

LOOKOUT!

MENDOCINO MOUNTAIN LOOKOUT

Number 6

June 1985

Pope Calls
For Global
Terrorism

Reagan's

Can Executions Be Humane?

Death Camp

Babies Recovering
After Taking LSD

Serious plans for our national parks 'Contra Training Camp'

Reagan On Drugs Swallows Cocaine

'Day of Hate' At Torture Museum

Pope Stoned

Humans, Rats,
Monkeys Set
To Blast Off

Reagan hails *Drug-Abuse*

Son of Hitler

Reagan at Nazi reunion

Reagan to Visit Soldier's Tomb, Disney World

Why the Rabbis Chose Abortion A Tribute To Agent Orange

Reagan Defends Nazis

Sex-Scandal

Should I
Have Kids?

We'll pay you to learn.

Yep, we've got so much money we can hardly spend it all. And we'll pay you to learn how to:

- Murder civilians around the world
- Torture peasants, rape women, napalm kids
- Uphold bloodthirsty dictatorships

And all in the name of democracy!

How cheaply can you be bought?



Marines

Having a tough time coming up with the money to pay for a college education? That's not surprising, since federal financial aid to higher education has dropped 25% under Reagan. Well, where did you think all that money went? That's right! We've got our hands on so much of it we've had to come up with innovative ways to spend it—like \$7,000 coffee pots and \$400 hammers, just to mention a few items that you've read about recently. Now you too can cash in on fat pentagon payoffs, just like the big weapons merchants do! And all you have to do is sell yourself: Be a whore for the pentagon!

America's Empire is the biggest and baddest the world has ever known. But it's beginning to crumble. Yes, it seems that some uppity people in places like Nicaragua, El Salvador, South Africa and the Philippines think that they've actually got the right to run their own countries. We'll, they're going to have to reckon with the U.S. Marines. We specialize in propping up right-wing despots. We've done it before, and we'll do it again. And that's where *you* come in. We can't do it without you—the poor brainwashed saps who're looking for a quick buck and are willing to do *anything* for it.

A murder by any other name is still a murder.

A public service message brought to you by the Coalition for Creative Rabble Rousing. For more information, turn off your TV, open your eyes and use your head for a change.

EBP-DA | www.eastbaypunkda.com

MENDOCINO SECEDES FROM PLANET EARTH

Dr. Crank Greasy, chief spokesperson for Mendocino County Anarchists (MCA), announced today that effective immediately Mendocino County was dissolving all ties to the planetary sphere of influence, and that henceforth Mendocino residents would no longer be bound by any outside authority, natural, man-made, or extraterrestrial.

"Too long," opined Dr. Greasy, "have Mendocinians been held down by such archaic, obsolete, and unenforceable statutes as the law of gravity and the relativity of time and space. We must begin to break out of the confining strictures produced by a mindless and slavish adherence to such nebulous concepts as 'reality.'

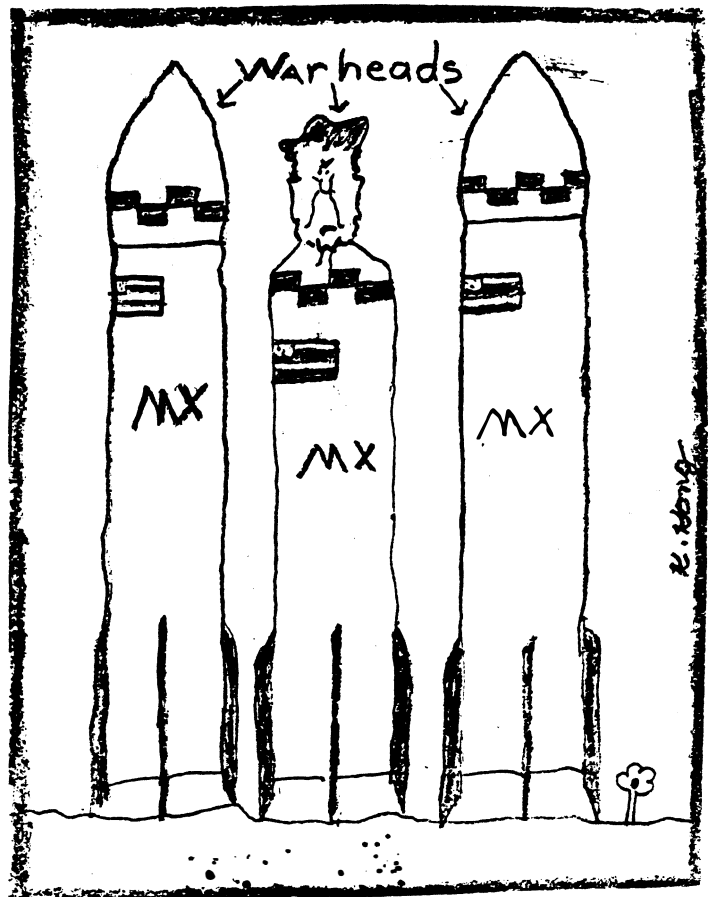
"I know," he continued, "that there will be those negativists and doom-sayers who will bleat like frightened sheep to the effect that we just can't do such a thing, but we all know that power rests in the consent of the governed, and I can no longer in good conscience give my consent to such timeworn immutables as death, taxes, and there being no such thing as a free lunch. I say free breakfast, lunch, and dinner for everybody, and cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, too."

Rival groups immediately accused Greasy and MCA of sowing the seeds of chaos and dissension, and vowed strong measures to block the planned secession. "The absence of a strong central authority would make it next to impossible to achieve our goal of completely defoliating Mendocino County by the year 2000," protested a representative of the anti-environmental group, the Mendocino Browns. "These anarchists are obviously acting in direct collusion with

those godless atheists in the Kremlin, if not as direct agents of Satan himself."

Harry Foulsmell, an ordained minister of the United Church of Jesus Christ Impaled on a Barbecue Spit, went on to say that he has had a message from God ordering that all anarchists, hippies, punk rockers, and persons of dubious sexuality should be rounded up and processed into asphalt to be used in the planned paving over of Lake Mendocino and the nearby Marilyn Butcher Toxic Waste Preserve and Herbicide Sanctuary. Local religious leaders seconded that notion, adding that if people really wanted to be free they would follow the example of their lord and saviour Jesus Christ and nail themselves to crosses.

Left somewhere in the middle of all this was county government, which at last report had accidentally locked itself in a courthouse bathroom and was feverishly debating whether to send for a locksmith or to pass a strongly worded resolution deploring the whole affair.



DEMENTED TEACHER TORMENTS STUDENTS WITH POINTLESS PUZZLES

Are you good at crossword puzzles? Do you even like the stupid things? If not, be thankful you're not a student at Laytonville High School, where a notoriously incompetent teacher has decided that they're the best way to learn English.

Never mind that people don't generally write or speak in little down and across boxes, or that many people with a reasonably good command of English (myself included) are totally useless when it comes to doing crossword puzzles; if your puzzle IQ is not up to snuff, there goes your English grade.

This paragon of the teaching profession is also famous for having forbidden her students to use sheets of paper torn from notebooks because the little bits of paper get on her living room carpet while she's watching TV and grading their assignments. (one LHS student to another: "How come we didn't get our test papers back?" A.: The teacher's TV set broke down.)

It is rumored, but could not be confirmed, that the same teacher wants to start a music appreciation class that will consist of requiring students to watch "Name That Tune" every night.

LOCAL WOMAN BOASTS OF RAISING FIVE SONS FOR CANNON FODDER

Last month a Laytonville woman wrote to the Ledger proclaiming her pride that her son had qualified for training as a jet pilot for the United States Marine Corps. She went on to enumerate her other sons, soldiers all save the youngest, who has not yet reached the legal age for cannon fodder.

Far be it from me to rain on this woman's parade, but I think she should get some facts straight. First of all, there is nothing particularly honorable about being a soldier; on the contrary, it has always been and continues to be a disreputable profession at best. What else can you say about a group of hired or conscripted killers?

Yes, I know our proud parent would rather focus on the more glamorous aspects of military servitude, such as piloting those sleek silver birds across the azure skies (and soon to be raining fiery death on innocent Nicaraguan peasants) or singing the Navy chorus at some televised beauty pageant (I don't know if this woman has any daughters, but if she does, would she want them paraded like so many slabs of meat before American consumers while Uncle Sam's professional killers tooted martial tunes of death and glory?), but neither her motherly myopia nor the incessant television advertising portraying the military as an exciting and challenging adventure for young men on the move can obscure the grim overriding reality that the real business of these armed men is death.

What is an army, anyway? It is a collection of individuals who so little value life, their own or others', that they will kill or allow themselves to be killed for a handful of money and some cheap nationalistic propaganda. Whether they follow Adolf Hitler or Ronald Reagan, Ayatollah Khomeini or

José needs new fatigues.



AND YOU CAN HELP JOSÉ AND THOUSANDS LIKE HIM
 WHY FOR ONLY \$50 A DAY—THE PRICE OF A MR. COFFEE!—YOU CAN SPONSOR A FREEDOM FIGHTER FOR A WHOLE YEAR!
 WONT YOU SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO:
JEANE'S KIDS
 % The Washington Times
 A MAN NEVER STANDS SO TALL AS WHEN HE STOOPS TO ARM A BOY

some religious nut who claims to be speaking for Jesus Christ, the result is the same: ordinarily decent but tragically gullible young men and women relinquish their humanity and become brutal killers at the behest of some cheap politician who has managed to cloak him or herself in the tawdry colors of flag and country.

Those dead Nazis that Ronald Reagan honored at Bitburg last month have one very important thing in common with soldiers everywhere: they followed orders without questioning the source. When Reagan orders our sons and daughters to invade Nicaragua and El Salvador, or for that matter when he sends them to lay waste to Mendocino County (how else are we going to clean up this horrible marijuana menace?) they will do what they are told without hesitating because they are "good" Americans.

We all know about the "good" Germans, don't we? They're the ones who went along with Hitler's murderous schemes because it was the law and they wanted Germany to "stand tall" again. Sound familiar? It should.

Ironically, or perhaps not, the same woman wrote the following week in the Ledger about a so-called "Singspiration" (which a delightful printer's error rendered as "Sinspiration") at the Assembly of God, a local Christian death cult. I don't know why I should be surprised, seeing that society's most rabid killers, right on up to Ronald Reagan, profess to be followers of the man who taught us to love our enemies and to turn the other cheek to those who do us harm, but somehow I can't see Jesus Christ in a United States Marine Corps uniform, bayoneting babies on behalf of **corporate America**. Come to think of



it, wasn't he the one who was killed by some good religious people for defying the authority of church and state?

30 Pieces of Silver Bid for Seized Pot Farm

The government's latest bit of draconian nonsense aimed at stamping out Mendocino's principal agricultural product came a bit of cropper when it was unable to find a single person to bid on the Bell Springs ranch extorted from Rique and Natasha Kuru.

Local hero Russ Moro made a highly appropriate offer of thirty silver dollars, and an elderly onlooker said he'd be willing to fork over a dime for the property, but with the minimum bid set at \$100,000, along with the

provision that the property be immediately forfeited again if the new owner was found to be growing marijuana, the result, or lack thereof, was a foregone conclusion. The only one to benefit from the whole sordid business was the original mortgage holder, who, having already collected \$20,000 from the Kurus, now gets the property back and no doubt already has it on the market, with the most likely buyer being another would-be pot grower.

Undeterred by the auction debacle, the government has stated that it plans to press ahead with wholesale land seizures under the as yet untested 1984 law used against the Kurus. Pot growers will not be the only ones crying the blues if the feds get away with this sort of overt fascism; local real estate agents have already observed that land prices will plummet to a fraction of what they are today, and that would only be the first step in a shattering of the North Coast economy that will impact drastically on many citizens who have never even seen a marijuana plant.

In other marijuana news, the Board of Stupes has once more looted the public treasury to finance

its holy war against the vicious weed. The latest removal of \$250,000 from the county's emergency reserves to be poured down the Sheriff's Department-District Attorney rathole came despite warnings that this bit of fiscal irresponsibility could wreck the county's credit rating and end up costing the taxpayers a great deal of money.

Is there anyone who seriously believes that a majority of this county's taxpayers want their money misused in this fashion, while public roads, schools and libraries continue to deteriorate? At a recent meeting of the Greens which I attended, a question was raised about what issues might be used to organize the large number of politically apathetic Mendocinians, particularly now that the herbicide issue has been partially defused by L-P's temporary halt in spraying. I suggest that the marijuana issue is the one that touches the broadest segment of our community. While we have little control over what the state and federal governments do, it is absolutely outrageous that our local government continues to misrepresent the will of the people by participating in and avidly supporting these ill-conceived schemes. How about a ballot initiative directing that no more county funds be used to support CAMP or other anti-marijuana programs?

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS!

BY COURT ORDER, CAMP FORCES

1. ARE FORBIDDEN TO enter any private property other than open fields by foot, vehicle or Helicopter without a search warrant; this means CAMP FORCES can not invade your home or yard without a warrant.
2. ARE FORBIDDEN TO use helicopters for general surveillance except over open fields. This means CAMP FORCES can not survey your home, or area around it by helicopter.
3. ARE FORBIDDEN TO use helicopters to intentionally fly within 500 feet of any residential structure, person or vehicle, or within 500 feet of your home and the area around it.
4. MUST TAKE the most direct route available that overflies the fewest possible private residences when CAMP helicopters are ferrying personnel, supplies, or cut crops, and they MUST FLY AT HEIGHTS OF 500 feet except when landing, taking off, or for safety.

IF YOU OBSERVE ANY VIOLATION OR POSSIBLE VIOLATION OF THESE COURT ORDERS, PLEASE CALL THE CIVIL LIBERTIES MONITORING PROJECT AT (707) 923-2233. ALL REPORTS WILL BE HELD IN THE STRICTEST CONFIDENCE UNLESS YOU DECIDE OTHERWISE.

If you want information about a possible money damage award for violation of your civil rights by CAMP FORCES since 1983, call (707) 923-2233, or write CLMP, P.O. Box 307, Miranda, CA, 95553.

From Mendocino Country

LETTERS TO THE LOOKOUT

Dear LL

I have just recently learned that woodrats - also known as pack rats - are very fond of pot plants. As a consequence many are poisoned by growers of the weed...Please do not poison these critters who have a place in the ecosystem. Especially in the watershed of Elder Creek, the surrounding mountains, Cahto Peak, Elkhorn Ridge, Brush Mountain. The wood rat is a staple in the diet of the rare and endangered spotted owl. And those who are trying to help the species survive are noticing a very considerable decrease in the number of wood rats. One of the friends of the owl friends admitted to having poisoned (by poison traps) over 100 wood rats in one year. No doubt other growers are doing the same thing. Trap them in box traps (Havahart type) and dump them as far as possible from the "garden" areas.

Live and let live. We don't want to persecute the growers, but we don't want to deprive the poor little owls of their rightful sustenance, either. These owls have a tough time surviving as it is.

Perhaps you can find room for a few words on this in the LOOKOUT. Am sure that it will reach at least some of the growers and hopefully they will pass the word.

Thanks again for being a media meeting place in this community.

Ruth Douglas
Laytonville

Dear Lawrence,

The subject is vigilantism in Mendocino County. The idea comes from information printed in local newspapers, summer 1984.

Briefly, the story. A young white man played a game of softball in Boonville on a Sunday afternoon. The man hit home a winning run, in

a good mood, hitched a ride back to Ukiah. He never reached his destination.

Along the route his body was dumped beside the road. Details of the crime came out in Willits and Ukiah newspapers. It seems, two locals of Latino heritage agreed to take the ballplayer and another man, an undocumented Mexican national, in their car to Ukiah. On the road, the Mexican reached forward from the back seat with a knife and cut the throat of the white man, killing him.

Soon, the two locals went to the police with information that resulted in the arrest of the alleged killer. He was booked into the county jail. But later stories appeared that said the alleged killer, he never came to trial, had somehow escaped. He was, probably, safe, back in Mexico.

End of story.

The Marston trial now underway in Mendocino County is a great expense, a million dollars, to the taxpayer. The county must provide the defendant with excellent, well paid attorneys. Since "special circumstances" apply, or the death penalty can be given, prosecutors can't make any mistakes.

The softball player was killed, allegedly, because of racial hatred. Racial killings also fall into the category of "special circumstances," or a death penalty case. So the alleged killer, a Mexican, friendless, maybe a cold-blooded murderer, faced the gas chamber.

Last winter, unknown people calling themselves vigilantes, began to threaten "pot growers" with late night justice. The idea occurred that Mendocino County might really have vigilantes. Maybe they were strong enough to reach into the county jail and remove the killer. Maybe the escapee didn't make it clear to Mexico. Maybe he is buried under a dam outside of Ukiah.

(signed)

XXX

Dear Lawrence

Hi. Your letter in the May-June issue of Maximum Rocknroll (Ed. Note: the letter referred to is reprinted

immediately following this one) really hit home with me. So much so that I was moved and inspired to write to you. Just to let you know a little about myself - I'm almost 30, work at a regular job, and live in New York City. Lately I've been giving up animal foods and not purchasing leather items because I am vehemently opposed to the factory-farm situation. I'm also involved in a neighborhood coalition to save our homes and businesses from the tyranny of gentrification. No doubt it's happening in California, notably the Haight-Ashbury area, and what a shame. I'll be honest; I love modern glass skyscrapers and high-tech style, but it should never be at the expense of the common person. I love old-fashioned early primitive American things, as well as primitive ethnic styles - be it clothes, furniture, household items, etc. As far as music, I like hardcore thrash, obscure folk, 40s and 50s tunes, ethnic and electronic music like Tangerine Dream - not that insipid Duran Duran or jivey techno-pop. Oh yes, and classical and medieval music, I like, too. And I do love punk styles, tho I don't wear them often.

Anyway, I really feel the hippies made a huge dent in our otherwise lame society. If it hadn't been for their movement, we'd all be still living with the same mentality as existed in the past. I doubt the awareness that more and more people have nowadays, like animal abuse, nukes, war, polyester, meat and adulterated food would just go largely unnoticed if it hadn't been for them. They really dared to take a stand! I think that the punks owe it to them for opening up the doors on these issues. In fact, I was so glad to hear you say

that some of the hippies and punks thrashed together and got along. It's about time. Both factions are really saying the same things and have the same sentiments and it would be great if everyone could focus on the positive things in common to stick together instead of focusing on the differences that keep people apart. As I wrote to MRR, if a person has long hair, a beard, and plays folk music - and has the same sentiments that punks have - can he be called a "punk"? Labels can be limiting, for sure. I mean, I'm letting my hair grow long again (after having a shaved punk style) and I wear a lot of peasantry hippyish clothes (I still have some punk-style items and will always keep them - I dress according to my moods - and I just love punk music! In fact I don't care much for the "mainstream" hippie music of the past, except for early Led Zeppelin, yes Moody Blues, and a few others.

It's so funny - when the hippie era was around, I ended up wearing dreadful polyester double-knit as a rebellion against a lot of those kids who were into being "cool, hip" anti-older people, and into drugs and a sullen attitude. Well, things change. I secretly loved the beauty and sensuality of the earthy hippie style, but repressed it from myself because I didn't want to be like those brash kids. It wasn't until 1977 that I just couldn't stand it anymore and started rejoicing in what I really considered beautiful. I must admit, I am into beauty and aesthetics. Well, now a lot of kids are into all that "flashdance" stuff, or whatever. I will say, though, that despite the bad points of the hippie era, like the ageist attitudes the kids had and the drugs, we badly needed that movement and there was much to be said for it.

A lot of the kids nowadays seem to be into a vapid, or unaware mentality. The mainstreamers, that is. Thank god for the punks, and the hippies that are

left, and anyone else who has a good head on their shoulders. They're around, but so much of society is still screwed up. I loved it when you said that there is little difference between hippies and punks when they have the same sentiments. When it comes to attitudes and ideologies, they are one and the same, and need to have unity.

Love, hope, peace, and progress,

Ann Abbot
New York City

Dear Maximum Rocknroll:

I'm tired of hearing people slagging hippies, saying that when punks get into peace movements and similar political causes, they're just being hippies with haircuts. It's not true, of course, but even if it was, what would be so bad about that?

I was a hippie, and I'm proud of it. The hippies created and defined the 60s in a way that I'm still waiting to see the punks do to the 80s. The only thing wrong with the hippies (some, not all of them) is what they allowed themselves to become: stagnant, insular, and reactionary. Punks beware: it can happen to you, too.

Where I live, in the mountains of Mendocino County, there are almost no punks, but there are still enough hippies to stage another Woodstock. Surprise: a lot of them are open to the political thrash my band plays, and even the ones who think it's a lot of horrible noise don't put us down for it; they say it's great that we're trying to do something different. They almost all agree with our politics, even if they can't stand our music.

The point of all this is that

if there's going to be any radical change in our society, it's going to take a broader base than the couple hundred or so who frequent the hardcore clubs in various urban centers. A lot of punks are too young to remember that the last time there was a serious challenge to the military-industrial robot culture, it was the hippies who were the single biggest force behind it. It was the hippies who got out into the streets and forced an end to the Vietnam War. Before the punks start calling hippies a bunch of veg-head burnouts, let's see them (us) stop the brutal U.S. barbarism now happening in Central America.

Times change, and ever since the 70s I've identified myself more with punks than hippies, but if I hadn't cut my hair and instead let it grow down to my ass, that wouldn't change a thing inside my head. There are hippies here in the mountains in their 40s and 50s who are more radical (and a hell of a lot better informed than many of the loudest-mouthed punks I've met).

Punks and hippies, country and city, we can learn from each other, and if we're going to make any difference, either culturally or politically, we're damn sure going to have to work together.

Peace, love, and anarchy
(you can't have one without the others)

Lawrence Livermore

P.S. If you're curious about what life is like out here on the frontier, I'll send anyone who wants it a free copy of our monthly zine. And if you want to expose us yokels to some culture, send us your tapes and zines.

MUSIC CAN MAKE YOU STUPID

There's not too much in the way of reviews this month, only one new one and one left over from the month before. There were a lot of shows that

I meant to get out to, if only so I could report how transcendently awful they were (for example, the Score show at Harwood Hall in Laytonville: can you imagine how bad a band must be when its claim to fame is that it offers "the best in Top 40"?), but I've been busy practicing with my own band in preparation for our debut sometime in the next month or two.

I did catch the Front again, at a private party, and I'm pleased to report that they actually seemed to have listened to some of the suggestions I made in my review last month. Even though I'm still not particularly fond of their style of music, which strikes me as being a little too derivative ("They're good for what they are," said my 12 year old drummer, Tre Cool, "copy-cats."), I can't help liking the style and spirit with which they go about things. Jim Agnoli, their singer, told me an exciting bit of news, that they're trying to organize an outdoor festival of Laytonville area bands this summer. If, as Hank Williams used to say, the good Lord is willing and the creek don't rise, our band, tentatively titled the Army of God (with a circle around the A), will be appearing at that spectacle, so you can start saving up your rotten tomatoes now. If you have a band and are interested in playing, get in touch with the Front, or with me, and I'll pass the information along.

One other note: a couple people have buttonholed me lately, wanting to know how I could possibly say anything bad about their favorite pop icons, the Grateful Dead. One woman went so far as to ask me what I had against fat junkies (she said it, not me). Well, the first time I saw the Dead, in 1968, they could barely play their instruments, yet they possessed such energy and spirit that their effect was totally awesome. The last time I saw them, in 1980, they played with the virtuosity of an Itzhak Perlman or a Pinky Zukerman (thanks again to the woman who gave me the line about the fat junkies) and bored me to tears and gave me a headache (as, to be fair, most classical music does). Perhaps there's a moral here somewhere.

Anyway, whenever I tell people this, they invariably reply, "Oh, but they're so much better now, you should go see them again." To which I can only respond, well, maybe I will, if you give me the 15 or 20 bucks to fork over to Bill (A guy's gotta make a buck, doesn't he?) Graham. On the other hand, maybe I'd just take the money and buy tickets to three or four good punk shows. That said, on with the reviews.

THE FABULOUS DYKETONES at the Caspar Inn

Looking around the room, I had to keep saying to myself, this is Caspar, California, this is the same godforsaken little singles bar with the same dreary regulars drooped about like so many lounge potatoes? Not this night: as I wander about the room, I could just as easily be in New York or London or Amsterdam, judging from the looks of the crowd, which is about 99% women and about 98% lesbian (actually I'm just guessing about that 1%; if she was there, I didn't meet her). Now already I can hear you macho chauvinist pigs that we seem to raise in such abundance here in Mendocino grumbling, "What a waste, a room full of beautiful women, and they're all gay." Well, sorry to disappoint you, but most of these women looked like they were doing quite well without you, thank you very much. As a matter of fact, the thought crossed my mind several times that the great majority of Mendocino heterosexual women could benefit greatly from being exposed to the

style, grace and elegance exhibited by this largely lesbian crowd. But enough about the audience, you say, what about the band? No, there's one more thing I have to say: in one night, in one room, I saw more beautiful women than during all the time I've lived in Mendocino. Maybe I'm a closet lesbian myself.

Anyway, the Dyketones play all 50s and early 60s stuff, and while I normally don't care for nostalgia acts, I have to make a great big exception in their case. In fact, let me start out by saying that they are simply the best band of any kind that I've ever seen in Mendocino County. All you would-be macho superstud rock and rollers might as well give it up; while barely appearing to move a muscle, these women display more energy and soul than half a dozen of your heavy metal grunt and groan outfits. Part of this is due to the band's being very tight and well rehearsed; after all, they've been together in one form or another for eight years. But mostly it's just sheer talent, the kind that time and again left me standing there with my mouth agape, hardly able to believe what I was seeing and hearing, and wanting to scream and cheer and cry all at the same time.

Let me just give one example: as a Motor City native, it would have to be an article of faith with me that no one, let alone some white girls, is ever going to top Martha and the Vandellas' rendition of "Heat Wave." Yet when the Dyketones ripped into the "Yeah yeah yeah yeah" of the chorus, not only was my soul set free, I knew once again why rock and roll was the one true religion for me. It would be difficult to single greatest talents among these women, though special mention needs to go to the imposing Mona Lott, whose overpowering contralto baritone would be equally at home on the

musical comedy, or perhaps even the grand opera stage. She even tackled the work of the nonpareil Roy Orbison, possessor of a voice that most men would not even dare to imitate. Donna (or was it Dottie) Delgado did a version of "Dedicated to the One I Love" that should not only should make the Shirelles sit up and take notice, but was also able to make me totally forget about the repulsively putrid yuppie breakfast cereal commercial version of that once-great song now playing on your local TV set. And Chukki Linguini, apparently the closest thing to a leader that the Dyketones have, did such a convincing rendition of your archetypal lounge lizard that it wouldn't surprise me a bit if she had provided Lily Tomlin with the inspiration for her Tommy Velour character.

Which brings me to the other aspect of the Dyketones' performance: the women advertise themselves as a 50s rock and role band, and roles they have aplenty. In fact, there's hardly a character of any gender or personality type that doesn't pop up at some point during the show. After a while I gave up trying to figure out how they could pull off so many elaborate costume changes without my even noticing. And if anyone ever tries to tell you that lesbians don't have a sense of humor (Q. How many radical feminists does it take to change a light bulb? A. I don't think that's very funny.), tell them to get on down and see this band. From Sister Mary Something of the church of the bleeding, bloody, festering heart of Mary, in full nun's regalia, leading the class in a rousing rendition of Chuck Berry's "Rock and Roll Music" to Mona Lott's hysterical transformation of "The Duke of Earl" into "The Dyke of Oil" (for which she donned a hard hat and took swigs from an oil can), I laughed as much as I danced, and I did more of both than I can remember doing in a long time.

One more thing: you'd be a fool to pass up a chance to see the Fabulous

Dyketones, and I'm about to provide you with three such chances. The first is at the Cotati Cabaret on June 26, at 9 p.m. Then the following night, the 27th, they'll be at the Great American Music Hall in San Francisco for two shows. And you tightwads can see them for free in the Lesbian and Gay Freedom Day Parade in San Francisco on Sunday, June 30. This last event, if you've never seen it, by the way, is worth a trip by itself, even without the Dyketones. After that, they're off to the East Coast and Europe, so if you miss them, don't say I didn't warn you. And if you're still wondering if they're really that good, just ask yourself, would Lawrence Livermore lie to you? More to the point, how often have you heard him say something good about anything or anybody? Case closed.

THE UNREAL BAND at Grapewine Station, Easter Sunday

This review should have been in last month's issue, of course, but somehow got lost in the burgeoning chaos of my dining room table newspaper office which someday I will clean and probably find enough material for a whole other issue. Anyway, the significant thing about this event was not the music, which was generic at best, but the opportunity for people living in the surrounding mountains to get together and dance and socialize (which for some, sadly, consists principally of guzzling beer to the point of incoherence and immobility).

Carol, Grapewine Station's energetic proprietor, deserves a lot of credit for putting on events like this. It's just one more example of how Grapewine Station has evolved into much more than just another roadside business. Now if

they could just get some better music...

So what's wrong with the Unreal Band? Nothing much, really; they're just fairly ordinary practitioners of the school of endless (the less charitable might say mindless) boogie that has bedeviled us since the onset of the 1970s. The vocals are undistinguished to the point of appearing as an afterthought. The instrumentals are highly competent, if not particularly inspired. Cut the song lengths in half and put some character into the singing and this band would be a lot more enjoyable.

Hopefully Grapewine Station will sponsor more such events, preferably with local rather than imported talent (the Unreal Band is from Berkeley, which some would say explains both their name and their style of music). Carol has told me that she's definitely considering putting on a couple more shows this summer.

COPY IN BLUE Cassette by Ed Reinhart on sale locally for \$8.00

Ed Reinhart is one great piano player. That's the good news. The bad news is that he insists on singing. My regard for his piano technique is not given lightly; I've been playing piano myself for almost 30 years, and I could probably practice for another 30 years without hoping to acquire that natural fluidity of touch that Ed unleashes on the keys.

But while his mastery of the instrument may be sublime, his vocals verge on the ridiculous. He vacillates between almost painful sincerity and a cloyingly precious contrivance, like a Las Vegas lounge singer suffering from recurring bouts of conscience. If he could sing with, pardon the sexist expression, the balls he so amply demonstrates in his piano playing, and if his original lyrics were not so doggedly sappy, this man could be an outstanding talent.

Glimmerings of promise are discern-



The Fabulous
PINKSTONES
SO, ROCH & ROLE BAND

ible in one song, "Family Plan Boogie", which juxtaposes faint echoes of Jerry Lee Lewis-style vocals against quasi-classical ripples on the pianoforte. This semi-high point is counterbalanced by the absolute nadir reached in a live cover of the 50s & 60s classic, "Route 66", which can only be described as sounding like Mel Torme goes boogie-woogie.

Unless Ed can make radical changes in his vocal technique, I think he'd be better off working with a band. He may be the best piano player in Mendocino County, but as many an artist has learned to his or her chagrin, talent is not always transferable to other fields.

Late note: as if in answer to my last suggestion, a flyer arrived in my mailbox announced that Ed will be performing with a trio at the Epicenter in Redwood Valley on Friday, June 7, for the eminently fair price of only \$2.00. It didn't say who was going to be doing the singing.

MORE KULTURAL KAKOPHONY...

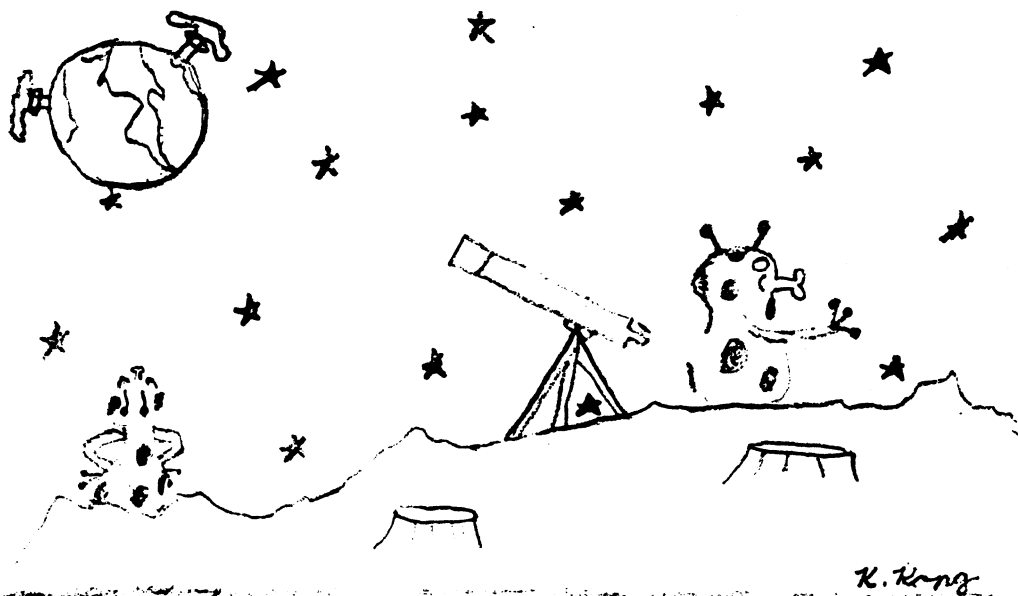
It is with mixed feelings that I report that Garberville's KERG has switched frequencies (to 104.7 FM)

and upped its power so that it can now be heard over much of Mendocino County. KERG is one of the few stations in the country keeping alive the glorious 60s tradition of freeform radio. Unfortunately its musical sensibilities remain steadfastly mired in the past. I wrote to them explaining how they could obtain cassettes of the Maximum Rocknroll radio program, and even offered to personally produce a two-hour weekly show that would introduce local listeners to something more exciting than the 287th rebroadcast of the Grateful Dead live at the Hippiedrome. KERG seems to play every kind of music imaginable except punk. If you agree with me that this constitutes a glaring cultural omission, call or write KERG and let them know.

The Greens might be discouraged by the results of a survey showing that 58% of America's 13 year-olds believed it was illegal to start a third party.

A couple of additions/corrections to last month's Media Review: I regret neglecting to mention Laytonville's Bill Webster, one of the best cartoonists around (and ace baby deliverer, too).

I didn't mean to slight the Grapevine by leaving out their subscription information (sorry, I don't have it this month, either) and I love the Anderson Valley Advertiser. See you next month.



Quick Mildred! came look, they
must celebrate the 4th of July on
earth too.

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