

LOOKOUT!

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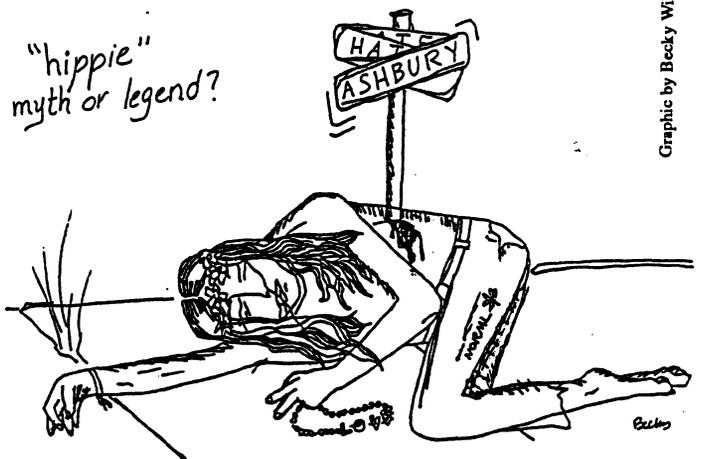
HIPPIE: THE CORPSE THAT REFUSES TO DIE

I got to Haight Street a year too late. The first homeboy we ran into, an incense and amphetamine salesman we'd known in the West Village, was carrying a briefcase and opened it to display a couple dozen zip-loc baggies full of white powder and a snub-nosed .45.

"It's gotten really bad here," he said, with a world-weariness suggesting that he was handling it all right but that most lesser individuals probably couldn't. "All the hippies have split to the country."

Hippies were always going to the country. Abbie Hoffman wrote that during the bleary hangover of the post-Woodstock era, when it was becoming painfully obvious that despite the dreams and upheavals of the 60s, things were going on pretty much as they always had. Only more so.

But only a relative handful of hippies actually made it to the country, and even fewer survived more than a season or two. Most of them disappeared back into where they had come from, the schools and factories, the suburbs and small towns of middle class America. Many of them clung, for a while at least, to their long hair, their drugs, and their apocalyptic visions, but by the early to mid 70s, these things were positively mainstream. By 1976 a successful candidate for president of the United States was quoting Bob Dylan and deriving no small part of his campaign financing from rock musicians and (some say) drug dealers.



Graphic by Becky Wilson

It was a far cry from the days when venturing out onto the streets of any but the largest and most sophisticated of American cities could prove positively dangerous for anyone not conventionally clothed and coiffed. Now even TV anchormen and budding politicians sported the wide lapels, floral prints, and collar-length hairdos that the hippies had popularized during the previous decade. In less than ten years the most profound socio-political development of the 20th century had been reduced to a minor fashion trend.

The hippies, the real ones, had seen it coming; in the fall of 1967 they staged a funeral procession and burial ceremony to mark the "death of hippie," killed, they said, by media. The media dutifully reported it, and I, out in the midwest with my hair just beginning to curl over my ears, cursed my luck. It was all over before I'd even had a chance to join in; another date with destiny missed.

As it turned out, there was still plenty of excitement left for late-comers like myself: be-ins and love-ins and mobilizations and riots, communes and crash pads, drug-crazed visionaries, sex-mad gurus, and lunatics of every stripe suddenly dragged out America's Victorian cellars and thrust onto center stage. It was a momentous time, and there may never be another like it, at least in our lives, if only because the sheer numbers of young people desperate for something new, for something making a bit more sense, are not likely to be duplicated any time soon.

By the 1980s the hippie dream had not only been embalmed and buried, it had had a thousand stakes driven through its moribund heart. The Haight became a fashionable enclave for upwardly mobile stockbrokers and attorneys, the rock groups who



Graphic by John Bean

was it all a dream?

once played for free in Golden Gate Park were now collecting 15 or 20 bucks a pop in huge commercial arenas, the Fillmore Ballroom's Bill Graham, his pet group the Grateful Dead, and an accompanying entourage of drug dealers and hangers-on had long departed for millionaires' mansions on the hilltops of Marin County. *Rolling Stone* moved to New York and all but endorsed Ronald Reagan, and half or more of its readers voted for him. Cocaine and heroin replaced marijuana and LSD, and dreams of wealth and power supplanted those of peace and love.

There are places in northern California, in fact in isolated rural settings all over the country, where people still have not cut their hair, still smoke massive amounts of pot and sprinkle their conversation with the quaint mixture of hip slang and quasi-religious metaphors that almost became a separate dialect in the heyday of the 60s, and generally look and carry on as though they had just wandered away from the nearest love-in or rock festival. A little investigation will reveal, however, that many of these people missed the 60s entirely, and that the few who actually were there never got much beyond the drug abuse and self-indulgence aspects.

It's hardly surprising that those who took being a hippie seriously, who saw it as a genuine alternative for a world bent on self-destruction, should sooner or later come up with a severe case of disillusionment. All too often this translated into a bitter cynicism that was used to justify everything from drug and alcohol addiction to the accumulation of obscene amounts of wealth to reactionary, even neo-fascist political beliefs. If any real hippies were left, they burrowed deep underground; it was the 1950s revisited, and no time to, as Jimi Hendrix once urged, "fly your freak flag high."

It should have been easy to foresee that as soon as the corporate culture felt confident that everything hippie stood for was dead and buried, it would resurrect the trappings thereof in the form of nostalgia. The purpose is twofold: obviously, there's a great deal of money to be made, but perhaps more importantly, the mass marketing of retro-hippie paraphernalia effectively trivializes everything that movement once stood for. Riot cops with their tear gas, batons, and even bullets could not snuff out the hippie dream of freedom with one tenth the effectiveness achieved by reducing it to sitcom jokes and background music for television ads.

1987 has seen a flood of crocodile tears over the bygone days of the Summer of Love, much of it unleashed by the same mass media and mass marketing types who did the most to destroy what the hippies tried to create. A whole lot of people who long ago abandoned whatever tenuous principles they clung to in the 1960s will go hang around Golden Gate Park for the 20th anniversary celebration, stick a flower in their hair, maybe drape some old love beads over a moth-eaten paisley shirt, and go home smugly thinking that they're still a part of "the scene." Then they'll go back to their offices and their factories and their pot farms, and business will go on as usual.

But before I become guilty of wallowing too deeply in the jaded cynicism I've accused others of, let me say that I for one don't feel the hippie dream is dead at all. It's changed its clothes, its rhetoric, its music, and hopefully gotten a little more realistic in the process, but I know from personal experience that there are people out there who still live as though their lives depended upon it, who still believe that within their minds and hearts lies the power to transform not only the world but the nature of reality itself, who have made that fateful step outside the bounds of normal human consciousness and not only won't, but can't ever go back.

Most of them are young, but there are those of my own generation who have survived more or less intact. And there are lots more, of all ages and backgrounds, who are ready to leave behind their lives of quiet desperation as soon as someone can show them even the semblance of a path out of the pointless ruts society has had them dig for themselves. Beads and bells, commercialized nostalgia, and the coked-out meanderings of a bygone era's rock stars won't do it, but the youthful enthusiasm of a new generation tempered with the shreds of wisdom painfully gained by the previous one just might.

WHERE DID ALL THE HIPPIES GO? ONE SUMMER OF LOVE SURVIVOR TELLS HIS TALE

Tim Yohannan, 42, was among the thousands of young people who flocked to San Francisco in 1967. Twenty years later, he's still there, no longer sporting long hair and the trappings of hippiedom, but still active on the political/cultural front as publisher of Maximum Rocknroll, a 12,000-circulation underground magazine with readers all over the world. He's also one of the driving forces behind Berkeley's Gilman Street Project, perhaps the closest modern equivalent to 1960s scenes like the Fillmore and Avalon Ballrooms. He agreed to talk to the LOOKOUT about his views on alternative culture then and now:

When did you start thinking in terms of countercultures and hippies in your own life?

I think in the summer of '66.

And did you see yourself as a hippie, or did just think of it as an interesting phenomenon that you identified with parts of?

Well, my consciousness about the whole thing shifted pretty radically over the course of one year. The summer of '65 was when I started becoming aware of the political side of things. Prior to that I'd been aware of the musical aspects of, you know, rock and roll underground, and then by the summer of '66 I first started, you know, smoking dope and that stuff. I always had the feeling through most of my life, I guess, that there was sort of a generational consciousness, which seemed in that period of the mid to late-60s to grow stronger and stronger. So it just sort of seemed there was a reason why suddenly that generation was going through changes that previous generations hadn't. So it all seemed to make sense. But all that happened to me within a very short period of time.

After which did you get disillusioned or...?

Oh, not until '71 or something like that. But by the end '66 I really felt like I was a part of something that was part of my whole generation of people, that there was something major that we were going to do. There seemed to be a purpose for what we'd been evolving toward. So then I had met some people from San Francisco in Mexico the previous year and I corresponded with them throughout the year, and as soon as I was done with school in '67 I had already decided I was going to come out here and get involved with things. So I came out here the Summer of Love, but it wasn't the Summer of Love until, you know, the press made it be the Summer of Love. I'd already decided I was coming to California anyway.

So when you looked in the mirror at that time, did you see among other things, Tim Yohannan, hippie?

Yeah, definitely.

And you say you got disillusioned around '71 or so; what made you feel that way?

After Kent State, it seemed like an awful lot of people bailed, 'cause they suddenly realized, "Hey, this is serious, and they're gonna kill us." And I think it's at that point that a lot of people started making big compromises and a lot of people I know, or knew, just seemed to be drifting away from any sort of collective consciousness toward more individualism and self-gratification.

WOODSTOCK NATION: IT WASN'T ALL BEADS AND FLOWERS

When I appear in the Chicago courtroom, I want to be tried not because I support the National Liberation Front -- which I do -- but because I have long hair. Not because I support the Black Liberation Movement, but because I smoke dope. Not because I am against a capitalist system, but because I think property eats shit. Not because I believe in student power, but that schools should be destroyed. Not because I'm against corporate liberalism, but because I think people should do whatever the fuck they want, and not because I'm organizing the working class, but because I think kids should kill their parents. Finally, I want to be tried for having a good time and not being serious. I'm not angry over Vietnam and racism and imperialism. Naturally I'm against all that shit but I'm really pissed cause my friends are in prison for dope and cops stop me on the street cause I have long hair. I'm guilty of a conspiracy, all right. Guilty of creating liberated land in which we can do whatever the fuck we decide. Guilty of helping to bring the WOODSTOCK NATION to the whole earth. Guilty of trying to overthrow the motherfuckin senile government of the U.S. of A. I just thought you ought to know where my head was at, PIG NATION. Just thought I'd let you know what I mean when I say, "I'm just doin my thing."

--Abbie Hoffman, 1969

I'm getting the impression that you leaned more toward the political side of things as opposed to more of a cultural perspective. I always saw the whole movement delineated along those lines, but that for a while the political and cultural came together, and then split apart again.

Right, but there were too many different segments, I mean, there were people who were just political, there were people who were just into the cultural aspects, there were people who were somewhere in between. I think that I related initially to the cultural, then to the political, then to both, and maintained values that are relevant to both still.

What, if anything, did come out of the movement, then? And I'm not talking only of your own personal perspective -- obviously it's changed you -- but on a generational and societal scale? Do you see any positive changes or developments that came out of the counterculture?

Yeah, I think it did open up or make more flexible living and the alternatives to a straight career existence, and I think a lot of people to some degree have taken advantage of that. I think prior to that you were either a bum or you were a "responsible American," but I think now there are a lot more possibilities, and they're a lot saner. That's one aspect. Another aspect is that it did educate, again to greater or lesser degrees, a lot of people. A lot of people have chosen to forget their education, but I think on some levels it's there for everybody. I think for instance, given all the pressure to get involved in Central America that the administration is putting on the public, it's pretty remarkable that opinion polls continue to show most people aren't in favor. That may be for their own selfish reasons, that they don't want their kids to go die there, but even that is a step forward from being glad to ship your kids off to Vietnam, which a lot of parents were in the 60s. So I think some things have sunk in. Those are not major changes in American life, but they do exist and they are something to build on and tap into.

Would you agree, first, that there's always some sort of alternative or counterculture on the underside of American, or just any society, and if so, where would you find it today? What best expresses or carries on the spirit of what the hippies were doing?

For me, obviously, it's the punk scene. I mean a counterculture by definition is not something that's necessarily overtly political. It does have political aspects, as does everything in society. But I think it's really necessary to have a counterculture, something that does strive to maintain pure ideals. You're always going to have compromises coming along, all the way from "working within the system" to change it, and I don't put down anyone who's trying anything to alter how things function. But I think it's real important to have that dream of the counterculture, where other values and communities are established and tried to be maintained. So I think the punk scene is the most pure representation of that kind of consciousness, I guess we'll call it.

Do you think that punk, or some permutation of it, is ever likely to have the kind of impact on society that the hippies did?

No. You only go through something like that once. That broke new ground, it's like being a virgin, which doesn't mean that things can't be great, but that that kind of radical ... I mean, America was an icebox until the hippie thing happened, and it, you know, defrosted -- here I'm talking culturally -- and that set groundwork for lots of social possibilities which are continuing to this day and beyond to be experimented with. I think as times change, consciousness changes, and the values within that counterculture change. In the 60s there was the feeling that anything was possible and the emotion that was most expressed in the counterculture was love. In the 70s, people were very pessimistic, and the emotions that were most expressed were hate and disillusionment. But within that you'll find an awful lot of optimism and creativity, just in the actions, in the fact that people are trying to do something. In the 80s, who knows what the going concern is? But the point is that people still do continue to seek alternatives to mainstream life. So as long as you don't have almost like a Stalinist viewpoint on what the counterculture should be -- you know, where everybody's going to pull out their little dictionary of what the counterculture should be, "See, the oracle said it should be this..." -- it's gonna change, but I think it'll always be there in one form or another.

LET'S HAVE A POPE PIE!

Time for one last screed before the Roman Catholic Church's biggest contribution to the Polish joke genre drops into town the middle of this month.

A lot of more "reasonable" people might wonder what the big deal is. So there's this geezer who likes to dress up in funny robes and have people kneel down and kiss his hands or feet or whatever. If he and his followers want to carry on like some voodoo cult out of the Middle Ages, why should anyone else care?

Well, there is the small matter of the five or six million bucks that American taxpayers are furnishing to protect the silly old fetishist while he goes about his cranky business. Granted, that's small potatoes when it comes to government budgets. Why, it probably wouldn't be enough to provide shelter for San Francisco's homeless for more than six months or a year.

But by the way, if this guy is the Mr. Wonderrui that the mass media like to paint him as, why would he need the Secret Service, the FBI, and most of the San Francisco Police Department to make sure none of his admirers get too close? Is it really necessary to point out that Jesus Christ, the man Mr. Pope claims to be in cahoots with, travelled about on foot, with not an armed guard in sight? No bullet-proof Popemobiles, either.

No, there's no denying that not everyone loves the pope. But why would supposedly mature adults be so overwrought about the presence of this atavistic bozo in their midst that they would feel compelled to brave mobs of religious fanatics and hyperactive riot cops to wave signs and hurl slogans (all right, maybe a few rotten tomatoes) at the passing pontiff?

OK, here's why: the theology militantly promulgated by this pope is not merely some arcane mumbo-jumbo suitable for bamboozling the masses and amusing the more sophisticated. It is in many respects a murderous doctrine, one which is founded in ignorance and self-hate, and which seeks to exploit some of the worst aspects of human nature to satisfy the lust for power and personal gain of a handful of glorified witch doctors.

I for one am not inclined to overlook the pope's consorting with nazi war criminal Kurt Waldheim, a man even the right-wing government of the United States has barred from its borders. Nor can I forget the even more blatant accommodations a past pope made with Hitler and Mussolini, with the apparent motive being little more than a desire to preserve the Vatican's immense wealth.

But the pope's crimes against humanity are hardly limited to dubious alliances with fascists of either the right or left -- he was instrumental, remember, in helping to legitimize the Soviet-backed military government that crushed the Solidarity revolt in Poland. At least as devastating is the utter contempt he exhibits for so much of the human race.

Let's start with the obvious: the female half of the species, and while we're on the subject of gender, let's throw in all the world's homosexuals. Already we've got at least 60% of the people who live on this planet, and they're all, according to this pope, inferior beings. If it were up to him, and in some backward countries it still is, women would not even have control over their own bodies. They would be reduced, if necessary by armed agents of the state, to baby factories producing new generations of bible-fodder.

And how about taking a look, while we're at it, at the immense and tragic impact the church's superstitious rubrics on birth control and abortion have had on huge sections of the world, most notably south and central America. And while the church, and particularly this pope, are endlessly interested in the most intimate details of people's private sex lives -- with anyone deviating from the norm threatened with eternal blightorching at the behest of the all-loving heavenly father -- they offer no more than vague platitudes in opposition to the wholesale slaughter of the innocent at the hands of the world's various governments. When is the last time you heard a pope threaten his followers with excommunication and damnation for going to war? No, such punishments are reserved for really serious crimes, like masturbation or sex outside of marriage.

Of course Jesus (remember him?) had virtually nothing to say about sex and everything to say about refraining from violence and loving your enemies. I also thought I remembered him saying that if you wanted to follow him you should sell all you have and give the money to the poor. Well, apparently that was a misprint in those old bibles; what he really meant was to give all your money to the pope.

Well, you wouldn't want God's personal representative on earth (why do I get the feeling that if you or I were to make such a claim we'd be more likely to get hauled off to the loony bin than to have people throwing money at us and begging us to sprinkle them with magic water?) to live in poverty, would you? Sure, it was all right for old Jesus, but that was before modern marketing methods came along.

If you detect just a tiny bit of hostility in my attitude toward things Catholic, you might suspect I have a personal axe to grind, and you would be exactly right. In my adult life I've met literally hundreds of survivors of Catholic "education," who had their brains and psyches tampered with to an extent that they're still recovering from. I happen to be one of them.

I feel as though I was robbed of a part of my youth. I could cry, have in fact, when I think of all the hours, days, weeks, months, and years that should have been spent in carefree play and self-discovery but were instead consumed by shame and fear. Maybe I was dumb to take literally the preposterous nonsense the nuns and priests filled my head with, but I was only five years old when they got their hands on me. And I was used to being treated forthrightly and honestly by my parents; I made the understandable mistake of assuming that all adults were equally trustworthy.

But I don't want to get eaten up by hate, and while I wish the pope would stay on some other side of the planet, I don't particularly care to see any militant, politically correct demonstrations when His Holy-Poliness comes to town. I'd rather see a circus, one that by comparison and contrast exposes the pope for the high-camp drag queen he is.

So let the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence kick up their heels and pagan witches dance naked in the streets. Let's get a thousand kazoo

players to line the sidewalks at 16th and Dolores and hum some of the greatest hits of the Spanish Inquisition. Why not crucify a dead cat on the steps of Mission Dolores and for good measure carve an inverted pentagram into its skull?

But the best greeting of all for old popie-poo is right now being concocted in some secret SF cellar. It's an enormous pie, let's call it a pope pie, and it's being filled with loads of custard and shaving cream. And if the gods and goddesses are smiling on September 17, somehow that pie will find its way past the phalanxes of heavily armed mercenaries and smack into the rotund face of the self-styled vicar of Christ. Jesus himself will probably fall right out of heaven, he'll be laughing so hard.

Bring Star Wars Down to Earth A NEAT AND PROFITABLE SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM OF FREEWAY VIOLENCE

The amazing thing about the latest California megatrend is not that loads of people are driving around shooting at each other, but that it's taken so long for the craze to catch on.

Anyone who has ever had occasion to use an automobile is well aware that our streets and highways are clogged with idiots for whom shooting is too merciful a fate.

But the problem posed by airborne warfare is actually threefold: 1) with the small-caliber arms commonly in use, errant drivers are often not even fatally wounded 2) drivers who have been shot typically crash their cars, thus adding to rather than alleviating traffic congestion 3) the American system of jurisprudence is not as understanding as it might be about the frustrations endured by pistol-packing motorists, and has even been known to send them to jail.

It's obvious that none of us is a cold-blooded killer who derives pleasure from seeing our fellow human beings writhing in the throes of death. But it's equally obvious that something must be done about the incompetent, inconsiderate, and insensitive drivers who are crying to be put out of not only their own misery, but that which they persist in inflicting on others.

Therefore, with the goal of improving both the flow of traffic and the efficiency with which our society operates, the LOOKOUT presents this modest proposal aimed not at eliminating freeway violence, an unrealistic and impractical idea at any rate, but at confining it within acceptable parameters.

The first and most important change that must be made is in the nature of the weaponry being used. Rifles and pistols simply lack sufficient firepower to do the required job. Shotguns, or better yet, machine guns, would achieve a more effective kill ratio, but have an unacceptably limited destructive capability when it comes to vehicles.

Freedom-loving groups like the National Rifle Association have been lobbying for a change in the laws that would allow cars to be equipped with bazookas or anti-tank weapons, but even though these would be able to utterly demolish automobiles and their contents, there would still be a problem with debris.

The answer lies in the Pentagon's Star Wars program. The particle-beam generators now being developed to vaorize missiles and satellites could work equally well on obstreperous motorists and their vehicles. The clown in front of you who's just crawling along and won't get out of your way? Just press a button and ZAP!! No mess, no fuss, and not a shred of evidence to suggest that the idiot or his car ever existed.

But would it be wise to entrust such an awesome kill capacity to just anyone? Driver licensing standards being what they are, there are those on our roads who can not be relied upon to use their weapons responsibly.

Furthermore, there is some question about the desirability of declaring a completely open season on our freeways. Even some of our most important citizens occasionally are occasionally guilty of some minor traffic infraction; do we want to see them being obliterated on a wholesale basis by short-tempered factory workers or illegal immigrants who shouldn't be driving on our roads in the first place?

What is needed is some sort of licensing program, modeled after that used in issuing hunting licenses. Perhaps it could even be administered by the Department of Fish and Game, which has extensive experience in these matters.

In the first place, there need to be strict limits placed on the number of road kills allowed per motorist, as is the case with hunters or fishermen.

Secondly, a freeway hunting license should not be considered an automatic prerogative of anyone licensed to drive; in fact, the privilege of having a particle beam gun installed on one's car should be granted to no more than, say, 10% of those on the road. Otherwise the resulting chaos, with people and cars disappearing left and right, might prove to be even worse than the situation in which we presently find ourselves.

But how would we decide who should be entitled to this new space age weaponry? And how could we enforce legally imposed hunting limits?

The answer, as in nearly all matters either political or economic, lies in letting the free market take its course. We are not a callous people, and we are not willing to see human life snuffed out as if it were without value. But what value?

Let's suggest an arbitrary figure of \$1000 per kill. Plus an one-time charge of, say, \$10,000 for installation of the particle beam generator.

Some might complain that this would make freeway hunting a sport limited to the rich, and to a certain extent this is true.

But let's face it, some people's time is more valuable than others', and if a person has been clever enough and worked hard enough to be able to afford his own personal Star Wars technology, it's probably safe to assume that he could be doing more productive things that sitting stuck in traffic. Yes, some innocent people might occasionally suffer, but isn't that always the case?

Besides, the risk involved in venturing out on the road without the weaponry possessed by other more prosperous motorists will serve as a powerful incentive for all citizens to work harder and try to get ahead in their careers.

So the economy will benefit not only from the fees collected from those able to afford automotive disintegrator beams, but also from the greater sense of urgency placed on the production and acquisition of wealth.

And we'll all benefit from smoother-flowing traffic. So let's not waste any time getting that space-age gear down here on earth where it can do some good!

LETTERS TO THE LOOKOUT

Dear Lawrence,

Thanks for LOOKOUT #27. Apparently you haven't heard the I-Hotel punchline. The same developer who left the hole in the ground was given permission by the the Planning Commission to do it again three blocks away, the same week as the 10-year anniversary.

This time they gave him the Columbo Building, that big green triangle-shaped building at 1 Columbus. According to [Planning Commission head Dean] Macris, he needs to erect a six-story building on that site to "help pay for the affordable housing he promised to build in 1977. The article in the San Francisco Examiner (August 7, 14, or 21, I don't remember) also said the vote to demolish these beautiful, affordable offices was taken at night, when no one was around.

RIP San Francisco. Maybe in 1997, when he decides he wants to leave a third hole in the ground, they'll give him City Hall. We can only hope.

Regards,
Ann
San Francisco

Dear Lawrence,

I was very sorry to see you going along with the nay-sayers and cynics who amused themselves by making fun of a lot of very sincere people who participated in the Harmonic Convergence (LOOKOUT #27).

Whether you are willing to admit it or not, the concentrated psychic energy of millions of people embodies a great, in fact immeasurable degree of power, even at ordinary times, and when all the

cosmic forces are aligned as they were on August 16, it's possible to literally restructure the universe. You have a right to choose not to tap into that energy, but by making fun of and belittling it, you hurt yourself more than anyone else.

It is especially disappointing to see someone who is as adept as yourself in perceiving the many evils which plague our society turn his back on powerful means of resolving them. But it's not too late; join with us and help us usher in the New Age. Doubts and negative thinking will only hold us all back.

Crystal Power!
Merry Ananda
Mill Valley CA

Dear Livermore

I hope Louisiana Pacific hurries up and cuts down all the trees so you won't have no more paper to print your communist rag on. You damn hippies over in Laytonville don't know when you got it good. And quit sucking up to all the queers and niggers. Do you want them all coming to live in Laytonville? We sure as hell don't want them here in Fort Bragg.

Harvey McPherson
Fort Bragg CA

Dear Harv,

As a matter of fact, we were just fixing to send a whole busload of 'em over your way.

Lawrence

San Francisco Beat

EVER FEEL LIKE KILLING YOUR LANDLORD?

Last month's *San Francisco Beat* had an item about how real estate sleazebag Frank Lembi, aka Skyline Realty, forced a perfectly good liquor store out of business in hopes of gouging more rent out of the Market Street storefront — five times more rent, to be precise, from \$750 to \$3750.

But at last there's a semi-happy ending to one of these never-ending tales of urban greed. The former owner of Jug's Liquors has been awarded almost a million dollars in damages, hopefully to be taken out of Lembi's worthless hide, to compensate her for the loss of her business.

The jury found that Lembi, in attempting to drive her out before her lease expired, had flagrantly violated even the minimal standards of decency applied to San Francisco landlords. But landlord is actually too respectable a word for the likes of Lembi; he and his ilk are speculators, pure and simple, and another word for speculator is parasite.

Thousands of innocent people are forced to sleep in the streets of San Francisco by the legitimized extortion racket known as real estate; forcing one of its exceptionally slimy practitioners like Lembi to pony up a portion of his profits is light punishment, indeed. I say give him a cardboard box and a urine-soaked doorway and wish him pleasant dreams.

On the bright side, there's always the possibility that extracting a million bucks from the Lembi coffers might trigger the collapse of his Skyline empire; anyone currently in the unfortunate position of being one of his tenants is urged to hasten that happy day by immediately refusing to pay any further rent. Maybe it will become a trend. Maybe lynched landlords will festoon street lamps all over the city. A guy can dream, can't he?

PULL OVER BUDDY, YOU'VE GOT A SOUP STAIN ON YOUR TIE

In the movie *Taxi Driver*, Robert DeNiro dresses up like a wildman and sets out with a hunting rifle to clean up the streets of New York. Today he wouldn't have a chance; he'd be nailed by the Dress Police before he had a chance to open fire.

Say what? You're joking, right? Police arresting people for not being properly attired? This is some bad acid flashback, isn't it, like to the 60s when the cops routinely rousted long-haired and barefoot beards for ID checks and body searches? More than once I heard an officer of the law declaim to some hapless hippie: "I don't care whether you've done anything or not. I just don't like the way you look."

Sometimes those deemed overly hirsute would even be hauled into the local jail and forcibly given haircuts. But in the end they'd have to be let go, because as the police would reluctantly concede, there was no law against looking weird.

Not until now there wasn't. Add to the list of ridiculous activities performed by the police in lieu of fighting real crime the enforcement of a dress code for taxi drivers. New York has one. So do Boston and Houston. And if San Francisco's smarmy-marmy mayor gets her way, Disneyland-by-the-Bay will too.

Feinstein, with her prune-faced manner, her plariat of the apes hairdo, and her mummified zomboid stare, has singlehandedly set San Francisco style back into a previous century. Unfortunately she seems

determined to drag the rest of us with her. When taxi drivers have their wardrobes dictated and enforced by the armed might of the state, can pedestrians be far behind? Will bicycle messengers be allowed into the hallowed confines of the financial district sans coat and tie?

I'm afraid I detect a trend here, one that's actually been in progress for some time: the transformation of the city into a franchised theme park in which there are no inhabitants, only bit players and character actors. Panhandlers, street people, hippies and punks, all will still have a part in the colorful tapestry of pseudo-life presented to visitors once they have paid their cover charge at the Bay or Golden Gate Bridges. It's just that they will have their costumes, activities, and territories assigned by City Hall.

You'd think that San Franciscans, long noted for their free-spirited and independent ways, would bridle at any suggestion of government intrusion into their clothes closets, but according to the *San Francisco Examiner*, most support the restrictions proposed for the city's cabbies. One odious dingbat by the name of Yvonne Lembi (any relation to real estate scumbag Frank Lembi mentioned in the previous item? I wouldn't be surprised) declared: "I'm a hotel professional, and when I or my guests get into a cab it should be driven by a professional. It's good for everyone's business."

Professional taxi drivers? Yes, and professional hash slingers, and McDonald's counter persons, and toilet bowl cleaners. We're all professionals now; it's just that some of us professionals are supposed to live on \$3.35 an hour while professional twerps like Lembi and her role model Dianne Swinestein sit in their luxury offices and chauffeured limos thinking of new ways to extract more money from hard-working people who are lucky if they can pay their rent. Very few taxi drivers are getting rich

off their "profession." Yet now they're going to be expected to waste more of their hard-earned money on new wardrobes to suit the idle fancies of the junior league fascists who have somehow gotten control of this city. When will it ever end?

HINCKLE FOR MAYOR

Who does the LOOKOUT recommend for the soon-vacant (hooray!) position of San Francisco mayor? Beyond any doubt the most qualified candidate is sometime columnist Warren Hinckle. Just the fact that he is a writer is sufficient grounds for voting for the guy; but Hinckle is not just a writer, he's one of the best, and what a pleasant change it would be to see someone in public office who could actually think and talk at the same time.

Hinckle is also a genuine human being, something which is by no means certain in the case of most of the other candidates. Unfortunately, his chances of winning are probably none too great, but one never knows in this city. In any event, it can't do any harm to vote for him, because it's generally agreed that no one is going to get a majority in November, and that the race will finally boil down to a runoff between Feinstein clone John Molinari and Art Agnos, an at least marginally acceptable liberal. Agnos is probably the best we can reasonably hope for, and unless he turns out to be the most egregious liar since Oliver North, he'd be a lot better than what we've been getting.

But for now, why not the best? Hinckle for mayor, and if you have any time or energy to spare, why not head down to his headquarters at 177 Valencia (near Duboce) and volunteer? Free eyepatches to the hundred customers!

CENTRAL AMERICAN NAZIS OUT OF SF

Although the Nicaraguan contras have not distinguished themselves by their bravery, preferring to confine the bulk of their warring efforts to planting land mines and machine gunning health care workers, they show no lack of courage when it comes to soliciting funds and support north of the border. They're even willing to boldly confront mobs of rabid demonstrators in a hotbed of anti-contras sentiment like San Francisco. As long as they have a few hundred members of the heavily armed and demonstrably psychotic San Francisco Tac Squad to protect them.

Ronald Reagan's favorite central American terrorist organization tried to hold a meeting in the city's Mission District on September 9, but found they had to contend with a few hundred uninvited guests. At first the contras, safely ensconced behind police lines, defiantly taunted the protestors, who outnumbered them two or three to one, but soon a hail of tomatoes, eggs, rocks, and, as one television broadcast put it, "even bagels," sent them running for cover. It's not hard to imagine how they'd react to real bullets.

Peace-loving soul that I am, I found it hard to muster much sympathy for this band of reconstituted fascists and born-again baby killers. They have no business showing their faces in San Francisco or anywhere else in this alleged "land of the free," and the sooner they, Ronald Reagan, George Bush, Ollie North, and the whole murderous network of terrorism they've assembled gets packed onto a leaky banana boat and shipped off to Antarctica, the better off this planet and the human race will be.

The world is neither wise nor just, but it makes up for all its folly and injustice by being damnably sentimental.

--T.H. Huxley

Waiting For The Rain...

It was late July in Hamburg, West Germany. The temperature was in the low 50s, and it was raining not just cats and dogs, but lions, tigers, and bears, not to mention, as one Englishman helpfully added, buses and streetcars.

My friends had been planning to go to a football match, the season opener for their local heroes, St. Pauli. I was supposed to leave for Amsterdam that day, but I'd been thinking of putting it off and going to the game with them.

"Do they have covered grandstands," I asked hopefully. No, they didn't. "You mean you just sit there in the rain?" Well, actually we mostly stand. "Are you crazy?" Shrugs and perplexed smiles.

"You know," I offered smugly, "that in California it doesn't rain in the summertime?" They nodded their heads patiently, as if I had just arrived from another planet and was trying to sell them some dehydrated snake oil.

"No, really, from May to September it almost never rains." It didn't matter how many times I explained. In northern Europe a day without rain is something to be treasured, and the idea of month after month of nothing but sunshine is essentially incomprehensible. Sure, it'd be great, but it could never happen.

Now it's almost September back in California, and even at night it's so hot in the house that I've started sleeping outside, well, in a tent, anyway. That was a slight improvement until the clouds of smoke came billowing in from the mountains to the east. Then breathing became uncomfortable, and I'd only sleep in fits and starts, waking up ever hour or two to wonder if the flames were getting any closer. One morning I crawled out of bed at 6 a.m. to find myself staring into what looked like a blinding wall of flame bursting up out of the Eel River canyon. It took a minute of panicked disorientation to realize that it was only the rising sun turned blood red by the murky air.

Some years are worse than others, and this has been one of the worst. But toward the end of almost every summer – and in California late August and September are almost a separate season – there's a time when the coastal fog disappears and the winds, if there are any, come from the oven-like central valley. To the people who huddle along the shoreline, in places like San Francisco and Fort Bragg and Eureka, it's a welcome respite from the damp cold that characterizes much of June and July, and they luxuriate in the sunshine, dreaming perhaps of the sweltering bygone summers of their New York or Chicago pasts.

But for those of us farther inland, it's a tense and not always pleasant time. Creeks and springs run dry, the green grass of spring is a matted yellow carpet, and you can hardly move without stirring up clouds of gritty grey dust. On some of those blazing hot days it's easy to imagine that the whole world is dying around you.

You watch the sky for signs of change, but all that you see are massive thunderclouds boiling up over the mountaintops. They almost never bring rain, only lightning, and then the fires begin. It's been this way for eons, but there's a big difference nowadays: man's mismanagement and mistreatment of the forests has left huge accumulations of brush and logging debris that burn with such intense heat that they cause whole trees to literally explode into flame, like so many roman candles.

When you live in a wooden house in the middle of a forest, you understandably get nervous. Sometimes you can see the flames a couple of canyons away. Will the firefighters get there in time, or at all? On the radio you hear that half the state is burning and that there's just not enough people to go around. You wonder if you should start packing up some of your most precious things in case you have to make a run for it. You wander about the house not knowing how to even begin to choose what's truly important. And always you keep going back to look at that orange glow in the distance. Which way is it moving? A hot gust of wind hits you in the face, answering that question.

Every year thousands of brave men and women risk their lives to protect our homes and forest lands, but when things get really bad, as they have this year, they can only fight a holding action. Wildland fires are as much a function of nature as are earthquakes and hurricanes, and ultimately it's nature that puts a stop to them. The wind shifts back to the west, the temperature drops 10 or 20 degrees, and the sea air flows back inland, settling on the flames like a wet blanket.

Farther out to sea the storm clouds are stirring themselves out of their summer hibernation; sometimes in early September you can see them on the horizon, mustering their forces for their autumn assault on the California coast. The dusty land and the parched fields wait.

That's how it's supposed to work, and almost every year it does. But once in a while, the rain doesn't come. It happened in 1976 and 1977, and many people still remember the sickening, helpless feeling of watching once-green things shrivel and die. Last winter was no drought, but we didn't get anywhere near as much rain as we should have. If the same thing happens again this year, a lot of people and other living creatures are going to be in big trouble.

So this September some of us are watching the skies more anxiously than usual. I know I'll feel a whole lot better when those first drops of rain come pattering down on my roof and disappear almost silently into the dust of my front yard. I won't even complain when my driveway turns into mud or the wind drives sheets of water into my face while I'm trying to find enough dry wood to start a fire, or even when it turns to snow and I'm stuck here for a couple of weeks just trying to keep warm and not run out of food. At least at first I won't.

But after a while I'll probably be busy composing songs of praise to the beautiful, long-gone sun, and dreaming of the day when it will once again ride high in the sky, coaxing everything back to life and drawing a winter's worth of water up from the ground and into the leaves and flowers of another splendidly green mountain springtime. But then some folks are never satisfied, are they?

Who Wants To Be A Hero? All My Heroes Are Dead

We were just basically trying to do our jobs.

Captain Lonnie Cagle, US Navy
Concord Naval Weapons Station

I was just following orders.

Popular defense among Nazi war criminals

During the Vietnam War it was common for protestors to use their bodies to block the movement of troop and munition trains. It was all very symbolic, of course; the shipments were never delayed for longer than it took the police to haul the blockaders off to the hoosegow. Still, it provided highly visual footage for the evening news that no doubt helped awaken the consciences of many Americans who hadn't been giving much thought to what their country was doing in Southeast Asia.

Now the CIA and Mafia have moved their neo-colonial drug wars to Latin America, and once more most people have been shrugging their shoulders; in some polls more than half didn't even know what side we were on in either Nicaragua or El Salvador. But meanwhile the trains and ships and planes kept rolling southward with their deadly cargo, bought and paid for with our money.

Brian Willson was one of the million or so young men who got caught up in the Vietnam madness. What he saw there so appalled him that he dedicated his life to making sure that his country would never go down that path again. Once he had given his body as a weapon for war; now he began using it wherever he saw a possibility of impeding preparations for another war. Following in the tradition of Thoreau and Ghandi, Jesus and Socrates, and a host of others whose names are lost to history but whose actions provide much of the scant evidence that the human species has any redeeming qualities at all, Willson decided that the dictates of his conscience took precedence over those of the state.

On September 1, 1987, a US Navy munitions train rolled over Brian Willson and severed both his legs. Shock waves are still reverberating through much of Middle America. Things like that don't actually happen in this country, do they? At least not to white middle-class people. Even in the Soviet Union they give you some sort of trial before they haul you off to the labor camp. But Brian Willson, albeit at a horrible cost, exposed the awful

reality of the US war machine. In Central America, people lose their legs and their lives every day to the weapons that train was carrying. And if people here try to stop it, the same thing might happen to them.

Back in 1970, when the antiwar movement was reaching its peak, troops opened fire on student demonstrators at Kent State University and killed four of them. For all intents and purposes that was the end of that revolution. The rhetoric and a lot of isolated actions went on for years, but the masses of people said, "Whoa, I wasn't that serious about all this."

And can you blame them? Only a handful of people at any given time possess the courage and convictions to lay their lives on the line, especially in pursuit of a cause whose success is by no means certain or even clear. This is an essential flaw of civil disobedience as it's been practiced so far. We may admire greatly those who've made such great sacrifices, but very few of us are prepared to follow in their footsteps. And while we may build up a pantheon of martyrs, it's a painfully slow way to make a revolution.

Somebody, I'm not sure who, said, "The first duty of a revolutionary is to not get caught." There's a certain romanticism to suffering for a cause, but a jail cell or a grave is no place for the best and most principled people of our time. Brian Willson is a true American hero, the kind that make it crystal clear just what blasphemy it is to apply those words to the likes of Oliver North. But how many kids are going to want to grow up to be heroes if it means having to give up what Brian Willson has?

We need people like Brian Willson to inspire us, and we should be deeply grateful to him, but we need another kind of hero, too. The kind who stops the war machine in its tracks, gets away with it, and has fun in the process. The thousands who gathered outside of Concord on the following Saturday and with their bare hands ripped up the tracks where Brian Willson lost his legs provide a sterling example. Sabotage, the kind that destroys property without harming human life, is just fine with me. More people should be doing for the antiwar movement what Earth First! has begun doing for the environmental movement.

Some who call themselves pacifists argue that it's an act of violence to destroy property, even if that property is being used in the destruction of life. I find this sort of thinking fatuous in the extreme. The whole notion of property is arbitrary, and in a very real sense, an act of violence in itself. The value of things is determined by nothing more nor less than their function, and if their function is to cause death or injury, they have no right to exist. Especially not if someone is smart enough to figure a way to put them out of commission.

"All my heroes are dead," went some song or saying, and for too long I've felt the same way. For once I'd like to have some living heroes, and I don't even have to know their names. For starters I nominate the folks who tore up those tracks at Concord. I don't denigrate for a moment those who give up their freedom, their bodies, or their lives, and my sympathy and deep admiration goes out to Brian Willson. But I want to see a revolution with some survivors. Ones with great big satisfied smiles on their faces. Ones that don't get caught.

U.S. OUT OF SOUTH BRONX

Ha! Just when you thought this was another intellectual barrage about South Africa or South Yemen or even the dreaded South Carolina, in comes a barrage of spleen about a place few people have seen and even fewer think about/This is for all the nice activists for whom poor people are a concept one finds in a lengthy treatise on Marxism/They are either the problem or the solution, but still NOT MANY PEOPLE GO THERE. I haven't seen no long-haired bespectacled jean-wearing red on 149th street, talking to the derelicts or the tribes on Welfare who bend over and say THANKS when Unc Sam gives it to them/I haven't seen no marching lanes of white intellectuals muttering slogans about the oppressed, not even in Harlem/(They did put in an appearance once or twice some YEARS back, but that was because of SOUTH AFRICA, not because of racism here or poverty here. Some cat in a beret was screaming about the unemployed in Africa while the unemployed here lined the streets and stared at the march as if having a strange hallucination.) MEANWHILE Harlem shuffles on. Kids walk down the streets with their boxes and their I LOVE THE BRONX T-shirts as /THE BEST WARDEN TEACHES TO LOVE

THEIR DECAY/Puerto Ricans every year celebrate a "Puerto Rican Day" by parading down the streets and waving flags MODELLED ON THE US FLAG and, clutching their beers and their accents, GIVE THANKS for living in SHIT that now smells good to them/the greasier asslickers (who go to college and wear shiny suits and three-piece shoes) learn the game and become politicians named GARCIA or MELLENDZ or CRUZ, bigger crooks than their white forefathers, who capitalize on the slum trust that is put into their names. This is what AMERICA is teaching Puerto Ricans to be, asslickers who cling to a system that has turned their silly little island into a haven of graft and inefficiency and high unemployment, where cops will not arrest you if you can pass them \$50 BUT WILL ARREST YOU anyway IF the men from the VOCERO are nearby to snap pictures of it and make them look like Eliot Nesses. High crime, pollution and concrete condominiums now puncturing the once-green hilly horizon is the sum total, while people learn nothing other than the merits of dollars, stereos, tvs and radios. Two cars, picket fences, baseball, suburbia. Newspapers in english. Go for the big bucks. How does the US expect DEMOCRACY when the dollar ethic is all that it is really promoting? Dollars stand opposed to liberty(NOTE I SAID LIBERTY, NOT that laissez-faire bullshit). Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador all have much to learn from Puerto Rico, America's example in the caribbean. The Puerto Ricans here haven't. They thank America for naming a junior high school in the Bronx after Albizu Campos only because they don't know who he is. Or how something like that trivializes the man's memory. (As for Nicaragua, there are several books on Stalin they should read before they go any further with the lessons...)

NO, I can't believe people aren't aware of the poverty. In the West Village there are derelicts on every corner, enmeshed in the swishSWAY of nylon shirts and high heel souls who pass quickly arm in arm with laughter bubbling not looking twice their indifference troubling; WHO ARE THOSE pastel-colored FOOLS who party on the street with drinks in their eyes?/YEAH, it's easy to ignore the homeless, the beat down, the defeated, so injured are we all to the visions of a human being wrapped in plastic under an old stoop or a shattered street that smells like piss. Losers, losers, who wants to spare change for them? They even thank you when you give them nothing. If you in your happiness can't spare them a quarter or a smoke, then how do you define the word COMPASSION?

ALL YOUNG ANARCHISTS, UNITE! The sooner they are rounded up, the sooner they can be SHOT/some young kid in torn jeans AND COMBAT BOOTS was on Astor Place begging for change, like a derelict whose choices were no longer viable/I challenged him. I wondered why he couldn't try WORKING, like other humans. After all, I love records too but they cost money/he said he was an anarchist and that he'd rather beg than work, than 'be part of the system'.

So he'd rather sponge off working people, make others pay off for his 'political convictions'? Listen pal, the only time you end up sponging off society because of your convictions is when you get tossed in jail for it. There are no provisions in the law for lazy spoiled white kids with dyed hair who'll usurp any type of philosophy to suit their indolence. My apologies to all REAL hard-working anarchists everywhere.

so should we ALL JUST STAND around and chant REVOLUTION until the DEUS EX MACHINA steps in and saves the play? I defy someone to tell me that REVOLUTION is a viable term/idea/suggestion considering its very bad track record. It's fine for so many of you out there to tell the poor (and others on the bottom) that things will be fine ONCE the revolt destroys the system, overthrows it and demolishes it; I know about nirvana too and HEAVEN and Cleveland, Ohio; it doesn't add up to much. If we have to sit around being poor WAITING FOR YOUR GODDAMN REVOLUTION (and in fact, in all known revolutions, there's always been a majority who waits), we'll probably meet JESUS first and find out Falwell was right after all....What should be done realistically, then? LISTEN: You tell me. If nobody's talking and nobody's listening, how are ideas ever going to be challenged? Only by talking about this stuff can people hope to get anywhere with each other. Using the same tried and true slogans means we speak to each other not as people but as parties, camps, megaphones for some fuzzy concept in a raincoat. I can't help BUT question everything, especially now that so many things are accepted as incontrovertible, both on the right as on the left. I can

listen when people talk without the party bombast or the dramatic flourish that's supposed to show the world that I'm listening to a person "who cares". There'll never be a movement of people who care until we stop this nonsense having to do with punks, skins, hardcores, those who are 'politically correct', all of this so much bondage/as every TOM Dick and Jeri hanker after the benefits of the mob/with all its ego supporting qualities/even the word ACTIVIST nowadays conjures up images that do not satisfy/WHY go hoarse screaming for the dead in Managua when our streets are full of the uncared for, the unwanted, the needing? Why complain about US foreign Policy/which breathes on its own and has a life you can't touch/while no one raises enough of a hell about US National policy, (=) US Policy towards the unemployed, towards the undeveloped areas in all major cities, the lack of education, of housing, of food kitchens and shelters...where are all you so-called ACTIVISTS then? Are you too busy scrawling slogans on walls with spray-paint? There are lives here you can touch. But your march down Main Street in Tupelo in the pouring rain while rednecks spit at you will not force Pinochet to reconsider.

THIS IS WHY THE SOUTH BRONX MUST SECEDE FROM THE UNION. Sure it's a risky proposition. But the South Bronx is economically bankrupt, hungry for money, housing, beautification. It needs jobs and education. Seceding might leave it adrift for a while, but how can it hurt? If people are gonna be poor and miserable and live in rubble and decay, why then shouldn't they govern themselves at least? Having the US around surely hasn't helped much. With the announcement of secession, however, problems are bound to crop up.

For example, once the South Bronx declares its independence, the US will either want to send troops or put pressure on the government until it agrees to return the South Bronx to the fold. This may force the South Bronx to seek out strange allies, (=) The Soviet Union. This will lead to further complications, but then this story has been told before and some of its results continue to be duplicated again and again. AND WILL BE DUPLICATED. Again and again. So there is your US FOREIGN POLICY.

...Abraham Rodriguez, Jr.
STATE OF FURY #4

music can make you stupid

THIS MONTH'S POTPOURRI OF GOSSIP, SLANDER, AND POINTLESS INNUENDO STARTS OUT WITH A COUPLE OF CORRECTIONS/CLARIFICATIONS LEFT OVER FROM LAST ISSUE. FIRST OF ALL, ON THE GILMAN STREET DEAD DOG DEBACLE, IT SEEMS THE *lookout* WAS GUILTY OF PRINTING (I KNOW THIS WILL BE HARD TO BELIEVE) MISINFORMATION. AS IT TURNS OUT, *frank discussion* OF THE *feederz* DID NOT HURL A CANINE CORPSE INTO THE FRENZIED MASSES OF PEACE PUNKS; HE MERELY DROPPED IT ON THE STAGE, WHERE IT CONTINUED TO LIE UNTIL MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE DID THE PREDICTABLE DIRTY WORK. PARTICULARLY ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SUSCEPTIBILITY OF THE HUMAN MIND TO RUMORS, THE *lookout* GOT THIS STORY DIRECTLY FROM FAIRLY CLOSE TO THE HORSE'S MOUTH, OR AT LEAST SOME PART THEREOF (OF THE HORSE), *MRR* AND GILMAN STREET HONCHOS *martin sprouse* AND *tim yohannan* AND STILL MANAGED TO HEAR SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT FROM WHAT WAS SAID. HAVE ANY OTHER STORIES YOU WANT DISTORTED? SEND 'EM HERE, AND BE SURE TO SPECIFY WHETHER YOU WANT THEM MERELY EMBROIDERED AND EMBELLISHED, OR TWISTED BEYOND ANY SEMBLANCE OF RECOGNIZABILITY.

iii LATE FLASH!!! THANKS TO *frank discussion* AND THE *feederz*, GILMAN STREET HAS JUST HIT THE TRUE BIG TIME, A MENTION IN THE *weekly world news*, HOME OF, AMONG OTHER BRILLIANT FEATURES, *ed anger's my amerika* COLUMN.

ALSO, ON THE SUBJECT OF TOMMY STRANGE AND *forethought*... WELL, AS IT TURNS OUT, *forethought* NO LONGER EXISTS. THE

OTHER TWO THIRDS OF THE BAND, *chris* AND *hilary*, ARE CONTINUING TO MAKE MUSIC WITH A NEW, AS YET UNNAMED AGGREGATION THAT INCLUDES GUITARIST *owen*, WHO'S PLAYED PREVIOUSLY WITH GROUPS LIKE *mx-80 sound* AND THE *appliances*, AND, IN WHAT COULD BE ONE OF THE INSPIRED BITS OF CASTING TO HIT THE SF UNDERGROUND IN EONS, THOROUGHLY AWESOME WRITER *peter plate* IN HIS FIRST PROFESSIONAL (THE WORD IS USED IN ITS BROADEST SENSE) SINGING GIG. BUT AS THE SAYING GOES, "IF YOU CAN TALK, YOU CAN SING," AND THERE ARE FEW IF ANY WHO CAN TALK LIKE *peter*. TENTATIVE PLANS ARE FOR THE NEW GROUP TO MAKE ITS DEBUT SEPTEMBER 26 AT THE LEGENDARY SLEAZEPIT, THE *sound of music* COULD BE MUSICAL HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

THE BAY AREA NEW PUNK SCENE CONTINUES TO BURGEON; FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS THERE ARE NIGHTS WHEN IT'S HARD TO DECIDE WHICH GREAT SHOW TO ATTEND. BUT WHEN I SAY NEW PUNK, I'M ESPECIALLY REFERRING TO SOME OF THE OUTSTANDING YOUNG AND MOSTLY EAST BAY BANDS WHO'VE SURFACED IN THE PAST YEAR OR SO. THERE'S EL SOBRANTE'S FINEST, OF COURSE, AND *crimpshrine* AND *operation ivy*, ALL MENTIONED IN LAST MONTH'S COLUMN. BUT LET'S NOT FORGET ABOUT *trabid lassie*, WAY OUT THERE IN LOVELY SAN RAMON, AND *sewer trout*, FROM EVEN MORE WAY OUT THERE IN DEUKMEJIAN-LAND, SACRAMENTO. ALL OF THE ABOVE ARE ONLY SOME OF THE BANDS APPEARING ON THE SOON-TO-BE-RELEASED *mrr* COMPILATION. I STOPPED BY THE STUDIO - OAKLAND'S *dangerous rhythm*, WHERE BOARD WHIZ *kevin army* ALSO MIDWIFED THE *lookouts'* classic LP, *one planet one people* - DURING THE RECORDING LAST MONTH, AND GOT TO SEE TWO SOUTH BAY BANDS IN ACTION FOR THE FIRST TIME, *stikky*, ALREADY FAMOUS FOR ITS *chris dodge* FLYERS, AND *SUNNYVALE'S no use for a name*. BOTH WERE IMPRESSIVE, AND THE SOUND QUALITY WAS EXCELLENT. THE *mrr* RECORD SHOULD BE OUT IN SEPTEMBER AND JUST MAY BE RESPONSIBLE FOR LAUNCHING A WHOLE NEW "SAN FRANCISCO SOUND." EVEN IF HARDLY ANY OF THE BANDS ARE FROM SAN FRANCISCO. OH, BUT HERE'S A LATE-BREAKING DEVELOPMENT: JUST ADDED TO THE *mrr* MEGA-COMP ARE THE SENSATIONAL *yeastle girls*, FEATURING, AMONG OTHERS, THE MEGA-BRILL *janey g.*, FORMERLY OF *ten tall men* AND ALSO CURRENTLY DRUMMING FOR *social youth chaos*, AND GILMAN STREET STALWART AND TOTALLY ACE PHOTOG *queen cammie social youth chaos*, WHO MAKE THEIR GILMAN STREET DEBUT THIS MONTH, BEAR WATCHING, BY THE WAY; IT'S A PROJECT SPAWNED BY *mitzi waltz*, OF *incoherent* AND *half blind* FAME, AND HER PARTNER *jerod poore*. *half blind* HAVE ALSO BEEN RECORDING OF LATE.

ALSO ENGAGING IN STUDIO ACTION ARE THE *mr t experience*, FRESH FROM THEIR LATE-SUMMER TOUR OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST. THE ZANY PUNK ROCKERS, WHOSE DEBUT ALBUM, *everyone's entitled to their own opinion*, WAS ONE OF 86'S BEST, HAVE ALREADY RECORDED A DEMO OF SOME OF THE STUFF THEY HOPE TO PUT OUT ON THEIR SECOND LP.

WHAT'S THE NEWS ON THE *booi hiss!* *pffff!* *why don't we throw some tomatoes at those guys?* FRONT? THE MARIN COUNTY COMI-COMBO HAVE ADDED ECCENTRIC SCENEMAKER *davy normal* TO THE LINEUP FOR THEIR UPCOMING GILMAN STREET EXTRAVAGANZA. FREE TOMATOES WILL BE SUPPLIED AT THE CONCESSION STAND, BUT IT'S EXPECTED THAT DEMAND WILL BE HIGH, SO YOU MIGHT WANT TO PLAY SAFE AND BRING YOUR OWN.

THOSE OF YOU WHO'VE MISSED THE MULTI-COLOURED TRESSES OF *nicole urg-orp* FLASHING AND SHIMMERING ALL ABOUT THE BAY AREA WILL BE RELIEVED TO KNOW SHE'S MERELY ON SABBATICAL FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR AS SHE SEARCHES FOR EXOTIC HAIR COLORS IN THE WILDS OF NORTHERN CANADA. AND IF YOU SHOULD RUN INTO *darren he-man hardcore*, DON'T ASK HIM HOW HE'S BEEN LATELY OR YOU'RE LIKELY TO BE SUBJECTED TO A GRAPHIC AND GORY TALE OF WHAT A TEAM OF MENDELIAN DOCTORS DID TO HIM WHEN HE INNOCENTLY WENT IN TO INQUIRE ABOUT HAVING HIS SEXUAL ORGANS ENLARGED. THE FEISTY ANARCHIST HAS ALSO,

ACCORDING TO RUMORS, BEEN CONTACTED ABOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF HIS BECOMING THE NEW LEAD SINGER FOR verbal abuse. ANOTHER WAY HEAVY HARDCORE THRASHER, michael anomie OF a.p.p.l.e., NEW YORK'S ANSWER TO crass AND THE avengers, IS IN SAN FRANCISCO RECENTLY TO VISIT joe britz, BEST KNOWN FOR HIS tales from the worthless rathouse ZINE. IN KEEPING WITH HIS NAME, HOWEVER, michael WAS SEEN BY VIRTUALLY NO ONE. britz, ON THE OTHER HAND, HAS BEEN MAKING THE WELFARE DEPARTMENT-REQUIRED JOB-HUNTING ROUNDS IN GOVERNMENT-ISSUED OFFICIAL JOB-HUNTING GARB, 60% COTTON AND 40% POLYESTER. IF HE SHOULD STUMBLE INTO YOUR PLACE OF BUSINESS, DO THE GUY A FAVOR AND DON'T HIRE HIM.

AS WAS CORRECTLY PREDICTED IN THIS SPACE LAST MONTH, THE lookouts' GILMAN STREET SHOW TURNED OUT TO BE A DISASTER. THE BOYS FORGOT, AMONG OTHER THINGS, TO MAKE A SET LIST AND HOW TO PLAY THEIR INSTRUMENTS. BUT ON AT LEAST SOME LEVELS, PRIMARILY VISUAL, IT WAS A SUCCESS. ALL THE lookouts AND ABOUT HALF THE AUDIENCE SPORTED BLACK EYES IN COMMEMORATION OF LAWRENCE LIVERMORE'S LAST APPEARANCE THERE, AND AN ENTIRE GARBAGE BAG FULL OF STUFFED ANIMALS WAS RELEASED INTO THE AUDIENCE WHO IN TRUE PUNK ROCK FASHION RIPPED THEM TO SHREDS AND REGURGITATED THE FRAGMENTS BACK ONTO THE STAGE. SINGER GUITARIST lawrence livermore EXPRESSED SOME DISAPPOINTMENT AT THIS DEVELOPMENT. "I THOUGHT THAT THE GILMAN STREETERS WERE DIFFERENT FROM RUN OF THE MILL PUNK ROCKERS," HE RUEFULLY CONFIDED. "I REALLY EXPECTED THAT THEY WOULD TAKE THESE HOMELESS ANIMALS, WHICH INCIDENTALLY I RESCUED FROM A MISSION STREET SHELTER, AND LOVE THEM, TREAT THEM AS MEMBERS OF THEIR OWN FAMILY. I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW HEARTBREAKING IT WAS TO SEE THE HOLLOWED-OUT CARCASS OF ONE OF MY FAVORITES, bullwinkle, COME HURTLING OUT OF THE AUDIENCE AND CATCH ON THE END OF MY GUITAR. I GUESS PEOPLE JUST DON'T CARE ABOUT STUFFED ANIMAL RIGHTS." ADDING TO livermore'S DIFFICULTIES, HE AND THE REST OF THE BAND WERE CONTINUALLY ASSAULTED THROUGHOUT THEIR "PERFORMANCE" BY ALL THE JUNK THAT isocracy HAD THROWN OUT INTO THE AUDIENCE DURING THE PREVIOUS SET. AND TO TOP IT OFF, ONE OF lawrence'S "FRIENDS" FROM BERLIN, mark, the positive hulk, DECORATED lawrence WITH A WHOLE CAN OF SPRAY-ON SNOW NORMALLY USED ON CHRISTMAS TREES. THE lookouts MAY OR MAY NOT EVER BE HEARD FROM AGAIN.

iii BUT ANOTHER LATE FLASH!!! EVEN IF THE lookouts NEVER DARE TO SHOW THEIR BLACK-EYED FACES IN PUBLIC AGAIN, THEY WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN: IN WHAT IS UNDOUBTEDLY A SUPREMELY FLATTERING GESTURE, THEY HAVE HAD THEIR SMASH HIT *one planet one people* PARODIED BY THE AFOREMENTIONED social youth chaos. CHECK OUT THE LYRICS TO *sync*'S SATIRICAL VERSION OF THE lookouts' CLASSIC, REPRINTED SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE, IF THERE'S ROOM. OTHERWISE, GO SEE *sync* NEXT TIME THEY PLAY, AND BRING LOTS OF THINGS TO THROW.

Reviews

DARRYL CHERNEY, *I Had To Be Born In This Century*, 60-min. cassette, \$7, PO Box 9, Piercy CA 95467

This is a totally great tape. Normally when I get things for review I listen to them once or twice, but this has been on my stereo all week long and now I'm singing along with it even when it's not playing. Catchy music, brilliant lyrics, and a passionate commitment add up to make this the best and most fully-realized example of local culture that I've yet to encounter.

For the benefit of many of my regular readers, I should note that this is not punk rock nor anything remotely resembling it, but anyone with an approximation of an open mind should find something to enjoy here. Nearly all the songs touch in some way on the environmental movement and some are outright polemics for the Earth First! movement of which Darryl is an active member. But they're not heavy-handed "political" songs; some are achingly beautiful, and others speak out with a fiery passion and strength that make me feel both proud and fortunate to be a part of life in this very special part of the planet. When a century from now they write the history of what was going down in our times (assuming

anyone is left to write it), I can easily imagine them pointing to songs like "Give 'Em Hell, Sally Bell," "Sinkyone," "Ballad of BLM," or "It's CAMP" (by far the best commentary yet on that subject).

The only quibble I have: \$7 is just too much for a cassette. Yeah, I know the big corporations charge more than that, but we're supposed to be doing things differently. I know from experience that a tape this size can be produced and mailed via first class for about \$2 (not including the recording costs, of course). On the other hand, the label states that all profits will go to the environmental movement, which I can't argue with; it's just that a price of, say, \$5, might put the tape within the budget of a lot more people. Aside from that, this tape is a must-have for anyone who cares about the north coast or planet earth. Beautiful work, Darryl!

LAS MALANDRAS, Sept. 5 at the Crossroads, Laytonville
Zowie! First Darryl Cherney's tape (see above) and now this. Can the north coast be finally getting some culture?

LAS MALANDRAS are an 11-piece all-womens salsa group. Salsa, in addition to being what you put on your tortilla chips, is also one of the world's greatest forms of music, and one of the many cultural treasures our neighbors to the south have to share with us.

The four vocalists of this group are from Venezuela and Cuba; the rest of the women are *gringas*, but they've obviously learned a few things about Latin rhythms, because the overall sound of this ensemble is hot!

There is something about LAS MALANDRAS that is different from other salsa groups I've heard, and I'm not sure whether it's because of their being all women, or not all Hispanic, or both, or neither. But the music doesn't seem to have the same hard, almost strutting edge that most salsa I've heard has. This isn't meant as a criticism at all; there's a quieter sort of insistency about LAS MALANDRAS that more than makes up for the macho flash found in more conventional salsa.

In any case, they had nearly everyone at the packed Crossroads up and bopping. Even Marguerite, Laytonville's very own dancing teacher, could be seen cutting some fancy figures at the back of the crowd.

LAS MALANDRAS all live in the country around Garberville, proving that more comes out of those mountains than dried flowertops. You should already be planning to see them when they make one of next appearances. Try Beginnings in Briceland, sometime in October, or the Caspar Inn in November.

IT'S CAMP

by Darryl Cherney

Now Bobby and Suzie were dead broke and looking for some hope
Someone told them in northern California folks were growing dope
All you need is a plot of land and 9 or 10 little seeds
Where Reagan blew the economy Mother Nature will succeed
Now everything was going fine for the first year or two
They spent their money back in town and boy how that town grew
They never hurt nobody but somebody took offense
And that's when the Campaign Against Marijuana Planting did commence
CHORUS:
It's CAMP with their helicopters
It's CAMP with their reject coppers
It's CAMP come to confiscate the land
It's CAMP forget the constitution
It's CAMP reversing evolution
It's CAMP, hey, we're getting camped on again

Now Jimmy was an unemployed logger, he was clear cut out of work
He had a wife and three small children boy how that man hurt
But then a hippie told him about growing dope and he thought he'd give it a try

And if there's only one thing that Jimmy learned it's that hippies never lie
Now all the loggers at LP started to fall in line
Growing stuff instead of chopping it down suited them just fine
Bankers, housewives, old folks, too, began to see the light
But some folks just get ornery when things start going right
(CHORUS)

Well they'll break down your door and rip up your floor
When they come to search your home
They'll tear up your grandma's picture and x-ray your doggie's bone
They'll search your cesspool, spice rack, kitty litter box
Your children's teddy bear
Your denture cream tube and and your compost heap
And your dirty underwear

Now we've got nuclear bombs and chemical waste and we're running out of oil
We've got apartheid in South Africa and on Arizona soil
We've got herpes, AIDS, and cancer, and animal torture labs
We've got alcoholism and unemployment, and poisoned Tylenol tabs
But big business and the government they like things the way they are
And they'll see you're all preoccupied paying off your Visa card
But plant a seed and watch them all come out of their corporate caves
Cause they don't want folks being self-sufficient
They might run out of slaves

RATHOUSE PRESENTS

INVASION OF THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT



SOMA WON'T NUMB THE REALITY OF THESE REAL LIFE MONSTERS!

ALLRIGHT YOU WELFARE BUMS, THINK YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE OFF THEIR TAXES THAT COULD GO TO "MILITARY SPENDING"?

YOU'RE WRONG

CHILLING GREEN

RATED \$

NOBODY'S GETTING IN THE WAY OF SUCCESS! HA HA HA HEE HEH HEH HEE

Graphic by Becky Wilson

Becky Wilson 9/87

who says we ain't

got no culture

in laytonville?

"COW PLOP" FUN DAY IS SEPTEMBER 12

Time is running out to buy a ticket for the Rodeo Association sponsored Fun Day Saturday, September 12, where on-lookers will bet on which square "Lucky" will plop the most cow pies. The steer will be put into a pen containing 2500 16-inch squares. Each \$2 ticket holder will receive a square and the person who has the square in which the most cow pies have been plopped will win two-

fifths of the ticket money. If all tickets are sold, the prize will be \$2,000. So far, half of the tickets have been bought. They can be purchased at Boomer's, The Crossroads, Geiger's, Grapevine Station, JoAnn's and Video Outreach. Sales end at 11 p.m. Friday, September 11 if not sold out before.

Although Lucky is expected to be the star of the day, the Tiny Harris Band will start to dance music at 1:30 p.m. A hamburger and hot dog barbecue will start at noon and be available throughout the day.

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