 other songs that he saved until his contracts expired and he could release them under his own name. All of this might have been Marley's reaction to years of suspected ripoffs by various producers and music industry executives. In a 1976 interview with Stephen Davis, Marley said, "People rob me and try to trick me. You cyaan [can't] call it trick, you call it *teef* [thief]. But now I have experience...."

In September 1984, Levy and Sims flew to Jamaica to interview Mortimer Planno, a Rasta elder who had been Marley's mentor and de facto manager early in his career. The meeting was typical of the culture clash between American lawyers and music industry Jamaicans. "Mortimer Planno is a very strange-looking guy," says Levy. "He's a big guy, and he's wearing a ripped shirt, no shoes, and he has one tooth, like a walrus, and long Rasta dreads coming down to his waist. I meet with Planno for four hours on a terrace with everybody around me very stoned. Now I'm just straight—totally. So he grabs my hand and goes, 'Lawyer, liar, lawyer, liar.' And he keeps pumping my hand



Marley music publisher Danny Sims

going, 'Lawyerliarlawyerliar.' And I'm thinking, 'Shit, I'm going to die.'

"We go to the terrace and he picks up this totally stoned five-year-old boy by his dreadlocks and says to me, 'Have a seat.' Then he takes out this big tape recorder and says, 'I tape all my conversations so I don't get misquoted.'"

After this flourish, Planno told Levy and Sims what they wanted to hear: that during the '73-'76 period Marley had written songs he attributed to friends or saved until later. Planno also put Sims in touch with Vincent Ford, a boyhood friend of Bob Marley's. When Sims and Levy challenged Ford's authorship of one of Marley's biggest hits, "No Woman, No Cry," he admitted that he had not been the sole writer (as he is credited) but said he had cowritten it with Bob Marley. (Marley's best friend Alan Cole claims Ford actually had nothing to do with the song). Planno and Ford signed sworn statements about their knowledge of the actual authorships. Cole says the idea for this songwriting scheme came from Marley's American lawyer, David Steinberg.

The lawyer handling this particular case for the estate has filed a countersuit alleging that Sims mishandled his contracts with Marley and therefore has no rights to any songs. The countersuit also says Sims should have filed his claim years ago and that the statute of limitations has expired. Sims answers that he could not have filed a suit earlier, because no witnesses would have challenged Marley while he was alive.

—M.C.

This happened two years ago. A second-year law student in New York came home one night, opened his mailbox, and found a calling card. The card was that of a special agent of the FBI. Written on it was a message: "Please call me about Nicaragua. This will be a friendly chat."

The young man had never been to Nicaragua, nor was he much interested in any part of Central America. So why had the FBI come by? He finally figured it out. A few nights before, another student at the law school, just returned from Nicaragua, was being given a dinner at the school. The man who had never been to Nicaragua was studying, smelled the food, and walked into the room to get some. He stayed to listen to the questions being asked the woman who'd been in Nicaragua, and added a couple of his own.

After picking up the FBI agent's card, he searched his past and found nothing that could be of interest to the Bureau except for his having inadvertently been in the presence of someone who had actually been to the land of Ortega. It was weird, he told me, and it was kind of frightening. He wasn't in the phone book, so how did the FBI know where he lived? (Easy. The FBI has connections.)

That isn't all. A woman who works with this innocent who had not gone abroad was visited by the FBI and questioned about him.

The story of the law student is one of many about William Webster's thought police. A long list of such incidents is in the appendix to the testimony of staff members of the Center for Constitutional Rights on February 20, 1987, before the House Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights.

Some excerpts:

A New Yorker went to Nicaragua as part of a construction brigade which was sponsored by the Westchester People's Action Coalition. Thereupon the FBI visited his landlord three times. What do you suppose the landlord thinks of his tenant now?

A New York woman who went to Nicaragua was notified, as soon as she returned home, that the Internal Revenue Service had decided to audit her taxes. How do you suppose the IRS knew she'd been to Nicaragua? (Others who've been to Nicaragua have had the same welcome home.)

By Nat Hentoff

