

MENDOCINO MOUNTAIN LOOKOUT

"A free newspaper for a free people"

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MENDOCINO IS GREEN: THE POLITICS OF THE FUTURE BEGINS HERE

These are bleak times we live in. Everywhere the forces of greed and corruption appear to be growing stronger. People of good will struggle just to survive. Our air, our land, our water, even our minds are being poisoned in the name of profit. Yet even when the darkness is at its height, somewhere beyond the horizon begins the gathering of the light.

We here in Mendocino dwell on one of the cultural and political frontiers of planet earth. When the first glimmerings of dawn insinuate themselves over the horizon of the future, it is we who must seize the day and shape it into a season of peace, harmony, and prosperity. The dark despair of nuclear winter into which this world seems inexorably headed is the product of disordered minds, of souls blinded by fear, of people reduced by a brutal system to caged animals snarling and brawling among themselves.

This is not the path we have to follow. We human beings may appear as lowly, despicable creatures maniacally bent on not only our own destruction but the utter obliteration of life itself, but we are also, as Shakespeare said, "...how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving how express and admirable,

in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god," and we have the power, vested solely in our own hearts and minds, to create and continually re-create the world we live in.

Planet earth is not a cold, cruel orb suspended in immeasurable blackness from which we need desperately struggle to scratch a meager subsistence. It is a living, breathing being, the mother of us all, and beneficent provider of all material blessings. It is the source of our strength, and a bottomless well of inspiration from which we can draw the most profound of lessons in how to live our lives. And if we continue to allow her to be tormented and tortured, raped and brutalized by our fellow human beings, we as a species are not worthy of inhabiting this lovely planet.

It's not always easy to muster up much hope for the future; in fact, in recent times it has seemed to be pretty much an exercise in futility. But in this spring of 1985, I feel a subtle shifting of the balance. As the land around us becomes fresh and green with its yearly renaissance of life, I feel something similar happening in the hearts and minds of my brothers and sisters all around me.

Everywhere I'm getting a feeling that for too long we've been crying alone in the dark, and that now is the time to come forth from our self-imposed exile to reclaim

our mother planet from the forces that would destroy her. I see the emergence of the Mendocino Greens as a powerful manifestation of the life force, one which has the potential to help check humanity's headlong plunge into oblivion.

Green is the color of life and of healing and of hope. Mendocino is green because we have been especially blessed by nature, but it will remain green only if we nurture and protect it. If we can do that, the greenness that is the essence of this land we love will flourish and grow far beyond our own borders, carrying to our whole planet that message of life, healing and hope.

Green politics is not politics as usual. Its most important activities take place outside of the electoral arena. The simple act of living in loving harmony with the earth is itself a radical act, and it is the essence of green politics. Mendocino is green today, and our energy can keep it that way. What we do here today may be small in scale, but its consequences will resonate through history. We have in our hands the power to color the future of planet earth.

HIPPIES AND HARDHATS: WORKING TOGETHER FOR A CHANGE

One of the most hopeful signs that the Greens will amount to more than just another starry-eyed band of ragtag hippie environmentalists has been their ability to form coalitions and find common ground with organized labor. This was a key to the Greens' success in West Germany, but here in the U.S. labor unions and environmentalists have historically been at each others'

throats.

This is finally changing, and in no small way we have to thank everyone's favorite enemy of the people, Louisiana-Pacific, for demonstrating that it is no more a friend of the working man and woman than it is of the ordinary citizen whose land and water it systematically poisons. Some L-P workers found that out the hard way last month when they were sprayed by their employer, then summarily fired for having the temerity to seek medical treatment for their ensuing illness.

There is a reason L-P was able to get away with this incredible highhandedness. L-P workers are totally at the none too abundant mercy of their employer because their union has been destroyed. Taking advantage of high unemployment in the timber industry, L-P broke a strike against it by hiring nonunion workers and them pressuring them into voting the union out of L-P mills. Any complaints about pay cuts or working conditions are now likely to be met with, "Shut up and get back to work; you're lucky you have a job at all."

Now a lot of timber workers are starting to see that you don't need to be a tree-worshipping sprout-head to benefit from sustainable, labor-intensive forestry practices. The manual removal and processing of hardwoods would create hundreds, if not thousands of new jobs. L-P's profits might be smaller, but our county's resources do not exist merely to provide some greedy absentee landowner with a quick easy buck. L-P moans that it's too expensive to do things ecologically, but what they mean is that they want us to bear the true costs of their operations, costs that will be measured in terms

of a poisoned environment and an economy that will be devastated when L-P has finished destroying our forest lands.

The recent picketing at L-P's Ukiah offices has been co-sponsored by the Greens and organized labor, and representatives of the Greens will be joining with the carpenters' and woodworkers' unions to demonstrate at L-P's annual stockholders meeting in Colorado. The unions have also added their voices to the call for a boycott of all L-P products.

This might be a good place to remind LOOKOUT readers: don't shop at businesses that carry anything made by L-P, and make sure you let store owners know why you won't be coming back until they too join in saying no to L-P's corporate thuggery.

WE HAVE ALL YOUR NAMES ON FILE...

Apparently L-P has its own junior version of the CIA. Picketers outside the L-P offices were filmed and photographed by a man in a beige and white Chevy Blazer, license number 2ANV945. The same truck was later seen cruising slowly back and forth on N. State St. videotaping the license numbers of the picketers' vehicles. Upon being questioned, the man admitted he was being paid to spy on the demonstrators.

HERE WE GO AGAIN: COUNTY TO BEGIN HOUSING CRACKDOWN

After a year or so of wrangling, the Mendocino County Board of Stuporvisors finally approved the latest final solution to its self-created "problem" of illegal builders. Called BLUR II (if you don't know by now what it stands

for, don't worry about it; it's a stupid acronym, anyway), the program requires all illegal homeowners to register their houses with the county during a six-month period beginning in September, and imposes fines of up to \$500 a day for violators. Well, as Andrew Jackson once said about a Supreme Court decision he didn't particularly care for, "They have made their law, now let them enforce it."

TOURISTS IN LAYTONVILLE?

In a recent Grapevine column Tommy Wayne Kramer was fulminating about tax money being extorted from us and handed over to the local Chambers of Commerce. Well, if you've ever wondered what constructive use your hard-earned money is being put to, I'm sure you'll be pleased to learn that the Laytonville Chamber of Commerce is using its share to institute a program promoting tourism in this bustling little North County metropolis.

Now please don't get me wrong. Being the closest thing I have to a home town, Laytonville holds a certain perverse charm for me, and aside from the usual number of inbred idiots who seem to thrive in small rural towns, the people are mostly good-natured and friendly. But tourists...?

Tourists are not my favorite people. In fact, it's gotten to where I hardly ever go anywhere because I don't want to be numbered among them. But let's show some mercy. Send them on a guided tour of the Ukiah sewer plant, let them explore the dazzling variety of Willits nightlife, take them on nature walks around L-P spray sites, but in the name of human decency, don't plunk them down in front of

Rich's Chevron to wander dazedly through clouds of highway dust, dodging speeding logging trucks, in search of the cosmopolitan entertainment, fine dining, and scenic beauty the Chamber of Commerce will no doubt have promised them.

On the other hand, perhaps I'm being too negative about all this. After all, one of Pennsylvania's biggest tourist draws is the Three Mile Island nuclear accident site.

Too many people think that they're thinking when they're merely rearranging prejudices.

William James

Facts are just opinions that have been around for a while.

Lawrence Livermore

I READ THE NEWS TODAY, OH BOY...

A number of local publications have commented on and/or reprinted items from the LOOKOUT. Now it's time to return the favor. As an inveterate newspaper junkie, I feel really lucky that so much good reading material is available locally. It further supports my contention that the hills (and valleys) of Mendocino are alive with talented and creative people. So without further ado, here's the LOOKOUT's first annual Mendocino Media Review:

UKIAH DAILY JOURNAL A worthless piece of excrescence managed by some absentee corporation, this paper ought to be sued for damaging the reputation of Ukiah (no easy task). A typical edition contains one or two stories pertaining to Mendocino County, garbled wire-service versions of national and international happenings, and the

rest is filler: mostly syndicated columns by right-wing crackpots with views so incoherent that they pose little danger to any but the most impressionable minds. Avoid this one at all costs.

MENDOCINO GRAPEVINE Though a lot of people put the Grapevine down as a yuppie paper (the Grapeyup, the Anderson Valley Advertiser's Bruce Anderson calls it), you've got to give editor Elizabeth Christian (the yuppie princess, ditto Bruce Anderson) a lot of credit for providing a forum for just about every viewpoint extant in the community. While I could do without the winery tours and the unabashed Chamber of Commerce-style boosterism for the Hoplandization of Mendocino County, nobody covers local politics as thoroughly as the Grapevine (given the quality of our local politicians, there may be a reason for this). The letters to the editor usually make good reading, and so do most of the columns, even the tediously predictable right-wing natterings of Marge Boynton and Frank Creasy (who is no slouch at rabble-rousing, and unlike Boynton, actually possesses a more than passing familiarity with the English language). The Grapevine is blessed with two shining stars, columnist Tommy Wayne Kramer and collage artist Winston Smith. Kramer at his best ranks right up there with Herb Caen as one of the best columnists writing in America today, though lately it seems to me that his prose has been waxing a little flaccid. Hope it's not a trend, Tommy (It is my sad duty to report, though, that Bruce Anderson, that determined destroyer of delusions and the object of a recent Tommy Wayne Kramer, has delivered a blow akin to my finding out there was no Santa Claus by stating that there is also no Tommy Wayne Kramer, that it

is merely a pseudonym for Grapevine assistant editor Tom Hine. I do hope Bruce is joking about this).

Winston Smith is simply and savagely brilliant. Among his many great pieces of work is the classic Dead Kennedys album cover depicting Jesus Christ crucified on a cross of dollar bills (In God We Trust, Inc.). I always read the Grapevine; I wish it didn't cost as much (35¢).

Late news: as the LOOKOUT was going to press, it was announced that the Grapevine has been sold to Leshar Communications, a Bay Area media conglomerate responsible for such sterling publications as the Contra Costa Times (for those of you unfamiliar with the Bay Area, Contra Costa County is distinguished primarily for having the most toxic dump sites and the highest cancer rate in northern California). Elizabeth Christian and company will continue to manage the Grapevine and claim that the new ownership will have no effect on editorial policy, but this bit of wishful thinking seems to fly in the face of the basic principles of corporate capitalism. After all, what's the fun of owning somebody if you don't get to tell them what to do? The sale won't be final till May 3, so it's too early to tell what if any changes will take place.

MENDOCINO COUNTRY This one is mostly great, but it can be a little frustrating. You sometimes get the feeling that the thinking behind some of the articles is a little inbred, the result of not enough cultural cross-pollination. They also have an annoying habit of constantly rattling the tin cup like one of those public TV stations

with the turtlenecked beardos droning on about how they won't let you see the next installment of Masterpiece Theatre until 257 more people phone in their pledges. One of Mendocino Country's most annoying practices has been the publishing of two separate editions, with only subscribers receiving the section containing some of the best articles. Publisher Richard Johnson assures me that this policy has been changed, beginning, I assume, with the May edition. These minor complaints aside, Mendocino Country is a useful and important journal, particularly for the rural portion of the county. (\$10/12 issues, PO Drawer A, Ukiah CA 95482)

MENDOCINO COMMENTARY This is one of my favorite papers anywhere, and wonder of wonders, it's free, too! My only complaint is that there's not enough of it. They seem to have a policy of printing anything that's reasonably coherent, so it's too bad more readers don't become writers. One of its best features is an unfortunately only occasional column Radio Free Earth, which consists of the stream of consciousness ravings of the brilliant Marco McClean. (Free on newsstands, or \$15/year, POB 1222, Fort Bragg CA 95437)

ANDERSON VALLEY ADVERTISER I've been hearing about this paper for a long time, but I've just finally got around to reading it. Several LOOKOUT readers recommended it to me, and I can see why. If reading the LOOKOUT has left you with an insatiable lust for furious invective, scurrilous character assassination, and full-throated rabble rousing, the Advertiser is where you'll find

it. Editor-publisher Bruce Anderson probably has a lot of enemies, but I'll bet he's got a lot of readers, too. (\$12/year in Mendocino County, \$15/year elsewhere, POB 459, Boonville CA 95415)

NEW SETTLER INTERVIEW This one may not be for everyone, but I like it. Its format is to take a couple of themes each month and cover them in inexhaustible (and sometimes exhausting) detail, primarily by means of conversations with informed and interesting local people. Your interest will probably vary widely depending on the subject being discussed. Editor and chief interviewer Beth Bosk, a former talk show host on Mendocino's KMFB, seems to have a remarkable talent for drawing people out. I'll bet some of her interview subjects find themselves talking about things they didn't even know they knew themselves. (\$7.50/10 issues, POB 730, Willits CA 95490)

LAYTONVILLE LEDGER I had high hopes for this paper when I first moved here, but I've sort of given up on it. It seems too willing to be nothing more than another small town paper (and too often that means small-minded, unfortunately). True, they publish some good columnists like Joe Knight, Van Van Atta (whose views are almost always right on, but are too often couched in dry and impenetrable prose. Lighten up and I'll bet you get a lot more readers, Van), the inimitable Lorne Strider, and even Helen Jones, about half the time. There are not enough interesting letters to the editor, and not nearly enough input from the many talented people living in and around Laytonville. (\$8/year, \$10/year out of county, POB 490 Laytonville CA 95454)

WILLITS NEWS This one has many of the same assets and limitations as the Laytonville Ledger, with better news reporting but fewer good columnists. It suffers from right-wing management and a plethora of religious gobbledygook (would you believe a jogging with Jesus column?), but they seem to be pretty fair about presenting alternative viewpoints, both in news stories and in letters to the editor. It probably won't be of much interest to you unless you live in or particularly care about the Willits area. (\$20/year in Mendocino County, \$24/year elsewhere in California, \$30/year outside California, POB 628, Willits CA 95490)

STRIDER COMMENTARY This is a brand new entry in the local media sweepstakes. All that's appeared so far is a four-page sampler; issue #1 is scheduled for June. As its name suggests, it serves primarily as a forum for Laytonville realtor Lorne Strider's multifarious views. Cantankerous as he may occasionally sound in print, one can't help but get the feeling that Strider's thinking grows out of a humanitarian streak as wide as an eight-lane freeway. The only quarrel I have with Strider's ideas is that their breadth is not always matched by their depth. The quality of the writing varies. When Strider is sticking to the point, or driving it home, his thinking reveals itself with the clarity of summer lightning. When he gets bogged down in some arcane libertarian dogma, however, the gleaning of wisdom can be as tedious as watching molasses flow in a chill January fog. (\$12/year, POB 554, Laytonville CA 95454)

Note: If your publication isn't represented here, it's not necessarily because it's so bad that it's not

worthy of serious notice (after all, I included the Ukiah Daily Journal, didn't I). Maybe I forgot you or just haven't heard of you. Send us a copy of your rag, if you dare.

LETTERS TO THE LOOKOUT

Hello Lawrence!

The ruppie piece was a beauty. Thanks and good luck from a satisfied reader. Cheers.

Warm regards,
Herb Caen
San Francisco

Dear LOOKOUT

I've found that the LOOKOUT has a lot to say on the relevant issues in our community, but my own feeling is that eventually there may be no one to listen.

We all have changes we need to make in our lives to become better human beings and a strong community. The LOOKOUT has been exposing these areas to us in a manner that, I think, attacks us for our ineptitudes rather than communicating in an atmosphere of calmness and no blame which might promote more receptivity, dialogue, and change.

It is easier to start a standoff/fight among people of differing ideas than to clearly and calmly share visions leading to an open exchange of ideas, reflection, understanding, and then positive change.

I support your work, thank you for your newspaper, and hope that your writing will be with us for a long time, effecting a strong community in our paradise here.

Love,
Berk Snow
Laytonville

MUSIC CAN MAKE YOU STUPID, PART II

There's a lot of music news this month, mostly in the form of gig and record reviews, and also a report on the rock and roll scene at Laytonville High School from our ace correspondent Shannon DeBold. If your band (or solo act) would like to be featured (or pilloried) in these pages, send us an announcement of your gig or a copy of your cassette or record (POB 1000, Laytonville CA 95454).

Before I get down to business, I'd like to report what a pleasure it was to open my latest copy of MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL to find an interview with my young old friend David Pollack, lead singer of the West Berlin band: Porno Patrol.

I first met David, who passed much of his infancy sleeping under the stage at one Haight-Ashbury love-in or another, when he was 14, and he can't be more than 21 or 22 now, yet already he has sung with two bands, put out several records, and started his own record label. So hey, kids (and adults, too), let David be a lesson to you: you don't need to suck up to the big record companies or the MTV mind-cloners to make things happen for you. Get out there and do it yourself, and keep your culture out of the clutches of the multi-death corporations.

Z-AXIS/JAIN at the Caspar Inn, sometime in early April.

The Caspar Inn is a pleasant enough place, except for its idiotic policy of never allowing people under 21. I mean if you don't allow kids any exposure to music other than M(oron)TV or the corporately programmed claptrap of KWHINE, why should you be surprised when they grow up to be tasteless aficionadoes of all that is vapid and meaningless in life. Kids need rock and roll; it's a vital part of their develop-

ment. So wise up, Caspar Inn, and all the rest of you barkeeps who think people don't become full-fledged human beings until they turn 21 years old. (N.B. I'm not suggesting that you break the law or risk losing your license; plenty of bars use a system of separate hand-stamps to distinguish legal drinkers from the under-21 patrons).

Anyway, as you might suspect, the crowd at the Z-Axis/Jain show was all over 21, substantially so in most cases, so it wasn't quite as lively as I might have hoped for. There was some high-energy dancing going on, but with few exceptions the dancers tended to be awkward or excessively stylized, sometimes simultaneously.

Oh yes, the bands... Well, as is my unfortunate wont, I once again arrived too late for the first group, Z-Axis, though I did manage to catch half of their last song, just enough to make me sorry I had missed their show, because what I heard sounded like some good solid rock and roll. The overall effect of the band was somewhat hampered by their slightly ludicrous costumes, which featured a sort of Gidget-goes-new-wave-on-the-moon look. I've often wondered why people think that a piece of clothing they wouldn't dream of wearing on the street will look any less ridiculous on a stage.

There was a long delay while Jain set up their equipment, wandered around, stood around, meandered back and forth between rest-rooms and dressing rooms, talked to their boyfriends, and in general ignored my wishes that they get on with the show so that I could make it home sometime before 4 a.m. I had high hopes that this would be

a good performance because I had heard that Jain had ditched their synthesizer player, the one who had turned the previous Jain outing I had witnessed into a nightmare of space-age carnival and ice-skating riffs. My hopes were partially fulfilled as Jain rocked much harder with three members than they had with four last year. The bass player found it necessary to dabble with the synthesizer on some songs, but she had the sense and taste to keep it simple.

The songs, most of them originals, were good for dancing, and with a couple of exceptions moved right along without dragging. There didn't seem to be a lot of substance to them, though, and I'm sorry to say that Jain seems to be mired in a bit of a rut, with a musical style and a social awareness more than slightly reminiscent of the late-night drugs-and-sex ambience of circa-1980 new wave dance clubs. Still, they've got all the ingredients necessary to be a good band, and I hope they keep working at it. I left a couple songs into their second set (bad sign) and made it home before 3:30.

JAM SESSION at the Rendezvous in Willits, April 18

Everything was generic about this entertainment, from the basement rec-room decor to the Eric Clapton style of terminally mellow guitar playing to the early 70s character of both performers and audience.

The evening was not without its amusements, however. An enormous bass player who boisterously announced that he was the great white hope (I think he said hope) regaled us with a country ballad that started out something like, "Were you born an asshole, or did

you work at it all your life...?" The evening's highlight for me was provided by a bearded, bespectacled hippie math-teacher type who leapt up on stage to deliver a nearly spastic version of the blues (I mean that as a compliment) that melded equal parts of B.B and Freddie King guitar riffs with Little Richard vocals. Now if there was such a thing as the great white hope, this guy would have to be it. I should mention that I have long considered blues to be one of the most boring musical forms imaginable, so this guy had to have been pretty great to make me like him.

Lori Wright, vocalist with Willits band Tygre Rose, did a few songs in a remarkably clear and pretty voice, but she tended to get drowned out by the other performers, who made up in volume what they lacked in reticence.

Thursday nights at the Rendezvous are billed as jam sessions open to all, but unless your tastes in music are pretty much limited to what was in vogue from, say, 1965 to 1975, I think you'd have a pretty hard time fitting in with this group. If, on the other hand, you can get off on a ten-minute version of the Stephen Stills singles bar chestnut, "Love the One You're With," then this place might be hog heaven for you.

R4 at the Bum Steer in Alderpoint, April 20

Few enough people have ever even heard of Alderpoint, let alone been there twice, as I have in recent months. There's not too much to this town situated 21 miles east of Garberville along a tortuous, precipitous road that is only marginally better than the interminable dirt rut that leads to my own

door except for one great saloon. The Bum Steer is far and away the best bar I've seen around here (not that I've seen that many; I don't like the way most of them smell).

The Bum Steer has the best deal on live entertainment, too; it's free. That alone wouldn't be enough to lure me into making a two-hour trek into the wilds of Humboldt County, but I had just read about R4 in MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL and gotten the impression that they were a moving force behind the Eureka-Arcata punk scene. Well, whether that's true or not, I'd have to go to Eureka to find out, but this evening's entertainment was, I'm sorry to say, a bit of a disappointment.

I particularly don't like having to say this because I met and talked with some of the band members and found them to be very nice people. They told me a sad tale about being marooned in Alaska and having to learn to play Top 40 covers in order to make their way back to California as well as to do other superfluous things such as eating. Well, now they're back in California and they're still doing Top 40 covers. Good covers, it's true, but they could do so much more. The female singer possesses a voice of amazing range and power, and all the musicians are more than competent. They're making a good living doing what they do, but learn to respect yourselves, guys, and you could make good music, too.

THE FRONT at Harwood Hall, Laytonville, April 13

This was easily the best of the month's shows. I got there too late to see the first band, Lady in the Dark (like the Front, a Laytonville band), but a friend told me they

were good except that the male back-up musicians tended to overwhelm the female vocalists. Apparently the problem was in the mix, but whether we're talking electronics or personalities here, I can only speculate.

Anyway, I spent a lot of time watching the Front set up. They seem to be one of these high-tech bands, so a lot of adjustments are necessary. But when they finally started playing, I was impressed. Now let me explain just what it means for me to be impressed by a band of this sort. Considering that the Front specializes in the kind of new wave electro-disco that I would normally travel a considerable distance to avoid, the fact that I was able to listen to, dance to, and actually enjoy their music should indicate that they are absolutely great.

Not, of course, that they don't have a lot of flaws, which I am hardly qualified to comment on, but will anyway. Some of the songs are too long, mostly as a result of the guitar solos, which are almost always too long. Not that the guitar player isn't good, he's very talented; he just doesn't need to keep reminding us of the fact. The singer has a couple of problems, both easily remediable. The first is that he sings from his throat instead of his gut so that his vocals often come off as kind of whiny and without substance. The other is that when he's not playing guitar, he tends to lapse into these generic rock star gesticulations that are neither original or entertaining. My advice is to either stand still more or to keep his guitar strapped on even when he's not playing.

Bass and drums, the heart and soul of any band, are the

Front's strongest point. They use some kind of electronic drums that I've never seen before, and though I'm usually prejudiced against such newfangled contraptions, a good beat will always win me over.

The crowd loved the Front. A whole lot of people were dancing up a storm, and some of them were pretty darn good (I'm even more critical of dancers than I am of musicians). Looks like Laytonville is turning into the happening scene in Mendocino County.

RECORDS AND TAPES

R4 - Tell Him Take 2/ Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer POB 1254, Eureka CA 95501

I'll have to go along with the MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL review, which said essentially: A new wave-poppy cover of the old Exciters hit. The other side is a sort of ska version. Not happening, unfortunately, as this band helps their local scene a lot.

C.J. PARKER My Way or the Highway POB 489, Garberville CA 95440

It really pains me to have to say anything bad about this album-length tape, but my conscience won't allow me not to. Described by its progenitor, C.J. Parker, as, "country porn, music that sticks to your thigh," My Way or the Highway features sterling musicianship, clever writing, and a lot of good-humored foolishness. It also contains some of the most unregenerate sexist attitudes I have encountered in many a year, as well as the gratuitous use of the word "nigger" which I don't find funny at all, even though I'm sure it was meant to be.

The thing is, I talked with Mr. Parker at the R4 show and found him to be very friendly and good-

natured, not at all the kind of person you'd think of as a sexist or a racist. But words take on a power all their own, and I've just seen too many women brutalized by men spouting attitudes expressed in some of these songs.

There is one song on this tape that I wish everyone could hear and which deserves to be an instant classic. It's called "Jesus Lives in Garberville" (apparently he was run out of Laytonville for dope-growing, or so the song/story goes). More songs like this and C.J. Parker could be a star.

ROCK AND ROLL HIGH SCHOOL by Shannon DeBold

Music can influence the way one dresses, it can influence who one hangs around with, and can even shape one's personality.

At Laytonville High School there are several prominent groups that have their specific interests in music. The largest group, mostly athletes with button-down collars and top-siders, enjoy superstars such as Billy Ocean, Lionel Richie, and Pat Benatar.

Another group, the heavy metallists, enjoys trash like Ozzy Osbourne, Ronnie James Dio, and Motley Crue. The louder the music, the more outrageous the dress, the more people seem to enjoy this sort of noise.

A trendy few enjoy the sounds of Cyndi Lauper, David Bowie, and General Public.

None of this music appeals to me. I like music that sounds good, be it blues or rock and roll. My favorites are George Thorogood, Ray Charles, and Hank Williams, Jr.

This music appeals to me

because the instruments and lyrics go well together. The message, as long as it is not too outrageous, does not mean as much to me. The music can add to what the words have to say, thus making the message stronger.

I love and appreciate music. I know I always will.

Ed. Note: The opinions expressed in the foregoing article are those of Shannon DeBold and not necessarily of the LOOKOUT. Those of you who find yourself in disagreement with her views, particularly you headbangers, can take it up with her, or better yet, write your own article telling us why your brand of music is the best (hopefully you'll have something more to say than "Heavy metal rules!" or the like). No Carole King fans, please.

SOME THOUGHTS ON VIOLENCE

Recently the Mendocino Grapevine printed two letters from readers rather overtly threatening violent retaliation against invading CAMP teams. While such sentiments are not unheard of among Mendocino mountain dwellers, they create a deepening quandary for those of us who specifically chose to live where we do because we thought it would afford us a better chance of living peaceful and productive lives. I don't think too many people came to Mendocino with the idea of becoming active or passive participants in guerilla warfare. Yet with the federal and state governments apparently willing to indefinitely escalate their attacks and at least some local residents vowing to resist, the prospect of Mendocino becoming a domestic version of Vietnam or Central America is not longer as far-fetched as it once might have

seemed.

The implications of this are profoundly disturbing for someone like myself, who, while perhaps not an absolute pacifist, decidedly prefers to go about his life nonviolently. I'm no stranger to violence, so my abhorrence for it is not based on some abstract spiritual principles. As a young man I ran with street gangs, where senseless brutality was viewed partly as entertainment and partly as the sine qua non of personal worth. I've been slashed and stabbed, beaten within a few inches of my life, and had loaded guns held to my head more times than I care to remember. I've seen at least two people shot, and been in the middle of a number of potentially deadly gang fights.

My evolution into a peace-loving farmer and newspaper editor was long and tortuous. Years after I changed from a hoodlum into a hippie, I still had an instinctual tendency to view violence as the most effective way of resolving conflicts. When I marched for peace in the Vietnam era, a part of me was always inwardly hoping that some provocation might turn a dull, orderly demonstration into a wild and wooly riot. When hippies gave us the peace sign, my friends and I would reply with the clenched fist of revolution.

Whether because of the healing hands of time or a greater accumulation of wisdom, my youthful hotheadedness gradually subsided, to be replaced by a no less passionate desire for radical but peaceful change. Anger channeled into productive work is a powerfully creative tool, and the turbulence of my earlier life faded into quaint recollections suitable for regaling dinner guests ruminating on that perpetually popular topic of "the way we were."

Then the helicopters came. Although CAMP violence thus far has been largely symbolic, there is something about seeing heavily armed men in combat fatigues dropping Vietnam-style from the sky that stirs the senses. This is especially true when the 1980s peasants are one's neighbors and friends, people whom you know from personal experience to be good, honest, and thoroughly undeserving of such treatment.

What do you do when your own country turns against you? Do you sit Gandhi-like in the lotus position, smiling bravely as the copters douse you with Agent Orange? Do you nonchalantly submit to imprisonment and shrug philosophically as the state confiscates everything you own? Or do you fight back, going down in a spectacular but most likely ineffectual blaze of glory?

None of these alternatives appeals to me. I've spent the better part of my adult life trying to cultivate a loving and peaceful way of dealing with the world around me. I've learned to quiet my adrenalin and walk away without shame from potentially violent situations. Most importantly, I've tried to devote as much energy as I could to creating the kind of world where no one would find it necessary to resort to brute force.

Obviously I haven't done enough, and I don't think I'm alone in having to admit that. A popular 60s saying went, "Those who make peaceful change impossible make violent change inevitable." I think the same could be said about those basically well-intentioned people who, whether out of fear or lethargy, do nothing.

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