

# LOOKOUT!

SEPTEMBER 1985

NO. 9

## ⒶNARCHY: WHAT IT IS AND HOW TO GET MORE OF IT

The circled A, international symbol of anarchy, can be seen almost anywhere you go in the world today, adorning public buildings, peoples' chests, and all manner of radical literature. It's even starting to crop up in little old Laytonville (no, I didn't spray paint that wall). Although it is employed by some of the rebellious young as no more than a surefire device to aggravate parents, teachers, and other authority figures, the anarchist's calling card can be seen more often these days primarily because there is a widespread rekindling of interest in anarchy as possibly the only plausible response to the worldwide trend toward more authoritarian and repressive governments.

Anarchy is hardly a new idea; the law of polar opposites being what it is, the first anarchist probably was born just about the same time that the first patriarch or matriarch began to lord it over his or her fellow human beings. The early part of the 20th century saw a great upsurge of anarchist activity in Europe and the United States which was quickly and brutally put down by various governments. In the USA anarchy came to be thought of as even worse than communism, if such a thing could be possible.

The principal argument (in fact the only argument) against anarchy has been and continues to be that human beings are by nature weak or even malevolent, and therefore need a strong central authority to (cont. on page 2)

## FEDS PUSH AHEAD WITH CHEMICAL WARFARE PLANS

Mendocino hill-dwellers, like their fellow peasants in the third world, have quickly learned to duck and run for cover when the government helicopters come chop-chopping over the horizon. But if and when Uncle Sam's latest program of culture-cide goes into effect, hiding under bushes is not going to do them a bit of good.

Any day now, that helicopter hovering over your homestead may, instead of disgorging its usual horde of CAMP storm troopers, let loose a (cont. on page 2)

## ANARCHY...

protect them from one another. Never mind that the governments that are supposed to protect them are made up of the same weak and/or malevolent human beings who allegedly can't be trusted when left to their own devices.

But disregarding the obvious conundrum, let's move on to the very real problem faced by those of us who feel we have no need for a societal superstructure to tell us how to live our lives.

The fact remains that all of us, even the most vehement opponents of government, reap some benefits (e.g., mail service, welfare and unemployment payments, police and fire protection) from the existing power structure. Granted that institutions like the police and the welfare system are no more than woefully inadequate palliatives when measured against the imbalances of wealth and power they attempt to redress, there's no denying that great human suffering would occur were these institutions to be summarily done away with.

The essential question, then, is one of transition: how do we move from a society based on force and compulsion to one which has its roots in trust and compassion?

The answer, if there is one, lies within the very foundation of any society: the individual human being (lest I be accused of anthropocentrism, I need only point out that members of the plant and animal kingdoms appear to have already worked out their own arrangements). A workable state of anarchy will never exist until a substantial preponderance of the human race is capable of acting out of enlightened self-interest, i.e., providing for itself without causing harm to others.

A wildly impossible dream? Perhaps. It could be that we as a species have been consigned by blind

fate or a malign creator to a perpetuity of antisocial Darwinism. Theologians and philosophers through the ages have wrangled over the perfectibility, or even the mutability of human nature. If humankind is somehow cursed with an innate mean streak, as most purveyors of religion would have you believe (remember, of course, that priests of all kind have a vested interest in the continued flourishing of evil; they would quickly be out of business if good were ever to show any signs of triumphing), then we might as well get used to the idea that there will always be armies and police forces and rank injustices of all sorts.

If, on the other hand, people are capable of changing, and I heartily believe they are, through the effective application of intelligence and love, then there is not only hope, there is promise of a brighter future. I, as well as most people I know, have managed to develop a workable moral code independent of, in fact, in spite of the authority of church or state. I claim no special strength of character; I have, in fact, through much of my life thought of myself as a remarkably weak-willed and foolish individual. But resonating from the innermost center of each of our beings is a higher law, that which the Chinese call dao, or the way, which transcends all mundane authority.

You want anarchy? You want total freedom? Find that center within yourself and live your life there. Borrowing again from the Chinese, one who acts from the deepest levels of the heart makes no mistakes.

## CHEMICAL WARFARE...

poisonous chemical cloud designed to kill any broad-leafed plant it touches. As you can imagine, it won't do your central nervous system a whole lot of good, either.

As insane as it might sound to any reasonable person, the Drug

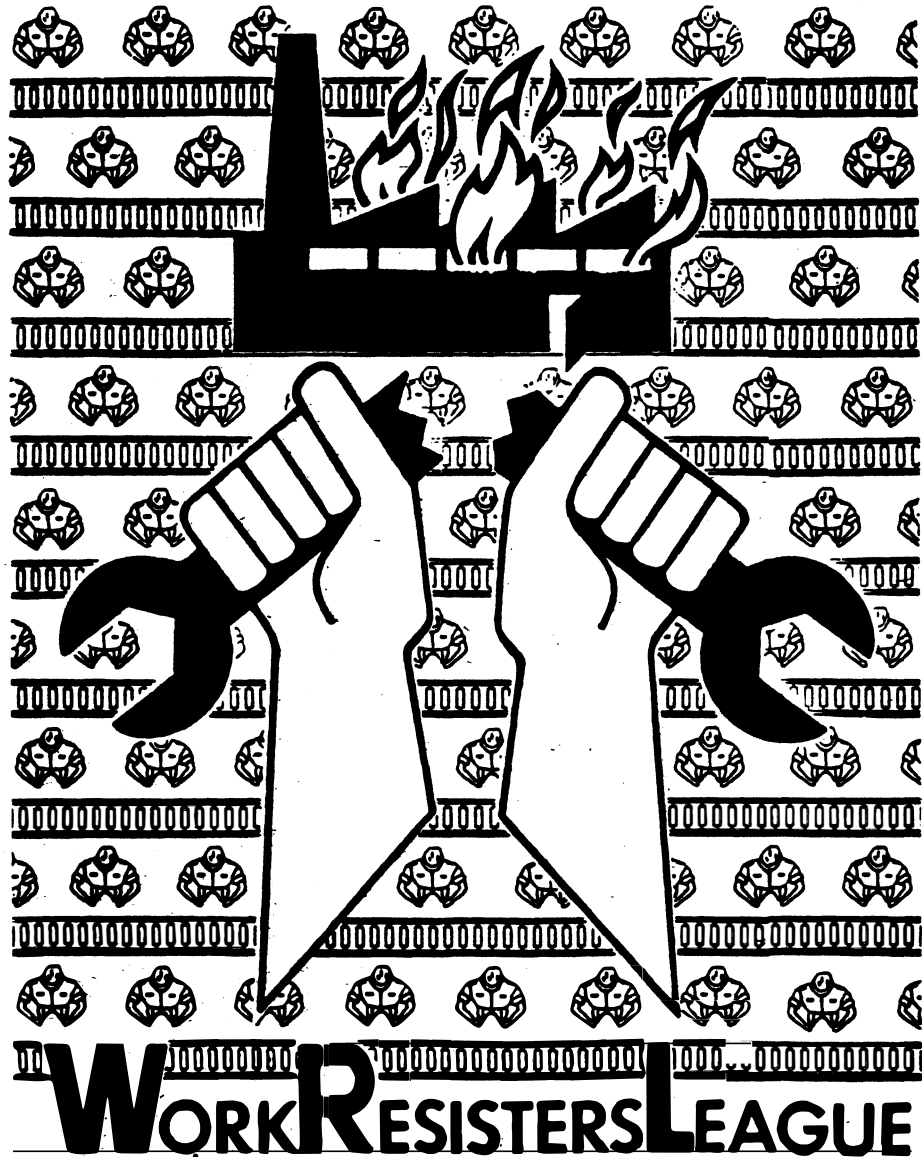
Enforcement Agency (DEA) of the United States has received permission, as of August 26, to begin using 2,4-D in yet another attempt to wipe out the northern California marijuana fields.

2,4-D, as herbicide fans and foes alike should know by now, is one half of the infamous Agent Orange, the chemical compound that destroyed as much as 25% of Vietnam's agricultural land and poisoned an unknown number of Vietnamese civilians and American military personnel.

In light of the Vietnam experience, one would have thought that the dioxin-based herbicide would never again be used in populated areas, let alone as a weapon of the government against its own citizens. But these are not ordinary times we live in, and it is hardly reasonable to expect any sort of restraint from men who appear fully prepared to incinerate the world on behalf of some obscure economic principle.

What would be the effects of such a chemical attack on the north state, other than the obvious one of the wholesale poisoning of the environment and the rendering of thousands of acres of land worthless for anything but logging and strip mining (you don't suppose that's what they had in mind all along, do you?)? Well, if the random,

admittedly unscientific sampling of local folks taken by the LOOKOUT is to be believed, it would mean war. An amazing number and variety of people, not only professed pot growers, but little old ladies, organic gardeners, peace-and-love hippies, even stereotypical rednecks, threatened to trot out whatever artillery they could get their hands on and blast the spray planes or helicopters out of



Graphic by: Retinal Damage in Dead Time, Box 1425, NY NY 10009

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the sky. I don't think anyone is naive enough to believe that such a challenge to the authority of the federal government would go unanswered. What would be the next stage in the escalating struggle? Napalm? B-52 carpet bombings?

The principal hope for avoiding this dreadful scenario lies in litigation and/or legislative action, though it is by no means certain either method would be effective; the DEA, like its parent organization, the Central Intelligence Agency, has a long history of ignoring any law that it finds inconvenient or constricting.

And what about those of us who are not particularly anxious to live in either a chemical wasteland or a war zone? It seems there's not much else to say but: is there no end to the madness?

## LETTERS TO THE LOOKOUT

Yo Livermore! Look-out!

You really worked my natural nerves in the July issue. It's a lampoon, right? Wrong. It's you. You're just being yourself. Right?

What are you trying to prove with this "underground newspaper?" That you have a large vocabulary of words with nine or more letters? This radical approach you use to dog-down everything is obviously a sign of mid-life crisis. Afraid of getting into that "middle-aged hippie" category, are you? Don't worry, Lar, you're already in another category: "punk-rocker," right? Either that, or "zip-damn fool." As for your taste in music, didn't anybody tell you that stuff you play is hopeless? It's nowhere. "Faded!" So, quit the snivellin', bud! I'm tired of the C.R.A.P. Can't you write anything nice? Get out of the 60s, bro.

An ex-yippie,  
Big Al  
Laytonville

Dear Big Al:

Thanks for your perspicacious and

finely wrought commentary. I will try to take your warmly-worded advice and "get off the hostility trip." I'm sorry, by the way, if my vocabulary has been troubling you. Have you considered obtaining a dictionary? On second thought, why risk tampering with the raw and thoroughly charming primitivity with which you express yourself? For a sordid example of what can happen when verbum gives way to verbiage, read the next obfuscatory epistle from an erstwhile defender of the mathematical faith.

LL

Hey Pops,

In regard to the statements you made concerning mathematics, algebra in particular, you should remember the words of your man Sam Clemens: better to keep your mouth shut and have people think you're an idiot than open it and prove them correct.

Mathematics is the fundamental language in the universe. With its development (don't jump to any ethnocentric conclusions. The concept of the zero and many other concepts basic to mathematics were developed in India thousands of years ago) came man's ever-deepening understanding of the inter-relatedness of the various processes

## ECODEFENSE: A Field Guide to Monkeywrenching



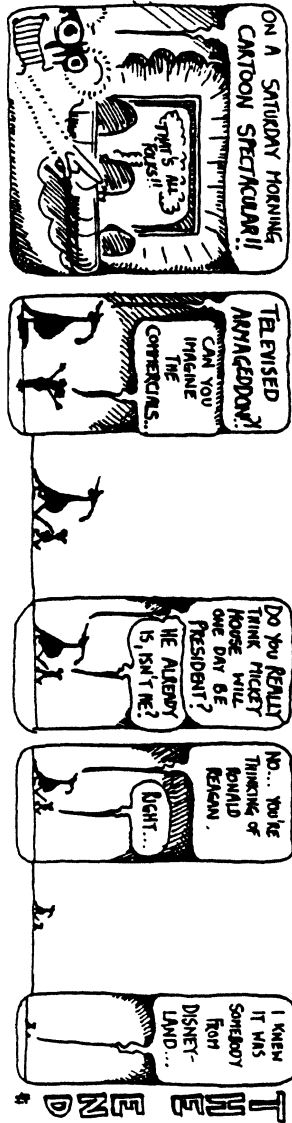
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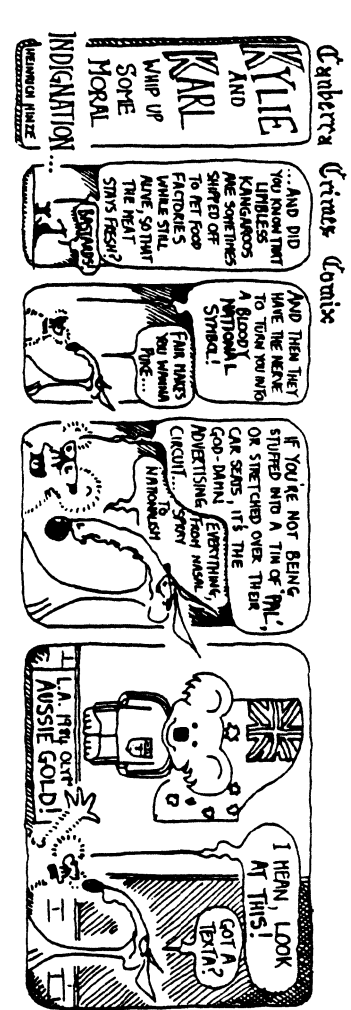
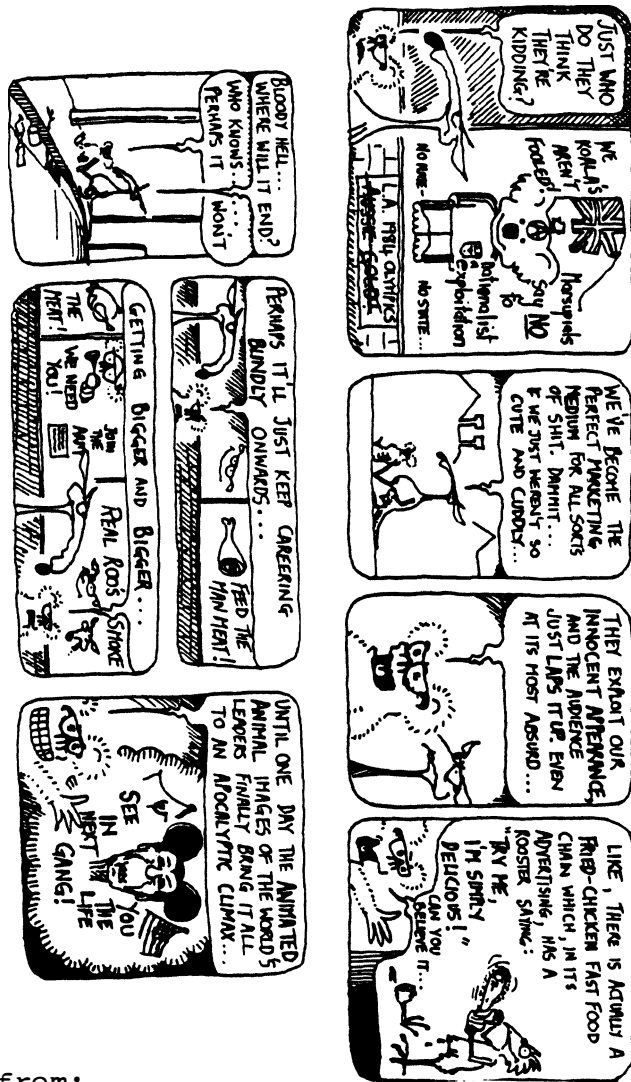
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that constitute the three-dimensional universe (or visa (sic) versa for left-handers). It also tells us that our three-dimensional conceptualization is a trivialization of the total possibility.

The atom bomb is a direct result of the development of mathematics. The fact that it threatens to extinguish every form of higher intelligence (the reptile and the insect aren't worried) is a direct result of the general population's collective ignorance of mathematics. The direct transformation of matter to energy (two equally vague

and undefinable terms, like love and God with which we confuse certain aftereffects for the "thing in itself") is now accomplished on a primitive (sic) level using some of the heavier elements. Looking at the elements beneath the atomic level, we find them all to be just different arrangements of more fundamental concepts, some arrangements (or patterns) being more stable than others. Since these fundamental concepts comprise the totality of the known universe, it would seem that the only reason human consciousness can't slip behind the curtain of the material world is its primitive (sic) conscious-

ness of the meaning of mathematics.

Algebra is a baby's step in noticing the interconnectedness of the universe. It is simple to the point of being blatantly obvious. I am no mathematical genius (some believe me to be no more than a drug-bent no-account), yet I breezed through our educational system's version of mathematical indoctrination without ever wasting one second of my free time on study or homework. I was taught by one of those tall, lanky, crew-cut types, frustrated that he was teaching high school instead of monitoring the ticks and bleeps of some space probe. He would fly into red-faced, book-throwing, desk-pounding rages when other students failed to turn in their assignments. The only effort I made was to attend class regularly, listen while I was there, and to wait until after school to take drugs -- hardly an example of a genteel student.

You say that in the twenty years since your high school graduation you have not once had the slightest need, inclination, or impulse to employ your non-existent algebra skills. I say you use those skills (skills that everyone possesses, yes, everyone -- some just recognize it when they use it) everyday. Let me give you a couple of story problems to prove it:

1. If you have a 10,000 watt P.A. system, how many stacks of Marshalls could you drive and how high should each stack be?

2. This one is algebraic on a more subtle (sic) level and will show you that even in algebra there is always more than one correct answer: If slitting your throat will end your life, how many times a day should you slit your throat?

So, to answer your question, we don't have algebra, algebra is part of the framework of this reality along with the laws of karma...etc.

We move within that context, whether we are aware of it or not.

As to the educational system indoctrinating anybody--Shit! It can't even teach them to read. I'm not denying that ass-kissing is a more highly rewarded talent in the society at large than being able to think coherently. In that respect, mathematics is a tool of the revolution. A free mind is one that realizes it can understand anything. The only limits are the ones we put on ourselves. I would be glad to send my kids to a school that had a high priest of Mythras on the faculty. Taught within the context of history it would show that all world views are arbitrary and temporary--that man was the same then as he is now (the religions of Mythras and the Rev. Moon are separated by a couple-a-dozen centuries), that only the magnitude of his destructive capabilities have changed.

One final point to illustrate your ignorance of the real situation: you requested that all replies should be composed in English--as if any information could be accurately transferred from one human to another using it. I have only to ask how many times the words of Jesus (of Nazareth, as opposed to that member of a lesser trinity, the Alou brothers) have been used to justify murder and pillage; to look how Hitler used Nietzsche (sic) to dupe the German people into believing that murder and world conquest was their holy destiny; to illustrate the ambiguity of any human language.

Mark Zeller  
Laytonville

P.S. The only indoctrination the kids of today will sit still for comes from TV, movies, and music: LOOKOUT! "Are you part of the problem or part of the solution?" "Kill your parents, kill everyone over thirty!" "Kick out the jams, brothers and sisters!"

We were 10 years old in the summer of love. Your failure to understand the privelege (sic) of excess then has resulted in the current

mechanistic and militaristic Zeitgeist.

The Winos for a Responsible  
Humanity  
Disillusionment=Illumination  
(Sorry, but a symbol is  
worth a thousand words)

Dear Mark:   !?!       LL

Dear Larry,

Your letter to Mendocino Country Magazine in response to that whistle-blower's tour of South Africa was a delight. While we're not overly fond of whistle music, admittedly Larkin does it better than some we've heard.

T and A  
Laytonville

Dear Lawrence Livermore:

As perhaps your farthest-flung fan, specifically a resident of Santa Fe, New Mexico, I take particular pleasure in your coverage of Mendocino (and surrounding) County events. A good deal of my interest springs from Santa Fe being exactly what your impassioned rag is trying to keep Laytonville from becoming--a once vibrant community of creative misfits, now more than anything else, a miniature Beverly Hills for tourists, surrounded by an increasingly suburban sprawl of prefabricated houses and utterly fabricated people.

And so, I would particularly like to respond to a letter in July's issue from a woman who complained about the LOOKOUT's negative slant. I, for one, consider your viewpoint anything but. The only real negativity is apathy; indeed your articles are critical, but only in defense of the issues you so obviously feel strongly about. In the Universe, absolute negativity is epitomized by a Black Hole, an astronomical anomaly that literally seems to suck energy from the

galaxy--the LOOKOUT, by contrast, seems firmly committed to putting energy out, and does so with an intensity rarely met in our day to day comings and goings.

May you continue to shine,  
Lawrence Livermore.

Love, peace, and RockN'Roll  
David Shapiro  
Santa Fe, NM

Dear David,

Thanks ever so much for your warm words. I will, though, have to gently disabuse of the notion that you might be the LOOKOUT's farthest-flung reader. Relatively speaking, you are just around the corner; this issue of the LOOKOUT is going out to readers on four continents (North and South America, Europe, and Australia). One other thing: have you ever seen Laytonville? I can assure you that it is in no immediate danger of becoming a miniature Beverly Hills.

LL

Hello Larry,

We just wanted to say that we enjoyed seeing your band yesterday.

I had never seen any punk rock before and was very surprised how exciting it is. The words to your songs are wonderful and the beat overwhelming.

No one my age here seems to like the punk rock music, but I do! I guess I like it because it really is different. I am happy to see young people who are not drones. The visual plus the way you sing the words cannot be ignored. I never dance, and I felt like jumping up and spinning circles, and when I did dance it seemed to shock my friends. Anyway, I felt free and have been smiling all morning to think I'm not such a stick-in-the-mud after all.

Also, as we have told you, we anticipate reading the LOOKOUT each issue. Many of our friends also love to read it and agree that you are

courageous and are speaking truth.

Love, peace  
Shirley and Ellen  
Laytonville

SOME BACK TO SCHOOL ADVICE  
FROM PROFESSOR LIVERMORE

Some kids look forward to the reopening of school and others dread it. For those able to play the necessary social and political games, school can be a time of happy memories and perhaps, incidentally, the acquiring of a little knowledge. For those who can't or won't conform, though, school can be the mental equivalent of the Chinese water torture.

Unfortunately I fit into the latter category during most of my years on the educational chain gang. Part of it was my fault; put simply, I had a bad attitude. I didn't like the program that had been set up for me (study, work, eat, sleep, kill, die) and I didn't like being treated like a subhuman simply because I was younger and weaker than the people who ran the school.

But I still managed to learn a lot, and I'm glad I did; the knowledge I gained of language and history in particular has deeply enriched my life (though it has yet to get me a good job, if there is such a thing). I was lucky to encounter a few teachers along the way who loved teaching and learning, and had the art of communicating that love to their students. There were also a few certifiable loonies and outright nazis, who I presume were employed by the school to prepare the kids for life in the "real world."

So assuming you've chosen (or been ordered) to attend school, how can you get the most out of it while suffering the least possible damage to your delicate young psyches?

First of all, bear in mind school is not army boot camp or jail, nor is it a job. You're not being paid for the work you do; you (or in most cases, your parents) are paying them for the service of teaching you. Teachers, principals, and the like are working for you, not the other way around.

It should go without saying, then, that you are not there to be disciplined, preached to, or indoctrinated with someone else's value system. You are there to be educated. The original purpose of education, though it seems to falling into some disrepute these days, was to teach people to think for themselves. You don't learn to think by mindlessly parroting slogans or catch phrases; you learn to think by thinking, and by questioning, and by having someone there who can provide you with, or help you find for yourself the information you need to develop your mental powers.

True education can take place only in an atmosphere of respect. Mutual respect. Common courtesy and human decency demands that you don't slug your teacher, steal her purse, play your radio in class, or show up drunk or stoned out of your mind. It also demands that your teacher treat you as a human being with thoughts and feelings all your own.

You have a right to question anything your teacher tells you (though eventually you'll probably have to accept on faith that  $2+2=4$ ), and if your teacher can't or won't answer you, then it's the teacher who's ignorant, not you. Of course if you ask questions in a hostile or confrontational manner, you're liable to get a similar response. Just as in the rest of life, sincerity and politeness can accomplish wonders.

What do you do, though, if you get stuck with a teacher who's mentally incompetent, or some kind of religious nut, or who just plain hates you?

Well, you could just sit there



and take it and waste a year of your life. A lot of adults will tell you that the experience is good for you because it will prepare you for the time when you have to work for a boss who's the same way. But if that's not the way you're planning on living your life, then do something about it. Try talking to your parents, to the principal, even the school board. If a teacher hits you (and you haven't done anything violent yourself), get a lawyer and sue the creep.

If all else fails, and enough of the other kids agree with you, you can get up, walk out of class, and march (peacefully) to the principal's office to demand something be done. If he or she is not receptive, bring your group to the next school board meeting. Often these people will threaten you and try to scare you back into your place, but you'd better believe that they'll know something's wrong when a bunch of kids are brave enough to speak out like that, and sooner or later something will probably be done.

A good thing to do, too, if you have a serious complaint about your school is to write it down (in good English, if you can) and send it to the local newspaper so that people will know you're not just a bunch of troublemakers trying to get out of class. And if no one else will print it, the LOOKOUT will.

But though you'll probably have some times that are not as easy as others, don't make the mistake that I did when I was young and develop a bad attitude. There are plenty of good teachers, too, and lots of things to learn. Keep smiling and be strong.

Which brings me to the other side of school life: the social scene. Don't worry if you don't fit into the football player-cheerleader-red convertible crowd; if you did you probably wouldn't be

intelligent enough to be reading this, anyway (yes, I'm exaggerating; there are some very intelligent football players and possibly cheerleaders, too). But a good rule of thumb is that the more conformist a group of people appears, the duller their minds will be. Often the most interesting people will be the quiet ones who don't seem to have a lot of friends. Go out of your way to make friends with the outcasts and the misfits and I guarantee your life will be a lot more interesting. And don't forget to have fun.

LOCAL CHAIN SAW BARON BLAMES WIFE FOR FAILURE TO BECOME PROFESSIONAL WRITER

bathos, n., a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous

Laytonville logging supply tycoon Bill Bailey's journalistic vendetta against Ledger columnist and Green activist Joe Knight didn't start out very sublimely, but it quickly plummeted to the ridiculous in Bailey's second article, which was supposed to be an apology for potentially libelous statements made in the first article, but degenerated instead into a rambling and convoluted explanation of how Bailey came to be a mail order merchant instead of the "professional" writer he had wanted to be.

Bailey's stunning revelation came after he had first questioned whether Joe Knight was himself a real writer, since he only wrote for the Ledger. He then went on to relate how his wife, on learning of Bailey's plans to become a writer, stopped taking her birth control pills (whether maliciously or not, we are not told), with the ensuing pregnancy forcing Bailey to drop out of college and return to Laytonville to become a millionaire. Well, life takes some funny twists and turns, doesn't it, Bill? You could write a novel about it.

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Ask not what you can do for your country  
Ask what your country's been doing to  
you.

the AVENGERS

## MUSIC CAN MAKE YOU STUPID

Yes, it can, but it can also do a lot to make life worth living, and I had a pretty good experience with the positive side of music the last Sunday, an experience marred only by one regrettable (and stupid) incident.

Indiana Slim, guitarist extraordinaire with local band Baby Lee and the Red Hots, was booked to play at Grapewine Station's annual party, an event the Grapewine puts on to thank its many loyal customers. Slim, being an adventurous sort, invited the LOOKOUTS to come down and do a set also. This didn't sit too well with some of the more conservative types in attendance, Carol, the Grapewine owner, among them. She requested that we cut our normally hour-long set down to 15 minutes, and eventually agreed to let us perform for half an hour. I wasn't thrilled, having just spent two hours loading equipment and driving down there. But it's hard to be angry with Carol; she's a friendly and very community-minded person, she was the first local merchant to distribute the LOOKOUT, and it was, as she pointed out, after all, her party.

So we agreed, made the best of it, and went on stage, and soon I was having the time of my life. Some of the crowd just stared blankly, but others danced and cheered, and I could tell that we were winning some people over. I was having so much fun I could hardly keep the smile wiped off my face even during our most serious songs.

Then, just as we were approaching the climax of the set ("CAMP Get Out", "Don't Cry for Nicaragua", "One Planet, One People"), a surly, beady-eyed individual who I was later told goes by the moniker of Piano Jimmy, marched up to the

stage and ordered us to do one more "quick" song (as if the LOOKOUTS did any other kind of song) and get off.

Unaccustomed as I am to disobeying people three times my size, I meekly complied. I got to do "CAMP Get Out", but I was so rattled that I severely bungled it.

I was seething for a while afterward, but I eventually realized the LOOKOUTS were in pretty good company; Bob Dylan got booed off stage when he dared to set his poetry to rock and roll music, and artists like Chuck Berry, Little Richard, the Rolling Stones, even the sacrosanct Grateful Dead, all met with reactions ranging from apathy to outright hostility when they tried to do something new.

Granted, it would have done more for our career to have been chased from the stage by a mob of outraged music lovers than by one menopausal (but very large) hippie, but I guess one has to take one's artistic repression where one finds it.

On the other hand, I can't say enough about how warm and supportive Indiana Slim and Baby Lee were; we may come from different musical worlds, but we speak a common language. Slim paid me what I consider a high compliment when he said, "Hey, you're having to deal with the same stuff those old blues cats did. You're like a salmon swimming upstream."

So thanks again to Slim for having faith in us and giving us a chance, and to Piano Jimmy, I'd like to say, hey, we love you too, man, I just hope you get your head out of the fog and realize that the world's still turning and if you don't go with it, it'll roll right over you (hmmm, that line sounds like a cross between Nancy Sinatra and Bob Dylan).

There's tons more news, but not enough money to print any more pages, so it'll have to wait till next month. See ya then.

LOOKOUT!: POB 1000, Laytonville CA 95454. Lawrence D. Livermore,  
Editor and Publisher