

# MENDOCINO MOUNTAIN LOOKOUT

"A free newspaper for a free people"

Number 4

April 1985

## L-P GANGSTERS DECLARE CHEMICAL WAR; POISONOUS AERIAL ATTACKS BEGIN

Revealing themselves unmistakably as the greed-crazed criminals they are, officials of the Louisiana Pacific Corporation have carried out a sneak chemical attack on the land, water, and people of Mendocino County. Contemptuously dismissing the outraged protests of thousands of citizens, they have vowed that this will be only the first of many aerial sprayings.

The mid-March application of Garlon, a new and virtually untested herbicide which is a close chemical relative of the banned phenoxy-herbicide 2,4,5-T (one half of Agent Orange), to a forest tract near Rockport was the first incident of its kind since the California State Legislature took away the power of voters to regulate pesticide and herbicide use in their own communities.

A standing room only crowd packed the March 19 meeting of the County Board of Supervisors to demand that something be done about L-P's crimes against the biosphere, but as might have been predicted, the supes shrugged their collective shoulders and passed a toothless ordinance requiring only that neighboring landowners be notified before they get poisoned.

What kind of men would deliberately pour dangerous chemicals into the water and food chain of

an entire community for no other reason than the possibility of financial gain? The answer is obvious: only the most vicious sort of criminals. In a sane society, the executive officers of Louisiana Pacific would be in prison. The only difference between them and the muggers, murderers, robbers, and rapists who now fill our country's jails is one of scale. Most criminals confine themselves to one or two victims at a time; in one fell swoop the L-P goons can make a vicious attack on not only the thousands of innocent people unfortunate enough to live in the vicinity of L-P's land-raping operations, but also on their descendants for generations to come.

An L-P mouthpiece, when confronted with petitions signed by thousands of citizens demanding an end to the spraying, made petulant noises about L-P being able to do whatever it wanted with its own property. He also threatened that L-P might pull up stakes and leave the county if people continued to complain about its forestry practices.

We should be so lucky. L-P will leave, all right, but not until they've wrung every last blood-stained dollar out of this tortured land.

What can we do to hasten the day that these corporate gangsters are permanently banished from our community? The LOOKOUT suggests

the following:

- 1) Boycott not only all L-P products, but also any local businesses that carry L-P products.
- 2) Write every politician you can think of, including State Assembly Speaker Willie Brown, who rammed through the bill stripping Mendocino County citizens of the right to control chemical spraying
- 3) Demand that the County Board of Supervisors begin eminent domain proceedings to condemn all of L-P's land holdings within Mendocino County in order to protect the health and well-being of its citizens.

#### SPRAYED WORKERS GET SICK; FOREMAN FIRED FOR FAILING TO JOIN COVER-UP

Making a mockery of L-P's contentions that Garlon is perfectly safe, a group of workers unfortunate enough to be in the area being sprayed (L-P never even warned them) came down with stomach pains, vomiting, and diarrhea within the next 48 hours. L-P officials maintained that all the men merely had the flu, but as the LOOKOUT was going to press, the Mendocino News Service reported that the foreman of the group had been fired for allowing his men to go to a doctor for treatment.

#### CREASY HOME ABATED BY ARSONIST

Fire, believed to be the result of arson, last month destroyed the double-wide mobile home of Frank Creasy, chief spokesperson and prime mover of Mendocino County Associates, a group devoted to strict enforcement of building code and marijuana laws.

There are no suspects, and although Mr. Creasy has announced that the crime was the work of his political opponents, no evidence

has yet surfaced that would verify his assumption.

Although the LOOKOUT has attacked Mr. Creasy in the past (and probably will in the future), and has nothing but contempt for his politics of hate and fear, we recognize that Frank Creasy and his wife are still human beings, and we sympathize with them on the loss of their home and belongings.

We would hope, on the other hand, that this tragic experience will also be an educational one for Mr. Creasy. Perhaps in reflecting on his loss it will occur to him that there is not much difference in the end results produced by an arsonist acting outside the law and a bulldozer operating under authority of the law.

#### BELL SPRINGS COUPLE COPS PLEA; LAND HANDED OVER TO FEDS

The struggle of Rique and Natasha Kuru to keep their Bell Springs ranch from being stolen by Edwin Meese's "Department of Justice" came to an abrupt and surprising end last month when the couple threw in the towel and voluntarily signed their land over to the government.

News of the Kurus' surrender came as a shock to many local residents who had hoped the attempted land seizure would become a test case that would ultimately result in the whole concept of land seizure being declared unconstitutional. The Kurus apparently felt, however, that they were unwilling to risk the consequences of being found guilty of felony marijuana cultivation (which could have brought them several years in federal prison), so they decided to give up their land in exchange for the dropping of all charges.

Where does this development

leave the whole issue of government confiscation of marijuana growers' land? Pretty much right back where it started. It just means that the burden of being the subject of a test case will have to fall on someone else's shoulders. Such a test will probably not be far off; the government has announced its intention, beginning this year, to take the land of anyone caught with more than ten plants.

In order to combat this legalized government theft, the Land Forfeiture Defense Fund originally set up to help the Kurus will remain in operation. On March 30 three local bands, the Ed Reinhard Group, Lady in the Dark, and the Front showed commendable community spirit by playing a benefit for the fund. Those of you who missed the benefit can still send contributions to POB 3635, Eureka CA 95502.

#### RUPPIE UPDATE: THE INVASION BEGINS

Apparently last month's LOOKOUT article warning of an impending influx of ruppies (rural yuppies) into our virgin hills came not a moment too soon. Twice in recent weeks joggers have been sighted on Spy Rock Road. The characters in question were, to their credit, dressed in ordinary clothing rather than designer sweat suits, but the dismal trend is clear.

Another discouraging sign is the plan of a Laytonville woman to open a local health club. For you bumpkins who don't keep up with modern culture, a health club is not a place where you go to hang out with doctors and nurses to take vitamins and get shots, but a rather bizarre form of social center, sort of cross between a singles bar and boot camp, and a

common nesting place for that dirty bird, the yuppus urbanus, and now, apparently, its cousin, the ruppus ruralis.

The principal entertainment in these "clubs" consists of a group of mostly overweight fun lovers gyrating through a series of masochistic calisthenics to the accompaniment of disco music and the barked drill sergeant commands of an instructor. The purported purpose of this enterprise is "feeling good," and members willingly pay exorbitant amounts of money for the privilege of being thus abused.

I have often wondered why, in a land with an endless supply of manure to be shovelled and firewood to be chopped, people would feel it necessary to drive to town and pay to exercise, but if they insist, I will accomodate them by opening the Livermore Farms Health Spa, where for a very low fee I will provide them with a complete regimen of healthy outdoor exercise. I will even supply them with colorful headbands and follow them around with a tape player. Like they say, if you can't beat 'em, cash in on 'em.

#### ANY HOPE FOR DEMOCRACY?

Prominent realtor and columnist Lorne Strider is outspoken about his distaste for any form of government. In a recent letter to the Mendocino Commentary, he likened peoples' faith in government to a belief in the "tooth fairy."

I, on the other hand, have long felt that it is possible to make the world a better place by using the democratic process available to us (see the following article on the Mendocino Greens). I never expected politicians to be able to create any kind of utopia, but I did believe that by electing leaders

who were sensitive to the needs of our planet and its people (all creatures, actually), we could at least ameliorate the horrible ravages that greed and ignorance wreak on this fragile sphere.

I must admit that in some ways at least I'm coming around more to Lorne Strider's way of thinking. I'm going to continue to vote, even if it's only to vote against the more egregious criminals presented to us as candidates for public office. But the system that now holds sway over us appears to me to have been so subverted and perverted as to have become the principal enemy of the freedom that it was originally intended to protect and cultivate.

I started this article with the intention of writing about Barry Keene, who is the state senator representing Mendocino County, as well as the majority leader of the state senate, but as I thought more about it, it became obvious that Keene is no better or worse than most politicians, and that his two-faced misrepresentation of his constituents is more of an indictment of the political system than Barry Keene's principles (a contradiction in terms hardly worth commenting on).

Elected by a gullible citizenry (including, I'm sorry to say, myself) because he ran on a platform of liberality and tolerance, Keene has turned into a regular Genghis Khan on the marijuana issue now that he's hit the big time in state politics. And while he's demonstrated a modicum of consciousness on environmental issues, he hasn't hesitated to go to bat for some of the corporate land-rapers, particularly the timber interests, who persist in feeding off our county.

How could a man who at first seemed so decent and honest so quickly turn his back on the people who elected him? Are the blandishments and perquisites of power so compelling that human nature is inexorably overwhelmed by them?

If so, then I fear that there is not much hope for Lorne Strider's vision of a libertatian or anarchist society, either. Whether in the presence or absence of a government, the strong will always inherently have power over the weak. The presupposition that the strong can not be trusted to refrain from abusing that power has always been one of the primary motivations for establishing governments. I myself have long believed that the sole legitimate function of any government is to protect and provide for those unable to do so for themselves.

Strider has often decried any form of organized redistribution of wealth, arguing with considerable persuasiveness that any such system is merely the violent expropriation of private property. The one flaw that I detect in his reasoning is that he ignores the vital question of how that wealth came to be in the hands where it is now concentrated.

This question is particularly germane where Strider is concerned, because he derives the principal part of his income from the buying and selling of land, the essential foundation on which all wealth is constructed. Given the almost religious reverence accorded by most Americans to the sacrosanct concept of property rights, it's easy to forget that the idea of private property did not even exist on the American continent until the past couple of centuries. It was only then that marauding European colonizers created

the modern real estate industry by virtually exterminating the native population and expropriating their tribal lands. Regardless of the merits and drawbacks of American capitalism as it is practiced today, there is no denying that it has its roots in bloodshed and violence that substantively differs not at all from what Nazi Germany perpetrated on a portion of its population.

So what's all this leading up to? Certainly I'm not accusing Strider of being a bloodthirsty Nazi for dealing in real estate; on the contrary, I have a great deal of respect for Strider's integrity and devotion to the cause of freedom. And by the same token, my name is on the title to a piece of that land seized at gunpoint from its original occupants. We are all participants to an extent in a system that has allowed some to become rich beyond their wildest dreams while millions of others find death by starvation a welcome relief.

For a single inhabitant of this planet to be denied his or her basic needs (food, shelter, medical care) while another person has more than he or she needs is fundamentally immoral. The question is, how do we rectify this injustice without lapsing into the excesses that have accompanied such originally well-intentioned efforts as the Russian revolution? When you create a government powerful enough to protect peoples' rights, you have in the same stroke created an institution capable of taking them away.

I see only one possible avenue out of this impasse, and that involves a return in many ways to the values of the original American people. The land and water and all

the resources contained therein must be held in common by all people. Not by some state bureaucracy, as in the communist world, nor by the multi-national corporations of the capitalist world, but by the hunters, fishers, farmers, basketweavers, artists, and dreamers who inhabit the land and derive their sustenance from it. No one has the right to harm the biosphere for personal gain; everyone has the right to the abundance this planet can and does provide for us.

#### THE GREENING OF MENDOCINO

In recent years a new political party has emerged in West Germany and has very quickly grown to become that country's third largest party. Die Groenen, or the Greens, as they call themselves, have evolved from a ragtag coalition of environmentalists, feminists, leftists, and malcontents (the usual band of suspects) into a powerful force that will have a lot to say about both the personnel and policies that will comprise West Germany's next government.

The success of the Greens has naturally piqued the interest of activists in other countries, and there has been a good deal of speculation about whether Green politics could work elsewhere. A first step has now been taken in that direction with the founding of the Mendocino Greens at a large and vocal gathering in the Anderson Valley.

To those of us sick to death of the non-alternatives offered us by the barely distinguishable corporate-capitalist Republican and Democratic parties, the emergence of the Greens here comes as welcome news. If there is anywhere in America where the Greens have a chance of gaining a foothold, Mendocino County would

the place. And the first Green candidate elected to public office in the United States could very well be the Mendocino County Supervisor from the fourth district.

Last month the LOOKOUT suggested that Laytonville activist Yorgos Savides might be a good candidate for that position. Apparently others also see that possibility; Mendocino Grapevine editor Elizabeth Christian, after observing Yorgos in action at the first Green gathering, tabbed him as "most likely to succeed as a supervisory candidate."

The traditional wisdom holds that a fourth district candidate must be from the coast and capable of appealing to the right-wing and business interests of Fort Bragg. The LOOKOUT suggests that the old rules might no longer apply, and that the way to capture the fourth district lies in a coalition between the inland mountain dwellers and coastal environmentalists. This is the stuff of which Green politics is made. If you want to be a part of it, the next meeting, open to all, will be Sunday, April 14, at 1 p.m. at the Anderson Valley Elementary School.

#### STUPIDITY RULES!

On April 1 I had the privilege of attending the annual parade and festivities commemorating Saint Stupid's Day in downtown San Francisco. St. Stupid, the patron saint of San Francisco's financial district, was honored by a devout group of merrymakers dressed in, well, there's no other way to describe it, stupid attire, who chanted St. Stupid's mantra ("Hey Stupid!") as they made their way through throngs of intelligent-looking stockbrokers and secretaries en route to the blessing of

the banks and the stock exchange and the throwing of money (unfortunately only pennies) into the streets. The crowds of business people watched bemusedly until their lunch hour was over and then dutifully re-entered their high-rise mausoleums to get down to some really serious stupidity.

Some of the St. Stupid's Day celebrants were passing out leaflets announcing another celebration to take place on Monday, April 29. Called No Business as Usual, this is a nationwide (possibly international) event which involves all of the social misfits and ne'er-do-wells who object to the murderous lunacy taking place in the corporate canyons of our large cities crowding into the streets of those cities so that for at least one day the war machine known as American business will not be able to function. April 29 has also been declared a free day for all workers, which of course won't mean anything here in Mendocino County, where almost no one has a job, but those of you with a bent for fomenting social unrest might want to consider a trip down to San Francisco to try and help derail the Armageddon juggernaut before it runs over us all.

#### POWER TO THE PEOPLE?

What do you think about air pollution and acid rain? Do you believe they're the price we have to pay for "progress?" Do you think we need that kind of progress here in Mendocino County?

Well, as you probably already suspected, it doesn't matter what you think because the powers that be have already decided to take another step toward the Los Angelization of our county by building a fossil fuel burning electrical

power plant in Ukiah. Even its proponents admit that the plant, which will seriously affect the air quality of the entire Ukiah valley, is not really necessary except to power Ukiah's air conditioners during a few of the hottest weeks of summer (when, of course, smog buildup will also be at its worst, as any Los Angeleno can tell you). Why, then, is it being built?

It seems the local electricity czars have borrowed a page from Ronald Reagan's MX theory of arms reduction (you know, the one where we spend billions of dollars building missiles we have no use for to show the Russians that we're serious about reducing nuclear weapons). The Mendocino version is that we spend ten million dollars building a power plant that we're not going to use to show PG&E that we're serious about saving money on electricity.

I submit that if we were really serious about cutting electrical costs, we'd round up a posse and run PG&E and their local hangers-on clear out of the county. Generating electricity in huge central power plants and shipping it over wires to individual households is an idea whose time has come and gone; it only makes sense for the company that gets to put a meter on your electricity and make you pay monopoly prices for it.

Did you know that it's predicted that by the 1990s the average home electric bill will cost more than the rent on that home? Do you think about the fact that every time you flick on the switch to use some of that trusty PG&E juice you're adding to the ever-growing pile of deadly nuclear waste that will haunt our descendants' future for thousands of years to come? Do you mountain folk who

think you're safe from the tentacles of the PG&E octopus realize that PG&E has the legal right to string power lines across your property any time some bourgeois neighbor of yours decides he'd like to hook up to the Diablo Canyon death grid?

The problem of power poles intruding where they're not wanted is an easily solved one; that's why God invented chain saws, but what, you might ask, are we supposed to replace PG&E with? Do you expect us to go back to the 19th century?

No, I want us to go forward into the 21st. Energy self-sufficiency is the wave of the future, not drug-like addiction to fossil-fuel corporate dinosaurs. There is probably no place on earth so advanced in the field of alternative energy as northwestern California, and in light of what's available here, giving your hard-earned money to PG&E is unnecessary, unwise, and irresponsible.

Let me point out that I'm speaking most specifically to remote rural residents faced with the choice of installing their own power system or hooking up to PG&E. I realize that retrofitting a house in town is both difficult and expensive (but far from impossible). But for those of you currently without electricity, think about this: for the \$5000 or so PG&E will charge you for stringing lines onto your property, you could set up a fairly sophisticated photovoltaic or hydroelectric system and never have to pay another electric bill.

All right, you may not be able to leave the TV and stereo and lights on all day and night, but whoever said that gluttonous consumption of finite resources was a prerequisite for happiness? Or do you need to be reminded that squandering energy is just another way of raping

your mother planet?

Those interested in freeing themselves from the power junkie syndrome marketed by PG&E are lucky to be living in Mendocino County, where we have a number of good sources for material and information on alternative energy. One of the best I've found is Earthlab in Willits. The people there know their stuff and they're willing to take the time to explain it to you.

Remember: every household that goes solar means another stake in the PG&E vampire's heart.

#### MUSIC CAN MAKE YOU STUPID

As a musician, one thing that has always bothered and mystified me about Mendocino County is the absence of original and relevant music. With theater, painting, sculpture, and most of the other arts flourishing hereabouts, why is it that most local bands persist in regurgitating third and fourth-rate copies of the meaningless and mind-deadening commercial pabulum being force-fed to us by the corporate media who control and shape the tastes of an increasingly sterilized and homogenized America.

I can hear a lot of you out there smugly shaking your heads and saying, not me, man, I only listen to the Grateful Dead, or reggae, or to avant-garde jazz that sounds like barnyard animals being put through the blender, or as is very common around here, I don't listen to anything recorded after 1969. Well, wise up, people: all that stuff may have been exciting and revolutionary at one time, but it's all long since been co-opted and stripped of its significance, leaving both artists and listeners

going through empty motions. If you think there's anything the slightest bit radical about sitting there awestruck while some pathetic overweight junkie plays the same catatonic trance-induced guitar solo he's been perfecting for the past twenty years, you're living in a dream world. You might as well be at home in front of your TV lapping up the latest soap operas and game shows.

Or how about the seemingly endless legions of white would-be hipsters who, in a perverse version of reverse racism, will unquestioningly accept any offering of a black artist, whether it be Prince's burlesque cum sleazy disco, Miles Davis' latest chicken chokings, or some living legend of the blues who has managed to parlay fifty years of moaning the same three lines about his faithless baby into a chance to make some real money singing Budweiser commercials.

The fact is, the 80s are a desperate time for music. Maybe I'm spoiled, growing up as I did in a time when music meant something, but I think great music should be dangerous. I think it should subvert, not strengthen the existing social order. I can remember a time when music commonly urged people to examine their inner beings and to question and resist authority. Now it exhorts them to be good workers, producers, and consumers who, after a hard day at the MX missile factory, can head down to the local watering hole for some neatly packaged corporate sex and drugs.

Doesn't it bother you when a band like the Who, once so powerful that they appeared to command the sun to rise over the assembled half million at Woodstock, winds up its career doing commercials for some urine-flavored pseudo-beer? It



does me, as does the increased willingness of most musicians to lend themselves to any commercial endeavor, regardless of its value or morality. As a kid, I loved the Beach Boys; now they're Republicans doing benefits for Ronald Reagan, and worse yet, singing commercials trying to inveigle gullible young people into joining the murderous U.S. Air Force.

But I'm getting away from the subject I started out to write about. Granted, that oxymoron known as American culture is in bad shape these days, but we're different here in Mendocino County, aren't we? Not as far as I can see; so far I have yet to encounter a single local band that's more than a homegrown retread of the intellectually and morally bankrupt schlock that's clogging up the airwaves and the minds of our young people.

So what do I have to offer as an alternative? As far as I'm concerned, there's only one musical form that's keeping alive the rebellious, anti-authoritarian, iconoclastic spirit that characterized the music of my youth. It's called punk, and before you gag in disbelief, I'm not talking about the media image of safety pins through the nose and mindless nihilism (remember, the media also portrayed the hippies with vicious inaccuracy).

Did you know, for example, that the only major demonstrations against the Republican and Democratic conventions last summer were led by punks? That a group of punk bands spent all last year crisscrossing America with a Rock against Reagan tour? That one of the most militant and courageous anti-nuclear movements is the punk-dominated Livermore Action Group

(and I don't mind one bit their borrowing my name)? Or that punk is a global movement that transcends all international and political boundaries?

Well, that's all fine and good, you say, so the punks are politically correct. But what's that got to do with music? That stuff they play just sounds like a bunch of noise to me...

Wait a minute...isn't that what your parents (or grandparents) said about Chuck Berry, Elvis Presley, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones? In fact, the same thing was said about jazz, and Beethoven and Bach when they first appeared on the scene. Maybe you ought to give a little more of a listen before you condemn. Sure, there's a lot of punk that's just worthless garbage, but the best of punk is also the most vital and significant music being made in the world today.

You want proof? Every Tuesday night from 9 to 11 p.m. radio station KPFA (94.1FM) in Berkeley broadcasts a program called Maximum Rocknroll that will shatter every one of your preconceptions about punk (and possibly your eardrums, too). It's hard to receive up here in the mountains, but I can get it on my car radio by driving up on one of the higher ridges. Lawrence Livermore says check it out. Maximum Rocknroll also puts out a great monthly magazine that you can subscribe to by sending \$9 to POB 288, Berkeley CA 94701.

Do it for your kids, if not yourselves; you wouldn't want them to grow to adulthood never having heard anything but a bunch of 60s burnouts, would you?

---

MENDOCINO MOUNTAIN LOOKOUT  
POB 1000  
Laytonville CA 95454  
Editor and Publisher:  
Lawrence D. Livermore