

TALES FROM THE RATHOUSE #2

PUBLISHED WHENEVER
STILL FREE! PAY NO MORE THAN NOTHING!

THE FEDS DON'T HAVE A RAT POLICY, and neither does the city of San Francisco, says Kevin Martin, in response to my item on San Francisco being overrun with rats (real ones, not

just the ones with feathers). Martin is the owner of Club 181, and a member of Concerned Business Persons of the Tenderloin. Early last Saturday evening, he counted 40 rats emerging from a parking lot on Eddy Street. Going to the theater? He has called city health officials to little avail. **Black Death?** Never heard of it. . .



Bizarre Stakeout By Young Cops

By Bill Workman

A San Mateo police stakeout of a neighborhood plagued by a tire slasher turned into a comedy of errors for four young officers.

The weekend stakeout eventually netted a suspect, who police said had punctured the tires of more than 40 cars with an ice pick in recent weeks.

Before the manhunt was over, however, the young cops had created almost as many disturbances as the target of their stakeout.

Among other problems, one officer was captured at gunpoint by an angry neighbor as the policeman lurked in a darkened driveway looking for the suspect.

"There were some nervous moments there until the officer, Dave Wilson, was able to get out his badge and flash it," said San Mateo police Sergeant Ed Smith.

Neighbors also warmed up the police switchboard with calls complaining about the young officers clattering around on neighborhood apartment roofs and hiding out in trees near a

park as part of their surveillance work.

"The residents thought our young officers, who were in plainclothes, were suspicious characters doing strange things," Smith said.

When the alleged tire slasher was finally spotted, two women officers climbed out of their tree perches on El Parque Court and tackled him in an apartment building carport as he tried to flee.

But officer Diane Kenny paid an embarrassing price for her heroics, Smith said.

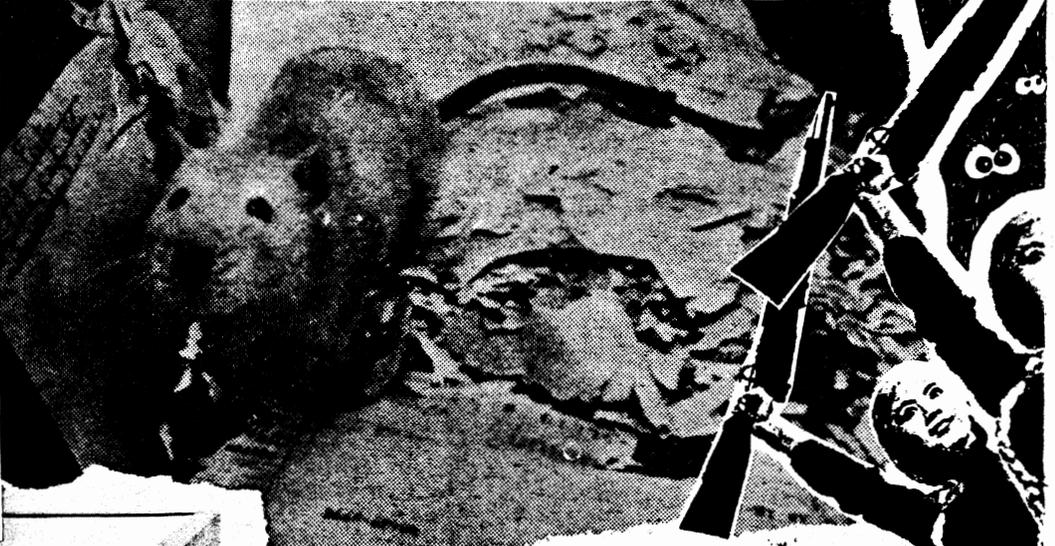
While officer Gwen Rayne wrestled with the suspect, Kenny tried to sit on him — and sat firmly on an ice pick that protruded from his back pocket. Kenny was taken to a hospital for a tetanus shot, police said.

Despite the problems, Sergeant Smith praised the officers.

"These young kids are really aggressive today," he said. "Their kind of stakeout is a lot different from when cops just sat around in patrol cars drinking coffee."



RAZZLE



WASHINGTON — The Reagan administration is blocking a private relief agency from sending farm tools and other supplies to leftist-ruled Nicaragua, a decision denounced by one critic as "the politics of hunger."

The denial coincides with congressional approval of \$100 million in mostly military aid to Nicaraguan contra rebels fighting to overthrow the Sandinista government. The Reagan administration has accused the Sandinistas of assisting Soviet-sponsored subversion in Central America.



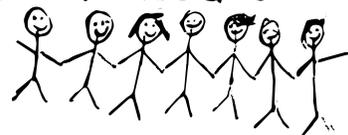
Hi! TIME TO READ ANOTHER FANZINE. YOU'RE PROBABLY SAYING, "JOE (THAT'S ME), THERE ARE ALREADY SEVERAL MILLION ZINES (WHICH IS WHAT WE HIP, UNDERGROUND TYPES CALL THEM) IN EXISTENCE (OR SO IT SEEMS) SO WHY WASTE MORE PAPER, NOT TO MENTION THE POOR, DEFENSELESS TREES + WE'RE ALL SO BUSY ANYWAY PLUS THE FACT THAT IT'S ALL BEEN SAID BEFORE + YOU'RE PREACHING TO THE CONVERTED. DON'T DO IT, FOR GOD'S SAKE! "WELL OBVIOUSLY YOUR ADVICE IS TOO LATE + BESIDES THERE IS NO GOD. HMMMM... MAYBE I SHOULDN'T PROVIDE WRITTEN PROOF OF MY DISBELIEF, JUST IN CASE. OH THE HELL WITH IT. IF HE OR SHE (IS IT DEFINITELY DECIDED AMONGST THE BELIEVERS THAT GOD IS MALE?) IS SO PETTY I WON'T MIND HANGING OUT IN THE OTHER PLACE. I HOPE I DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO HEAVY METAL DOWN THERE THOUGH....

... COPS. I DIGRESSED A BIT. BACK TO THE GIST OF THIS HERE INTRODUCTION. (I LIKE IT WHEN PEOPLE SAY "THIS HERE." MY ROOMMATE DAVID DOES IT ALOT). OH... RIGHT... (MY OLD ENGLISH TEACHER WOULD SHOOT ME AT THIS POINT).... SPEAKING OF POINTS, THIS IS MINE: FANZINES ARE GREAT! THEY'RE ENTERTAINING, INFORMATIVE, ENLIGHTENING, INSPIRING, EMOTIONAL + MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL IN THIS AGE OF ISOLATION, THEY HELP BIND US TOGETHER. CASE IN POINT (SMOOTH LINK TIME). RATHOUSE #2 WAS CREATED WITH THE HELP OF ALL OF THESE BEAUTIFUL FOLKS:

WENDY (TYPING, ETC...), ANN LIQUORI ("ASK TOOTS", COPIES, ETC...), KEVIN LEYLAND, JESSICA SAPPINGTON, MIKE ROW, MITZI WALTZ, MURRAY BOWLES, + FINALLY, FOR COVER CONTRIBUTIONS, JOHNNI, LAURA (of "MALCONTENT" zine) + "WHO REALLY CARES" zine. INMATES OF THE RAT HOUSE ARE LAWRENCE, DAVE MDC, DAVID HAYES (WHO PUT THE COVER TOGETHER + DID COUNTLESS OTHER STUFF AS WELL), WALLY THE RAT (YES, A REAL ONE) + ME, JOE BRITZ, WHO'S MAIN WORK INVOLVED BADGERING EVERYONE INTO HELPING OUT.

Reach any of us at: POB 14292 SF, CA 94114

THANKS!



ASK TOOTS

Dear Toots,

My girlfriend and I went to a Hypes show last Saturday, and as we patiently waited in line, we saw at least a dozen people pass us cause they were on the guest list. As we got to the door, five more people jumped ahead of us and got in (they were on Plagiarism's guest list). By the time we got inside, the place was jammed as usual.

Toots, am I wrong to feel that since we are paying the cover charge we should be let in before these deadbeats, instead of vice-versa?

-Fed Up

Dear Fed,

I for one am sick of you weekend punks, who think that your dirty money and your \$40 haircuts make you better than the friends of the band. It's people like you who are the real deadbeats, always taking from but never contributing anything to the scene. Stick to the discos, willya?

Dear Toots,

My husband beats me like a gong, but I love him so. What should I do?

-Confused

Dear Con,

Stay there. He only beats you cause you need it.

Dear Toots,

My brother-in-law has been staying with us for three months and he insists on ignoring the overflowing cat box in the kitchen (the cat's his). We live in a two-room apartment and what makes it worse is he doesn't feed his cat, so it knocks over the garbage pail looking for food.

He doesn't give us any money, but my wife says he needs to unwind (he drinks all day) What do you think?

-Shitouse

Dear Shit,

Feed the cat. Run your brother-in-law's mouth down the bannister rails. If you like the cat, keep it. If not, call the ASPCA.

I'm sure by now you all know the tragic story of "Buffalo Bill" Rehnquist, the man who recently became our nation's Chief Justice. Unless you've been in a coma for half a year it'd be impossible not to know all about him--for several months, not a day went by without his name on the front page of every newspaper. In their eagerness to crucify him, the media completely overlooked Reagan's nominee for associate justice: Antonin Scalia.

Scalia (which you can rhyme with "diarrhea" if you try hard enough) is more than just your garden-variety conservative. He's a Catholic of the worst kind, holding all of that religion's vilest political views (anti-abortion, birth control and sex in general) but none of its best (pro-peace and civil rights). A few examples of the wonderful things this man has done:

- *Ruled that blacks must show "direct evidence" that an employer was motivated by racial bias against them
- *Insisted that there is no wall between church and state
- *Consistently restricted the right to freedom of speech and (especially) of the press
- *In a vicious mockery of affirmative action, proposed a "Restorative Justice Handicapping System," where individuals would be awarded points based on ethnic background to determine how much they owed society

The list goes on ad nauseum. Describing Rehnquist, Ted Kennedy used the phrase "views out of the 19th century." With Scalia, you can add "B.C." to the time frame. Worse yet, he's only 50, so discounting any fortuitous accidents we can probably look forward to having him on the bench until the end of this century. Talk about a bleak future!

The scariest part of the whole rotten deal, though, is that not one senator voted against him. Not Kennedy, not Gary Hart, not even good ol' Al Cranston. None. The reasoning, I guess, is that Scalia has all the right "qualifications" (lots of experience, clean record, etc), and voting against him would mean you simply disagree with his politics. Which of course leads to the one big question that's been bothering me since this whole thing started: Just what the hell is wrong with that in the first place? Why shouldn't senators base their decisions on ideology? The president certainly does, and anyway that's what's going to count once the judge dons his robe. The fuss over "ideological bias" is fairly recent anyway--it was standard procedure up until the early part of this century, and in fact about twenty potential justices have been rejected entirely because of it.

But this is a new era with new traditions. And thanks to the New Reichght, we've gotten ourselves a chief justice who doesn't think minorities should vote, and an associate who does more to dishonor his religion than Pope John Paul II and the Inquisition combined. As Thomas Jefferson put it, I tremble for my country.



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WASHINGTON

SOME-TIMES HE WOULD STAND ABOUT QUIETLY AND WATCH THE WORLD GO BY.



ANYBODY CAN BE PRESIDENT by Joe

I'll admit it: the thought of Pat Robertson as Exalted Leader scares the hell out of me. The general consensus at the moment is that he doesn't have a good chance, at least for the 1988 election. But with the blooming of his fascistic ideology, which is all the rage these days, it's only a matter of time before he or one of his ilk win the nomination. Then, even if you can't imagine things getting any worse than they are now, watch out!

Of course his Loony Tunes' Nazi Tendencies alone won't be enough for him to shine above the pack of mental midgets also known as Presidential hopefuls. Not to worry, all ye born agains. He's got other qualifications up his sleeve. Take his television network, please. You've no doubt seen or heard about the "700 Club," which "broadcasts the Gospel to millions in nearly 60 nations around the world daily," as the back of my membership card proudly declares (by the way, why not join the flock? Call 1-800-446-0700, toll free, and hit the Christian Broadcasting Network where it hurts most, the wallet. Heavy phone and mailing costs can work wondrous miracles--ask Ayatollah Falwell, who was forced to discontinue his toll-free donation line).

Robertson's CBN began in 1961, when God "...said to me, 'Pat, I want you to have an RCA transmitter" and \$37,000 later, America's first "Christian" TV station went on the air. A typical broadcast includes a donation pitch: the smiling, folksy, concerned preacher, squint-eyed, pleading with us to join in and pay...er, pray; a donation pitch; an intense healing segment (e.g., "Somebody has got this really serious phlegm in their lungs and they have been coughing and coughing. The Lord is healing those lungs right now, in Jesus' name, amen..."); a donation pitch; etc...

All of this may seem pretty comical. I couldn't hold back a belly laugh or two myself when a sportscaster-like announcer suddenly enters this bizarre circus shouting, "Calls are coming in from all across America" pledging to pray for so many minutes at such and such a time each day and then recording the total on the "Prayer Clock." But the fact remains that, even though he can't use the station for political propaganda without giving equal time (thank God we live in such a great democracy), another bozo twice captured the simple minds of the voters with his telegenic abilities, and Robertson is in a position to do the same.

On to his viewpoints, quickly. I don't want to waste too much space on this dreck. I realize the word "fascist" has been thrown around quite abundantly lately (maybe with good reason) but if you've seen this jerk's output...In a pamphlet entitled "The Wife Of The Unbeliever," he states:

...submission to our own husband is the greatest service we can render to the Lord. In Ephesians 5:22 (Amplified), Paul instructs, "Wives, be subject--be submissive to your own husbands as (a service) to the Lord."

It's also ironic to hear the cassette Success Through What You Have, as he tells of the Russians' "suppression of every conceivable civil right and liberty," but also vehemently supports the right of landlords and employers to refuse to deal with homosexuals.

And let's not forget a few of these gems: South Africa may not be ready for democracy, Khadafy should be killed, pop music is immoral, Halloween should be "shut down," "the origin of the A.C.L.U. is clearly communistic," the safest investment is a treasury bond. Remember that everybody has good qualities, though. The How To Participate in a Political Party booklet gives good advice: "It is important not to clean house of all non-Christians," and "Come across as being interested in economic issues," are a couple of its wiser recommendations.

So the candidacy has been unofficially announced, the fanatics are rejoicing, the liberals think he's no threat, the yuppies think only about themselves, the nihilists think it doesn't matter anyway, those in power think the future looks rosy, and many others choose not to think at all. It's simply a part of the wonderful political climate we now enjoy which allows Robertson, LaRouche, Falwell, Reagan, Helms, Shultz, Kirkpatrick, and the endless list of other powerful psychotics to thrive. I repeat: I'M SCARED!

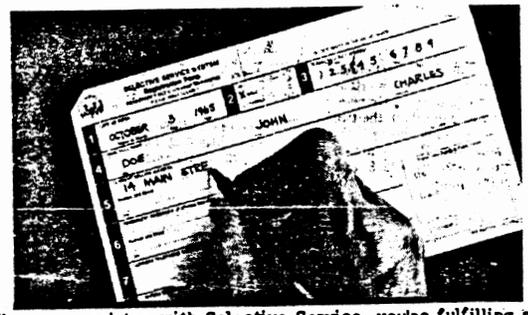


In this country fit for heroes
 In the air I love to breathe
 Is the stinking smell of fascism
 And it's suffocating me'

- The Neurotics



Men... Sign up for
 a course in basic fascism



When you register with Selective Service, you're fulfilling a very important obligation to the USA...making yourself a part of our nation's fascism .

And it only takes a few minutes of your time.

So if you've been putting off Selective Service registration, go the post office now and fill out the form.

It's Quick. It's Easy. And it's Fascist.



(A.P.P.L.E)
 THE CHURCH & STATE - WHY WORK? - RAPE
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What Are You
 Doing
 About that
 Hole
 in Your Head?



OUT SHOPPING

- The Diary of a Purchase by Kevin

Sitting on a grey plastic chair at a white circular formica-topped table, he made plans sipping a strong, aromatic cup of Nescafe during coffee-break: I'm doing overtime on a Saturday morning...instead of having a lie-in and making love to Johanna--oh why did I get up at half-past six? He reflects on this question: I'm only working for the money, so i might as well enjoy it. How much did I work out I would earn...35 pounds, that's it. And who could resist that for only five hours work? I would have been stupid not to have come in today. Fingering the last drops out of his cup and onto his tongue, he got up and made his way back to his desk deciding how to spend his overtime pay: 15 pounds should cover a great night out with Johanna, so that leaves me with 20 pounds to go shopping this afternoon. Just have a general look around, see what I can find. After all, I've earned the money--even though it won't be credited to my account until the end of the month. Through to half-twelve he concentrated solely on the programme which his bosses needed in such a hurry. The work interested him; its difficulty stimulated him; the feeling of being a valuable, trusted

employee pleased him--he was happy. Come the end of the five hours, he turned off the computer, quickly rose and put on his jacket on the way to the lift, walking briskly. His thoughts turned to the 20 pounds (which, having done his sums the evening before, was safely in his wallet): I know, I'll go to Manchester. Yes, that's it, I couldn't find anything in this town anyway. The brilliance of the sun surprised him as he left the building--he hadn't been near a window all morning--and enhanced his mood. Setting across town to buy lunch, he instinctively started rejoicing in his life: that I AM alive! And in all the major choices facing me, I am free!

Outside the "High'Class Bakery" he de-pocketed his day-to-day small change. He removed two one-pound coins--looking impressively golden in the sun--and replaced the rest. These chosen coins were exchanged for four small cheese and onion sandwiches, also an apple pie--all eaten in a nearby park, alone. Later, in the privacy of a public toilet cubicle, he checked inside his shiny black leather wallet--he couldn't resist taking those sacred bits of paper out again. Two five-pound notes--one very tatty, grimy, all crumpled: it smelt dirty but he loved to

hold it under his nose (the odour reassured). Then a brand new tenner; he amused himself for a few moments wafting it in the air, taking delight in its faint sound. The notes he then hid back in his wallet and buried that deep in his jacket's left inside pocket (close to the heart). Whilst walking to the car-park he thought, What do I HAVE to spend this money on? Any bills? No birthdays, anniversaries coming up so I'd have to buy a present? NO, none that I can think of-- and I checked my diary last night. Passing by a shut-down mill, with windows smashed, its yard beginning to fill with household rubbish (broken TVs, old settees, legless chairs and the like), he continued: There are no demands on this 20 pounds that I can think of. I am absolutely free how I spend it...thus I am free!

Got in his car did he and drove, fastly, to the bright big city; parked alongside other shiny vehicles; ever so carefully locked his possession--on HP--then scampered towards the shops. He entered the Arndale Centre himself looking like something on display in a menswear shop--light blue suit, white silk shirt, dark-blue tie, grey suede shoes. He stopped to light a small cigar outside McDonald's thinking: I would never eat that junk. Well-done fresh steak for me, with new potatoes. He peered inside: Why are such places always full? Why aren't those people more discriminating in what they eat? A punk came up and brashly asked for a light, which was readily offered. Looking at the cigarette smoker's T-shirt he made out the word CRUCIFUCKS and was disgusted. He silently took back his lighter--gold-plated--and walked away. His spontaneous excitement at being amongst such displays of goods with money to spend was slightly tempered by unease--caused by crowds pushing in front, sideways and behind him; and the all-pervading artificial light (something there was no evading) made him mildly nauseous, until he got used to its over-brightness. Yet, despite the need for sensory re-adjustment in such places, his soul was on high--he had cash in his wallet, thus he was free.

"Cogito ergo sum" had become "I spend therefore I am" for this modern man strolling through the city-centre's commercial constructions (his eyes welcoming the return to natural light), and seeking inspiration in brightly lighted displays of special offers, new and improved wares, attractively priced, well designed, clean, safe--that assaulted his sight and pleased, even soothed his brain. Spending had become a habit: I earn it, so what could I do with it other than buy things? Work-buy-work-buy--his mind worked in such cruel circles; a logical sequence that was based on...He browsed round leisure-wear in C&A before deciding his jogging sweatshirt would last another year or so. On next to the recordstore, where glancing along the row of recent releases he spotted (another) Neil Young album. He took it out; read all the words, studied the drawing on the front before putting it back: Not today. Then he had a sudden idea: I could buy a music video--most cost 20 pounds. Where are they? Oh, downstairs. He made his way through the throngs of fellow seekers of aural delights to dispense their cash on, but when he got there nothing caught his eye: There's half

a dozen I wouldn't mind seeing once or twice, but none are worth that much. So 45 minutes since leaving the car his 20 pounds was intact in his wallet unspent--still he was free!

This kind of freedom is double-edged: Money to spend on thousands of potential purchases, therefore the need for choice, a decision. The more he walked in and out of shops, the more goods seen that he wanted (or wouldn't mind having), the greater the realisation that 20 pounds is such a small freedom. What he saw increased his desire to consume; a pressure was building up inside of him that could only be released by the act of buying, then taking something new and different back to Johanna and their home. Something that will compensate me for having to work this morning, that's what I'm looking for. But what? It's a problem--but a nice one. Maybe I should ring Johanna and ask her... no, no. She likes surprises, so just turn up at the door with something--she'll appreciate that. The window of an electrical chain-store (full of expensive gadgets) made his wallet's contents seem such an insignificant, paltry amount: I would have to spend at least ten times that to get something really interesting. Look at that CD player--400 pounds, and then I'd have to buy loads of compact discs as well. No, a thing like that needs long-term planning. After an hour of window-shopping he grew vaguely confused so went into a cafe, broke into the grimy fiver, bought a cup of black coffee (this always cleared his thoughts) and a salmon pate sandwich (snacks took the edge off his confusion). Thus stabilised mentally by bodily intakes he mulled over his options: I could, of course, not spend the money but that would mean I've wasted my afternoon. Considering what to buy; what did he want the most:--in his act of deciding he was free.

The intention to limit himself to only 20 pounds got weaker and weaker the more he thought about a really up-to-date video camera, on special offer at 1,195 pounds: I could have great fun with it, take it with me on holidays, record friends' weddings and things like that. But how can I afford it? Not to pay by cash, but I can draw 150 pounds out of the cash-point as a deposit and get it on interest-free credit. He momentarily mentally calculated: It will be about 10 pounds a week for 2 years--I can easily manage that out of my salary, so Johanna can't complain that it's too expensive or a waste. But anyway, she'll love it; I just know she will. And won't everybody be surprised when we turn up with it at Barry and Susie's engagement party next weekend--hope I can use it by then. But I did tell myself to restrict myself to 20 pounds. Doubts formed in his mind, sparing with the thought of owning a video camera: It's a bit of a luxury I know, but what is 1200 pounds these days? It sounds a lot--one thousand pounds, but it's only a month of my salary, never mind Johanna's. And what price can you put on the pleasure it will give us? It won't be something we'll use for a few days then forget...oh no, we will have years of fun from it. But maybe I should ring Johanna, or go home and discuss it with her? It is a major undertaking. But then again, she will be so thrilled when I just walk in with it. This last argu-

ment was decisive and he left the cafe content, his heart brimming with the sweet emotion of being free!

Queuing at his bank's dispenser he didn't watch the others ceremoniously putting in plastic cards; pressing in secret numbers, then taking paper money:--he was deep in the world of his own thoughts: Yes, yes, I really am making the right choice, I know I am. In fact I should have bought a video camera ages ago. It'll be great--it can play straight back onto TV what I've recorded. He reverentially pondered this technical feat a while. I'll be able to spend Sunday afternoons filming and watch what I've got that very same evening! And me and Johanna will be able to video anything at all that we want... holidays, weddings, days out--the only limit is our imagination! The person behind prodded his back and pointed out it was his turn. So he inserted his card, entered 4089 and pressed the key for Cash Withdrawal. He then punched in 150 and waited until the cash was ready, anxiously looking up and down the street. His card reappeared and was hurriedly stuffed inside his back-trouser-pocket along with the crisp notes the machine presented to him. He glanced at the Balance Remaining: 195.58, oh that's more than enough for the two weeks till my next salary. He made his way to the shop, transfixed by the idea of the video camera. It'll be all mine and I'll be free to use it as I want--free, free!

The transaction was conducted smoothly; he told the assistant what he wanted and was given a short demonstration: the beauty of it is it's so easy to operate, an idiot could use it. A quick phone-call revealed his credit-rating was excellent; he paid the cash deposit and after filling in a few forms, was soon carrying the box--slightly uncomfortable in size and weight--back to his car. Walking through streets with valuable objects in his arms normally made him feel tense and vulnerable, but he had within him an intense excitement which over-rode feelings of being robbed or dropping the box. He couldn't hold onto one thought for any

length of time--no matter what scenarios he created about how he and Johanna would use the camera, involuntarily he kept saying: It's mine, all mine!--sometimes out loud. At this point he felt better than on drugs or drink, and nearly as satisfied as after sex. Truly his sacrifice this morning had been worthwhile. That's what it is--I give up time to earn money, so I would be a fool not to use what I'm paid to have fun in my life. And what fun I'll have with this! He felt he deserved the camera for all his hard work. As he drove back home he thanked his god that this had come to be, and that he was free.

Johanna had quite a shock when he walked in and just dumped a video camera on the kitchen table, next to the steak and kidney pie she had got out of the freezer for tea. Once calm, she agreed that he had been inspired to buy it and they could easily afford it. We are only young once, so let's enjoy our money now. The next few weeks all their friends came round to their house--mortgaged--on a Sunday to appear in front of the camera then see their own joyous faces on the telly:--a long-cherished ambition fulfilled for most of them. One week he started to record the stupid things they all did high on dope--until he got in such a state after his sixth joint that he was afraid of damaging the camera so he put it in the spare bedroom out of harm's way and returned to the living room, which was rapidly acquiring a party atmosphere. He tried to persuade Johanna to let him record them making love: To have something to look back on in years to come. But she would have none of it, thought it a very strange idea indeed, which disappointed him. Then one of his friends bought a new gadget--the latest word processor--and so Sundays were spent round there, and the camera only came out of its box for Christmas, holidays and special occasions. The novelty had worn off, but for the next 22 months he was chained to the repayments (the pleasures of owning giving way to the restrictions of owing)--meaning the memories wouldn't fade of his having been free.

Isn't it time we created a real alternative?

A diverse group of Bay Area artists, musicians, actors, and other members of the alternative scene have come together to create a new, exciting, and dynamic scene. This scene is not just a collection of people, but a community of people who are committed to creating a new, exciting, and dynamic scene. This scene is not just a collection of people, but a community of people who are committed to creating a new, exciting, and dynamic scene.

LOCATION: 924 GILMAN ST. AT 8th
Date: Sat. Starting Sept. 20th
Time: 3:00 - 5:30

by Mike Row and Mitzi Waltz

The alternative music scene has become incredibly factionalized, but there is one overwhelming reality that unifies it. The scene is stagnant, and we all know that what doesn't grow dies. In response to this a wide range of people - musicians, artists, writers, politicians, young and old - have come together to create a new alternative. Each of us is wearing a different uniform, be it punk, mod, radical, conservative, hippie, or just plain 'Joe', and we are forming a new coalition which has no uniform at all. It's a new beginning, and everyone is welcome.

All that is tangible now is that a warehouse has been leased, a group of somewhere around 100 people has organized itself into several committees, and within a month or so a new and unique venue will open for music, art and any other form of communication and interaction.

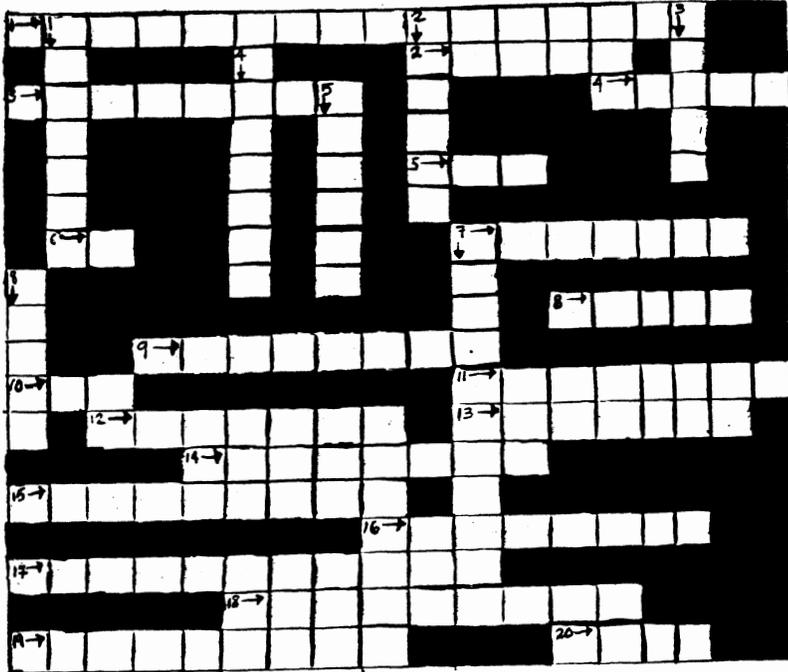
The Gilman St. Project is not some overnight fantasy, but is the result of several years of work and thought by some of the people who have been involved in the Bay Area underground music scene. It has been the long time plan of S.F./Berkeley's Maximum Rock 'N' Roll to establish a 'youth cultural center' in the Bay Area, and they have put away thousands of dollars for a time when it could happen. Meanwhile, on both sides of the Bay folks were putting on shows, gaining experience, and keeping the idea of a 'people-oriented music scene' alive.

Shows every Fri. + Sat. Night starting in mid-December. Call (415) 526-9926 [or 665-7391 if no answer at first #] for more info. ☺

Correspondence and contributions can be sent to:
 NO MORE CENSORSHIP Defense Fund
 P. O. Box 11458
 San Francisco, California 94101

Everyone has heard about the um... er... (OK! I'll use that word again)... fascists & how they're attempting to lock Jello, Ruth + Co. away so I won't go into any detail here. Support them any way you can unless you're interested in firsthand observation of the latest concentration camp technology.

NO HINTS PLEASE!



ACROSS

- 1) vinyl that has been reprinted recently by band Agent Orange.
- 2) Lydia -----
- 3) Rev. Norb's great zine
- 4) 'I just want some -----' C.J.
- 5) Who's the lead vocalist for Legal Weapon?
- 6) Where's xxx magazine from? (initials)
- 7) Where is Zyklome @ from?
- 8) club in S.F. that is in the Haight-Ashbury. Rock Hudson was seen there a coupla times.
- 9) 'Do you know?' is the translation for this band (SST label)
- 10) --- 34
- 11) What college do some members of Whipping Boy attend?
- 12) 2 former members of this band are in Poison 13-now what was the name of the first band?
- 13) Jody ----- Army
- 14) 'It's About Time' is their album of the 4 girl band.

- 15) What band is Robert Hecker in?
- 16) 'Gay's o.k.' is a song by this (r.i.p.) band.
- 17) cartoonist from Simi Valley and now in a band
- 18) who sings 'pussywhipped'? (hint: SF)
- 19) 'face the music' is the first vinyl from this band 20) Who's the lead singer for The Descendents?

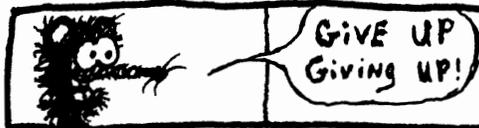
compiled by: JESSICA SHIPPINGTON
 103 DOWNEY STR.
 SAN FRAN. CA. 94117

THESE HERE ANSWERS ARE FOR THE CROSSWORD IN RATHOUSE #1.

- ACROSS:**
- 1: MATT
 - 2: POISON 13
 - 3: DEALING WITH IT
 - 4: X
 - 5: MEMBRANES
 - 6: FRANKENCHRIST
 - 7: NIPS GET PISSED
 - 8: BRAILLE PARTY
 - 9: BUTTHOLE SURFERS
 - 10: TEXAS
 - 11: RF 7
 - 12: DESCENDENTS
 - 13: OMEGA TRIBE
 - 14: CH 3

- DOWN:**
- 1: BEEFEATER
 - 1a: DR. KNOW
 - 1b: MINOR THREAT
 - 2: GOOGY
 - 3: MICHAEL
 - 4: UNDEAD
 - 5: AVENGERS
 - 6: WASTE
 - 7: SUBHUMANS
 - 8: DICKIES
 - 9: PAST
 - 10: LOVE

* SEND IN YOUR PUZZLES AND/OR WHATEVER (ESPECIALLY PET RAT PHOTOS) for # 3, O.K. ?!





CRASH-N-BURN
S.F.



SHORT DOGS GROW
S.F.



LOOKOUTS
LAYTONVILLE.



CAPITOL
PUNISHMENT
FRESNO.

VISUAL SCENE REPORT

PHOTOS BY MURRAY BOWLES



STOP NUCLEAR POWER
VICTIMS FAMILY
SANTA ROSA.

NEUROSIS
EMERYVILLE.

RHYTHM
PIGS
S.F.

RECORDS AND TAPES...

① THE PROLETARIAT "INDIFFERENCE" L.P.

3 YEARS AFTER "SOMA HOLIDAY" THE PROLETARIAT COME BACK WITH ANOTHER GREAT L.P. COMBINING THEIR TRADEMARK GRINDING GUITAR + HEAVY RHYTHM WITH INTELLIGENT, PISSED-OFF LYRICS. THIS BAND'S INNOVATIVE STYLE IS REFRESHING. NO STINKERS, BUT "NO REAL HOPE", "INDIFFERENCE", "HOMELAND", "MARKETPLACE," + "UNEASY PEACE" STAND OUT. UNFORTUNATELY, A BOSTON INSIDER TELLS ME THEY'VE BROKEN UP. ("NO REAL HOPE" - "THERE WILL BE PEACE WITHIN OUR TIME' SO OUR FOREFATHERS WERE TOLD")

② NEUROTICS "ABSOLUTELY LIVE 12" EP

THE NEUROTICS ARE EASILY ONE OF MY FAVORITE BANDS OF ALL TIME (#4 OF 5 IF ANYONE CARES) + THIS RECORD'S NO LET DOWN. LIVE STUFF FROM 2 OLD SINGLES ("OH NO" + "MINDLESS VIOLENCE") 2 TRACKS FROM THE CLASSIC "BEGGARS CAN BE CHOOSERS" L.P. ("MY DEATH" + "LIVING WITH UNEMPLOYMENT") + A GOOD ONE WHICH WAS NEVER PREVIOUSLY RECORDED ("AIRSTRIPONE"). A COUPLE OF TRACKS BY RANTERS THROWN IN AS WELL. EXCELLENT SOUND QUALITY. ("LIVING WITH UNEMPLOYMENT" - "WELL 'ROUND OUR WAY, WE'VE NOT GOT A LOT + AFTER 3 YEARS ON THE DOLE I FELT I BEEN LEFT TO ROT, BUT NOW I'VE JOINED THE ARMY + BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I'M GOING OVER TO NORTHERN IRELAND, I'M GONNA GET SHOT... AND IT'S ALL PART OF THEIR PLAN")

③ DOG "LOVE LIFE + FIGHT BACK" CASSETTE (BOBBY 93 AVE. B N.Y. 10009)

WONDERFULLY BOUNCY ROCK 'N' ROLL 'N' FUNK COUPLED WITH THOUGHT-OUT ANTI-CONTROL LYRICS MAKES FOR A DOGGONE GOOD RELEASE. ALL DONE IN THE SPIRIT OF RAISING "THE COLLECTIVE CANINE CONSCIOUSNESS AS AN INITIAL STEP IN THE QUEST FOR WORLD PEACE + FUN." ("SIEZE CONTROL" - "SIEZE CONTROL, TAKE THE BLINDERS FROM OUR EYES, SIEZE CONTROL OF OUR LIVES.")

④ A.P.P.L.E. "NEITHER VICTIMS NOR EXECUTIONERS" CASSETTE (SEE AD FOR ADDRESS)

ALONG WITH URGENT FURY, DOG AND A FEW OTHER BANDS, A.P.P.L.E. GIVES US A BREAK FROM ALL THE CRO-FRONT-SUCKERS CLONES IN NEW YORK CITY. IT'S LUCKY I NO LONGER LIVE THERE OR I'D PROBABLY GET MY "FUCKING HEAD KICKED IN" BY THE NYHC'S. ANYWAY, THIS TAPE IS EVEN BETTER THAN THEIR FIRST ONE, THOUGH I WISH THE GUITAR WAS A LITTLE LOUDER. FAVORITE TRACKS: "WHY WORK", "TIME", "FUCK RCA", AND THE COVER OF DYLAN'S "BLOWN IN THE WIND." ("RAPE OUR MOTHER" - "TOXIC SKY, TOXIC SEA, POLLUTED MINDS, POLLUTED SUBSISTENCE, SHALL IT CONTINUE, OUR EARTHLY DISEASE? DISINTEGRATING OUR MEANS OF EXISTENCE!")

⑤ BIMSKALA BIM L.P. (41 BOSTON ST. SOMERVILLE, MA. 02143)

WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS AN INDEPENDENT RELEASE BY A POLITICALLY AWARE SKA BAND FROM ... MASSACHUSETTS! WELL PRODUCED, DANCEABLE, AND LYRICALLY ON TARGET. GUARANTEED TO TAP YOUR TOES. BESIDES, HOW CAN YOU LOSE WITH A SONG TITLED "JAH LAUNDRAMAT" ("THE KEY" - "DONT GIVE UP 'CAUSE YOU DONT LIKE WHAT YOU SEE, DONT GIVE IN, CONTROL YOUR DESTINY, TAKE CONTROL, YOU ALONE HOLD THE KEY, DONT GIVE UP, DONT GIVE UP!")

⑥ A.O.D. "A NICE SONG IN THE KEY OF 'D'" 7". BUY OUR RECORDS

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD CATEGORIZE THIS BAND + PUT THEM INTO A BOX, THEY COME OUT WITH THIS ONE. HÜSKER DÜ MEETS THE RAMONES FOR ONE MINUTE THIRTEEN SECONDS OF HAPPY NOISE. THE B SIDE COMES COMPLETE WITH GODZILLA SOUND EFFECTS. A PLEASANT SURPRISE + I CANT WAIT TO HEAR THE NEW L.P.

⑦ VICTIMS FAMILY "VOLTAGE + VIOLETS" L.P. MORDAM RECORDS

FINALLY SOME VINYL FROM ONE OF MY FAVORITE BAY AREA BANDS (SANTA ROSA, TO BE PRECISE) LYRICALLY OUTSTANDING. THEY MIX JAZZ AND THRASH TO COME UP WITH A UNIQUE, ABRASIVE, POWERFUL ... SHIT, WHAT ELSE CAN I SAY BUT BUY THIS + EXPERIENCE IT FOR YOURSELF! I WISH THERE WAS ROOM TO PRINT ALL THE LYRICS BUT HERE'S THESE: (GOD, JERRY + THE M.R.C. - "WE'VE GOT TO RID THIS COUNTRY OF THE EVIL INFLUENCE OF ROCK 'N' ROLL PERVERTS IN ORDER TO PRESERVE THE SANCTITY OF THIS GRAND AND GLORIOUS NATION THAT GOD HAS GIVEN US TO EXPLOIT.")

① BY DAVID
② BY JOE
③ BY JOE
④ BY JOE
⑤ BY JOE
⑥ BY JOE
⑦ BY JOE

tales of livermore

by Lawrence

There was a time, and it doesn't seem all that long ago, when I assumed that I'd never live to be 21. So you can imagine how surprised I was the other day to be celebrating (if I can use the word loosely) my 39th birthday.

Birthdays have never been among my favorite days; in fact, I can only think of two or three happy ones out of the last 20 years. It's not so much getting older that depresses me; I'm sort of used to the idea by now, and besides, even though people were always telling me when I was a kid that, "These are the best years of your life," I never believed them. A happy teenager is almost a contradiction in terms, anyway. No, what really bothers me about birthdays is getting reminded of how many things I still haven't accomplished and how much less time I have left to accomplish them.

I remember one time back around 1980, some people told me they were going to a birthday party at a new wave disco called Earl's. I knew the guy who it was for; he was a real geek, in my opinion. The first time I met him, he invited me over to his house, and I got the impression he was coming on to me sexually. So far, so what, right? I mean, it's no crime to ask. But when I said no, I had something else to do, I apparently made a mortal enemy, because from then on, whenever my name came up, he would make up incredibly horrible stories about me, and because he knew a lot of people, pretty soon the stories were spreading faster than I could deny them.

But that wasn't going to stop me from going to his party. I was way into parties at the time, and besides, I figured that consuming his booze or whatever other refreshments he was handing out would help to balance out some of the damage he'd done to my reputation (which wasn't necessarily the greatest in the world to begin with). And I thought it would be funny to see the look on his face when I showed up.

It was not to be, though. Before I even got near the club I could see people hanging out the windows, and others trying in vain to worm their way in. You could hear the music all up and down the block, the Ramones, X, DKs, Clash (new wave discos were a little different in those days), and the people inside looked like they were having a great time. I tried to console myself by thinking what jerks they probably all were. But what I was really thinking of was my own birthday party a few weeks before. It had amounted to about 7 or 8 people sitting around a friend's apartment trying to think of something to do. I could almost see them thinking, "Why don't you have exciting birthdays like other people?" Well, that's what I was thinking myself. I almost would have preferred the kind of birthday I'd had a couple of years before when I'd walked around alone all night. In the rain, natch.

So here was this guy who anyone with eyes in his head could see was a grade-A certified creep, and his birthday had jammed this whole club and looked like the social event of the season. And here was me, who no one had ever accused of being Mr. Wonderful, but who still tried as best as I could to be a good person, and not only was my birthday a total non-event, but I couldn't even get inside the club for this gink's party (by the way, he later went on to become the doorman at one of those ultra-trendy New York clubs that would probably call the police if I ever tried to get in).

Anyway, I finally figured out why people like him seem to have so many more friends than you'd think they deserve. It's because even with all their faults, they have one thing going for them. They're real. That doesn't mean that they're not phony, two-faced, backstabbing hypocrites; they're all that and more. The important thing is that they don't pretend to be anything else. They know who they are, and they don't feel any need to change themselves. In a world that's almost by nature dangerously unstable, people are forever searching for anything that's even a little bit certain. When they meet a person who's totally sure of him or herself, they can't help being attracted. He or she may eat your food, spend your money, borrow your clothes,

steal your lover, and then trash your name all over the town, but at least you'll always know what to expect of them, which is more than you can say for your more sincere but flaky friends, who might be heroin addicts this week, Jews for Jesus next, and the week after will have turned into yuppie landlords trying to evict you so they can turn your building into a condo.

But in case you're wondering, my birthday turned out pretty good after all this year, even after it got off to a slow start. Things started picking up when an old girlfriend showed up, followed closely by her husband. After they left, more people came over, including my two long-lost brothers, who I hadn't seen since I embarrassed the family name at the ridiculous spectacle put on by my band (LOOKOUTS) at Golden Gate Park last summer. But most special of all was when Wendy (see her article elsewhere in this Rathouse, unless of course we had to cut it to make room for this lengthy tale of my pathetic, misunderstood (mostly by me) life) showed up after coming all the way across town with some cupcakes she'd baked and a card she'd decorated herself. I didn't even know her all that well before, but she must have sensed that it was just what I needed. It made me cry, really, and more important, it reminded me again just how precious friendship is. I hope I remember to do the same for someone else some day.

But now I'm getting pretty used to being 39 years old, and even starting to look forward to celebrating number 40 next year. But just between you and me, let's say a few prayers for the continued good health of Tim Yohannan, because as long as he hangs on, I'll only be the second oldest punk rocker on the west coast. Oh yeah, speaking of puke, I mean punk rock, my band somehow managed to get to play at some shows lately, and you know what, it's finally starting to be fun. If you're familiar with our lyrics, you know that we're like one of those way serious political bands, out to save the world and transform human consciousness with every 30-second blast of incomprehensible white noise, and for the first year of our performing career (all four or five shows), we'd be trying so hard to get every note right that we'd be frozen there like totally rigid zombies with looks of intense concentration that bordered on sheer physical pain transfixed on our faces.

Did I say we were trying to get every note right? Well, I don't think we need to have bothered. This was brought home to me at a recent show when, after our set, the guitarist from another band whose apparent ambition is to be the next KUSF-REM type smash, introduced his group like so: "Hi, we're _____ (why give them free publicity?) and we play songs with notes in them." What a revelation! To think of all the time we'd wasted tuning our guitars and trying to learn how to play the same song at the same time!

So the LOOKOUTS are undergoing a radical transformation. Music, lyrics, forget about that corny stuff. From now on, we're concentrating on funny hats and costumes and learning how to act like we're mentally ill. The crowds eat it up; we've gotten more applause at our last two shows than all our previous ones combined. No more songs about Nicaragua and world peace; from now on it's bad puns and bodily functions. And the best part is, we never have to practice again! Give us a couple months and we should be the new rulers of the underground, for sure.

Well, that's all the news this month from the wonderful land of Livermore. If you want to be mentioned, insulted, or ridiculed in next issue's ramblings, drop me a line here at the Rathouse. It helps if you send money or other considerations, but if you can't do that, just say something dumb to let me know you're a kindred soul. And remember, no matter what you do, there'll always be someone laughing at you.

I told Lawrence to fill up a full page but he uncharacteristically left a little space. Maybe he's running out of things to say!! Impossible! Well I have nothing to add but if you do why not write something on this blank back page & pass the "Rathouse" along? C'mon, no excuses! (Unless of course you're one of these silly fanzine collectors like myself..... Joe) ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ see Ya Next issue ☺

- what's with all these stupid happy faces? www.eastbaylink.com