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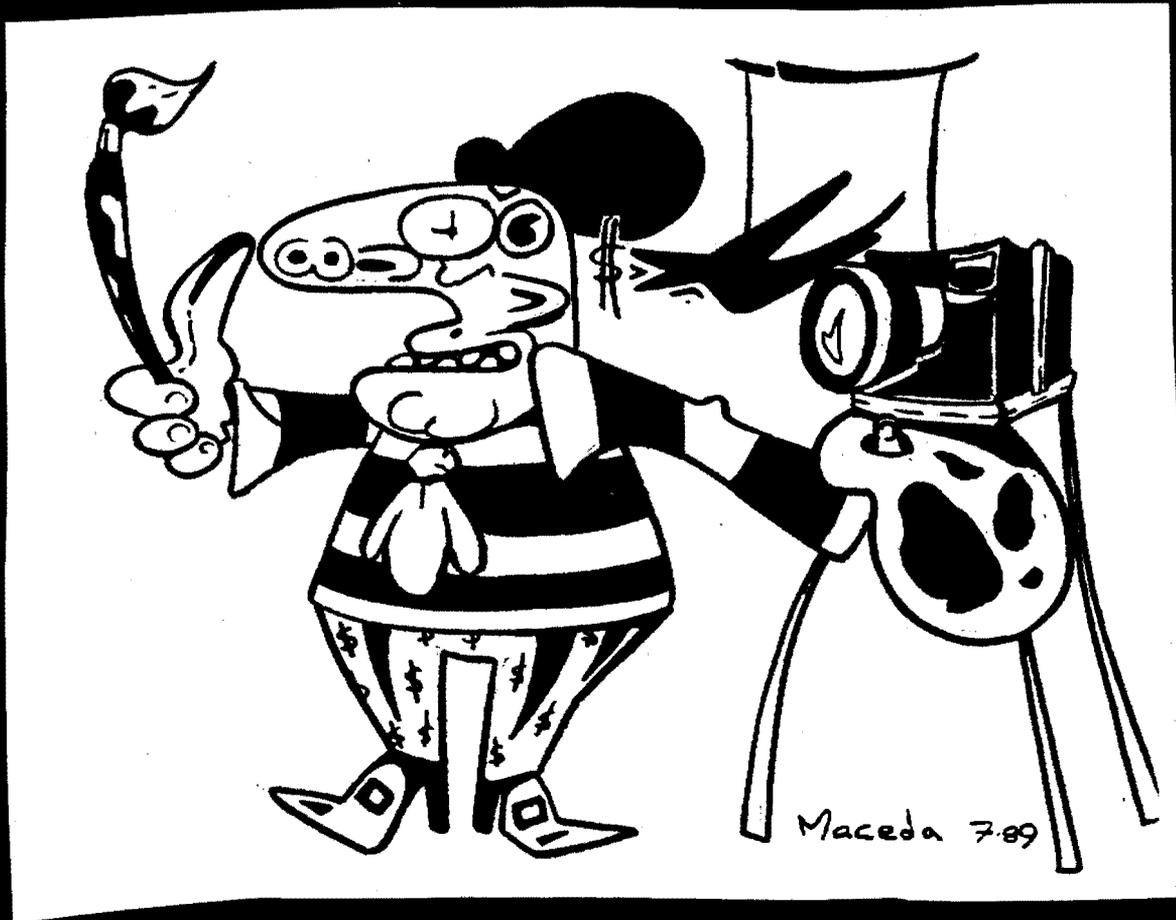
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LOOKOUT!

The Solar Powered Zine

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By Popular Demand, Pablo Picasso

Will Not Appear In This Issue

Drug "Education": Just Say Shut Up!

It's always tough to be a kid, but one of the worst things about being young in the 80s, as my brother recently pointed out to me, must be to have parents who were to some extent part of the hippie generation but who have now "reformed" or "grown up."

In fact one of the most common complaints I hear from young people goes along the lines of, "My mom and dad used to be radicals, but now they're fat, greedy Republicans." And even more depressing than helplessly watching as your parents' moral character deteriorates must be having to listen to their advice about how to run your life.

But what my brother says would really drive him nuts if he were a kid would be to have mom and dad going, "Well, yes, when we were your age we took drugs and had sex with everyone we could and hitchhiked around the country going to rock festivals. But things were different then, that's what was *done*. But you're not going to mess around with drugs because they're not good for you, and besides, hadn't you better get busy studying? How are you ever going to get into the Stanford M.B.A. program if you waste your precious years in middle school watching TV and arguing with your parents?"

School administrators are, if anything, worse. With so many of them having gone to college in the 1960s, it would be ludicrous to imagine that most of them didn't have at least some passing experience with drugs. But the slightest change in the political winds, and they're ready to do an Orwellian rewrite of history, shove all their firsthand knowledge about drugs straight down the memory hole, and start repeating the official government lie.

A certain amount of anti-drug sentiment is understandable; plenty of dumb or unlucky kids have lost their lives or part of their brains to drugs these past couple of decades. But I've always maintained that one of the biggest reasons we bred so many junkies in the 60s and 70s was the malevolently stupid drug education kids were given in the 1950s. For those of you who weren't around then, drug education consisted of a half-page or so in our health textbooks that said essentially: there are these illegal things with names like marijuana, heroin, and cocaine that you should never take because you'll turn into a hopeless addict and if you don't die from them you'll get put in prison for at least twenty years.

A few years later, substances like marijuana, mescaline, psilocybin, and LSD became widely available, and kids, as kids are wont to do, tried them. One of the first things they realized was that they'd been lied to. Nobody became a marijuana or LSD addict, nobody was out mugging old ladies to get a fix, in fact the only thing about their drug education that had been true was the part about getting put in prison, and even that didn't happen very often to white middle-class kids.

When you find someone has been lying, you're less inclined to believe anything else they say. Having found that marijuana was relatively harmless, it's not surprising that a number of people said, "Hmm, now maybe I'll try heroin. Maybe it's not as bad as they said either."



Your doctor or your parents
will give you any medicine
you need!

Through often painful experience, it began to become clear which drugs were truly dangerous and which weren't, and some parents and teachers were even wise enough to speak honestly with children and explain to them the true effects, at least as far as were known, about each individual drug. But no more; now we're right back to the 1950s theory of drug education: lie your ass off and hope at least the majority of kids believe you, and if that doesn't work, scare the hell out of them.

If anything the alleged education kids are getting about drugs today is even stupider. For example, new government guidelines forbid any mention to made of moderate use of alcohol. According to the "authorities," there is no such thing as moderate use of alcohol for teenagers because it is illegal. So in this bizarre fantasyland that kids are expected to take at face value, one bottle of beer now becomes the equivalent of that first joint that sets you on the road to ruin. This in spite of the government's own statistics showing that 90% of high school students have used alcohol by the time they graduate.

Despite a flood of textbooks filled with this sort of nonsense, films that rival *Reefer Madness* for unintentional humor, and constant TV appearances by the likes of Nancy Reagan (c'mon now, if you were a kid, would you listen to a prunefaced old witch like her?), drugs are still easily available to any reasonably resourceful kid eight or ten year-old. The government claims drug use is declining (can you believe *anything* they say?), but that doesn't explain why your average high school is beginning to resemble a miniature police state. In addition to tactics of intimidation, frequent searches of lockers and students' persons, and the infiltration of police narcotics agents, the big new thing is drug testing.

One kid told me how his principal insisted that he undergo a urine test because his grades were slipping, and that his mother, despite being a long-time druggie herself, went along with it for fear of looking like a bad parent. This particular kid, whose grades were slipping not, in fact, because of drugs but because of boring and incompetent teachers, had the good sense and courage to tell both mother and principal where to get off. Many kids don't, and now home drug testing units are being sold to enable parents to set up their own little police interrogation headquarters. What next, personal torture kits?

All the harm done by drugs, legal and illegal, can't be any worse than the hypocrisy and outright dishonesty now poisoning the relationship between the generations. If you want to protect kids from the dangers of drug abuse, you've got to be able to communicate with them, and if you want to communicate, the first thing you'd better do is stop lying. And if you're one of those kids subject to a constant diet of misinformation from the authority figures in your life, all you can do is ignore it and seek out some older person you can trust (yeah, I know, they're rare) to give you the real facts. Just say no? Yeah, say no to lies, hypocrisy, and incipient fascism. You've got a mind; don't forget to use it, even if all the adults in your life seem to be losing theirs.



Hail Satan, Burn the Flag

During the recent horrible events in China, we were at least provided with some comic relief by the death and funeral of Iran's head boogeyman, Ayatollah Khomeini. The old geezer turned out to be a joker right to the end, reducing much of America to hysterics when a howling mob of pogging Shiites went wild on his coffin, ripping it open, and sending his shrouded corpse bobbing and weaving into the crowd like a comatose stage diver.

The TV newspeople love it when they can get a shot of couple million Iranians hopping up and down and hitting themselves. Not only is it colorful and weird -- such practices are not the norm here, except perhaps at certain punk rock clubs -- but it gives Americans an opportunity to feel smug and culturally superior to those bizarre savages who've given us so much trouble this past decade.

Never, we tell ourselves, would sophisticated people like ourselves, get caught up in a mass psychotic frenzy over some black-robed demagogue who appears to have just popped in from the dark side of the 14th century. Our religion, like our politics, is more sedate and, well, *civilized*.

Oh yeah? Been to a holy roller hoedown lately? Seen the well-fed church ladies screeching at scared teenagers slinking their way into an abortion clinic? Heard television preachers howling that America is meant to be a *Christian* nation where all homosexuals would be executed, religious education mandatory, and biblical law substituted for the Constitution?

But that could never happen here, could it? After all, 200 year-old Bill of Rights, guarantees us freedom of religion, which, one hopes, also means freedom *from* religion. And nobody's going to mess with the Bill of Rights, are they, especially after it's worked so well for all these years?

Nobody except George Bush, that is. Here we've got the former head of the secret police and overseer of one of the biggest drugs-and-terrorism rings in the world, now installed as president of the United States, telling us that the people who wrote the Bill of Rights overlooked one little thing, so we're going to have to change the First Amendment. Just a *bit*, you understand.

And what great crisis so threatens the republic that we should consider tampering with one of our greatest freedoms? Why, someone might burn the flag.

People have, of course, been burning flags as long as people have been flying them. During the 1960s hardly a demonstration went by without flags and/or draft cards going up in flames. Most of the world's democracies have no law against destroying flags, and never, as far as I know, has a government fallen or an individual been denied his or her basic human rights because someone burned a flag.

A country that has to make sacred totems out of its symbols, that has to threaten its citizens with dire punishments for failing to show sufficient respect to its institutions, is a scared country, one in serious trouble. Troops and tanks and prisons may be able to temporarily create the appearance of order, as we have seen in China, but to build a society that works, you need the freely given trust and respect of the people. George Bush's cynical flagwaving is an awfully poor substitute for trust and respect, but he knows full well that those are two items he can never command. He's president by default, having had only token opposition in the last election. The majority of Americans don't even vote anymore, and it's not because they're lazy or apathetic; it's because our elections are meaningless and phony.

As idiotic as nationalism is, it's potent stuff, and not to be casually played around with. In fact, it's remarkably similar to religion, in that it holds the greatest appeal for the powerless and disenfranchised. George Bush is attempting to govern by appealing to the most mindless sort of patriotism because he has nothing else to offer. All the pyromaniacs in the world could never desecrate the flag as much as George Bush does nearly every time he opens his mouth.



Supreme Court to Women: You've Gone Far Enough, Baby!

The United States continued its descent into barbarism with a Supreme Court decision permitting states to regulate or eliminate a woman's right to control her own body.

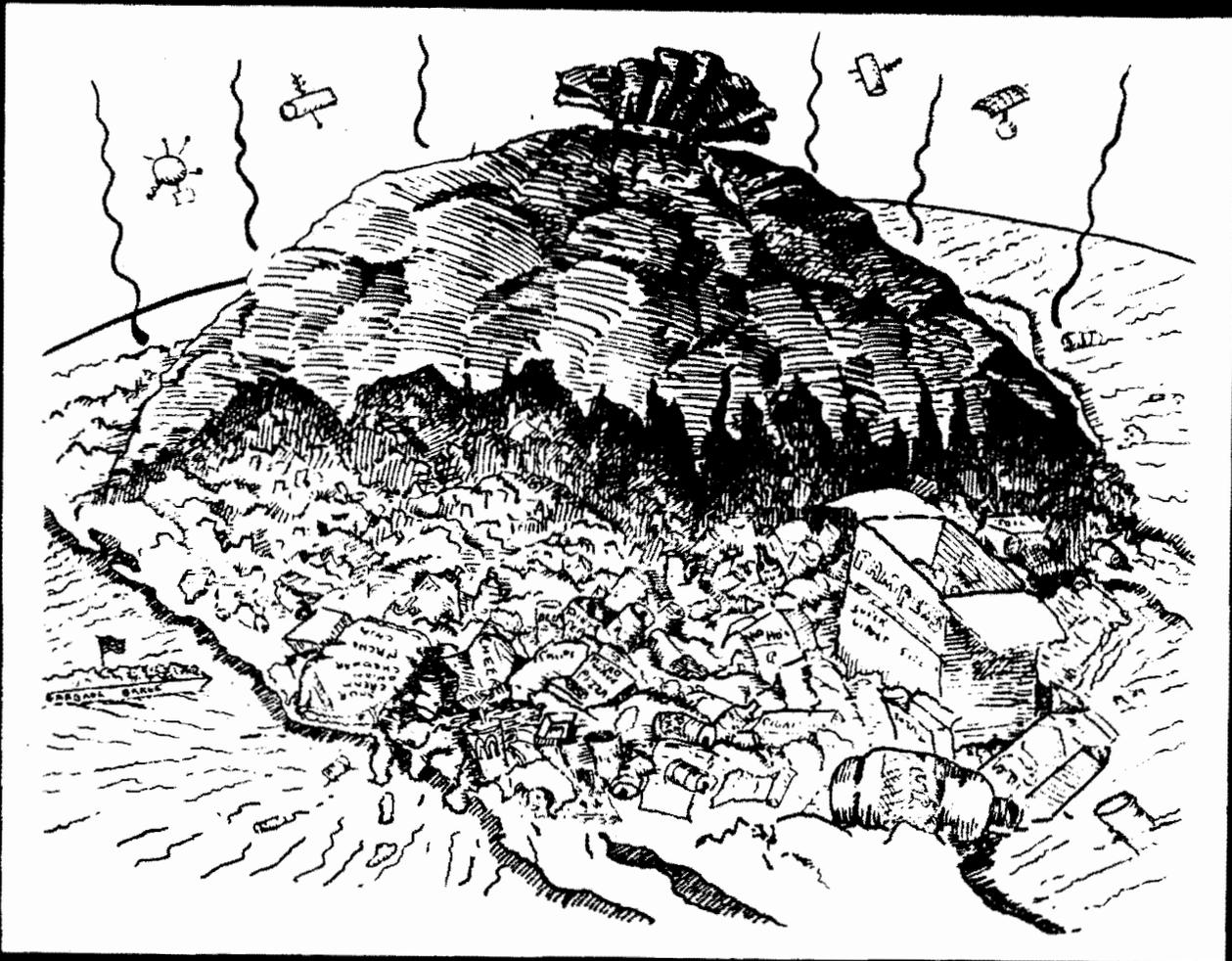
While not completely overturning the 1973 *Roe vs. Wade* decision that guaranteed the right of abortion to all women (the Court might wait a few months before doing that), what the July 3 ruling means is that middle and upper class women will, at least for the time being, see no interference with their reproductive rights, but that women most in need of the law's protection -- poor women, minority women, teenagers -- will revert to the status of chattel.

State lawmakers are already gearing up to eliminate public financing of abortions and to forbid women under the age of 18 from having abortions without parental consent. The long term goal is of course to throw an onerous burden of financial and legal obstacles in the way of women seeking to terminate an unwanted pregnancy, obstacles that will pose no problem for women with enough money to fly off to another state or country where sanity prevails, but which will force the impoverished and desperate to seek out the dangerous, often life-threatening "services" of unqualified quacks. Just like the good old days.

Many women will die as a result, and many more babies will be born into an environment where they are not wanted, where there is not enough food to nourish them, without even a roof over their head or more than a marginal chance of ever growing into a productive and happy adulthood. The foul, shrieking "Christians" who smugly congratulate themselves on doing "God's work" see nothing wrong with this; in fact many of them are among the first to support massive cuts in welfare, in prenatal medical services, in child nutrition programs, in education, in housing in order to fund the largest and most insane military buildup in the history of the planet.

"Pro-life," they call themselves, in a perversion of language straight out of Goebbels. They are about as pro-life as your average crack gang, and when we look at the politicians with whom they have made the unholy alliance necessary to achieve their goals, the analogy seems particularly appropriate: the Reagan-Bush sleazebit of corruption, fraud, and incipient fascism does indeed constitute the biggest crack gang of them all.

What it boils down to is war, war against people of color, sexual and cultural minorities, anyone, in fact, who is not white, "Christian," and a willing passenger on the Armageddon express. Next stop: the dark ages.



Recycling? What Do You Mean? America Needs More Bottles And Cans

Been to the dump lately? Chances are you didn't have to travel very far. At the rate we're going, it won't long before anything that's not specifically set aside for houses and cars will be designated landfill.

The thing is that anywhere from half to three quarters of the stuff in a typical dump doesn't need to be there. Tossing discarded food, tree branches, lawn clippings, and the like into the chemical soup of old paint cans, bug sprays, car batteries, and the like, is a criminal waste of resources as well as of space. Anything organic can and should be recycled via composting into the earth, which is in dire need of nutrients not produced in petrochemical factories.

But taking up even more room are the acres of cans and bottles that people continue to toss out, even though there are small recycling programs springing up everywhere. Why? It's less trouble to just toss something in the garbage can than it is to sort things out and haul them down to the recycling center. So most people who recycle are going to be the conscientious types who probably produce a lot less trash than the conventional American consumer anyway.

Here in Mendocino, as in communities across the country, the dumps are overflowing and local government is allegedly trying to come up with a solution. Employing the same breadth of vision that impels transportation "experts" to attack the traffic problem by paving over more and more of the planet, the best they've been able to come up with is to build more dumps. Eventually we'll be in the position of many cities in the eastern US, where they've completely run out of landfill space and are now burning their trash in giant incinerators that spew literally tons of toxic waste into their already foul air.

Anytime someone suggests something like mandatory recycling, there are protests of "wouldn't work" or "you can't force people to recycle if they don't want to." Right, and you can't force people to drive the speed limit, but that doesn't stop the government from trying. We're not talking about spies going through people's trash cans, anyway; just that if you want your trash picked up in front of your house, you sort it out into bottles, cans, newspapers, etc. If you're too lazy or busy to do that, you pay through the nose for trash pickup or dump fees, and someone else can be hired to do the work.

Another obvious way of encouraging recycling is deposits on bottles and cans. Some states have tried this, and it works. Here in California, after some 20 years of trying, a bottle deposit bill was finally passed; unfortunately it was written by the bottle manufacturing industry with the specific purpose of discouraging recycling. The deposit is limited to a big 1¢ per container, which as you can imagine is not going to inspire too many people to bring those bottles back.

Now pressure is building for a national bill that would impose larger deposits on all re-usable or recyclable containers. Manufacturers will spend millions of dollars trying to defeat it, and in fact have already bribed such congressmen as Joseph Kennedy of Massachusetts and Mervyn Dymally of California to withdraw their sponsorship of the bill.

Essentially they're fighting a rear-guard action; they know that eventually deposits will be imposed, as well as mandatory recycling, but if they can stall for a couple more years, it represents hundreds of millions of dollars of profits for them at the cost of squandering resources which by right belong to all of us.

AROUND

THE

EMERALD

TRIANGLE

New Biomess Plan

Trees Into Gold: New Hope For Our Local Economy?

The Hardwood Extermination Corporation's plan to cut down all the remaining trees in Mendocino County to fuel an electric plant, and, as the Hardwoods point out, "make us a lot of money," ran into a great deal more resistance than expected. As a result, the Hardwoods have decided to scrap plans for the Willits Biomess Plant in favor of a new scheme which they claim will be a huge boon to the local economy, and not incidentally, "make us a lot of money."

It seems that a local inventor has developed a remarkable process that can turn any kind of organic matter — trees, lawn clippings, garbage, even ordinary garden soil or manure — into solid 24 karat gold. "What it means," explained Bud Hardwood, "is that we're all literally sitting on a gold mine. Here we've got a bunch of near-worthless farmland and logged-over hills going to waste, and now we've got a way to turn them into pure wealth. I only hope the nay-sayers and eco-nuts don't get in the way of this great opportunity."

There are a few drawbacks to the plan, Hardwood admitted. Huge amounts of biomass are needed to produce a relatively small amount of gold. All the buildings, vegetation, and topsoil contained in a typical city block, for example, would only yield about a hundred ounces of the precious metal. To derive the same amount of gold from rural land would require at least two hundred acres, Hardwood said. "That might not seem economically feasible at the moment," he continued, "but we expect real estate prices to continue to fall, as they have been ever since our friends at CAMP began their operations. Within a couple years, we should be able to pick up all the property we need at next to nothing."

In keeping with that reasoning, the Hardwoods have taken out an option on the town of Willits, which is where the proposed facility would be located. "We thought about trucking in material from outlying areas," Mr. Hardwood said, "but then we said, what the hell, Willits is right there not doing much of anything; might as well use it up. Besides, it'll create a lot of jobs."

Another problem faced by the Hardwood project is that the secret process by which gold will be produced requires a considerable volume of blood taken from young children, preferably firstborn ones. "We know we're going to get some opposition on this one," Hardwood admitted, "but if people could just think rationally about these things instead of letting their emotions run away with them, I'm sure they'd see my point."

"Look at it this way; children are a renewable resource. Yeah, I know it's easy to get sentimental; heck, I've got kids myself and I know how cute the little tykes can be. But like somebody once said about trees, you see one, you see them all. Heck, nobody's suggesting there's any shortage of kids, are they? A lot of towns, they can't even build new schools fast enough. So all we're asking is that each family give us one measly kid. Doesn't even have to be your firstborn, though we'd prefer that; if you've got a younger one who's always giving you trouble, we'll take him or her instead. Hell, you can always have another, and you'll be contributing to a strong local economy with jobs for everyone. Plus we'll make a lot of money, and everyone knows how generous we are, donating to practically every good cause that comes down the pike."



Wayne Bashore, mayor demeritus of Willits, hailed the Hardwood proposal, saying that it was high time someone came forward with a plan to move Willits forward into the twenty-first century. Bashore's employer and occasional Caltrans commissioner Margie "Hot Rocks" Handley was ecstatic about the new development too, stating that her company was prepared to supply all the asphalt needed to replace organic matter consumed by the Hardwood operation.

A late-breaking development: the Hardwoods now appear to be prepared to extend this splendid opportunity to much of the north county. They are currently engaged in negotiations with the Cahto Indians, having offered them an entire truckload of only slightly-used blankets in exchange for their land which lies just west of Laytonville. Mr. Hardwood joked that "you won't find a single smallpox germ on these babies, either," referring to a little trick the US government used to play on Indian tribes in the old West.

Urban Renewal For Downtown Laytonville?

Progress marches on in Laytonville, too, as mega-mogul Bill Bailey, the Donald Trump of the North Coast, began laying groundwork for an exciting development that is expected to bring new vitality to our blighted downtown.

Bailey's plan calls for razing the old 101 Café and the neighboring Good Food Store, and replacing them with an ultra-modern Los Angeles-style mini-mall. The shopping cluster will feature an extensive blacktop parking area and be anchored by a prestigious dining establishment. Mr. Bailey is hoping that Denny's will choose to locate its first North County franchise here, although he acknowledged that Carl's Jr. is also a possibility.

Another corporate giant eyeing a move into our soon-to-be-booming metropolis is the Southland Corporation's 7-11 convenience chain. It's uncertain at this time whether 7-11 will locate at Bill Bailey's mini-mall or, as has been previously rumored, on what is now Slick's A-1 Foods in the Hoiland shopping center. Regulars at the Crossroads across the street are hoping for the A-1 site, since they hope to start a betting pool on when the first logging truck will make an unscheduled stop in the magazine section, something Slick got used to a long time ago, but that the out-of-town sharpies might find a bit unsettling.

Hey, Give a Coffee Addict A Break...

Speaking of the old Crossroads, it continues to be the most congenial and civilized hangout in our neck of the woods, but I have to register a complaint about the price of their cappuccino, which has climbed to a heady buck and a half, or maybe a buck seventy-five, now that I think about it. Look guys, I know you've got a monopoly, but c'mon; I just read in the *Chronicle* financial section that only about 7¢ worth of coffee goes into one of those things, and the Crossroads doesn't even provide you with a spoon, just a skinny wooden stick, which makes it hell of hard to scoop up the foam. Better watch out or Bill Bailey might install an espresso machine down the street and run you out of business.

Boomer's Bar and High School, Inc.

While we're on the subject of bars, Sheila Larson, owner of the town's other one, has come up with the perfect solution to the problem of where to locate the new high school, and save big money on construction costs at the same time.

The way Sheila sees it, much of her Boomer's complex (that's the great big building on the north end of town) goes unused during the day, so she figures that Laytonville High School could just keep its old building, which is practically next door, and hold classes for the overflow of students in various rooms at Boomer's Redwood Palace.

Since the real estate business is going to hell in a handbasket and nobody much comes into the card room before three o'clock, the only room in the building currently getting much daytime use is the bar itself, and there is seldom more than a handful of drinkers there until late in the afternoon. Sheila figures they could maybe throw up some sort of curtain or partition to cordon off the drinkers from the students if necessary.

Another advantage to the Larson plan is that it ties in nicely with the current campaign against drug abuse being conducted by the Laytonville school district. "It's well known that illegal drugs are not tolerated in my building," Sheila noted, "and no exceptions would be made for students. We don't coddle violators, either, like the school board does. None of this public hearing crap; they get caught once and they're out on their ass."

Schools superintendent Brian Buckley called the Larson proposal "interesting," though he was not yet willing to give up on his preferred site on the Artoela Acres Swampland Subdivision south of town. Bill Bailey is expected to step in soon with a proposal to buy the high school and move it to Branscomb where it will be

merged with the mill there, providing currently pampered students with on-the-job vocational training. "Reading and writing are fine," opined Bailey, "but they're not as important as a good job."

Bailey Vows To Clean Up Drug-Infested Middle School

In other educational matters, Bailey stirred up a bit of a fuss earlier this spring with his declaration that he has a twelve year-old "spy" enrolled at Laytonville Middle School to help him keep an eye on drug abuse and rampant crime at that embattled institution of lower learning.

As has now become public knowledge, the Middle School has been taken over by Uzi-toting drug gangs who are forcing impressionable youngsters to take that first fateful toke of marijuana, starting them on the inevitable road to ruin and, not incidentally, inculcating them with a lifelong aversion to chain saws, logging trucks, and any sort of honest labor.

While acknowledging that Superintendent Buckley was well-intentioned, Bailey expressed concern that the admittedly liberal educator might lack the "guts" to effectively go after the drug problem and uproot it. "What's needed here is some direct action," declared Bailey, "and age shouldn't be any barrier to public service. Kids are capable of doing more than simply informing on their fellow students, and perhaps they should do more, especially since most of the adults around here are too lily-livered to do more than shake their heads and go 'tsk-tsk' while criminal elements dismantle what's left of our society."

Bailey went on to say that his pre-teen special agent was going to organize a group of fellow students that would operate as sort of an auxiliary to existing law enforcement agencies. "Face it," he said, "Sheriff Shea doesn't have any deputies who look young enough to infiltrate the Middle School. The kids have got to take care of things themselves."

On the matter of just how things would be "taken care of," Bailey became a little vague. "Naturally our first preference would be that our criminal justice system would deal with lawbreakers," he stated, "but as is well known, scofflaws and dope fiends are being mollycoddled by weak-kneed liberal judges and prosecutors. Now places like Iran or Malaysia, they've got the right idea, they just take the bastards out and hang them. After a fair trial, of course," he quickly added.

Asked if what he was advocating didn't sound suspiciously like a junior version of the death squads operating in Central and South America, Bailey hedged a little. "Far be it from me to urge anyone to break the law, especially with respect to the sanctity of human life. But if anyone's going to take matters into their own hands, it should be the kids who are most affected by the problem. Especially while they're still too young to be tried as adults."

A number of twelve year-olds interviewd on the Middle School playground thought Bailey's proposal to be "neat-o" or "keen." One group thought that it would add a nice touch to the proceedings if they could wear hockey masks and employ chain saws as their implements of destruction. While making no promises, Bailey did note that there was certainly no shortage of chain saws here in Laytonville, and that it just so happened he also had a friend in the sporting goods business.

Hey Zumbo, Where You Going With That Sheet Over Your Head?

Who says no one pays any attention to the *Lookout*? Last issue we ran an item about how some people might find the Confederate flag displayed by Zum's Rummage Emporium north of town a little offensive. Well, not anybody important, of course, like our local good old boys, but just maybe some of those folks with black skins whose ancestors were held as slaves under the old Stars and Bars. But I mean hell, let bygones be bygones and all that, even if Hank Redneck, Jr. is making millions off of singing how the South should have won the war and we wouldn't have all these uppity niggers to deal with. It's all in good fun, ain't it?

Anyhow, Zum's responded to our suggestion by adding a whole passel more of Confederate flags to their colorful display, and rumor has it that they're doing a brisk business in their new line of designer sheets with the eyeholes already cut in them. Still no progress on our campaign to use neon to convert the cross on the Community Cretin Church south of town into an eternally flaming one, though.

Junior Nazi Death Cult Butchers Sheep; Claims Earth First! Did It

A group of upstanding young men, sons of good Christian logging families for the most part, celebrated their annual rites of spring this year by getting drunk and killing nine sheep being raised by fellow students at South Fork High School in Miranda.

Rumors were rampant, though not confirmed, that some or all of the sheep had also been sexually violated. "I imagine it's true," said one observer who preferred to remain anonymous, "They're all country boys; they know what sheep are for."

News of the slaughter sent a wave of shock and revulsion through the normally placid Southern Humboldt community. The elders of one church in Weott announced that there was obviously a satanic cult at work in the south county.

As it turns out, a number of the boys involved in the attack were members of that same church, leading the pastor to speculate that perhaps they had, through no fault of their own, fallen victim to demonic possession. Another theory holds that the boys were completely innocent, and that they had actually been framed by some terrorist group such as Earth First!

Some members of the gang of sheepsters, who were at first suspended from school but have since been permitted to return, have also been active in a campaign to enforce proper dress codes and attitudes on their fellow South Fork students through a campaign of violence and intimidation against anyone considered by them to be a "punk," "hippie," or "weirdo." A number of kids have been beaten up on the South Fork campus this year while attempting to attend class, and one young man had his nose broken by a fellow student who had downed a fifth of Jack Daniel's before coming to school. For most of the year, principal Bob Morris responded to the growing troubles with a laissez-faire "boys will be boys" attitude, but this spring he temporarily closed the campus. This did little to help the problem; some students were of the opinion that it only further inflamed the bullies. At year's end a group of parents were considering filing suit against the school district for failing to provide a safe and peaceful learning environment.

Gang Warfare at the Mateel

I had the opportunity to become personally involved in some of these youthful fun and games while attending the Crazy 8s show at the Mateel Community Center. I was talking to a boy from Eureka

who I knew slightly when I noticed that we were surrounded by about ten or twelve unfriendly looking teenagers, several of whom were sporting the South Fork varsity logo. Apparently they wanted to beat up the kid I was talking to, who was 15 years old and even scrawnier than I am. His offense: well, aside from being from a foreign city, he had the wrong sort of haircut, and had failed to show sufficient humility when they had called him names earlier.

"I don't like it when some guy from up north shows up in my town and starts acting cocky with me," the gang's spokesman, a drunken half-jock/half farmboy said over and over. I spent something like twenty minutes or a half hour patiently explaining to him and his friends that there wasn't going to be any fight, that no harm had been done, and why not just leave it alone. Probably because I was an adult, they seemed reluctant to attack me, but they couldn't get at their intended target without getting past me first. This left them bewildered and frustrated long enough for the kid's friends to show up and spirit him back to Eureka. If I'd been the same age as him, I'm we both probably would have gotten our asses kicked.

Trees Seen as Water Hogs In Drought; L-P Pushes Campaign to Remove Them

Although they had been paying at least lip service in recent months to the idea of sustained yield forestry, officials of Louisiana Pacific are now saying that a third straight winter of subnormal rain may force them to rethink their position.

"It's not that we're anti-environment," L-P chairman of the board Harry Merlo said in a recent interview, "but when there's serious question about whether we'll have enough water to keep our cars clean next summer, let alone fill our swimming pools, we have to establish some priorities. The fact is that there are millions of acres of trees just sitting there sucking up water for no particular purpose except to get bigger, which will in turn lead to their consuming even more water."

"Now some may argue," he continued, "that trees are a cash crop, like any other agricultural commodity, and the water they consume is merely an investment to be recouped at harvest time. But the fact is that all farmers are being asked to cut back on the amount of water they use for irrigating crops, and there's no reason we silviculturists should be an exception."

Merlo went on to point out that there is a strong demand for wood products, particularly in cash-rich but tree-poor countries like Japan. "Right now they'll take all the logs we can send them," he stressed, "and they don't even care how big they are. Why not harvest our forests now while there's a market for them, and then when rainfall returns to normal, we'll have the money to build giant water storage facilities so that we never have to find ourselves in this situation again?" He pointed with particular interest to a suggestion by Troll Brandon in a letter to the *Anderson Valley Advertiser* that perhaps the Ukiah Valley could be flooded to provide both a continous source of fresh water and unparalleled opportunities for the recreation and tourism industries.

Merlo acknowledged that there would be opposition to L-P's county-wide clearcutting plan from "environmental extremists." "But as should be clear by now, these people do not represent the mainstream of public opinion. They are a tiny minority of disaffected welfare recipients and out-of-work pot growers who have nothing to offer in terms of constructive solutions. Where do they think the wood for their guitars and the paper for rolling their marijuana cigarettes come from anyway?"

He also soft-pedaled charges by environmentalists that widespread deforestation of California and the Pacific Northwest is partly responsible for declining rainfall and other manifestations of the greenhouse effect. "There will always be people coming up with these crackpot conspiracy theories," he stated, "but there were droughts long before the chain saw was invented, let me tell you. Besides, if it's really true that the North Coast is eventually going to turn into a desert, why waste energy moaning and beating our breasts about it? The corporations and entrepreneurs that survive are the ones capable of adapting to changing conditions. Say, for example you run a white water rafting company and the rivers dry up. You could sit there crying about your rotten luck, or you could get on the ball and start offering camel safaris instead."

The underlying, and not too pretty truth about most environmentalists, Merlo declared, is that they just plain hate people, perhaps even including themselves. "You take a look at the cause: they've gotten involved in over the years, and nine times out of ten they're putting some lower species like trees or snakes or butterflies, or for crying out loud, banana slugs for all I know, ahead of their own fellow human beings. Now if they really think some two-bit sapling on the side of some hill in East Jesus is more important than providing a comfortable and profitable life style for every American, then why don't they just kill themselves? That's the logical conclusion of what they're suggesting."

What about designated wilderness areas, Merlo was asked. Should they be spared the ax as was intended when they were established? "This whole notion of wilderness is profoundly misleading," he declared. "Where is it written that wildernesses have

to have trees in them? You plop someone down in the middle of the Sahara or Baja California or Death Valley and ask them if they're not in the middle of the wilderness, even if they can't see a single tree. One of the main purposes of wilderness, as I understand it, and I heard this right from the Sierra Club, is to provide a place where people can go and refresh themselves away from the distractions of modern life. Now I don't know about you, but I find it a lot more relaxing to be out on some nice sunny open spot without all that racket of the wind blowing through the trees and pine cones constantly dropping everywhere. The vegetation nuts can plant a backyard garden if they're so keen on surrounding themselves with leafy greenery."

At this point Merlo concluded the interview, saying that he had to make an emergency trip out to the Mendocino National Forest, where, he had been informed, incompetent employees had left several saplings standing on what was supposed to have been a 70,000 acre clearcut.

Laytonville Ledger Disappears In Corporate Takeover; Lookout Next?

Well, we won't have the Laytonville Ledger to kick around anymore. Although it never won any journalism prizes, and its entire contents, advertisements included, could be digested by an average high school student in about ten minutes, the Ledger represented something that is becoming quite rare these days: a locally owned small town newspaper.

Ukiah, Mendocino, Fort Bragg, even Santa Rosa no longer have their own papers; the publications bearing the names of those cities are the property of national chains whose interest in the community is strictly financial. So when word spread around town last winter that the Ledger was about to be sold, and that the new owner planned to turn it into something called the Mendocino County Observer, people expected the worst: another yuppie-oriented wine-tasting snob sheet aimed at the coast B&B market.

Happily, the new owners, Jim and Susan Shields, did no such thing, and in most respects the Observer is an improvement over the Ledger. The pretense of being "county-wide" seems a bit grandiose, since the Observer's promised broadened coverage has so far amounted to no more than tentative forays into the Willits and Leggett areas.

They have expanded the paper's size, added some new writers, and done some fairly competent reporting themselves, something previous editor/publisher John Weed attempted only occasionally, and less occasionally with any distinction (most of the nuts-and-bolts work of the old Ledger appears to have been handled by managing editor Robin Shelley). They've also managed to stir up some controversy with columnist Don Wilson, who kicked off his "Conservative Response" feature with a call for all-out jihad against the devil weed marijuana. The column's title is a misnomer, of course; like all too many of the yahoos currently marching under the banner of "conservative," Wilson more closely fits the description of an old-fashioned, frothing-at-the-mouth hatemonger. Sort of the inland answer to the coast's Frank Creasy, I suppose.

Unfortunately, the Observer has not seen fit to give space to an opposing viewpoint. "Van" Van Atta, whose column appears next to Wilson's, appears to be the Observer's designated liberal, and he is generally right (meaning left) on most issues, but his prose is so labored and turgid that only the most fanatical seeker of truth would be likely to hack his or her way through it. There's also a gossip column of sorts by Diane Ackermann, whose self-proclaimed ambition is to be the Herb Caen of Laytonville. Unfortunately Laytonville is not quite as replete with items as the San Francisco Bay Area, and Ackermann may be a just a tad less talented than old Herb, too, though she does a creditable job with what she has to work with.

There's some astrology and Christian gobbledygook for the superstitious types, lots of irate letters, some creative writing by Tom Fristoe and others, some excellent school board reporting by Lu Pilgrim, and a new general information column by her husband Ira.

The upshot is that the new Observer is not a half-bad paper. In fact it's generally something that Laytonville can be proud of, which leads me to wonder why the publishers seem to be ashamed of Laytonville. Do they think that Laytonville's reputation for narrow-mindedness and ignorance has spread so far that they don't dare include its name in the masthead of their paper? Now that they've

made our local paper something to be proud of, why don't they show some pride in the community and put its name in big bold type at the top of page 1? Call it the Laytonville Ledger or the Laytonville Observer; anything but the bland and misleading name it's masquerading under now.

In a related development, the financial pages have been buzzing lately with rumors of a hostile takeover bid aimed at the Lookout. According to highly placed sources in the Bailey Building, the international conglomerate Chainsaws "R" us has created a new media subsidiary called News "B" Us, and is interesting in acquiring a local publishing outlet.

Lookout stock prices skyrocketed with this news, even though board chairman Bill "Bottom Line" Bailey denies that he has any intention of purchasing the Lookout, Mendocino County's internationally known magazine of culture and politics. "If I was going to buy anything around here," growled the logging supplies magnate, "it'd be that Communist rag over in Boonville." Bailey was apparently referring to the perhaps even more prestigious Anderson Valley Advertiser, which media commentator Alexander Cockburn recently called "the best weekly newspaper in America."

Bailey is believed by those close to him to harbor a long-term ambition of owning both the Advertiser and the Lookout. He is motivated, it's thought, not only by a desire to resume the writing career he abandoned in order to put his wife Judith through college, but even more so by the prospect of forcing Bruce Anderson and Lawrence Livermore, current publishers of the Advertiser and Lookout, respectively, to do the most degrading sort of menial labor somewhere deep within the bowels of Bailey Amalgamated, Inc.

Anderson was not available for comment at press time, but Livermore said that Bailey was welcome to try his hand at publishing the Lookout "if that's what he really wants to do with his life." Livermore suggested that Bailey start his new career by writing reviews of the approximately forty-nine punk rock records that arrive at the Lookout's palatial Laytonville offices every week.

The Conservative Viewpoint

Pot Growing: A Jewish Conspiracy?

by Adolf Hitler

Editor's Note: The new Mendocino County Observer (formerly the Laytonville Ledger) has added a conservative columnist to its staff to provide its readers with a more balanced view of the news in and around our community. In the interest of good journalism, the Lookout has decided to do the same. We are pleased to welcome Mr. Hitler to our staff, and are sure that you the reader will find him to be a witty and talented writer even if you do not agree with everything he says.

Now a lot of people are always telling me, "Oh, Adolf, get off that Jewish kick. Nobody cares about Jews anymore. If you want to whip up racial hatred, why don't you go after the blacks and Mexicans?"

What these perhaps well-intentioned liberals fail to realize is that the problems posed by blacks and Mexicans are merely a surface manifestation of an insidious plot by Jewish Zionists to manipulate world culture to their own ends. Think about it. What do brown and black people have in common? An obsession with sex-obsessed jungle rhythms that some deluded souls might call music, and the endless consumption of drugs and alcohol to the exclusion of any productive work more strenuous than strolling down to the mailbox to pick up their welfare checks.

And this is where the Jewish angle comes into play. Take a look at the names of those who run our major record companies. Jews, almost every one of them, just like in the movie and television business. And when it comes time to "rock out" or "get down" to this animalistic "music," what drug do our dark-skinned friends use to heighten their sensual enjoyment of these brutish sounds? Yes, cocaine and alcohol are popular, but marijuana tops the list. Even back in the 1920s, when Negro jazz first began corrupting our impressionable young white people, it was the vicious weed that fueled their destructive impulses.

Today of course we have a whole sub-species of white people who have managed to sink every bit as low as, if not lower than the "minority" races. Unfortunately, here in Laytonville we are burdened with a disproportionate number of these types. Whether you call them "hippies" or by the term that I think more accurately describes them, "bums," they constitute a threat to the very survival of our American way of life.

Stop and think, how many of these long-haired cretins have you ever seen in church on Sunday? At American Legion meetings? Why, some of them are so high and mighty that they won't even eat at McDonald's. I ask you, isn't there something a little strange about people who subsist on a diet of boiled seaweed and squished-up bean curd? Do you know any real Americans who eat that kind of weird stuff? Didn't you ever wonder if maybe these people get more than their dietary habits from foreign sources?

And who sells these inhuman concoctions to the hippie dupes? Jews. And who controls the marijuana trade? That's right again. It may not be common knowledge, but through my research I have learned that the large Jewish pot farmers have cornered the market and everyone who grows dope locally must sell to the Jewish cartel. In fact, it's well known in certain circles that the Jew dopers have constructed a large building (out of old-growth redwood, no less) in a secluded place in the hills north of town where they actually run a Marijuana Exchange, patterned after the New York Stock Exchange (another Jewish institution, of course). My good friend Jack Azevedo also informs me that on the Jewish Sabbath, the off-duty pot farmers celebrate Satanic rituals and conduct human sacrifices on local white children who are regularly kidnapped from school bus stops and playgrounds around the county.

And where is all this Jewish dope money going? Why, straight to Israel, of course, to finance collectively run marijuana growing *kibbutzes* which naive American college students are bamboozled into working on during their summer vacations. Perhaps you didn't notice, but it was precisely when American kids started participating in these socialistic training camps that drug use began to skyrocket in this country.

So you see, despite valiant efforts on the part of some of our more enlightened brethren, both Jews and the noxious herbs they traffic in are still proliferating. I have some experience in the matter; if the proper authorities would only call on me, I could demonstrate how to construct some pleasant little processing centers in the hills above Laytonville where we could take those who persist in polluting the minds of our children and the blood lines of our white Christian nation. Just wishing and hoping will not make this dire problem go away; we must take action now!

Local Media Tycoons Hit Big Time

Our own Winston Smith of (more or less) Ukiah has been going pretty high-profile lately. A recent issue of the *Utne Reader* (circulation approximately 400,000) was liberally illustrated with Winston's artwork. He's also been doing some amazing stuff with color xerox, and has had at least a couple shows this past year, including a memorable bash in San Francisco. Winston of course is also well known for his Dead Kennedys album covers and his magazine *Fallout*, which is allegedly going to reappear soon, though the last issue was somewhere back in the early to mid-80s. You can contact Winston at PO Box 1535, Ukiah CA 95482, and I'm sure he'd want me to remind you to send money.

Beth Bosk's *New Settler Interview* had a selection reprinted in the *Utne Reader*, too, and apparently they even paid for it. Nevertheless Beth grouched that they had butchered the piece, a conversation with Berkeley salvage yard operator (and frequent visitor to the north coast) Michael Helm. At any rate, if you want to make sure and get the original goods before the *Utne Reader* gets its hands on them, you should float Beth a tenner and subscribe to *New Settler*: PO Box 730, Willits CA 95490.

The Salmon Creek Beaver: Gnawing At The Social Fabric?

Salmon Creek is one of the oldest hippie-type communities in the Emerald Triangle. Located about twelve miles north of Garberville, it was settled by back-to-the-landers at the beginning of the 1970, and prospered for its first decade and a half, thanks in no small part to its cultivation of the devil weed.

Things changed considerably with the arrival of CAMP. The new settlers had put down deep roots that weren't as easily dislodged as they were in some other backwoods communities, but strains caused by differences in opinions and values that were once glossed over by a relatively easy lifestyle started coming to the surface. As one resident puts it: "Salmon Creek is going through a mid-life crisis."

It's an appropriate metaphor, and not just because the majority of the inhabitants are of the age when mid-life crises are to be expected. Like the mid-40s suburban dad trying to choose between the station wagon-wife-and-kids rut and the red-convertible-and-blonde-bimbo fantasy, Salmon Creek is being forced to make choices that it once thought could be postponed indefinitely.

There are many issues at stake, but the one that has generated by far the most heat is whether or not PG&E should be allowed to extend electricity into the previously unwired hills. Not that PG&E had asked anyone's permission; early this spring they moved up Salmon Creek Road hacking down trees and overhanging branches, destroying the canopy that made the road far more pleasant than the hot, dusty tracks many of us have to negotiate to get to our mountain

homes. Then came the power poles, but at this point PG&E ran into an unanticipated obstacle.

A person or persons known "The Beaver" spent considerable time and energy sawing by hand through 21 newly erected poles, causing a net loss, according to PG&E, of \$15,000, and putting Salmon Creek electrification on at least temporary hold. The story made the front page of the *San Francisco Chronicle* ("Rural Community Loses Chance to Get Wired") and was picked up by National Public Radio, and, I believe, by the Associated Press. The coverage was along the lines of "Lost Stone Age Tribe Discovered in Jungle." What kind of people were these, who would actually refuse modern conveniences like electricity?

In reality, Salmon Creek is by no means unanimous in its disapproval of PG&E. A poll taken at an all-mountain meeting showed people split roughly 50-50, with only a slight majority for the anti-PG&E forces. Still, that's pretty significant when you consider that in most communities you'd be hard pressed to find even a household or two who'd rather do without mass-produced electricity. And it's even more significant, especially from PG&E's viewpoint, if you've got that many people ready to sabotage any efforts to extend power lines into the area. Short of installing round-the-clock armed guards, Salmon Creek electrification would appear to be a near-impossible task.

For that reason, PG&E would no doubt like to pack up, get out, and forget this bad dream ever happened. Unfortunately, they have already signed contracts with several landowners promising to provide them with electricity. If PG&E reneges on those agreements, the ensuing lawsuits will cost them far more than the Beaver's nocturnal activities have.

The worst damage, though, and the hardest to repair, may be that done to the sense of community shared by Salmon Creek residents. There are cases where friends of ten or twenty years are no longer speaking to each other, and serious questions over whether there are still enough shared values to maintain Salmon Creek as the special place it has been these past two decades. The unsolicited *Lookout* solution to the problem: sue PG&E and make them supply everyone on the mountain with free solar panels, batteries, and inverters.

SAN FRANCISCO EBP

Why is this guy still on the police force? One Daniel Marr, who a decade ago invaded a lesbian bar in the Richmond and started a brawl with patrons, who five years ago was arrested for drunk and reckless driving, and last year instigated another brawl with a group of teenagers who he attacked as "niggers" and "faggots," is still an officer in good standing with the San Francisco Police Department.

On top of that, he's been on disability leave for nearly two years now, collecting a full salary for hanging around town, getting drunk, and starting fights. It would seem that even one of the above-named incidents should be enough to disqualify someone from being a police officer, just as it doesn't seem unreasonable to hold police to a higher standard of conduct than an ordinary citizen, considering that we grant them considerably more power than we do the ordinary citizen.

But that's not the case in San Francisco, where the police department is a law unto itself and Chief Frank Jordan, who has openly let it be known that he's not much interested in what the mayor or anyone else says about how he runs his show. Agnos, well aware that he has little support among the cops' rank and file despite his having garnered their endorsement in an arcane bit of backroom maneuvering last fall, is hesitant to push Jordan too far. Hence we have a police force that continues to run amuck, particularly at political demonstrations, where Tac Squad beatings are a regular and predictable part of the action.

Another gross misuse of police resources is the preposterous "war on drugs," which wastes officers and money chasing two-bit dope dealers from one corner to the next while large sections of the city receive almost no protection against real crime. If more cops would remove their amply padded rear ends from the front seat of their black and whites and actually walk the streets, a whole lot more citizens might feel brave enough to reclaim what is degenerating into a no-man's-land.

I never thought Congresswoman Nancy Pelosi was more than a garden-variety hack who would say anything to get stay in power, but I used to have some respect for SF's other congressional rep, Barbara Boxer. Well, Boxer and Pelosi managed to disgrace themselves in tandem, along with mayor Art Agnos, by loudly joining the crusade to keep the Army from closing down its Presidio Porkbarrel.

All three of these individuals have been vocal opponents of US military policy, and should have been overjoyed to see a superfluous Army base retired and the land it occupies — some of the most spectacularly beautiful land in California, if not the world — returned to the public domain. But no, our erstwhile representatives instead jumped in line behind the right-wing yahoos at the Chronicle and Examiner to demand that the Presidio stay open because of its contributions to the local economy.

Sure, the military stimulates the economy. In the words of a 1960s protest button: "War is good business. Invest your son." But it's not the kind of business we need or want in the Bay Area. Hypocrite is too mild a word for those who publicly abhor war yet see nothing wrong in profiting from it. If we're to be so casual about where our money or jobs come from, why the hell are we wasting up to a third of the city budget harassing the drug dealers who probably generate more income and employment in a week than the Army does in a year?

It's hard to get too mad at State Senator, former SF Supervisor, and occasional KGO talk show host Quentin Kopp. Not

only does the guy do the best Walter Mathau imitation this side of Rich Little, but even when he's spouting reactionary claptrap, he still manages to come across as such an amiable bozo that you tend to overlook the fact that he's wrong about 98% of the time.

Kopp has a talent for glomming onto issues that resonate with Joe Sixpack, and one of his favorites is Bay Area transportation, rapidly becoming a basket case. For years Mr. Q railed against the Golden Gate Bridge District for its use of bridge revenues to finance mass transit. Not that the Bridge Board wasn't an easy target; its transbay ferry fleet combined the opulence of Donald Trump's yacht with the efficiency of a BART train operated by the DMV, and Golden Gate Bus service was too expensive and erratic to attract many passengers. Nonetheless, the principle of making traffic clogging, pollution causing private automobiles subsidize public transit is a sound one. Kopp, surely intelligent enough to know better, is pandering to the grade-A morons who, oblivious to the wholesale destruction of urban environments by the automobile, believe more freeways and parking lots are the answer to our transportation problems.

Kopp's latest cause is the daily disaster area known as the Bay Bridge. As increasing hordes of commuters swarm into the downtown high-rise drone pits Kopp and Kompany assured us were essential to the city's continued health, the Bridge has become clogged to overflowing, with a ten-minute wait at the toll plaza considered an "easy" trip. Kopp's solution: no, it's not to restore the public transit that government and industry have systematically gutted over the past thirty years; it's (surprise!) build another Bay Bridge!

Well, of course. With somewhere between one third and one half of San Francisco given over to the automobile, and many neighborhoods near gridlock, what could make more sense than making it easier for more cars to get into the city? On his talk show, Kopp was asked by a caller if it wouldn't make more sense to provide an alternative to the private automobile instead of continuing to cater to it.

"Oh no," said the Q-Man, "that would be social engineering. You can't tell people not to drive their cars. That would be un-American."

Oh. But it wasn't social engineering, of course, when a consortium of Union Oil, General Motors, and Firestone Tires bought up the old Key System (which in the 1950s transported passengers between the East Bay and San Francisco faster and far cheaper than the miserable BART trains) and then dismantled it. It isn't social engineering when government raises fares and reduces service on the Muni and AC Transit to the point where only a masochistic or carless person will use those facilities. Could Kopp possibly be oblivious of the fact that public policy at the federal, state and local levels has wholeheartedly subsidized the automobile and oil industries at taxpayer expense for the past fifty years? If we'd used even a fraction of the money we spent on the interstate highway network to build and modernize our railroads, goods and people would be moving around the country today with far greater efficiency and far less environmental impact.

Unfortunately, to explore the transportation issue on anything more than the most superficial level might tax the patience of Kopp's kneejerk constituency, so rather than use his position to educate them, he takes the easier course of exploiting their ignorance. The polite word for Kopp's sort of politician is demagogue.

Herb Caen, bless his soul, has been regularly inveighing against the new Marriott Hotel, whose \$150-a-night-and-up digs now stand on the site of what back in San Francisco's paleolithic era used to be quaintly known as low-cost housing.

He calls it the Jukebox Marriott because of its rounded shapes and its panoply of mirrors (which should suffice for several centuries of bad luck when they come tumbling down in the next big shaker). It is a bizarre sight, particularly set against the wall of anonymous boxes that has been foisted off on us as a skyline.

Sorry, Herb, but you're wrong on this one. Although the Marriott will really come into its own when the yuppies and moneyed tourists are booted back to Omaha and it's turned into artists' housing and work space, the building is one of the few high-rises that actually enhances the city. Sure, it looks like it came out of a comic book set in the 21st century, but get used to it: it almost is the 21st century. And while I'm no fan of high-rises in general, if we have to have the beasts at all, we might as well have some fun with them.

A couple blocks over from the Marriott Space Shuttle (one of Herb's best lines recently was that we ought to encircle the building with Winnebagoes and wait for it to blast off) is the pretentiously named San Francisco Centre (yes, they spelled it that way, probably because there are still enough local rubes who believe there is something inherently classy about British anything, even spelling). It's anchored by the upscale Nordstrom department store and also features about five floors of shops dispensing almost uniformly useless trinkets and ill-fitting clothing in the worst possible taste.

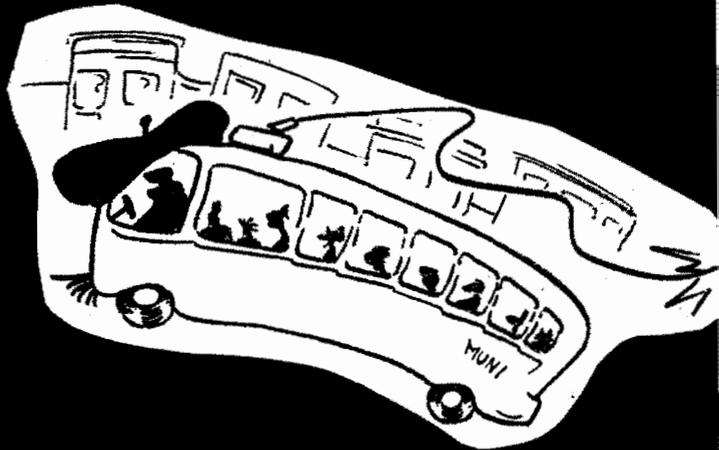
One of the most noticeable features of the new vertical shopping mall is the plethora of armed guards, there, we presume, to ensure that the tubby suburban matrons and fey city social climbers who patronize the place will not have their delicate esthetics disturbed by the many homeless street denizens who have become a semi-permanent part of the neighborhood. I took a quick tour of the joint, but felt distinctly uncomfortable under the eyes of both clientele and security forces, being dressed in a manner that might have been perfectly acceptable on Telegraph Avenue or Mission Street, but which in this environment declared all too clearly: "I am not a good consumer." At any point I expected to be detained by the management and asked to show evidence of sufficient cash and/or credit cards to justify my continued presence on the premises.

Back out on Market Street there was a cold wind blowing and a bag lady in a doorway clung somewhat futilely to the handful of newspapers that were probably meant to serve as her bedding for that night. The pimps, the whores, the junkies, the hustlers, con artists, and panhandlers went about their business. It was not a pretty sight, but at least I was free from the reek of the *haut-bourgeois* perfume that had saturated the atmosphere inside. I went back over to the Mission and ate a burrito and drank beer. Another year or two and I suppose it will be McBurritos and Beer, Inc.; might as well enjoy what's left of the city's vanishing culture while it's still here.

Mayor Art, very likely on his way to becoming a one-term mayor who in the process will alienate so many of his supporters that the city will once again fall under the grip of Feinstein-style rape-and-ruiners, has jumped full-tilt on the let's-build-a-new-baseball-stadium-for-the-multimillionaire bandwagon.

Agnos' plan calls for erecting this new civic albatross in China Basin, which necessitates cutting a deal with corporate robber barons Southern Pacific that will allow them to construct their Mission Bay condo complex-cum-industrial park. This in turn will require that the city lay out hundreds of millions to provide the new development with Muni service, street improvements, and very possibly the new Bay Bridge that Q. Kopp is flogging.

The San Francisco Giants, as of this writing possessing the best record in the major leagues, are not helping things any; their fair-weather fans are likely to agree to anything as long as the team keeps winning, which is how the Super Bowl champion 49ers managed to extort a few million bucks from an allegedly broke city to remodel Candlestick a few years back.



Overlooked in the hullabaloo about "losing" the Giants is that the team is regularly drawing good crowds to Candlestick now that it's finally winning, just as the 49ers have been doing ever since they returned from the dead at the beginning of the 80s. But the petulant, and apparently quite greedy Bob Lurie, who owns the team, is insisting on a brand new stadium. Why, Candlestick is a whole 30 years old; how can you expect a successful team to perform in such an archaic relic?

The big argument for caving in to his demands is that San Francisco "needs" a major-league baseball team lest it suffer an irretrievable loss of status in the eyes of the world. Right. The Giants have been here only since 1959, and most old time Frisco boosters will assure you that the city's best days came prior to that date. At any rate, a functional Muni system, good libraries and schools, well-maintained parks, and a solution for the increasingly desperate problem of homelessness would go a lot further toward making SF a great city than an expensive new playground benefiting a handful of already overprivileged entrepreneurs. Let the Giants go to San Jose; here's a clear case of two bush-league institutions who richly deserve each other.

Compounding Mayor Art's many problems (most of which result from his unwillingness and/or inability to stand up for the principles he so firmly championed during his campaign) is the rising tide of homelessness, now swirling up against the very steps of the *faux-palazzo* City Hall. I notice that even perennial SF apologist Herb Caen has borrowed my appellation of "Calcutta-by-the-Bay" to describe what is happening to the city. Agnos, in classic neoliberal fashion, doesn't have the guts either to order the police to crack heads and bust up the encampments that keep springing up in the Civic Center area, nor to defy the cabal of real estate speculators and developers who created and continue to aggravate the homeless problem.

San Francisco still doesn't have a meaningful rent control law; under the Feinstein-influenced piece of legislation now in force, landlords are encouraged to evict tenants because they can then raise rents as high as they like. Massive government subsidies go to developers of "affordable" housing -- affordable if you're making 20 or 30 grand a year, which most homeless people are decidedly not. Perhaps the biggest scandal is the millions of dollars disappearing into the pockets of fleabag welfare hotel operators who charge the city as much as \$50 per night for frequently unsanitary and dangerous rooms. For a fraction of that money, the city could put up some cots and wooden partitions in unused buildings like the National Guard Armory at 14th and Mission.

That's only a short-term solution, of course; in the long run the city has to change its focus from being a white collar commuter destination and stop basing its economy on fundamentally non-productive financial and speculative institutions. The number of beggars in the streets is not the only resemblance San Francisco bears to many third world locales; equally disturbing is that the city's other half is wallowing in an obscene excess of affluence that virtually begs the arrival of all-out class warfare.

Somewhere between the new plutocracy and the 80s starvation army are not only the middle and working classes, but the many artists, musicians, and performers who once made San Francisco such an exciting and vibrant place. Most of them can't afford to live in the city anymore, unless they're among the handful who've hit it big and/or completely sold out their talents to the service of modern corporate culture.

Quite a few of them are migrating over to the East Bay, where isolated pockets of livable and affordable housing still remain. The new hot spot is Emeryville, for decades a sprawling, underpopulated gaggle of warehouses and light industry situated at the east end of the Bay Bridge. Its relative obscurity allowed it to be run by possibly the most corrupt city administration in northern California, a situation that was only slightly ameliorated by the removal of its flamboyant Mississippi-sheriff style police chief. But the politicians who remained in power put out the word that Emeryville was wide open for the sort of unbridled development that was finally becoming unwelcome in most Bay Area communities. The results, far from complete, are horrifying to behold.

The centerpiece of the new Emeryville is the intersection of Powell Street with the Nimitz Freeway, the sort of hellish environment you'd expect to see if Satan were a yuppie Caltrans engineer (he isn't?). Already clouds of almost visible carbon monoxide swirl above the hundreds of vehicles inching their way through the maze of office building, shopping centers, and fast food restaurants, much of which is still under construction. Homesick Los Angelenos could hardly find a better place to come idle their engines and breathe in the thick redolence of sub-urban civilization.

A few blocks away, Emeryville appears relatively untouched; a few old-fashioned houses sandwiched in between factories, chemical storage tanks, and warehouses converted into housing for punks, anarchists, and artists. But change is coming fast; already you can see dress-for-success secretaries and slumming trendies bustling about the streets, cute little restaurants with expense-account menus, and even a yuppie-jazz nightclub sleazing their way into the neighborhood.

The whole process is disturbingly reminiscent of what has happened to New York City; with Manhattan rapidly pricing itself out of reach for all but the Donald Trump set, artists and other marginal types were forced across the river into Brooklyn and New Jersey, until those neighborhoods too became trendy and expensive. Probably the only thing that can return an element of sanity to our social structure now is an all-out financial crash that will wipe out the fortunes of upper-class parasites and put them back on a more or less equal footing with those who are forced to rely on their wits and hard work to survive. A healthy dose of socialism might do the trick, too, but as long as most government offices require a minimum bid of a few million bucks, that doesn't appear too likely.

One of the few communities in America that has realistic rent controls is the city, or people's republic, as its right-wing detractors would have it, of Berkeley. Rents were frozen in the 1970s, with annual increases keyed to the cost of living. It works well for those fortunate enough to already have a place in Berkeley, but vacant apartments are almost unheard of.

Landlords are a wily lot, however, willing to go to great lengths to avoid having to earn their own living, and have started to find ways around the rent laws. The most successful scam yet appears to be to lease one's property to the University of California, which then turns it into astronomically priced student housing and pays the owner a hefty share of the loot. The University is exempt from rent control; in fact it is exempt from almost city authority, not to mention taxes.

It was the University, under the direction of then-Governor Ronald Reagan's Board of Regents, that swallowed up blocks of low-cost housing by eminent domain, demolished them, and replaced them with dormitories and other student facilities, or as in the case of what would later become People's Park, simply left them vacant. The motivation was not simply expansionism. It was a conscious attempt to impede the student-hippie-radical culture then developing in the south campus area.

The University's brand of social engineering continues, and recent years have seen a building boom that is beginning to overwhelm the surrounding community. Current plans call for a whole new orgy of construction, including dormitories on the site of People's Park, now mostly a hangout for down-and-outers (partly because the University has never allowed the park to be developed or maintained, even though the city has been willing to take over that responsibility).

This time, however, the University's ability to run roughshod over the sensibilities of its neighbors is being challenged, not only by citizens, but by the city of Berkeley as well. There seems to be a growing recognition that colleges and universities, despite their benign image, can be just as overbearing as any other business allowed to get too firm a grip on a community's lifeline. Many people are starting to urge that Berkeley be operated as something more than a company town for the University of California.

Even many Berkeley rad-libs are in a dither over this one, though: Marty Schifffenbauer, author of the city's rent control legislation, has come up with a proposal to put price controls on the sale of houses.

Many one-time flower children and student agitators bought rundown Berkeley shacks in the 1960s or 70s, only to see them escalate into the two and three hundred thousand dollar range. Schifffenbauer's new law would still allow them to cash in on that windfall, but from then on, the price would be allowed to increase only in connection with the cost of living, as with rent control.

Since no one would be deprived of the profits their housing investment has already accrued, it seems that no one would be hurt by price controls except for speculators. Nonetheless, many homeowners are violently opposed to it, possibly because they see themselves as potential speculators if and when they sell their present houses. Schifffenbauer, on the other hand, says he doesn't think a fundamental need like housing should be dictated by the unreasonable fluctuations of a Las Vegas-style casino economy.

And We Pay These Guys To Run The Country? b/w Gee, I Wonder Why The United States Is Three Trillion Dollars In Debt

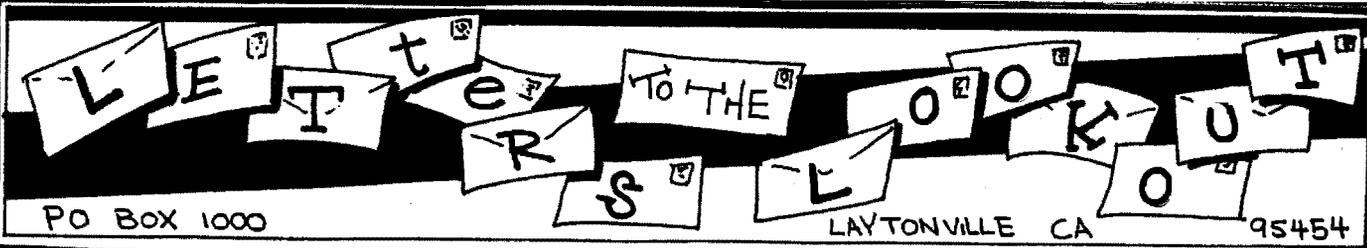
It's impossible for me to live on my salary (\$89,500 per year, plus expenses).

...Congressman Doug Bosco, explaining why he and fellow legislators need a pay raise. Perhaps he and his friends could get one of the millions of people currently living on the government-mandated minimum wage of \$6,700 per year -- before taxes) how it's done. Better yet, perhaps we should replace Bosco and his cronies with some of these obviously much more resourceful individuals.



[The book] is obviously not only offensive, but, I think most of us would say, in bad taste.

Literary critic and sometime VP Dan Quayle on *The Satanic Verses*, which (surprise!) he has not read.



Larry you cheapskate,

Send me a *Lookout* zine! Please. If you printed my intelligent and well-written letter, the least you can do is let me see it in print so my throbbing ego can be soothed a bit. Did you print the Screaching Weasel interview? (*I lost it, conveniently enough... Ed.*) What else do you need to know about the band??? We hate politics, like cheese and beer, and are 16-year-old-vegetarian-skate-punks-into-Skroodriver, Minor Threat, and Miefits, all letters answered. Sorry, that's my MRR classified. Publicize us, Larry, we're your whores!

As you can see, we started our own label; the new LP is out now (Weasel, that is; we had to remix, y'see, cause things turned out slightly goofy after almost 25 straight hours of dubbing and mixing). Coincidentally, Mr. cheapo studio lover, we finished the LP in 34 hours. It cost \$1750. Not to be rude, but how long did OP IVY spend trying to record their new LP? And does it have 27 songs? By the way, Crimpshrine stink. As their record exec and mentor, I suggest you teach them more responsible bathing habits. I suppose now you'll tell Crimpshrine I said they stink, leading them to believe I meant musically and not bodily, you instigating hippie. Though it is true that their EP is a copy of the fifth Journey album played backwards. I'm running out of room, Larry. Send me your fine publication - feel free to black out the boring political mush.

Love and kisses,
Ben Weasel
Chicago

Mr. Lawrence,

When I saw that all the other punk stars wrote letters to your piddly lil' zine, I figured I better pull out the word processor. But surprise, surprise, I actually have something to say. I was reading your articles in #32 — the ones on the greenhouse shit and also on the elections.

First let me say that I really like the way you write, and it's very strange, because I find that I agree with almost everything I read or hear you say, which is a rarity for me to be sure. But, of course, there is a big **BUT**.

In the greenhouse article, you talk about getting rid of the private automobile (you fucking commie), setting up good public transport, and getting the huge logging corps to stop their destruction and pay for the damage they have done. In the elections article, you talk about getting the profit out of public office, limiting office terms, and in general getting the political process to be a fair deal. It all sounds swell. But I believe that you yourself admit that this is all pretty impossible, or do you? My problem is exactly this: what do you think? Do you really think this is possible? Do you really think that the heads of corporations or politicians are going to give up their power and money for something as minor as the survival of this planet, or the well being of the common people? It ain't gonna happen, dude. To be honest, I don't even think if there was a massive revolution that we could take power — they're too strong. Do you agree with this? If you do, then what exactly is your point? Your articles are well written, right on the mark, and offer solutions, but I don't think human nature is anywhere near the point where we can solve any of these problems, due to greed.

Does this mean we should sit around and do nothing? No. So what the fuck do I mean? I don't know — this is your zine, you tell me. I just want to know your view on all this. Is there hope? If not, are you just writing all this stuff to point to it and say "I told you so" after the shit comes down? Cough it up, Larry.

On a more important note, please tell the two geniuses who you got to review records that I am glad they finally said what I have been trying to say for awhile now (regarding my band **...Cringer...**). Just because Simon (vocalist on song in question) was born and grew up in England, he thinks he can sing with an English accent. What a poseur. Thanks for catching it,

guys. And you, Larry, you knew Simon was English, but you printed the vicious lie anyway — I guess we should get used to folks cashing in on smut about us, as I can see this is just going to get worse. You won't print this letter because my vocabulary is bigger than yours, and you're ashamed. Then again, you might, because you know if you don't I'll just kick your ass again next time I see you.

Love and hugs,
Gardner
Los Angeles

If you just want publicity for your rock band, don't feel obligated to make a perfunctory stab at current affairs in hopes of ingratiating yourself with the editor. But on the chance that you actually are interested in the state of the world and the futility of our meager little existences, I'll try to answer your questions.

To me the function of a radical is not necessarily to see all of his or her ideals fully realized, but rather to continually broaden the horizons of possibility. Just as Goebbels' lie, repeated often enough, took on the trappings of truth, a vision fueled by logic and compassion can lead us into a brighter future in the same way that the sun draws plants and in fact all living things to itself. Heliotropic creatures do not count themselves as failures because a lifetime of reaching and growing leaves them still 93 million miles short of their goal, and neither should we count ourselves as failures if a lifetime of labor results in changes so small as to be almost imperceptible.

Fear and greed are the major limiting factors in our development, and both (they are in fact so closely related as to be almost interchangeable) are the product of an insufficiently developed sense of self. The better we understand ourselves, the less likely we are to define ourselves in terms of our property or our power. When you say that "they" are too strong, that we can never win, you fall into the same trap in which "they" are mired. The vast majority of people are fundamentally decent and well-intentioned, and will gladly adopt a wiser and healthier way of living if and when it becomes obvious that it would be in their interest. Most people are also fundamentally conservative (in a philosophical, not political sense), and are not inclined to turn their world upside down just because some whippersnapper like you or me tells them to. When we can show them something that works, they will embrace it. Failing that, mother nature is already beginning to graphically illustrate what doesn't work.

As for the this magazine's wunderkind record reviewers, complaints from a number of bands, most far more virulent than your own, have resulted in their being sent to bed without their supper, but the amount of outrage they elicited virtually guarantees them a permanent place on the staff. LL

Dear L&L:

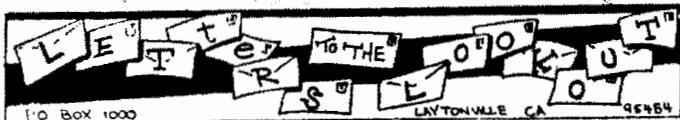
You did some fine writing in the last issue. My hope is that the approaching wintry weather will curtail your OTHER activities to the point where we can expect more concentration on that world renowned publication, the *Lookout*.

Those of us who have been predicting a worldwide depression were off in our timing, for one reason largely overlooked, that the nation's total resources would be put on the line to stave off a collapse.

The pap of how bank insurance on deposits would take care of folding depositories nationwide, and the fiasco in Texas, are just part of a litany of lies by the Reagan administration.

We are in for a lot of the same, where taxpayers' money will be used for bailout purposes, as these clippings from *The Nation* will indicate.

Doc Dennis
Campbell CA



Dear Lookout/Lawrence/etc.

Thanks for issue #31, along with the nifty shirts and suchlike. I told you I didn't get this issue. Just thought I'd drop you a line and respond to two letters in said issue. Here goes:

First off, I'm always amused/annoyed when someone dredges up old Ayn Rand and "objectivism" (aka Social Darwinism). Ever notice there aren't any poor Social Darwinists? Anyway, Ayn Rand's philosophy is based on a classist and very anti-social idea that those who produce (i.e. are wealthy) are somehow better than those who don't "produce." Even if this idea was somehow backed up by facts (how many people do you know that never do anything?), it still doesn't apply to the US of A. All of the wealthy people in America don't produce anything. They own companies that hire workers to slave away to produce things and also a profit for the owners. Also, how does the idea of everyone being able to live a life free of interference fit in with people reaping more benefits ("monetary or otherwise")? It's pretty damn arrogant to say you oppose people interfering with others and then justify giving people the power to do just that.

Then the patriotic garbage gets flung. Since when do people have the right to work for their goals in America? Sure they do, if their goals are either getting rich and/or powerful. What if my goal is to live a life of fun, caring, and maximum avoidance of the crushing grip of "adulthood." Sorry, I get to live on the streets with the other "greedy, self-righteous non-producers." Do you really think that all the people who are poor or living on the streets are lazy and just don't want to work? I'm sure living on the street is more work than any corporate head would care to undergo. Name one thing any millionaire produces. Anything.

I could grind on for weeks about how stupid and arrogant I think Ayn Rand (and Jennifer Johnson) is. One of the most ignorant things Jennifer talks about is how socialism and communism (why are these always discussed as the same thing?) are based on totally destroying human rights and forcing everyone to receive the exact same goods. Government is a spectrum (or even a circle) with the Darwinist goonery of the US on one end and the Stalinist goonery of the USSR on the other. I agree that socializing methods of expression leads to oppression, but would giving everyone housing, food, education, and medical care trample your rights too much? Or does not fitting in with Ayn Rand/American theories of production, life and such mean a death sentence?

Oh yes, if you think Rand is a such a good writer, read the play *Night of January 14th*. Loads of laughs, but I don't think it's meant as a comedy. I've met people half Ayn Rand's age who have written better than such crap.

Speaking of crap, did you catch the latest welfare scam from the Reagan regime? Now poor people have to work for unemployment and welfare money. The same amount of money. Does this seem stupid to anyone? Maybe the Reagan family should try living on welfare after they flee the White House.

Why does Tad Kep... think that all punk rock (and suchlike related things) does is keep people from thinking for themselves? Just because I agree with certain ideas that others hold and listen to music that certain others listen to doesn't mean I suddenly stop thinking about anything and blindly accept some party dogma. I haven't found anyone I totally agree with on everything, and never want to. Punk is a form of music. If someone blindly believes something just because it's "punk," then that's ignorance. If I enjoy the music someone else does and share a general goal of a better world, is that brainwashing? You can think for yourself and agree with others, Tad.

Argh, this is already two pages long! I'd better sign off. Nice Operation Ivy article, by the by. Liked the CIA and Guatemala articles as well. There should be some green paper enclosed in this envelope, so send me the next whatever issues of the *Lookout* it affords. Thanks for the time, or at least for reading this letter. Peace, love, tolerance, equality, and stop social Darwinism.

Mike Loney
Stephenville TX

Hey you!

The redwoods are being cut down for cash. Where have we heard this before? Exactly, the third world is also ripping down its rain forests to service its foreign debt.

This is the road Ronald Reagan took us down. The Reagan "recovery" is a bunch of baloney cuz it was really based on foreign credit. This foreign credit enabled us to run a trade deficit which kept our incomes high, as foreign credit has also kept the third world's income artificially high. To illustrate this, look at the figures for our foreign trade deficit. It was \$30 billion in 1982, the low point of the last recession, and grew to \$170 billion as the recovery intensified. Actually, this wasn't a recovery, it was a FLING.

Lots of these billions of dollars end up in investment banking houses. Have you noticed the explosion of jobs and activity in our nation's financial sector? We've got a whole new industry requiring millions of jobs to help "service" this foreign money. "Service" here means that these jobs help get foreign money get "invested" in such things as buyouts and corporate raids. Financial centers such as New York and San Francisco and Connecticut's insurance towns are booming in this new industry of helping foreign money grab America's "stuff." You could say New York is getting rich selling Cleveland to foreigners.

This foreign money can cause great dislocation and hardship as it can finance corporate raids and buyouts. It was a corporate buyout that created the huge debts that have to be serviced with California redwoods. This is the payback for Reaganomics. Ronald Reagan put the "con" in economics.

John Bridgman
Edina MN

Lawrence -

I was wondering if you could help me out with something. I think Mykel Board is obsessed w/me. I get disturbing right wing junk mail that often identifies Mykel as the cause of my receiving it. I get letters from puzzled youth telling me Mykel said this or that about myself, asking me if it is really true what happened "back then." He stares at me in public, never saying a word, those little black glowing rodent eyes of his cutting through the smoke of whatever club we might be inmates of like acid through a wee teenie's brain. He writes long, bizarre, absurd articles about me in Lower East Side poli-fashion (i.e. "strange = radical" - the left creates its own disinformation) magazines. But the worst, the utter dog end dribbling woeful result of life so unwisely spent are the countless letters to fanzines this lonely time-ridden man writes that invariably mention my name. And what is the theme of these letters, articles, murmurings, and resentments? Tim Yohannan censors his column every time he mentions my name and that I am a "banned" person in *Maximum Rockroll*. Now look, banned or not, I couldn't care less if I get mentioned in *MRR*. In a way it's a relief not having old mommyman Tim natter about my affairs, at least in public. But, to

the point, isn't there some way you can influence Mr. Yohannan to allow Mykel the psychic relief he obviously needs here? I suspect all Mykel really wants to do is once again regurgitate some of the exciting events of 1983, call me a couple of names, insinuate that I am lacking in certain qualities and generally do what seems to give him the most pleasure, live in the past. And that would be it! Simple or what? It is my sincere hope this would go a long way towards ridding me of a rather obnoxious pest and I'd be very grateful to you.

So anyways, I enjoy *Lookout* and buy a copy every time a new one shows up at See Hear. Your local approach to politics is refreshing and very realistic. Best of luck.

John Crawford
Plainview NY

Ed. Note — Mr. Crawford is the creator of the widely circulated Baboon Dooley comic strip, which at one time or another has graced and/or disgraced the pages of nearly every underground publication in the English-speaking world, with the exception of the above-mentioned *Maximum Rockroll*.



Dearest Larry Liver,

Hi there, big boy, it's the Amazing Davy Augustus G-String here, speaking on behalf of the Lazy Devon Morf. What's happening here in the world of Bay Areas?

Nothing, hoser. Gilman this, Gilman that. Covered Wagon this, Covered Wagon that. Who cares? All that matters is BOO! HISS! PFTLPTL! (WHY DONT WE THROW SOME TOMATOES AT THOSE GUYS?) and whether or not we're playing the Palace, dude. Hey, I'm takin' a r'n'roll history class (pre-'69) with none other than the Chron's own Joel Selvin. Is he a geek or what? Yeah, he never shows up fer class. But, so what, man? As long as I can get stoned and listen to BOO! HISS! PFTLPTL! (WHY DONT WE THROW SOME TOMATOES AT THOSE GUYS?), the world can just go to hell for all I care. I saw *Midnight Run* and it was good. I read a silly poem for poetry readings at the San Francisco State dorms and it went over well (of course).

I'm tired of talking to you now. Go away. I'm sorry, that was mean. It's been a rough day. Well, not really. I guess I'm just a naturally mean guy. Grrrr. King of dee Pit. Devon says hi. Actually he doesn't, but I thought I'd add that to make him look good. Bye now.

The Amazing Davy G-String
San Francisco

Lawrence,

When one has a ton of letters to answer, what better thing to do than initiate a new correspondence, right? Well, that's just what I'm doing so I can write you and comment on *Lookout* #31 and #32 that I got when I was in San Francisco.

Without trying to expand the parameters of your ego, the word that springs to mind as a description of *Lookout* is excellent! Concise, well-written articles that venture in directions not normally covered in zines give *Lookout* a place all its own in the world of alternative publishing. I get so tired of seeing the same bullshit in every zine these days (interviews, reviews, skull art, and the ever-present obligatory ALF article) that *Lookout* was a real breath of fresh air! I especially enjoyed your reply to Ms. Jennifer ("Ayn Rand is God") Johnson. I was going to ask you for her address so I could write her myself but that was before I read your reply, then there was no need. And congratulations on a good piece on the greenhouse effect, one of my pet causes.

Now, cudos (kudos?) aside, let me get to the meat of the the issue. Are you interested in receiving contributions, and if so, of what ilk? I love to write and I like to involve myself with high quality publications, so let me know what you think.

Finally, enclosed is a clipping out of the *Toronto Star's* front page (Nov. 4). Truth's out now, neither punk nor hippie, but the owner of a lab in California. Aha!

Steve Beaumont
Toronto

P.S. Exactly what is the Emerald Triangle?

The Emerald Triangle is a name given by the federal government to three counties (Mendocino, Humboldt, and Trinity) in northern California which allegedly are the largest producers of sinsemilla marijuana in this country. The name is a takeoff on the Golden Triangle, the at one time CIA-controlled opium-producing region of Indochina that was the main bone of contention in the Vietnam War. The Emerald Triangle is and has been for the past five years the object of paramilitary and economic warfare not unlike that commonly employed in the third world, aimed at bringing it back under the control of the central government. LL

Dear Mr. Livermore

I enclose for your further enlightenment a copy of a paper by State Senator H.L. "Bill" Richardson entitled "Confrontational Politics" that calls for a renewed effort to take dominion over the earth.

Earth First! reported that the senator's paper had been sent by the Timber Association of California to its membership. When I read this I wrote the senator requesting a copy to make sure I understood what he was proposing.

The senator's position, and apparently the Timber Association's as well, is that to provoke conflict to achieve objectives is legitimate. It agrees with the Reagan-Bush-Q thesis: their ends justify their means.

Richardson's paper indicates the extent to which evil grips our nation: fascism masquerading as patriotism wrapped in fundamentalist religion. Not unlike Israel and Iran. Somehow some people conclude that pillaging the earth and enslaving its inhabitants to capitalistic enterprise fulfills the desire of their gods. And to disagree with that is to be branded a Marxist-Leninist-Communist or at least soft on that philosophy. It is a classic McCarthy red-baiting tactic.

You may wonder how Richardson's dementia attained senatorship. HE GOT ELECTED! The sickness he represents is supported by the failure of American education to teach literacy, critical thinking, history and citizenship combined with people's minds being consumed by television.

Senator Richardson's view is encouraged by the so-called "election" of George Bush. The Bush "election" signals that the CIA has completed its coup of our nation. They need only pacify the countryside. Perhaps that explains the proposal to resettle Reagan's contra terrorists to the US and the equipment and training given CAMP and COMMET swat teams as well as the rush to build more prisons and convert military bases to "drug treatment centers." It reminds me of the preparations made in Hitler's Germany in the late 1930s.

Huey Long prophesied that fascism would come to America wrapped in an American flag. I am afraid he will be right.

Bill Evans
Laytonville

The Richardson paper is far too long to reprint here — it would take up half the Lookout — but suffice it to say that it represents a typical mishmash of paranoid religious fascism that would make sense only to those suffering from severe emotional or mental disturbances. Unfortunately, as Bill points out, such people are present in sufficient numbers to continue electing politicians of Richardson's ilk. Fundamentalist religions, which require that their followers think and act in an irrational manner, play a large part in subverting the intellectual climate to the point where barely concealed nazis like Richardson and our own Jack Azevedo have come to be considered a normal part of the American political process. LL

Dear L²:

Your rag is a standout. You have imbued it with a wonderfully personable character. Your attitude as presented therein is one of deep concern for the health of all. So I appreciate you and your work. And my appreciation must extend to express my concern over an aspect of your work that I'm sure could use some improvement for the

benefit of your readership as well as for the benefit of your own mental health.

My concern is in regard to your overdeveloped penchant for lambasting negative elements of society without supplying at least a balance of positive alternatives and visions.

I hereby encourage you to provide more viable options and answers for the consideration of your forward-looking, truth-seeking readership. This would be much more satisfying and genuinely fruitful than continuing your current fare of overly negative intellectual entertainment at the expense of ignorant right-wing people who also happen to be doing the best they know how.

I mean, let's face it, we're all ignorant. Are we gonna beat each other over the heads because of this, or are we gonna help each other out? It would be better for all of us if we took care to lift each other up, rather than passing judgment and beating each other farther down. We're all in this one together; this ship looks like it's going down and we're gonna need as many cooperative hands on deck as possible.

I am not saying that we should coddle and kowtow to others in their destructive misconceptions, nor should we compromise our ideals. I'm saying that we should be able to set the positive example and be willing to share with others the benefits therefrom. That's how we're gonna save our ship. And if we can't show them a better way of life, then we really don't deserve to receive their attention.

The positive alternatives will arise as we create them, not because of our ability to bitch at others for having not created them. Bitching is not near enough; we must focus on creating, on manifesting a way of life that is demonstrably workable, harmonious, and sustaining. "The best way to predict the future is to shape the future," wrote Eric Hoffer. "Ideas never work unless you do," wrote some other sagacious type. And "To know and yet not do, is not to know," is yet another relevant thought.

I hereby suggest exploration for positive alternatives along the following lines:

- 1) Non-monetary, or natural spiritual economics
- 2) The unifying power of love and compassion
- 3) The interdependence and interconnectedness of all life,

and especially of all people.

Anybody got any others?

L², your genius is obvious. I'm suggesting here that you can, for the good of all, make even greater use of it.

Jeffrey Turnbull
Garberville?

Lawrence:

You are absolutely right (*Letters, Lookout #32*). America will indeed sink into the sea long before it nominates, let alone elects any candidate you or I could wholeheartedly support. In fact, America will probably sink into the sea long before it nominates any candidate which either of us could even halfheartedly support. But the real question is this: if Bush is elected, why shouldn't America sink into the sea? Didn't Atlantis sink into the sea because they voted Republican (as you so aptly put it) once too many times in succession? Well, that's the story according to one of my grandmothers, a woman reputed by some to be a witch and who burnt joss sticks to a picture of JFK which sat amid a flower-strewn altar atop her TV set, so she was probably prejudiced. Maybe the rest of us can build an ark or something...

I read in the papers a few days ago that Reagan is now giving Bush credit for the Grenada invasion. As the Dukakis commercials point out, he was also in charge of drugs (and how!), and it's no secret that he was the brains behind the covert war in Central America. All this leads me to the inescapable conclusion that Bush has actually been the real president for the past seven years, or at least since the attempted assassination of Reagan. What a perfect way to pull off a (near) bloodless coup! Set up some dingbat kid (who just happens to be the son of one of your best friends, a wealthy financier of CIA religious front World Vision) to fumble killing the president. Then let the press corps think they stopped a coup when the bonehead secretary of state announces that he is in

charge. This distracts them as the real coup takes place in the wings, out of sight of the TV cameras. So in effect this will be Bush's third term, and because it's perceived as his first, he can run for a "second" (fourth) term, and by that time Congress will have repealed the amendment prohibiting more than two terms. But by that time it won't have mattered, because Bush will already have suspended the Bill of Rights and proclaimed himself King For Life, with his son G.B. Jr. named as heir apparent.

Just to prepare us all for the Bush era, here's a gem of Georgian wisdom as reported in Fred Woodworth's *The Match!* Bush was cornered in the Chicago airport by Robert Sherman of *American Atheist*, who asked him what he (Bush) had to offer atheist voters. Bush replied, "I guess I'm pretty weak in the atheist community. Faith in God is important to me." When Sherman asked Bush if he recognized the "equal citizenship and patriotism" of American atheists, Bush said, "No, I don't know that atheists should be considered citizens, nor should they be considered as patriots. This is one nation under God." Can't you just see him placing his hand over his heart with that insane gleam in his eye as he uttered that last part? Just ruminate on that exchange as you also think about the Rehnquist-led Supreme Court's recent threat to "tear down the wall between church and state."

About G.R. Hopewell's letter (*Lookout #32*): I had a hard time believing you didn't write it, Lawrence, as both a critique of American cultural superiority and a parody of British snobbery. But perhaps Mr. Hopewell is himself a master satirist, attempting to provoke star-spangled reactions even from commie-pinko-punk-anarchists. Well, I'm not bothered by his rampant anti-

Americanism, and I certainly am grateful for his grudging admission that "there are men, and presumably women also, of good will and some ability in your country" (do I detect a hint of misogyny here?). It's just his hypocrisy that appalls me. I won't dispute that American cultural imperialism is a tragedy-comedy, but can he honestly claim that Britain has not benefitted from it? Why did the youth of Britain jump on rock and roll, as the most blatant example, with such ferocious glee if their native culture was so superior? Because they were brainwashed by Yankee propaganda, or because they recognized it as an alternative to the dreary lives offered by their class-structured island? I have always maintained that, from the Beatles to the Sex Pistols, British bands have produced most of the best, or at least most interesting rock, and if the British hadn't picked up on rock, it would probably today be as moribund as the blues or Dixieland jazz, something to dust off at folk festivals or whatever. But the British certainly never could have invented rock and roll. The horde of white English kids trying their best to be black is proof enough of that. Undoubtedly, American-based multinational corporations have a vested interest in spreading American popular culture, from rock to Coca-cola, worldwide -- but how was the British empire any different? Hopewell makes it sound as if it were a sort of cultural exchange program instead of the organized piracy that it actually was. Nations like China and India are the two most obvious examples of millennia-old cultures which the British presumed to promulgate their views on, often at the point of a bayonet. What did the British give them that they so sorely lacked? In China the British turned the opium trade from a minor vice to a major problem, for profit and as a control strategy. Hopewell's entire letter reeks of imperialistic and "white-man's-burden" style thinking. He reminds me of an aging bully berating a younger one out of jealousy rather than a reformed nature. But it is his statement that there were "some excesses on our part" that really got my Irish up! Mr. Hopewell should review the history of British rule in Ireland. If he is honest, he cannot fail to see it for what it really was: the first systematic attempt at genocide in European history (at least after the Reformation split the two countries on religious lines). It was only the lack of modern technology and constant revolts by the Irish that kept them from going the way of European Jewry of several centuries later. I also doubt that the few remaining native Americans (you know, the red-skinned ones) and native Australians and South Africans (you know, the black-skinned ones) would consider their encounters with the British Empire to have been beneficent. None of this should even need to be said; unfortunately, it never seems like it can be said enough.

But what on earth did you do to elicit such an outraged missive, Lawrence, have you been bombarding Blighty with B-52 loads of *Lookouts* or something?

Yours for better living through heresy,

Greg Krupcy
North Huntingdon PA

Dear Lawrence Livermore,

I used the word "complaisantly" (which the editor changed to *complacently* in "*The New School Boondoggle*," *Lookout #32*) which is showing a willingness to please. For example: please crap on me, be my guest, please.

Thank you
Kathryn S. Mollar
Laytonville

Lawrence,

How are you? I picked up ish #32 today at See Hear in New York on a beautiful spring day in the beginning of December. It looks like it might snow today. I hope it does. Every year it snows less and less around here. Something called "Greenhouse..." Yeah, you know what I'm talking about. Don't even bother singing "White Christmas" this year.

I loved the latest *Lookout*. After I read "Laytonville 2000" I looked up Laytonville on the California page in the atlas -- looks like a real nice small town on the map. I like those. I used to live in one when I was in junior high school. All twelve grades went to the same school and when I moved back down here to a place some people call the suburbs and wise guys call civilization, they were thinking of moving my whole school to the next town because they were running out of civilization. www.eastbaypunkda.com

Briefly returning to civilization (?) today and now, about half the houses here in Cranford have for sale signs on their front lawns. Many of the houses have been for sale for over eight months. It seems civilization is falling out of the price range for some people. but the punchline is that once you're here, there's no way out. Nobody can afford to buy their way in, and those trying to get out can't sell their homes. The taxes have bled them dry, so they won't be leaving town till their houses get sold (not very likely) or they get hauled off to debtor's prison (wouldn't surprise me). Just wait till the depression comes around again.

Politics can be a lot of fun to follow and be involved in here in this town. The Republican-controlled township committee have made this a town for the rich by forcing people to pay hundreds of thousands of dollars in extra taxes for "improvements." Changing streetlamps... tearing out the existing sidewalks and replacing them with brick and sand... redecorating the train station... painting an alleyway which coincidentally was adjacent to a store owned by a big contributor to the local Republican party. We pass his house and say, "That's the guy who owns the \$15,000 alleyway. Didn't cost him a cent." The new mayor runs an appliance business from his home. He says that since he doesn't have an answering machine, he doesn't have to pay the several hundred dollar business tax. The town newspaper, a Republican mouthpiece called the Cranford *Comical*, oops, that's *Chronicle*, was just sold to Malcolm Forbes. I can't wait to see him riding his motorcycle through town with his bodyguards and Liz Taylor.

Oh well, I guess the results are all in. Projections are the town should be dead by the 1992 elections. Isn't it nice to be a part of history?

Rich Kimball
Cranford NJ

Hey Lawrence!

I'm back in Germany and my hair grows faster than ever. I told everybody about Spike Anarkie and his record "Fuck ewe, mom."

Well, all the people laughed and said that Spike is a wimp. One riff of our speedmetal heroes Squandered Message would split his mohawked head in two. That's where the real power is, why don't you try some ten-minute solos for your band for a change? You already started letting your hair grow. That's a good start. Probably you should just change the name of your band to Lucifouts?

This weekend we'll be going to see the Monsters of Rock festival with Iron Maiden, Kiss, David Lee Roth, Megadeth, and Anthrax. Heavy fucking mosh action. The whole international speedmetal jet set will be there. And afterwards we'll have a big party with beer, jacuzzi, chicks, and some stomping thrashmetal. That's better than sleeping in a pickup, right Grandad?

Dolf's hair is almost longer than mine and he passes out almost every weekend. Of course only because of the burden of responsibility he has to carry all the time. He wants to help organize the Op Ivy tour, but only if they cover "Angel Of Death" by Slayer. Last weekend we finished the new *Trust*. It looks great, especially the 3-D poster of Kreator. For the rest, you will see when Dolf sends it to you.

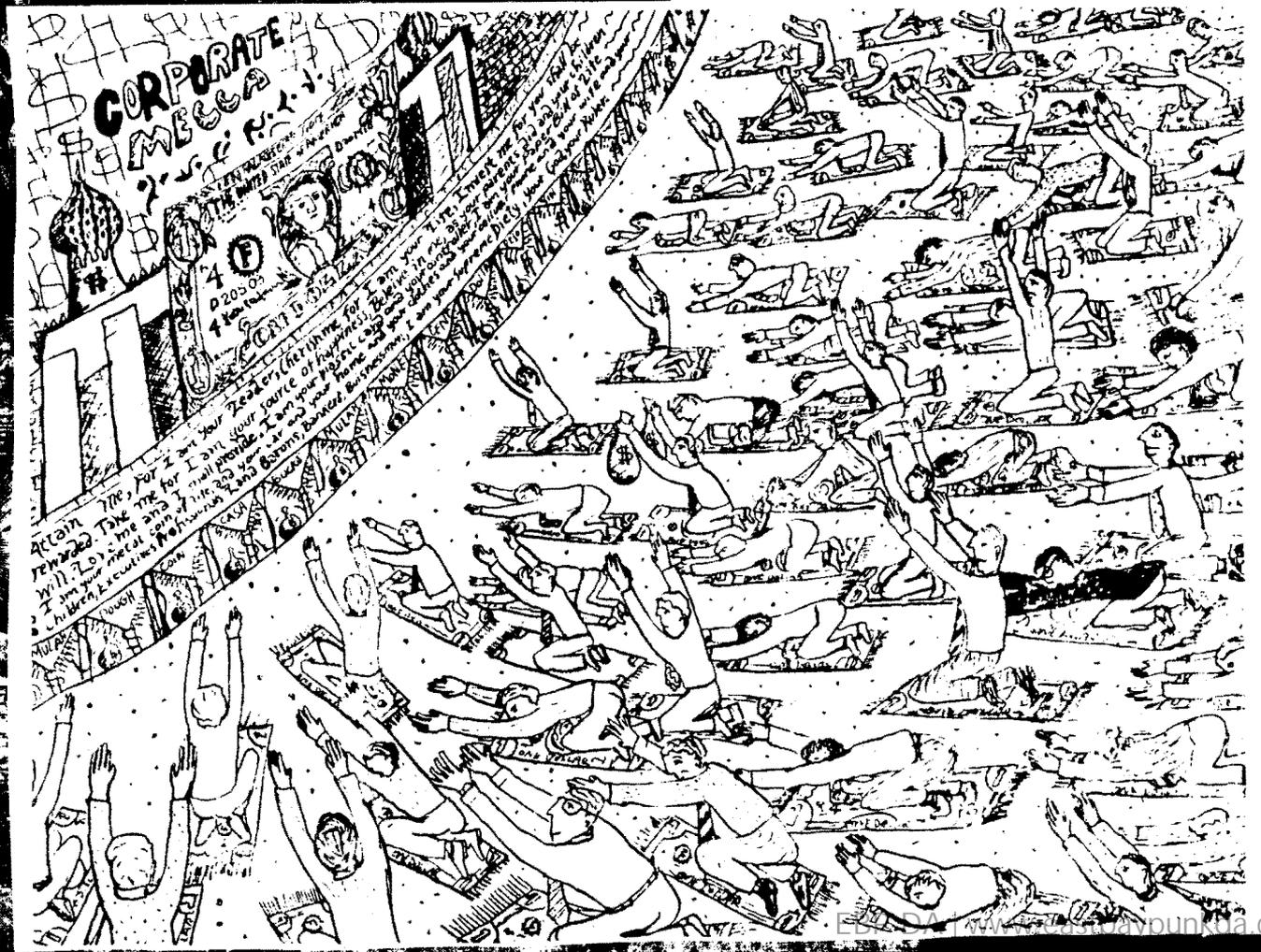
So far we couldn't practice as No No Yes No, because our bass player is visiting hell, no, the States. Almost the same. As soon as he's back, we'll start practicing and then to record, and if you're still interested in licensing this killer slab of vinyl, then hurry up to tell me, because we've also received a letter from Combat Core. It'd be great to be on a label with our heroes: MOD, Exploited, and so on. And of course, only because we want a good distribution. On Saturday we'll ask Scott Ian to produce the record for us and to play lead on two songs. That should raise the sales at least 75%.

How's it going with you? Do you and Tim [Yohannan] still bang heads together? Well, there's nothing better than scene unity.

Gilman is the raddest place in hell, dude. Hope you still hang out with the kindergarten out there.

Well, I don't want to take up more of your precious time, grandad and label boss. Hope to hear some thrashing news from you and tell Walter he's a freak.

Mosh hard and beans to ya all
Thomasso Schultze
Munich





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Don't Believe It: A Northern California Media Guide

Some weird kind of atmospheric condition happened yesterday, and besides dropping the temperature down into the 30s and sending me out foraging for firewood on the next to last day of June, it somehow made it possible to pick up all the San Francisco radio and TV stations as clearly as if I were sitting on a hillside in Marin County.

Nornnally our broadcast menu is much more limited, with some hollows and crannies in northern Mendocino and southern Humboldt able to receive nothing but the all-pervasive KGO, the AM news-talk outlet out of San Francisco. But if we are less than completely wired into the electronic grid, the quaint art of reading and writing still flourishes here in the north state. In fact Mendocino and Humboldt Counties are the home of some outstanding publications in addition to the one you're reading now. Of course we've got our share of dreck, too, but we'll get to all that in a moment. First I'm going to take a quick spin through the radio dial.

In northern Mendocino and southern Humboldt there's only one station, of course, the almighty KMUD, which puts to shame any station I've heard anywhere in the last ten years. KMUD is non-commercial, community owned and operated, and offers the kind of diversity that would drive the "professionals" who program 99% of America's radio stations straight to the loony bin. Music ranges from punk rock to new age to Celtic harp music, bluegrass, trad jazz, 70s glam, and most categories in between. There's perhaps an excess of reggae and what one DJ accurately describes as "middle-aged rock and boogie," but to be fair, that's probably what a majority of the listening audience wants. News and public affairs programming doesn't stick to the bland, noncommittal stuff you'd hear on, say, NPR; people here are not afraid to take stands and say what's on their minds. If there's one obvious fault with the state of radio in America today, it's that every community doesn't have its own version of KMUD.

From those sublime heights we begin a precipitous slide into the abyss. There's Ukiah's KWNE, pronounced K-WHINE, a top 40 generic FM rock station that no one has ever been known to listen to for more than ten or fifteen minutes without suffering at least minor brain damage. It's the audio equivalent of Coor's or Budweiser beer. At the other end of the Ukiah FM dial is KUKY, which until last year, when it was bought up by yet another carpetbagging media corporation, was known as KIAH. It's essentially the country and western equivalent of KWNE, but is slightly more listenable because it plays a broader mix, including a number of C&W classics, and also because today's top 40 country and western is slightly less offensive than top 40 rock.

It also, until the new owners began looking for ways to cut costs, had a fairly decent local news department. Now it's been replaced by a couple of dweebs who are still learning how to pronounce the names of local towns and do little more than read the sheriff's crime reports and the CHP accident reports, and maybe an announcement of the Rotary Club's bake sale. Louisiana-Pacific just drained Lake Mendocino to fill Harry Merlo's new Olympic swimming pool on the back 40 of Congressman Bosco's million-dollar Sonoma estate financed by Centennial Savings drug laundering money? Don't tune in here to find out about it, but if you're dying to know all the latest Ukiah Pee-Wee League scores and batting averages, this is the place.

Off in the hills of Lake County there's a kind of easy listening, one step above muzak station whose call letters I forget, at 99.5 FM. At night it carries the nationally syndicated Larry King talk show. Then there's the new assault on our airwaves and sanity, KMRJ, out of Upper Lake or somesuch godforsaken wilderness outpost. Unfortunately it's got a powerful signal and penetrates to most of Mendocino County. Forget Ozzy Ozbourne and inverted pentagrams and death metal; the stuff this station plays is the true satanic music. It's yuppie dinner jazz fuzak straight from hell, complete with computerized rhythms and scientifically constructed anti-melodies. I can't listen to two minutes of it without being driven into a raging black despair. It's no doubt the sort of thing

that coast B&B owners tune into as they soak in their hot tubs puzzling over how to force their housemaids to take a pay cut.

Speaking of the coast, the radio situation out there is fairly bleak, too; their stations don't penetrate as far inland as my house, but I'm familiar with a couple of them: KOZT and KMFB are generic rock, slightly hipper than KWNE, but fundamentally lame, the kind of stations you'd expect to hear a lot of waterbed commercials on if this were still the 70s. Back in Willits, we have KLLK, an AM outlet which got off to a good start a couple years back, but quickly degenerated into a play-it-safe haven for blandness and lack of imagination. What's ironic is that the owner is no hick when it comes to modern music, and once palled around with San Francisco proto-punk Howie Klein, who's since gone on to be west coast VP of Sire Records. But like most broadcasters these days, he's unwilling to trust his own judgment or that of his staff, and instead buys playlists from one of the "services" that tell stations what their listeners want to hear. If you've ever traveled around the country and wondered why you hear the same ten songs no matter where you go, that's why.

The last straw for KLLK came when they dumped their best DJ, 16 year-old Tre Cool, although his talents were being squandered anyway. Tre probably knows more about music than the rest of the staff combined, but he wasn't allowed to spin any records that weren't on the official playlist. The playlist is a fact of life at most stations, but you'd think that in a small town with a unique population mix, and where there's only one station in town, there'd be more room for experimentation. But you'd be wrong. Anyway, let's head south now and check out the Bay Area airwaves.

The aforementioned KGO has the most powerful AM signal in northern California, reaching all the way to Alaska at night. Its news coverage is inconsequential, consisting of constantly repeated headlines with almost no detail, and leaning heavily toward the sensationalism favored by the ABC network, with which it's affiliated. The meat of KGO's programming is its call-in talk shows. If you're at all complacent about the mental state of the American public, you should tune in once in a while; prepare to be terrified. You'll hear people declaring that flag burners should be stomped, tortured, and eviscerated, that the students in China wouldn't have gotten shot if they'd been home studying where they belonged, that the Constitution should be scrapped if it gets in the way of executing all drug dealers and users now, etc., etc. Such rabid sentiments are egged on by the rather vicious reactionaries who host these hate fests. Lee Rogers, Jim Eason, and "Dr." Bill Wattenberg are among the most offensive, but the neoliberalism of Ronn Owens, with his endorsement of Ronnie Reagan and his unswerving support for Israel might leave even a worse taste. Michael Krasny and Bernie Ward are marginal liberals and Barbara Simpson represents the smarmy self-interested Republican housewife viewpoint. The only radical on the station is a flaming one indeed; Ray Tallaferra holds forth from 1 to 5 a.m., exuberantly going most of America's sacred cows, and so enraging listeners that I'm surprised he's lasted more than twenty years without anyone ever planting a bomb under the station.

Yeah, I know that's a lot of detail about a station that some of you never listen to, but up here in the hills I think almost of us, out of either boredom or morbid fascination tune into KGO from time to time. When I'm in the Bay Area, I usually listen to one of the music stations; my push buttons are set for KALX, KUSF, and KITS ("Live 105").

KALX was my favorite station for years and years, until the ascendancy of KMUD, but even a lot of people who work there admit that it's slipping. Most college stations are these days, the victim of career-oriented broadcasting majors and major record labels who exert pressure on them to cut back on airplay for independents.

This is not as much a problem at KALX as at many other college stations; in fact many jocks go to the opposite extreme and play only unlistenable experimental stuff that sounds like the punk fusion equivalent of 1950s abstract painting. And then there's the goddam sports department. Because KALX is partially funded by the University of California, it has to carry live broadcasts of virtually every sporting event the university puts on, right down to the intramural freshman tiddlywinks league. Still, there are a few DJs

like Mel, Alisa, Last Will, and of course James McKinney (actually, I don't know if he's still on the air, but his memory will live forever), who are as good as any DJ anywhere. Better, actually.

KUSF in San Francisco was one of the first and best punk rock stations in America, but it turkeyed out long ago, turning into an annoying minor-league imitation of the Rock-of-the-80s format pioneered by Los Angeles' KROQ and brought to San Francisco by the now-defunct KQAK and later by KITS. But recently, especially late at night, some of the old spark has been coming back, and there have been times when it was better than KALX, something unimaginable a year or two

KITS is primarily new wave disco, which doesn't bother me nearly as much as it does some people, because I like disco. You'll hear an occasional punk rock tune thrown in, too, and KITS has been better than any other commercial station about playing independent releases by local bands. The good thing about KITS is that you can tune in any time day or night and hear something at least marginally acceptable; the bad thing is that it all sounds so much alike. Like disco's supposed to, of course.

There are a couple of other stations in the Bay Area that I'll mention only to warn people to avoid them at all costs. They are KBLX and KKSF. They're real close to each other on the dial, so one flick of the wrist or quick punch to the scanner should get you past both of them. They feature the musical equivalent of thorazine, the sort of utterly vacuous fake jazz that you'll also hear on the previously mentioned KMRI. People who make this kind of music are evil, and people who listen to it are in imminent danger of becoming so.

There are lots more stations, but I'll let you flip through the dial yourself and discover them. Now it's time to move on to the print media. The most visible and most universally read is of course the *San Francisco Chronicle*. I even look at it myself from time to time, though not so much when I'm home in Mendocino, because it costs 35¢ up here.

The key to enjoying the *Chronicle* is to forget your traditional notions about newspapers being a place where you look for news. You can safely skip the first two sections of the *Chronicle*, unless you've been really out of touch, in which case you can skim the headlines, which generally contain as much, if not more information than the stories. You might also want to take a quick peek at the letters to the editor; San Francisco being what it is, there's usually a wacko or two spouting off in humorous fashion. And while you're in the neighborhood, right below the letters you'll find a column by Abe Mellinkoff, perhaps the most ignorant (possibly psychotic) individual writing for a major metropolitan daily today. Sort of like the *Examiner's* William Randolph Hearst, Jr., minus that worthy's flamboyant sense of humor.

But nobody reads the *Chronicle* for its news coverage or the right-wing opinions of its editors. The paper is carried by its columnists, and by far top dog among them is the venerable Herb Caen, well into his sixth decade of daily three dotting and still getting off the occasional zinger, though even he admits he's not all he used to be. Reading a Caen column nowadays is like seeing Frank Sinatra. There are enough magic moments to make you aware that this guy was once simply the best there was, and enough clunkers to painfully remind you that nothing lasts.

Once Caen is gone, the *Chronicle* will be hard pressed to replace him. They've got some good second-stringers, but no one to fill Uncle Herb's shoes. Steve Rubenstein and Jon Carroll are both good writers, even brilliant at times, but neither comes close to the consistency or the breadth of vision displayed by Caen.

What else? The *Chronicle's* comics section is the best around, Leah Garchik's "Personals" column has good gossip relayed with an acid twist, and Gerald Nachman is funny about twice a year. Joel Selvin, the lamest rock critic in the western United States (at least), has gone on a six-month sabbatical to, it's rumored, write a book drawn from his last couple hundred columns about Chris Isaak and Huey Lewis. This was a relief until it became obvious that Selvin had not left until his replacement, Michael Snyder, was completely indoctrinated into the Selvin Method.

Snyder's first column: a breathless account of how Chris Isaak attended a party at (gasp!!) Madonna's!!!

The other major daily, the *Examiner*, is pretty weak. Its news coverage is virtually identical to that of the *Chronicle*; i.e., almost nonexistent. Its rising star is Rob Morse, who's got the Herb Caen style of patter and breeziness down, and displays a bit more social conscience, but still sounds (and looks) too much like a yuppie. But he shines alongside Bill Mandel, who's like a bush-league Bob Greene, except that Mandel, like Morse, also has a conscience and is not afraid to use it. I'm not sure the same can be said for Warren Hinckle, once the *enfant terrible* of the *Examiner* staff (he was hired to lend credibility to the *Ex's* new youthful image. Since his losing mayoral campaign and his marrying into the upper class, Hinckle has been yapping like a castrated Pekinese about minor and inconsequential issues, often laced with an unpleasant streak of bitterness. Hunter Thompson, the other guy the *Examiner* laid out big bucks for in hopes of reaching beyond its traditional demographic of fiftyish businessmen who got to the newsstand after the *Chronicle* was sold out, gets off about one good column a month; the rest of the time, it's just by-the-numbers drugs-and-money ravings. The *Examiner's* comics section stinks.

Then there are the freebies that you find lying around all over town. Most all-pervading is the *Bay Guardian*, which once was almost an underground paper, but is now your standard yuppie shopper's guide with, to its credit, a few pages of excellent political coverage, much of it by Tim Redmond. The entertainment listings are worthless, unless your idea of avant-garde is something like *Beach Blanket Babylon*. If you're really bored, you can read the personals ads, which sound as if they're all computer-generated ("late 30s professional seeks same who loves long walks on the beach in the rain, sipping expensive wine by the fireside, making lots of money, and has a compatible shrink").

The *SF Weekly* has better entertainment listings, but that's about it. This started out as the *Music Calendar*, and was a lot better then, and a lot more geared to the underground. Now it's mainstream to the max, and with a minimum of music coverage, usually limited to major label pap and/or hopelessly obscure artsy-fartsy crap. Like the *Bay Guardian*, *SF Weekly* makes a stab at redeeming itself with a couple pages of good political commentary, but it's not enough. Ad rates are a ripoff, too.

Over in Berkeley, there's the *East Bay Express*, which is similar in format to the previous two magazines, but usually takes longer to read (ten or fifteen minutes as opposed to five or ten). Entertainment listings are fairly complete, though not always too informative. My pet peeve with the *Express* these days is a new columnist, Gina Arnold, who allegedly covers the "alternative" music scene, but so far has been almost a full-time flack for major record companies and the mass-produced acts they crank out. Still, I always read her to see what idiotic cause she's taken up this week. It's sort of like how I used to subscribe to *Rolling Stone* long after it had become completely irrelevant to modern rock music just so I'd have something relatively harmless to get outraged about.

I have a similar attitude about *BAM*, which closely resembles a magazine-length Joel Selvin column with the added attraction of pictures of neo-glam metal bands with Great Big Hairdos. If you're worried about what 70s burnouts like Journey or Tom Petty have been up to, here's where you're most likely to find out. On the other hand, *BAM* did have the insight to give a good review to the new Operation Ivy record, so maybe there's hope for them yet.

Face It! is a new monthly music freebie that started out pretty weak, but has been steadily improving. They've distinguished themselves by their relative openness to all kinds of music, and the editor rose several notches in my esteem last month when he delivered a scathing putdown to some moronic white racist who'd written in to protest *Face It's* failure to support "white people's music."

Ranging far afield from the Bay Area, Los Angeles has recently produced a new bimonthly music zine that you can pick up for free if you're sojourning in the Big Orange. It's called *Ben Is Dead*, and is primarily the work of a very talented young woman

named Darby. It's probably worth subscribing to even if you're not in the L.A. area. Also in LA-Land is the *LA Weekly*, which is everything the *SF Weekly* wishes it was. It was free for years, but apparently they've now started charging for it.

Anyway, that's not even northern California, is it? So let's head up Highway 101, with a brief stop at the Santa Rosa *Press-Democrat*, an embarrassment by almost any journalistic standards. It's owned by the CIA's in-house organ, the *New York Times*, but displays hardly a trace of that paper's quasi-intellectual veneer. Bad writing, perfunctory reporting, and an non-stop drumbeating for the shopping mall-oriented pave-it-over approach to urban development characterize this wholesale waste of wood pulp.

On the other hand, the *Press-Democrat* is a paragon of excellence when compared to the Ukiah *Daily Journal*, little more than a shopper's gazette with a handful of wire-service reports interspersed in a vain attempt to establish credibility. Local coverage is minimal; you can find out more about what's going on hereabouts by hanging out at any reasonably well-patronized tavern. Also coming out of Ukiah is the *Mendocino Country Environmentalist*, (formerly *Mendocino Country Magazine*). Largely a project of one Richard Johnson, this more or less monthly freebie does a fair job of reporting and investigating, but the writing is, to put it kindly, of less than sterling quality. For about the past year the centerpiece of the *Environmentalist* has been a serialization of John Lewallen's novel

Dream President, a hippie fantasy that truly defies description, but which occasionally is entertaining in a perverse sort of way.

Farther north in Willits, we have the *Willits News*. At least this one is locally owned, unfortunately by the wrong people. Its publishers are some good ol' boys and girls who stand firmly behind any kind of anti-environmental industrial scheme that might enrich them or the handful of entrenched power brokers who are running that once-pleasant little town into the ground. Also emanating from Willits -- though only technically, since most production work is done out on the coast -- is the *New Settler Interview*. Primarily the work of two people, Beth Bosk and R.D. Deines, *New Settler* comes out every six weeks, and features more or less unedited conversations with people who are shaping the new culture emerging here in the north state. *New Settler* is an unique and invaluable resource for anyone who wishes to understand what's really going on around here, and I can see it providing a real treasure trove to future generations of historians.

Oh yeah, before we get any farther north, let's not forget about the *Anderson Valley Advertiser*, which media commentator Alexander Cockburn recently, and correctly, called "the best weekly newspaper in the nation." Emanating from the tiny town of Boonville (population: 715), the *Advertiser* has received more national attention than all the print and electronic media outlets north of San Francisco combined, with most of the credit for that going to editor-publisher Bruce Anderson, one of a tiny handful of journalists who stands for something more than producing verbal pabulum to sandwich in between the advertisements (something which, by the way, the *AVA* has very few of, thanks to the cowardice and mean-spiritedness of many local businesses). If, by the way, reading the *Lookout* doesn't completely sate your hunger for my fiery prose and commentary, you can often find further examples of it in the *Advertiser*, thanks to Bruce's impeccable taste in choosing contributors. The *AVA's* front-page editorial cartoons, by the multi-talented "M" provide some of the most brilliant and pointed satire since the glory days of Thomas Nast.

Here in Laytonville we have the *Lookout* and the *Observer*, which does not precisely constitute a choice between the sublime and the ridiculous, but comes close enough. Seriously, the *Observer* is not likely to be of much interest to you if you live outside the immediate vicinity of Laytonville, but it provides some valuable information and commentary for locals. A further plus is that it comes out about twenty times more often than the *Lookout*. Over on the coast there are a couple of corporate schlock sheets which are utterly without redeeming social value, and the *North Coast News*, which is one of those quasi-liberal enterprises that

tries so hard to be "objective" and "balanced" that it ends up standing for nothing at all except blandness.

More interesting, if occasionally annoying, is the *Mendocino Commentary*, a counterculture-type freebie that's been publishing forever (as long as I've been here, anyway), and that leans heavily on reader contributions and toward the sprouthead side of seeing things. But its policy of providing an uncensored forum for the community and its liberal-to-sometimes-radical editorial viewpoint makes the *Commentary* a valuable part of the north coast media mix.

Still farther north in Garberville we have the almost worthless *Redwood Record* and the slightly better (if only because it's free while the *Record* sells for a preposterous 35¢) *Life & Times*. Both papers feature the Chamber of Commerce, civic booster mentality, and are pretty thin on coverage of vital issues like clear cutting and CAMP. A recent crusade by the *Life & Times* involved an article in *Trailer Life* magazine which warned the RV hordes against vacationing in the Garberville area because of its lack of amenities and its allegedly anti-social atmosphere. Thanks to pressure from the *Life & Times*, *Trailer Life* is now going to mount an ad campaign urging Ma and Pa Kettles from across the land to turn those Winnebagos around and steer them straight toward Garberville. No truth to the rumor, by the way, that the *Life & Times* publisher has a controlling interest in a local polyester outlet.

On a more holistic note, we have the *Star Route Journal* and the *Country Activist*. Once called simply *Star Route* (which I think sounds better), the *SRJ* is a fairly unique blend of culture, politics and local history (especially of the counterculture variety, as

in the "Whatever Happened to the Hippies?" series). Publisher Mary Anderson seems to have had a tough time making a go of *Star Route* financially, but she's stuck to it and hasn't missed an issue yet, which is more than can be said for some local publishers (don't look at me like that). The *Country Activist* is best described by its name; it contains primarily political coverage, comes out like clockwork every month, and better yet is free here in the Emerald Triangle, at least the southern Humboldt-northern Mendocino part of it.

That pretty much wraps it up; though I'm sure there's a few I forgot, like *Bigfoot's Journal*, a new free tabloid out of Willits which has published two issues so far and is mainly concerned with environmental issues (Bigfoot is the photographer who has provided us with many stunning and horrifying shots of corporate clearcuts in the hills that surround us) and the *Ridge Review*, an almost booklike journal from Mendocino that comes out quarterly and features a variety of local writers addressing a different theme each issue.

Way off in Whale Gulch, there's the *Gulch Mulch*, a one or two-pager of news and opinion, and oh yes, there's *Puddle*, Chris Appelgren's homemade xerox zine up in southern Humboldt. *Puddle* published its first issue this spring and somewhat resembles the early *Lookout*, except that it's graphically much more interesting, since Chris is a talented artist as well as writer. And that seems like a good place to end this media review, because individual efforts like *Puddle* represent the best hope for would-be writers and publishers, in my opinion. Why twist yourself into knots trying to re-shape your ideas and values into something that the corporate media might deign to accept when the technology is now easily available for everyone to become his or her own publishing company? And let's not forget pirate radio either; the airwaves are wide open, and if any of you to can come up with a plan to drown out one or more of those robot-run "Christian" stations that are proliferating up and down the dial, you'll have my undying thanks and admiration.

Apple™ Computer: The Information Hogs

Like most people in the alternative/ underground publishing racket, I have mixed feelings about Apple Computers. Much of what I do would be more difficult, even impossible, without using the Apple Macintosh. But as anyone who's ever shopped for Mac equipment knows, it's criminally overpriced, putting it out of reach of millions of people who could put it to good use.

This is especially galling in light of the public image Apple tries to maintain for itself, that of being some kind of hip, alternative enterprise out to challenge the traditional way of doing business. Witness their famous 1984 TV commercial, which showed a healthy, young Apple type smashing the telescreen over which Big Brother was giving orders to the enslaved masses. The message was clear: buy Apple products and strike a blow for freedom.

It worked, too. Apple has grown to the point where it is mounting a serious challenge to IBM's once unquestioned dominance. But something funny happened along the way: Apple turned into exactly the kind of company it was supposedly rebelling against. Today someone who is just getting into computers would probably be better off using one of the much cheaper machines cloned from the IBM format. It's a little harder to learn how to operate them at first, but you can get started for about half what you'd pay for a Macintosh.

The reason that Apple is able to practice monopoly capitalism is that so far the Macintosh has not been successfully cloned. That may change soon, as disillusioned Apple employees have begun leaking the secret code used to design the Macintosh. Their attitude seems to be that Apple has betrayed its original purpose, that of bringing new technology within reach of everyone, and thus others should be given the chance to take up where Apple left off.

One prominent and long-time Apple programmer was recently fired when he was caught circulating part of the Macintosh code over the Compu-Serve electronic bulletin board, and Apple has now called in the FBI to crack down on its employees. This represents quite a change from the days when Apple co-founder Steve Wozniak made a living by designing blue boxes to defraud the telephone company. Wozniak and his fellow hackers are long gone from Apple, of course, with the company now being run by John Scully, a button-down Republican and former sugar-water (Pepsi-Cola) salesman.

The demise of Apple's monopoly over Macintosh technology will come as great news for computer users, in fact for just about everyone except for the handful of people getting rich by selling computers for three or four times what they're worth. And there are quite a few of us who will get a kick out of seeing Apple's greedy management undermined by the same sort of hackers who originally created the company.

Equal Justice Under The Law

Congressman George Miller, testifying at the offshore oil hearings in Arcata, noted that although the federal government has compiled a list of over 6000 environmental violations by oil companies in the past few years, not a single fine or penalty has ever been levied.

Contrast that with the treatment given a suspected drug dealer, who without even having been convicted of a crime can be stripped of everything he owns. True, if he's eventually acquitted, the government is supposed to give it back, but under the new Supreme Court ruling which allows confiscation even of the money he might use for attorney's fees, his chances of acquittal are not bright.

Drug dealers do not inspire a great deal of sympathy these days, especially in the face of the hysteria being whipped up by the Nancy Reagan/Tipper Gore crowd. But as I have pointed out again and again, drug dealers do not force people to purchase or consume their wares. Oil companies do. They destroyed our public transit system, leaving us virtually no transportation options other than driving wasteful private automobiles, and they have poisoned our air and water almost to the point of no return.

Exxon wiped out an entire ecosystem as well as much of the economy of southern Alaska. The environmental damage is incalculable, and the economic damage in the hundreds of millions, at least. But nobody at Exxon will be punished for this crime. The one person who might possibly go to jail is the now-fired captain of the wrecked tanker, who's up on a drunk driving charge. The corporation, on the other hand, has already made enough from increased gasoline prices to more than offset cleanup (coverup is more like it) costs and any civil penalties. In the long run the Valdez spill will probably turn out to be a profitable bit of business for Exxon.

Another shipping enterprise that went awry had a slightly different outcome for the principals. Calvin Robinson, convicted of hauling a tanker full of hashish into San Francisco Bay, was sentenced to life in prison without possibility of parole. This is not heroin or crack we're talking about here, but *hash*, just another form of marijuana. Life in prison for transporting a drug that has never killed a single person, is non-addictive, and whose worst side effect is a mild lethargy, easily remedied by discontinuing its use.

Kidnap and rape a teenage girl, cut off her arms and leave her for dead. Smash a woman's head in with an axe, machine gun your next door neighbor, steal three hundred million dollars from widows and orphans, in fact do all these things and you'll be out of jail before this pot smuggler. Subvert the Constitution, trade guns for cocaine, and furnish guided missiles to one of the most dangerous political and religious nuts on the planet, and what do you get? National hero status and \$25,000 a speech. Traffic in a relatively innocuous substance that between 20 and 40 million Americans use at least occasionally, and you're off to the slammer for the rest of your life. Somebody's crazy around here, and I don't think it's me.

California's New Governor:

Wilson, Feinstein or Van de Kamp: Watta Choice!!!

One of the reasons we are supposed to go to all sorts of lengths to destroy the Sandinista government of Nicaragua is that it doesn't offer its people free elections. And when the Soviet Union finally instituted its own elections this year, State Department spokesmen carped that while it was a step in the right direction, the Russians still had a long way to go before they would have anything like the freedom of choice accorded us here in the USA.

This is nonsense, of course; except at the local government and school board level elections in the United States are no freer than those in the Soviet Union or Nicaragua; if anything they are less free. Last year's balloting in Nicaragua offered voters a choice of six parties ranging from extreme capitalist to extreme communist, and would have presented even a wider choice if the CIA hadn't ordered Arturo Cruz to take his party out of the running. In the Soviet Union, while 85% of the candidates were communists (in the United States 99% of the candidates were capitalists), voters had the invaluable option of choosing "none of the above," an option they exercised in many cases. If "none of the above" wins, a new election has to be held.

Would that we had such a choice in this country. Of course if we did, numerous government posts would currently be vacant, most certainly including the presidency. The right to reject all candidates would be especially useful here in California, where our next governor appears almost sure to be either US Senator Pete Wilson,

ex-San Francisco mayor Dianne Feinstein, or State Attorney-General John Van de Kamp.

All three represent the moderate right wing of the political spectrum, all three will favor ecologically destructive development and continued exploitation of vanishing resources, and Van de Kamp in particular promises a frightening erosion of civil liberties.

The ambitious and unprincipled attorney general, who founded the paramilitary Campaign Against Marijuana Planting (CAMP -- the similarity to his name is not at all co-incidental), has a new anti-drug brainstorn: the construction of an immense concentration camp for drug offenders -- 18,000 of them, to be precise -- in the Mojave Desert. Strangely enough, Van de Kamp's unrelenting law and order stance was not nearly so much in evidence a few years ago when his chief aide, after being busted for child molesting, was discovered to have a a bong and some marijuana in the trunk of his car. All charges dropped, natch.

The crimes of Dianne Feinstein against San Francisco, nature, and all that is good, beautiful, and true have been well documented in this and other journals; the prospect that she might rise again, like a vampire whose heart narrowly escaped the stake, curdles the blood, and the havoc she could wreak if unleashed on an entire state staggers the imagination. Better she should be launched into permanent orbit around Pluto.

Wilson will probably be elected, if only because he's so bland as to be invisible, a tactic that has worked well for current governor George Deukmejian. But while Governor Duke is easy to forget, the results of his malfeasance won't be: the strip-logging of the north coast mountains, which should be completed about the time he leaves office in January of 1991, is just one of his horrendous legacies. Wilson's environmental policies, as well as those on education, welfare, and other quality-of-life issues, are nearly identical to Deukmejian's.

So we lose no matter who wins. But we won't have any right to complain, will we, because the people will have spoken. Ain't it grand in the land of the free!

New "Clean" Industry in Laytonville?

Those battling neighbors on Bell Springs Road would do well to patch up their petty and mean-spirited dispute over road rights and concentrate on more important things. Edward Adams, the new guy in town who's planning on turning the old 101 Cafe into a firewood warehouse and possibly a manufacturing site for "fuel pellets" (Presto-logs), claims he has cutting rights for 11,000 acres, mostly in the Bell Springs/Island Mountain area. While you people are feuding, first your fir and pine, and now your hardwoods, are rolling past you and into the maw of yuppie America.

Adams claims he's only going to take trees bigger than 24", but if you take a look at the scrawny oaks (more like 10") the logging trucks are hauling up and down Highway 101, it's hard to be exactly filled with confidence over that promise. The logs have been pouring out of Spy Rock Road, too, though I'm not sure where they're still managing to find any worth bothering with. Most people just don't seem to care anymore; a lot of them are too busy trying just to survive.

Yeah, times are hard around here these days, the marijuana economy crippled almost to the point of destruction. With so many people needing money, employers can name their own terms. If they tell you to take a pay cut, you take it because you know there are plenty of other people ready to take your place. That's the main reason there are almost no effective labor unions in Mendocino County anymore.

The same sort of desperation leads people to welcome any kind of business into the area on the chance that it will create more jobs. But shouldn't we maybe give some thought to whether downtown Laytonville is the right place for a fairly heavy industry. Laytonville isn't one of the garden spots of the world as it now stands, but as long as you don't mess it up too bad, there's always hope. Somehow, though, I can't see either tourists or locals avidly strolling the tree-shaded streets of a town whose centerpiece is a firewood yard (and possible factory), complete with idling diesels and trucks regularly rolling past the elementary school on their way to pick up another load.

Some people are curious about whether Adams has obtained permits for his enterprise, whether it would comply with zoning regulations, and whether the septic system is capable of handling the sanitary needs of workers, let alone the waste generated by any kind of manufacturing. Inquiries are being made, so stay tuned.

Methanol: Another Bush League Plan

President George finally decided to put on his environmental hat and announced a plan that's supposedly going to have air cleaned up sometime not too far into the next century. What he's going to do is phase out gasoline and replace it with methanol, a form of alcohol.

Yes, it will cost more to use methanol, but the companies who will be providing us with the stuff have graciously agreed not to complain if their profits turn out to be even larger than what they've been grabbing out of the oil biz (yeah, it'll be mostly the same people; what did you think?).

What's not being discussed is the disastrous impact methanol will have on the environment. The main source of methanol is the fermentation of crops like corn, and if we adopt it as our primary fuel, it will temporarily rescue the staggering farm economy of the midwestern United States. But it will probably administer the *coup de grace* to that region's agriculture, because it encourages the continued mass-production, chemical-intensive, water-hogging variety of corporate farming that is turning the area into a wasteland. Wrenching every last bit of wealth from the vanishing topsoil is the ecological equivalent of strip-mining, and its long term consequences could if anything be more dire than continued oil drilling.

Methanol or petroleum, it doesn't matter; either way we're continuing a lifestyle and economy based on incredible waste and total disregard for the future, providing benefits only for the handful of people who derive their wealth from the energy monopoly. If George Bush had any real interest in cleaning up the air instead of just cleaning up, he'd impose strict pollution and mileage standards on the manufacturers, he'd put federal money into mass transit instead of subsidizing the auto industry, and he'd support massive research into true alternative energy sources like solar power. Don't hold your breath.

Music Can Make You



STUPID

Arrghh!!! I had two whole pages of music gossip written, and then the *Lookout* kept getting postponed until all the news was totally outdated and I guess I've got to start all over again. Anyway, I'll start with a quick recap of stuff that happened since the last issue in October, even though most of this will already be known to all but my Outer Mongolian readers...

A whole bunch of bands don't exist anymore, and for some reason a lot of them are on LOOKOUT RECORDS, and no, it's not my fault. Some that come to mind are ISOCRACY, KAMALA AND THE KARNIVORES, EYEBALL, CRIMPSHRINE, and of course, OPERATION IVY.

One thing you can count on when old bands break up: new bands and new lineups, so let's talk about some of them. Ex-Isocracy drummer AL SOBRANTE joined up with Pinole's SWEET CHILDREN, who recorded a 7" and then changed their name to GREEN DAY, and I don't know who to blame for that one, though I'm actually starting to get used to it. Not sure why the name change, though I've heard it said that they were getting sick of being referred to as "Sweet Baby Children" because of their alleged similarity to SWEET BABY (formerly SWEET BABY JESUS).

Speaking of our first East Bay/Gilman type band to go major label (well, I know Lookout is getting pretty huge, but I mean major major), Sweet Baby's LP came out on Ruby/Slash in January and has been doing all right on college radio and has supposedly sold about 10,000 copies, a figure that would have most of us indie band/label types dancing in the streets, but is probably kind of marginal for MR. BIGGS (his real name) down at Slash. But apparently he's a big Sweet Baby fan, cuz they're starting work on a new LP this summer.

At the helm, of course, will be mega-hot producer KEVIN ARMY, who's turned out some of the year's best

records so far (in addition to Sweet Baby, he's produced the MR. T EXPERIENCE, OPERATION IVY, CRIMPSHRINE, and (ahem) the LOOKOUTS). But in the band will be a couple of new faces, because after the first SWEET BABY tour, RICHIE (bass) and SERGIE (drums) quit. Wanna know why? Ask them, cuz I don't know. Anyway new bassist (and backup vocalist, I hear) is IVY DUBOIS, who was doing pretty well as lead singer, bassist, and chief songwriter for Kamala and the Karnivores before that band hit the rocks. And on drums: a bigger shocker here; it's AARON COMETBUS CRIMPSHRINE ELLIOT. Aaron let it be widely known that touring and recording with Sweet Baby was only a side project and that his first loyalty was to Crimpshrine, but apparently to no avail, because by the time he got back from tour Crimpshrine was defunct. A quasi-version of Crimpshrine, featuring guitarist/vocalist JEFF and drummer JEAN REPETTO of EAST BAY MUD played the last OP IV show at Gilman (that's right, no bass). Aaron is apparently not thrilled, nor bassist PAUL. Is this really the end of Crimpshrine? Hard to believe, but for now it looks that way. Jeff and Jean are playing together in something called FIFTEEN which I know nothing else about.

Ex SBJ-er Sergie is playing guitar for the new East Bay supergroup SAM I AM, which also features ex-Isocracy members MARTIN BROHM and JUMPIN' JASON BEEBOUBT. RYAN, formerly of VIOLENT COERCION, returned from two years in the Kinko's zone to play guitar too, but inter-band squabbles have already led to his departure, and at last report the new guitarist was JAMES from the now-defunct SOCIAL UNREST.

SEWER TROUT have been relatively inactive (what else is new, their mother calls up to ask?), playing only a handful of shows, but its members are working with other bands, namely the WELL-HUNG MONKS and RELIEF SOCIETY, which also only play occasionally even though they've been getting raves for their cuts on the *Floyd* compilation.



TALLEY HOE bit the dust without my ever having seen them, and CHUCK (remember POULTRY MAGIC?) has resurfaced in a new outfit called MONSULA, after trying out unsuccessfully for 7 SECONDS (though he did play guitar on a few songs during their May 27 Gilman show). BLATZ is no more (to be expected of a band that would name itself after such a lousy beer), and ROBERT EGGPLANT is now concentrating on publishing his tabloid scandal sheet ABSOLUTELY ZIPPO, which earned the ire of major scenester MARTIN SPROUSE when it revealed the existence of the pornographic video involving Marty and the two teenagers he picked up at McDonald's. But the latest word is that Eggplant and Sprouse have buried the hatchet and will be working on a new recording project, tentatively titled *Tofu and Beer*.

In between jamming with East Bay scenesters, Martin also found time to publish an excellent book called *Threat By Example*, which he promises will mark the ultimate expression of his "black line" phase. It's a compilation of essays and art from various counterculture types who Martin for one reason or another finds inspiring, and also includes one comic relief piece by yours truly.

What is happening with GILMAN these days? Well, a new gang of people, calling themselves the ALTERNATIVE MUSIC FOUNDATION took over the lease and have been making a go of it, though they got off to a rocky start at first. One problem was that much of the old GILMAN crowd has been conspicuous by its absence. Myself included, unfortunately, as I have been spending the bulk of my time up here in the Emerald Triangle, so lots of outstanding gossip will no doubt be missing from this report. The few times I've been to Gilman this spring it's been as much fun as always, if a little more anarchistic. In fact it often looks as if nobody is in charge, which may well be. The night of the gargantuan overflowing final OP IV show, there were possibly three people running the whole thing, if that many. It's no wonder that original Gilman head man TIM Y isn't often seen there; the place probably gives him nightmares.

Tim and the gang are behind an effort to put on shows over in culturally deprived San Francisco. Because most of the people involved come from the Gilman and/or the SHRED OF DIGNITY warehouse, some are calling the new outfit SHRED OF GILMAN, which seems appropriate. I guess by now they've sponsored two or three shows, in addition to helping out financially with a couple of the HOMOCORE shows. Apparently they're now planning a punk Woodstock for sometime in August at the San Francisco Civic Center; let's hope it turns out better than the last Civic Center show in 1985, I think it was, when there was quite a bit of violence, mostly involving baldheaded people like MARK DAGGER.

HOMOCORE is both a movement and a magazine; as a movement, I guess it's the punk equivalent of gay liberation, while the magazine is the equivalent of nothing I've seen yet. The Homocore folks have put on four shows so far this year, all pretty successful. To me the first was the best, though, maybe at least partly because of its location, in the legendary DEAF CLUB, scene of some of San Francisco's classic punk gigs back in the late 70s. The first thing I noticed when I arrived was that neither the room nor the crowd seemed to have changed a bit since the last time I was there in 1979. That was an illusion, of course; most of the 1979 scenesters are long gone by now, but the loose, androgynous atmosphere of old-time punk shows was there for the first time in years, and it was a great reminder of why punk was so much fun in the early days.

MDC and KAMALA AND THE KARNIVORES provided the musical highlights, and the crowd provided the rest. Good to see that there are still so many weirdos running around. There were a couple more Homocore shows at the San Francisco Women's Building, including a pretty big one featuring SWOLLEN BOSS TOAD, OPERATION IVY (their

next to last show), and FUGAZI. Swollen Boss Toad is the band featuring the famous TOMMY STRANGE, formerly of FORETHOUGHT, and also a vital part of the crew at MORDAM RECORDS. SBT have been playing a lot in San Francisco, especially at the COVERED WAGON, where I never go cause they won't believe I'm 21.



Aaron Comethus Crimpshrine Sweet Baby contemplating the nature of entropy

Another place I never go is the I-BEAM, the one-time gay disco and now slightly trendy night club on wildly trendy Haight Street. Actually I did stop in there for about five minutes this spring on one of their free nights (don't worry about the poor I-Beam losing money; they still sell plenty of \$3 beer) to see the debut of the new electric MUSKRATS, who have also added one-time DEAD KENNEDYS bassist KLAUS FLOURIDE to their lineup. But don't worry, the Muskrats haven't gone hardcore, nor are they making speeches about Dan White or the Ku Klux Klan in between numbers. Just some mellow electric folk; lots of people like it, I could live without it.

Some very un-mellow folk music emanating these days from the pride of Visalia, PLAID RETINA, who've got a new bass player, a new sound (strong NO MEANS NO influence), and a new LP, *Pink Eye*. They're doing a three week tour of the western United States, which should be in progress about the time you read this. Following close upon their heels, both with a new LP and a tour will be CORRUPTED MORALS. Touring with Corrupted Morals will be a relatively new band, CRUMMY MUSICIANS, which includes Corrupted Morals singer RICK on guitar.

Also getting set to record a new LP, Emeryville's princes of darkness, NEUROSIS. Neurosis have been through a few changes this year, including a tour, and a couple different guitarists. It looks as though they've settled on the South Bay's STEVE VON TILL. He's the goofy guy with all the rubber bands in his dreadlocks, and no one could figure out how he could be in Neurosis because he smiles way too much. But not to worry; since he's been hanging out in E'ville, he's learned to scowl with the worst of them.

Neurosis put out a 7" called *Aberration* earlier this year in conjunction with their tour; only problem was that it was such a rush job that it didn't come out sounding as good as it should. In fact the German fanzine *Trust*, in one of the few accurate reviews it has printed lately, described the sound as "a mosquito-guitar." So in June Neurosis went back to the studio and remixed and remastered the 3-song EP, and guess what, now it sounds pretty damn good. Naturally the the shittier-sounding early pressing will now probably become a valuable collector's item, since as far as I can tell, collectors never actually listen to their records ("hey dude, how can I enjoy the music when I can see that needle scraping nickels and dimes out of the grooves?").

We (the LOOKOUTS) shared a "gig" last winter with SWEET CHILDREN (now GREEN DAY), that turned out to be one of those fiascos that are only supposed to happen to CRIMP SHRINE. This one was billed as a raging party for all the hip teens of Willits (suburb of Laytonville, for you out of state squares) at some totally remote country house with no neighbors so we could play all night long as loud as we wanted.

Remote it was, in fact it was one of the only places I've ever been in Mendocino County that's further out in the boondocks than my own house. But the people organizing the party (and being in a generous mood, we won't name them here, though it should be noted that they are friends of LOOKOUTS drummer TRE COOL, who may yet emerge from hiding one of these days) neglected a few minor details. Like for one thing, they forgot to invite any people. Well, nobody's perfect, right? But when they don't even bother to show up for their own party? Oh well, SWEET CHILDREN GREEN DAY got to play for an enthusiastic audience of five, although three of them had to leave before the set was over because they had to have the car home by midnight.



Neurosis

Photo by Murray Bowles

More Tre Cool news... The energetic skin basher has also founded the SOCIETY TO REUNITE THE VILLAGE PEOPLE, a cause which has been woefully neglected for too many years now. Some of you younger people may not even remember the VP's movie, *Can't Stop The Music*, undoubtedly the greatest movie musical of all time, and the definitive document of the disco era (when you think about it, disco is sort of like RICHARD NIXON. It seemed unbearably bad at the time, but when you compare it to what we're stuck with nowadays... I mean I'd rather be locked in a room with the BEE GEES playing full blast for the rest of my life than be forced to look at another PHIL COLLINS video. And I've only seen one, the one with something like fifty PHIL COLLINSes in it. AIEEEEE!!!) Anyway, TRE set up the SOCIETY TO REUNITE THE VILLAGE PEOPLE HOTLINE, which also doubled at the LOOKOUTS hotline (come to think of it, the two groups do have a lot in common). Unfortunately, as punishment for his bad report card, Tre not only got grounded, but his parents yanked his phone line, so it looks like the hotline is out of business. Speaking of hotlines... the STIKKY record finally came out in Europe, which meant a new round of phone calls for AL ex-ISOCRACY, whose phone number happens to be engraved into the vinyl.

I assume this is satire, but one can never be too sure these days: from a couple of east coast fanzines comes news of a new Boston release called *Shaved For Battle* from a band named STARS AND STRIPES, (I could have that backward; the ad wasn't too clear). The name of the record label is PATRIOT, and the ad promises "14 Anthems for Today's Patriotic Youth." Like I said, it's probably a joke, but perhaps not, since it's the brainchild (to use the term loosely) of SLAPSHOT lead thug CHOKE, who in the memorable words of DAVID HAYES, "falls somewhere between pond life and Tyrannosaurus Rex on the food chain." Slapshot are actually taken seriously in Boston, a city which has been a major embarrassment to the US punk/hardcore scene for most of the 1980s and is a hotbed of moronic right wing macho attitudes.

7 SECONDS finally came back to Gilman Street after an absence of over two years during which their alleged manager would only book them into Mafia sleazepits like San Francisco's STONE. They were well received, and did a lot to redeem themselves from the memory of their February 1987 show in which they tortured the audience with a succession of dreary U-

Robert (Absolutely Zippo) Eggplant

Photo by Murray Bowles

Corrupted Morals

Marty Sprouse trolling for vegetarian bimbos

imitations. This time, they mixed up their new material with a healthy selection of the old classics, and did it all with an energy that almost recaptured the feeling of the early 80s when 7 Seconds were probably the most exciting live band anywhere. By the way, that was an interesting story we heard about lead singer KEVIN SECONDS and the girl he met here and what happened 10 minutes later, but that's not the kind of magazine we are, is it? I'll feed this one to *Absolutely Zippo*.

P.S. The LOOKOUTS have a new record out. MARTIN SAM I AM said it sounded like it should be on LIVE-105 (better than being on THE ROCKER, Marty). TIM YOHANNAN said it had lots of long slow songs, which he figured out by measuring the width of the grooves since he didn't have time to actually listen to it. LINT plays guitar on two tracks, including a total speedmetal riff that must be heard to be imagined. We were going to go on tour this summer, but KAIN moved away to Berkeley and we don't have any money. So buy our record, OK, unless you want us to stay in California forever.

P.P.S. Our arch-enemies, the VAGRANTS went on tour, which caused several western states to experience a sudden shortage of ripe tomatoes and rotten fruits, which further reminds me, Marin rich boy rockers BOO HISS PFFTPL WHY DON'T WE THROW SOME TOMATOES AT THOSE GUYS have a new demo out which I have but haven't heard yet because I can't find it right now and they were actually allowed to play another show at Gilman. Plus their cut



P.P.P.S. And absolutely the very last piece of latest news but it's very important, so pay attention. DAVID HAYES, Lookout Records mega-mogul, is doing his own project called F.T.I., which stands for Fuck Twelve Inch Records, and why anyone would worry about the sexual practices of various sizes of records may seem a mystery to many of you, but hardcore vinyl fanatics will of course understand.

Anyway, FTI's first project will be a 10 inch compilation record featuring ECONOCHRIST (recently relocated to the East Bay from Little Rock, Arkansas), BAZOOKA JOE, VAPOR LOCK, SCHIZOID, DISSENT, and SCREECHING WEASEL. It'll be out at the end of summer. Five bucks postpaid to D. Hayes, 1322 65th St, Emeryville CA 94608. Another ten-incher is planned for November, which will include the rare unreleased track of the LOOKOUTS doing their perennial crowd-pleaser "Big Green Monsters." And yes, ISOCRACY did play at Gilman on the Fourth of July.



ISOCRACY FINALLY LEARNS
How to jump when they play ©

Cartoon Classics on the Floyd comp is a smash at all the trendy Australian dance clubs. And I have to admit that BAD RELIGION's *Suffer* was the best record of 1988, even if they are from L.A. Other late-breaking news from the Southland: AL FLIPSIDE has gotten himself some baggy T-shirts, shaved the rest of his hair, and started moshing with the positive youth crew. But we'll forgive him, because we hear he still drinks beer. And UNIT PRIDE, "the drunkest straightedge band around," according to AARON COMETBUS, went on a whirlwind tour of Mecca, I mean the East Coast, accompanied by LINT, who doesn't drink beer anymore, but is definitely not positive youth crew.



Surrogate Brains

Photo by Murray Bowles

LOOK! A real live *SCENE REPORT* from **Garberville!!!**

A few years back I used to go to Garberville, wander around for an hour or two, shrug my shoulders, and go home. I mean, it looked like something should be happening there — unlike Laytonville, it has sidewalks and everything — but whatever it was, I could never find it.

But now, thanks to my regular visits to KMUD, I've discovered the cultural center of Garberville, and I'm going to reveal it to the world: it's TREATS, a coffee and dessert and video game parlor where virtually every cool person in Garberville and even some of their uncool friends sooner or later end up. Coffee is cheap and the owner doesn't even seem to care whether you buy something or not. Like usually I buy a coffee and the three or four bums I hang out with buy nothing and sit around with their feet on the tables. The jukebox has Bing Crosby on it singing *White Christmas* and *God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen*, though this may no longer be true by the time you read this (*July 6 update: yes, no longer true*).

Minor Digression

Once last winter I went over to SICILITO'S, a typical Chinese/Mexican/Italian restaurant. The beans that come with the Mexican food are worse than canned Rosarita beans and you shouldn't even feed them to your dog, but the pizza is pretty good. (P.S. I went back there again and the beans were a lot better that time, but I wore out a couple knives on my enchilada). There were a lot of pot growers with beards and hippie women with long dresses. But what really made my night was the huge video screen that played nonstop MTV. I caught up on all the latest videos for about the first time in eight years.

I hate to say it, but the moronic and racist GUNS AND ROSES had one of the more watchable ones. The most pathetic award went to ROBERT PLANT, who had grown his hair back to the way it was in the LED ZEPPELIN glory days, but was singing some wimpy schlock-metal crapola that made DEF LEPPARD look like mega-powerhouse ball-shredders. PLANT couldn't even get a job fronting for WHITESNAKE these days. Maybe if LOVER BOY got back together...

But the most rank, vile, evil, putrescent, stench-ridden scum-sucking piece of video tape I may have ever had the misfortune to deface my eyes with was one featuring the loathsome ROBERT PALMER, a "rock singer" who dresses like a banker, and who, judging from the contortions his face goes through as he sings (something resembling a wolf about to rip the intestines out of a baby lamb), lies with every breath (thanks, B. DYLAN). PALMER's video is decorated with a troupe of heavily painted mannequins undulating in a syncopated version of what I guess passes for sexuality among those who prefer porking with machines. Naturally, PALMER is making money hand over fist, and is a big sex symbol to the sort of female who inspired super stud HENRY KISSINGER to opine: "Power is the greatest aphrodisiac of all" (lacking that, money or an expensive three-piece suit just might do the trick).

By the way, the next day I was listening to the AM radio, a talk show, and some big shot Top 40 programmer (this is the guy who tells your local radio station which ten songs to play over and over until your mind shatters and you run down to the store and buy them all) was playing the TEN BIGGEST HITS OF 1988!!! Well, I thought I'd give it a listen and see how many of my favorites made it. Needless to say, none did, but that's not the point. What I found amazing was that out of the top ten songs of the year, I had never even heard nine of them. The one I did recognize was some godawful ballad by the ever-whiny WHITNEY HOUSTON and the next eight were just like it, only not as catchy. There was only one song out of the ten that you could even consider dancing to, and if this is the

sort of stuff that young people are being forced to listen to day in and day out, it's no wonder that teenage suicide is at an all-time high.

Anyway, back to real Garberville news: the heartbeat of the community is KMUD, the world's greatest radio station. KMUD by itself is probably not enough reason to pack up all your belongings and move somewhere within a 200-watt radius of Garberville, but it's a good start.

It's something of a miracle station. By any kind of logic, it should not even exist in a tiny town with a depressed economy like Garberville. But it does, without commercials and the crap that goes with them, dependent for survival totally on the contributions of local people and businesses. It plays a broader selection of music than any station I've ever heard, and covers news and public affairs with a radical perspective that's seldom found going out over the government-controlled airwaves.



I've been regularly joining CHRIS APPELGREN, the boy wonder DJ (you wonder how that boy ever got to be a DJ) for his every other Saturday show (3 to 5 p.m.), and during this summer, I'll be doing his show by myself while Chris is up in Arcata getting educated. I've been making a nuisance of myself on some of my other favorite shows as well, among them "Fresh Tracks in the Mud," featuring MIKE RAPHONE, the (other) BOY WONDER, and PETER OUTT, and the middle of the night AMY show, which isn't what it's called, but that's what it is.

One of the best DJ's of all at KMUD is RICK LOOSE, who I first discovered last summer playing the DEAD KENNEDYS' "Holiday In Cambodia" and explaining to the listeners that he was doing this for their own good, to educate them about all the music they'd missed during the past ten years while they were doing whatever it is hippies do in the hills above Garberville. Oh yeah, and there's SCOT FREE KENNEDY, who's on every third Sunday when the moon is in Pisces and every fourth Sunday during odd numbered months, and who does a combination of music and talk, but he's off to Arcata for the summer too, leaving his shift to girl prodigy REBECCA KATZ, who I see pulled down a regular 4.0 in her eighth grade class at South Fork Junior High. Speaking of Rebecca, the other day I heard her guesting on "Fresh Tracks In The Mud," and when one of the show's hosts idly mused, "It's 3:00 already. Where does the time go?" Rebecca quickly answered, "It goes into space," and before Mike, Boy, or Peter could say "Whaat?" she was off on a quick tour of Einstein's theory of relativity, which explains, ostensibly at least, exactly where the time *does* go.

Anyway, what about all the crucial band and show news you're dying to hear about? Well, back in February there was a show at the Garberville Vets' Hall with MDC and the LOOKOUTS. It was pretty fun, even though MDC was missing their regular guitar player, so weren't at their best. The other

fun events were that the town got snowed in that night and that Lookouts' drummer TRE COOL dislocated his knee while showing off for the usual girls and had to spend the night in the hospital. About 150 or 200 people came (to the show, not the hospital).

Then at the end of March, we had a sort of private show, limited only to the very coolest people in southern Humboldt, about 25 of us, I guess. This was to celebrate Chris and Scot's birthdays, and happened at the Miranda Grange, a rocking little hall just down the street from the Mormon church. Featured, of course, were the Lookouts, but the show was nearly stolen by the opening band, BUMBLESCRUMP, which is made up of Chris, Scot, and master guitar shredder ABE RINGSTAFF. Their artful blend of punk, funk, rap, disco, and metal psychedelia had the crowd reeling in a dizzying tempo under the nonstop barrage of strobe lights and smoke bombs; you had the feeling that history was being made before your very eyes.

Sometime in April the Mateel Community Center put on RKL, which I naturally avoided, though a lot of people who did go seemed to enjoy it. I did go to the next Mateel show, which headlined the CRAZY 8s, a rock/ska/reggae band who were all right, but the real heroes of the night were MR. BUNGLE from Arcata, who funk'd the crowd into a blithering blob of jello. The new lead singer for Warner Brothers megastars FAITH NO MORE is a Mr. Bungle alumnus, by the way.

I think it was in April, too, when KMUD personality GABRIELLE ("The Upper Ground Gypsy Creature's Show") organized a KMUD benefit at the Vets' Hall featuring videos and some bands, I forget how many, all I can remember for sure were GREENHOUSE from Arcata and TUSK from Los Angeles. I think Tusk took off their clothes while they were playing, I don't know because I was outside, but this show was a lot of fun, and had a cool mixture of different kinds of people, so it wasn't like a generic punk show (not that any Garberville show probably ever will be).

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Special ***Arcata*** Report

One more show to tell about, and this was on June 10, put on by yours truly and Lookout Records as a benefit for KMUD. Unfortunately, it ended up not benefitting anyone except, I guess, the bands and the people who had a good time dancing and gooning around. What I'm trying to say is that it lost money, lots of money, my money, which doesn't make me personally too excited about trying to put on another show in Garberville, but I'm sure other people with more talent in the promotional end of things will keep things going.

Anyway, this started out as an OPERATION IVY show, along with SCREECHING WEASEL from Chicago, GREEN DAY, and the Lookouts. But Operation Ivy were inconsiderate enough to break up before the show could happen, so at the last minute we got the MR. T EXPERIENCE, who were just getting back from their national tour, to take OP IV's place. Oh, and who should turn up at the beginning of the show and beg to be given a chance to open? Why it was none other than the previously mentioned Bumblecrump. Unfortunately, Bumblecrump were unable to recreate the magic of their debut Miranda show (maybe it was the absence of strobelights and dry ice), and mostly succeeded in driving the still-sparse crowd outdoors.

But things picked up a lot when Green Day took the stage, and the East Bay rockers delivered a powerhouse set of nearly an hour, marred only when bassist MIKE, who apparently had been drinking a few beers earlier (some bad person bought for him) had trouble finding his bass, even though it was strapped over his shoulder in the usual position. Even under these less than perfect conditions, Green Day got a rousing reception, and their new record has been getting a lot of airplay on KMUD as a result.

Screeching Weasel didn't go over quite as well, and head weasel BEN ended up sitting on the edge of the stage trying to insult the crowd, which turned out to be harder than he thought it would be. Then there were the Lookouts, about whom for once I have nothing to say, and finally the Mr. T Experience put on a great show, though by this time I was too busy bumming about the money I'd lost to really enjoy it. Yeah, don't I sound like a real mercenary? No the thing was, I really couldn't afford to lose money; in fact, for the next couple of weeks I had to pay for everything in nickels and quarters because that's all I had left.

Anyway, that's enough about Garberville for now. Things will probably be kind of quiet during the summer, at least until the major scenesters get back from Arcata. But once everyone's back in town, LOOKOUT! (to coin a phrase).

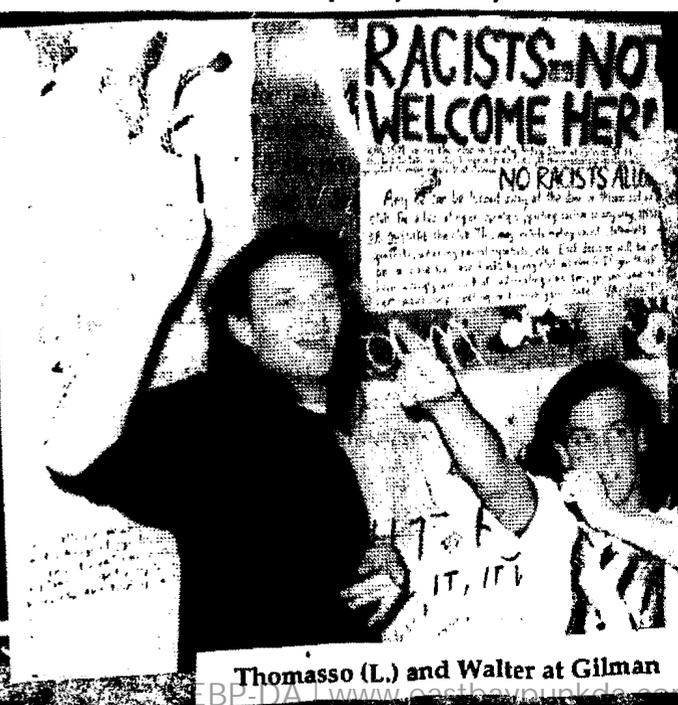
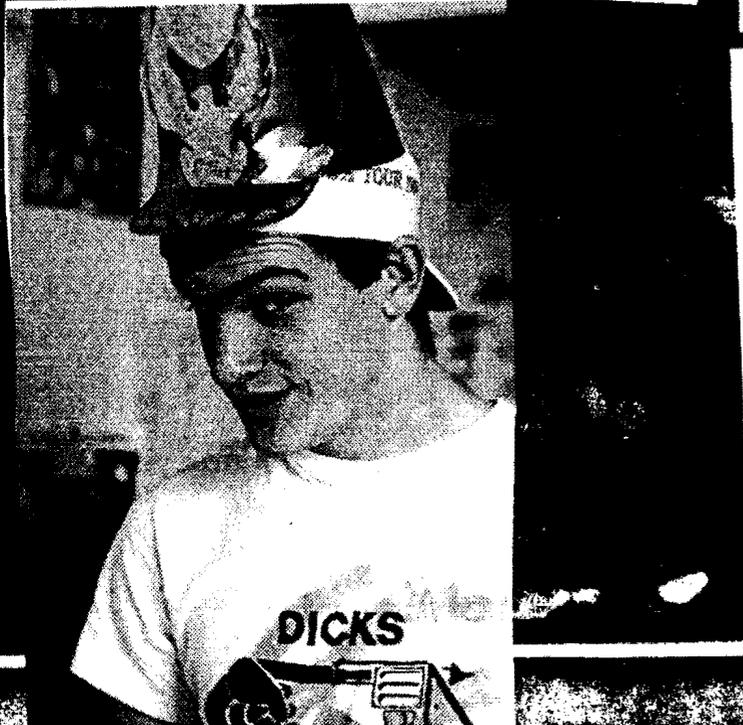
Everyone knows the whole north coast is total weird-land, but the town of Arcata reserves for itself a special niche in the scrambled brain waves department. Cut off from the rest of the world for six months of the year by an impermeable fog bank, Arcatans have devised their own inscrutable systems of communication and esthetics which are only occasionally comprehensible to ordinary oddballs like ourselves.

There are those, though, who have been able to penetrate the redwood curtain, and foremost among them is, natch, the equally inscrutable AARON COMETBUS, who last summer made a journey to Arcata and returned singing its praises, so much so that for a while he was determined to relocate CRIMP SHRINE there. Aaron also had great things to say about a couple of bands he encountered in the mist-shrouded north country, especially BRENT'S TV (AND APPLIANCES), fronted by the younger brother of SWEET BABY DALLAS, and the JANE MAXWELL BAND, an all-female outfit with a not especially exciting name. But Aaron played me a tape of their (JMB) live show, and it sounded good enough that I thought it worthwhile to make a trip up to BEGINNINGS in Briceland to check them out.

As usual, I was way late, so I missed the first band, ONE FALSE MOVE AND THE HIPPIE GETS IT, but I did see most of Jane Maxwell's set (I left before it was over cause I was heavily bumming for personal reasons). They're pretty good, real original, almost but not quite to the point of quirkiness. Most of the band had a mid-60s look, right down to the enormous Vox guitar amp, but the bass player featured more of a hippie look, and I'm sorry to say that the lead singer (I guess that must have been Jane) looked a lot like one of those girls from FLEETWOOD MAC, which I found a little distracting.

That was around October or November; then in February or March a few of us made a trip up to Arcata for a punk rock mega-show on the HSU campus where we saw Jane Maxwell again, looking and sounding totally different from the last time, and Brent's TV for the first time (all the girls seemed to love them). Also featured were CRIMP SHRINE, designated hardcore band of the night, who for some reason got the crowd violently slamming (yeah, you know all those death, destruction, and satan worship tunes Crimpshrine cranks out), and seven or eleven other bands.

There was another show in Arcata in March or April with SWEET BABY, but I didn't make it because I was down in Los Angeles, and things have been pretty quiet up there since then. At least as far as I know, which probably isn't very far at all.



Thomasso (L.) and Walter at Gilman

Operation Ivy: R.I.P.?



In my capacity as record industry mogul and publishing tycoon, I run into quite a few people who seem to think I might actually know something. At least I keep getting asked a lot of questions, no matter how much disinformation I insist on disseminating.

About three quarters of those questions have to do with one or more of the bands that record on the Lookout label. Apparently people are under the impression that just because the Lookout standard contract demands that bands abandon all vestiges of individual personality along with any artistic control, I should have some insight into why bands do what they do. You can probably guess that the question I'm asked more than any other these days is "Why did Operation Ivy break up?"

How about if I give you a simple "Duh?" I know what happened, but I couldn't say for sure why it happened. I don't think even the members of the band know completely. The basic facts are that Jesse, the singer and writer of most OP IV lyrics, decided that he didn't want to be in the band anymore. By the time you read this, he should be on his way to Nicaragua, where he's going to spend a month or two building a school.

Matt, Lint, and Dave (bass, guitar, and drums) still plan to play together, but not under the name of Operation Ivy. There's talk of having Lint take over as singer and adding a guitarist, or just being a three-piece. Nothing's going to happen right away because Lint's in New York for a while (no, he's not trying out for Youth of Today) (no, not Agnostic Front either).

Operation Ivy played their last show at Gilman Street May 28, almost two years to the day after their first one. It was like punk Woodstock, man, with sound guy Marshall Stax getting in the spirit by giving warnings over the PA about the brown acid (Geez, mom, he was just *joking!*). Over 600 people crammed into the 299-capacity hall, and more were left standing in line (nahhh, it wasn't like Woodstock really; if it was Woodstock they would have torn down the walls and made it a free show). It had started out as a Lookout Records gig for all the bands that had new releases this spring and hadn't already broken up (Crimpshrine, Surrogate Brains, Green Day, Lookouts, Operation Ivy), but once the news got out that it would be OP IV's last show, Lookout Records and the other bands were mostly forgotten. In fact I halfway expected the opening bands to get booted off stage because everyone was so anxious to see OP IV, but it didn't work out that way at all; people were enthusiastic about all the bands, even the Lookouts.

Of course there were some scenesters who stayed outside preening and posing until their heroes took the stage, at which time the club started to feel like a New York City subway car at rush hour. Dancing, the usual favorite activity at an OP IV show, was almost

more work than it was worth. I ended up in the snack bar after a while, hanging out with the famous transbay publisher Boris Wordburger. All in all it was more of a spectacle than a musical event, but that was probably inevitable, given how popular the band had gotten.

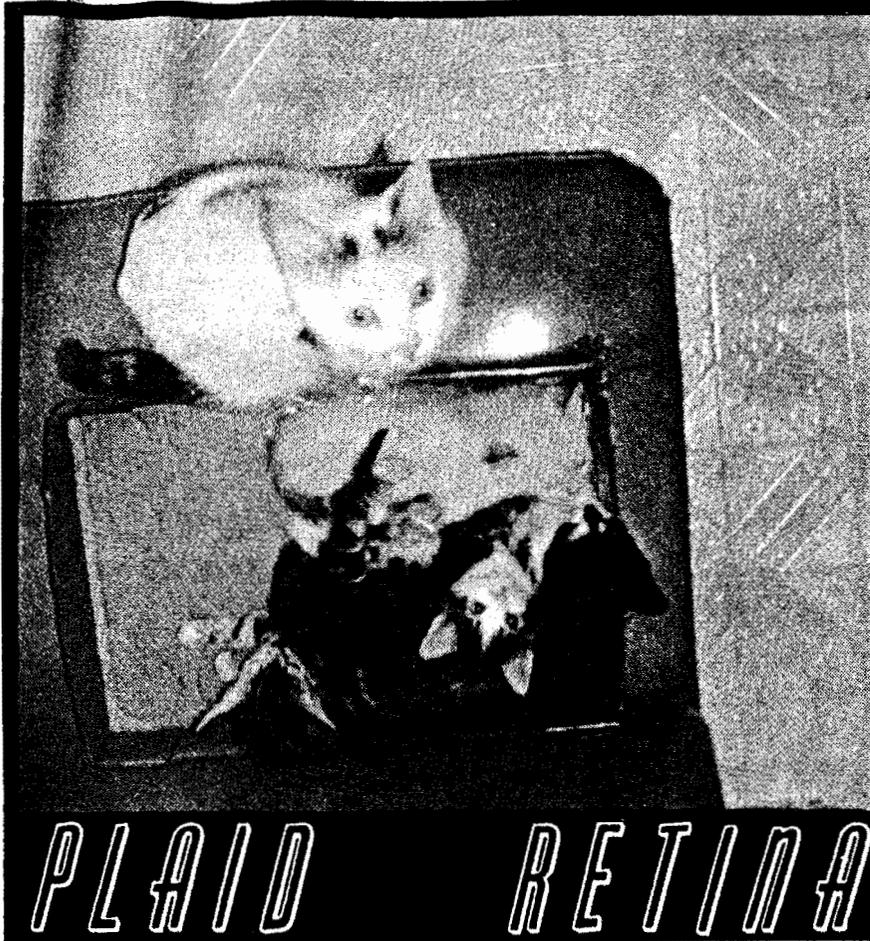
I should probably spout off some eloquent crap about eras ending and how the good die young and how the scene has lost its youthful innocence, but don't worry, I'll spare you. I'm as sorry as anyone to see Operation Ivy come to an end (maybe more sorry, because OP IV's success has played a big part in the success of Lookout Records), but bands are like marriages, and most of them break up, too. Sometimes they get back together, too; anything is possible. Of course if Jesse, as rumored, joins the Sandinista Party and becomes Nicaragua's new Minister of Culture and Big Words, we can forget about that happening.

Anyway, even if Operation Ivy didn't stick around as long as we wished they would, it was pretty exciting to have them while they lasted. I have a feeling that they're going to be one of those bands who continue to get more popular years after they cease to exist, like Minor Threat or the Dead Kennedys. Those bands had more going for them than just great music; they were a vital part of scenes that were to become legendary. Anyone who doesn't think the Gilman scene will be talked and thought about for years to come (there are already kids all over this country and others who think it's like the land of

Oz) is fooling him or herself, and Operation Ivy, even more than Isocracy, were *the* Gilman Street band.

Some of the guys in the band are probably still feeling a little down and out right now; maybe they even feel some sense of failure because Op Ivy didn't achieve everything it could have. But though I don't want to sound like some corny, upbeat, let's-accentuate-the-positive type, I have to point out that in only two years Operation Ivy produced two classic records, put on some of the best live shows I've seen in twenty-five years of attending rock and roll concerts, and played a big role in the foundation of two valuable alternative institutions, namely the Gilman Street Project and Lookout Records. And maybe even more important than that was the joy and inspiration that they gave to so many people. Operation Ivy may never play together again, but every time some 16 year-old kid straps on a guitar and tries to figure out the lead to "Yellin' In My Ear" or somebody writes their first lines of poetry/song lyrics in response to the feelings Jesse's lyrics once aroused in them, Operation Ivy will live on.

Yeah, like a lot of people, I sometimes wish that I could still, like in the Mr. T Experience song, go down to Gilman Street "and see OP IV every week." But I feel lucky enough to have been a part of the excitement and energy while it was happening, and what else can I say but thanks, guys, thanks for everything, and may all your future musical journeys be happy ones.



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WRETCHED EXCESS DEPARTMENT:

Why is it that so many allegedly alternative types end up mimicking the dominant culture, and usually doing a half-assed job of it at that?

From the *New Settler Interview* we learn of sometime musician, sometime logger Philo Hayward's plans to construct a "five-star" recording studio in the Comptche hills. He's aiming at a "fully automated 48-track" facility complete with sauna and on-site chef. He sees himself "recording, feeding, housing, relaxing, processing (my emphasis) these groups of artists." Gee Philo, just like they do in Hollywood where they produce all that great music we love so much.

Philo has recently joined fellow music-lovers like Louisiana-Pacific and some celebrity absentee land owners in a mad dash to log what's left of the Navarro River watershed, and it's likely that at least part of what he calls a "sympiotic" business will be financed by some very unsympiotic destruction.

My question to Philo is: there are already hundreds, perhaps thousands of opulently appointed, luxuriously furnished recording studios here in California, soaking up literally millions of dollars for things that have little if anything to do with the actual process of making music. Monstrously bloated budgets catering to the monstrously bloated egos of a handful of pampered superstars (example: a million and a half bucks to produce a Janet Jackson record. Why? Because she can't carry a tune and the thing had to be recorded one line at a time.) deprive many less fortunate artists of a chance to record at all, and the few beneficiaries of corporate largesse usually end up so far removed from any semblance of reality that their music goes straight into the toilet.

But I think most of us agree that the mainstream music business is in pretty grotesque shape. Then why try to copy it? In the days when dinosaurs were passing into extinction, the animals who survived were not those who tried to do a better job of being dinosaurs. Instead of spending huge sums on state-of-the-art equipment that will still never equal that of the big corporations,

why not create a *real* alternative? Instead of hacking down forests to create a second-rate Hollywood in the hills, why not a slightly scaled-down solar-powered studio (it's not as far-fetched as it sounds)? *That* would make a real statement. If you were one of the artists now espousing various environmental causes, wouldn't it be great to be able to print on your next album: "This music was produced with the power of the sun"?

And lest you think I'm just ragging against big business on general principles, let me point out that I know from experience that you don't need to play the corporate game in order to get music before the public. In the last year and a half, Lookout Records, using only eight and sixteen-track studios, many of them makeshift operations in someone's garage or basement, has sold over 40,000 records and cassettes of our 19 releases and is now a self-sustaining cottage industry. If we'd insisted on doing everything the conventional way, we'd be lucky to have one record out by now.

The *New Settler* article gives Philo's phone number (937-0436) in case you want to book time at his new facility. I don't know if he's open to discussing musical or environmental philosophy as well, but if you're interested you might give him a try.

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