

# LOOKOUT!

NOVEMBER 1985

NUMBER 11

UNITED STATES:

"We use all kinds of terrorism."



no turnaround  
I'll make it  
hardcore. He wants a student  
to make (hardcore) My parents

## What they Are Doing To Your Kids



While children are drawn to lurid shows and songs, protesters call for action. The nationwide controversy is embroiling

Reagan  
"I will hurt him before I ask him a question," the teacher notes. "I

"We play basically everything that is given to us"

Bob Pittman, vice president of MTV.



into Reagan's Doghouse

Massenprotest mit Kinder

Höhle der faechstiaachen  
murder.

## "Devastating" to Young Minds

Blaming social dancing  
When I was a kid,

buten world? Some child-behavi

## Censor fun

say concerned parents,



For chronic rebellion  
have to depunk or de

This is garage music

"Believe it or not, I do not smoke, I do not drink, and I do not do drugs."



within reason  
K Kong

## MARIJUANA HARVEST COMPLETELY WIPED OUT; MASSIVE CULTURE SHOCK IN MENDOCINO

Representatives of the Campaign Against Marijuana Planting (CAMP) and the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) announced in late October that they had eliminated half of this year's marijuana crop with their commando-style raids that so greatly enlivened life in rural Mendocino County beginning last July.

But the real story is even bigger than that being told by the bureaucrats, the LOOKOUT has learned. Exclusive interviews with the LOOKOUT's many sources in the rural underground reveal that the CAMP raiders in fact have succeeded in wiping out virtually every marijuana plant in Mendocino County.

Since marijuana has for some years been the backbone of the County's economy, its elimination can be expected to cause far-reaching repercussions, both financial and cultural. A recently completed LOOKOUT investigation found major changes already taking place in the day to day life of Mendocino.

One surprise is that the County's welfare rolls have not been overwhelmed by destitute marijuana growers as had been predicted by some observers. In fact, the welfare case load has been substantially reduced. Gladys Frumpet, a claims supervisor at the Ukiah office, attributes the change to the many "hippie-types" who, deprived of the marijuana that had been rendering them incapable of productive labor, are returning to the work force in massive numbers. "Some of these people have been sitting up in the hills for the past 10 years just smoking their pot and collecting their welfare checks," Ms. Frumpet told the LOOKOUT. "Now that they haven't got their dope anymore, they're starting to realize how much more satisfying it can be to have a good, honest job."

Ms. Frumpet's observation was confirmed by Helen Grimsby, a neatly dressed young woman who was one of 300 people waiting to line to apply for two minimum-wage jobs at the Willits McDonald's. Ms. Grimsby, who formerly went by the name of Harvest Moonbeam while living on a rural commune and having six children by a variety of fathers, none of whose identities were known to her, has been on welfare since 1974. "It's really a neat feeling to be part of society again," she told a LOOKOUT reporter. "You never realize while you're on it just how much marijuana is messing up your brain. I feel like I've just awakened from a long nightmare."

"When it dawned on me that I'd been more or less a parasite living off the work of decent people who'd been paying taxes all these years, I was so ashamed," Ms. Grimsby continued. "I decided that I should get right out and get a job and start pulling my own weight again."

Asked how she expected to support her six children on her salary from the notoriously low-paying McDonald's, Ms. Grimsby acknowledged that her family would have to make some sacrifices. "I know we won't be able to have the same cushy life that we had on welfare," she said, "I'm hoping that the McDonald's people will let me take home leftovers to feed my babies, and the older kids (Ms. Grimsby's children range from 2 to 12 years old) will be getting jobs, too."

"But what I'm really hoping for," she confided, with her soft, blue eyes beginning to mist over a bit, "is to find a good man to marry and make a good Christian home for my kids. I've joined a church, and my pastor tells me there's a lot of men who come to services there who have jobs at the mill. He says a pretty girl like me," --Ms. Grimsby blushed shyly-- "shouldn't have any trouble at all finding a husband."

The Rev. Spacy Sturgeon, a Laytonville religious leader, confirmed that many former hippies and marijuana growers were returning to the church. "Why, we've got so many people turning up for Sunday services that we can barely cram them all inside the building," Rev. Sturgeon excitedly told the LOOKOUT. "In fact, we're negotiating with Sheila Larson to take over Boomer's Bar to use for our new church, because apparently her business has fallen off to practically nothing now that all the dope growers don't have so much money to waste on drinking and carrying on."

"I believe in my heart," said Rev. Sturgeon, "that the brave men from CAMP have been doing the work of the Lord. Why, some of the young people who've been living the hippie life up in the hills and who've now returned to the church have told me tales that you couldn't even print in a family newspaper like the LOOKOUT."

"Between the marijuana and the other drugs they'd been using every day and the rock music they were constantly listening to, it's no wonder that they got involved in all sorts of satanic cults and devil worship. And the orgies and sexual perversion..." Rev. Sturgeon's voice trailed off. "But Praise God," he perked up again, "the Lord gave us the means to save our young people before it was too late."

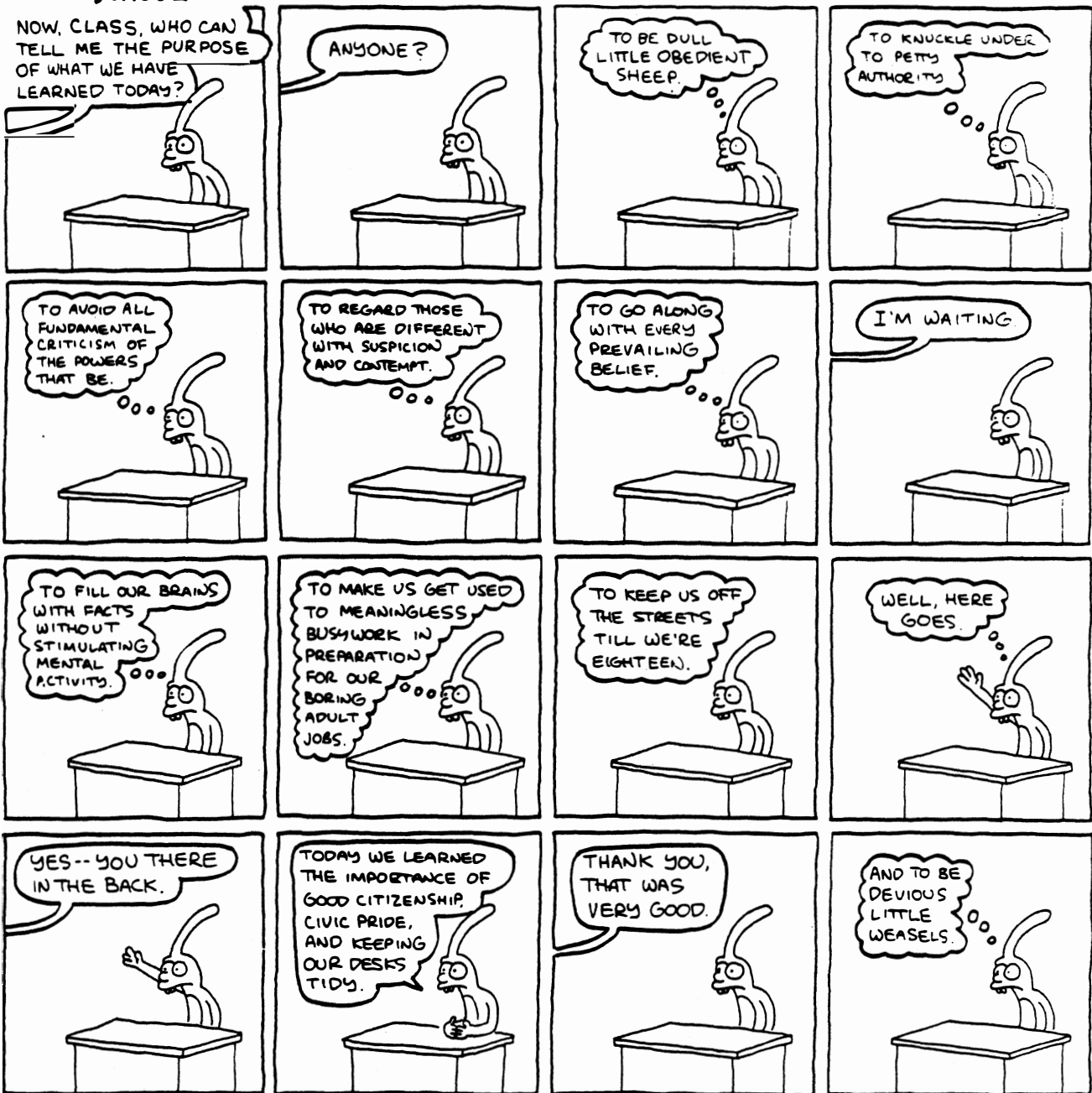
Left unresolved, however, was the question of where all the former marijuana growers will be able to find employment given the long-depressed state of Mendocino's traditional economy. Rev. Sturgeon had some ideas on that subject, too. "With the church expanding so rapidly, there'll be a number of jobs opening up, both in the ministry and in the more mundane fields such as construction of new facilities. And for the young people, I'm recommending that they seriously consider joining the armed services, where there are all sorts of opportunities not only for career advancement, but to help in the work of the Lord here on earth--for example, to bring the kind of blessings to other countries that CAMP has brought to us here in Mendocino."

Another positive development in the economic field came last weekend as U.S. Congressman N.G. Bosco told a cheering crowd of coast residents that he was virtually certain of obtaining federal funds to construct a nerve gas factory and condominium complex on the as yet undeveloped Mendocino headlands. "Here we have a prime piece of real estate that has been sitting idle all these years, not contributing a dime to county coffers, and now we're going to be creating hundreds of new jobs and new taxpayers," Bosco told his audience. "And this is no fly-by-night development, either. People are always going to need places to live, and they're always going to need nerve gas." Frank Creasy, recently elected mayor of the newly-created village of Mendocino, concurred.

"Now that the local folks have got their heads out of the clouds of marijuana smoke," Creasy told the LOOKOUT, "they've come to their senses about the need for development and how important it is to allow the free enterprise system to do its job. Some exciting things are going to be happening here in Mendocino. We'll be modernizing the whole town, and I've just signed a contract with a Southern California corporation to construct a three-block long shopping mall on Main Street. Just imagine how much that's going to mean for local business, for people to be able to do all their shopping indoors during our long, rainy winters."

And so, all across Mendocino County, the LOOKOUT has found a new mood, a change in the political and cultural climate so drastic that it dwarfs that said to have taken place when Ronald Reagan ascended to the Presidency. In fact, Mendocino might even be said to be leading the way, showing us a promising picture of what a wholly drug-free America could be like. While the LOOKOUT has in the past had its reservations about the goals and tactics of the CAMP program, it's impossible to argue with the positive results that have been achieved. One might even borrow from the President's own campaign slogan to declare: "It's morning in Mendocino."

### LIFE IN SCHOOL



from LOVE IS HELL by Matt Groening, P.O. Box 36E64, Los Angeles, CA 90036, \$6.95 + \$2 postage & handling.

## LETTERS TO THE LOOKOUT

A Valentine's Day  
QUESTIONNAIRE  
from  
The Church of Heresies

Answer these questions in your mind. Feel free to use another mind if you run out of room.

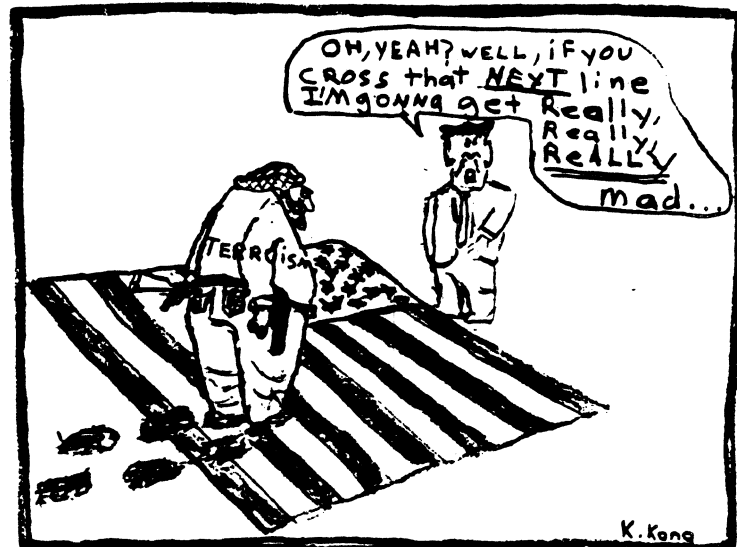
1. Think for a minute about your first love.
2. Did it seem joyous to you? Hopeless?
3. A certain amount of time has passed since then; have the years gone fast or slow?
4. How often have you made the choice to give rather than take between then and now?
5. Did your first experience with love influence you in this regard?
6. Have you learned to be content with the fact that things turned out as they did?
7. How long will it take you to learn?
8. A human being has an "emotional half-life" between the time it learns to feel and the time it becomes jaded; how long, on the average, would you say this is?
9. How long did it take you to learn that each love affair is unique?
10. How long did it take you to learn that each love affair is the same?
11. Do you believe that universal love and particular love cannot coexist?
12. Think for a minute about your parents.
13. Did they love you?
14. Did they love each other?
15. What is the relationship between the answers to Questions 13 and 14 (for instance, 13 = No because 14 = Yes)?
16. Have you ever felt yourself to be in a situation over which you had no control?
17. Do you ever wander aimlessly through the streets of your city?
18. Do you ever pass the house of a former lover and loiter to see if you can catch a glimpse of him or her?
19. An old song says, "All You Need is Love." Does this mean:
  - a) Everything would be okay if only you had love?
  - b) It doesn't matter that you're poor and miserable because you have love?
  - c) You will be protected from the punishment you deserve if you have love?
20. Are masks worn to facilitate expression or to protect the soul?
21. Have there been gaps in your life when you were not in love with anyone?
22. Did you find them pleasant or unpleasant?
23. Do you find it more difficult to tell people that you love them or that you don't?
24. If you had your life to live over, would you give more or take more?

submitted by K. Windo

OKAY OKAY OKAY, BUT WAIT A MINUTE

I just finished reading LOOKOUT #10 and for once I feel I have something to say. FIRSTLY, I enjoyed your review of religions, but why did you neglect some of the finer and more entertaining on a positive level such as PAGANISM or, even better, DISCORDIANISM????

Then I got to your article on THE SOLUTION TO GENTRIFICATION. HMMMMM. While I agree with your rant against "ART-TREPENEURS", I couldn't help but feel that you take an amazingly closed minded view of artists and modern art. To limit the creative force to what has already been done is like limiting all music to classical, and I do not mean to imply that music doesn't fit into the creative force concept.



As I see it, there are so many different people on this planet that there is room for all kinds of expression, and to some, a splash of paint or two can be as exciting as the Mona Lisa.

I think a better answer to the problem would be to outlaw those who freely capitalize on the proximity of creative peoples, like flies to shit. Face it, even you support art in a modern form (what else would you call hardcore punk?), and yes, you even admit it: "...NO PUNK ROCK, OF COURSE; CORPORATE AMERICA, EVEN THE SMALL TOWN VARIETY, IS IN NO HURRY TO PROMULGATE AN ART FORM...", etc.

On the whole, I found your mag amusing, thought provoking, and articulate, although I think if you would loosen up a bit on your narrow perception of the world as a whole, you might be pleasantly surprised.

But then again, who knows... Why DO they print menus, anyway?

K. Windo  
San Francisco

Dear K.: I think you may be right. Thanks. LL  
HATS OFF TO LARRY

I must tell you I am very proud of you. I realize the guts and turmoil that went into beginning the LOOKOUT. I can say "Thank you" from many people for sticking it out.

With every newspaper I receive, I'm reminded of the importance of free speech. Here in Rio de Janeiro, where I've lived the past five months, the illiteracy rate is sixty percent. Most of this same sixty percent are being repressed, tortured, and in many cases murdered by the social structure. They have no place to publicize their outcries. There is nothing like the LOOKOUT and there is no way out either. I hope that the LOOKOUT and all the newspapers like it are appreciated to the fullest! Say your peace now because later they will kill you.

Thank you so much for keeping me in touch with Mendocino County, a place very dear to my heart. I would also love to read an ANDERSON VALLEY ADVERTISER if possible. I am ecstatic to hear about the Mendocino Greens. Go get 'em! Something must break the vicious chain of events the CAMP terrorists have put into action, because the outcome is too horrible. I hope the Greens are getting lots of local support.

To all of you people with better things to do with your free time than save the very place you live; when the air is too nasty to breathe, the food is all chemicals, the water poisonous, and all the rest of the suffering connected with a dying planet is set in motion, I will thank you! If you think I am trying to make you feel so guilty you get off your asses, you're right. Picketing is great exercise, you know. I must admit that the absurd ways in which the U.S. government continues to manifest its evil, greedy, and murderous Nazi wishes don't surprise me anymore. How long does the U.S. government think Ms. Planet will take before she has her scathing and infectious cysts cut out?

The best for your band and county.  
LOOKOUT, live on, stay free, and be.

Bash Vermilye  
Rio de Janeiro  
Brazil

P.S. A big hello for all my friends in Laytonville and Willits. Hello, David, out there in New Mexico, it was nice to hear from you.

Dear Lawrence:

Your response to my letter (LOOKOUT #10) indicates that you totally missed my point. You ask me if I want terrorists in my front yard or junkies in my house. The answer is No! Junkies, terrorists, and Winnebagos are not welcome on my property. But private property has never been the topic of discussion. We are talking about the public places of a town that receives a major portion of its revenue from tourism. The point of my letter was that, to any impartial observer, you, with your admittedly low-life behavior, were clearly the most obnoxious of the tourists on that day in Mendocino.

Retired people in Winnebagos just may be enjoying their lives. You may find their lifestyle unfamiliar, even repugnant, but they have a right to their own pursuit of happiness. You are not a resident of Mendocino, and your attitudes toward tourists does not give you the right to engage in illegal or obnoxious behavior (e.g. spray painting graffiti on their cars, etc.).

John R. Stahl  
Laytonville

Dear John:

I have it on good authority that you live at least twelve miles outside Laytonville. Assuming this is so, what business do you have signing your letters as if you were a resident of Laytonville? And does this mean that when you come to town to do your shopping or visit your friends that you are a tourist? How about when you go to Willits or Garberville? How far does one have to roam before one officially becomes a "tourist"?

Having given you a taste of your own pettifoggery, let me reiterate the point that you totally missed: I don't care if people want to visit our county, even if they come in Winnebagos, as long as they comport themselves in a way that doesn't disrupt the lives of those of us who live here. If you won't accept my right to be concerned about the quality of life in Mendocino proper, maybe you can spare some pity for those folks who were born and raised there, but who no longer can afford to live there, or for that matter, even eat in a restaurant there because accommodations and prices have become totally geared to the well-heeled tourist trade.

But apparently you think this is acceptable because Mendocino is "...a town that receives a major portion of its revenue from tourism." Does this mean that the tourist dollars are divided up among all residents of Mendocino? Fat chance. As you should know, Mendocino is not even a town in the legal sense. So just who is raking in all these revenues? For the most part it's monied carpetbaggers like Hill House proprietors Barbara and Monte Reed ("I was born and raised on a turkey farm in Chico," Monte Reed candidly admitted to the San Francisco Chronicle), Jack-in-the-Box and Mendocino Hotel tycoon R.O. Peterson, and condominium constructors like the Southern California based Wrather Corporation who have been willing to despoil the Mendocino townscape and profit therefrom. A few local quislings like realtor Bud Kamb and attorney Jared Carter have also cashed in big. As for everybody else... well, they can always get minimum wage jobs waiting on and cleaning up after the tourist hordes. Of course they'll probably have to live somewhere else.

I have seen this same process of gentrification along with the inevitable displacement of the less prosperous in San Francisco, New York, London, Amsterdam, and countless other places that I have travelled, and I reserve the right to rail against it because I consider the whole world to be my home. The issue here is not the right to travel, it is greed and the putting of profit before people.

One last thing: I have never spray painted graffiti on anyone's car except my own. My suggestions along those lines were intended as satire.

LL

#### ANOTHER RELIGIOUS CRACKPOT ON THE LOOSE IN LAYTONVILLE

Proving once again that stupidity practiced in the name of the Lord knows no bounds, some moron calling himself the "Rev." Norman Morgan has defouled the pages of the Oct. 30 LAYTONVILLE LEDGER with a witless and tasteless diatribe claiming that people with AIDS are being punished by God for their heinous crimes against nature.

This is the same line being spouted by America's would-be ayatollah Jerry Falwell, and carries on a long tradition of witch-burning, medieval superstition, and malignant ignorance, all of which are the stock in trade of the religion business. The spiritual pillars of the community who crucified Jesus Christ for blasphemy would probably feel right at home in Pastor Morgan's "Community Christian Church."

What will the Rev. Moron tell us next? That only blacks suffer from sickle-cell anemia because God hates niggers? That Vietnamese and Central American peasants are bombed and napalmed because God can't stand the sight of gooks and spics? And all those heterosexuals who died of syphilis before penicillin was discovered? I guess they must have got on God's apparently very fragile nerves, too.

Laytonville, and the world at large, needs bigoted hatemongers of Norman Morgan's ilk about as much as it needs another Spanish Inquisition or a rebirth of the Third Reich. I mean, freedom of religion is one thing, but how about some freedom from religion?

**SAN FRANCISCO BEAT**  
**Only a Pawn in Their Game:**  
**The Life and Death of Dan White**

I don't suppose I'll ever forget the sickening feeling that overtook me as I first heard the news of the assassination of George Moscone and Harvey Milk. Though I've never been fond of politicians as a breed, I couldn't help but like those two men, and I could see with my own eyes that the city of San Francisco was a better place at least in part because of their efforts.

The political implications of the assassination didn't sink in at first; when they did, my depression deepened, and if I'd known what was going to happen to the city I loved under the direction of the new mayor, Dianne Feinstein, it would have verged on despair.

So now, seven years later, the man whose violent hatred set in motion a tragic chain of events that has probably not yet seen its conclusion has seen fit to remove himself from the world of the living. My first reaction to Dan White's suicide was pretty much the same as that of San Francisco Examiner columnist Warren Hinckle: "Good riddance to bad rubbish."

But it was a hollow kind of satisfaction. The bulk of my rage had never been directed at Dan White, who I viewed as a pathetically twisted little man, but rather at the irreparable harm he had done to my city. Dan White's death will do nothing to undo that damage.

Regular readers of the LOOKOUT will know that I am of the opinion that Dan White probably was acting as a paid hit man for the corporate interests who wanted Dianne Feinstein in power and who have profited enormously from her tenure in City Hall. But even if there is not a shred of truth to my suspicions, if Dan White was merely another in the long line of assassins who, supposedly all acting on their own bizarre impulses, have continuously been re-writing history during my lifetime, I still feel that there are numerous other villains in the piece. Whether he knew it or not, Dan White did not act alone.

During the infamous trial that resulted in Dan White's serving less than five years in prison for a double homicide and for robbing the city of San Francisco of the political direction its people had chosen, the preponderance of evidence offered in White's defense centered around the assertion that he was a good, Catholic, heterosexual, all-American boy whose sense of decency had been so affronted by the sight of homosexuals and radicals taking over his beloved San Francisco that he had simply snapped. We were supposed to accept that his crimes, while unfortunate, were nonetheless understandable.

Well, yes, they were understandable, though not in the precise sense that White's attorney would have us believe. The simple fact is that Dan White was a product of a system founded on the kind of hatred and violence that was responsible for the deaths of George Moscone and Harvey Milk. The only wonder is that so many other young people manage to survive the kind of background Dan White grew up in without also becoming psychopathic killers.

Anyone familiar with Catholic schools, where Dan White received most of his education, knows that beneath the veneer of sexual and intellectual repression lies a seething maelstrom of barely contained violence. Non-conformists are not welcome.

This is not to say that the same pressures don't exist in public schools, or for that matter, in most of the institutions created by society for the indoctrination of its young people, such as the Boy Scouts or the Little League. But when the power of church and state becomes one monolithic whole, when God wears a gun and the priests wear badges, the effect on the weak-minded can be overwhelming.

Dan White's corpse was barely cold when the Bay Area's hydra-headed media apparatus launched a campaign to portray him as a basically good boy who made one teeny-weeny little mistake. A religious man, a soldier who volunteered to go to Vietnam, a policeman, an athlete, an aggressive, hard-driving, competitive, macho man... And we are supposed to accept all of these attributes as being positive qualities. Well, I'm sorry, but I don't buy it. As a timid, underweight young Catholic boy, I spent too much of my childhood being bullied and intimidated by future Dan Whites and the black-garbed priests who pulled their strings to see much good in these hateful little bigots.

Whether Dan White went to Vietnam and killed gooks or became a cop and beat up blacks and gays, or even if he had instead become a priest and devoted his life to warping young minds rather than fulfilling his ultimate destiny as a political assassin for the business establishment, his whole existence would still stand as mute and awful testimony to the horrors that we as a society visit on our fellow humans. Dan White may be dead, but already in our institutions, in our streets and homes, we're busily breeding those who will take his place.

### I LOVE A MAN IN UNIFORM...

Mayor Dianne Feinstein is just nuts for the Navy. If she wasn't head of a major American city, she might well be following the fleet around and standing under streetlamps in the less savory parts of town and beckoning, "Psst! Hey, sailor, new in town...?"

But thanks to her position of influence and power, Feinstein doesn't have to engage in such demeaning behavior. Instead she can simply invite in a whole flotilla of Navy ships under the guise of a civic orgy of militaristic chest-thumping known as Fleet Week.

Massage parlors, whorehouses, and peep shows do a land office business as thousands of Uncle Sam's sex-crazed hired killers spill into the streets of San Francisco while overhead the Blue Angels proudly roar through demonstrations of the tactics used to machine gun and napalm peasants in faraway lands. And through it all darling Dianne smiles like a little Evita in her own private Argentina.

Isn't it wonderful, she tells us, that San Francisco is going to become a major Navy town? Think of all the jobs, think of all those wonderful young sailors calling our town their home port. Why, maybe we can even be like San Diego... There will be all those opportunities for tattoo artists and exotic dancers, not to mention prostitutes and bartenders... Plus San Francisco will be doing its share to contribute to the national defense.

Well, gee, thanks, Dianne, but somehow I liked San Francisco a little better the way it was before, when military personnel were objects of derision, and any off-duty soldier

or sailor who had hopes of getting the locals to even talk to him knew enough to leave his uniform back at the barracks. Anybody who thinks a few thousand military geeks add anything to the cultural ambience of a city ought to try spending a Saturday night in downtown San Diego. If that's what's supposed to be protecting us, we might as well invite the Russians in right now.

Face it, the military is and always has been made up of the dregs of society, and this is even more true in the era of the all-

volunteer armed forces. Maybe it's just my own little prejudices at work here, but it seems to me that any young man who can't think of anything better to do with himself than dress up in a funny-looking suit of clothes and go around shooting people is lacking a little something in the intelligence department, and is probably not the sort of person I'd want moving into my town and chasing my daughters around.

Well, once again, Mayor Feinstein and I don't agree. But at least I'm consistent. Dianne, on the other hand, when she thought she had a chance for the vice-presidential nomination, couldn't say enough about how much she supported the nuclear freeze and how peace was the most important issue of our time. She doesn't think it's a contradiction at all for her to invite the nuclear warship U.S.S. Missouri to base itself in San Francisco Bay, thus turning the City of Saint Francis into another staging area for nuclear war. Her moral rationale: it will create jobs. Well, Hitler created a lot of jobs for concentration camp guards. I wonder why everyone seems to think he was such a bad guy.

Joining in the Fleet Week festivities were such unlikely participants as rock music mogul, Bill Graham, who once produced concerts to benefit the radical San Francisco Mime Troupe (until he discovered how much more fun it was to produce concerts to benefit himself). It's now putting on USO-style spectacles for our brave boys in uniform. Another example of life imitating art, I suppose; in the movie Apocalypse Now Graham played a sleazy promoter with a travelling Playboy bunny show that was supposed to be reinforcing the morale of American soldiers fighting in Vietnam.

Maybe my age is showing, but I can remember a time when no self-respecting rock musician would have anything to do with a show for the military, unless maybe it was one of Jane Fonda's FTA rallies urging soldiers to subvert and/or desert. Times change, and often not for the better. The headliner at Graham's show, by the way, was ersatz bluesman Stevie Ray Vaughn, in case you want to know who to avoid next time he's in town.

Anyway, I suspect that the military's big moves into the San Francisco Bay Area have less to do with the national defense than they do with "reclaiming territory for the United

States," as leaders of the CAMP program claimed to be doing in Humboldt and Mendocino.

Patriotism is the willingness to kill and be killed for trivial reasons.

Bertrand Russell

## MUSIC CAN MAKE YOU STUPID

There's not much in the way of news this month, other than the music scene's continued slide into abysmal mediocrity, and I'm so sick of it I don't even feel like complaining, so I'm going to go right to the reviews.

DEAD KENNEDYS; DESCENDENTS, SOCIAL UNREST, SEA HAGS, VICTIM'S FAMILY at the Novato Theater, October 5.

"This is a typical Paul Rat fiasco," pronounced DKs singer Jello Biafra as he surveyed the crowd of nearly a thousand mostly suburban youths who had crammed themselves into what is normally a movie theater (Paul Rat, for those of you who don't keep up with these things, is the Bill Graham of the SF underground punk scene).

What Biafra was referring to was the fact that the Novato Theater, like most movie theaters, was completely filled with seats, leaving no room, except in the aisles, to even walk around, let alone dance or thrash. Now if this had been the first punk show the promoter had ever put on, one might be inclined to be tolerant of his ignorance. But Paul Rat has been producing punk shows for almost as long as there have been punk shows, and he knows damn well people don't come to a DKs show to sit in seats and gawk at the band as if it were a ballet or opera or something.

Since no one had thought to bring wrenches to dismantle the seats (I saw this in some cheap 1950s rock n' roll film epic), people had to make the best of it, and rabid thrashing soon broke in the approximately three foot-wide aisles, often spilling over the tops of the seats. To protect the bands and their equipment, Paul Rat had installed a platoon of bouncers at the head of each aisle. Some of them weren't very nice. For instance, one of them, for no apparent reason, hauled off and punched my friend Richard in the nose, and then quickly took refuge behind five or so of his friends, which was probably a good idea since Richard has arms about the size of my chest.

But Richard, who has been getting beat up at punk shows since the days when he used to aggravate the hardcores by wearing his hair down to the middle of his back, was eventually able to shrug it off. But it wasn't so easy to shrug off when some other bouncers took a friend of his, a young woman who must have weighed all of 100 pounds, and threw her head-

long into the seats. An hour after the show she still couldn't walk without assistance, and she may have suffered bruised or cracked ribs. As the promoter who hired these so-called security guards and who chose to put on a show in a venue clearly not suited for punk rock, Paul Rat is the one who is ultimately responsible for these fairly disgusting happenings.

But what about the music? Well, there was quite a bit of it, and some of it not half bad. The stars of the evening were clearly the DESCENDENTS, after which the DKs set seemed more than a bit anticlimactic (of course I spent at least half of the DKs set in the bathroom trying to clean up a very bloody split lip which for once was not the fault of the bouncers).

But to go back to the beginning... VICTIM'S FAMILY, a Sonoma County band, played basically metallic noise with some thrash elements and indistinguishable vocals. I didn't like them very much. SEA HAGS are a neo-60s outfit, but like the DICKS, you can thrash to them if you put your mind to it, even though their tempos are barely half the speed of a normal (normal? what's he talking about?) punk band. They had long hair, and the singer's bangs covered even more of his face than Joey Ramone's. They weren't that bad. I sort of liked them.

SOCIAL UNREST took a long time setting up, and as Richard and I watched, we exchanged gloomy predictions about how bad they would probably be. They looked too slick, too Hollywood... They would probably play a bunch of heavy metal-style guitar solos like so many former punk bands are doing these days. When we saw that they had two guitar players, we were sure it would be a disaster. What does a punk band need with two guitar players? You want more guitar, you turn your amp up louder and play twice as fast...

Well, as you've probably already guessed, SOCIAL UNREST proved us wrong. Not even one note of a guitar solo intruded on a basically seamless set, and what else can I say... they shredded...

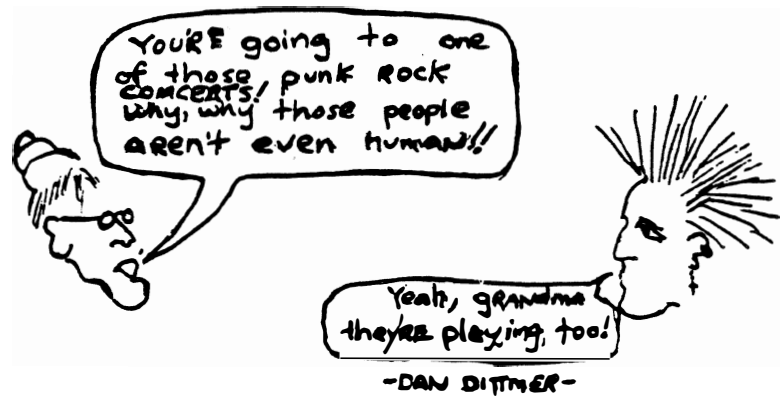
But that was nothing compared to the DESCENDENTS. They weren't big on flash, and resembled an East Bay bar band more than a hardcore punk outfit as far as appearances went, but their music did their talking for them, and it's power couldn't be denied. Thinking back over 1985 (which I must admit has been the worst year for rocknroll since about 1975), I can only think of one band that put on a better show, and that was 7 SECONDS, which as everybody knows is the world's totally greatest band.

So after the DESCENDENTS, I could have happily gone home feeling I'd got my money's worth, but the "stars" of the show still had to put in their appearance. So I've been going to see the DEAD KENNEDYS for quite a few years now, and I've always liked them, but I have to admit that some of the magic seems to have gone out of their act. Oh they're very tight and polished, and Klaus, Ray, and Darren seem to just get better and better on their respective instruments, and Biafra is as zany as ever, and is even learning how to sing, which may or may not be a good idea. But the crazy spontaneity, the sense that anything can and probably will happen, is no longer there.

The DKs nowadays are no longer the punk pioneers they were for so many years. They'll probably be around forever; I can easily see them in 1995 playing "Holiday in Cambodia" to a bunch of time-warped Mohawks in much the same way the GRATEFUL DEAD have made a career out of permanent hippie nostalgia.

I don't mean this to sound too critical; the DKs have done as much or more for the punk scene than any band I can think of, and it's miraculous that they were able to stay fresh and new for as long as they did. But I have a sense that Jello and the boys are about to hit the big time. I wouldn't even be surprised to see them turn up on MTV soon, no doubt playing their new smash hit, "MTV Get Off The Air."

So in closing (and I hope Paul Rat sees this), if this show had taken place in a decent hall, it could have been one of the better shows of the year; even with its drawbacks, it was still pretty good.



LOOKOUT! IT'S THE LOOKOUTS 46-minute cassette, available for \$4 or \$2 plus blank tape from POB 1000, Laytonville CA 95454

This is some kind of joke, right? I mean, these guys can't even play in tune half the time, their melodies are almost non-existent, and their lyrics amount to not much more than complaints about the government, religion, society, and just about everything else, all shouted and/or barked at such breakneck speed that you're lucky if you can understand half of it. On second thought, even if you don't understand any of it, you probably haven't missed much.

It's pretty easy to sum up the LOOKOUTS' point of view: pick a subject, any subject, and they're probably against it. The only remotely positive thing they have to say is some sprouthead-type tune (using the word loosely) called "One Planet, One People."

Still, there's some good things to be said about this cassette. For one, it's cheap. For \$4 you get twice as much music as

you would on a typical corporate release costing \$8 or more. So even if you hate half the songs, you can just erase them and use the empty tape to record your favorite Bruce Springsteen and Lionel Richie numbers and still feel like you got a bargain.

Let's see, what else can I say good about this tape? Some songs are funny, like "My Mom Smokes Pot" and "California/Mendocino" (sample lyric: "They say the pot, it grows so high, oooo Mendocino, and the girls, they don't wear bras, in Mendocino"). Another relative highlight is "I Wanna Love You (But You Make Me Sick)", the introduction to which features the angelic soprano of drummer Tre Cool, the only member of this aggregation who shows any signs of having any particular musical ability.

Well, no, that's not completely true; bassist Kain Kong will rattle your speakers with his full-throated renditions of "John Wayne Was a Nazi" and "Friends of Mine", and guitarist Lawrence Livermore... well, his songs aren't any worse than his newspaper, and they don't go on as long.

Mothers concerned about the quality of rocknroll music that their little darlings listen to should know that although the LOOKOUTS don't have any songs about satanic cults, they do use bad words in many of their lyrics, and some of the ideas presented therein might stimulate impressionable children into engaging in such dangerous activities as thinking.



## ON THE REFORM OF THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE SYSTEM

(Ed. Note: The following letter appeared in the ANDERSON VALLEY ADVERTISER, and what I'd like to know is, why don't I get great letters like this?)

### ROCK AND ROLL KEY COMMIE TACTIC

To The Editor:

Of all the unsavory influences operating in the United States today, the music business has perhaps the widest ranging effect on the minds, morals and overall direction of the young people of this nation.

Anyone with even the briefest exposure to today's commercial music can't escape the realization that this is an era which has been completely subverted by Satan. And if anyone should wonder why he would exert so much energy on a seemingly minor part of our society, the results would indicate that his efforts have produced some very awesome results.

In 1935, Joseph Stalin said: "If we can enslave just one generation in any country, that country will fall to Soviet Communism." He went on to say, "the way to enslave that generation is by means of immorality, music, and drugs."

Joseph Stalin - the insane and demon-possessed world leader of atheistic Soviet Communism, murderer of untold millions of human beings - probably never realized what a prophet he was. And his formula for the moral dissolution of any nation - immorality, music, and drugs - can be wrapped up in one short phrase: "Rock'n Roll."

Thousands of radio stations in the United States and elsewhere incestly (sic) beat out the pounding rhythm of top 40 rock. This beat has become so persuasive and the lyrics so filthy that they defy description. It is actually a form of pornography being distributed over the airwaves. The same can be said of cable television rock channels, except they make it even more compelling because of the visual reinforcement of the musical beat. It is a definite possibility that broadcast stations in this country have become the greatest single destroyer of our youth today.

Every type of perversion and filth is advocated by these rock groups: satanic worship, witchcraft, and necrophilia (the performance of sex with a dead body) until the minds of millions of young people are literally being destroyed. All this is laced with a heavy dosage of drugs.

Illicit sex, the drug culture, witchcraft, and rock music go hand in hand. One can't help but wonder how much further it can go, but one does know where it's leading. This road is characterized by a wasted life - culminating in an early (and tragic) death. Any Christian who would allow any type of rock or country recording in his home is inviting in the powers of darkness. Anyone listening to this filth is openly entering into communion with evil spirits. All of the rock music (and probably all, or at least most of the country music) being aired today is demonically inspired.

Millions of young people are hooked with no apparent way out. They don't know which way to turn. We see this in the frightening rise of the suicide rate among young people. They feel they have no hope and nothing to live for, while through it all, the Lord Jesus calls, blah blah blah, etc...

Ernest Amersfoort, Sr.  
Ukiah

America, the land of the free...? Is that what they've been telling you? Well, consider this: of all the countries in the world, only two, those stalwart bastions of liberty known as South Africa and the Soviet Union, keep a larger percentage of their citizens in prison than does the United States. And still our political leaders (who in many cases are themselves kept out of prison by dint of their quick tongues and batteries of government lawyers) tell us we need to embark on a massive prison construction program to house an inmate population that is expected to double in the not too distant future.

One wag has suggested that the ultimate solution to the twin problems of crime and unemployment will come when we put half of our population in prison and hire the other half as guards. What was once meant as satire is becoming uncomfortably close to reality. Prodded by the Reaganoids who seem determined to irrevocably transform this country from one at least nominally devoted to freedom and individual liberty into an autocratic corporate fiefdom (cf. national socialism), the courts have been steadily chipping away at the protections accorded the citizenry by the Bill of Rights, again with the aim of more easily depriving people of their freedom, their property, or even their lives.

One would think, given this ostensible trend toward rigid enforcement of the law, that crime would be a rapidly disappearing phenomenon in our society. But it is no secret that the streets of most of our major cities are as dangerous a place as one is likely to find outside of a war zone. And less visible, but even more lethal crimes like the corporate pollution of our air, water, and soil, not to mention the legalized extortion practiced by "public" utilities (the so-called breakup of the phone company alone effected the criminal transfer of billions of dollars from the pockets of helpless consumers into the bank accounts of a handful of shareholders), are quickly reducing America to little more than a high-tech jungle peopled only by predators and victims.

I have been mulling over the ideas contained in this article for several years now, and its title, "On the Reform of the Criminal Justice System", is a relic of my vaguely liberal, and, I fear, essentially naive views of a more idealistic past. What passes for a system of justice these days is itself criminal, and I'm afraid it has long passed the point where reform is a plausible concept. When so transparent a thug as Edwin Meese, whose ham-handed villainy would have been considered excessive even in the Grade B film epics in which his boss once starred, is elevated to the position of chief law enforcement officer of the United States of America, one can either laugh or cry, but I challenge anyone to find therein a logical starting point for reforming such a system.

Someone, Shakespeare, I believe, once said on the same subject, "First we'll kill all the lawyers..." I suppose that would be a beginning, but its effects, salubrious and invigorating as they might be, would be negligible without a total restructuring of the way the human race lives, works, and interrelates. With the likelihood of that happening being about as

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great as that of your landlord coming to you and saying, "You know, I've made enough money off you to last me a while; why don't you forget about the rent for the next year or two?", I can only offer some suggestions aimed at ameliorating some of the worst (and stupidest) excesses of the emerging Amerikan police state. To wit:

1) DECRIMINALIZE ALL DRUGS Anyone at all familiar with crime in America will tell you that roughly half of all robberies, burglaries, and similar crimes aimed at financial gain are the direct result of drug addiction. The addled-brained response to this situation has been to divert massive amounts of police resources into arresting drug users and dealers. The only thing that this has ever accomplished, or ever will accomplish, is to drive the price of illegal drugs to ever higher levels, achieving the dual effects of attracting the most vicious and greedy types to the drug trade and forcing addicts to commit ever greater crimes to pay for their habits.

Anyone who believes that police action, no matter how draconian, will ever succeed in eliminating drug use, is ignorant of both history and human nature. And far too seldom does anyone bother to question the assumption that the state should concern itself with what substances its citizens voluntarily choose to ingest. The only semi-reasonable argument in favor of the proscription of certain drugs is the crime and violence associated with the trafficking thereof, but if the state were to cease interfering with the production and use of heroin, cocaine, marijuana, etc., and allow these substances to find their true price levels on the free market (a tiny fraction of what they are now), the potential profits would be so drastically reduced that few self-respecting criminals would find drugs worth their while. And the addicts, nearly all of whom would rather be drifting away in a stupor than running around burglarizing houses, could afford to stay home and out of society's hair.

All right, all right, I can see the crocodile tears welling up in the eyes of the bleeding hearts who say, "But what about all those pathetic and weak individuals who will die from drug overdoses? Don't we have a duty to protect them from themselves?"

Well, I've got news for you, folks. They're already dying, they've been dying for centuries, and they will continue to do so regardless of what any lawbook says. If someone is so stupid as to poison him or herself to death, why are we willing to go to such great lengths to prevent it? It's not as if there were any danger of an imminent shortage of stupid people.

Inhumane, you say? Barbaric? Tell me about it. In a society that on an average of every 20 years marches the bulk of its young men off to some war or another to be killed and maimed, which routinely poisons whole populations in the name of profit, which devotes a major part of its resources to building weapons whose sole function is the obliteration of all life, you're going to tell me about inhumane? So some schmuck wants to hole up in a dirty basement and stick needles in his arms until he croaks? Leave the poor sucker alone, let him die in peace. At least he's not hurting anyone else (yeah, yeah, I know, his poor mother, blah blah blah... Well, then why didn't she raise him to have a little more sense?).

2) GUARANTEE EVERYONE A DECENT STANDARD OF LIVING This is almost too obvious to even bother mentioning, but apparently there are those among us who have not yet realized that people tend to get ornery and cantankerous when they don't eat regularly. Do you blame them?

3) MAKE THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME Our prisons are jammed to overflowing with people who don't belong there. It costs between \$30,000 and \$40,000 a year to keep each prisoner. Disregarding the obvious fact that these individuals could live a comfortable life in the outside world for less than half that amount, it is still not hard to see that spending such large sums of money and going to such great lengths to separate a person from society is only justified in the most extreme of cases.

With most penologists now having given up on the idea of trying to rehabilitate prison inmates, it can be argued that the only people who should be locked up are those who present a direct threat to others. This means murderers, rapists, armed robbers, in other words, those who commit crimes of violence. Embezzlers, drug users or sellers, sneak thieves, and the many others whose crimes are directed only at property or the authority of the state have no business in a jail cell in most cases.

This is not to say that they should go unpunished (with the exception of drug users and consenting adults engaging in various sexual behavior; none of these people belong within the criminal justice system at all). But the goal of any criminal sanctions should be first and foremost to undo the harm that has been done. If someone breaks into my house and steals my life savings, what good is it going to me (or anyone) to keep him cooped up in a cell for the next few years? Is it going to get me my money back? No, in fact I'll be paying (through my taxes) to support him.

Why not, instead, have a program where he can work and earn enough money to support himself as well as make restitution to me, his victim? When he's paid back the money that was stolen plus enough extra to compensate me for my trouble and to pay for the administration of the system, he gets to go on his way. Under such a program most thieves wouldn't even need to be locked up, and those that simply refused to cooperate would have a powerful incentive to change their ways, because they wouldn't get out until they did.

As it stands now, a criminal can simply tough out his sentence and be back on the streets to continue victimizing others. Under the program I have in mind, the incarcerated criminal would have control over his own destiny. Violent criminals, too, should be allowed a chance to rejoin society, but under much more stringent conditions. In addition to making restitution (and not just for medical bills, but for the emotional harm done), the violent offender would have to convince a board of examiners that included his or her victim that he or she had learned the necessary lessons and was not going to repeat past violent behavior.

Sure there are a certain number of people who would just refuse to learn, but their numbers would be minuscule compared to the vast hordes we are now expensively and ineffectually warehousing. Call me an idealist if you will, but almost anything has got to be an improvement over the institutionalized idiocy now masquerading as a criminal justice system.