

IRON PEAK LOOKOUT

"A free newspaper for a free people"

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BYE BYE TREES: CLEARCUT PLANNED FOR REGISTERED GUEST ROAD

Residents and property owners in the area of Registered Guest Road can expect to see a large bald spot on their horizon come this summer. An outfit by the name of Eel River Sawmills has filed a Timber Harvest Plan stating that they plan to clearcut their 43-acre property situated along Registered Guest Road.

Clearcutting, or removing of all trees on a given piece of land, is the technique generally favored by most loggers because it is the cheapest and most efficient. Advocates of sustainable forest management, on the other hand, tend to disapprove of clearcutting on the grounds that 1) It causes serious erosion problems and subsequent siltation in nearby streams, and 2) It is typically followed by the application of Agent Orange style herbicides.

It is not known at this time whether the owners of the Registered Guest property plan to use herbicides once they have finished logging it. The LOOKOUT expects to obtain a copy of the Timber Harvest Plan and will report any pertinent information in future issues.

The California Department of Forestry is the agency responsible for approving or denying Timber Harvest Plans such as this one. Unfortunately, under the direction of Jerry (Mow 'em down) Partain, a timber industry hack appointed by

by Governor Deukmejian to head the Department, the CDF has become little more than a rubber stamp for logging interests. Nevertheless, the CDF is supposed to consider the opinions of those living in the vicinity of any proposed logging operations. If you believe that, and have 22¢ to waste, you can write them at POB 670, Santa Rosa CA 95402. You can also telephone them at (707) 576-2275. Try calling collect and saying your name is Consolidated Forest Removal, Inc., or somesuch. They'll probably not only accept the charges; they may even invite you out for dinner.

By the way, the LOOKOUT would like to stress once again that it is not opposed to logging per se, merely to those practices not consistent with sustainable forest management. Clearcutting, as a general rule, is not sound forest management.

TINHORN JUDGE DOES FAST SHUFFLE: CAMP RAIDS ON AGAIN

U.S. District Judge Robert Aguilar is not what you would call one of your more decisive judges. Thus he spent the better part of last summer dithering about whether the terrorists from CAMP were operating within the boundaries of the law when they burst into peoples' houses without search warrants, stole personal property, and frightened the daylights out of thousands of innocent people with their Vietnamization of the Mendocino and Humboldt countryside.

Finally, at the end of October, Judge Aguilar concluded that, yes,

the CAMP program was an affront to the U.S. Constitution, and that, most notably, the use of helicopters should be severely restricted. Only the cynical among us noted that, coincidentally or not, the judge's decision came within a day or two of the end of the 1984 CAMP raids, so it had essentially no effect. "Wait and see," they predicted, "just in time for next year's raids they'll get some other judge to change the rules back again."

Well, as it turned out, it wasn't even necessary to get another judge; Judge Aguilar has now overruled himself, coincidentally just in time for the 1985 season (scheduled to begin April 1. This time he says helicopters can fly anywhere except directly over private houses.

Before those few marijuana growers who haven't moved to Indiana decide to put all of this year's crop in window boxes, however, they should know that the State Attorney General's office is still appealing the ruling to a higher court because they want to be able to operate without any restrictions at all, in a sort of Constitutional free-fire zone, as it were (and some of us naive citizens thought that was what they's been doing all along).

The moral of this story: don't expect the government to protect you from the government.

WHOSE GOVERNMENT IS IT ANYWAY?

The new right-wing Board of Supervisors took office in January and has already begun to radically rearrange things in a way that, if unchecked, almost certainly send Mendocino County on an irreversible

course toward the destruction of nearly everything that makes this county such a special place. As one observer noted after last year's elections, the smart money is investing in asphalt, because they're getting set to pave this sucker over.

The frustrating thing about this is that the Board of Supervisors does not by any means reflect the views of the majority of Mendocino County residents. Then how, you might well ask, did they get elected? The answer is simple: the same way a mentally-unbalanced nazi like Ronald Reagan got elected. The only alternative people were offered was someone only slightly less right-wing and a lot more boring. Doesn't it tell you something that half the people didn't even bother to vote (and they accuse Nicaragua of not giving people a real choice in its elections!)?

What happened here in the 4th district is a good illustration. The 4th district is one of the most liberal areas in northern California. It's crammed full of hippies, anarchists, pot growers, malcontents, in short, all the kinds of people that make America great. It's one of the few places that didn't vote "Me too!" on Ronald (Let's have a war) Reagan. Yet who is our county supervisor? None other than crusty old John Cimolino, who seems to believe that everyone living in the 4th district is named Louisiana Pacific.

How did this misanthrope get re-elected (and by a huge majority)? It couldn't have hurt that his only opponent was a local crackpot named Dick Hill who somehow managed to stake out a position even farther to the right than old Maximum John (it's not known whether

it's true that Dick prepped for his campaign by studying the collected writings of Attila the Hun).

The result was predictable: people voted for the evil they knew rather than take a chance on one they'd prefer not to have to get to know, and now we're stuck with another four years of Cimolino's brand of misrepresentation.

Or are we? There is a way to get rid of undesirable politicians (no, not that way), and it's perfectly legal and effective. It's called a recall, and it's what the right wing tried, albeit unsuccessfully, against Dan Hamburg, arguably one of the better politicians this county has ever produced. It works like this: the next time Cimolino commits some particularly egregious crime against the people he's paid to represent, we collect the signatures of a certain (we're checking on the exact number) percentage of the district's registered voters. This forces the county to call a special election in which we get to vote Cimolino right out the door.

One of the big problems in getting anything done politically around here is that a lot of people are basically anarchists and refuse to participate in elections at all. But even someone who's totally opposed to all politicians should be able to bring him or herself to vote in an election whose only purpose is to get rid of a politician.

Of course, government being what it is, once Cimolino is cast into the dustbin of history, there will be another election to fill the vacancy. This time the anti-political types can stay home if they so choose; those among us who believe that it's possible to have a

democratically elected government that truly attempts to serve the needs of the people will have to look around for a candidate who more closely reflects that kind of ideas that predominate in this district. One possibility might be Yorgos Savides, a local activist and recently chosen chairperson of The Rural Institute. All of this is worth thinking about while we wait for Cimolino to make his fatal mistake. Something tells me we might not have to wait that long.

YUPPIES AND RUPPIES: THE INFESTATION SPREADS

Anybody who takes even the remotest interest in our urban neighbor to the south has probably heard some reference made to the plague of yuppies that has overtaken San Francisco. Yuppies, or young urban professionals (professional being defined these days as anyone who has a job), are generally identified as narcissistic, materialistic, and amoral, but to the old-time San Franciscan, the even greater sin of yuppie culture is its terminal blandness. Where once flowed long hair and multi-colored freak flags, one now is overwhelmed by grim legions of asexual three-piece suited briefcase toting programmable drones. Communes have been converted into condos, and the search for truth has devolved into the search for a parking place.

Whether you are an urban refugee, or a lifetime country dweller, you might well ask, who cares? What does all that have to do with me, here in my beautiful mountain paradise, where the 60s have never died and the 80s have yet to arrive? Well, we're here to warn you: the ruppies are coming. In fact, if you look closely, you'll

see them already insinuating themselves among us.

What are some of the telltale warning signs of the rural urban professional, that insidious infiltrator who'd like to see nature developed as a giant theme park? When you hear mumblings about real estate values, beds and breakfasts, or bringing in more tourists, better perk up your ears. These folks aren't just whistling "Do you know the way to San Jose?" You don't have to wait for the 4WD BMWs to come rolling over the horizon to realize that the traditional dinosaur corporate land-rapers aren't the only ones who have ideas about making Mendocino County over into a caricature of itself.

Talk of wine-tastings and boutiques and redevelopment might make you want to head for the hills, but when you get there, your next-door neighbor could well be some mellow fellow who hasn't cut his hair since 1964, calls you brother, and can talk until the cows wish they could go home about peace and love and righteousness, but still hasn't got a thing on his mind more substantive than lining his pockets with money and his nose with cocaine. As TV satellite dishes proliferate to the point where our pristine hills begin to resemble NASA mission control, people are beginning to find it unnecessary to ever go outside except to turn on the automatic watering system for the pot patch (excuse me, I meant the vineyards).

All these are signs of incipient ruppiedom, and if you don't watch out, somebody will soon be selling you the official Mendocino farmer's dress for success

look. Designer overalls. Monogrammed tractors. Aerobic compost. Yes folks, I'm afraid it's headed this way, creeping steadily up Highway 101, today overtaking Hopland, tomorrow maybe Willits (I understand Ukiah has already been designated by default as a toxic dump site). The next thing you know, the Laytonville Inn will have renamed its legendary Logger Burger the Sinsemilla Steak and Gary's Building Supply will be offering valet parking.

There are only a few things we stalwart defenders of traditional values can do to resist this trend. Make sure that whenever you go into town that there's always a layer of manure clinging to your boots as well as the back of your pickup truck (and if you have to drive one of those little Japanese wind-up toys, paint it an ugly color and bash in a fender or two). Dress in ways that are offensive to any concept of good taste, pick your nose in public, and when you see pointy-headed tourists cluttering up our towns, laugh loudly and make rude comments. And if you ever have a spare day or two, go on down to San Francisco and do some more of the same. They need all the help they can get.

SCHOOL DAZE

Whenever mountain families get together, one almost inevitable topic of conversation is the Laytonville school system. Discussion usually centers around two issues: the difficulty of transporting kids to and from school everyday and the quality of the education the children are receiving.

When one considers how far some mountain kids have to travel, and the weather and road conditions they

often face, it's a minor miracle that so many kids do attend school regularly. Credit for that goes of course to the parents, many of whom spend two to three hours a day just driving up and down to meet the school bus.

Why, you might ask, doesn't a school bus come up here, at least up Spy Rock, which is a county road and presumably safe (or would be if the county wasn't pouring all it's money down that criminally inefficient rathole known as the Sheriff's Department). It wouldn't be necessary to send a full-sized school bus up; a small van could probably handle all the children who live up here. It should be noted that some parents say that they wouldn't want their children riding in a school bus on Spy Rock Road, but realistically, when you have eight or ten separate vehicles making the trip up and down every day, wouldn't it stand to reason that there is more potential for an accident than if only one vehicle were making the trip?

The two excuses usually given by the school authorities for not providing us with bus service are 1) Spy Rock is not safe (although it is regularly negotiated by everything from gargantuan logging trucks to double-wide mobile homes and 2) There's not enough money (although there seems to be enough for other essentials like football teams, new bleachers, and a \$23,000 phone system. And as reporter Shannon DeBold reveals in the following article, the High School has accumulated a reserve fund of \$300,000).

The same complaint of "no money" is used to explain most shortcomings in the curriculum and staff of the Laytonville schools. Fortunately there are some teachers who are both gifted and devoted to their

work. Unfortunately (to be fair, this is true of most schools), there are some real gobblers, too, including one superannuated LHS teacher who has been known to reduce otherwise excellent students to babbling idiots, and who freely admits that she corrects test papers and homework assignments while watching her favorite TV shows.

The real drawback, especially at Laytonville High School, is the limited number and variety of subjects available. This is particularly hard on those students hoping to attend college or to learn a useful trade. As a result, some students have snuck into the Willits school system, and every year several families move away from this area because they feel their children can not get a good enough education here. This is very frustrating, both because families are an essential part of any viable community, and because one gets the feeling that the Laytonville School Board is fairly responsive to input from parents and students. In other words, if parents were to put as much energy into lobbying for change as they do into complaining among themselves, they might be pleasantly surprised at what they could accomplish.

A LOOK AT LAYTONVILLE HIGH SCHOOL by Shannon DeBold

(Shannon DeBold is a student at Laytonville High School)

After doing some research and speaking to numerous faculty members and students, I have found that for its size Laytonville High School is highly regarded by both students and teachers. There is, however, room for improvement, as in any school.

Alan Kearney, the auto shop and photojournalism teacher, suggests there be more money allocated for

vocational classes such as auto shop, woodworking, photojournalism, and perhaps the development of an art program.

There were also suggestions for another counselor, thus alleviating the burden of student discipline on Olive Smith's shoulders, making it possible for her to focus solely on student preparation for the future.

Another suggestion made was for more variation in the foreign language program. Right now Laytonville High School is only offering one foreign language, Spanish. This is offered two periods a day and is taught at different levels every other year, thus severely limiting one's advancement in the subject of foreign languages.

Another faculty member suggested more money be allocated for educational field trips and the improvement of the school library. A student suggested renovation of the school's primitive heating system.

Some of this is possible. This year the High School has managed to collect a staggering sum (for a small school) of \$300,000 in reserve funds. This will hopefully be put to good use to make Laytonville High School a better school.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER...

I've recently had a rather rude introduction to the third world, one which consisted of having a couple of guns held to my head while some exceedingly unpleasant men rummaged through my pockets, stripping me of, in addition to my dignity, my cash, traveller's cheques, credit cards; in other words, all the accoutrements that insulate me against the daily depredations endured by the vast majority of the world's population.

As a final insult, they even relieved me of my beloved combination bottle opener, corkscrew, and all-purpose tool that had been my faithful companion at home and abroad since I purchased it for a measly five francs from an amiable Parisian shopkeeper some four years ago.

During what seemed like nearly five minutes of cross-cultural badinage consisting of their broken English death threats and my pidgin Spanish pleadings, I realized that it was quite possible that the glorious awe-inspiring adventure I had known as my life could in a matter of seconds amount to nothing more than a blood-spattered corpse in a vacant lot less than a block away from the bright lights and glittering discos of the artificial paradise that yankee dollars had imposed on what had once probably been fairly close to the real thing.

Whether the robbers were touched by a shred of compassion or were merely frightened off by approaching passersby, I don't know, but suddenly they were gone, leaving my friend and me with physical damage amounting to nothing more than a few bruises and scrapes. What ensued in the following day and a half proved to be both an ordeal and an education.

Unlike the television commercials which show couples who have been relieved of their traveller's cheques whisking into the nearby American Express office and strolling out moments later happily clutching newly replenished fistfuls of cash, reality, we learned, consisted of American Express offices located in distant unknown parts of town and which kept banker's hours on weekdays only. Our misadventure occurred on a Saturday night. What were we to do until Monday? For that matter, what were we to do on Monday, when we didn't even have enough money for for bus fare to the American Express

office (or, for that matter, to the police station, where, as it turned out, the American Express agent demanded we go to try for a third time to file a report-- it seems Mexican police stations are also closed for the weekends).

Fortunately the management of our hotel said that we could stay without paying until our traveller's cheques were replaced (though I got the impression that their largesse would be fairly quickly exhausted should any snags develop in getting our money), and, as if to prove that our robbers were not typical of the Mexican people, the hotel cleaning lady lent us 200 pesos (about 90¢), enough to pay for our necessary bus fares.

That left us with the (relatively) minor inconvenience of being unable to eat for the time being. Now at various times of my life, and for various reason, I had gone without food for as long as four or five days, so I already knew that the physical discomfort involved was bearable. What I was unprepared for was the psychological trauma of not knowing when, if, or how our situation might resolve itself. What if the American Express people made us wait several days for our money (as I had heard of them doing in some cases)? What if I were to lose my passport (my companion had lost hers), the sole shred of evidence still linking us to the world of privilege and power?

As I walked the streets the following day, I found it a little difficult to feel sorry for myself, constantly rubbing shoulders as I was with people who had passed their whole lives in the position to which I had been temporarily consigned. Never before had I seen so clearly the difference between the few and

the many, between the pale-faced overweight and insensate tourists and the dark-skinned overworked servant class of the world. What, other than an accident of geography, made a North American working-class person so much better than his Mexican counterpart, so much more valuable that he should be able to lord it over his fellow man in a way that hardly differed from the feudal tyranny of the Middle Ages?

As my hunger grew more uncomfortable, so did my contempt for my fellow North Americans. Did it never occur to them that their pleasure came at the expense of millions of peoples' suffering? Were they blind to what was going on all around them? Was there any hope for a country so devoted to the pursuit of luxury that it could ignore the plight of millions (or is it billions) to whom existence itself is a never-ending crisis?

My troubles had a happy ending; American Express came through with our money, and by Monday evening we were to continue with our vacation as if the whole unhappy experience had never happened. But somehow I just wasn't in a holiday mood anymore. I had come for some relaxation, for some fun in the sun, and to learn some more Spanish. What I ended up learning was a lot more valuable. I saw with painful clarity that, in the words of Bob Dylan, "The line it is drawn, the curse it is cast." I saw that in my heart I have more in common with the peasants of Latin America and Africa and Asia than I do with the vampire-like culture that rules my native land and feeds off the rest of the world. I saw that unless we North Americans who have any care or compassion for our fellow human beings act now to extend the blessings of freedom from want to all the world's people, we

surely deserve to reap the whirlwind our country has sown.

In the Declaration of Independence which laid the foundation for the United States of America are some of the noblest words ever written about the human condition: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, that among those rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." When a person is denied food, shelter, or medical care simply because he or she lacks certain pieces of paper, that person is being robbed of his or her inalienable rights just as surely as if a gun were being put to his or her head. Freedom, justice, and the rights of man know no international boundaries. Either all of us are free, or none of us deserve to be.

MEANWHILE BACK IN THE LAND OF THE FREE...

As the days lengthen and brighten and the earth turns toward another spring, the dark shadow of fascism continues to spread across our land. One of its most recent manifestations is the federal government's attempt to confiscate the property of anyone caught growing marijuana. This latest outrage is supposed to have been made legal by Ronald Reagan's thoroughly unconstitutional and un-American so-called crime control act that was rammed through Congress last fall with the cooperation of Democrats and Republicans alike.

In addition to legitimizing the seizure of a person's home, property and life savings for the non-crime of cultivating a beneficial herb (if,

on the other hand, you want to get into a line of work that involves poisoning whole cities against their will, you can become rich, powerful, and respected), the new law contains another chilling provision aimed at any lawyer who might dare to defend one of these dope-crazed felons.

To put it simply, if a lawyer takes your case and loses, he really loses, because the government will confiscate any money he has been paid for handling the case, the reasoning (?) being that he should have known that the money was gotten by illegal means, i.e., dope growing. Of course this law doesn't apply to murderers and rapists and the like, only to really serious criminals like marijuana cultivators.

A local couple, Rick and Natasha Kuru, have the dubious honor of being the first to be prosecuted under this abomination of a law. They stand to lose their Bell Springs ranch which represents their life's savings and dreams, and if they do, we all lose, because nobody's land will be safe from the marauding government greed merchants. They can't afford to pay the legal fees for this very important case (and even if they could, the government would step in and seize the money), so a fund has been set up for their defense. Anyone who has an interest in freedom, justice, or simply his or her own property ought to consider making a contribution. You can leave money at Grapewine Station, or send it to: Land Forfeiture Defense Fund, POB 3635, Eureka CA 95502

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