

The Laytonville

LOOKOUT! & Ledger

April 1987

Number 26

LOOKOUT MERGES WITH LEDGER

For more opinions and not a little nonsense on the *LOOKOUT-Ledger* imbroglio, see the Letters column in this issue...

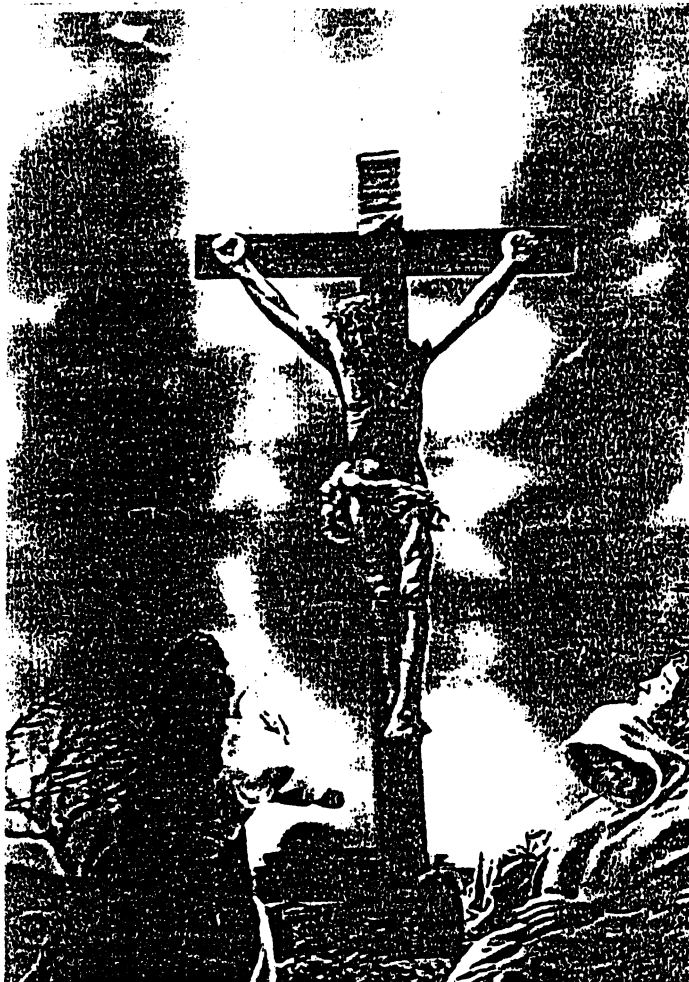
Lawrence Livermore Takes Over Laytonville Weekly In Libel Suit

Laytonville became a one-newspaper town again as *LOOKOUT* editor-publisher Lawrence D. Livermore concluded a successful libel suit against John Weed, former editor of the *Ledger*. Livermore was able to convince the jury that Weed had maliciously defamed his publication in a *Ledger* editorial on March 18, 1987, and Weed, unable to pay the substantial financial judgment voted against him, was forced to hand over complete ownership of the nine year-old weekly to Livermore.

In a statement to reporters following the court proceedings, Livermore said that he had filed suit against Weed only with great reluctance. "I never particularly wanted the responsibility of publishing a weekly newspaper," he explained, "and besides, it was clear that most people in Laytonville were satisfied with the job John Weed was doing with the paper." Livermore went on to say that he had given Weed an opportunity to correct the untruthful statements he had published, but that Weed had neither printed a retraction nor even bothered to reply to Livermore's offer.

The court found that Weed had lied about three specific issues, each of which could be judged to have damaged the *LOOKOUT*'s reputation and its ability to attract subscribers and/or advertisers (though at present the *LOOKOUT* does not accept paid advertising). In the first place, he claimed that the *LOOKOUT* is published "every few months or so" (it is in fact a monthly, and has been for over two years). He called it a "one or two page opinion sheet;" Livermore demonstrated that except for the first three issues, the *LOOKOUT* has never contained less than 10 pages. Thirdly, Weed implied that the *LOOKOUT*'s circulation is limited to "a few copies" which Livermore "leaves...on local newstands in hopes that someone will pick one up." In reality, the court found, the *LOOKOUT* has a press run ranging from 750 to 1000 copies, and while it is distributed free in Mendocino County and the San Francisco Bay Area, it also has at least 150 paid subscribers from all over the United States and several foreign countries.

"I assumed Weed had printed this misinformation out of ignorance," continued Livermore; "I was genuinely shocked when he showed no interest in correcting the falsehoods he had published. Perhaps it's naive of me, but I had always thought that the first and foremost commitment of any real journalist was to the truth." Livermore went on to say that the new *LOOKOUT-LEDGER* would not be undergoing any major changes. All the current writers and artists will be encouraged to stay on, with the only substantial change in editorial policy being that local religious cults will no longer be provided with free space to hawk their wares. "I realize that some readers will miss Elinor Burton's



EASTER 1987

John Weed, Sheila Larson, and Piano Jimmy party at Lawrence Livermore's crucifixion on Cahto Mountain

accounts of her church's 'Sinspirations,' but perhaps her pastor will see fit to purchase an advertisement like any other business," said Livermore.

One aspect of the *Ledger* that will noticeably change will be in its production values. "The shoddy typesetting and layout will no longer be allowed," declared Livermore. "This community deserves better. We also plan to start printing photographs in which people can actually recognize themselves."

The future plans of former editor John Weed remain in doubt. Saying that he bears Weed no ill will ("I think he was just a small-town editor who got in over his head"), Livermore has offered him a part-time job delivering papers and cleaning up the office. It is not known at this time whether Weed will accept.

(Ed. Note: As should be obvious to anyone, but probably isn't to some, the above is only an April Fool's joke. At least so far...)

THE THREE PUNK ROCK GOATS AND THE BIG BAD POLICE TROLL

by Linda Lou Wessman

Once upon a time in the late 1970s there lived three punk rock goats. One night they decided to go to the underground alternative music center, which was located across a busy intersection from where they lived. But this particular intersection was the beat of of a big bad police troll.

TRIP TRAP TRIP TRAP, the first punk rock goat, who had long hair and a safety pin in his ear, started across the intersection.

"Who trips across my intersection?" the police troll roared.

"Only me, the youngest punk rock goat," the long-haired safety-pinned punk rock goat replied.

"Aha!" the police troll said, "I am coming across to bust you."

"Oh, don't bust me," replied the youngest punk rock goat. "My brother is coming along soon, and he is much more hardcore than me."

So the police troll let the youngest punk rock goat go on to the show.

TRIP TRAP TRIP TRAP, the second punk rock goat entered the intersection, anxious not to miss his favorite band, which was next on the bill.

Again the voice of the police troll could be heard. "Who's that tripping across my intersection?"

The second punk rock goat, who wore his hair in a mohawk and rode a skateboard, replied, "Just me, dude, the middle punk rock goat."

"Aha!" the police troll exclaimed. "I'm gonna bust you now."

"Don't bother with me," the mohawked skateboarder said with a sneer, "My big brother is right on my trail and he's much more hardcore than me." Then he skated quickly away.

Soon after that, TRIP TRAP TRIP TRAP, the third and oldest punk rock goat came along. He was a skinhead and had worn steeltoes for years.

"Who's that tripping across my intersection?" the police troll growled.

"Me. What of it?" the oldest punk rock goat growled back.

"I'm gonna bust you!" the police troll cried.

But before he could do a thing, the skinhead punk rock goat, who indeed was extremely hardcore, slamdanced him right off the street into a dark alley. He then tripped happily on his way, ready to rule the pit for another night at the underground alternative music scene.

THE END

The lies that destroyed the *Ledger*...

ON THE DEFENSE...

Every few months or so, Lawrence Livermore writes down his observations of some community or county goings-on in a one- or two-page opinion sheet he calls *Lookout*, runs off a few copies and leaves them on local newsstands in hopes that someone will pick one up and read it. Usually someone does and usually his one-sided comments make that someone mad. Every few months or so, Livermore (whose name we suspect is really Larry Hayes) also writes a letter to *The Ledger* and a few other newspapers in the area which sometimes appears in the *Boonville* paper as a "news" story a week or two later. This week, Livermore wrote up in what he called a "special edition" of *Lookout* (Extra! Extra! . . . across the top) his account of the zoning hearing regarding Hot Rocks' now defunct proposed rock crushing and asphalt plant on Larson's property in Laytonville, ending with a scathing review of Sheila Larson's history as a business person in this town. None of what he had to say bears repeating here (at best, it was unkind; at worst, cruel) and knowing Sheila Larson to be the strong person she is, she doesn't need us to defend her against the likes of Livermore. We would, however, like to defend ourselves. Since *The Ledger* is the only established newspaper in the north county, some people have mistakenly associated Livermore's pamphlet with *The Ledger*. We don't know Livermore. The general consensus in our office is that he is a frustrated writer with a catchy, made-up name and a talent for making people mad. We don't deny Livermore his pamphleteering, his letter-writing, his so-called reporting, or any of his other First Amendment rights. We do, however, deny any business association anyone may think he has with *The Ledger*. This is not to say that Livermore has ever misrepresented himself as a member of our staff, it is only to disburse with the confusion that seems to have developed over his place in the media.

THE LAYTONVILLE LEDGER, VOLUME 10, ISSUE 2, MARCH 18, 1987

IPIPIE ON A ROPPE? SIF GIETS IR EADY IFOR HIS HOILIEYNIESS

Some Laytonville boys are already planning to cash in big on the first visit to San Francisco of Pope John Paul, scheduled for this September. The two entrepreneurs, who prefer to remain anonymous, have revealed what appears to be a surefire marketing scheme aimed at the hundreds of thousands of tourists and pilgrims who will be flocking to San Francisco for the once-in-a-lifetime papal appearance.

Everywhere the pope has travelled in the past large amounts of money have been made by vendors hawking such things as T-shirts and caps emblazoned with the pope's smiling face, and in Adelaide, South Australia, a local brewery went so far as to produce several thousand cases of a special papal beer. But leave it to Laytonvillians to come up with the most original idea yet: little statuettes of His Holiness carved out of Ivory soap and attached to a length of rope for convenient (and devout) showering.

Yes, soap on a rope is nothing new, but a soap pope on a rope? It's new, it's exciting, and the inventors expect to sell thousands.

In other papal news, inhabitants of a notorious punk rock commune known as the Rathouse, conveniently located across the street from Mission Dolores, one of the Pontiff's scheduled stops, have announced plans for a "Welcome the Pope" concert to be staged on the Rathouse roof. The show will feature two local bands, MDC (Millions of Damn Christians) and the LOOKOUTS, singing their smash hit "Fuck Religion." The Pope, who has a reputation as a lover of music and theater, has also been invited to the Rathouse for a post-concert tofu-and-beer dinner, but it is not known at this time whether he will be able to accept.

Fossil Fuels, The Casino Economy, And The Trivialization Of Work

I hopped on a cable car near the beginning of the California Street line just as the late afternoon breeze started picking up to an unpleasant pace. I sat inside as the car filled up with commuters from the financial district. Pretty soon it was so crowded that I didn't even have room to hold up the newspaper I was reading, so I started studying my fellow passengers.

Sandwiched in next to me were two couples, one standing, the other sitting. All were dressed in regulation office garb, looking, as Dylan once said, "so immaculately frightful" in their off-the-rack three-piece dress-for-success outfits that flapped like dark flannel shrouds in the cold wind. The conversation quickly passed over racquetball and weekend getaway spots (if I hear the word sushi, I thought, I may not be able to restrain myself) and devolved into an earnest and seemingly endless discussion of where one might find the best CD rates in town.

That subject put to rest, talk turned to stockbrokers and the rollercoaster performance of the Dow Jones in recent weeks. One of the women, her face pale and pinched and looking at least ten years older than I guessed her to be (early 20s), allowed how guilty she felt because even though she had, at her boss' suggestion, taken out a subscription to the *Wall Street Journal*, she almost never got around to reading the thing. They all moaned about the small fortunes they would have made if only they had gotten in on certain stock offerings in time.

These people seemed vaguely familiar to me, though I couldn't figure out why at first. Suddenly it dawned on me that underneath the upwardly mobile suits and ties were the hearts and souls of the blue-collar working class that I'd grown up with. If it were 20 years ago in Detroit, they would have been alongside me on the assembly line, the men, anyway. They probably would have been making more money, too, and not had to worry about having their uniforms dry-cleaned.

A more notable difference between the manufacturing-based economy of the not-so-distant past and the service-information apparatus that, we are told, is the inexorable wave of the future, is that back then workers had a clearer idea of just what it was that their labor was producing. Cars, steel ingots, appliances: these were tangible items, that, even when they of dubious quality and sold at exorbitant prices by semi-monopolistic companies, gave the men and women who produced them a feeling of having contributed something of substance to society.

Do investment bankers, commodity brokers, the high-rollers in the stock market casino have any such feeling? Not likely, unless they are seriously deluding themselves, but in most cases any existential anxieties are no doubt nicely smoothed over by the enormous amounts of cash their efforts are producing. And what of the far more numerous drudges who, for working-class wages, crunch numbers and program data for the big-bucks boys? They can't feel very significant in the overall scheme of things, and in many cases would be hard pressed to explain what exactly the end product of their labor is.

The result is an alienation that makes it possible, in fact encourages people to look upon their work as something separate and unrelated to the rest of their lives. At the same time, increased taxes (at least for the lower classes) and declining wages (a steady trend since the early 1970s) are putting the squeeze on millions of people, forcing them to devote an inordinate amount of time and energy to their financial survival.

The T-bills, IRAs, and similar scams that one hears advertised *ad nauseum* are a cruel hoax; allowing for inflation and taxes, the best one can hope for by handing money over to a bank is that it won't lose value. The stock market, on the other hand, has in the past couple years, created more new millionaires than the proliferating state lotteries, a fact not lost on the taxi drivers, school teachers, and sanitation workers who are now gambling on Wall Street, much as they did in the heady pre-crash days of the 1920s.

It's standard financial wisdom that when the small investors start getting in on something, it's time for the smart money to get out. That combined with the obvious (to anyone but the Reagan era's resident voodoo economists) fact that the massive



run-up in the Dow Jones was due almost entirely to speculative fever rather than any inherent strength in the economy, should explain why Wall Street is feeling mighty jittery these days. As well it should; the good old USA is not only flat broke, it's more in debt than any institution or collection of individuals has ever been in the entire known history of the world.

As that becomes more and more obvious, we find people becoming more frantic to cash in while there's still time, and less picky about how they do it. The leveraged buyout, one of the 1980s' more scandalous variations on the old pyramid scheme, has wrecked whole industries and displaced hundreds of thousands, if not millions of employees. With huge portions of their resources skimmed off by paper-shuffling profiteers, corporations can no longer compete with more efficiently-run foreign corporations, so that even with the American dollar at an all-time low, people still find Japanese products to be a better bargain (and not, as some propagandists would have you believe, because the Japanese work like robots for little more than slave wages; in fact, the Japanese standard of living is considerably higher than the American, and the gap continues to widen. It's also worth noting that if the current proposed restrictions on Japanese imports go into effect, the principal beneficiaries will not be American workers, but rather the corporations who enjoy the benefits of a low-paid labor force that is tightly controlled by the American-backed military dictatorship in South Korea).

As manufacturing continues to move out of the United States, the Reagan regime and its corporate *doppelgangers* accelerate their efforts to raise cash by selling off what's left of the country's natural resources, even at seriously depressed prices. Case in point: one of the last scams engineered by the Ivan Boesky gang involved the takeover, by a consortium known as Maxxam, of a previously very healthy northern California logging firm. Enormous profits were generated for the speculators, but in order to pay off the debt incurred in the buyout, it will be necessary to

liquidate the company's timber holdings, and if timber prices take another tumble as they did in the early 1980s, it still might not be enough. Japan, which denuded most of its own forest land years ago, will take advantage of the pathetically weak US dollar to buy up large amounts of wood at bargain basement prices, in much the same way as the US has historically taken advantage of third world countries.

Similar pressure is being brought to bear on what remains of American petroleum reserves. With oil prices at their lowest point in ten years, the government is trying to sell off huge drilling tracts at rates lower than will probably ever be seen again. The attempt to open up most of the California coast to offshore wells is only one of the more egregious examples. In a fairly preposterous bit of logical head-standing, we're told that our current dependence on foreign oil endangers national security; the solution, we're supposed to believe, lies in digging up all of our oil now (a healthy portion of US oil production is still being sold to Japan). This will leave us, a few years down the line, with no oil, not much cash, and completely dependent on foreign oil at prices many times higher than they are today.

But there's a bigger issue at stake than the short-term interests of the US or any other country. This planet is rapidly running out of oil, and the industrialization of the third world will only accelerate that process. Any economic strategy that tries to overlook that obvious fact is the product of madmen and fools. To persist, as the US in particular is doing, in planning an economy based on the continued proliferation of automobiles and trucks, is suicidal. Even the reinstatement of fuel economy standards relaxed by the Reagan administration would eliminate the need for much of the ecologically disastrous drilling planned for the California coast; UC-Berkeley professor Arnold Rosenfeld calculates that if new cars were required to get at least 40 miles per gallon, it would take only three years to save an amount of oil equivalent to the entire two billion barrels believed to be available in offshore tracts.

But even that goes nowhere near far enough. Within the lifetimes of most of us (by the mid-21st century at the latest), oil will become so scarce that it will no longer be a significant part of our energy picture. What is being done to prepare for that day? In California the state government is busily engaged in expanding the highway system and at the same time gutting mass transit facilities. Here on the north coast, one of the creditors of the bankrupt Eureka Southern Railroad is attempting to tear up one hundred-plus miles of track to be sold for scrap, leaving Highway 101, already seriously clogged with truck traffic, as the only freight corridor.

If even a small portion of state transportation funds were directed into preserving and developing a rail network, we would achieve the dual results of reducing fossil fuel consumption and cutting back on the steadily increasing costs of highway maintenance. Though it's not commonly known, the overwhelming majority of wear and tear on highways is caused by truck traffic; it's estimated that a fully loaded rig causes pavement damage equivalent to that done by 10,000 cars. It's probably safe to assume that trucks are not taxed at 10,000 times the rate for automobiles.

In fact the entire state and national highway system constitutes a taxpayer-provided infrastructure for the trucking industry. Why so much money has gone into subsidizing an essentially wasteful mode of transportation at the expense of the much more efficient rail system can probably be explained at least in part by the fact that trucking is the province of the Teamsters, one of the most powerful, and certainly one of the most corrupt of the labor unions (also one of the only ones to regularly support Republican candidates).

Bringing things back down to the local level again: in last month's uproar over Caltrans commissioner and asphalt producer Margie Handley's attempt to locate a batch plant in downtown Laytonville, even her most outraged opponents were inclined to agree that the asphalt had to be produced somewhere. That's true, but only if we decide it's in our interest to continue paving and repaving Highway 101 for the benefit of the heavy truck industry. If on the other hand, we were to take the money earmarked for the highway and use it to turn the Eureka Southern back into a viable freight handler, most of the trucks would be gone from Highway 101 and maintenance costs would be cut to a fraction of what they are now. And the amount of gasoline saved would put us in a much better moral position to demand that there be no oil drilling off the north coast.

It's probably too much to hope that such common-sense solutions to what should be obvious problems will be put into practice any time soon. It will almost certainly take another energy crisis, one which make the 1970s look like the good old days, to make people challenge their fundamental assumptions about our internal combustion based economy. Likewise, it will probably take millions of small investors losing their shirts in the stock and commodities markets to get us to give some serious thought to the relationship between money and productive labor. Right now there is almost none; little wonder that the talented and privileged among our youth opt for M.B.A.s and investment banking careers, while the rest stake their hopes on hitting it big in the lottery.

The division of labor, we are told, is one of the prerequisites of civilization and a logical outgrowth of the industrial revolution. The trivialization of labor brought on by the post-industrial age eats away at the souls of the millions who see their lives measured out in balance sheets that are always found wanting. And the alienation of an entire society from the consequences of its labor calls into question the likelihood and even the desirability of that society's survival.

SAN FRANCISCO BEAT

East Bay Congressman Ron Dellums, one of only a handful of decent human beings in the U.S. House of Representatives, has thrown a big monkey wrench into lame duck Mayor Dianne Feinstein's plans to turn the City into a San Diego North-style navy town.

As chairman of the House Armed Services, Dellums oversaw a vote which cut off all funds for homeporting the nuke-toting battleship Missouri at Hunter's Point. Local factotums, who have already begun the process of evicting hundreds of business and residential tenants to make room for the planned influx of military personnel, were outraged, and Lady DiFi herself looked near tears as she bemoaned the potential loss of one of her pet projects.

Congress will vote again on the issue, though possibly not until next year, and it's possible that Feinstein will have to leave office without seeing her long-standing dream of an SF waterfront overrun by boys in blue (that is what sailors wear, isn't it?).

Unfortunately, San Francisco's new congressman, the moneyed and probably none too principled Nancy Pelosi, will be arguing in favor of the Missouri. Though Pelosi's middle-of-the-road political stance is very conservative by City standards, the gabby socialite beat out the gay socialist Harry Britt by 4000 votes, the margin probably being supplied by a combination of residual anti-gay bigotry and a self-abnegating right-wing (and pro-Pelosi) streak that seems to run through a part of the homosexual community.

"THE COUNTRY WEEKLY THAT TELLS IT LIKE IT IS" GETS READY TO TELL IT TO SAN FRANCISCO

The pattern for quite a few years now has been for the media to become increasingly concentrated in the hands of a very few conglomerates, mostly located in big urban centers. Mendocino County has been no exception, with most of the county's newspapers and radio stations owned by outside interests.

But Boonville's nationally renowned Anderson Valley Advertiser plans a little reverse colonialism when, beginning this fall, the upstart little weekly plans to expand into the San Francisco Bay Area. Will sophisticated San Franciscans be willing to part with good cash to read the latest news from tiny Boonville? Publisher Bruce Anderson thinks so, pointing out that there is no Bay Area newspaper, with the possible exception of the yuppified Bay Guardian, with a consistently leftist perspective.

Among those who will be attempting to launch the expanded version of the Advertiser are syndicated columnist Alexander Cockburn, Fred Gardner, a frequent contributor to, among others, The Nation and Mother Jones, and yours truly. There's also a likelihood that one of the 1960s' most well-known underground artists will be adding his cartoons to those of the brilliant (and mysterious) "M."

The big move is tentatively scheduled for September; till then, anyone who isn't already should be subscribing. And as an added bonus, beginning next month the Advertiser will be featuring as its foreign correspondent none other than the one and only Lawrence Livermore (hope that didn't cost you too many potential subscriptions, Bruce). \$15 in Mendocino County, \$20 elsewhere, to PO Box 459, Boonville CA 95415.

USE A SPRAY PAINT CAN, GO TO THE HOSPITAL...

Mayor Feinstein has said repeatedly that she is serious about cracking down on graffiti artists who persist in redecorating the concrete boxes her developer friends have strewn all over the City. One young man, a newcomer to the city, found that out the hard way when he and a friend set out to paint some slogans on a particularly ugly wall on a side street near the Mission District.

Having already succeeded in eliminating violent crime from the neighborhood, a police officer was apparently waiting nearby to guard against just such offenses (the owners of the wall in question just may be getting special treatment from the City; it's certainly curious how they were able to get a permit to wipe out both the sidewalk and a substantial portion of the street for their walled-in condominiums).

The vigilant officer came tearing around the corner ordering the miscreants to stop, but never bothered to identify himself as a police officer. Thinking they might be being attacked by a right wing zealot (the boys were painting a Sandinista slogan) or an outraged property owner, the spray painters ran for it.

LETTERS TO THE LOOKOUT

Larry

As much as I don't like Bruce "Bossy Pants" Springsteen, I have to say I don't agree with your review (*The review in question, in LOOKOUT #25, was not by yours truly, but by Dr. Frank, of MR T EXPERIENCE and KALX fame. -Ed.*) Okay, so the guy (in our opinion) is a jerk, etc..., but nobody forces people to like him. If you check out his lyrics, which it seems you haven't, you will find he really gets into how bad war is, how important friendship is, and more. In his song "Born in the USA" he tries to get across a lot about what stinks in America, but people only hear the main phrase. Ronald Reagan heard the song (probably someone listened to it for him) and said something like, "He's a good American and I would like to meet him, etc..." Well, Bruce didn't say thank you, he said, "Reagan's a joke!"

So the guy's no genius, and he is making more money than either of us on music, but maybe he isn't so bad (just egotistical). Check out his cover of the song "War" ("What is it good for? Absolutely nothing"). Also, it could easily be called self-aggrandizement, but Bruce's guitar player, Steve Van Zandt, did put together the *Sun City* protest record (a good record, yes, but done well after Van Zandt had left Springsteen's band - Ed.)

You've got to be careful putting down music you find "boring" or don't like or understand. I mean, Huey Lewis has a voice, as you discovered, but the way to make bucks in rock and roll is the same way it was in Motown's heyday. Maybe Huey doesn't have our morals or values, but he is at least doing little harm by selling lovey dovey crap. Maybe that crap makes a sad person's day better (I just turn it off to make my day better); to each his own. Recently Huey gave a check for some hundreds of thousands of dollars to AIDS research. Now obviously the publicity this action gets is worth the donation, and it was probably done with that on his business manager's mind, but, hey, it's more than I can do. Anyway, music is what it is, not mine to judge. No accounting for taste...

Next time ignore the negative musical reviews and let everybody know what you think is good.

Thanks,
C. Renfort
Laytonville

P.S. Thanks for the most fun publication in Mendocino County. I look forward to every issue.

Dear C.

Although it's quite irrelevant to his musical taste or talent, Huey's donation of \$250,000 to AIDS research makes him a remarkable and admirable human being in my book. As SF CALENDAR columnist Zorca noted, he could have bought just as much publicity with a much smaller contribution to a less controversial cause; I don't doubt his sincerity at all.

As for skipping the negative musical reviews... well, I'll think about it, but I don't know; it wouldn't really seem like the LOOKOUT without them.
LL

Larry:

Among the many current ripoffs, the rebate ripoff gets little attention. Without any gimmick, 40% of the consumers lose, misplace, forget, or just don't bother to send in for a rebate on the overpriced item.

A certain percentage who do not get the promised rebate anyway. Then one has to provide proof of purchase, which is in many cases painted on the container; someone has to cut the container up with tinsnips in

order to get the proof in a convenient, mailable form. So as intended, the purchaser gives up.

Wolfschmidt's Vodka has come up with the most consumer-proof ripoff of all. The rebate-proof label is glued to the neck of the plastic bottle. It defies any effort at removal. In order to send the rebate in I hacksawed the neck of the bottle off above and below the label, split the neck, immersed it in hot water, flattened it out, and mailed it to Wolfschmidt with this note:

Sirs:

I'm sure you were certain no one could get this back to you for a rebate, but here it is.

Tell Mr. Wolfshits if he can remove one of his labels for rebate, I will send him \$20.

A.C. Dennis
Campbell CA

Lawrence:

I read your editorial section in the last LOOKOUT and was really touched (*This letter got misplaced for a couple months, so I'm not sure exactly sure which issue is being referred to. Also, I didn't realize the LOOKOUT had an editorial section, since pretty much the whole thing amounts to little more than my opinions. But if you're touched, I'm touched, too; only a fool argues with one who praises him. -Ed.*) Besides being a failed musician (and I imagine there are quite a few of us out here in fanzine-land, eh kids), one of the main reasons I started a fanzine was to communicate with others. Although I have sometimes been errant in writing back (Hi Joel), one of the high points of my day is going to the mail box. Why, just the other day, after breaking up with my girlfriend (of one month: longest running commitment yet!) over the phone, I stepped out my door and almost crushed a record that was sitting there for me. That really made me happy (*that you almost crushed a record? -Ed.*) The idea that a few meager cents can possibly affect someone's life, even to a small extent, is wonderful. Anyway, I think you're running a fine publication, and I hope it continues, although I have to agree with Elayne in New York (*Letters, LOOKOUT #24*) about the "Best Of The LOOKOUT" for the same reasons. Also (ya knew I had an ulterior motive, right?), we are planning a special "all-art" issue as a benefit for the No More Censorship Fund. All interested artists contact:

Mark Zaweirucha c/o YIPES
2839 N. 109 St
Toledo OH 43611

and everybody else write me:

Ken Cousino
9911 Goff Rd
Temperance MI 48182

Oh well, finished another plug... until next time, fellow punk and born again pagan,

Ken

Dear Readers:

As I noted, this letter is a couple of months old, due to the preposterously chaotic conditions under which the LOOKOUT is produced (imagine living and working inside a giant filing cabinet which has recently been dynamited). In fact, some day I may produce an entire issue out of nothing but the various important items that have been buried in the ruins and forgotten. The point of this, though, is to say that I don't know if the

issue Ken is talking about has already been done or not, but regardless, YIPES is an exciting and well-done punk-cum-politics zine that's worth contributing to or reading. I'm not sure what he's asking for it these days; try sending a dollar... LL

Dear Lawrence,

Hi, I got a copy of your zine from Freddie Baer. This is the second copy she sent me. I sent you my zine a while back, did you get it? Do you trade or only send out subscriptions? Let me know. Yeah! I also think I wrote a letter last time I saw a copy, but don't remember. Oh well.

Anyway, all that nonsense aside, "Arbeit Macht Frei" (LOOKOUT #25) really intrigued me. Yeah! There was an odd synchronicity in that your comments on the difference in the treatment of the poor between the US and the USSR echoed comments in a zine I got around the same time, *Kindred Spirits*, put out by a housing group in Des Moines. Whew! They were also pretty similar to some comments in an article for the upcoming *Live From The Stagger Cafe*, "TRW Is Watching," about credit agencies as the USA's KGB. Hah! And there you go... I agree with you that the class of people most screwed by the tax reforms are the "barely managing poor;" the local paper did a bunch of scenarios for various types of households; the worst was single mothers living in the city. Sheesh! Oh well.

I also liked "Hello Darkness My Old Friend" a great deal. Yeah! Pretty good that you were able to write so honestly about a bad part of your life. It seemed to me that the writing was better in this section than in the other issue I saw, where you talked about arriving in Berkeley the first time. Maybe this was just because I've learned to read your voice better or something.

I also like your commentary on [the TV miniseries] *Amerika*. I was tempted to see it just to see it. There were posters around my neighborhood urging people to write in to protest the broadcast of the show, and urging boycott of ABC and the sponsors. This is before anyone had seen it! This liberal prejudging/censorship is more insidious than conservative prejudging/censorship. I mean, you expect Ronnie to be afraid of information and knowledge. But it was liberal feminists who picketed Pier Paolo Pasolini's film... can't remember the title right now. Anyway, there's a story that one of the picketers put down her sign to actually see the movie, came out and told everybody they were wrong. She was booed by her fellow picketers! Anyway, what I would have found out if I had been able to see *Amerika* (I work second shift) is that it was probably pretty bland and inconsequential. I think your commentary is pretty insightful, though. I'm thinking of reprinting either "The Real Amerika" or "Arbeit Macht Frei" in the next issue of *Live From the Stagger Cafe*. Okay!

One thing I disliked, and I dislike this kind of thing in plenty of zines, is the over-complimentary stuff in the letters column. Are you trying to promote egoboo or discussion? I certainly appreciate a complimentary letter; they help one to keep going. But I don't think every (or even some) reader wants to see all the great feedback the editor is getting. Oh well. On the other hand, I would consider this letter to be kind of bland and not worth publishing. I look on a letter column as the dialogue between the reader and editor. I select letters I have some kind of response to, pro or con. Actually, the comments I like best are the critical ones, like, "Hey, you need more white space at the end of articles" or "More type variations would make it easier to read." (These were both directed to me, not you.) Comments like that show me there is still room to improve and play around.

On the other hand, back to the supercilious compliments. I like your use of desktop publishing technology. Is this your own system or a Kinko's? Anyway, I think you handle it pretty well, and it makes me wish I had something more than the system I wound up with (a lesson in complicated shopping). Hah! I hope to get a desktop system in a couple years. Yeah! Anyway, as far as the humorous stuff goes, I got a humungous kick out of "Jello Biafra and Jonathan Richman," which cracked me right up. Hah!

You know, this might sound like, "Oh, the punishment of luxury," but oddy enough, people on the yuppie side of social stratification are equally constrained by their roles as poor people. There are a lot of expensive and bullshit accoutrements that go along with being a yuppie. And a certain shallowness of character. Hah! Anyway, this is irrelevant, but I have a story coming out in a science fiction magazine, *New Pathways*; the story is called "John's Diary," and it will be in the tenth issue, sometime toward the end of the year. Yeah! You might or might not like it as you choose. Okay!

I think you should encourage Kris Ugrin and get him to write for you. Okay! Okay, see you round. Hah!

Luke McGuff
Live From The Stagger Cafe
Minneapolis

Dear Luke,

Sorry about the excess of compliments; I print most letters I get, and for whatever it's worth, most of them tend to be of the flattering variety. Including yours; if you wanted to see more criticism, why didn't you write

some? Yes, I do trade with other zine editors; I just hadn't gotten around to adding you to the mailing list yet. As for the system I use: it's a Macintosh 512 running a Microsoft Word program. I type everything up in the format I want it, then print it out on a Laserwriter belonging to some friends. From there it's simple cut and paste; just like millions of other little zines and big-time publications. Can I make one little request? Cool it with all the extraneous expletives. Okay? Okay! LL

Hello Larry -

I recently came in contact with an exceptionally remarkable publication:

The Journal of Borderland Research
PO Box 429
Garberville CA 95440-0429

edited by Thomas Joseph Brown. Business phone (707)986-7211 - published bi-monthly.

It's a non-profit organization of people who take an active interest in unusual happenings along the borderland between the visible and invisible worlds. Man, Larry, this is the best combination of "science and soul" I have read! Really, really in tune. Get in touch.

Your pal,
Indiana Slim
Laytonville

GUEST LETTERS TO THE LOOKOUT

The following are some of the brilliant letters that appeared in the *Laytonville Ledger* in response to the LOOKOUT 2-page special edition on the subject of Sheila Larson and Margie Handley's attempt to locate a gravel crushing and asphalt batch plant in the middle of downtown Laytonville. Many readers may not have seen this issue since it was circulated only in Laytonville and among paid subscribers (it was also reprinted in the *Anderson Valley Advertiser*). Anyone interested in obtaining a copy can send me a stamp and I'll mail them one. LL

EVERY TOWN NEEDS A VILLAGE IDIOT

I recently came across leaflet titled *LOOKOUT* dated March 14 circulated by a person calling himself Lawrence D. Livermore, ostensibly to express his views on the asphalt plant issue, but most obviously to vent his personal bitterness and prejudicial opinions of Laytonville and the Long Valley area.

I can overlook his lack of writing skill, his poor sentence structure and his misuse of terms (his misuse of the term "oligopoly" to describe Laytonville (it was actually used to describe Mendocino County's entrenched power structure. --Ed), is ludicrous) but I take exception to his lack of good taste in using this important issue as a vehicle to parade his personal disparagements of Laytonville and the people, "inexplicable as it may seem" to him, love the place. That his quest for "high point" cuisine has led him no farther than the Shady Nook and the Chief Drive-In is not a community problem, and to describe the cross section of characters that coexist in Laytonville and the surrounding hills as faceless reveals a pitiful lack of social awareness and perception. His inappropriate, burlesque characterizations of the people ("country bumpkins" and "tofu hippies") concerned enough to go to "dull, brooding" Ukiah and participate in the hearing tends to deflate his balloon of opinion about the more important issue. He could benefit mightily from a beginner's course in journalistic writing.

I've lived in this area since 1972 and have found most people to be spirited, tough and energetic. But their most commendable quality, existing in an unusually large measure, is their capacity to forgive, a virtue that dull, brooding Lawrence Livermore, more than anyone, should be able to appreciate. I perceive, however, from his insulting style, that his capacity to appreciate has somehow been diminished. Perhaps he has eaten too many Twinkies or, more likely, he's simply angry at his own inability to hold his mud in a community of stalwarts.

I don't normally pick on the handicapped, but this jackass has inspired me to take off the gloves. Who is this pompous, presumptuous, pretentious, pedant that has the unmitigated gall to cast unsubstantiated aspersions on the Larsons who have contributed more to the community than this jabbering jackal will ever have the depth of perception to realize.

Whether or not an asphalt plant is established in Laytonville will be debated and determined by people whose "childlike" blind faith in the democratic process is not nearly as acute as Livermore's own myopia.

The question that leaps to mind is why would such a negative person want to remain in a community of positive people? The answer is obvious. Every community needs a village idiot. The village idiot renders the invaluable community service of reminding us how not to demean ourselves.

Phillip Charles Randle
Laytonville

DIDN'T ASK LIVERMORE TO SPEAK FOR ME or IGNORANCE IS BLISS

It's one thing to disagree on a proposed project or business being brought into the community, and another to use that disagreement to patronize a whole community, as well as put down a member of that community.

Whether you like or dislike a proposed business or project, does not make it unlawful for that person to try and introduce that business or project, nor does it make that person bad anymore than it is unlawful or bad for those who wish to circulate a petition against that business or project for any legitimate concern they may have. That is the American way.

However, in Livermore's little pamphlet he calls *LOOKOUT* (which I characterize as the epitome of political meanness) has both patronized and viciously ripped up one of our citizens for that very thing. In just one writing, he has managed to attack several businesses with rabid-dog innuendo and half-truths. If he had just stuck to the dissent on Hot Rocks and stopped his character assassinations, I would have no quarrel with him.

I have read Livermore's columns before in other papers and he seems to be a "free agent," travelling from place to place with his own personal brand of viciousness. By the way his little anecdotes about sweet-faced grandmothers and shuffle-footed embarrassed loggers, etc. gave me the feeling he was looking at us like a bunch of country bumpkins. Anyway, it gave me a severe case of ad-nauseum.

Gathering from his other writings, I think he would like to put all manufacturing out of business, including the whole timber industry. Now wouldn't that be a "boon" to the Mendocino economy. If we followed his lead we could all end up depending on the only industries left that he would approve of: pot-growing, drug-dealing, tree-watching, and welfare. Without any industry, you wouldn't have stores, banks, or people able to buy anything. This includes money for all those environmental projects that everyone is interested in. Wow! What a picture that conjures up for the future of our growing community.

As it is, our children have very little to look forward to now after graduation because of a lack of jobs in this area. Ask yourselves, those of you with children, where are your children going to find work? Will they be coming home after college to work in our beautiful valley? I doubt it. I hope with all my heart that we can develop good clean businesses here that will enable our young people to come home and work. Let's look to our own people who have good ideas and listen to them well so we can help them in a positive way to implement those ideas instead of always showing them our negative side.

It takes a lot of time, money and work to set up a business that will be able to provide jobs. One thing we don't need are the Livermores of this world to tell us how to think and act, for we have already proven our ability to act responsibly, not only on the Hot Rocks issues, but on many issues gone by. After all, this has always been an independent and thoughtful community, full of loving and caring people. Let's listen to those who have been successful here, and learn from them.

As for Livermore, I do not remember ever voting for him to speak for me or this town. Does anyone else? All I did was sign a petition against the Hot Rocks project, not because it is a bad industry, but because the place they chose to put it was wrong. After all, we enjoy a good paved road to drive on, so we need that kind of business in existence someplace or there wouldn't be any roads, unless you'd rather return to the muddy roads and chuck holes that our ancestors had to put up with.

Certainly the petition I signed did not give me, or anyone else, a license to vilify a fellow Laytonviller. What I really hate in these kinds of situations are the political types (be they left, right or in the middle) who use their politics to rip apart a community for their own personal reasons and you, Livermore, are one off these types.

In parting, if Livermore were to run for the office of "septic tank inspector," I doubt I would vote for him, even though the office does suit him.

Meredith A Bliss, Sr.
Laytonville

If you ever wonder why illiteracy and illogic are rampant among American youth, it's rumored that this person is allowed to teach in the Laytonville school system. Good line about the "septic tank inspector," though.
LL

AND AS FOR YOU, MR. LIVERMORE...

This is in reply to your flyer (*LOOKOUT*):

Laytonville may not be cute or quaint like the seaside towns on the other side of the coastal mountains, but anyone with any brains can see that we are NOT a seaside town to start with. I, myself, feel that if you,

Mr. Livermore, feel that our town is in so much trouble, and is so unglamorous, then maybe you should go elsewhere, without the dusty roads, gun-racked pickups or, you write in your flyer, a "rural slum without a redeeming feature." (*The cited quote was not by me, but, as was clearly stated in the article, a visiting journalist, specifically Bruce Anderson. -Ed.*) Laytonville is obviously not the place for you to call home sweet home.

Now let's take a look at the "cast of characters" you mentioned: as you said, Sheila Larson is one of the most visible people in our town. That's more than we can say about you, Mr. Livermore. You don't seem to have the guts to show your face or even to stand up out in the open for what you believe in. At least Sheila stands up for what she believes in and does whatever she can to help our town when and where it needs it.

Both of the Larsons have worked very hard to build a bar and restaurant with all the little extras. They have put a lot of time and money out to make something special for us in the town of Laytonville. As to where or how they obtained the money to do so - if they have received a loan or mortgaged their properties - I don't feel that it is any of your damned business, or anyone else's.

You, Mr. Livermore, hide behind a typewriter and a piece of paper without the guts to show your face (*Translation: I don't hang around Boomer's drinking all day. -Ed.*) What have you done? What gives you the right to put our town and the people in it down? To ridicule our community in this way is not fair to anyone.

I, myself, want to thank Bob and Sheila Larson for adding a touch of class to what most of us call home sweet home. And to you, Mr. Livermore, if you're not happy with our town and you feel the way you say you do about our community, then maybe you should move on and find the place where you can call home sweet home.

Lorry Sanderson
Laytonville

AND FINALLY, A LETTER THE LEDGER DIDN'T HAVE THE GUTS TO PRINT:

(*There are probably more; Bruce Anderson told me that he, too, had sent a letter to the Ledger that was simply ignored. -Ed.*)

It is hard to believe that someone who wanted to locate a Hot Rocks plant in the middle of Laytonville, went around town cussing like a trooper when opposed, and reputedly carried a .357 Magnum, is now portrayed as a good guy in the Letters column, while someone who wrote an unkind but largely factual account of the hearing is now the villain. Laytonville doesn't need a village idiot, it is one.

R.W. Lilly
Branscomb

cc: *LOOKOUT*

AIDS IN THE CASTRO: DEATH STALKS THE FAIRY KINGDOM

When I first moved to San Francisco, in 1972, I found a house in what was then called the Eureka Valley. Four bedrooms, \$150 a month: not too expensive, considering there were five of us.

Yes, the good old days; the same place now probably goes for well over \$1000. But this isn't meant to be a nostalgia story, at least not in the usual sense, because it runs smack into the chilling realities of today.

Before we came along, our house had been home to members of the Cockettes and the Angels of Light, a group of radical drag queens who put on theatrical performances and devised some of the most preposterous costumes to ever invade the streets of San Francisco. Six months after we moved in we were still sweeping glitter out from between the cracks.

A few blocks away was Castro Street, which, although it had a fair sprinkling of gay bars, was not that different from any other of the City's commercial districts. The real gay scenes then were on Polk Street and South of Market.

But things were changing fast. I was out east for a lot of 1973, and when I came back, the streets were crowded with people I didn't recognize. A lot of the houses had been repainted in fancy colors, and there were new trees and gardens popping up all over the place. There weren't any more vacant storefronts, and there were lots more cafés and restaurants. And especially bars, gay bars. The Eureka Valley was on its way to becoming the Castro, homosexual mecca to America and the world.

I had mixed feelings about this. It was true that the neighborhood was better-looking and safer, but I knew that the rapidly rising rents that came with gentrification (I'm not sure if the word had yet come into use then) would probably end up forcing me and my friends out. But what bothered me more was the ghetto mentality that seemed to be emerging.

It wasn't a ghetto in the usual sense; most of the inhabitants were middle or even upper middle class. And homosexuals are, of course, not as easily identifiable as racial or ethnic minorities. But there was emerging a sense of an exclusively gay community, wherein, activists could sometimes be heard to boast, it was possible to live one's entire life without ever having to have personal contact with a heterosexual.

To me that didn't seem like the way to break down the centuries-old patterns of bigotry and repression directed against homosexuals, any more than the black separatist movement was likely to put an end to racism. Integration was the way to go in both cases, as far as I could see.

But by 1975 the Castro was becoming a self-contained, nearly autonomous society, and one in which I no longer felt at home. The long hair and outlandish outfits that had once made the gays nearly indistinguishable from the hippies were giving way to brown leather jackets, military haircuts, and Hitler moustaches. I wasn't bothered that much by the occasional spectacle of sex in the streets, the way some of the older neighbors were. But there was a joyless, mechanical aspect to the whole business. While gays were announcing to the world that they were building a brand new culture that was no longer centered around bars and baths, it looked to me more like the whole Castro was turning into an expanded version of your generic gay bar.

By 1977, when I moved away, I hardly knew anyone in the neighborhood anymore. I'd walk down Castro on my way to the post office and often the sidewalks would be so crowded that I'd have to walk in the street. There must have been a dozen bars, with an identical disco beat emanating from all of them. It was a nonstop festival, though one to which I wasn't invited. But I was glad to see the boys having a good time. Until punk came along, the whole cultural course of the 1970s had been steadily downhill, and my excitement level with it. I was glad that some people were enjoying themselves.

While I was away from the City, AIDS came first creeping, then galloping into the Castro. Though I read about it in the papers, I couldn't imagine how it had decimated the neighborhood until this year, when I took up part-time residence in a room halfway a few blocks away. Some of the bars were gone, others were half-empty, even on Saturday nights. Castro Street itself was no longer mobbed, and many of the people you did see were heterosexual couples out for a movie or ice cream.

There is, to make a bad pun, a forced gaiety in the air. In light of statistics claiming that 50 to 75% of the City's homosexual population had already been exposed to the AIDS virus, any kind of sexual activity becomes a form of Russian roulette. And sex, more than anything, was what the Castro had been about. A lot of sublimation takes place, in the form of body building, interior decorating, fancy restaurants, and a pairing off into old-fashioned monogamous couples, but like the much-touted "safe" sex, it's not quite the same.

There are those who take a fatalistic attitude, who assume that they'll be dead soon, if not from AIDS, then from drugs or war or the long-anticipated end of the world, and go on about their lives much as they

always have. I ran into someone like this the other night; though he's been regularly shooting speed and having sex with whoever came along for the last 10 years, he still laughs off what he calls "all this AIDS paranoia." At one point he burst into a childish ditty about "purple blotches" (reddish or purple blotches are a symptom of Kaposi's Sarcoma, one of the principal AIDS-related diseases).

I thought of accounts of the 14th century when bubonic plague decimated the population of Europe. In *A Distant Mirror*, Barbara Tuchman tells how many peasants responded by indulging in an infantile hysteria, staging mock death rituals and dances. The playground singalong, "Ring Around the Rosy," is, in fact, supposed to be about the symptoms of the Black Death.

I got another perspective on what had happened to the Castro when, back in Laytonville, I met someone who had lived there during the 1970s. The Castro really died, he said, when hordes of midwestern sexual refugees flooded in, bringing with them their otherwise conventional values. He told me a story I'd never heard, how in the late 1970s a group calling themselves radical fairies staged a mock funeral in which they buried an effigy of the fairy king. The king, and his kingdom, had been killed by "gay" liberation, and the new species of homosexual *americanus* known as the Castro Clone.

It sounded a lot like the "Death of Hippie" funeral procession that put a period to the Summer of Love in October of 1967. And it made the same kind of sense. The sexual revolution was about a whole lot more than making the world safe for everyone to enjoy the sort of mindless, exploitive, and irresponsible sexual freedom that was once reserved for certain heterosexual males. But like all radical ideas, it was first co-opted and then perverted; today some of the sexual outlaws 1960s and 70s find celibacy to be a more revolutionary way of expressing themselves.

This isn't to say that AIDS wouldn't be with us if the Castro and communities like it hadn't developed the way they did, though it probably wouldn't have spread nearly as fast. And there is some evidence that AIDS came into being as a form of biological warfare, either as an experiment that got out of control, or a deliberate attempt to wipe out all those who failed to conform to the right wing/fundamentalist Christian social agenda. Whether deliberate or not, it's certainly doing a good job of just that.

Also, in musing on the shortcomings of the Castro and the gay culture that developed there, I don't want to obscure a more obvious and urgent truth: it is absolutely obscene that the government has consistently dragged its feet in the face of the most serious threat to human health since the great plagues of the middle ages. That alone is enough to lend credence to charges that the government itself had a hand in initiating the plague of AIDS. So far the vast majority of AIDS victims have been either homosexual and/or black or Hispanic. How many white heterosexuals will have to die before somebody decides that AIDS is, aside from the threat of nuclear war, perhaps the most crucial issue of our time?

America's New Niggers

Although there are some signs of a resurgence of racism in America, there is also reason for hope. No one can deny that racism still exists, but it is no longer quite respectable or accepted the way it once was. Twenty-five years ago politicians in some of the less enlightened corners of the country freely used racial epithets and segregationist rhetoric and were still able to get elected; these days, to even inadvertently utter a word like "nigger" or "spic" can put a quick end to a political career. In the public mind, overt racists are generally seen as woolly-brained bumpkins, deserving of pity as much as contempt.

But there is one ethnic group that is routinely slandered in private conversation at all levels of society and, in barely veiled terms, in the mass media and the speeches of high-ranking officials. Recently evidence has surfaced to suggest that the U.S. government has contingency plans to round up members of this group and incarcerate them in concentration camps, much as was done to Japanese-Americans following the attack on Pearl Harbor. The people I'm speaking of are, of course, Arabs and Arab-Americans, and the legitimized bias toward them that has come to permeate our society can be blamed, I think, on the near-irrational love affair that our country has been conducting with the state of Israel.

It is both sad and ironic that a nation founded as a refuge for the survivors of one of history's worst cases of genocide should itself become guilty of some of the same arrant racial nonsense used by Hitler to justify the Final Solution. This is not to suggest that all Israelis are anti-Arab nor that Jews are inherently guilty of bigotry; the history of America's civil rights movement, for example, clearly shows that a disproportionate number of the white freedom riders and marchers (and martyrs) were of Jewish descent.

But people seem to be at their worse when they get together in large groups and get their hands on a little power, and that seems to be exactly what has happened in the case of Israel. The outright neo-nazism of Meir Kahane, who wants to deport or kill all Arabs, is subscribed to by only a small (though growing) minority. But most Israeli citizens at least tacitly support government policies that treat Arabs as barely worthy of second-class citizenship, if that. In defense of their xenophobia, Israeli leaders cite the refusal of most Arabs to recognize the legitimacy of the state of Israel and the determination of many to destroy it. On the other hand, Israel is equally recalcitrant about the rights of the Palestinian people to their own homeland, going so far in some cases as to deny even the existence of such a people.

But this tedious set-to has dragged on for more centuries than most of us are interested in enumerating; the curious question is why the United States has become so heavily-handedly involved on one side, to the point where it plays a major role in prolonging the conflict. Israel is, of course, an American puppet that couldn't exist were it not for the enormous infusions of economic and military aid supplied by this country. What we've gotten for our investment, besides being pushed closer to World War III, is a foothold in the oil-rich Middle East, a front for funnelling weapons and financial aid to South African white supremacists and Central American death squads, and a laboratory for experimentation in just how much a supposedly democratic government can get away with.

When Israel occasionally does something right, it is hailed as our loyal and faithful ally, but when it comes to a more typical piece of behavior, like invading Lebanon or assisting "Christian" militiamen in the systematic slaughter of thousands of men, women, and children trapped in Palestinian refugee camps, U.S. functionaries merely shrug their shoulders to the effect that, "Israel is a sovereign nation; what can we do about it?"

Arabs have not done much to endear themselves to the American public, either, from their seemingly impenetrable religious practices (which are in essence, however, not all that different from those of fundamental Christianity) to their role in the oil crisis and subsequent economic upheaval of the 1970s. A little history would be in order here, though; until the industrializing western world's insatiable thirst for oil led white imperialists and capitalists into the Arabian desert in the early part of this century, the Middle East was enjoying one of its all too infrequent intervals of relative peace. Its societies were still at least partially nomadic, and might well be that way today were it not for the vast infusion of western dollars and values (is that a redundancy?).

One of the problems of colonialism that persists and even worsens after the colonizing powers have departed is that artificial boundaries have been imposed over those that had evolved along tribal and/or geographical lines. Nowhere is this more painfully obvious than in Africa and the Middle East, where people who have traditionally had nothing to do with one another or were even mortal enemies are suddenly told by their European masters that they are now countrymen who must live, work, and somehow get along together. The main reason that most of the so-called countries of the Middle East exist as they do today is that the oil companies needed someone's name on the leases; they would pick out the strongest tribal chieftain and say, "Hey buddy, want to be king of your own country? Sign here."

Arabs also proved to be very useful for diverting public outrage in the 1970s when the oil companies decided it was time to quadruple prices; everyone was so hopping mad at those greedy towel-heads that they forgot to notice that Standard Oil was cashing in big time. They also forgot to notice that it was the Arabs' oil in the first place, and that although some of the sheiks were no doubt motivated by greed, others were genuinely concerned with both the future of the world's energy supply and what would happen to their people when the oil ran out.

And now, thanks to the concerted efforts of government and media, the word Arab has come to be nearly interchangeable, in the credulous mind of Mr. and Mrs. America, with the word terrorist. When I was in Los Angeles recently, the front page of the *Times* and the nightly news on TV were all screaming about a "terrorist" ring that had been broken up by the FBI right there in little old L.A. "Terrorism spreads to the Southland," was one catchy teaser.

The dangerous criminals rounded up turned to be several Middle Easterners who had overstayed their student visas. None of them was ever shown to have committed any crime of violence or to have any connection with anyone who had. But they were Arabs. Anyone who watches TV should know they were up to no good; when was the last time you saw an Arab portrayed as anything other than a religious and/or political fanatic?

Religion has very little to do with it, of course, anymore than it does in a similarly long-running struggle in Ireland that is ostensibly between Catholics and Protestants, but is really between British colonialism and Irish nationalism. There are three major religions in play in the Middle East, and an uncountable number of sub-cults and factions. All of them believe some pretty bizarre things, and all of them are quick to ignore perhaps the ultimate religious tenet, that against killing. That alone should be enough to disabuse anyone of the idea that there is anything religious about this struggle, and it should, but probably won't, defuse the Israeli tendency to scream anti-Semitism at anyone who dares to suggest that Arabs too are human and have rights.

The ironic thing is that only a few decades ago overt bigotry toward Jews was as acceptable as the current bias against Arabs is becoming. Now the same media and power structures that used to whip up hatred against Jews have changed their target, and, sadly, all too many Jews seem willing to go along with it. There is room in the Middle East for both Jews and Arabs, but there is no room for the manipulation of religious superstition and ignorance to be manipulated in the service of financial or political goals. That is exactly what our government, our mass media, and many of us as individuals are guilty of.

REVIEWS

THE BEST AND WORST OF THE GILMAN STREET WAREHOUSE

It's been almost four months now since the Gilman Street Warehouse opened its doors, and though I've missed more shows than I would have liked to, I've still managed to see more (and a wider variety of) bands during that time than probably any other four-month period of my life.

A lot of it sort of blurs together in my memory, but a few shows stand out in my memory as particularly good or bad. I was going to do reviews of several of them, but only got one done before time and space constraints closed in on me. So here are just a few words about what I especially liked or loathed.

First on the plus side: DOT 3 (Feb. 6) were amazing. They call their music tribal funk, and it's heavy on the beat and the craziness. A very powerful show, unfortunately not seen by too many people. Also in the sheer awe-inspiring department: Detroit's ANGRY RED PLANET (March 20). One smart-aleck claimed they sounded like a combination of the LOOKOUTS and MDC, but in reality this band sounded like no other that I've ever heard, and that's a particular notable accomplishment since the basic format of their music is hardcore, a genre that it's pretty difficult to wring any originality out of unless you're extremely talented musicians. These guys are, and nice people, too.

Two bands I'd like to see on the same bill, VOMIT LAUNCH (Feb. 28) and BULIMIA BANQUET (April 4) were both very impressive. VOMIT LAUNCH put on what was in my opinion the best set of the year so far, though FRIGHTWIG (April 18) might just have topped them.

Now for the disappointments and the all-out jerks. DIE KREUZEN are already dealt with in a separate review, but their metalcore soulmates, the BONELESS ONES (Feb. 20), probably distinguished themselves as assholes of the year. It was bad enough that they kept on playing for nearly twice as long as the half hour allotted to all bands when those of us who had to stay until the warehouse closed desperately wanted to go home. But the singer's macho showboating antics caused an expensive microphone to be broken, too. Did he offer to pay for it? Next question...

It's hard to say anything bad about 7 SECONDS (March 7) after all they've given to the punk rock scene, but the truth is the truth: the new incarnation of 7 SECONDS as a bad U-2 clone just plain sucks. Naturally it'll probably be a big commercial success, but the legions of fans were pretty disappointed this night as the band ignored nearly all of its classic material in favor of mid-tempo, droning pop ditties. Come back soon, Kevin, we miss you. Luckily we had CAPITOL PUNISHMENT the same night, so all was not lost.

I also enjoyed J.C. HOPKINS, the Bob Dylan of the 80s, though I understand he hates that description (where I come from, it's pretty high praise). With an acoustic guitar, a harmonica, and some pointed, well-written songs, he was able to command the attention of a pretty fair-sized audience of punk rockers. Good work, J.C.! And one last note about a band that didn't play the warehouse, but I hope soon does: we did a gig at the Mabuhay recently with a brand new band called the WELL BABIES. It was their first show, but they were awful good. Check them out, and get them to play at your next social gathering.

And one more thing: I sincerely apologize to the other bands, zines, poets, etc., who were supposed to be reviewed this month; time just ran out on me, and it's either cut the reviews or forget the *LOOKOUT!* for this month. Sorry, I hope you can wait three months. Look, I didn't even review my own band's record...

MORE REVIEWS...



LOOKOUTS, Live at Harwood Hall, Laytonville, April 3, including the true story of Lawrence's black eye

Another fiasco, one of several low points in the LOOKOUTS' checkered career... Longtime readers may remember an account, in issue #9, of another LOOKOUTS show at Grapevine Station north of Laytonville. Actually it wasn't a real LOOKOUTS show; we were just asked to do a guest set by the featured performers, Baby Lee and Indiana Slim.

We'd only been together a few months, and if you think we don't know how to play our instruments now, you can imagine what we were like then. But most of the people didn't seem to mind, except for one large and dyspeptic individual who at that time was playing in Indiana Slim's band, the RED HOTS. Piano Jimmy, he calls himself, and he ordered us off the stage in mid-set.

We were pretty mad, especially when we found out he'd been lying about being in charge of the show, but we got over it. We never played in Laytonville again, though, except for a 5 or 10 minute set at the Crossroads, again as the guests of Indiana Slim (see *Reviews, LOOKOUT #25*). So when Slim asked us to play at a benefit show he was doing at Harwood Hall, we were pretty excited, especially since it was the day our album came out.

It was quite a bit of trouble to drive out, pack up all our equipment, and get back down to town that same night. But we figured it would be fun, and the show was for a good cause (to pay the hospital bills of a little girl who'd almost drowned when a bridge collapsed during a March storm).

When we got there it was pretty late, but a fair number of people waited around to see us. But a funny thing happened as we started to set up. Piano Jimmy (remember him?) came up on stage and started tinkling the ivories. Jimmy, by the way, had since been fired from the RED HOTS, but had his own pickup band which had already played earlier that evening.

Anyway, he was playing some nice-sounding background music so it didn't bother me any. But suddenly he started yelling at us to not set up while he was playing, which didn't make sense, since I thought he was just providing us with some sounds for the intermission. But the next thing we knew, a couple other guys strolled up on stage and started playing, and pretty soon a full-fledged jam was going, one of those endless pseudo-blues rambles that are so beloved of marginally talented musicians (this is not to judge the abilities of any of the musicians involved - for all I know some of them could be virtuosos - but what they were putting out then could only be described as undistinguished and a little boring).

People who'd been waiting for the LOOKOUTS to play figured we weren't going to and started leaving, and for that matter so did just about everyone else. Slim and I went up to Jimmy and asked what he was doing and would he get off and let the LOOKOUTS play. He just plain refused.

Slim shrugged his shoulders and apologized to me. I wandered off to get my band mates to start loading up our equipment and go home. Suddenly something snapped inside of me. I watched people headed out the door, I listened to the sounds emanating from the stage, and thought about how Mr. Piano Jimmy had wrecked our last show in Laytonville and now he was going to get away with doing it again.

I decided I was going to get him off stage, and I stomped back over to where he was playing and started yelling at him, telling him that his music was stupid and boring, that everyone was leaving, and that he'd already had his chance to play (I later found out that my comments were being picked up by the PA and could be heard all over the hall and even outside). At first he was rattled and came back with a few "Fuck you's", but then he started to make faces, sticking his tongue out and hopping up and down like an ape staking out its territory.

It was a lot like teasing an animal in the zoo, but I forgot that there weren't any bars separating us. Finally I figured I'd put a stop to his antics by messing up his piano playing so I just reached in and tapped out a note at random. Just to show how mad I was, I didn't even think to notice what key (if any) he was playing in, so my note seemed to blend right in with the rest of them.

But that did the trick. One of the surest ways to get under the skin of men insecure about their masculinity is to threaten their "equipment" (surely you've seen the bumper sticker "You toucha my car, I breaka your face"). Jimmy came flying off the stage, unfortunately bringing his fist with him, delivering one ferocious punch direct to my eye.

I was pretty stunned, though I didn't fall down; just stood there kind of dazed. A couple of onlookers dragged me away, I guess to stop me from beating up on Jimmy, who probably doesn't outweigh me by any more than 100 pounds. Jimmy meanwhile was jumping up and down screaming about how if I ever touched his piano again he was going to kill me and all sorts of other stuff. Even as bad as my face was starting to hurt, I couldn't help laughing at him.

So after all this we finally got to play a few songs, which were pretty much a disaster. For one thing, Jimmy kept coming back and turning off the PA, and most of the people had left when the trouble started (not that I blamed them; a lot of them had little kids with them). And I wasn't feeling my best either.

So the musical aspect was best forgotten, as for that matter, was everything else about the evening for us (on the other hand, people had a fine time dancing to Slim's band, and a good little sum of money was raised for the Liveseys). I succeeded in getting Jimmy off the stage, but at a greater price than I would have cared to pay, and Jimmy succeeded in wrecking another show.

I later found out that we weren't the first ones that Jimmy had pulled this stunt on; in fact, it seems that he views music as some sort of competitive sport. Most people were sympathetic when they heard what happened, and told me stories of other outrages that Jimmy had committed (although one guy coming out of the Crossroads the next day hollered at me, "He should have hit you harder."

And this may sound strange, but I find myself feeling a little sorry for Piano Jimmy. Anyone so filled up with hate that his first instinct is to lash out violently at anything he doesn't understand can't have a very pleasant life. And I'm not going to try and put all the blame on him, either. Yes, he was totally wrong to try and stop us from playing, and only a very mediocre musician and/or human being feels as threatened by the efforts of others as he obviously does. But I was stupid enough to lose my temper and act without thinking, and for that alone I deserved a punch in the eye.

But it all had a happy ending, at least for me. The next night was our record release party at Gilman Street, and when I showed up looking as though someone had drawn a raccoon ring around my eye with purple mascara, it just added to the festivities. The clown princes of ISOCRACY hosted our show, and with balloons, streamers, dry ice, ping pong balls, and anything else that wasn't fastened down flying through the air under blinding strobe lights, we played the best show of our lives (all right, so we were totally out of tune; ask me if anyone cared).

In the middle of it, as my friends piled onto the stage, singing along with us, draping streamers over my guitar neck and microphone, ripping my shirt to shreds and tying my shoelaces together, I thought of what Jimmy had yelled the night before as we'd tried to play and he was messing up the PA for the third or fourth time.

"You want punk," he hollered, "I'll show you punk." To him punk means violence; maybe that's why he feels threatened by it, being a violent person himself. But what was happening on stage at Gilman Street was the farthest thing imaginable from the media conception of punk rock violence. It was a love-in, and it was beautiful. We almost had cancelled the show, we were so discouraged from the night before. I was even ready to give up on the band.

But sorry, Jimmy, the LOOKOUTS will live on. We may not be the greatest band that ever lived (understatement of the century, at least), but we know one thing: music is about communication, sharing, understanding, and above all, love. You can play piano all your life, whip off lightning-speed scales standing on your head with your eyes closed (I hasten to say that I haven't seen Piano Jimmy do any of this yet), but as long you play with hate in your heart, as long as you don't grasp the most essential lesson of where music comes from, you don't know shit.

Oh, one more happy ending: back in 1973, I got mugged in New York and had my nose broken, so it's always been bent at a weird angle. Piano Jimmy's punch landed in the exact same spot on the other side and straightened it out again. I haven't kept up with plastic surgery prices, but I figure Jimmy probably saved me a good \$500 or \$1000, which we'll use to press up more LOOKOUTS records to make sure there are enough for every man, woman and child in Laytonville.

DIVINE at DV8, San Francisco, April 9

What a boring bunch of friends I have. I won two free tickets to this show by answering a trivia question on KALX (What did Divine do with the steak she stole in the movie *Pink Flamingoes?*) and nobody would go with me.

In fact most of them just laughed at me when I asked them. Discos just aren't cool in my crowd, even trendy, avant-garde, semi-exclusive New York-style discos that get written up in Herb Caen's column and host Wilkes Bashford fashion shows. If nothing else, I thought the night would be good for a few laughs, but punk rockers aren't noted for their sense of humor. Besides I'd wanted to review one these south of market nightspots that the *Chronicle* and *Examiner* keep raving about, but I wasn't about to pay eight or ten bucks and submit myself to the scrutiny of some pissant doorman for the privilege.

So I went by myself, black eye (see above) and all, and to make sure no one would confuse me with the regular inmates of the place, I dressed even more raggedly than usual, with my knee hanging out of my ripped jeans *a la* Dr. Frank of the MR T EXPERIENCE and a torn T-shirt with something stupid written on it. As I came up to the door, outside of which were lined up a hundred or so spiffy scenemakers waiting for admittance, I suddenly realized that I was virtually indistinguishable from your garden variety street person, and wondered if they would turn me away even if I

did have free tickets.

Not to worry. Not only did they let me in right away, calling me sir in the process (hard to tell with some people whether they're being sarcastic or not), but when I entered the main room, decked out to look like a cross between a New York City playground and a subterranean prison, I found a fashion show in progress in which the models were wearing clothes even more slovenly than my own, the only difference being that theirs were brand new and cost lots of money.

Thus reassured that without even trying I was among the most stylish people there, I wandered around for a couple of hours waiting for the show to start. The crowd was, I estimated, about 50% gay, 25% straight, and 25% didn't know or didn't care. There were some pretty interesting-looking drag queens, some downtown posers in business suits, and a fair sprinkling of nice middle-class boys and girls out to be where the action was. The music was mostly generic disco, but was interspersed with some African and Latin American sounds, which was nice.

The live entertainment, advertised for 9:00 p.m., finally got underway at 12:30 or 1 o'clock (and I thought punk shows were bad about getting started on time?). For the uninitiated, Divine is a 300-plus pound transvestite underground movie star, who has teamed up with writer/director John Waters to produce some of the trashiest and most entertaining film epics to ever implode on a screen, among them the aforementioned *Pink Flamingoes*, *Female Trouble*, *Multiple Maniacs*, *The Diane Linkletter Story* (climaxed when Divine, in the title role, attempts suicide by jumping out of a first floor window), *Polyester*, (featuring scratch-and-sniff Smell-o-rama), and *Lust in the Dust* (the latter two co-starring one-time matinee idol Tab Hunter).

As appropriate, Divine's show was pure trash of the crassest variety. (S)he lip-synched (?!?) to five or six highly amplified disco songs, presumably off her album that she displayed at one point and regaled her uproarious fans with a stream of scatological ribaldry. Or as she put it, "They put this white powder up my nose, dress me up funny, push me out here on stage, and make me talk dirty to you. And I love it!"

From intro to prearranged encore the whole exhibition couldn't have taken up more than 25 minutes, and though I never got around to finding out how much tickets cost, I'm sure they weren't cheap. But no one complained, they just went back to their disco dancing. I joined in for a while, but then I split my pants in an embarrassing place, so I went home.

LOOKOUTS, ISOCRACY, BOY DIRT CAR, DIE KREUZEN, at Gilman Street Warehouse, Berkeley, March 28

I'll skip quickly over the LOOKOUTS, since we weren't even scheduled to play this show. We had made plans with our friends from ISOCRACY to do a five or ten minute guest set using their equipment, we found that the scheduled first band, an outfit called VOMIT, hadn't bothered to show up. So we played a haphazard and unrehearsed set, but it was all right, I guess.

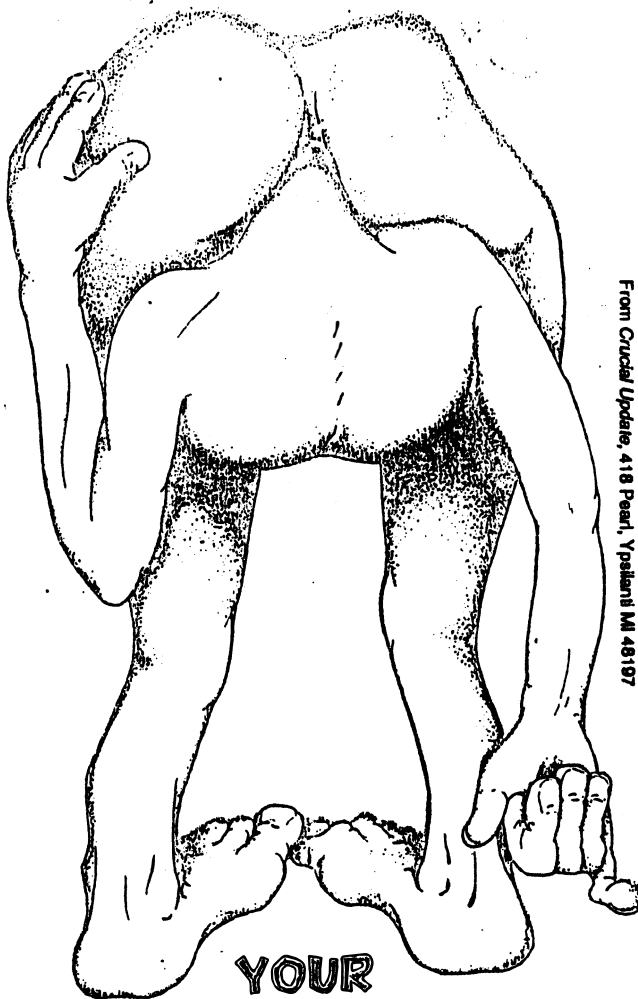
But this night belonged to ISOCRACY. It's only been a few months since these guys did their first show, but they're probably the most exciting new band to come out of the Bay Area in the past couple years. ISOCRACY doesn't put on shows so much as spectacles, and so far each one has gotten more preposterous than the last. The band specializes in collecting the cultural detritus of the American dream's less charming underside, and passing it out to the audience. In other words they bring a lot of junk to their shows and throw it at you.

They achieve a nice combination of serious lyrics and sometimes serious music with ridiculous and hilarious visuals. They also succeed as much as any band I've seen in recent years in breaking down the barriers between performers and audience. When ISOCRACY are on stage, almost anybody else who feels like it is, too. My only criticism of ISOCRACY: one of their gimmicks is handing out smelly cigars to the audience; I actually had to leave the room for part of their set because I was having trouble breathing.

The rest of the night was all down hill. BOY DIRT CAR is an industrial noise band, I guess; I spent nearly all of their set outside. DIE KREUZEN, who started out as a punk band, but then devolved into bad heavy metal and now 70s-style rock, were an embarrassment even before they got on stage. One of the first questions out of their mouths was where the dressing rooms were. They were directed to the bathroom, the closest thing Gilman Street has to such rock star accoutrements. They had a manager, who, with his leather fringe jacket and Aerosmith hairdo, looked like a bad Hollywood version of a big-time coke dealer. This guy stalked and glowered around the warehouse, cursing at anyone who didn't get out of his way fast enough.

Unfortunately I didn't get out of the warehouse fast enough, so I had to listen to one or two DIE KREUZEN songs. They were nothing you couldn't hear by turning your FM dial to any AOR station. The only question I have is: why are bands like this even asked to play at Gilman Street? I don't see anything particularly alternative about them; as far as I'm concerned, they're just using the punk-independent circuit as a springboard to mainstream commercial success. Next time let DIE KREUZEN try and get a gig with Bill Graham and have ISOCRACY play for three hours.

To John Weed:



From Cuckal Update, 418 Pearl, Ypsilanti MI 48197

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Lawrence D. Livermore, Editor and Publisher

**Subscription rates:
USA, Canada, Mexico - \$1/Issue
Overseas (via air mail) - US\$1.50/Issue**

LOOKOUT!

Letter From Laytonville A TOWN WITHOUT PITY by Lawrence Livermore

Hoooo-eee! Things have been a-hoppin' up here in Laytonville. There hasn't been such carryings-on since the preacher's wife got caught with half the boys' junior vanity, on a school night, no less.

It all started when a bunch of folks from the Committee to Beautify Downtown Laytonville decided that a gravel crusher and asphalt plant might be just the ticket to spruce up the center of town, seein' as how the government had turned them down on their first choice, a nuclear reactor.

Well, gosh, you woulda thought they was proposin' to make dog food out of the local school kids to hear all the yappin' and complainin'. The hippies came swarmin' out of the hills like it was welfare check day, and even the town's leading citizen, Mr. Bill ("Chainsaws 'R' Us") Bailey, allowed as how it might be better to put the plant somewhere further down the road from his property.

Pretty soon there was meetings and petitions goin' on, and a bunch of folks went down to Ukiah to holler at the county pinheads. It even made the 5:00 news on the Ukiah radio station, and most everybody in Laytonville seemed pretty happy that maybe the plant wouldn't get built after all. Except for Sheila Larson, who was the lady that was gonna get the money from having it on her property.

Now things might have ended up just fine like that until the Boonville paper went and published an article about the whole mess. I didn't read the thing myself, but from what I hear, some people felt like it didn't show Laytonville in the best possible light. Hell, I don't know, Laytonville's Laytonville; it ain't no picture postcard land, but if you don't mind a little backbiting and maybe a bit too much inbreedin', it ain't a bad place to live.

Trouble is, whoever wrote that article for the Boonville paper has got the same name as me, and now everyone's thinkin' that I done it. I try to tell 'em that there's lots of Lawrence Livermores out there, that they even got an atomic bomb place named after one of them. And I showed 'em how that article was chock full of ten-dollar big-city words that a boy from Laytonville just wouldn't be caught dead usin', unless maybe he was trying to talk the judge out of sendin' him to county jail for slappin' his wife around.

But there's no convincin' 'em, and now it seems like half the town is after me. And things just got worse when this other Livermore feller put out the same article in his own magazine, somethin' by the name of LOOKOUT, and started passin' it out all over town. Well, they say Sheila Larson got so mad that she even closed up her bar, and that got the good ol' boys even madder on account of they had to go across the street and drink with the

hippies at the Crossroads.

That's when the town newspaper, the Laytonville Ledger, got in on the act. Now the Ledger ain't much as newspapers go, but it suits most folks fine. It's true that the editor, Mr. John Weed, don't read and write as well as you might expect of a newspaper editor, but there ain't that many people likely to notice the difference.

Normally John don't offer much in the way of opinions and just sticks to sheriff's reports and car crashes, that sort of thing. So it was a pretty big deal when he come out with an editorial callin' this Lawrence Livermore and his LOOKOUT magazine all sorts of names. He even said how he was worried that people might confuse the LOOKOUT with the Ledger, seein' as how they both began with "L" and both had words printed in black ink on white paper.

Well, things have just been goin' on downhill from there. The next week's Ledger took up two whole pages with letters sayin' some right nasty things about this Lawrence Livermore. You had to admit some of them were pretty funny, though, like this one lady who said she wouldn't vote for Livermore for septic tank inspector, even though he was well-suited for the job. And there was the usual stuff about if he didn't like it here in Laytonville, why didn't he go somewhere else, though I don't recall anyone suggested that he try movin' to Russia, which is where people always seem to want to send troublemakers.

The best letter was from this high-salutin' feller named Philip Charles Randle. Now when a body goes around using three names when he's already got two perfectly good ones, it usually means either that he's mighty important or he's the type that goes around assassinating presidents. There's some talk that this Randle-used-to-make a living writing speeches for Spiro Agnew, which you can't blame people for thinkin' when he comes out callin' Livermore things like "... this pompous, presumptuous, pretenacious pedant... this jabbering jackal." You don't hardly hear that kind of talk in Laytonville, except maybe when the tent-show revival comes to town and the preacher gets goin' after ol' Beelzebub hisself.

So that's where things stand right now. It seems like everybody in town is mad at this other Lawrence Livermore and I can't convince none of them that I'm not him. And if that's not bad enough, I hear tell that the Lawrence Livermore that started all the trouble is mad at John Weed for lying about his LOOKOUT magazine in the Ledger and is talkin' about gettin' a lawyer and takin' over the Ledger himself. Well, that's when I'm gonna have to either pull up stakes and move on or change my name to somethin' that don't get folks so riled up. Somethin' like Jim Jones or Adolf Hitler, maybe...

the LOOKOUTS

"Less generic than ISOCRACY"
...James McKinnery

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FROM THE MASSIVELY CLUTTERED DESK OF LAWRENCE D. LIVERMORE

This has been an especially hectic time for me. My band's record has finally been released and we've been playing as many shows as possible to get the word out about it. I've also started writing for some other publications and have even set out to answer the backlog of mail that's been accumulating for the past couple of months. Not to mention pruning the fruit trees and grape vines on Livermore Farms, something that should have been done by February at the latest.

Somehow in the midst of all that I've even managed to have a semblance of a social life, though it's nothing you're likely to be reading about in the society pages. But life looks a lot brighter than it did most of the time this past winter, and I don't think it's just because the sun is shining more. Thanks again for all the love and support that I've gotten from those of you who read this zine and also to those of you who've come to see our band or have bought our record.

And now to the sad part: as I've been promising/threatening for a while now, the LOOKOUT will be taking a vacation. This will be the last issue for three months. I'll be travelling, writing, and hopefully filling my head and heart with new ideas and experiences. All is not lost for those of you who don't think you can face three months without my literary output. I'll be sending back regular dispatches to at least two publications, MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL and the Anderson Valley Advertiser, neither of which any thinking person would want to be without anyway. The next issue of the LOOKOUT should be in August, and should be packed with adventures and insights from my travels, unless of course I have a miserable time, in which case it will be packed with my complaints.

So long for now,
Lawrence

reprinted from the AMERSON VALLEY
ADVERTISER