

# LOOKOUT!

July 1985

No. 7

perverts caught spying at  
**NUDE** beach



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## LAYTONVILLE CRAP CHAPTER FORMED

The Rev. Herbert T. Barnswallow and housewife-parent Eleanor Smerdon jointly announced the formation of a Laytonville chapter of the national organization Concerned Religious American Parents (CRAP). The organization's purpose, according to Mrs. Smerdon, is to combat "the rising tide of lawlessness and disrespect for authority now sweeping across this once-great country, and which is particularly, and tragically evident among our young people."

"We need to bring our country back to God on its knees, by whatever means necessary," added Rev. Barnswallow. "We have had enough mollycoddling of atheists and sinners, and the tragic results are all too obvious. The Holy Bible tells us how to deal with these people, and I think a few stonings and crucifixions would go a long way toward setting America back on the right track."

When asked how such tactics could be reconciled with such statements as "Love your enemies" and "Forgive them that do evil," commonly attributed to Jesus Christ, whom the CRAP members purportedly follow, Rev. Barnswallow retorted, "These people have had 2000 years to mend their ways, and if they haven't learned their lesson yet... Well, I think even Our Lord's patience has to have a limit somewhere. Besides, the scriptures tell us that malefactors will be cast into the fiery lake upon their death, so I see no reason why we shouldn't help them along their way."

As its first project, the CRAP leaders have produced a seven-point program designed to foster the development of better behaved young people, which the LOOKOUT reprints

here as a public service:

The CRAP Seven-step Program to a Better Youth

1. NO ROCK AND ROLL There are other forms of music which also foster licentiousness and illicit behavior, but rock and roll is by far the most pernicious offender. Its jungle rhythms and its incitements to rebelliousness have no place in a religious society.
2. MANDATORY CHURCH SERVICES On any given Sunday one can see numbers of young people lounging idly around hamburger stands or swimming in mixed groups wearing only the briefest of costumes. The police should be empowered to round up anyone found not to be in attendance at Sunday services.
3. CHASTITY FOR ALL Since most illicit sexual behaviour takes place in private, this condition is more difficult to enforce. One reasonable possibility would be the revival of the chastity belt. Upon reaching adolescence, girls could be fitted with these devices, with the key to be entrusted to their local minister or priest, to be handed over to the girl's husband on her wedding day. Controlling boys' activities presents a thornier problem. Some parents might want to consider castration as a solution. While this may seem a bit drastic, just think how lovely (and pleasing to the Lord) all those beautiful pure soprano voices will sound in the church choir.
4. UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING This should be begun while children are still young and impressionable, certainly no later than age 12. While some fuzzy-minded intellectuals may object, dredging up the tired nostrum that Our Lord was some kind of weak-kneed pacifist, it is obvious that the blessings of the Christian faith

are not always received willingly by those most in need of them. While missionaries have succeeded in converting many parts of the world, it is likely that the carrying of salvation to such godless countries as Russia and Nicaragua can only be accomplished by more militant Christian organizations such as the U.S. Marines.

5. DEATH PENALTY FOR DISOBEYING PARENTS Lest some think that we are being unduly harsh, we hasten to point out that the supreme penalty should not be imposed in most cases for first offenses. However, we see no point in continuing to feed, house and clothe perpetually recalcitrant offspring, particularly since, once abortion and birth control have been properly made illegal, the Lord will bless us with an abundance of children to replace those bad apples which need to be disposed of.

6. MANDATORY DRUG TESTING FOR ALL Nothing else needs to be said about this condition. All drug dealers and users should be tortured and crucified.

7. UNIFORMS FOR ALL A clean and orderly society is a godly society, and what better place to start than with the clothes we wear. As Rev. Barnswallow points out, "We'll all be wearing the same thing in heaven, and I figure we might as well get used to it while we're still here on earth." Besides, uniforms play a crucial role in social control. People can be issued insignia indicating the degree of salvation that they have attained, and outsiders and troublemakers can easily be isolated and dealt with.

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The purpose of the public school system is to teach you that from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. your body belongs to someone else.

Travis T. Hipp

#### U.S. POISED TO LAUNCH PLANETARY BLITZKRIEG

Unveiling the most comprehensive solution yet proposed to deal with the problem of global terrorism, President Ronald Reagan has revealed that United States military forces are prepared to make an all-out attack on the entire world. "Order has to be maintained somehow," declared the tough-talking chief executive, "and by golly, nobody is going to be able to say that Ronald Reagan stood idly by and watched the world go to hell in a handbasket."

The Reagan plan is simple: U.S. armed forces, accompanied by armed detachments of missionaries, will invade every country (except, of course, our freedom-loving allies such as South Africa, Chile, the Philippines, and South Korea). Any inhabitant of those countries not found to be waving an American flag and singing, "I love Uncle Ronald" will be summarily machine-gunned and given a decent Christian burial.

When asked by skeptical reporters if his plan didn't come perilously close to being a modern version of Adolf Hitler's Final Solution, Reagan shrugged amiably and averred that he didn't know what they were talking about. "If you believe in freedom, you ought to be willing to stand up and do something about it," the President told the reporters before they were led away by military police.

#### SAN FRANCISCO BEAT

First of all, let's get one thing straight: I love San Francisco. Despite what android mayor Dianne Feinstein has done at the behest of the corporate creeps who installed her in office for the specific purpose of turning what was once one of the very few truly civilized American cities into a sterile monument to amoral greed, I will always fondly recall

Frisco (a bit of reverse chic now gaining currency among the resolutely avant-garde and/or outré) as the city that took me in when the rest of America wanted nothing to do with me.

San Francisco and I had a somewhat turbulent parting of the ways a few years back, but we still have one of those old love affairs that refuses to die, despite the fact that she's put on a lot of weight, bought a whole new wardrobe of distressingly unattractive clothes, and persists in hanging out with some real low-lives from the three-piece suit set.

The worst fate that has befallen my fair Frisco under Feinstein's aegis, even worse than the high-rise mausoleums that have bludgeoned the once-exquisite cityscape into insignificance, is the inexorable normalization and standardization of the City's populace. Believe me, Frisco didn't become famous for its banks or insurance companies, and certainly not for the locust-like hordes of yuppie clones who dutifully troop into the dank, foul downtown caverns to keep the wheels of commerce grinding. Yet these are the new inhabitants of the once richly diverse neighborhoods, their large (and largely ill-gotten) disposable incomes having driven prices to the point where the true SF denizens like artists, winos, hippies, perverts, and punks are forced into the streets or (even worse) the suburbs.

Make no mistake: if it weren't for its weirdos, San Francisco would be Omaha with hills, which is just what Mayor Fineswine and her Chamber of Commerce cronies would like it to be. Whether the Frisco subculture continues to exhibit the resiliency in the face of repression that

has characterized it since the Gold Rush days now seems largely up to the punks, probably the only determinedly anti-social group still large enough to make a difference. Most of the remaining hippie types have either been comfortably co-opted (these are sometimes called huppies) or forced by economic necessity into a more rigid social cocoon.

As in Mendocino and Humboldt, there is an excess of smugness among the aging hipsters, who tend to believe that nearly every problem assailing the modern age could be resolved merely by bringing back the 1960s. There's even a new radio station in town, KKCY, which, like Garberville's KERK, attempts to do just that.

Culturally San Francisco appears at present to be in a fallow period; except for the largely underground punk scene, music has been in a pathetic state ever since the early 70s, unless you go for the likes of Journey and the festering unburied corpse of a once great band now known as the Starship (it's tempting to blame Huey Lewis and the News on San Francisco, but properly speaking, these boys are from suburban Marin County, and it shows). Theater, too, has fallen upon lean times. The big-time scene is completely controlled by one Carol Shorenstein (bought and paid for by her father Walter, perhaps the principal criminal behind the corporate rape and pillage of SF's downtown), consists of nothing more than touring companies rerunning Broadway's latest revivals. In a more underground vein, if you don't mind sitting in some unventilated church basement long after midnight while the fleas and cockroaches march up and down your legs, you can be regaled by sotto voce recyclings of the only play Sam Shepard ever wrote, but which he somehow

managed to present annually under a different name throughout the 1970s. The best entertainment to be found in Frisco these days is undoubtedly in the streets, most notably in the Haight-Ashbury and North Beach, where one will find the largest and most diverse aggregations of weirdos. South of Market, particularly Folsom Street, has long been the stomping grounds of a perverse cast of social and sexual deviates, and even some real artists, although most of these amount to not much more than the close-your-eyes-and-hurl-some-paint-at-the-canvas school, not to mention the even more reprehensible species known as the concept artist (the sort who puts on a slide show of pregnantly meaningless images accompanied by a tinny cassette of post-industrial noise and to top it off blinds his or her audience with a strobe light -- are you listening, Laurie Anderson?). But sad to say, South of Market has been "discovered" by some doggedly tedious New York emigres like newspaper columnist Bill Mandel who have embarked on a campaign to turn it into "SOMA", a West Coast version of New York's SOHO, also once a warehouse district populated by artists and misfits, but now so relentless trendy that only soulless stockbrokers and real estate developers can afford to live there. The death knell for South of Market was probably sounded last winter when the SF Chronicle's society page prominently featured a group of fatuous debutantes, limousines in waiting, promenading past the local leather bars en route to an exclusive bash at a local niterie (itself once a gay leather and water sports bar). Now the suburbanites have discovered the area, and decent degenerates and perverts

are hardly safe on the streets anymore.

That seems to be the story all over Frisco town these days, and it's not a pretty tale. One thing the City's got going for it still is the weather, cold, clammy and foggy nearly all year round in welcome contrast to the blast furnace heat featured in California's interior. But even that seems to be changing the past couple of summers, possibly due to the large numbers of immigrants from less civilized portions of the United States, who can be distinguished by, among other things such as their ludicrous garb and speech patterns, their constant carping about the fog that is SF's hallmark and saving grace ("you call this summer? Why, back in St. Louis, the sun would be shining and it would be a nice 85 or 90 degrees..." ..yeah, buddy, well there's a reason God made places like St. Louis, and people like you are it...)

Well, the streets of Frisco may no longer be filled with flower-toting hippies, and there are whole sections of the City where no sane person would venture day or night, but despite San Francisco's innumerable drawbacks, American urban culture has produced no finer jewel, and those of us fortunate enough to live so close by would be foolish to neglect the opportunity to explore her fast-fading charms.

#### NORTH COAST CONGRESSMAN GETS LOBOTOMY; LEARNS TO LOVE HERBICIDES AND OIL WELLS

Alleged Democrat Doug Bosco has been guilty of flagrantly misrepresenting the interests of North Coast voters ever since he hoodwinked them into electing him by running on a platform that portrayed him as being concerned with protecting our fragile environment against the rapacious ravages of the corporate greed merchants. Now it turns out that this squirrely little reprobate has been in their pay all along.

Several articles have recently been

published detailing Bosco's sources of campaign finances. Prominent among them are practically every corporation devoted to logging, mining, off-shore oil drilling, and the rest of the tiresome catalogue of environmental outrages that we gullible voters thought we were electing Bosco to fight against. It should come as no surprise, then, when midway through his term Bosco reveals that he has had a change of heart, and that we might as well get used to the idea that the Mendocino-Humboldt coast is going to be turned into another version of the oil-befouled sewer that greed is making out of the Texas and Louisiana shoreline.

And while we're at it, we might as well stop griping about the logging companies need to spray massive amounts of herbicides like 2,4-D across the Mendocino hills; after all, there's nothing there but a bunch of useless hardwood trees (and a few thousand of us worthless people). But you get the idea; now that he feels comfortably ensconced in his congressional seat, Bosco feels no need to look out for the needs or wishes of the bumpkins who elected him. Besides, since he's virtually assured of being the Democratic nominee for re-election in 1986, and there's no way most of us are going to vote for a Republican, what has he got to worry about?

Well, it's time that somebody gave him something to worry about, and the Mendocino Greens have the ability to do just that. The only question is just how the best way would be to go about it. I vote for the idea of the Greens mounting a campaign for an alternative candidate in the 1986 Democratic primary. I know

a number of Greens will find abhorrent the idea of cooperating in any way with one of the established political parties, but to go about it any other way probably means a delay of several years while the Greens grow strong enough to elect a candidate on their own. Meanwhile, Bosco would have become firmly entrenched in power, as did his mossback predecessor, Don Clausen, and have had the opportunity to do untold damage.

If the Green-supported Democratic candidate fails to oust Bosco in the primary, however, then I think there would be no choice but to mount a third-party campaign; if the vote were more or less evenly split between Bosco and his Republican opponent, the Greens might actually have a chance. In any event, there is no way Bosco can be allowed to remain in office given the degree to which he has betrayed his constituency. Bosco, as well as other politicians blithely oblivious to the true beliefs and values of their constituents (Barry Keene immediately comes to mind) must be made aware of the consequences of their actions. Let one Green rallying cry for 1986 be: Bosco must go!



## LETTERS TO THE LOOKOUT

Dear LOOKOUT

It's nice of you to put out a local newsletter, but the negativity in the writing wears me down. Every article, every commentary, and every review has some hostility, criticism, unfriendliness, or negative viewpoint. I'm sure some of it is deserved, but it gets tiring reading about it.

Besides, I happen to like Ed Reinhart's singing.

Try again, friend.

(unsigned)  
Laytonville

Dear Lawrence,

Thanks a lot for your zine! I really liked it. The comics were great and the letters, articles, and reviews were all really interesting. I would really love some back issues. Thanks, and keep up the good work.

Daisy Moore  
Santa Barbara

## MUSIC CAN MAKE YOU STUPID

There's lots more grim political news that I could be covering this month, but I'd rather write about truly important stuff like rock and roll. Sorry to disappoint all you seriously intense types out there, but rock and roll is my first love, as well as being my choice for the best (and most fun) way to change the world.

The big news this month, as least as far as I'm concerned, is the long-awaited (by me, anyway) public emergence of my own band, which I offer as an antidote to much of what I see as wrong with the sad torpor into which most modern music has fallen. We (now known as the LOOKOUTS rather than

the ARMY OF GOD) will be playing a show on Sunday, July 14, at Grapewine Station, formerly known as Czech Lodge. Joining us will be Laytonville's (and possibly all of Mendocino's) best known band, THE FRONT. Though THE FRONT and the LOOKOUTS are not particularly similar in the type of music they play, both bands are unique in that they are attempting to drag Mendocino (and Humboldt, too) kicking and screaming into the 1980s. Contrast this to the terminally laid-back or disgustingly commercial sounds being proffered by most other area bands, and you have the potential for a very interesting afternoon of music. The festivities begin at noon, and will go on till about eight. The price of admission is cheap (~~see almost elsewhere in this issue~~) and if you're too much of a skinflint to even pay that much, remember, it's an outdoor concert, so you can always stand along Highway 101 and at least listen for free.

## REVIEWS

7 SECONDS and CRIMINAL MISCHIEF at the Mabuhay, San Francisco, June 1

Normally I don't review shows outside this immediate area, but this one is an exception I'll have to make; how, after all, could I fail to report on one of the most exciting musical events I've attended in more years than I care to remember. I've been racking my brains trying to remember when I was last so excited by a rock and roll show, and to be honest, the only thing that comes to mind is the Woodstock festival way back in 1969.

I last saw 7 SECONDS in 1981 when they were really just getting started. They were playing venues like the Sound of Music, a delightfully seedy Tenderloin hole in the wall, and they were mainly distinguished by their loudness and breakneck speed (their name, it was rumored, referred to the average length of their songs). Well, four years of nearly non-stop touring has helped to shape this band into a



serious contender for the title once held by that bunch of disco junkies known as the ROLLING STONES, that of the world's greatest rock and roll band.

This was no ordinary punk rock show, either. Very few mohawks, almost no skinheads, and most wonderful of all, no violence. Oh, there was no lack of energy, and it is possible that an unwary spectator, or one under the influence of various stupefactive agents, could have been swept to an unpleasant doom under the feet of the wildly thrashing crowd (and it was a crowd, the biggest I've seen at the Mabuhay in some time). But there was no overt hostility in evidence, and in fact, I saw more smiles and outright grins plastered across faces than at any time since my last hippie love-in. In fact, that was the one description that kept popping into my mind throughout the show, that this was a thrash love-in. Sure, there was no shortage of ultra-cool 14 year olds trying their best to look sullen, like their official hardcore punk rock manual had told them to, but 14 year olds tend to look that way, punks or not; in fact, I worry when I see a kid that age smiling too much. It often indicates that he's holding a sharpened screwdriver or other unpleasant implement of destruction behind his back.

7 SECONDS is fronted by a very talented and very energetic singer named Kevin Seconds, and he wore the biggest smile of anyone in the room. All through the first band, CRIMINAL MISCHIEF (no slouches, either, especially for a new band; if they had been the only band I still would have felt like I'd gotten my money's worth) Kevin sat on the stage, directly in front of them, wearing a hat and minus his trademark black lines under his eyes. Not recognizing him, I wondered to myself a couple of times, what does that hippie think he's do-

there? Doesn't he know where he is? But when it came time for him to take the stage, Kevin assumed his rightful persona in no more time than it took to whip off his hat and apply a couple strategic strokes of black greasepaint. For the next hour he ruled that room with a firm but benevolent hand.

7 SECONDS' songs tend to be anthem-like, and though I'm not as familiar with them as I'd like to be, the bulk of the crowd obviously was, and several times Kevin would hand the microphone over to them and let them sing, which they did quite well. One time he completely disappeared from my sight (no small trick, since I was standing no more than five or six feet away, but by that time there were almost as many fans on the stage as there were in the audience). Looking around but unable to locate him, I suddenly noticed a hand resting lightly on my shoulder. I turned, and there he was, still wearing that beatific smile. Meanwhile a circle of young people clustered around the microphone carrying on with the song as if they were all long-time members of the band.

I could go on for pages more, but other business awaits. I just want to say, thanks, 7 SECONDS, for helping me not just to carry on, but carry on joyfully with a life that sometimes just seems so hard, but after a show like that, seems once more like a noble purpose.

TAMBO at the Trading Post, Laytonville, June 15

TAMBO, the band from another planet, turned out to be a major disappointment for me. Everything I had heard about them led me to believe that they would be playing some excellent music for dancing, dancing being something that I was just dying to do. Well, this band has definitely got a beat, in fact they've got



several of them, but the way they string them together creates a result I'm afraid could be deemed danceable only by those operating on a plane of consciousness that I have yet to attain, and that I'm not sure I want to.

Giving new meaning (and not a particularly favorable one) to the concept of eclecticism, this band toys and tampers with nearly every musical style extant in the world today, eschewing only anything hinting at the white middle-class background where their roots so obviously lie. It's not that I blame them for being ashamed of their culture; I'm none too proud of mine, either, but pretending to be something else is no solution.

Even still, I could have enjoyed dancing if the band could have gotten hold of a good groove and stuck to it for a few minutes, but no, they had to keep speeding up and slowing down and cluttering up the whole mess with sincere but disastrous attempts at artfulness and jazz and other such abominations (see other article on this subject). At one time, in fact, it was all I could do to restrain myself from leaping on stage and throttling the piano player when for no apparent reason he suddenly abandoned the reasonably pleasant melodic line he had been pursuing and started banging on the keyboard in a horribly cacophonous attempt to emulate, I presume, some misbegotten modern jazz idol of his. Fortunately he ceased in this abomination after only a minute or so, and I was spared the indignity of being arrested for assault with intent to do great bodily harm.

At the risk of revealing myself as a total philistine, I'll have to sum up this affair by saying that next time I want to go dancing, I'll head down to some disco where they have a good supply of Madonna records.

THE LOOKOUTS at Livermore Farms,  
July 4

I realize it's very bad form to review your own band, but who else is going to do it? Let me just sum it up this way: we were great. Despite typical problems with the sound system and the carping of some who claimed they couldn't understand the lyrics (the solution is to listen faster) it was an auspicious debut for us and a real thrill for me. Some people even danced.

#### WHY I HATE JAZZ #347

Okay, I'm tired of picking on the pathetic old Grateful Dead, so all you Deadheads out there can relax this month. Let's just hope you don't also suffer from a far more irrational affection for the twisted values of that unnatural affliction known to the world as modern jazz.

Some hippies, particularly the older ones, have embraced jazz as being somehow more "mature" (when people persist in equating 'mature' with 'boring', it is little wonder why so many young people are in no particular hurry to grow up). I think jazz (let me clarify; i'm talking only of the modern abstract variety, not the classic stuff of the 20s and 30s, which in addition to having recognizable beats and melodies, also, and more importantly, played a crucial role in the evolution of the 20th century's most significant cultural development, that being rock and roll) can certainly be harmful to weak or underdeveloped minds, and I'm not sure I care to speculate on the state of mind responsible for producing this feverishly disordered, thoroughly non-musical perversion of all that is beautiful.

You may think it strange for a professing punk rocker to be prattling on about beauty and melody, but for your information, many punk songs, including nearly all the songs my band plays, have very distinct melodies.

We just play them so fast that normal people can't hear them. Now why, you might ask, would you want to play something that normal people can't or won't understand? You might just as well ask, what's wrong with normal people?, to which I would answer, plenty. In addition to listening to modern jazz, normal people vote for Ronald Reagan. Normal people allow their tax dollars to be used to subvert democracy and spread terrorism throughout the world. Normal people shrug and say, "It's just my job," as they report for another day at the bomb factory or the toxic waste dump or the South African slave labor camp or the bank or stock brokerage or insurance company that makes possible and profits from the aforementioned abominations.

You may think I've ranged pretty far afield from the subject in the preceding paragraph, but that's just an example of what jazz does to music. Jazz is almost inevitably a product of excessive intellectualism, and mirrors the process by which the mind dances endlessly around the issue it is attempting to understand, but for various reasons, among them boredom, fear, or simple maladroitness, never fully embraces the idea that would set it free from its tedious exercise in futility.

If you can read through the entire preceding article without getting bored, irritated, or laughing out loud, you might as well be listening to jazz, anyway, because you're probably hopeless.

BILL GRAHAM PROCLAIMS  
'ANOTHER WOODSTOCK'

Referring to the internationally televised 14-hour rock spectacle being conducted as a benefit for African relief, San Francisco rock promoter Bill Graham likened the event to a modern Woodstock.

Laudable as the cause certainly

is, and as enjoyable as some of the performances will no doubt be, Graham's analogy only serves to illustrate how far removed from the reality of modern rock and roll. Think about it: did the original Woodstock feature a majority of performers whose greatest achievements were made 10 or 15 years earlier? To mount a concert in 1985 which headlines faded stars like Mick Jagger, Paul McCartney, Bob Dylan, and the Who would be like the original Woodstock featuring Pat Boone and Patti Page.

KERG: SO MELLOW YOU COULD PUKE

In much the same vein, I once more take typewriter in paw to excoriate the smug complacency of the new, bigger, but still blithely oblivious KERG.

Claiming to be "the heart of the North Coast", KERG purports to offer something for everybody (except punks, of course, who apparently aren't considered viable human beings) but above all KERG remains a station programmed by and for middle-aged hippies.

Now I have nothing against middle-aged hippies, in fact, I come perilously close to falling into both categories, but surely KERG must realize that there are other sorts of people living in this area.

I'm not all that happy to be criticizing KERG at all, because there's no denying that it stands head and shoulders above any other radio station within miles of here. But its attempts to recreate the freeform radio style of the 60s overlook the fact that 60s hippie FM stations played new underground music, not 20 year-old nostalgia pieces. I appreciate KERG's public affairs programming, and some of their specialty music broadcasts, but let's hear something relevant to the modern age, too, and I don't mean Madonna or Cyndi Loudmouth. Write or call KERG and tell them: MENDOCINO WANTS MUSIC THAT MATTERS!

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