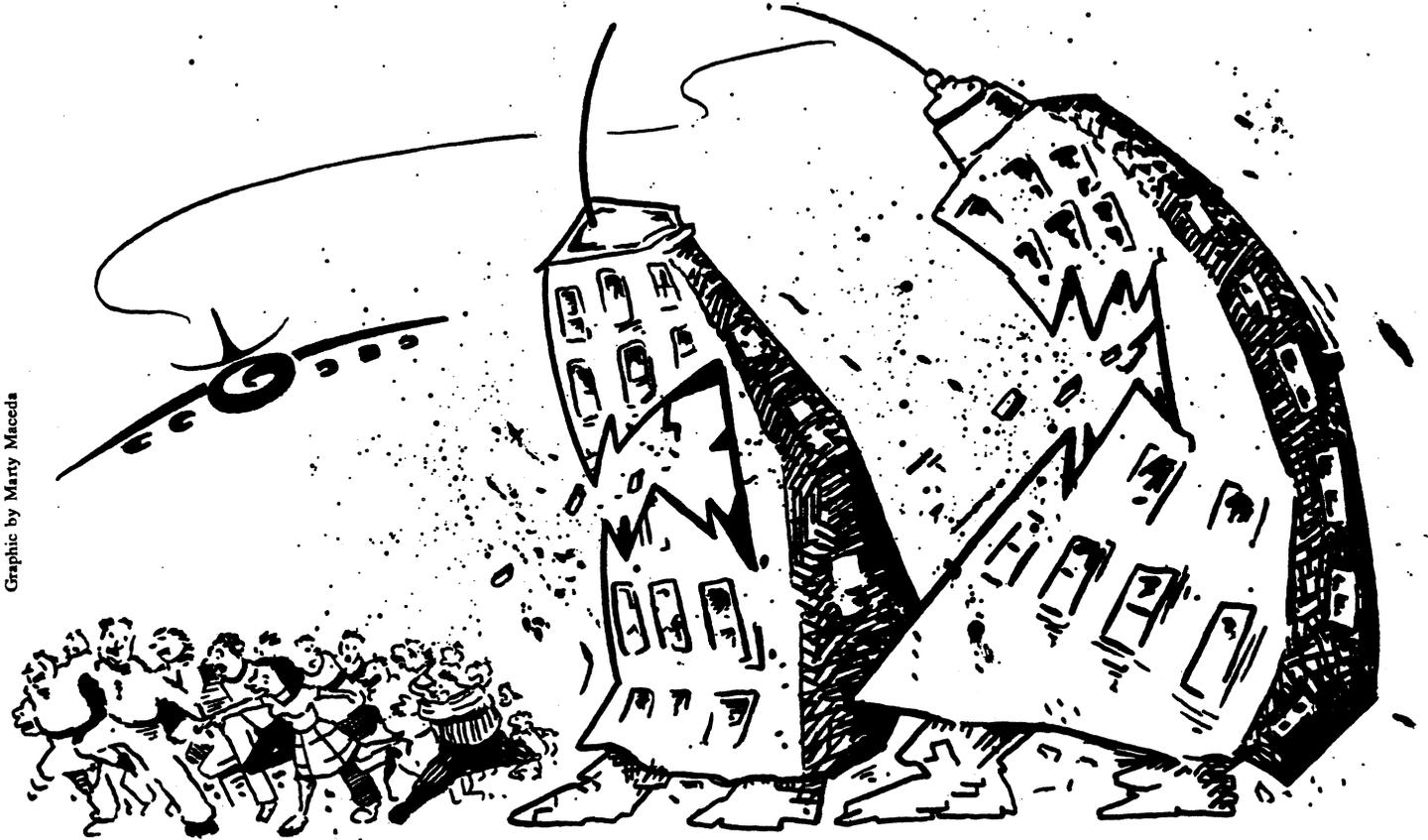


# LOOKOUT!

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Graphic by Marty Maceda

## CIVILIZATION: Can We Survive It?

Nearly 2000 years ago, near the beginning of what some fondly call the Christian era, an army came marching across the British Isles. Thousands of soldiers, uniformed and armored in a manner never before seen in that part of the world, sent the tribal peoples fleeing westward and set about establishing fortresses and cities. Britain was now part of the Roman Empire. Civilization had arrived.

It's a pattern which has been repeated all over the world, as recently as 100 years ago in parts of the American West. The tendency of people to cluster together in great cities is hardly new and in many ways understandable. What isn't so clear is why the city-dwellers feel compelled to make the whole planet over in their image.

Whether we look at Britain or the Americas or Australia, we see the same phenomenon: people living a tribal, rural existence that changes slowly if at all for thousands of years until the arrival of foreign interlopers, who, usually with great violence, impose an entirely new way of life within a matter of decades. The common denominator in all of the above examples is that the invaders were white Europeans, but the Chinese have done much the same thing, albeit more gradually, to large parts of Asia.

So while it may seem that modern urban life is only a logical evolution from the clans and villages of earlier times, that's not really the case. Villages came into being to serve the needs of the countryside, to provide a central location for trading and social interaction. Cities have reversed that equation; the

countryside is seen as useful only insofar as it makes possible the continued existence and expansion of the cities.

Without a drastic depopulation of the planet, it's unlikely that we could return to a pastoral way of life, and it's probably not desirable, either. The division of labor that makes civilization possible has also freed the poets and artists and crazy dreamers from the necessity of tilling the fields, and it's allowed millions of us who a century or two ago would have been peasants bound to the land to travel about the planet and gather in the accumulated knowledge of our species.

But it's also left us dangerously detached from the earth, to the point where it no longer even seems strange that in the name of progress we are willing to poison, starve, and strangle the planet that makes life possible, the planet that native peoples have almost without exception revered as the mother of all life. Mother earth, mother nature, these have in our time become no more than figures of speech; once they were self-evident statements of truth.

To speak of the earth as being alive raises more than a few eyebrows and leaves one open to charges of being a muddle-brained California beansprout worshipper. But with the exception of recent centuries, it is the way people have always seen things. If it is farfetched to think of the rocks and fields as living, breathing entities, how much more so to construct parallel universes beyond the skies where supernatural beings cavort and

manipulate our destinies here on earth? Yet that is the essence of all "modern" religions, from the Greco-Roman pantheon to Judaism, Christianity, Islam, Hinduism, etc...

There is nothing mystical or metaphysical about attributing conscious existence to the planet; simple science will explain it. Life comes from life; rocks don't breed. Or do they? A few billion years ago this planet was a hunk of rock floating in the void. Take a look at it now; where did all this come from? Either life was brought here from somewhere else or it was here all along.

# CAMP And The Roman Legions

By Marylee Bytheriver

A couple of weeks ago, as I drove to Eureka to get a friend out of jail after she had been captured by CAMP raiders, I kept thinking of the parallels between the CAMP occupation of the Mateel Nation and the Roman invasion of the British Isles.

In the first decades after the birth of Christ, the drilled and disciplined regiments of the Roman legions, dressed in polished leather and carrying iron weapons, lock-stepped their way across Britain. The Romans worshipped a pantheon of gods which reflected their male-dominated, warrior society. The disorganized Celtic people, dressed in fur and feathers and bronze, worshipping female nature goddesses, put up a valiant resistance in which masses of men, women, children, and even oxen hurled themselves against the Roman troops. The Celts were a semi-matriarchal, nomadic people living in small tribes led by men or women shamans, and they were no match for the military might of Rome.

Though CAMP forces do not rape, plunder or pillage on the physical level to the extent the Roman armies did when conquering the peaceful, indigenous peoples of Europe and Britain, the CAMP officers are nonetheless manifestations of the Roman, military mindset. Our legal and military systems have their roots in the Roman culture, via conquered western Europe and Britain. Our constitution and laws are direct descendants of British common law which was modeled on the Roman system. And, of course, after the British and European tribes were conquered by Rome their descendants eventually emigrated to America to ravish and conquer the indigenous tribal people here.

In southern Humboldt, we have adopted some of the values of ancient tribal peoples and developed alternative social paradigms closer to the nature religions than to the Roman militaristic, patriarchal value system.

In doing so, we have rejected the authority of the dominant culture in America. We have refused to allow our children to be indoctrinated by developing alternative schools or by teaching them at home. We have denied the nuclear power industry its title by developing alternative power sources from wind, sun, or water. We have denied the international bankers the use of our money by burying it in mason jars or resorting to time honored barter. We have thumbed our noses at the building codes and construction industry by building our own houses according to our own personal whims.

The women of the Mateel have refused to give their power over to the male medical establishment by having their babies at home with the help of women midwives. And other women have rejected the patriarchy altogether by living quite healthy and happy lives without any personal relationships with men.

Either way, it's here now, even though we as a race are doing our best to destroy it. And that is the biggest curse of civilization, the sense of separation from the land, from each other, and from the fundamental processes of life itself. If we never feel the earth under our feet, how can we feel its heart beat? If we never see the sky uncolored by the brown soupy shadow of our own excrement, how can we feel it breathe? If we have no idea of where our food comes from, of how water finds its way from deep within the soil to mingle with our blood, how the planet harbors everything we will ever need to live happy, fruitful lives, and how it will give us everything we ever need when we begin to understand its secrets, then we know nothing of ourselves.

In the closing years of the 20th century there is a rekindling of interest in tribal and pagan ways. There is a hunger for something real that abstract philosophies, artificial moralities, and the aimless manipulation of power can never satisfy. People remember. Somewhere beneath the encrusted layers of knowledge, superstition, fear, and greed they know where they came from. And where they're going to return.

Civilization is dying, and none too soon. That doesn't mean we have to revert to barbarism, or even to give up the many tools and technologies that have geometrically expanded our scope of possibilities. It does mean we need to rediscover who, what, and where we are, and fast. It means we have to rejoin our tribes, to learn what makes us strong and wise and free, and to stop trying to remake reality in our misshapen self-image. We need to listen with all our senses, we need to trust our hearts.

The heart is the key. Civilization so far has been a triumph of the human will run roughshod over nature. It is the individual ego gone rampant and multiplied five billion times. In past times we were prevented from fully indulging the basest of our impulses by the limits of our imagination; now with our collective imagination approaching the limitless, we need our hearts to provide us with a vision worthy of our capabilities.

It is no wonder that CAMP has tried to destroy our community by destroying its economic base. I believe the CAMP raids are the power structure's retaliation for our audacious refusal to live within the oppressive value system of the dominant, patriarchal, militaristic culture of America.

Yet CAMP needed an excuse for their military occupation of our community. I do not believe that growing marijuana alone was that excuse. If we had been able to grow marijuana quietly, peacefully, CAMP-like forces would probably still be condemning us from afar. But it is our inability to deal with some of the problems which marijuana culture and our outlaw mentality have created within our community that give CAMP the excuse for its violent invasion of the hills and valleys of the Mateel Nation.

During the times I have been most visibly active in radical politics, I have been very careful not to give the power structure any excuse to retaliate. I have carefully paid every parking ticket, returned every library book, made sure my turn signals worked properly, and so forth. Once you have been drawn to the attention of the power structure by challenging its authority, you must expect retaliation.

For example, once, at the request of the Karuk Tribe, I testified before the Water Board against herbicide spraying of commercial forest lands, citing studies of fish kills and water pollution. The next day a timber industry official called my boss' boss and attempted to get me fired from my job. Fortunately, my performance at work did not justify firing. But one must expect such personal attacks when one is threatening those in power.

The same is true on a collective level. Our community has threatened the power structure while at the same time we have given it every excuse to retaliate by not taking care of our own business. But instead of library books and parking tickets, it is violence, hard narcotics, and teenage alcohol abuse, to name a few.

By refusing to deal with our own problems, we have given the Roman legions of CAMP an excuse to come in to our community in force -- ostensibly because of these problems, but I think in actuality, in retaliation for our flaunting the authority of the dominant power structure.

Ten years ago, in December, 1977, I wrote an editorial entitled "Cops and Robbers" for *Star Root*. "Cops and robbers, two elements equally unwanted in my life, have repeatedly come into our community," I wrote. "Big money brings big trouble. It's as simple as that. Violence follows illegal cash. So we've had violence in our community recently... So what are we going to do? How are we going to deal with violent elements coming into our community without getting violent ourselves, and without bringing in the police?... I don't have any answers. But I think it's time we paid attention to the questions -- right now. We, as a community, should

be intelligent enough, and in tune enough, that we can deal with our problems in a collective, nonviolent way. At least we had better be able to."

Time has shown, of course, that we have not been able to deal with our problems in a collective, nonviolent manner. At the time I wrote that editorial, no one had actually been hurt. Since then a number of people have been killed, either from pot-related violence or drug overdoses.

Perhaps it is because so many of us in this area were part of the hippie movement of the late 60s and early 70s. That movement rejected many of the values of our parents' generation, such as unquestioning support of political leaders, the reliance on military response to international situations, rigid sexual roles and mores, the Protestant work ethic, and condemnation of the pleasures of the flesh.

In their place, we embraced paradigms which were peaceful and loving and tolerant of others. But at the same time, the hippie movement replaced many of the repressive values of the dominant culture with our own form of personal repression. As mellow hippies, we eagerly expressed and glorified what considered to be "positive" feelings: love, joy, peace. But there was no context for individuals to express or deal with the emotions hippies considered "negative": anger, frustration, greed, jealousy, insecurity, fear, etc. These emotions were repressed because it was socially unacceptable to express them. We therefore never developed any mechanism for expressing these natural feelings within a healthy context, and dealing with them in a constructive manner.

So on a collective level we never developed any social structure for dealing with the destructive behavior the repression of these feelings causes: violence, ripoffs, sexual abuse, child neglect, drug and alcohol abuse, etc.

Now, don't continue to pretend that these social problems don't exist in our paradisaical Mateel community. I personally know of a baby who died in Harris because his parents were too stoned to care for him. I

## Guns and Drugs:

# A BITTER HARVEST

Among the many reasons that I left the city for Mendocino County was the fact that practically everyone I knew seemed to be strung out on one drug or another. I was sick of seeing my friends destroying themselves, and equally sick of a social life that increasingly revolved around the purchasing and consumption of drugs. Cocaine was the choice of most of my friends, but there was no shortage of heroin and amphetamine, either. And alcohol was so common that nobody even thought of it as a drug.

As one who came of age in the 60s, I was no stranger to drugs. Along with a lot of the hippies I once thought of them as a cure-all for society's ills. But a lot of my attitudes were shaped by the government's utterly irrational drug laws. When I found out that they'd been lying about marijuana, I assumed that the same was true about other drugs. Just the fact that the government was against them meant there must be something good about them.

### THE GREEN HILLS OF ENGLAND

*From the center of the forest we watched the strangers come  
There must have been ten thousand or more  
Their armor glinting coldly in the early morning sun  
As they marched across our valley floor  
They slaughtered us like cattle they dragged us off in chains  
They burned our villages to the ground  
Now we are a hunted people pursued by castle and church steeple  
Always driven underground*

*But the rain still falls on the green hills of England  
And the sun beats down on our California home  
And the wind blows free across all your borders  
Why must we be always on the run*

*Through all these years of history through all these bloody  
centuries  
We dare not even dream of being free  
We worked in farms and factories we did our best to live in peace  
But they'd never let us be  
Now our tribe grows strong again we hold our heads up high and  
then  
We know each other when we meet  
From the mountains to the sea and all the land that lies between  
On country fields and city streets*

*And the rain still falls on the green hills of England  
And the sun beats down on our California home  
And the wind blows free across all your borders  
Why must we be always on the run*

*And the wind blows free across all your borders  
And the rain beats down on our California home  
And the sun still shines on the green hills of England...*

--the LOOKOUTS

know of children in Etersburg that had to beg from the neighbors because their parents left them alone for days while partying. And we all know of people who have died from drug overdoses, of men who beat their wives or hit their children, of teenagers who drink too much at the boogies which benefit our peace and environmental organizations.

The hippie values which seemed so revolutionary and refreshing during the Summer of Love have not grown to accommodate the realities of a long-term, growing, maturing alternative community. We have never reached a consensus on community moral values other than our vague agreement that love and peace are beautiful. There is no consensus, for example, that it is not good to give drugs or alcohol to children, that domestic violence is a community problem that requires intervention, that known thieves should not be allowed to live in our midst. And because we have not developed a set of community values, we have never even tried to develop alternative collective solutions to community

The result is the invasion of the leather and steel military legions. We know our white-light and flower-power vibes are no match for their guns and machetes. So maybe now we should start seriously dealing with our own community problems so we can eliminate some of the excuses CAMP uses for its war on the tribes of the Mateel Nation.

We have rejected the values of the dominant culture and perfected alternative expressions of life and love. Can we now take responsibility for the dark side of the community we have created?

*The preceding article was reprinted from Southern Humboldt's biweekly Star Route, a revived version of the old Star Root, and a welcome addition to the alternative media network. You can find Star Route on sale at the Good Food Store in Laytonville or subscribe at the rate of \$7 a year (\$10 would be appreciated if you can afford it). The address is PO Box 1451, Redway CA 95560.*

Eventually I learned through my own experience and that of the people around me that all drugs weren't the same, that some of them were every bit as bad as I'd been told. A couple of years ago I lost track of how many people I'd known who've died of drug overdoses. The last I remember it was around 29 or 30. I couldn't even begin to count how many have made a total mess out of their lives and the lives of those close to them.

I was pretty surprised, and disappointed, to find how prevalent drugs were in Mendocino County. I don't want to sound naive; I knew it was the marijuana capital of the universe, and where there's pot there's usually acid and psilocybin and mescaline. But cocaine and heroin and amphetamine? I didn't really expect drugs like that. I'd always associated them with city life; they just seemed too out of place out in the middle of the forest.

I soon found otherwise; people were trading pot for cocaine and snorting up their whole harvest by December, and then they'd get into selling grams of coke or speed to their friends on the mountain. I saw more than a few tweaked out people drive their cars into trees and over cliffs, and I watched the social climate change into a redneck version of what I'd tried to leave behind in the city.

I don't blame it all on the people involved. The government's relentless war on marijuana and the entire local economy has changed the nature of mountain life for the worse. Families have been driven out and marijuana growing is becoming increasingly the province of fast-buck artists who will buy and sell anything and have no commitment to or understanding of local culture. They're not here to raise their children or to make a little corner of the earth into an ecologically balanced homeland; they're here to make enough money to spend the winter in Hawaii.

It's hard not to make connections between this new trend and some of the extremely unpleasant events that have gone down during the 1987 harvest. Most of the people who were arrested in the major drug raids this past month are local, and many of them have been here longer than me. I know some of them, and they're not bad people. In fact I like a couple of them quite a lot.

But how in the hell did they get caught up in this thing? Although the evidence isn't all in yet, it appears that the government's chief witness is a known criminal who's been ripping off his neighbors for years. How he ever persuaded people to even let him into their houses, let alone do dope deals with him, is beyond me.

I can't help but think it had something to do with cocaine and a generally drug-beclouded atmosphere. Coke encourages people to say and do stupid, even dangerous things. It's a stupid, dangerous drug. And I'm not just getting up on a Nancy Reagan soapbox to say this; I know it from personal experience.

No, I don't think coke dealers or users should be arrested, or even harassed. I think all drug cops should be put in jail and kept there until they find something useful to do with themselves. I do think coke dealers and users should be ridiculed and reminded of how stupid they're being. Not just for the damage they're doing to themselves, which is after all mostly their own business, but for what they do to the community as a whole.

And there's another very good reason to stay away from cocaine. It's a fascist drug, not just because of the way it makes people act, but

because of the kind of people who supply it. I think of it this way: every time you buy a gram of coke, there's a good chance the money is going right into the pockets of the CIA and/or the Nicaraguan contras. Snort a line, kill a kid; things sure do go better with coke.

As I was putting this issue of the LOOKOUT together, a couple of people were shot, one fatally. There are rumors flying about other shootings, ripoffs, pipe bombs, and similarly deadly nonsense. Again, CAMP is partly to be blamed for driving the price of pot up to levels where people will do desperate things to keep or steal it. But growers have to bear some of the responsibility, too. Most ripoffs I've ever heard of involved someone known to the victim. What that says is that people aren't showing too much judgment about who they let into their scene. Big bucks and heavy drugs probably play a part here, too.

It may be too much to hope that Mendocino will ever return to the days of the peaceful family farmer, and in fact I've heard some stories to indicate that those days weren't always so peaceful, either. But it bears remembering that if people don't police themselves in a conscious, peaceful way, others will do it for them in a violent, brutal way. To live outside the law you must be honest. Bob Dylan said that, and it's still true.

# Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Bork?

b/w

## The Bork That Refuses To Die

Hallelujah! For once common sense prevails: the U.S. Senate has told Robert Bork, Reagan's Supreme Court nominee, to take a hike. But the understandable elation at this result obscures an important question: how did our system of government get so far detached from reality that we need to spend a couple of months and a couple million dollars debating whether a man more qualified to be an ex-con than a judge should be allowed to sit on the highest court in the land?

All the scholarly obscurantism of the legal eagles trundled onto Capitol Hill begs the issue. Bork's anti-women, anti-black, anti-gay, anti-Bill of Rights pronouncements, and his miraculous overnight transformation into a judicial "moderate" who "probably" wouldn't vote to put those views into practice might have provided a perverse form of entertainment for those masochistic enough to follow the Senate proceedings, but the whole business should have been laughed out of the Senate before the hearings even got underway.

There are two reasons why the mention of Bork's name in connection with the Supreme Court was a joke in the worst possible taste. Their names are Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan. It was only through the efforts of these two men, probably the most criminal presidents in the history of the republic, that Bork made it into our country's legal system, albeit on the wrong side of the bench.

Bork was an integral part of Nixon's Watergate coverup; he should have been tossed in jail with the rest of the gang for obstruction of justice. He got off scot-free and disappeared into the private sector until resurrected by the has-been TV pitchman whose mendacity and incompetence have elevated Richard Nixon to the level of statesman by comparison.



Graphic by "M" From the Anderson Valley Advertiser

Anybody that Ronald Reagan appoints to anything should become the subject of a criminal investigation, not a confirmation hearing. Because of the limited time remaining in Reagan's term of office it's unlikely that we'll see the impeachment and hounding from office of this awful man, but anything he says or does in these waning months should be disregarded as the demented ravings of a deposed tyrant. Reagan says we should send more money to the contras? Reagan says we should bankrupt ourselves on Rube Goldberg space war contraptions? Reagan says we need a misogynistic Torquemada on the Supreme Court? What Reagan says should carry about as much weight as the collected thought of Haile Selassie and Emperor Bokassa.

RONALD REAGAN IS...  
**THE BORK**

THE ULTRA-RIGHT-WING FAVORITE IN HIS MOST CHILLING ROLE YET!!!

BRINGING BACK THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF:

- ★ RACIAL DISCRIMINATION
- ★ CENSORSHIP
- ★ DENIED POLLUTION
- ★ ILLEGAL ABORTIONS

SEE! BORK SMILE!

HEAR! BORK TALK!

SMELL! A RAT!

FEEL! LIKE SCREAMING!

FEATURING THE SMASH-HIT THEME "YOU GOTTA FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT (TO PRIVACY)"

BLACKS AND GAYS, HAVE NO DOUBT: THE BORK WILL GETCHA IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT!!!

RATED R RIGHTS OF MINORITIES TO BE RESTRICTED BY ORDER OF THE SUPREME COURT

3-D DEPRESSING DECEPTIVE DEPLORABLE

NIXON'S TODAY IS BACK, AND HE'S BADDER THAN EVER

WATT WKOENING



"Dammit, someone's got to talk to Central Casting about these clowns they keep sending over. I told them once, I told them a thousand times: 'Look, the American people don't mind judges who think the Constitution would make good toilet paper and believe Abe Lincoln never meant to actually free the slaves, but they're not going to buy a Supreme Court Justice with one of these funny little beards!' Say, what's George Wallace doing these days?"

Particularly offensive was the constant reference to Bork, even by some of his opponents, as a "brilliant legal scholar." The man can cite chapter and verse from every law text published since the Code of Hammurabi; if with all the wealth of information allegedly available at his mental fingertips, the judge still manages to come up with such incredibly wrong decisions, it makes him just plain stupid. I refer to what FACTSHEET FIVE publisher Mike Gunderloy calls "the inseparability of facts and values." Neither reason nor truth exist in a moral vacuum, a lesson that could equally well be learned by the many academics and scientists concerned only with the pursuit of "pure" knowledge and who thereby absolve themselves from the end results of their intellectual labors: things like neutron bombs, star wars laser beams, and computerized ID systems for totalitarian regimes.

The bright side to the Bork affair is that the American people are showing signs of emerging from the coma in which they have wallowed through most of the 1980s, and as they do Ronald Reagan appears to be losing his preternatural grip on their loyalties, at the same time that his own mental state is becoming visibly unglued. When the Senate made it clear that they were not going to confirm Bork, Reagan threw a near-tantrum and threatened to send over another nominee whom they would find just as objectionable. Then like an old trooper trying for just one more

encore, he tried to schedule one of his pep talks to turn the tide of public opinion (which according to polls ran 2-1 against Bork). The networks refused to even carry it. It was propaganda, not news, they said.

Reagan is finished, and Congress is doing the country a grave disservice if it fails to recognize that fact. He should not be allowed to make any more political appointments and should not be allowed to represent the United States in anything more controversial than ribbon-cuttings at state fairs. As sanity returns to our land, we may even be able to smile at the lunacy of allowing an addle-brained moral paraplegic in the employ of hate-ridden right-wing ideologues to occupy the most powerful and most dangerous office in the world. But right now, while it's still happening, the joke is not so funny. It will take us many years to recover from the damage already done to our world by Ronald Reagan. Let's not give him the chance to do any more.

As the LOOKOUT goes to press, word comes that Reagan has nominated another right wing judge to the Supreme Court. This one's name is Douglas Ginsburg, and first indications are that he should be unceremoniously ashcanned if only because his sole governmental experience is as a Reagan-appointed appeals judge (for one year) and a couple of years spent in Ed ("Never Been Indicted") Meese's Justice Department trying to sabotage what's left of the antitrust laws. Hey, if Reagan likes the guy, that's all the evidence we need against him. Throw the bum out, and let's leave the seat vacant in hopes that by next year we'll get a president with a semblance of a brain.

# AROUND THE EMERALD TRIANGLE

The tireless efforts of Earth First! and other north coast environmental organizations may finally be paying off. Maxxam, the gang of Wall Street eco-thugs that used a series of shady stock manipulations to take over Pacific Lumber Company, has become the subject of a Congressional investigation. The east coast carpetbaggers accumulated a massive junk bond debt to finance the corporate takeover, and are now liquidating Pacific's extensive old-growth redwood holdings to pay it off.

The activists who orchestrated the media campaign that led to Congress taking an interest in the crooked goings-on have also adopted innovative tactics like clogging the Forest Service's Timber Harvest Plan approval process with large numbers of citizen protests. Their stated aim is to drive Maxxam into bankruptcy, or at least out of the state of California. It couldn't happen to a nicer bunch of people.

In a related development, Earth First! has mailed and posted flyers accusing North Coast legislator Dan Hauser of selling out to Maxxam because of his participation in a \$250 a plate benefit dinner hosted by that company. Smiling Dan's mouthpiece, the ever-glib Luke Breit, assures us that no harm was done, that it was no different from attending a Sierra Club benefit. When we're being represented by guys who can't see the difference between the Sierra Club and rapacious anti-environment corporations like Maxxam, it's no wonder we're in the mess we're in.

*A word of tribute is in order to the many brave men and women who risked and in some cases lost their lives to battle the forest fires that swept the state in September. Eleven firefighters died, and upwards of a hundred were injured. It's too bad that so many of the trees they fought to save will end up getting prematurely hacked down and shipped off to Japan to produce obscene profits for the big timber cabal that has been sitting in the catbird seat ever since the rape and ruin Reagan-Deukmejian gang got control of our natural resources.*

If the normal winter rains don't come soon, the City of Willits will run out of water in about a month. Anyone who's had occasion to taste the liquid emanating from the faucets of that benighted town might think that no great tragedy, but water is, of course, needed for more than drinking.

One of Willits' city fathers, councilman Harry Brown, offered this astute analysis of the problem: "We have accidentally outbuilt our system, one permit at a time." Or maybe the real estate and small town booster types who run the place are just plain accidentally stupid. City government has known for years that existing water resources were insufficient to allow for any expansion, but went ahead issuing building permits to any sufficiently well-connected developers, and rammed through the Wayne Bashore/Marge Handley-engineered annexation of almost 300 more acres of agricultural land, which will now be subdivided at great profit to the above-named conspirators.

Willits once had the potential to develop into a relatively well-planned and ecologically balanced community. Instead the blatantly sleazy dealings of its movers and shakers and the near-catatonic apathy of most of its inhabitants are turning it into something more like a cancerous growth on the landscape that will soon be indistinguishable from its hideous neighbor to the south, Ukiah.



HARRY MACEDA

As if Willits didn't have enough to worry about, its most plausible excuse for a tourist attraction, the "world famous" Skunk Railroad, is being clearcut out of business by its former owner, Georgia Pacific.

G-P recently unloaded the money-losing train in what looks to be a merely cosmetic sale to Kyle Railways, the outfit that has been operating the Skunk for the past few years. Mr. Kyle, who is apparently either senile or has been paid off under the table by G-P, agreed to allow the timber giant to log out of existence the forests that have been the principal scenic feature along the Skunk route. G-P's Jere Melo, the Joseph Mengele of north coast forestry, argued that the tourists would still find it interesting "to see where the wood for their homes came from."

It seems, though, that even the increasingly insensate brand of tourists infesting our county these days might not be willing to pay the Skunk's steep tariff to be trundled through a sea of stumps while listening to G-P's pre-recorded announcements extolling the benign nature of modern logging practices. Indeed, patronage on the Skunk has already started to fall off.

Which is probably exactly what G-P wants; prevented by the Public Utilities Commission from using the Skunk exclusively for tourists and freight (thus stranding the rural residents who rely on it for transportation), the logging corporation appears to have decided to destroy it instead, just as it is wiping out what's left of the forests on that once-spectacular stretch of coastal mountains.

What would make sense is a real train, one that could make the Willits-Fort Bragg run in a couple hours, as opposed to the ridiculous eight hours it takes the Skunk. That would be attractive to tourists and locals alike. And what a joy it would be to never have to drive that miserable Highway 20 again.

The September 23 edition of Mendocino Country contains a hilarious satire (hilarious, that is, if it is indeed satire; something which is not always easy to ascertain hereabouts) entitled "Willits 1997."

In it Willits has been transformed from a noisy, traffic-clogged, logging and dope dealing town, into an antiseptic yuppie paradise, replete with luxury resorts and upscale housing for Bay Area commuters.

One plausible, and highly desirable ingredient in this future dream is a high-speed (one hour) train connecting the Redwood Empire's gunpowder and amphetamine capital with downtown San Francisco. But if it's going to mean an influx of financial district geeks, I'll be out there dynamiting the tracks myself.

On second thought, let's build the train, close Highway 101, and institute a dress code: no suits, no ties, and no briefcases north of the Sonoma County line. Sort of like a capitalist maggot quarantine area...

*Also in Mendocino County, publisher Richard Johnson has entered into a rather uneven battle of wits with Anderson Valley Advertiser pub-ed Bruce Anderson. Hostilities got underway when Anderson published a letter Johnson had written to activist Louis Korn chastising Korn for threatening to destroy the state's apple maggot spraying equipment. Johnson feels that monkey-wrenching tactics like this are themselves a form of violence, and counterproductive.*

*Anderson does not have a great deal of respect for this sort of thinking, and said so in blunt terms. Johnson fired back a threat of a lawsuit, along with a demand that Anderson retract "any statements that might be considered libellous to me," without specifying what those statements might be.*

*When we last encountered the feuding journalists, Anderson was musing in his paper about whether he had perhaps been inaccurate in terming Johnson a "flaming asshole," suggesting that "smoldering" might have been a more appropriate adjective. Johnson is still making noises about legal actions, and if the controversy actually does go before a jury, it should make for some interesting discussions on the general and specific nature of assholeism.*

On the far side of the Yolla Bollys and the Trinity Alps, at the north end of the Sacramento Valley, lies Shasta County, a rural fiefdom even more backward than Mendocino County. Shasta County recently made headlines by closing down its entire library system and has now compounded that crime by also shutting its only public hospital. The reason should sound tiresomely familiar: more money was needed for "law enforcement."

For law enforcement you can read CAMP (Campaign Against Marijuana Planting) and its related boondoggles, and Mendocino taxpayers should take notice, because their own county is headed in the same direction. For the past couple of years the Board of Supervisors has threatened to sharply curtail the Mendocino library system, including closing the Willits and Fort Bragg branches. The money saved thereby would go the sheriff's department, the only arm of local government to have its budget steadily and substantially increased in recent years.

Yet Sheriff Tim Shea continues to complain that he can't possibly do the job he's being paid to do because he just can't afford to hire enough deputies to, for example, patrol rural areas like Brooktrails, near Willits, that have suffered an epidemic of burglaries. He can, however, afford to pay deputies to fly around in planes and gas-gobbling helicopters searching for marijuana. He can afford to throw away a huge portion of the county budget to help CAMP stage its annual paramilitary invasion, and then turn around and waste still more money setting up COMMET (County of Mendocino Marijuana Eradication Team), which is nothing more than a local duplication of the CAMP pork barrel.

There is considerable question about whether the citizens of Mendocino County really feel that wiping out the devil weed should have priority over schools, libraries, hospitals, roads, or police and fire protection. But the right wing and intrinsically corrupt fanatics who have a stranglehold on local government have made it impossible for the question to even be raised where it might have any effect. Until at least three seats on the Board of Supervisors are captured by candidates with a modicum of social responsibility, things can only get worse. But hey, what do we need libraries for, anyhow? Nobody really reads books anymore, and we can always watch TV, can't we?

*More rural slum water woes: that wretched aggregation of redneck ranchettes and clandestine amphetamine labs known as Redwood Valley is feuding over whether yet another subdivision should be allowed to hook up to the already insufficient water supply.*

*An ad hoc group of RV residents exhibiting a touching faith in the democratic process despite an overwhelming lack of evidence that such a thing exists here in Mendo-land, is protesting to the Board of Supes. The local Water Board, on the other hand, is lobbying for the proposed development despite its inability to show where the necessary water is going to come from. This just might have something to do with the fact that the Water Board is over 7 million bucks in debt and its only hope of ever paying off the bill is to attract a whole lot of new customers.*

*The controversy is irrelevant at any rate, as a secret report leaked to the LOOKOUT reveals plans to flood the entire valley to create a reservoir for greater Ukiah, which enthusiastic boosters assure us is on the verge of passing Yuba City as the north state's most dynamic metropolitan area.*

The already dreary town of Cloverdale is being further degraded by the construction on its southern outskirts of a Mormon church, or temple, or tabernacle, or whatever they call it... It's a bad sign when any new cult sets up shop in these parts, but the Mormons deserve special mention as the closest equivalent Christianity has to Ayatollah Khomeini's Shiites. Overtly sexist and racist - their version of the bible claims that nonwhites are not worthy of full membership in the church - the Mormons are strongly opposed to the separation of church and state, and have installed a near-theocracy in Utah, one of the church's larger subsidiaries.

Among the Mormons' many commercial enterprises (not including the church itself, which extracts a mandatory 10% tax from all members), is the notorious Peabody Coal Co., which, with the aid of the US government, is trying to evict thousands of Indians from their tribal lands on Big Mountain in Arizona so that they can strip mine the area. The Mormons also have an ongoing policy of using local welfare agencies to take Indian children away from their families and give them to Mormon couples to be raised as "Christians."

With an overflow of Baptists, Holy Rollers, and New Age twerps already infesting California, we need mercenary, power-mad crackpots like the Mormons about as much as we need a detachment of Lebanese phalangists. Send the nut-cases back to the desert, with canteens of Willits water.

*Lacking anything more significant to get themselves exercised about, some of Laytonville's upright citizens (the few who aren't either in jail or busily harvesting their pot patches) are in a snit over Bruce Anderson's commentary on the Laytonville-Anderson Valley football game appearing in the Advertiser of October 21. The Ledger, of course, published a number of outraged defenses of Laytonville's civic virtue, highlighted by a ponderous and silly screed from Phillip C. Randle, who last unleashed his elephantine prose on yours truly during the Boomer's Batch Plant controversy.*

*In the offending article Anderson referred to "the ramshackle little town that is ground zero of the Emerald Triangle...where even visitors sense a prevailing disrespect for ordinary standards of behavior." Which is hardly all bad in my book, of course. A couple of other quotes: "Living in Laytonville is a life sentence without possibility of parole." "Some of the finest people I know live up here [in Laytonville] and give me a couple of weeks and maybe I can name one."*

*Not to contribute to any cross-county feuding, but Boonville doesn't exactly look like the Emerald Triangle's crown jewel, either. Its primary source of income also revolves around intoxicants, though a larger percentage are of the legal variety. And judging from the Advertiser's weekly crime reports, there is no shortage of low-lives, sluggards, and psychopaths down in that placid little burg. But no matter. Bruce and I would both be hard pressed to stay in business if we didn't have places like Laytonville and Boonville to kick around.*

*I was at the game in question, which saw the Boonville team walk off the field midway through the fourth quarter in protest of incredibly stupid and incompetent refereeing. By that time the AV coach and four of his players had already been tossed out of the game on extremely flimsy grounds, and the Panthers had been assessed 250 yards in penalties.*

*To their credit, the Laytonville team played well and fairly, and star quarterback Nikolai Bailey put on a display that was especially dazzling considering that he was coming back from a knee injury that would have put most players out for the season or even permanently. But the refs just plain spoiled it for everyone. Even some Laytonville fans were heard griping about the idiotic officiating.*

*A special mention is also in order for the Laytonville cheerleader squad, who put on some disco-slut dance routines that would be more at home in a San Francisco topless nightclub. This is educational? I'm all in favor of people feeling free to express their sexuality, but the sight of these fresh-faced 16 year-olds bumping, grinding, and thrusting through stereotypical bimbo-esque motions strikes me as more sleazy than cute.*

CAMP claims to have wiped out as much as 90% of the north state marijuana crop are belied by the large number of out-of-town vehicles seen hereabouts in recent weeks and the annual October influx of \$100 bills into the tills of local businesses. Another sign of a big harvest: local farmers can be heard around town complaining that pot prices have fallen to their lowest level since 1985.

## Street People to Brokers: "Jump! Jump!"

# WALL STREET HITS THE WALL; START POLISHING THOSE APPLES

It would be easy to gloat over the stock market crash, in fact excuse me a minute while I do just that – HAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! – but all of us are going to be affected by it, even those of us whose total investments will easily fit into our pocket, the one with the hole in it.

Anyone who was lucky enough to go to school before they stopped teaching history has heard about the crash of 1929 and the terrible depression that followed it. What a sense of déjà vu, then, to have Ronald Reagan on the White House lawn, looking and sounding like a senile Herbert Hoover, claiming that the biggest drop ever in stock prices was just a temporary fluctuation. "All the business indices are up. There's nothing wrong with the economy," he protested, and one could picture his handlers gritting their teeth praying that he didn't add, "Prosperity is just around the corner."

That's what Hoover claimed, of course, for the next three and a half years. There were to be ten years of massive unemployment and homelessness, and near-revolution in some parts of the country, before things got back to anywhere near normal, and it took World War II to accomplish that. How will the Reagan legacy compare to this dismal record? Unfortunately, probably even worse.

Most "experts" will assure you otherwise; the conditions that made the 1930s depression so severe are radically different today, they rightly point out. Unemployment and welfare benefits were almost unheard of at that time, and there was no protection for people who had their money in the hundreds of banks which failed. In other words, folks are counting on the government to protect them against a repeat of the 1930s.

Of course the only way the government is going to do that is with money, and it might bear asking where the government is supposed to get that money. The United States is over two trillion dollars in debt and counting; it can't even keep up with the interest payments on the money it owes (that, by the way, is the standard definition for "bankrupt"). The only way it can raise more money is through taxes, and if the economy goes into a tailspin, there'll be a lot less wealth to charge taxes on.

By the way, those of you who have jobs and are working hard and expect to retire one day on a comfortable pension: do you know where your money is? On October 19, the day the Dow Jones lost almost a quarter of its value in a sickening thud, the state of California employees pension fund dropped a cool six *billion* in the Wall Street casino. Not exactly chump change. And it makes you wonder just what is supposed to happen to all those people's retirement plans if the market keeps heading through the floor. It also seems a little bit curious that some pinhead portfolio manager is allowed to gamble with the futures of millions of working people.

Yes, a lot of innocent people will suffer, but on the bright side, so will a lot of the guilty ones. Like all the numskulls who voted for Ronald Reagan and his wildly irrational program of what George Bush, in a rare moment of lucidity, called "voodoo economics." Anybody with more than a third grade education could tell Reagan didn't have the slightest idea what he was talking about. But the prospect of quick profits and reduced taxes for the middle and upper classes persuaded them to chuck common sense out the window along with any sense of responsibility for those less fortunate than themselves.

Speculating, whether in stocks, bonds, real estate, or commodities, is not a victimless crime. The Reagan years have seen the creation of innumerable new millionaires and enormous business expansion. They've also seen more homeless people and more malnourished children and more poverty than at any time since the Great Depression. These phenomena are not unrelated. When fortunes are made by pointless corporate mergers, those profits don't appear out of thin air. They come out of the hides of people who pay higher prices at the store and take pay cuts at their jobs. When food and housing are bought and sold as abstract commodities, real people go hungry and are forced out into the streets.

Throughout the 1980s the American economy has gotten steadily sicker. Statistics about employment, income, inflation, and the like are meaningless. The true health of an economy is measured by what it produces, and ours has produced little besides paper profits and the largest military buildup in history. We've lived on borrowed time and borrowed money, and there's no way we're going to be able to keep up the payments.

So are we headed for another Great Depression? Probably an even greater one. That doesn't have to be all bad. A lot of good came out of the 1930s, things like labor unions, social security, unemployment and



GRAPHIC BY "M" - ANDERSON VALLEY ADVERTISER

welfare benefits. It was a coming of age for working people. Throughout the first century of the industrial revolution, workers had been treated as dispensable, interchangeable, and insignificant spare parts for the Machine Age. The idea that human beings were entitled to at least the bare essentials of life was an extraordinarily radical one at that time. Quite a few people died before it began to be accepted.

The economic disintegration of the 1980s marks the death of the industrial age. But it doesn't mean that we're now all supposed to get minimum wage jobs providing McServices to the computer programmers who will be pulling society's strings. It means that it's time to get serious about abolishing the whole notion of work as we've known it this past couple of centuries. We don't need to "create" more jobs, we need to get rid of the useless ones people are wasting their lives on already.

Jobs in themselves do not generate wealth. Many of the makework programs encouraged and/or subsidized by government waste far more money than they put into the pockets of employees. Short-sighted and ecologically disastrous enterprises like the clear-cutting of our national forests, offshore oil drilling, and unplanned and uncontrolled urban expansion may provide paychecks right now, but they will end up costing society far more to undo the damage they have done. And we'll be lucky indeed if the wildly irrational military buildup, the biggest single factor in the Reagan economy, leads to nothing worse than national bankruptcy.

The idea that people need to spend the majority of their time in menial tasks just to obtain the necessities of life is thoroughly obsolete. The planet already produces more than enough to provide for everyone now living on it. With anything approaching an equitable distribution of resources, people would be free to do only that work that they found meaningful and creative. Or to just sit under a tree and think, which is precisely how some of the most important discoveries in human history came about.

So an economic upheaval producing widespread unemployment is not all bad. For the poor, who've been living in what amount to depression conditions all along, things will not change that much. The upper classes have always done pretty well at insulating themselves from financial downturns. It's the middle class that will suffer the most. But if people use their newfound free time to acquire skills more productive than commuting downtown to juggle figures for insurance conglomerates, if they give serious thought to what in life is truly rewarding and what is truly necessary, if they learn how to grow their own vegetables and how to cooperate instead of compete with their neighbors, they and society may well come out of a depression a good deal richer.



One of the most pleasant surprises of the mayoral campaign has been the rapid decline in the fortunes of former frontrunner John Molinari. Molinari is the handpicked candidate of Dianne Feinstein and her clique of real estate speculators, neighborhood destroyers, and greed-beclouded gentrifiers. Molinari's smirking frat-boy face and his mealy-mouthed glad-handing have won him the support of big business and the major dailies, but it's clear that a lot of people just aren't buying it.

Agnos may have some skeletons in his closet, but he's right on just about every one of the major issues, almost exactly the opposite of Molinari. There's a lot about him that's reminiscent of George Moscone, who could have been one of SF's best mayors, was in fact, during the all too brief time before he was cut down in what still looks suspiciously like a coup d'état to me.

The LOOKOUT still endorses Warren Hinckle, though not wholeheartedly, because of his incredible support for the Feinstein plan to turn the city into a major Navy base and homeport for the nuclear warship Missouri (Agnos opposes it), but could easily live with a Mayor Agnos. As for Molinari, he should be chained together with Mayor Swinestein and Roger "Call me lacocca" Boas and blasted into orbit around Pluto.

*Speaking of the old battle-axe (the mayor, that is), another of her hateful legacies unfolded itself this past month with the "celebration" of Fleet Week, an orgy of militaristic chest pounding and hick town patriotism that might be appropriate in a reactionary hotbed like San Diego or some second rate imperial outpost like American Samoa, but is a disgrace to the city of San Francisco, once known for its cosmopolitan citizenry and progressive attitudes.*

*Not too many years ago an attempt by the military to march through the city streets would have been greeted by ridicule, boos, and no small amount of household garbage. Now San Franciscans accept, and in some cases even welcome this intrusion. And like a bunch of slack-jawed farmers at the county fair, they ogle the maneuvers of the Navy's Blue Angels precision flying team, with its million dollar warplanes careening over the city's rooftops creating a level of disruption (and danger) that would never be tolerated in more peaceful enterprises (try for example, to get a permit to stage a rock concert in downtown SF).*

*Perhaps most illustrative of the city's new attitude toward the military is the "Dia-a-Sailor" program, wherein young women are urged to call and offer themselves to lonely naval personnel (presumably only for purposes of chaste companionship, though one might suspect otherwise from the ribald commentary accompanying announcements of the program on local radio stations). Mayor Feinstein, perhaps acting out a long-standing fantasy of herself as sweetheart of the fleet, has turned this once-proud city into a whore for the navy.*

*Of course if Feinstein gets her way on the U.S.S. Missouri, we can have Fleet Week all year round.*

It would be a shame if the uncharacteristic success of the San Francisco Giants this year had the unhappy result of swinging city voters in favor of the ill-conceived Proposition W, the "Son of Candlestick" measure.

The city has been stuck with the much-maligned Candlestick Park since 1960 because the then-mayor had a friend who had a friend who had this land... The land was some relatively worthless bayfill that was doubly cursed by its lack of access to the rest of the city and its having some of the worst weather conditions anywhere in the Bay Area.

Our current mayor has a friend, too. This one's name is Southern Pacific, and it has some land at Seventh and Townsend, near Potrero Hill, which it wants to trade for permission to build what amounts to a whole new mini-city on the shores of San Francisco Bay. Through some creative geography, Mayor Feinstein has transformed the relatively remote Seventh and Townsend site into the location for her "downtown" baseball stadium.

Never mind that the weather there is only marginally better than that at Candlestick, nor that this allegedly downtown real estate is a good half-hour's walk (perhaps not so good, actually; the route traverses some pretty unsavory territory) from Market Street. For the past couple of years Feinstein and partners in crime like Giants owner (and real estate mogul) Bob Lurie have been loudly proclaiming Seventh and Townsend as the only possible site for a "downtown" stadium, and now that the Giants are the darlings of Bay Area sports fan, the media have taken up the cry.

Few seem to be asking why the city should have to provide a baseball facility for multi-millionaire Lurie, whose inability to fill the one he already has can be almost entirely attributed to the marvelously incompetent teams he has fielded during most of his tenure (since the football 49ers began winning regularly, Candlestick has been full for every one of their games, regardless of the weather). But if one accepts, and this may be a given, that the city is going to build a new stadium, an outstanding and truly downtown site is and has been available at Third and Mission. Unfortunately Feinstein has already committed that property to a sweetheart deal with a Canadian developer. This plan has supposedly been in the works for years now, without showing any signs of proceeding. One could reasonably suspect that Feinstein's refusal to reconsider her prior commitment for the property stems from her having already received (and possibly spent) some sort of kickback for services rendered to the developer, Olympia and York.

In any event, even if the Giants sweep the World Series (guess when this was written), voters should turn down the utterly stupid Prop W; under a new city government, the Third and Mission site may miraculously become available, and if the Giants keep winning, people will come to see them even if they play their home games on the Farallones.



Graphic by Marty Maceda

*There's another ballot measure, Proposition P, that would restore the system of district elections that was another victim of the Dan White-Dianne Feinstein palace revolution. A sure sign that district elections would help turn the city around is that most big-time politicians, business leaders, and the antediluvian editorial boards of the town's major dailies oppose them. Reaching new depths in the perversion of logic, the Examiner argues that the current composition of the Board of Supes, which includes, "two blacks, an Asian, a Hispanic, and five women," proves that the current at-large system is responsive to the city's needs. What it really demonstrates is that corruption knows no racial, ethnic, nor sexual boundaries. Several of the alleged "minority" supes are Feinstein appointees and share her pro-development, anti-neighborhood views. Throw the whole gang of them out and start over.*

With all of the shortcomings of San Francisco's Muniserviceable Railway system, you'd think the Muni bosses could find something better to do with a few million bucks than build a new rail line that almost precisely duplicates already operating BART service. But never mind what you think, because that's exactly what the new J Church extension will do. A much better investment would be to double the number of cars and frequency of service so that riding on the once-outstanding transit system might once again become a pleasure rather than an endurance test.

*As the LOOKOUT goes to press comes a great piece of news: thanks to the efforts of East Bay Congressman Ron Dellums, Mayor Feinstein may yet be thwarted in her attempt to turn San Francisco into a major military base. Dellums, using his position on the House Armed Services Committee, cut off funds for the homeporting of the nuclear warship Missouri in the city's Hunter's Point district.*

*It was a delight to see Feinstein all but stamping her feet and biting her lip to hold back the tears as she railed against Dellums and other Bay Area Democrats for sabotaging her pet project. She even hinted that she may change political parties as a result. To which any true Democrat can only breathe a sigh of "Good riddance." She'd be a lot happier with soulmates like Strom Thurmond and Jeane Kirkpatrick, anyway.*

## YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK...

U.S.-funded Eritrean rebels recently attacked and destroyed an unarmed convoy carrying 450 tons of food destined for drought-stricken Ethiopia, where as many as a million people are in danger of starving to death.

## THE NATIVES ARE GETTING SMARTER...

The accuracy of this item is in some doubt, as it comes to us by way of the Weekly World News, but it's a nice thought, anyway. It seems this Amazonian tribe of "brutal, heathen savages" has responded to an annoying influx of Christian missionaries into their neck of the jungle by torturing and disembowelling the offending preachers and mounting their severed heads on poles as a graphic illustration of their disinterest in the white man's religion.



## LOOKOUT-

Now that Brazil is getting ready to renege on their debt to the American banks, what kind of a flim flam will Reagan come up with?

When Brazil could not meet its obligations to the banks about three years ago, Reagan flew down with two billion of taxpayers' money so Brazil could give it to the American banks. Not one supine invertebrate said a word on this thievery.

The US government will take the banks off the hook again somehow.

Dennis  
Campbell CA

*I'm sure the government would like to take the banks off the hook, if it weren't hung up on the same hook itself. The existence of a banking establishment separate from the government is part of a long-standing subterfuge enabling the management of the former and latter (in reality virtually interchangeable) to transfer huge sums of money back and forth with the predictable result that a good bit of disappears into the pockets of bureaucrats and corporate criminals en route. LL*

Hello LOOKOUT Magazine!

Howya doin'? I was reading your last issue, and guess what, I found out my band broke up without me knowing. Cool, huh! No, but seriously, though, NO DOGS is my band and we haven't broken up but our guitarist has left the band. But we do have a new one, and are ready to play once again. So I thought I would tell you that we're back "together" (ha ha). If you would like a copy of our demo to review or just plain keep, then write me back and you'll probably get it free.

Have a happy day  
Richard Gargano  
Pinole CA

Dear Mr. Livermore,

I think you write good. You have a healthy (?) sense of outrage. It seems there is plenty to be outraged about these days. Keep shouting in the darkness, I heard you. I am a cartoonist / graphic artist / supporter of your right to freedom of expression. Then again I find myself in agreement with your opinions. Anywho, your mag is quite ugly. This may your desire. I am no fan of commercial slickness. I do feel that the visual element of your publication lags somewhat behind the verbal. I believe I could help you visually. It's not my desire to be pushy about this, but I think it's a cool rag, thought provoking, even. I've shown it to many of my meager assortment of friends. I think it should be seen and would like to assist you in getting more people to pick it up. At very least I would like to illustrate articles. One big good cover illustration and a finer tuned logo might help. If you're interested, drop me a line.

I found LOOKOUT #28 (my first exposure) in San Francisco at the Picaro Café on 16th near Valencia. Please find the enclosed comic strip. I did it with a pal of mine. It's probably too cynical for you thematically. I didn't write it. I drew it. It's more or less the way I draw, so it might give you an inkling of whether or not you'd want to use my work.

In any event, best wishes for your continued raving.

Marty Maceda  
San Francisco

*Well, readers, what do you say? Should the LOOKOUT remain its ugly old self or should we take up Mr. Maceda's offer to give us a graphic face lift? The comic strip he sent in looks pretty good (I don't know where he gets the idea anything would be "too cynical" for this rag -- cynicism being, according to some observers, merely a heightened view of reality) but it is, unfortunately, too long to print, at least until the big bucks start rolling in from our transformation into a 72-page full color glossy fleshed out with blue-chip corporate advertising. LL*

Dear Lawrence,

You are a very good writer. Paul (?) told me a little about you. You're very bright. I'm a friend of Darryl Cherney. We have played music together, and done environmental work together. I have three albums coming out soon. George Winston has put out my albums. He's my friend, and ex-music partner. I have a tape with George and myself playing. I'm from the south bronx originally. It was hell, as you might guess.

I was an original beatnik poet, writer, musician in the east village. I worked with Ginsberg, and the other beatniks. Then I became one of the three main Gurus of Kerista for eight years. Then I quit Kerista and started JuDauism. I don't call myself a guru anymore. I call myself a philosopher. My book, *The Kerista History*, was published and selling in City Lights. It needs to be re-published. It's only 45 pages. I work with the environmentalists up here, and do other stuff in the creative zone. I just made my third album with Carl Miller. I think this area would be safer for you, other than Laytonville. The consciousness is higher here. I heard about you getting in trouble for trying to save the environment. Up here you could do that and be a hero. You are disillusioned by the hip movement which you were attracted to. You still like the good part of it. The bullshit hypocrisy and phony hippie stuff turns me off too. I have to constantly straighten out my friends who lose touch with reality. You came to the Haight to meet a guy like me. But I left the Haight when it turned ugly and violent. I had to learn all the martial arts and use them, because I was in the bronx. Being realistic is one of my main dedications. I sent you a letter of therapy in *Star Route*. It should be stimulating. You can publish my writings if you wish. If you feel good vibes, you can come and read my tons of writings. I'm 46.

Shalom  
Dau  
Garberville CA

P.S. You'll be great when you transcend your cynical phase, due to disappointment.

Dear Lawrence,

I'm writing this letter to you in response to your "Pull Over Buddy" column (LOOKOUT #27). The corporate piece of shit "music" store that I used to work for, that's right, used to work for, required a dress code with ties and slacks. To make them more appealing as a business that did not sell records, but "entertainment." This corporate piece of shit chain, which has three other chains on both coasts, does a great job in making its employees look like pieces of shit as well. I quit my job today, due to the fact that I could just not take it anymore. I was a keyholder to this store, something I was quite proud of, due to the fact that I had worked at quite a few shitty jobs (but aren't almost all jobs shitty?) and was now actually feeling that I was accomplishing something. What a fucking joke! I let too much get to me, I did too much for those lousy fuckers without any question. Today was the final straw: a shoplifter managed to get away with one lousy CD, and so the new boss, who we've had for a total of three weeks, yells at me, saying that I was spending too much time talking (when in actuality I was helping a customer) and wasn't aware the theft was taking place. Then he yells, "If you didn't have your head up your ass, you would have seen that it happened in front of you!" Well, I debated for about half an hour, and finally said fine, and proceeded to give him my keys. So then there was no effort at an apology, no effort to talk, just oh, you have an attitude problem. Sure I have an attitude for waiting four months for a fucking raise which is supposed to be retroactive. The moral to this damn thing is I felt that I would have to compromise what I believed in. Well, not any more. I have to find another job, but I think this time I'll find one that treats me like a person and not a piece of shit.

Rusty Breeding  
San Francisco

Dear Editor:

Came across the August 87 issue of your sheet and found more vitality in it than I've found in any "underground" publication in a long time. Enclosed is a check for a sub.

Back in the late 60s I was involved in the underground press, the San Francisco *Good Times*, to be specific. Chester Anderson, for a short time, also worked on the paper. I've heard Chester is living up on the north coast. If by some chance you know of him, please pass on my name and address. He may not remember me because I was away when he passed through the scene but I would like to get in touch with him if possible.

Also for the past four years I've been experimenting with computer bulletin boards. My system is called NewsBase and anyone with a modem and computer can access it on (415)824-8767. I would really like to make the LOOKOUT available on the system. It appears that you are using a computer in the production of your sheet. If you are you could send it to me on a disk or, if you have a modem, you can upload directly to NewsBase. I can handle most disk formats so just let me know what computer you're using.

If you want to discuss this further, just get in touch with me.

Richard Gaikowski  
San Francisco

*I did get in touch, and the LOOKOUT, or at least selected articles therefrom is now available to your computer modem at the number given in Richard's letter. Anyone can gain access to the network for purpose of reading LOOKOUT articles and lots of other opinions, rantings, etc., from a variety of sources. If you want also to be able to add your own comments, you need to join the NewsBase network, and you should leave a message to that effect. LL*

Dear Lawrence,

I want to congratulate you on the fine job you do putting out LOOKOUT. I especially enjoyed your August issue after you extended vacation. I find it a positive sign that so many in the hardcore scene and political scene are speaking out against injustice and fascism in America.

Sincerely  
Rick Weaver  
Daly City CA

Dear Lawrence,

Being a bit rusty at writing, and feeling a bit isolated from the politikle punk rock "seen," maybe I don't really qualify to write something for the LOOKOUT (do I hear a note of low self-confidence / esteem / image in those words? more like a whole orchestra and chorus). But tough. Takes a lot of different kinds of people to make a world. Since I am only recently recovering from a serious, life-threatening disease (more popularly known as drug addiction), I find life very difficult. But since I look at excuses as just good reasons to be apathetic, I will tell you how I do attempt to help mankind and the world. Number one priority is not to take any mind-altering substance. This enables me to be sometimes *painfully* aware of my surroundings. I now refuse to numb out to suffering, my own included. I also don't want to eat animals who have died in fear and horror because I believe this can be transferred to the muscle tissue... Sometimes in the supermarket meat department, my husband and/or I will start ranting and raving in great detail about how disgusting the methods are that are used in raising and slaughtering these products now so neatly disguised in packaging. We influence our children toward vegetarianism, they are free to choose, we no longer force them into anything. They say peace begins at home.

Home can be one of the most treacherous places to be in America. So much domestic violence goes on; wife beating, child abuse, fighting, spanking, rage, petty resentments... I feel that honesty is the best policy here and if it takes a third party, i.e. counseling to sort out differences, well, swallow pride. Pride starts wars. Proud of your country? Fight for it. What? Forget it. I'm not proud of my past or our country's past. It takes change. The start of the big change, the revolution that won't be televised, begins in one's own heart. Hate anybody? Find out why. And is it really them you hate, or their actions. Please separate. Hate begets hate. Love begets love. Tell somebody how to act or what to do and they'll be bound to tell you to fuck yourself. Explain how you feel about something in a carefully objective way and they'll be more likely to understand. It's also good to tune in to one's own higher power or self (or, ahem, Good Orderly Direction). Forget the other two, turning on and dropping out; it didn't work back then, probably won't now. It's no good trying to accomplish anything unless one is calm and at peace with oneself.

Enough cosmic bullshit for now.

Love and light to you all  
Linda Lou  
San Francisco

Dear LOOKOUT,

Greetings from Kennewick WA. I'm sending in for issue #27. Oh, could you also send me a list of names/addresses of people in your area. Ya see, I'm in the process of making a contact sheet, and could use all the help I can get. Your help would be greatly appreciated. Thanx.

Live, don't exist  
Randy Smith  
3625 S. Quincy Pl.  
Kennewick WA 99337

*I don't give out people's names and addresses without their permission (rest easy, paranoid LOOKOUT readers). If anyone wants to be on Randy's list, they should write to him directly.* LL

Hey LOOKOUT:

Yes there is punk rock in Nebraska. I'm in a band myself. I just bought your record and I thought it was cool. I like the lyrics a lot. Anyway, I was wondering if you'd like to be on a compilation tape that I am trying to make. Do you know of any other bands that would like to be on it? Feel free to give my address to anyone interested. Thanks a lot.

Keep it up  
BernieMcGinn  
5701 Randolph  
Lincoln NE 68510

Lawrence -

Here's ANOTHER STUPID ZINE #2. I hope you like it; I think it's better than #1. Thanks for the write-up in the LOOKOUT; I've already gotten responses.

I'll be reviewing your band's record in the next issue. If you'd like to place an ad to go along with it, just send one, it's free. Also if you could mention that #2 is out in LOOKOUT sometime, I'd appreciate it. Thanks.

Ben  
ANOTHER STUPID ZINE  
412 West Main  
Bellevue OH 44811

P.S. Notice I didn't refer to you as "Mr. Livemore."

Notes on LOOKOUT -- April 87

April edition: mistake to say April Fool's joke was such -- at least not in the same issue. Spoils the joke!

AIDS article was way off base. You seem to have fallen for the propaganda from the right (to scare people away from sex) and the homos (to scare people into finding a cure) rather than the facts. AIDS comes from blood-to-blood or sperm-to-blood contact. Transfusions, shared needles, butt fucking -- that's it! Not blow jobs, not vaginal sex, not mosquito bites, not dirty dishes. White, black, straight, gay -- these people are not at risk if they don't do the stuff mentioned above. Don't fall for the scare line.

The record -- liked the lyrics -- nice there's personal stuff -- but a bit to "leftist" or rather anti-rightist. The problem is not the right, but the totalitarians of both sides. Most of the anti-smoking/drinking stuff comes from the left as well as a lot of anti-sex stuff!

March 87 -- You seem to like Cuomo?? He's a jerk. Refused to support the Dem. senator candidate because he was too liberal. Push hard for 21 yr. old drinking. Catholic. General jerk and political slimeball.

You seemed to forget J. Jackson in talking about Dem. candidates. Don't like him either (too much focus on "jobs"), but I think he's got integrity.

-- As to the BEASTIE BOYS, wrote all about in MRR. Needless to say: you're wrong.

--Richman/Biafra thing was genius.

--Ed Anger is God. (I am neither, by the way. Despite speculation.)

Anyway, thanks for the stuff. Here's my newest (*ARTLESS EP*, Boy With a Cunt, see *Reviews --LL*). By the way, I didn't hear about the FEEDERZ animal incident. Sounds like PSYCHODRAMA here a few years ago (but California's always in the past). It didn't nearly make the splash here, but I guess the east coast is a bit jaded than you guys. Anyway, I may see you this fall (I never meet guys my age).

Tchüss  
Mykel Board  
New York

*If California's the place that lives in the past, what are you doing worrying about what it says in six month-old LOOKOUTS? Sorry; New York had its day in the sun (what little bit of it manages to filter through the massive clouds of smoke and pollution that you guys contribute to the ecosphere) but it's over. It's a great place, full of energy and excitement, but it's been a cultural irrelevancy since the 50s or 60s at the latest. It's like Europe, a great place to look at history and partake of the accumulated pleasures and vices of civilization, but as far as new ideas? Forget it. Ditto for your beloved BEASTIE BOYS: big fun, but about as alternative as BON JOVI or MICHAEL JACKSON.*

*If I overlooked Jessie Jackson, it's because I was talking realistic politics, and there are still too many racists in this country for a black man to get elected. And if being a Catholic disqualifies Cuomo (it doesn't score him any points in my book) what about Jackson being a bible-thumping Baptist (who originally came to fame with his PUSH campaign against drugs and truancy). I didn't know about Cuomo refusing to support Mark Green (that was his name, wasn't it?), and that sounds pretty lame of him. But the highest recommendation I remember giving him was that he was probably the best, or the least bad that we could hope for. None of the other Democratic twerps has a chance, and can this country really take eight years of Bush or Dole? All I'm asking for now of the government is that they just back off enough to give some of us a chance to survive.*

*As for your AIDS info: I'm no expert, but I do know what you say is at odds with a lot of people who claim to be. On the other hand, there's probably a bunch of people out there who will be glad to hear about all the stuff they can do without putting themselves at risk; I just don't want them blaming the LOOKOUT if it turns out that in this case, you're wrong. Anyway, the gist of my article was not about sex practices, pro or con, but about the Castro District and how its ghetto mentality had hastened the spread of AIDS.*

*LOOKOUT readers who have led sheltered lives, by the way, might need to be informed that Mykel, in addition to being the lead singer of the New York band ARTLESS, is the most popular (and unpopular) writer in MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL, and his column alone is usually worth the price of the magazine. In fact, though you might not be able to discern this from the fractured text and less than completely thought out ideas in the above letter, he's simply one of the best writers you're going to run across in the good old USA these days.*

*One last item: what gives you the idea that I'm "your age," sonny? I have it on good authority that you're still in your 30s.* LL

Dear Lawrence -

Thanks for sending #28. \$2 enclosed, please send #29 & 30 when they come along.

I am passing picture of pope in Indian drag to you after enjoying it myself. He really is a perfect dress-up doll. The article told nothing about the papal "teepee" and nothing about his wonderful costume, just the usual drivel, birth control, etc.

Always sorry to hear of anyone who suffered as a child at the hands of nuns, but at least you are fortunate enough to have broken away. Many church abused children grow up to be parents who send their children to the nuns for alterations and mindfuck.

All best,  
David Williams  
Wilmington DE

Dear Lawrence,

Thanks for the record and copies of the LOOKOUT (not to mention a genuine letter). I thought the record was quite enjoyable, not something I'll listen to as much as my TOXIC REASONS or SAMOANS records, though. At one point, I thought, "Hmm... this sounds like a mellower version of SPECIAL FORCES *World Domination LP*," but I'm not too sure that's a meaningful or even accurate description.

I liked your zine (for the most part). Especially, I liked the way it covered Gilman Street goings-on. MRR tends to ignore that. Your piece about the FEEDERZ was great. I was at that show, up on the second balcony. I was so sure some skin was going to hurl that sucker right up at me. I also liked your stuff about the Berlin wall and freeway violence.

You started off #27 saying you were among the "more paranoid commentators" who thought Reagan's gaining power meant the Fourth Reich was imminent. I think that's a remarkably accurate self-commentary. It's not so much that I disagree with you on fundamental points like Ollie's a shithhead or that most Americans are not particularly good at critical thinking, or that the country is politically shifting to the right. But trying to make parallels that indicate a fascist takeover is a real threat is really pushing it. Besides, all "fascist" means to left-wing people is "those people to the right of me that I don't like;" similarly, "communist" to right-wing people means "those people to the left of me that I don't like." When used as such, these words have little meaning and are tossed around like so much political vomit.

Another thing I've always found short-sighted and obnoxious is when people make a big deal about how California and other states were "stolen" from Mexico. Yeah, while that's technically true, it's also true that Mexico took it from the Indians. So it's really more of a crime against the Indians than Mexico. It's like stealing something from someone who had stolen it in the first place; the one who's really screwed was the person who had originally owned it, not the intermediate person. The reason I'm harping on this is because Tim [Yohannan] said it in the latest issue of MRR and it always bothered me.

Anthony Buckland  
Portland OR

*I agree that the term fascism has been so overused that it is in danger of becoming meaningless. On the other hand, can you provide me with a word, or even a set of words that describes with sufficient force and impact the awfulness of the socio-political agenda being foisted upon us by this country's far right? I recently had a similar discussion with Jeff Bale, who's quite an expert on the subject. He argues that fascism and nazism describe very specific systems of political thought that have no more than a few superficial characteristics in common with today's radical right wing. Strictly speaking, I'm sure he's correct; at least I'm not sufficiently knowledgeable to contradict him. But language and political thought continually evolve, and "fascism" means something quite different today than it did when the movement it originally described was developing. At least it does to the vast majority of us who know little or nothing about the fine points of fascist doctrine. I think that in the modern world there is a significant number of people who would agree that to them the term "fascist" connotes one who supports a violently repressive system; often with racist overtones, that values order and authority over individual liberty. It doesn't matter how far this definition may have strayed from the original; the nature of language is that if enough people attach a certain meaning to a word, then that's what it means. In the modern, broader sense, Ollie North and his cronies are undoubtedly fascists; by a stricter, technical definition, they're not. Let's not allow quibbling over subtleties of meaning to obscure the more obvious reality that whatever you call them, they're dangerous as hell. LL*

Dear Lawrence:

Hey, thanks for putting me on the LOOKOUT!!!! mailing list. I was glad to get the recent issue. Okay!

One of the highlights of the issue for me was "US Out Of South Bronx" (by Abraham Rodriguez, LOOKOUT #28) yeah! And... recently I was in New York, and had to attend a couple anarchist meetings, one of which was involved in planning an anti-constitution demonstration in

Philadelphia. I generally feel that as long as anarchists have meetings, the world is safe for government. And when I think of largely white, upper-middle class anarchists having demonstrations, I think of...10,000 people showing up for a funeral in Soweto...Korean workers and students rioting in Seoul...the grandmothers of the disappeared on Government Square in Chile.

Anyway, there you go. In one of the minor items, you mention the rent being tripled by some greedy landlord. All over the country now, there's a kind of real estate insider trading going on between city governments, real estate moguls, and developers. I'm convinced this will have a pretty bad effect on the economy in the long term, and will only make it look good for the short term. This kind of stuff increases the debt load of city governments and puts the real estate traders into hock. But they don't care, because it's all being financed by what they call tax increment financing. I don't know exactly what this is, but the taxes on the project are deferred for the time being, and a surcharge is put on the sales tax. I wish I knew enough to say this more clearly...

Anyway, there are a number of riverfront projects in Minneapolis that are going begging for tenants. Everyone thought they would be great successes. But neither the malls nor the condos and apartments are fully rented. Downtown, there's a residence hotel that used to be available for a few bucks a night. Now it's renting for hundreds of dollars a month, because the landlord (one of Minneapolis' most notorious slumlords) wants to knock it down and make it into a parking lot. If he evicted the tenants, he'd have to pay relocations fees (this guy is old and not clever enough to manipulate the city council the way other developers are, who have managed to avoid relocation fees). But by making it too expensive, it's just business as usual. And the place would not be rented out to yuppies, because they wouldn't live in an old building like that unless it was refurbished and sold to them with phrases like "affordable luxury in the heart of the city." No, the best he can do is come up with a parking lot. He'll get more money from parking the cars of the rich people than he will from providing housing for poor people. And guess what, it IS a great location for a parking lot -- surrounded by hotels and condos and high rise developments...which were intended to have units for low and middle income people, according to rules set up by the city when they helped the

developer pay for it. Of course, the developer made no effort to sell those units, and changed the rules soon after it was built. Anyway, this is more like stream of consciousness than anything else.

These days I have a morbid fascination for the real estate manipulation going on today. Maybe this comes from my childhood: I grew up in a neighborhood in Chicago that was one of the hardest hit by white flight. Real estate agents would "blockbust," sell one house on a block to a black family. Then they would prey on the racial paranoia of the other families, telling them that property values plummeted the other day (this was called panic peddling). Within a week, almost every house on the block would sprout "For Sale" signs. Generally speaking, the first black family to move into a white neighborhood was at the same income and education level as the white families, if not slightly higher. But that would change pretty soon. This was just before the era of fair housing laws (an era that governments would like to return us to). The real estate agents would select people designed to fulfill the worst expectations of the families they were trying to scare away, to scare them into selling their houses for ridiculously low prices so the agent could turn around and sell them to black families for ridiculously high prices.

That was called "white flight" and "urban blight." Today the situation is reversed, with the children of white flighters moving back into the city, buying the property their parents abandoned, and fixing it up. This is called "gentrification." Blah blah blah...this is happening all over the country. Real estate and landlord profiteering is a good demonstration of the idea that "property is theft." Oh well.

And...I could go on, but it would be pretty disordered, generally speaking. I like your call to action in "Who Wants To Be A Hero?" Like the Gang Of Four (presumably the English postpunk group, not the Chiang Ch'ing cabal ...Ed.) said, "It's not made by great men." I especially hate the heroes of grade school education...the way the American revolution is peopled with heroes when it really wasn't. It wasn't a populist revolution at all, it was engineered by the wealthy who didn't like being taxed by the British. The real revolutionaries, like Thomas Paine, were pretty much wiped out or negated by the people who came into power.

Let me repeat that I enjoyed "US Out Of South Bronx," and may reprint it if I do a sixth LIVE FROM THE STAGGER CAFE. If you could send me the address of the zine it appeared in, I'd appreciate it. Okay!

One thing I missed was your personal story, of the years you've written about in previous issues. Maybe the article on "Hippie" replaced that this time. In any case, I liked when you talked about first hearing Hank Williams in the Ohio boarding house (I may have gotten some details wrong).

I hope you're willing to keep trading with me and all that shit. Thanks again. See you round, like a record.....

Luke McGuff  
LIVE FROM THE STAGGER CAFE  
Minneapolis

Hi there Lawrence!

I am Flo, one of the "editors" of the little fanzine that happens to be called THE BONZEN. I've heard very strange rumors about you liking our zine. Mark [the Positive Hulk] told me you even have a BONZEN sticker on that thing you shove your money in - forgot the vocabulary - was it a wallet? (close, sort of, it was a Walkman) Well, anyway, I thought I'd drop you a line. Roman just gave me the August ish of the LOOKOUT. The Berlin report is really good, and I enjoy your style of writing. I heard you know some German, so maybe you can enjoy our style of writing. You see, I know everything about you - ha ha! By the way, you met me while you were in Berlin. I was standing next to you while you were talking to that blond guy from Hamburg who wants to re-release the first VERBAL ABUSE album. I am pretty tall with brown hair - remember? I didn't want to interfere with your insider conversation about the Bay Area scene though I was amazed to see such famous people around our far out city. Well, anyway, I didn't see you during the show, which was pretty good by the way, except for boring VELLOCET. I myself play in a combo called SQUANDERED MESSAGE - heard of us??? You should!!!

I used to send our fanzine to MRR every ish, but I don't think it's useful cuz no one from abroad ever orders it - though there are so many Germans in exile and it's also a change from the boring German books at high school. So if you know some German, I could as well send the zine to you. Maybe you could still give Martin the info he needs for his listing in MRR, but the zine would not disappear under a pile of 2786 zines that people send to MRR every ish.

Bored? So what. I'm gonna tell you something about our fanzine "philosophy." In the beginning, fanzines (just like punk rock) were fresh, thought provoking, and entertaining. Now we happen to have fanzines like good ole TRUST that have a lot of interesting information but their layout and style of writing are pretty boring and mainstream. We decided to restart BONZEN in winter of 86 (first issues were in 82 but with different people involved). Our layout, for example, is pretty chaotic which combined with the size makes it really hard to read cuz you have to turn the shitty thing around all the time. It's supposed to be like that cuz we want to make a zine you can't "consume" quickly and then throw into the corner. We want people to really take their time and then get into it and maybe they even start to THINK after they read it.

I always say w.e., but this is why I am doing what I'm doing. There's around ten people contributing to every issue and their ideas and reasons might be different.

Okay, this is just a little introduction to myself and some things I do and think. I hope you write back (or I'll give your record a nasty review in

our next issue -- terrible threat, huh?) That's it for now. Cheers, love and flowers, if you swear you'll catch no fish.

Florian Helmchen  
Berlin

P.S. I had a few good laughs about the CRUCIAL YOUTH stuff in MRR #52.

*I'm glad somebody got the point about the hilarious and wonderful CRUCIAL YOUTH. MRR was deluged with letters complaining about the "straight edge fascists" (oops, there's that word again). Think about how I must feel when half the Germans I meet understand English better than my fellow Americans. LL*

## KALX in Trouble: Curtains For One of The Last Free Radio Stations?

Anyone who's had occasion to twirl a radio dial recently is well aware of the dismal state of our airwaves. We're told how fortunate we are to live in a country where radio and television are free to broadcast whatever they choose, but this much-vaunted freedom of choice usually boils down to the option of buying Pepsi or Coke, Ford or Chevrolet.

The Federal Communications Commission provides us with a staggering array of broadcast outlets, as many as 100 in some major markets, but a combination of market forces, regulations, and overt censorship assures that we end up with no more variety than, for example, England, much of which is served by only three or four stations, or the Soviet Union, where there is no pretense of an broadcasting industry independent of the state.

Economic censorship has always been a fact of life in American media; anything more controversial than a movie star's new hairdo, husband, or low-cut dress sends potential advertisers into a panic, and the major corporations which underwrite both the commercial and "non-commercial" versions of radio and television are virtually interchangeable with the government that grants the licenses, anyway. In the past year, though, the FCC has moved to directly censor radio broadcasts, in several cases actually threatening criminal prosecutions against individual stations.

Two of these involved stations in California, and carry ominous implications for the future of free expression in the broadcast media: The more overtly political was directed at Los Angeles' KPFK, a member of the left-wing Pacifica network, and sister station to KPFA in Berkeley. KPFK's crime was to air a play on the AIDS crisis that spoke graphically of the sexual practices that spread the disease. The Reagan administration, finding frank talk about sexuality more obscene than the unchecked spread of a fatal epidemic, warned the station that it could face charges for the dissemination of pornography.

Another case, seemingly more frivolous, but with equally sinister overtones, was brought against a Santa Barbara college station. Its offense was to play a popular underground song by a group called the Pork Dukes, the lyrics of which involve some blatantly sexual double entendres. The song has been played on college stations all over the country, along with lots of other songs that some people might find socially, morally, or politically offensive. The informal network of low-power, relatively freeform college stations has provided one of the few alternatives to homogenized corporate radio since the demise of the "underground" FM outlets of the hippie era. It's not surprising that the FCC has moved to clamp down on these last bastions of independent thought; it's more remarkable, in fact, that it has taken this long to get around to it.

The FCC, though, is only one of the forces arrayed against alternative radio. Berkeley's KALX, long renowned as one of the nation's best and most creative college stations, is having its life squeezed out from several directions. A chronic problem is the major record companies' discovery of college radio. Where once they ignored it as being too small and too avant-garde to be of any use, they have now learned to use it as a cheap source of promotion for their new product. Young student DJs are easily impressed by fast-talking, name-dropping A&R reps. Where seasoned professionals might demand major payola for plugging new records, a wide-eyed 19 year-old will often do it for a pair of concert tickets or a chance to go backstage and meet the latest underground sensation.

KALX has until now done a better job of resisting this trend than most college stations (the once-pioneering KUSF, for example, now presents an unlistenable mishmash of bland technopop) because of the exceptionally high quality of its on-air staff. Many of its DJs are more knowledgeable and more sophisticated than their counterparts at major corporate stations, and thus relatively immune to blandishments and hype. They receive no compensation for their time and labor except the reward of presenting music to the public that might otherwise never be heard. Now the University of California, the nominal operator of KALX, is trying to get rid of them.

The pretext being used is that KALX is, or should be, a student-run station. This ignores the reality that much of the KALX's funding comes directly from the community, not the university, as does much of the staff that has kept KALX going all these years. When, for instance, KALX wanted to up its power to 500 watts and go stereo, the money was raised by listeners all over the Bay Area, and not because they wanted to hear a bunch of students learning how to get jobs in the commercial broadcasting industry.

KALX has been a thorn in the university's side ever since the beginning of the 1970s, when it used to broadcast blow-by-blow accounts of the student and hippie riots that were then a regular occurrence. Along

with San Francisco's KUSF, it introduced punk rock to Bay Area airwaves in 1977, and punk and related underground music have been its mainstay ever since.

But in the past couple years, a great deal of pressure has been put on the station from another source: a loose-knit group of mostly minority students who claim that the predominance of "aggressive, guitar-based music" played largely by whites proves that KALX is a racist institution, and that a large part of the station's air-time should be given over to "third world" music. Sounds fair enough, doesn't it? What enlightened person wants be against the third world?

Unfortunately, much of the allegedly third world music that has made its way onto KALX as a result of these charges is indistinguishable from the Top 40 schlock one can hear on several black-oriented commercial stations, and still more of it is the often racist and sexist rap music that reflects as badly on black culture as moronic heavy metal does on white. There is a whole world of independent, alternative music being made by people of color, but too little of it seems to garner the attention of KALX's self-styled third worlders. Like some of the younger and more naive white student DJs, they seem content to play whatever the record companies send them.

A twelve-hour strike and picket line staged last month by KALX diehards gained some notice from the mass media and may have helped to slow down the university's anti-punk *putsch*. The station has survived grim times in the past, and may prove resilient enough to carry on despite all attempts to stifle its creativity. But the trend toward repression should serve notice to anyone with an interest in exciting and relevant broadcasting that the time is overdue to move outside normal channels, so to speak. Pirate stations have been popping up all over the east coast, and it's curious that California has yet to join the fun.

## I Read the *Times* Today, Oh Boy...

When I was a young lad in journalism school, teachers and students alike spoke of the New York *Times* in near-reverential tones. It was the pinnacle to which we cub reporters all aspired.

Were we laboring under a collective delusion, or has the *Times* really fallen so far in the intervening 20 years? Today it is little more than a domestic version of Nicaragua's CIA-sponsored *La Prensa*.

A particularly unpleasant illustration of this fact was provided by a recent dispatch from the *Times'* man in Managua, one Stephen Kinzer. "Jeane J. Kirkpatrick drove a wildly cheering crowd of Nicaraguans to the brink of delirium here Sunday," the story began. "No one could recall the last time an American visitor had received such a fervent reception," the article gushed on.

Perhaps no one in the American Embassy, Kinzer's apparent sole source of information about things Nicaraguan, could recall such a fervent reception accorded a visiting American, but then probably none of them had attended the concert given a couple weeks earlier by the San Francisco-based political rock group, the Looters, at which a whole stadium full of Nicaraguans cheered wildly and "began clapping rhythmically." Kirkpatrick's crowd, one would learn if one were to persevere through seven paragraphs of Kinzer's *Times* puff piece, was around 1000, composed largely of opposition political leaders and other U.S. government employees.

Kinzer devoted a full four sentences of the twelve-paragraph story to a comment by a Sandinista official, which he first characterized as "predictable." Nowhere did he mention how remarkable it was that Kirkpatrick, one of the most strident backers of the contra war against Nicaragua, was even allowed into the country to openly advocate the overthrow of its elected government, nor how this contrasts with the United States, which throughout the Reagan years has routinely denied admission to foreign visitors who have expressed even mild criticism of government policy.

Also on the subject of US hypocrisy... the Sandinista government, in accordance with the recently signed Central American peace plan (for which Costa Rican president Arias has just been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize and which the Reagan administration has been busily trying to sabotage), has allowed the virtually pro-contra *La Prensa* to reopen. The Sandinistas' original justification for shutting the paper down was that it was a CIA propaganda tool. Now, only weeks after resuming publication, *La Prensa* admits that it does indeed receive the bulk of its funding from the United States. How many Nicaraguan-financed newspapers do we have in this country supporting the military overthrow of the Reagan regime?

And isn't it strange that Daniel Ortega hasn't demanded that the United States hold free elections in advance of the next scheduled ones? After all, Ronald Reagan was installed in the oval office by a considerably smaller percentage of the voters than chose Ortega, despite the fact that Reagan faced considerably less opposition than did the Sandinista candidate.

*Society is like sex in that no one knows what perversions it can develop once aesthetic considerations are allowed to dictate its choices.*

--Proust

## LAWRENCE IN LOVE

OR

# "I wanna love you but you make me sick..."

I'm not too big on mechanical things. The inner workings of modern machinery, especially the kind that make loud noises, consume fossil fuels, and belch evil fumes into the atmosphere, fill me with terror.

This phobia translates into an instinctive distaste for all things automotive, which for a boy born and raised in the Motor City is like a young Shiite saying, "Wait a minute, I'm not sure I want to be a religious martyr." When I moved to San Francisco, one of the best things about my new home was that I didn't need a car; I could walk or take the bus just about anywhere worth going.

But in one of those maddening ironies that life specializes in, I eventually found myself living on top of a mountain 20 miles from the nearest excuse for a public transit system, as dependent on the automobile as a Los Angeles-based freeway killer. And not just any car can survive the Mendocino mountains. Your average street-level machine will shake and rattle itself into pieces in a year or two on the gravel-strewn ruts we occasionally refer to as roads.

But after sending a couple of vehicles to a premature grave before they could do the same to me, I found one that I could negotiate an uneasy truce with. It's an ugly color, not that you could tell for all the caked on mud. It's covered with dents, nicks, and other signs of neglect and abuse. As far as what goes on in that bizarre concatenation of metal and plastic under the hood, I have only the vaguest idea. But it doesn't matter, because almost nothing ever goes wrong with it.

Well, a couple of months ago I had a little problem. The instrument panel, which, in my residual paranoia, I watch with the anxious zeal of a pilot attempting the first circumnavigation of hyperspace, showed that the engine was getting a bit warmer than it should. Being alone on a ridgetop in the middle of the night and in the path of an advancing forest fire, I decided that maybe I should try to diagnose the problem myself. I concluded that it probably had something to do with all the water pouring out of the radiator.

For once I didn't panic. I calmly traced the leak to a plug that had broken off. Nothing to this, I thought; I just need to fasten it back on. How? Well, I didn't have any crazy glue, but as a musician I don't travel far without my roll of duct tape. Voilà, the plug was back in, the water stopped leaking, and I drove home thoroughly pleased with myself.

Days went by, then weeks, and the car purred along like it always had. Once in a while I thought about replacing the broken plug, but it didn't seem too urgent. And there was always more duct tape.

Cut to 5 a.m. one Thursday morning, and I'm lumbering up the Waldo Grade, that last massive hill before the rainbow tunnel and the descent to the Golden Gate Bridge and San Francisco. Why am I on my way into the city at this implausible hour, when I normally would be thinking about getting to bed? Have I finally relented and taken a high-paying job in the financial district?

No, I've been holed up in a seedy south Ukiah cantina until 2:00 a.m. finishing an article for the *Anderson Valley Advertiser*, which, ahem, editor Bruce ended up not even using till the following week. The name of the place, by the way, is Munchie's, and bears checking out by connoisseurs of local color. By just sitting there writing in a notebook I attracted a bigger crowd of curious onlookers than I could have by dancing nude on the tabletop, and when I asked the woman working at the counter if there were any dishes without meat, she looked alarmed, and said, "I'd better go get the manager."

My article finished and dropped off, I headed for Frisco, no more than four or five hours behind schedule, about normal for me. And oh yeah, I'm climbing this big old hill and is it just my imagination, or is the temperature gauge running a little warmer than normal? Just when I'm starting to seriously worry I make it to the top and start the long downhill coast to the bridge. As Chuck Berry once sang, "The heat cooled down, the motor cooled down, and that's when I heard that highway sound." Well, I don't know about the highway sound, but the engine temperature did look to be slipping back to where it should be. Until I was about halfway across the bridge, and there was no denying that it was creeping up again. Yeah, well, I only had a couple more miles to go; I could make it.

I made it off the bridge and a couple blocks into the slumbering Richmond district before the needle started flirting with the red zone. Even with my limited knowledge of machinery, I was aware that I only had a few minutes before the engine would start violently disassembling itself. No problem, though; all I had to do was find a place to pull over and shut off the motor. No problem, right; ever try to find a place to park in a typical San Francisco neighborhood at 5 a.m.? I'm not talking about legal parking places; that's a challenge any time of day. I mean just any place where you could stop your car besides the middle of the street.

At the last moment I found somewhere that was legal, or would be until 7:00 a.m. when it became a towaway zone. I lifted the hood and watched the last bit of water drain from the broken plug dangling from a piece of soggy duct tape. This time I couldn't fix it, and for the first time in 130,000 miles my beautiful yellow hulk was out of commission. I called the auto club, and they sent a driver who was even a bigger moron than me. The only thing he could figure out to do was to tow my car to a garage, and he came within an inch of destroying the transmission; would have in fact if I hadn't almost thrown myself in front of the tow truck and pointed out that the wheels of a car don't turn very freely when they're in gear.

It wasn't quite starting to get light when he drove away with my faithful old clunker wobbling ominously behind him. I watched for several blocks, until I could no longer tell his lights from those of the other traffic. I felt a big, empty awfulness, as if I were seeing my wife towed away the day the divorce became final.

Of course I was just imagining this; I've never been divorced, or married for that matter. I've had a few pretty serious relationships that ended semi-disastrously, so maybe I've got at least a vague idea of what it's like when the person you'd planned on spending the rest of your life with says, "See you later." But as I was thinking about this, I realized that even though I'd lived what looked like married life, I'd never made the total commitment to another person that a real marriage is about. There was always this sense somewhere in my mind that said, well, this is all right for now; I wonder how long it will last...

My last and longest survived almost four years before dying an ugly death. For the first year afterward, I was so shattered that I didn't really feel anything. The second year was a time of very painful healing. It was only then that I began to give serious thought to the question of if, when, or how I could love again. I was inclined to answer in the negative.

It wasn't that I didn't need and want human companionship; I could hardly remember a time in my life when I'd been so lonely. But there was no way I was going to let anyone get close enough to hurt me the way I'd been hurt this time. So it seemed the way to go would be to have only casual relationships, without too much emotional commitment. Sounds all right in theory, and I'm sure it works for some people. But I'd forgotten that I've never been exactly the social butterfly type. In fact I've been on about five dates in my whole life, and managed to get through all of high school and two and a half years of college before I ever had a girlfriend. And things have gone downhill since then.

I wasn't encouraged, either, when I mentioned my situation to one of the teenagers I play music with. "What are you, like 39 years old or something?" he offered, "You'll probably never find another girlfriend." And maybe he was right. It's been nearly three years, and I haven't. But I have managed to find something even worse. For almost a year now, I've been in love with someone who isn't (or claims she isn't) in love with me.

Well, if she says she isn't, shouldn't that settle it? She's old enough, and definitely intelligent enough to know what she feels. If I persist in romantic delusions about someone who's made it clear that I'm wasting my time, then it's my own fault if I get hurt. Right?

That seems logical enough. Trouble is, love has very little to do with logic, at least not the kind you learn in school. Trying to persuade yourself that you're not in love with someone is about as pointless as trying to persuade someone that he or she should be in love with you. Either it's happening or it's not; that's the conventional wisdom. True love is idealized as some cosmic force that's "bigger than both of us," that mysteriously and unpredictably sweeps into our lives, takes total control over us, and just as mysteriously and unpredictably dumps us out into the cold to scratch our heads and wonder what the hell hit us and how do we get it to happen again.

The reality of course is that love is at least partly a conscious decision. I'm not talking about the wild, unquestioning lust that the poets, the movie-makers, and teenage girls call being "in love," but about the kind of love that causes people to rearrange their lives, throw their destinies together, and set about recreating the world in their own image. That's sort of what's happening when two people get married and start a family. The fact that it almost never works out like they thought it would hasn't, after all these centuries, dissuaded people from trying it anyway.

As I was saying, normal logic isn't involved here. After a lifetime of battling the notion, I'm faced with the inescapable realization that I'm just like the rest of them, that I want to get married, have babies, and live happily ever after, too. I know it sounds dumb. In fact I've been stuck on this one sentence for about the last month, trying to decide whether I really mean it. But I'm pretty sure I do.

It's not that I've been inspired by most families I've seen. All but a few of them have been, at least to some degree, an unhappy mirror of the most unpleasant aspects of society. And kids are such ungrateful and demanding little monsters; why should I give up my time, my freedom, and possibly my sanity to raise some brats who for all I know might grow up to be yuppies or even Republicans?

Well, somebody has to do it, that's one possible answer. But there's more to it than that. I could get philosophical, like Plato saying that there are four things every man should do, build a house, plant a tree, write a book, and father a child. Which sounds very noble and reasoned and all, but it's really even simpler. It's just how life works.

I'd have to be pretty blind to live in the country this long without noticing that. It was the same back in the city, but never so obvious. There it was more of a fancy dress ball, lots of ornate masks and endlessly changing partners. It was easy to lose sight of the point. But I could have seen it if I'd been a little less dazzled by the neon and the hubris. The scraggly weeds that pushed themselves through any available crack in the concrete, struggling to stay alive long enough to drop their seeds... In the mountains I can't walk out my door without seeing that story duplicated ten million times all around me.

Yeah, and I know the world's a crowded place, and not all of us should have children, and some of us don't have the temperament for it anyway, and that some of us can do more to perpetuate the species by giving birth to ideas and values than to flesh and blood. No matter how we reproduce ourselves, though, there's something we call love involved, even if it's only the love of seeing ourselves reflected in the eyes of our children or our followers.

But we'd like to think it goes a little deeper than that, and in most cases it probably does. Yeah, there's an element of ego-gratification in the most selfless love; even Jesus probably wouldn't have been able to resist giving himself a little pat on the back if both of his hands hadn't been nailed down. And to be loved by someone that you just know is the most beautiful and wonderful person in the world can't help but make you feel like you're pretty hot stuff yourself.

But what about when the object of your affection treats you like a mangy dog that just wandered in out of the rain after getting sprayed by a skunk and insists on shaking its fleas all over her brand new shag carpet? And it doesn't matter if she boots you back out into the cold, chops up your dog house for kindling, and threatens to turn you into the SPCA if you ever darken her doorstep again; you don't care because at least she's paying attention to you. Is this love, or, as Jimi Hendrix once suggested, confusion?

I think it's love, though maybe not the kind we all hope and pray for. Our desires lead us up a lot of blind alleys, but unless we're hopelessly out of touch with ourselves, they also lead us where we've got to be. Like when I was moping around the other day and ran into my friend Slim, and he says, "Howya doing?" and I say, "Not so great, I got some problems..." and he just laughs and says, "Stepping stones across the water."

And that got me thinking about water and stones, how when I first came to the country I'd sit on some big old stones in the middle of the creek while it roared past me so loud I couldn't hear anything, not even the constant jabbering going on inside my brain. And sometimes I'd pile up a bunch of stones to make a dam and watch how the water would find some other way down hill, and how, sooner or later, it would take the rocks with it. And I saw how big jagged rocks that came crashing down from the mountain got turned into smooth polished stones. So it took a few dozen centuries? Water doesn't have to be in a hurry, and it always gets where it's going.

So I've lived maybe half my life, and I still only have the vaguest idea of what love's about, and what I thought it was about has brought me at least as much pain as joy. So I spend a year of my life pining after someone who wearily complains that this is always happening to her and sends me xeroxed photos of herself when she's feeling generous. I feel for her, too; I know unwanted attention can be worse than no attention at all. But hey, I didn't volunteer for this job, I was drafted.

Possibly neither one of us will ever come to our senses. She might never realize that no one will ever love her as much as I do, and I might never realize that even if it's true, she still doesn't care. Right now I hurt all over inside, and some part of me wants to be bitter and hateful and another part wants to just let my head droop down the way the bushes outside my door do when they've been rained on for too long.

But I'm not sorry. I could have wished for a happier ending, and maybe I'll still wind up with one. But the aim of love is not a person or a situation, or even happiness. Love is its own reason, its own cause and effect, and I count myself lucky to have been touched, however painfully, by it.

### I WANNA LOVE YOU (BUT YOU MAKE ME SICK)

*What's the matter with you what's the matter with me  
I think we've got each other's disease  
You look at me like I'm out of my head  
I look at you and I wish you were dead  
I've got a bad thing for girls like you  
But I guess you know that cause you do too  
I wonder how I ever got into this mess  
And you're still wearing that same ugly dress  
I asked my mama for help and she told me son  
If that's the best you can do then you'd better get a gun  
And blow your brains out all over the place  
At least you'll die with a smile on your face  
But she was just joking at least I think she was  
She's got a funny way of doing that I think it's because  
She's sick of all my problems and she's not the only one  
My brain's tied up in knots and it's not that much fun  
So what's the big deal my friends all ask me  
You've got a beautiful girlfriend you should be happy  
She's brilliant she's wise in good taste too  
And I have to admit that you really know how to do  
All the things a man could ever want in a lover  
And I never really thought about looking for another  
But sometimes when I look at you I just wanna choke  
I never knew love could be such a bad joke  
Pretty soon we'll get married raise a family  
And our kids will all be just as fucked up as me  
We'll live stupidly ever after and I know it's no lie  
Cause people like us are too boring to die  
We'll watch TV when we're old and grey  
And what's left of our brains will just drift away  
Our friends all say we're a pick to click  
I wanna love you but you make me sick*

--the LOOKOUTS

I feel myself changing. I grow a little more tired and a little more wise. I still feel like a stranger in this world. But I know that I can love, and because of that I feel a little less alone.

I guess I'm like one of those rocks in the stream, with the water rushing over and around me, carrying little bits of me off to the sea and constantly reshaping me into something I can no sooner start to recognize than it's changed into something else again. But one of these days I'm going to learn to be like the water, and I'll go splashing down the hillside and past the towns and cities, and nothing will be able to stop me from getting where I'm going, which is really nowhere except on my way.

## music can make you stupid

In keeping with usual custom, we'll start off this month's barrage with corrections of all the misinformation that's appeared in the last couple of columns. So I guess **NO DOGS** didn't really break up, they just lost their guitarist, and now they've got a new one, so I look forward to seeing them once more strutting across the stages of the world (actually I've never seen them yet) but I warn you, my own dogs don't think your name is so funny and they may be coming with me to your next gig to enforce that point. As long as we're out there in the nether reaches of the East Bay, where it seems that just about everything that's happening these days is happening, watch for Benicia's own **POULTRY MAGIC**, bringing their own brand of hard-boiled-core to the cultural center of the universe, that being Gilman Street of course, on November 13 or 27 or something. I don't know, go check the calendar yourself. And in response to complaints that this supposed music scene report is really just the Gilman Street report, you'll be happy to know that because I've been in Mendocino most of the time these past couple months, I don't even know what's going on at Gilman Street. It won't stop me from making things up, anyway.

Probably this will already have happened by the time you read this, but the most mega show ever at the west Berkeley hot spot is set for November 1 to celebrate the release the 12-band compilation of Gilman Street bands on **MRR Records**. It's nothing short of amazing how many new and exciting bands have come to life as a result of having a consistently cool place to play. The name of the **MRR** comp is **TURN IT AROUND**, and that's what Gilman Street has done for what was almost a totally dead Bay Area scene. Back in the summer of '86, when we were still struggling to get an operating permit from the city of Berkeley, there was a lot of stary-eyed talk, but you got the feeling that even those who were pushing hardest to make it happen had their doubts if Gilman Street would ever become a reality. But against all odds it did, and without exaggerating I can say that it's turned into the most dynamic and creative underground scene I've encountered since the early days of the hippies.

Maybe even more so; the often bizarre and inexplicable goings-on are for the most part generated without benefit of the psychoactive chemicals that gave the hippies such a potent kick in the mental behind. A 14-year old Gilman newcomer took a look around and the numerous examples of raving gooniness (what makes you think I was talking about you, **WALTER?**) and opined, "Boy, everybody must be really stoned here." He was looking right at **DAVY NORMAL** when he said it; **DAVY**, as everyone knows, is in addition to being this year's poster boy for **NANCY REAGAN's** Straight and Alert campaign, is also one of the Bay Area's prime advertisements for mental health.

Oh, but speaking of mental health, I'm reminded of the precarious state of my own, as illustrated by my immediately forgetting what I started out to do a few paragraphs back, which was to correct the outpouring of egregious errors that characterized the last **MCMYS** column. You'll remember, of example, some mention being made of those zany trash-and-bashers **SOCIAL YOUTH CHAOS**; well, as I've now been told by more people than I care to enumerate or listen to, their September show was not their debut at all, that having come way back in June. Well, gee guys, I'm sorry, but I was in England or someplace like that and I guess you just didn't make enough impact on the punk rock world for the news to travel across the ocean that fast. And what's the future for **SYC**? Rumor has it that they may already have peaked, and I wasn't even there... Oh yes, and **JEROD POORE** wants me and presumably everyone else to know that it's now **JEROD PORE**, in honor, one supposes of his new zine **POPPIN' ZITS!** And moving on to yet another manifestation of the elaborate **INCOHERENT** nexus, **HALF BLIND** had an unpleasant experience at their Gilman Street show last month when psycho noise artists **HELIOS CREED**, whom **HALF BLIND** had gotten on the bill, refused to relinquish the stage, thus denying **HALF BLIND** a chance to play. But then, as **TEN TALL MEN** used to moan, **WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?**

One more correction, and an expatiation: last month's **YEASTIE GIRLZ** item was incomplete; the third member of the mega-def trio is the magnificent **JOYCIE** (pronounced like the state) who you may have seen womanning the Gilman Street concession room, touchingly known as the **UNDERSTAND**. The **YEASTIES** tore it up at the September 11 benefit show with their entertaining and informative raps on subjects that nice girls (or boys) are not generally known to talk about in public, accompanied by graphic visual aids like the amazing quacking speculums (specula?) and vaginal discharge yogurt. The women in the crowd looked delighted to see and hear something on stage reflecting realities closer to their everyday lives than the more typical bands of what **BABOON DOOLEY** called "skinny white people with angst." Many of

the men loved it too, and I'm sure quite a few of them learned something; I can't have been the only one there who didn't know what a speculum was. I had eaten yogurt before, though.

While we're on the subject of females... No, wait, first we have to talk about one of the best surprises of the September 11 show, the

**THINKING FELLERS UNION LOCAL 282**, who, now that I think of it, do have one female member. But that's not the point; what is the point is that these **FELLERS** make some incredibly rhythmic and enjoyable music that manages the too rare feat of being complex without being at all pretentious. It's only too bad that **TFUL282** had to play last on a very long night, so the crowd had already noticeably thinned out, and their set was also marred by the night's only truly unpleasant incident, when a gang of bullies tried to storm the front door. To their credit, the **FELLERS** not only stopped playing, but joined in to stop the trouble. Drummer **PAUL** was particularly valiant. Another cool thing was when the police showed up at 3 a.m. to investigate; they walked in to the spectacle of about 50 punk rockers sitting quietly in a semi-circle conducting a meeting about the liability insurance crisis that has hit Gilman. When's the last time you heard of an insurance man going to jail, by the way? And why not?

Now I was going right on to talk about **FRIGHTWIG**, but wait; first you have to hear about the astounding show put on by the two bands that played right before them on September 19. **THE MR T EXPERIENCE** are no strangers to this column, and with good reason; they've always been a great band, and were probably already good before they even started playing together. So I expected their set to be impressive and it was. But as much as I've always liked **THE SWEET BABY JESUS** (the band), nothing could have prepared me for how powerful they've become. Long ago **MR T** guitarist/vocalist **DR FRANK** ventured the opinion that **TSBJ** were "the new **RAMONES**." Well, with the old **RAMONES** now reduced to doing overpriced punk nostalgia events for the **BILL GRAHAM/BOBBY CORONA** rock mafia (they refused to do some **FARM** shows for **PAUL RAT**, allegedly because there wasn't enough money in it for them), **THE SWEET BABY JESUS** are now, in my opinion, better than the **RAMONES**, and probably have a brighter future. That is if guitarist **MATT** doesn't follow through on his threat to move to Scotland(?;?!?). Don't ask me; I don't make these things up, I just print them.

Oh yes, finally, **FRIGHTWIG**... There was a time, back in the early 80s, when I really hated this band, and I don't think I was the only one. Then there was a number of years when I didn't think much at all about **FRIGHTWIG** and I imagine they thought even less about me. But somewhere in that time they learned to perform the pretty neat trick of turning their random art noise into highly rhythmic and melodic music. It's got that tribal beat that I love so well, and it's wonderfully unburdened by the macho posturing that turns so many male hardcore outfits into unfunny clown acts.

I've been especially fascinated by guitarist **REBECCA**. Even though I pluck at the old six-string myself from time to time, I've never been too partial to the instrument itself. Most guitar stars have tended to be men who brandished their axes in the same phallic manner as the more mechanically inclined do their motorcycles, sports cars, or chain saws. In fact, I read this article a couple years ago that I've always wished I would have clipped out, because I can't remember exactly how it described the typically male approach to guitar music. But it went something like this: nearly all standard rock music is based on the blues guitar scale, which creates an essentially pounding and driving sound. Or lunging and thrusting, if you will, with endless flourishes and ripples of extraneous notes that serve much the same purpose as the extended tail feathers of a courting peacock.

Women seem less inclined to want to play in this style, though there's no doubt they can if they choose to; witness **JOAN JETT** and others of her ilk. But the best female guitarists I've seen, and **FRIGHTWIG**'s **REBECCA** is definitely one of them, tend to opt for a more rhythmic sound, one that is at once subtle and insistent. Instead of screeching "Listen to me," it hypnotizes listeners, moves through their whole bodies and sets their whole bodies to moving. The point was brought home to me on a couple of recent occasions as I watched **FRIGHTWIG** covering the ancient **CREAM** classic, **SUNSHINE OF YOUR LOVE**. The band turns it into a whole new song that makes the **CREAM** original sound pretty limp by comparison. Bassist **DEANNA** carries much of the melody on her instrument, while **REBECCA**, doing not much more than strumming chords, effortlessly shows up **ERIC CLAPTON** and his legions of slavish whitebread imitators as the painfully uptight wankers they are. I guess **SUNSHINE OF YOUR LOVE** always a great song; it just took 20 years for a band to come along that was good enough to play it.

**MDC** is off to Europe October 18, basking in the glow of a positive review for their new **MILLIONS OF DAMN CHRISTIANS** LP from **MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL**'s most influential commentator **TIM (YOMAMA) YOHANNAN** and a spate of well-received shows around the Bay Area, including at least two that were stopped by the police. The more legendary of the two took place on the roof of San Francisco's nearly world famous **RATHOUSE**, which just happens to be situated across the street from where some geezer dressed up in white robes and calling himself **JESUS CHRIST**'s personal representative on earth was performing some weird voodoo ritual which required the presence of some

2500 police and secret service men to make sure no one got near him while he said the magic words. Oh yeah, I think he was named the poop or the pope or something like that, and he must not be an **MDC** fan, because the boys only got to play one song (**THIS BLOOD'S FOR YOU**) before he sent a bunch of guys in uniforms and suits with two-way radios sticking out



Graphic by Marty Maceda

of their ears to put a stop to the concert and take **MDC**'s equipment down to the police station. All this fun took place on September 17, the 200th anniversary of the US constitution. Greaat way to celebrate, everybody, and I'll see you all next month.....!

And some late-breaking music biz newz: despite the grim signs of a collapsing economy, a major corporate merger has been announced between San Francisco's **SPROCKET Records** whose first release, a 7" from East Bay powerthrashers **CORRUPTED MORALS**, will be out soon, and **LOOKOUT! Records**, an enterprise masterminded by guess who. Bands expected to be releasing vinyl with the newly formed conglomerate include **ISOCRACY**, **OPERATION IVY**, and **STIKKY**. Already out on **LOOKOUT! Records** is the first LP from the **LOOKOUTS**, and I had to stick that in there because I just realized I'd written a whole column without plugging my own band once. I mean, what's the point, right...?

## Reviews

*Note: This month's reviews are all of live shows from the Emerald Triangle. To all of you who've sent in records, tapes, zines, dirty underwear, or other objects for review, I hope to get to them next month. Also, I just might get around to finally printing some reviews of shows I saw last summer in Europe.*

Lawrence

### STRICTLY ROOTS, October 3 at the Uklah Grange

by Kain Kong

Yawn and double yawn... The place was packed with sharply dressed white teenagers come to get stoned and dance "disco zombie" style all through the night. There were a few hippie types. And of course the rastafarians, you know, the cult fanatics that are evidently too lazy or too stoned to comb their hair.

Then came the music. Hours on end of the same song, at least I think it was the same song, played over and over. As for their sound, it was like **BOB MARLEY**, **UB40**, **ROOTSTOCK**, etc., etc., etc...

The monotonous, never-changing beat soon had me snoring away. When the friends that I had come with woke me up to leave, it was 2:00 in the morning, and who do you suppose were still on stage sending out their maddening mellow vibrations? You guessed it: **STRICTLY ROOTS**, the same guys who had put me to sleep at 8:00 at the beginning of their show. Six hours of the same band? Come on guys, that's a little much. I heard they were going to play another two hours and then another band was going to play. Oh boy!

I left the place feeling thoroughly annoyed, depressed, and sorry I hadn't stayed home to watch *Wheel of Fortune* reruns.

### RED HOTS, October 10, at the Crossroads, Laytonville

A really impressive outing for an Indiana Slim and Baby Lee's revamped and stripped down outfit. No more piano player, and a new drummer: Mark, who used to work with Laytonville's now defunct **THE FRONT**. It was always obvious that Mark was a talented skin batterer, but with **THE FRONT**'s heavy reliance on electronic drums, the full measure of his ability never shone through the way it does now that he's pounding exclusively on the real things.

Mark's powerful and resonant beat combines perfectly with Bear Kamoroff's spare and quietly inspired bass lines; together Mark and Bear make up a rock solid rhythm section that gives Slim the latitude to take his guitar wizardry to places I've never heard him go before. There's no way I can describe the sounds he was setting free from his instrument, other than to say that I was transfixed in a way I haven't since the long-gone glory days of the **GRATEFUL DEAD** (and no, I wasn't on drugs).

Slim's partner Baby Lee joined in at times on rhythm guitar, and at others on marimbas or tambourine. Her role in the band seems as much spiritual as musical. To sum it up: the new incarnation of the **RED HOTS** has broken through into higher ground than I would have ever expected based on my past perception of them as essentially a highly competent r&b band. Let's hope they keep on growing.

A word is also in order about the good old Crossroads: it continues to amaze me that a frontier outpost like Laytonville could be home to such a thoroughly comfortable and pleasant place. The diversity in ages and lifestyles of the patrons makes many big city bars look homogenous by comparison, and yet I've never seen anything even

approaching a tight there (to be fair, I'm far from a regular, stopping in probably no more than a couple times a month). It's also one of the very few bars I've been to where I don't feel at all uncomfortable about not drinking.

A special treat for Crossroads patrons this Saturday night was the sight of Yorgos Savides and a friend doing their "wild man" dances while their female companions did their best to follow along. If a photographer was present, it might make for some outstanding campaign literature when Yorgos makes his run for mayor of Laytonville. Oh, one more note about the Crossroads: Hey Dave! Let's get LAS MALANDRAS back again, OK?

### LAS MALANDRAS, *Andar a Nicaragua* Benefit, Beginnings, Briceland, October 24

Speaking of those wonderful women, they put on what must have been one of the best shows to ever have happened in this end of the state. It wasn't just the music, which of course was too great for me to even try to describe, but the whole event. If anybody needed proof that the Emerald Triangle has given birth to a true alternative culture, one that's fast becoming as indigenous to these misty mountains as the native one killed by the white man in the last century, it was all here tonight.

Beginnings is a beautiful building, a grander version of the handmade homes that have sprouted all over the hills of Humboldt and Mendocino. Because it's a community center, not a bar, people of all ages were here tonight, and the mixture of generations was matched by the diversity of styles. And nary a discouraging word, either, unless you count Estrella's warning to some teenagers who were drinking outside to "take it somewhere else" (alcohol is not allowed in Beginnings). Heavy metal kids danced alongside lesbian couples and one wild, bare-breasted warrior woman and never batted an eye. Little children and dogs (no, I'm not trying to equate the two) wove their way among the dancers, and the youngest kids slept peacefully in the corners.

It always makes for a better time, for me at least, when there's a greater purpose than just dancing and having fun, not that there's anything wrong with that. But all the money raised tonight was going to send alternative medicine to Nicaragua, and knowing that made the energy all the more powerful. For one night, at least, it didn't seem at all that far from tropical Nicaragua to the cold and foggy mountains of Humboldt County. The music soared across the borders of geography and human ignorance, and one people reached out to another, to be reminded once more that they were one people.

LAS MALANDRAS were the focus of this evening, but a whole lot of others worked to make it a success. Most of them were women, which shouldn't be remarkable, but considering the way that men have traditionally dominated the worlds of both music and politics, it's worth noting. Overall, a night to remember, and I will, for a long time.

Now for the bad news: LAS MALANDRAS are going to be taking a break from performing, which means you have only one more chance to see them before who knows when... They're doing another benefit for Nicaragua, in association with the Sister City Project, and I believe it's on November 14 in Arcata. If you ever needed a reason to venture into the far uncharted realms of North Humboldt, this should be it. Let me emphasize again, in case it hasn't yet penetrated your thick skulls: LAS MALANDRAS are the most amazing musical event to have emerged from the North Coast since probably ever. Miss them and you be a major fool.

## Letter from Lawrence

*Hmmm, we seem to have missed October. Well, a funny thing happened, no, really.... I actually did have the October issue done on time, way back around the 6th or 8th. I stayed up all night laying it out, and at 6 a.m. I was getting ready to lie down for a couple hours before heading over to the printer. Then I decided I just didn't like it. I mean it was OK, but I couldn't get very enthusiastic about it, and finally I said to myself, "Well, you're always yapping about saving the trees; how are you going to justify using all that paper to print something you don't really think is that worthwhile" I hate having these kind of arguments with myself, especially at 6 a.m., because I always lose.*

*So I went back to work, and I don't know, I hope I've managed to improve things a little. Some of the stories are a little bit old now, while others are brand new. It's been a real hard issue for me to produce; I hope you don't find it equally hard to read. Anyway, this October makes three years since the LOOKOUT first appeared with a press run of 50 and a circulation that didn't extend much beyond one road on one obscure mountain. I'm now up to 2000 copies and getting read in most of the states of this country and about 10 other countries. I still spend a lot of time asking myself what the hell I'm doing this for, so keep on sending all those cards and letters to remind me, OK? And thanks for reading this, and thanks for being there.*

*Lawrence*

"City hall has flipped  
& swung to a drunken  
zoo, & all you cats  
have goofed to Wig-City"  
--Lord Buckley

Because All States Are Police States & All Police Are Secret Police - I've always lived in FEAR. I who have lived through the Annihilation of BeBop. I was with the Beatniks as they O.D.ed on tons of evil dope. I was left behind when the Merry Pranksters escaped to Afghanistan from L.A. I visit Millbrook to give Leary a painting & the kitchen is full of JUNKIES cooking breakfast. I didn't move from Haight Street until the killing started.

"Seems she was a flower child just last week,  
& now she's got the clap & she's a needle freak"

The Mafia pockets the money & pays the world to look the other way - pays very, very well. And the world buys Wigtappers, & Stripteasers, & Timeclocks, & Cowboy Movies, & Black Markets, & Prayerbooks, & Media Hype, & Games to Play, & doctors Madder than Frankenstein.

O, Waste.

O, Hypocrisy.

O, Mankind.

Moses & Abraham; Christ and Krishna; Buddha & Mohammad are CRYING in their tombs.

II

"Force will be used  
on any one who  
doesn't volunteer."

--Hugo Ball

The Camps & Prisons & Reservations spread over the face of the earth - The Trials & The Executions. Only a few escape the MANHUNTS; & the people lose their lives, & wives & kids. Lose their homes, & lands, & beaches. Lose their trees, & their farms, & their rivers. Lose their businesses, & their hopes, & their Dreams. Lose their eyes, & their minds, & their Freedoms. Lose the very AIR they breathe, & their IMMORTAL SOULS.

YOU ALL GOT YOUR FINGERS  
IN THIS BLOODY PIE.

You ARM yourself against the poor, & the mad, & the children who are pure of heart; & pay your taxes & collect your rents, & pensions, & interests & profit margins. Vote for Bigger Armies & More Police; & jurk yourself off, while you count your GOLD, & drink BLOOD.

And I'll be there with DADA when the people of this planet are ALL on their Bellies Howling like MAD DOGS at the Stars.

*Found on the bathroom door of the Rathouse, San Francisco. Author unknown.*

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