



The Gulch Mulch

all the pulp that's fit to gulp



MATEEL BASHING

Just like clockwork **The Vultures of Political Correctness** have been spotted swooping over the **Mateel Community Center** in Redway. You see the peoples' tribunal last Spring found the MCC guilty of 45 violations of political correctness that have yet to be corrected.

I asked a neighbor who signed the latest manifesto why **she** was so down on the Mateel. After some hemming and hawing she admitted she was pissed off because she had been denied her usual backstage press pass for **Reggae on the River**. Another Mateel-basher (not a letter-signer) admitted that he would feel fine if he got the coveted back stage pass he was denied.

I can see why people could resent the power of the **Mateel 5** with their nice new trucks and all, those guys do have glamour jobs. Look at **PB**: he's gone from mud fights to star of the Reggae stage. Those guys created their cool jobs so if they want to move on and do a scene at **Myers Flat** that's fine. But they love their Mateel images, lives. (Just do one or the other.) They should realize they have got a good thing going without alienating the Myers Flat Gang. But you know how it is, **Bill Graham** wannabes just gotta do their thing.

I can also see how people could resent The Community Center itself. Its really a beautiful gift to the Community but studies have shown that people become resentful when something is given to them. In this case a great ediface that was built in a tribute to community activism.



FIRE CO. STRONG-ARMS TOURISTS

Once again the **Joker** and his cookie-monsters-from-Hell firemen have raised more money for the fire dept. with a labor day bake sale at Four Corners. Tourists were stopped and forced to buy brownies for "Whatever you want to give", the Joker said with a straight face. (Any tourist who didn't fork over at least \$5.00 a cookie was taken out behind the ancient fire truck and beaten up.)

Can you imagine, American flags flying at Four Corners!! (Oh well what can you expect from that new guy Joker -- he's only been around some 18 years now.) Halfway through the bake sale the fire crew had to race down to put out a fire at the Needle Rock house. Everything was saved except for the pile of Readers Digests that the host was namiacally burning in the main room. **Marshall Dylan** hosed it all down.

The fire-fighters arrived back at the bake sale and ate all the remaining goodies they were so hungry. All in all everyone had an exciting time and valuable dollars were made for the fire co. P.S. If you're going to give a large donation do it at one of the roadside bake sales where everyone will notice!



KMUD (91.1 FM) STUFF

ALL SIDES NOW (Mon-Fri, 6:25pm) runs the gamut from freaky to informative. The other day some warper named **Avatar** gave a general PC rap, then tried to sell some chapbook or something. He guiltily gave his address very rapidly but hey what's the rush -- anything goes on All Sides Now. All Sides Now (started in May 1990 after the Too Short concert) is a great opportunity to immediately go on the air with an opinion after the news. It's a service that we'll probably never hear on **KZYX** because the Mendo freaks would be lining up outside the Philo station to go on the air. (**Beth Bosk** would be on every night now that her Tuesday afternoon talk show has been cancelled. A word about Beth: she's a zany bitch but she gives good entertainment. BRING BACK THE BITCH!!!). **KZYX** is a tame little station compared to the wild 'MUD.

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One of the funniest moments I heard on **KMUD** this year occurred after **Janet Reno** pressed the button and burned up all those kids in Waco, Texas. On **Dw1** and **PB's** show **THANK JAH ITS FRIDAY** (Friday 9-10 am) some guy calling himself **Waco Watch** had always called in with reports from the daily news conference from Waco. Here was a get-a-life kind of guy with too much time on his hands watching his satellite dish everyday. (Omigod that sounds familiar!)

So Waco burns and Waco Watch calls up **KMUD** out for blood but you see it is Monday and **Paul** on **THE POLITICALLY CORRECT WEEK IN REVIEW** (7 pm, alternate Mondays) isn't too impressed with the fire. Ol' Waco Watch is going on and on about why don't you care about this violent event while to Paul and **Truth** of the **PCP** is just another blip on the radar screen of bad history. Oh Waco Watch...GET A LIFE!!!

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THE GOOD MORNING SHOW (7-9 am, Monday) is going through some changes. Basically it's **Michael's** show with **Bob** playing the **Ed McMahon** role. **Simon** ran the board but he's gone now -- I guessed he called too many people he didn't agree with **NAZIS**. (Well me, anyway.) So **Simon's** gone and **Diane of Benbow** has taken his slot which pushed **Michael** back to the control board. Was the push on to balance the show with a

woman? Mike denies that.

Mike is very prepared, sitting there with his script outline written on yellow legal pad, giving his narrations of local events while his sidekicks chime in from time to time. His politically incorrect streak makes good radio in this PC ghetto. Maybe he'll get into some polarizing conversations with **Diane** tho she's also pretty PI. (Try sex talk, Mike!)

Though the jury is still out on **Diane**, in a month it won't matter what the "jury" says because she'll have tenure at the 'MUD, another sacred cow for the Good Morning Show! (Mike denies that too) If Mike can keep it up the show could last past X-MAS.

MYERS FLAT TOURISM

When you encourage tourism what you're saying is eat here, sleep here, and shit here. (The Eat Sleep Shit Ranch?) Then where do we put all those tourist turds? (In **Mary Andervidual's** back yard?)

Having a music venue at Myers Flat would bring into this area an industry that doesn't pollute, except for some (50 tons a week?) errant turds in the bushes. But no factory effluent. It is jobs and it's not a petro-chemical plant.

Of course any little 'ol backwater like Myers Flat wants to stay that way. And some would choose a PC plants over hoards of music lovers.

TOP TEN REASONS TO HATE THE MATEEL C.C.

- *10. The building's too nice -- I wanted a cheap metal shed.
- *9. 'Cause I didn't get a back-stage pass to Reggae on the River.
- *8. Oh, I just hate those people! Who do they think they are, blah, blah, blah.
- *7. I got camped.
- *6. I ran out of other things to whine about.
- *5. I have no life.
- *4. My car broke down again.
- *3. I'm always fighting with my neighbors and I can't spell.
- *2. I can't cook -- I'm bored.
- *1. Because I wanted to put a minor league baseball stadium at Myers Flat!



MATTEO

Matteo lives up the hill on the other edge of town near the tunnel. He wears the same sandals as the other x-pats tho his feet aren't torn up like **Farmer Franz**. He makes things, jewelry from silver. For six years now this dude from Italy has been working with the local people teaching them how to work with plata (silver) and beads in a taller (shop) at the old **Casa de Moneda**. In exchange the village organization, called **Ejido**, has given him a piece of land where he has built a little house. His partner **Cristobal** also has an Ejido-sponsored spot a little above Matteo's tho he's almost always gone having married that whacky broad **Bonnie** from San Antonio.

It's evening.....Matteo is sitting in the bar nursing a beer, and watching a re-run of **Mission Impossible** on the TV. He has expanded the size of his house two-fold since last year and taken in five Mexicans from Colima to live with him. He tells Jose he's getting a little tired of all the people but you know what? There's always tortillas being made and a pot of beans on the fire.

Matteo's room is a dusty living-working quarters. His workshop is in one corner, bed up on the loft, kitchen stuff off to one side. The town isn't providing any more land to foreigners because the Brazilian astronomer who was running the water-pumping station up in the mountains with a similar deal left town in a hurry after **Federales** found weed growing near his house. **Sorino** took his solar panel and ran.



HALLOWEEN TRADE FAIRE

Remember last year when it was raining on Halloween? A bunch of people got on the CB to try to decide whether to postpone it or whatever. The old standby had always been if it's raining then the Faire will held "the next sunny day". Now that we have the Community Center there is the option to bring the event indoors if necessary. So nothing has been officially decided, it could come down to the mob on the CB again.

There is a lot of disagreement because some people still want it to be outside on the "next sunny day". The Faire can be big business these days as everyone has his own agenda: Some people make huge quantities of food to sell for various fund-raisers so they want no delay, those burritos gotta be sold! Others have guests from out-of-town that they don't particularly want to have around for additional days as they wait for that one "sunny day".

Face it, we're a more fast-paced bunch these days... "next sunny day" just don't cut it any more. People have lives now. I say bring the event indoors on the second rainy day. Will anything be officially decided or will we revert to CB democracy where the shrillest three voices will decide? (To serve those burritos, PRONTO!)

THE COMMUNITY CENTER

It's nice to see the old gal getting some use and attention after too many years as the **Plywood Albatross!** Having the High School nearby contributes to the increased activity. Recently the floor crew came through with pointers, sanders, and paint. Thanx to **Sandy** and the gang for all their good work! (Now if we can just get the good basketball hoop up!)

THE RETURN OF DEEP NOSE

Richard Blackwell, perfumer-extraordinaire, will be at the Dharma Center (Sat.Oct 30th) & Trade Faire (Sun) with his latest offerings such as "Dark Desire"....

CONFUCIOUS say: She who throws nails in road must have screws loose....



LAREDO TEXAS

Me and the beat up old nark car (The Narkus Carcass) pulled into this booming town with four thoughts in mind: Get gas, buy pesos, get insurance, and grab a motel room. At the insurance co. I learned that travelers to Mexico now need a major credit card in order to bring a car into the country. Lacking a credit card you could post a bond for the value of the car which would be mailed back to you later (har, har). The folks at the insurance co. said that some people were reporting that they never got their money back. I couldn't get \$500 for my old heap but the blue book value was about \$1700! I was fucking stuck in Laredo sans a credit card to my name!

I holed up in the Motel 6 with an HEB chicken and a pumpkin pie, and called up my friend in Austin who was heading into the interior of Mexico on a folk art buying trip the next day. She offered to pick me up and take me to Matehuala, SLP. and points south. In the morning I raced around town buying carrying bags in order to transfer my mounds of crap into a few bags. I dragged everything into the room and started to repack.

When Kathy and her entourage arrived the room was in an absolute uproar. Kathy's friend Lucy and her passenger Bonnie waded through my stuff to use the bathroom. (Not a very good first impression for the gals with that half-eaten chicken and pie crust on the side!) I would be traveling South the first day with Lucy, an ex-pat painter from D.C. who was returning to her house in Mexico as well as dealing with the legalities of having killed an old man in Mexico when she forgot to set her parking brakes and the car crushed him.

We spent hours on both sides of the border after Lucy ran all over town trying to find the best deal on pesos. Then she had to call home to Kentucky to tell her father how much she hated the van he had bought her! Hours later we crossed the border then spent more hours looking all over Nuevo Lardo for the hotel where Jose had been waiting for her for weeks. After a while I was getting to like Lucy and hoped we'd never find the guy. Let's just go I said. (I liked Lucy -- she grinned at all my bad jokes.)

We finally found him, a young Mexican with designs on Lucy and her money. (American women of a certain age come to Mexico and take young lovers.) We made it out of town by late afternoon

roaring down the Pan American hiway through dusk and darkness, fatties burning brightly through the cactus desert night. When we finally arrived past midnight in Matehuala, after a harrowing drive, I stashed my still volumnuous stuff in the backyard of Kathy's inlaws, got a Motel room in town and in the morning embarked upon the trip of my life, heading South to the gnarly mountains of the state of Guerrero.to be continued.

LIFE IN HELL

BY MATT GROENING

