

# FREE VENICE SINCE 1968 BEACHHEAD

AUGUST 1974 No. 56

P.O. BOX 504, FREE VENICE CALIFORNIA 90291

PHONES: TANK-YUK, 396-9325, 396-1941

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## NUDE BEACH: ON AGAIN OFF AGAIN

by Carol Fondiller

NUDES vs. RUDES vs. LEWDS vs. PRUDES, SNYDER BARES FACT re COVER UP, SNYDER X'S NUDE BEACH, ABC, CBS, T.V. NEWS ROCKED BY INDIGNANT VENETIANS, BATHING SUIT INDUSTRY BEHIND BEACH COVER UP? ACLU TEMPORARILY STRIPS BEACH BAN.

Now that I've gotten most of the headlines out of my system, I shall try to give a fairly rational account of the facts about the Nude Beach, and hopefully, raise some bothersome questions that will be answered in the next issue of the Beachhead. Since the state Supreme Court decision in *The People vs. Smith* case, which came to the surprisingly sane conclusion that a naked human body by itself (or with other naked human bodies for that matter) wasn't lewd, there has been no ordinance governing nudity on California public beaches. This worries a lot of structure freaks, you know, the sort that go on about length of hair. Some residents of Venice had been using certain stretches of beaches to take advantage of the fact that no ordinance or law covered (ahem) nude sun-bathing and swimming. The news media, particularly television, salaciously, with many a sickening leer and wink did trundle up and down the beach with their cameras interviewing the nude beach goers with the same double entendre and phony gravity that one finds in prefaces written by people with PhD. after their names for pornographic movies to prove that those badly written books have literary or social content.

And the odd thing was that those newsmen ignored the fact that nude sun-bathing was legal on any of the city and county beaches also, and focused solely on Venice beach for their nude (ahem) coverage, using phrases like "It should be a good day for the beaches so all of you nude sun-bathers come to Venice" or, "So streak to the Venice Beach for nude sunbathing chuckle chuckle." The cameramen took front-on pictures of naked women, though none of those pictures were ever showed on the tube (what goes on in the developing room, one wonders? Is there perhaps some lonely camera man wistfully masturbate in his darkened lab before all the out-takes of the front-on shots of female nudes? Questions like that keep me from sleeping at night.)

In fact one wonders if there was collusion between the T.V. media, Snyder's committee, the LAPD, Civil Defense, the Fire department, the Mormon Church and the Catholic Church. The first weekend after the news "reporting" of the "nude Venice beach", Venice was inundated by hordes of people who were able to prove that one could be lewd, crude, rude, offensive, salacious, obscene, and sexually aggressive with their clothes on. Binoculars, cameras with phallic extensions on them jutted from shirt covered chests and paunches in a strange parody of the porno-books rammer jammer rod staff tradition. These yahoos parked where it was illegal to park often blocking emergency vehicles i.e. fire, ambulance, and police from every access to and from the beach. The Police department blossomed forth with a blue and white jeep filled with men who wore bermuda shorts, T-shirts, sneakers, socks,

baseball caps, guns, batons, and badges. The beach detail. Helicopters buzzed low and often. Sail boats nearly ran aground on the beach just to get a look at the naked peasants. And every Friday I would shudder as George or Kelly or Bill or Terry would say with elbow-nudging familiarity "Well folks, it's going to be good beach weather and all you nudes and voyeurs can enjoy a warm weekend on Venice Beach heh, heh." And sure enough, as summer got hotter, more and more of the sexually hung-up tried to put their bizarre equations of nude=sex=pooh-pooh-ca-ca on people who just enjoyed the absence of a wet sand-filled bathing suit.

breast at or below the upper edge of the areola thereof on any female person, if such person is exposed to public view or is not covered by an opaque covering." Nudists, people who like to swim naked and people who were concerned about what would happen if this law went into effect went to the Commission hearing. They were presented with a compromise of the ordinance that mandated the city parks and rec commissioners to designate clothing optional zones where people would be allowed to go nude. The Venice Town Council voted unanimously for the nude beach. Now for the surreal.

Council meeting 1. Not many people came to this first hearing and not enough council people were there to pass the ordinance so it was held over til 11th-at that time it seemed that enough council people had visited Venice beach to form a quorum. Ferraro avowed that now that he had seen the nude beach



BW 8/74 - SUGGESTED BY AN ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTOR

So, naturally, Councilman "let Venice stew in it's own juices" Snyder, Chairperson of the Fire, Police and Civil Defense committee with the urging of the LAPD drew up an ordinance called subdivision X (really!) to section 63.51 of the Los Angeles Municipal code to to apply to persons over ten years old that would make it a misdemeanor to "appear, bathe, sun-bathe, walk, or be in any public park, playground, beach, or the waters adjacent thereto, or any other place under the jurisdiction of the Board of Recreation and Parks Commissioners in such a manner that" (Now here's where it gets interesting folks, hold tight to this paper with your right hand, know what your left hand is doing.) "the genitals, vulva, pubis, pubic symphysis, pubic hair, buttocks, natal cleft," (at the reading at the City Council one Councilman asked in a plaintive voice, "what's a natal cleft?") "perineum, anus, anal region, or any portion of the

he didn't want to do it again. Other council people avowed that they too went to Venice on July 4th (and they didn't even mention our parade! And of course, the media was too busy salivating over the nude beach to even show shorts of the Parade-how un-American!)

Council Meeting 2. Thursday July 11th. Got there on a hot sunny smoggy sweaty day. My dress had perspiration stains at 9:30 am. We hustled to City Hall, and the place was stacked with people from Corona del Mar, Van Nuys, Pasadena. Frail old ladies, their rabbit pink skin showing through their tortured blue hair, their cotton dresses with jewelled American flags pinned above their breasts, younger women neatly packed into Bullocks subberbia sheaths, wearing Red Cross pumps, and a sprinkling of men in wash and wear suits were pressed against the efulgent



4TH OF JULY PARADE (SEP. 7)

charms of women who were wearing long haltered bra-less dresses, sun-tanned, and smelling of the sea. Men were wearing straw hats, open-necked hawaiian print shirts, and shorts. The pro-nudes looked at the anti-nudes with expressions of haughty superiority, and the anti-nudes returned the looks with a soupçon of hostility added. I was caught, pushed against a white plastic handbag crushing my shoulder and a hard tanned male chest pushing in my face. "I don't want MY children going to that place and being exposed!" I imagined the speaker's jugular vein throbbing, her face flushing, as she shrielled, "What are you afraid of?" boomed a male voice, "are you afraid of the naked body? That's what's wrong with all of you!" "Commie," she shouted. "Fascist," he yelled. I felt as if I were drowning in the scent of Gardenia and sweat. I maneuvered, in best New York subway fashion towards an open window where I ended up smashed against some people who were concerned about a redevelopment project in Wilmington. They were worried about being assessed right out of their houses. The doors to the City Council chambers were opened by husky marshals who ordered those people from Wilmington to go in first. "Wilmington," sneered a pro-nuder, "what's that! I thought it was in Delaware."

How wonderful it must be, to be so sure of one's cause that one knows nothing else of the world, and would ride rough-shod over other people to achieve that cause!

Finally the nude beach question came up. The Wilmington people came out, and all those interested in the nude beach trampled in. Prude or nude, the absence of good manners and scruples was evident as people scrambled for a seat.

Then Snyder pulled out his rabbit. Instead of the compromise that would have mandated the Parks and Rec Commission to pick areas where nude sun-bathing would be optional, he resuscitated the old total ban on any nude bathing on any public beach. He called Police Chief Ed Davis as a witness for total ban.

Chief Ed, nately attired in a white suit claimed that the crime wave in Venice had gone up in Venice by 26%. When questioned by Councilmen Farrell and Cunningham, Chief Ed said the crimes he was talking about involved robberies, assaults and shooting. Visions of naked people packing side arms and rubbing or

CONT. P. 2



## NUDE...CONT. FROM p.1

another out flashed through my mind.

Councilman Cunningham queried the Chief on the recent fad of streaking—nobody had been arrested for running naked down Wilshire Bl. but if this ordinance were passed, one could be arrested for lying on the beach and getting a sun tan.

Then suddenly, we were honored by the presence of one Robert Opel naked slowly displaying himself with the grace of a fashion model before Chief Davis. Yes Academy Award fans, the same person who streaked the Oscar presentations! "Who is he?" someone muttered, "I haven't seen him at the beach, he doesn't even have a tan!" Anti-nude women stood on the benches screaming and hollering in disgust as they got a better view. Pro-nude people screamed in ecstasy.

Chief Davis just sat there looking at Robert Opel as if to say "thanks for proving my point." There is no substance to the rumor that Cardinal Manning, the Elders of the Mormon Church, or the police sprung for Mr. Opel's Bail. Along with the absence of clothing Mr. Opel of Fey-Way public relations also displayed a total lack of brains on timing.

Councilman Farrell, who up until that time seemed willing to vote against the total nudity ban, and in that way, delay the ordinance, decided to vote against it. Our Councilwoman Pat Russell voted for the total nude ban because "it was a clear-cut law." So were the laws regarding Jews in Germany.

Cunningham stated that he would not vote for the total ban because of the consequences of having been arrested for lewd conduct on one's record, even if, as usually happened, the charges were dropped. (Farrell and Cunningham are both black. They represent largely black districts. They seem to know what it feels like to be conspicuous to the police, and to know the consequences of having an arrest record when one is applying for a job or credit.) But thanks to Mr. Opel's appearance, Farrell, went along with the pro-ban. Cunningham was the lone hold-out. Snyder could not get enough of a vote for an emergency clause that would have made the ordinance effective immediately. That decision was to come up next week on July 18th.

Again there I was at City Hall at 9:30 am, along with some friendly faces and yes, friendly foes. About 400 people, pro and con. This time the hearing was opened to the public to speak. One of the ACLU's lawyers was there defending the rights of the people to go nude under the first amendment.

On the other side, nudity was equated with moral laxity, communism, and corruption (was Nixon naked when he ordered Erlichman to "Stonewall it?"—a titillating thought!)

And then there were people who stated that naked people never killed anyone and how going naked proved how spiritually aware they were and no one they knew went to the beach with prurient thoughts. (I don't know, I went to the beach, saw a lot of naked men and discovered that men have great looking behinds and believe me, with some of them my prurient interest was roused. But I didn't rape one single person. But I do have my hang-ups. I was wearing a bikini bottom.)

A woman, her voice trembling, looked at the Councilmen (Ms. Russell was absent. She was at a transportation conference), said "Now, you gentlemen know what happens when you see a naked woman, you become...you can't control yourselves."

My, my! That lady must have one hell of a sex life!

Then the Councilmen debated, again Cunningham stating that he resented the Police Dept. controlling the actions of the City Council, did not like Chief Davis' "parade of horrors", and was the only person voting against the emergency part of the nude ban.

This meant, of course, that police action might be heavy on Venice beach. Councilman Snyder mentioned that Sunset beach, Pacific Palisades beach, and Malibu beach were also subject to creeping nudity... But of course, Venice was the media target.

As I was walking out, a woman who was against the nude bathing, told me that she didn't want playgrounds set

aside for naked people.

That was never the point. But Councilman Snyder managed to infer that all public recreation areas would have areas for nude sun-bathing.

Then when we got outside, there was a huge nude ban celebration. Blue-trousered, white blazer crew-cut young men were standing on a platform strumming amplified guitars. Around them were signs that said "Be a man, cover your tan!" "Vote against indecent laws!" "Nude is rude!" And what were those young folks singing? "This land is your land." Since I had nothing to lose and since Venice was again to be invaded by occupying forces that were using the nudity question as an excuse to make Venice morally pure for real estate developers, I took off my blouse and let my areolas show, in the hope of corrupting those tender youths who were singing so earnestly about what America meant to them. They didn't miss a beat.

Friday, July 18th. The north beach task force on police community relations held a press conference to express concern about the result of the ordinance on the Venice people who use it, and to inform people what the effects and consequences of nudity on the beach.

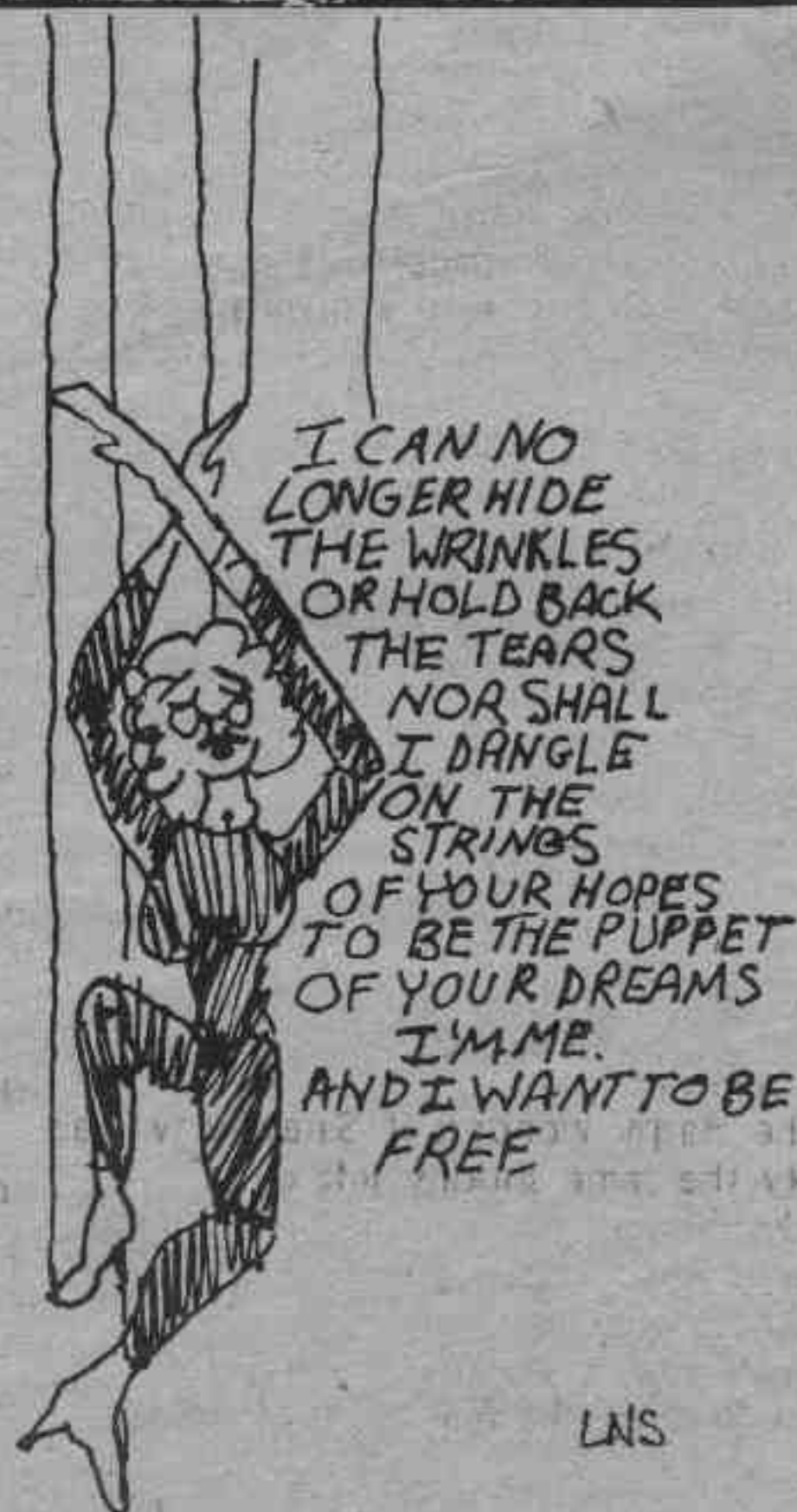
The media was there, ABC and CBS complain that someone had thrown rocks through their cars.

I think the reason was apparent when Terry Mayo of Channel 11 KTIV asked if we felt that the media was in some way responsible for the present situation. A resounding "Yes!" rang through the assembled crowd of about 100 beach goers and volunteer monitors.

The ACLU had gone to court to file an injunction against the emergency nude ban. For two hours the ban was in effect. Then at 4 pm, as one stood by the Brooks pagoda on the Ocean Front Walk, one saw a knot of people gathering and talking. The police walked away. A cheer went up from the crowd and bathing suits were thrown into the air and bare flanks jogged and raced to the ocean. The injunction won by the ACLU is in effect until Aug. 2 when another hearing will be in order. But don't ask me about it, I intend, to be somewhere on that beach getting the tan that I lost in City Hall when Snyder got under my skin.

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LNS

# OIL RIGS OFF (OUR) SHORE

By Linda Lucks

At noon, Monday July 15, outside the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, approximately 100 people, along with the press, assembled to protest the intended massive off-shore oil drilling on the Southern California Outer Continental Shelf.

The Department of the Interior had hastily called a public hearing on the proposed drilling for 1 P. M. and SEA (Seashore Environmental Alliance) had just as hastily, called for a protest demonstration and press conference. By chance, I saw a leaflet tacked to a telephone pole on the boardwalk one day before the meeting, and decided to attend. Most of the people there appeared to be women from the Pacific Palisades-Malibu area, although I did recognize a few local Venice people. The news media was well represented.

It seems that our Federal Government has placed for bid, 7.5 million acres of our off-shore land and the oil companies intend to lease 6.2 million of those acres. The oil companies claim that by 1985, consumption of oil in the country will require 20 million barrels each day to function, and we are now only producing 11 million barrels a DAY. Therefore, they insist that offshore (off our shore) drilling and rigs are necessary here! Santa Barbara has had offshore rigs for years and having just spent a weekend there, I am telling you that the once beautiful water is filthy! Feet become caked with globs of tar and particles of debris float in the water and stick to hair. Swimming there is a sad experience. That's what our Federal Government has in store for us and it is bad enough here already.

The press conference was organized by SEA, (Seashore Environmental Alliance) which is a recently formed coalition of environmental groups and concerned citizens, whose one purpose is to protect the Santa Monica Bay area from offshore drilling. The first speaker Shirley Solomon, a representative of NO OIL, said that they had heard from "a very high government source" that there will be, in the Fall, another false energy crisis, designed specifically to wipe out opposition to the drilling!

Ms. Solomon then introduced the Mayor of Santa Monica, Cleo Hoover, Mary Ann Erickson of the Sierra Club, Rosalio Munoz representing inner city and low and moderate income groups and Attorney, Robert Ornstein, legal liaison to SEA.

Jointly, they are trying to convince The Secretary of the Interior, Rogers Morton at least to wait until:

1. An independent study is made to determine if a shortage really exists. (there has not been such a study)
2. Investigation into the effects of off-shore drilling, such as seismic activity, subsidence (there is a 28 foot drop in Long Beach; the Baldwin Hills Dam break, both of which were due to oil drilling).
3. The Environmental impact report and map to be ready in late October or November.

If there is any way to stop this rape of our ocean, we who love to live near it, swim and surf in it, look at it, and especially us, must do something! For more information, write to:

SEA/ Seashore Environmental Alliance  
Box 3539  
Santa Monica, California (Memberships a \$3.00)

Eastside - Westside Concerned Citizens Committee  
P.O. Box 24352  
Los Angeles California 90024

NO OIL  
P. O. Box 991  
Pacific Palisades, California 90272

## RECYCLING CENTER DUMPED

For the past 2½ years, the Westside Environmental Center (WEC), has operated a recycling center behind the Co-op Market in West L. A. The WEC, a non-profit corporation, has donated over \$20,000 to Environmental groups and projects. The Co-op Market had demanded that the recycling center leave the premises by June 30.

On July 1, the market, acting without the knowledge or consent of the Westside Environmental Center, called United Paper Stock (UPS), the owner of the ten-ton capacity containers used to store and haul the recyclable materials. The market said that the containers had to be removed, and UPS agreed, not wanting to go through lengthy legal proceedings to recover their own containers. UPS also agreed to provide the market with other containers on another part of the parking lot. (For the new location of the WEC, call 478,3429).

More than one attorney has alleged that the actions of the Co-op Market on July 1 constituted wrongful eviction, since the market did not follow legal eviction procedures. Although the market did not at that time take possession of any recycling center property, their actions are alleged to be similar to that of a landlord shutting off a tenant's utilities without his or her consent.

On July 9, Milton Takei, an employee of the Westside Environmental Center, was passing out leaflets at the market informing people of the situation. The market called the Police, threatening him with arrest, but Takei agreed to desist after the City Attorney's office agreed that the market was not violating free speech rights.

On July 10, Takei agreed to remain in the area rented by the Westside Environmental Center. The market again called the Police, contending that Takei was still trespassing. The Police informed the market that they could not repossess a tenant without proper civic legal action. The market insisted on the arrest, and Takei was booked for trespassing, then freed on \$250. bail. He is intending legal action against the market.

USE THE  
RECYCLING CENTER  
AT THE  
CHURCH IN OCEAN PARK  
(PARKING LOT)

## PLAN CANALS

An opportunity for everyone in the Venice community to become involved in Coastal Commission planning for the Venice canals has opened up. At the request of the Venice Town Council, the South Coast Regional Commission has scheduled 9:15 A.M. September 16 as the time for the Venice Town Council sponsored, community canals presentation.

The City of Los Angeles has already made its Coastal Commission presentation for the canals featuring the usual life-destroying nightmare of concrete, steel, plastic, oil slicks, almost complete environmental and social devastation, and the enormous anticipated real estate profits for astute speculators in the canals which of course is the reason for the City's plans in the first place.

The canals community is preparing at this time to file for a state-sponsored Renewal Area Agency which would place the initiation and control of future planning for the canals in the hands of local residents, and which would preserve, and rehabilitate on a small scale this historic area.

The Town Council needs your help! Please contact your area Town Council representatives with your ideas for canals rehabilitation, preservation, recreation, deep or shallow water, motors or paddles only, wildlife, and any other ideas which you may have.

Thank you!



# LETTERS TO THE BEACHHEAD

Dear Beachhead,

John Haag of the North Beach Area Council criticized me in the last Beachhead, as Chairperson of the Venice Town Council Farmworkers Support Committee for proposing a campaign of friendly persuasion around the use of boycotted lettuce at Juergen's (New Pars) Restaurant. John felt we should not raise the question because Juergen is a friend of people in the community, and because he lets us use his restaurant for meetings. He also said I had no standing to raise the question at all, since there were only two of us on the Committee: at the last North Beach Council meeting he demanded the Farmworkers Support Committee drop the campaign with Juergen's altogether.

There were in fact more than two of us on the Committee, but only two of us were involved in the planning around Juergen's. I didn't think that was enough people to be moving in the name of the Venice Town Council, so at the June meeting I brought the question before the whole Town Council and asked the entire body for a vote of approval. The campaign was approved 17 to 3, with 2 abstentions.

The procedure suggested for Juergen and now for Arturo at the Lafayette Cafe and Bitar at Amoon's as well -- was to ask his friends and customers, by word of mouth at first and only much later, if necessary, by a leaflet, to do two things: (1) Not to order salads at the restaurant and to ask the cook to "hold the lettuce"; (2) Each time one eats there to tell the owner or his family that one supports the Farmworkers and wishes they would too. The Committee has not gone beyond this: even the leaflets have been put [off indefinitely until after the grape harvest. Other restaurants in the neighborhood -- Driftwood, Amoon's, Suzanne's Kitchen -- honored the boycott immediately when asked: Juergen and the Lafayette continue to refuse, and now Amoon's has gone back to scab lettuce because they feel romaine lettuce, though less expensive, is hard to work with (Bitar needs a lot of community encouragement to support the Farmworkers). The Brandywine Cafe on Lincoln Blvd. has always honored the Farmworker boycotts of lettuce, grapes, and wine.

Since then the Farmworkers Union has asked us to concentrate on getting grapes out of the markets. The Committee is doing that, shifting our attention to the markets, though not giving up speaking to Juergen at New Pars, Arturo at the Lafayette, and Bitar at Amoon's, when we're there. (It looks like Bob's Market, Windward and Pacific, may be the first local market to completely honor the Farmworkers boycotts -- we're asking everyone to stop in and encourage them to get rid of Gallo wine.)

But John Haag said in the last Beachhead that he felt we should avoid raising the question of scab lettuce at New Pars altogether, because Juergen is a friend, and because he lets us use his restaurant for meetings. I think it's possible for people to fall into notions like this when they forget the basics of what this struggle is all about -- the conditions people labor under in the California valleys, and the

Dear Beachhead,

I wish to compliment you on the July (55) issue of the Beachhead. You brought to light many serious social problems which one does not see in the daily papers.

## DANGER! PLAYGROUND

\$12,000 was spent on underground bathrooms in the Peninsula, so the people living in those expensive houses, apartments, and condominiums along the Ocean Front Walk wouldn't have their view of the ocean blocked off by public restrooms. One can only be bemused by this occurrence since most of the owners of those buildings were terrifically conscious of the ecological danger to the beach when a simple cement bikeway was planned to run along that public beach. Doesn't something happen when one

battle against this injustice by the United Farmworkers Union.

Migrant farm laborers -- in California mostly Mexicans and Mexican-Americans -- are the most exploited class of workers in North America. Their yearly income averages \$1,000 to \$1,500; some California field workers are still paid as little as 28 cents an hour for a 16 hour day. For housing, growers pack families into sheds where as many as 50 people have to share one cold water spigot and one outhouse. Health care doesn't exist -- infectious disease among migrant workers if 17 to 35 times the average. One-third of all Mexican-American babies die at birth; the average lifespan is only 49. Children from the age of 7 customarily work a full day in the fields with their parents. Hedge-hopping airplanes spray nerve-gas insecticide on the crops while the workers are still in the fields. The situation should be well-known to everyone by now, but sometimes reminders are helpful.

In 1965, Cesar Chavez and the United Farmworkers began their fight for the minimum wage, collective bargaining, job safety and health care, job seniority, and the other human rights which workers elsewhere take for granted. By 1970, it looked like the Farmworkers had won: they had 50,000 members and were signing more and more contracts. Then the growers brought in the Teamsters to break the Union by signing "sweetheart" contracts (where the growers and the Teamsters treat each other like sweethearts), until today the Farmworkers are up against the wall -- they have less than 10,000 members left, and the Teamsters have sworn to finish them off this summer.

It's in this context that we should consider John Haag's demand that we quit talking to Juergen about his scab lettuce. I, too, think Juergen is a community person, and that's why I feel we should raise this question with him especially vigorously. We have no standing to ask others to clean up if we aren't willing to at least try to clean ourselves up too. This is especially true since other community restaurants have honored the boycott simply for being asked.

The question isn't whether or not we should be talking to Juergen; the question is whether Juergen should be serving lettuce that is harmful to the Farmworkers struggle.

The Town Council Farmworkers Support Committee is asking community people to boycott all apple grapes, head lettuce, and Gallo and Franzia wines: we're asking people to encourage those markets and restaurants who tend to support the boycotts (especially Bob's Market at Windward and Pacific), and to raise the question every time with those who won't.

Bob Wells Town Council Farmworkers Support Committee

(The Beachhead has received conflicting information regarding the restaurants and markets mentioned in the above letter. Therefore we suggest that when you patronize community merchants, find out for yourself if they are supporting the Farmworkers boycott.)

I was particularly touched by the article on Victor Jara, whose effort to bring beauty into the world was met by savage torture by those in power whose purpose for existence is so false that it cannot bear exposure by a folksinger.

I have enclosed a small token of my gratitude for your courage in the work you do.

Sincerely,  
Dorothy Newberger

bulldozes the sand and shifts the layers of the beach? One is also further befuddled when that same agency cut off the only full time supervisor of the children's playground. Since there has been no full time supervision, some mothers and babysitters have been afraid to take their children to the playground because of child molestations and one case of a five-year old girl being raped.

There's a strange case of priorities indeed. Nowhere is there a more blatant case of property rights taking precedence over decency.

### OPEN LETTER FOR SENATORS CRANSTON AND TUNNEY

By Mrs. Maxine Talley

Do you have to beg for retirement pensions? Our Senior Citizens do -- they stand in line for Social Security benefits, which they have paid for, in line again for medical help. Trying hard to find one package of meat with one pork chop or a half pound of hamburger, most of them end their shopping time buying cat or dog food. Have you ever tried an 'Alpo Hamburger'?

You can eat in Washington, for very little, you can get free medical and probably clothes for half price. Our older citizens are lucky if they have twenty-five cents to spend on a pair of shoes at a thrift store.

The retired military live in luxury, maids, chauffeurs and the best automobiles -- our Senior Citizens walk because transportation is too expensive or there's no transportation at all.

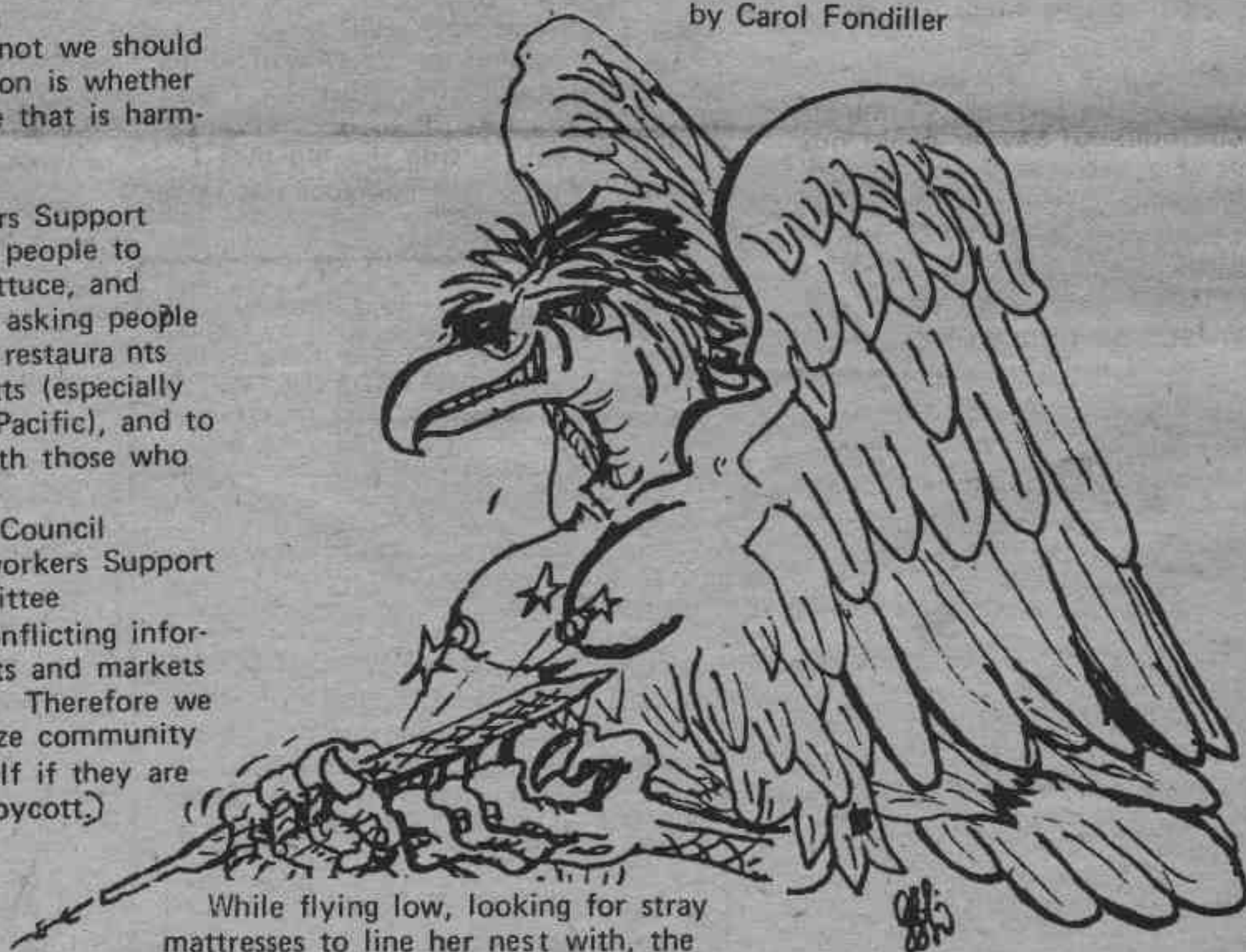
You can give government loans for bigger and better rest homes, OK -- they are pretty. Who wants to spend any time in one, tranquilized because you might bother an attendant or worse yet a doctor.

Enjoy your pensions, for a do nothing vacation in Washington. Oh yes, one day I'll be a Senior Citizen but between now and the time I am a Senior Citizen I'm going to fight, not for a hand-out but for something we have all paid for.



## HARPY DROPPINGS

by Carol Fondiller



While flying low, looking for stray mattresses to line her nest with, the Harpy spotted this sign on a vacant lot on Brooks ave.

"This stinking dump belongs to Harriet Wyman, 350 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills"

A Happy Harpy Hurrah for giving the slumlords and speculators who neglect their property a little free publicity!

Is it true that J. Alan Radford (of the J. Alan Radford Washington Square skyscraper building block that towers over the canals) and the Mar Vista Bus Co., and Safeway are working on a deal to bus the po' folks in North Beach to the Marina Safeway, because the Safeway on Grand Ave. and Windward has closed down?

The Harpy realizes that aside from the altruistic motives that these people harbor, that nice fat profits will accrue to all those involved except, of course, the people who were forced to shop at "Un-Safeway."

The Harpy wonders if Safeway will supply the same shoddy left over merchandise at regular prices (The only store in town where the meat is green and the vegies are brown was the Venice's store's slogan) to make the North Beach folks feel more at home.

It seems that something is blowing in the wind in that land of High Rise High Rent Porsche-laden slum to the south of Venice, commonly known as the Marina.

The tenants of those fancy little cubicles that go for \$500 a month are not getting any satisfaction from the leases that they were snookered into signing.

Needed repairs are not forthcoming, promised boating slips and parking spaces are not available and the security buildings are not secure.

So those outside agitator militants of the upwardly mobile are forming tenants unions and getting lawyers to fight for their rights. It sounds subversive. Pretty soon there might be cries of "Free the Marina from the oppressive land barons!"

The Harpy flaps her wings in anticipation of the picture of all those people thrown out into the streets with their salukis, stereos, and woks.

An interesting vision.



#### 4 PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY: LIFE (AND DEATH) IN THE BELLY OF THE WHALE by Gordon Quinlan

Three years ago, I quit working for Prudential Insurance Company and I've been meaning to write about that experience ever since. But I worked there from March of '68 to September '71, a long long time, and those years were painful enough that I've been reluctant to dig them back up again. Perhaps in the meantime, while I've been stalling around, Prudential has changed. No doubt it's stopped salting away the people's money -- \$30-odd billion in assets last time I heard -- and maybe it no longer feeds on the anxieties and fears of a dying society. In fact, I'm sure it's changed. How could it stay the same? I'm sure Prudential's employees these days must be working full time for the Revolution, gathering guns, developing strategy, building the counter-culture. I'm sure they've taken down those stuffy portraits of those stuffy presidents and replaced them with crimson banners that say "Dare to win!" But just in case they haven't, just in case they're pretty much the same as any other corporate monolithic mother-fucking structure in America, just in case you were thinking of getting a job there, I think I'd better get it on and write this article at last about life in the belly of the whale.

Sartre would say that everybody gets swallowed by a whale at some time or other and that only by fighting to get free are we able to become truly alive. I don't know. I've been swallowed by so many whales in the past 34 years that if anybody tells me I'm wet behind the ears I know what they mean. That's the way it is: Prudential wasn't that much better or worse than my family or the Catholic Church or the other dread sea-beasts that have savored me in their time. I'll get to those monsters when I can. But today it's Prudential, and if you wish to avoid a less than delicate tour of the entrails, this would be a good place for your reading to stop.

I wish that I could tell you I went to work there out of sociological interest or some other scholarly fascination with the macabre. But the truth is -- and sadly that I came to Prudential like any other of the thousands upon thousands of my fellow Americans who have entered those doors and suffered. I came because I needed work. Desperately and frighteningly. My experience and my needs at the time were such that I saw no alternative. There were two children and two adults to be fed. There were house payments. I'd been teaching. Our Summerhill school had folded. Nobody seemed to want to hire me. I was down to less than a hundred bucks when I started hitting insurance companies. I borrowed money for a suit and Diane pinned up the pant cuffs to save time. They kept coming down during interviews. It was very embarrassing.



By the time I got to Prudential, I had my routine down cold. With Safeco, I was honest; they shot me down in minutes. With State Farm, I was somewhat less than honest; the interview went longer. You wouldn't think you'd have to dissemble to get a job eating shit, but that's the way it was. I made the rounds, getting better and better. By the time I reached the Prudential Insurance Company of America, I was a walking lie. First off, I drank four cups of coffee before the interview because coffee gets me totally wired and I'd noticed that speed was very important. The personnel guys were knocked over by fast repartee, knowing smiles, sly and cynical humor, and a certain vocabulary that had clinging to it the smell of death. You couldn't say "Please, I need a job"; what you said was "I'm thinking of getting into industry." You should never ask or plead or beg. And never show softness or pain. Come on strong, charged up with self-confidence. You're prime executive meat. You're bound for the top. If they're too stupid to grab you up, Aetna won't be. Let them know you've already got several attractive offers in your hip pocket. Shammo whammo -- razzmatazz!!! The next thing I knew I had two managers squabbling over me like lions fighting over the carcass of a dead water buffalo. I knew I was in. I tipped the nod to Bob Lewis, Group Insurance, because he seemed somewhat less insane than the other guy, and before you could say Jack Sprat there I was on the seventh floor trying to breathe.

Well, a strange thing happened at that point that's hard to describe. I mean I wasn't a fool. I knew that being a management trainee on the seventh floor at Prudential wasn't so hot. I looked at myself in my black shoes and my narrow tie and my dark suit with the cuffs pinned up, and I knew that somehow or other I had faded a little bit. I felt a little dead. It was as if the air around me wouldn't support real life. It was a kind of processed air. It didn't have any lint floating in it. It was exceedingly clean. And like I say, I wasn't so dumb. I knew this was a wholly different kind of air than I had ever breathed before. What it was was dead air. And to survive while breathing it, it was necessary to act just a little dead. I told myself that I could act dead, just as I had acted during the interview, that I would still write poems and backpack on weekends in the Sierras, that I would still be me -- at least after hours. And yet maybe I WAS a fool. I guess I was. Because I didn't understand that it is only possible to act dead for a very little while. Like people trapped under water, our reserves keep us alive only a little while and after that we truly die.

As I see it in retrospect, the secret behind the success of Prudential -- or any of the other corporate monsters that dominate our horizons -- is the almost total lack of alternatives. I am sure that I wound up in bed with that beast because at a particular time and place in my life I could see nowhere else to go. And though I am fortunate now to have found a few alternatives for myself, I do not

share the illusions of those who believe that there exist genuine alternatives for the vast majority of American workers. Those who suffer the degradations of state welfare are mute testimony to the fact that in this country one either enters the jaws of the corporations, the factories, the insurance companies, the mines, the mills, or else one accepts the pain of poverty. I've often thought, in fact, that the American corporations must secretly delight at (if they do not actively conspire towards) the existence of this hell, the hell of the poor. Without its inspiration, who would choose the other hell, the hell of those who are just able to survive, the employed, the successful ones.

Well, there I was at Prudential, busy being dead, with my black shoes and my starched collar and the narrow tie, and my boss was looking at me with great hopes, and what I did was to go insane. To understand this, it would be helpful if you could imagine the physical environment there. Hundreds of grey desks in one immense room, all in neat tweedly dum order. You couldn't tell one desk or even one row from the next until you'd been there for months. Everyone was busy or if they weren't busy they were busy looking busy. And what everyone was so busy with was paper -- white paper -- little pieces of white paper. If you've never seen it with your own eyes, it is really difficult to comprehend. I didn't really understand it clearly myself until I had been working there for two years and had summoned up the courage to go to work one day completely stoned. I still don't know if it was a mistake or not, but it was surely a bad experience. What I saw were these hundreds of people in this huge rectangular room racing back and forth with pieces of white paper, handing the papers to one another, stamping the papers with rubber stamps, copying numbers from one piece of paper onto another piece, racing back across the room, giving their papers to someone else who put check marks in certain squares or pounded adding machines until certain numbers came out which were then marked down on the white pages and speeded along. Even the few people who were not working -- they were standing by the coffee machines smoking for a few minutes and shooting the shit -- even these people were putting out great quantities of energy. Just in order not to work it was necessary to strain like someone who is being swept downriver and grabs a rock momentarily before being carried away to almost certain death. The amazing thing about it all was that it was all unrelated to anything but itself. All this immense expenditure of energy, this intricate and terrifying passing of white papers: it was all self-contained. It affected no one in the real world. Nobody's life was saved. Nobody suffered. Only the trees that were subtly and beautifully transformed into those clean white pages were affected, as well as the grey garbagemen who each day carried off tremendous floods of expended paperwork so that we should not drown.

Well, that is basically what it was like. But before I tell you how I went insane I want to describe to you one other characteristic of this amazing zoo. I refer to the LEVEL SYSTEM. The level system was a way of ranking the workers. Workers, incidentally, were almost never referred to as workers, but rather as employees, a term that emphasized their subordination to some mythical concept like "the company", or more concretely to the men(sic) who ran the show. What level these men had achieved nobody knew though occasionally one heard reference to numbers as high as 47. Perhaps the president and chairman of the board (two position held by one titanic individual) was a perfect 100. Be that as it may, the great mass of workers ranged from 2 to 12 with the majority around 4 and 5. Can you imagine a 4 speaking to a 100? One trembles; the knees knock. Curiously, there were no level 1's at all, that position apparently being too contemptible for even the lowliest file clerk or mail girl -- a subtlety here that was surely lost on all these women, all of them level 2's. And I use the word "women" advisedly. Though there may have been some masculine level 2's, some dusty token integrators slaving away down in the furnace room in the very bowels of our great building, I never met or even heard tell of them. Nor did I know any women in my time who had passed the level 12. To become a 13 was to pass beyond the reach of mortal hands and enter the ranks of MANAGEMENT. No doubt, with the advent of women's liberation, that will have changed, just as the stuffy portraits of those stuffy presidents will have been replaced by crimson slogans of armed struggle. But back there in pre-revolutionary times when I was a lackey of the bourgeois ruling clique, none of this had come to pass. You knew who was important not only by our sex and the color of our skins (Prudential was as lily white as the Grand Dragon's grandest dream), but also -- and most importantly -- by our levels. AND YOU KNEW OUR LEVELS BY OUR CHAIRS. Level 2's had incredibly uncomfortable chairs with no padding and very little back support. As the levels increased, the padding increased as did the back support until around a level 10 or so one had achieved a chair with thick seat padding, a full back, and arms, no less! An armchair that not only swiveled 360 degrees, but also tilted back to let the occupant rest his (sic) feet on his (sic) desk. And so on. You couldn't have a phone on your desk until you reached a level 6 -- if I remember correctly -- and your phone couldn't dial outside the building until you became a 9. Level 14's and above got their own offices -- glassed-in cages clustered like wasp nests in one or more corners of the room. The omnipresent MUZAK, calculated to drive us all mad, could be turned off only in those offices. The size of the office depended on one's management level as did the presence or absence of paneling. The presence or absence of a personal secretary went with the paneling (or vice versa). And, needless to say, anyone above 17 was boosted quickly up to the tenth floor where accommodations were exquisite, the secretaries beautiful, and there was no longer any fear of jostling against the unclean herd.

Pausing for breath, I want to say that you may think I am getting my rocks off writing about this absurdity. Who hasn't longed to give the finger to the boss? But the truth is that I dislike thinking even about this bizarre warehouse and the tragedy of the magnificent lives that are being ground down to dust and destroyed there. I don't like to remember the squabbling and the jealousy over levels. I don't like to remember that for 10 buck a week and a more comfortable chair, human beings would become bosses and drive other human beings to do the work that they themselves the day before had despised. I

don't really like to reflect that this system by which our sister and brotherhood is taken from us has become the law of the land in which I will live and die. And most of all, I am not proud to admit that I too became part of that system, that I struggled for higher levels and more power, and worst of all that I learned to have contempt for the people with lower levels than me, people who, outside of their positions as women or chicanos or blacks, were the ones who did not go insane like me, who for one reason or another clung to their precious shreds of humanity. These are the people that I remember with such optimism today as I reflect that they are the great majority.

Anyway, I left. I didn't do it easily. In the three years I was there I saw a few others like myself turn around and leave. All of us did it through pain.

The whale just belched when Jonah got where he was going; but for us who had somehow taken the whale into our hearts it was a delicate kind of surgery that set us free. Prudential is addicting as any of the old-timers would admit. It feeds on our fear and insecurity. Many of these old-timers had vivid memories of the Great Depression. And there were those like myself. All of us had been hurt too often in our own ways. As a fellow-worker once said: "This is a land of broken dreams." In the course of three years, only once did I

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LNC

# Chinese Law

It Eliminates Drug Problems, Prostitution, Suits over Contracts, Long Court Cases And Perhaps Best of All - Lawyers

(Excerpted from the Atlanta Constitution.)

China is a country where there is law, but no lawyers. China also has no prostitution, no drug problems and no burden of suits over contracts or automobile accidents.

The above is the opinion, based on observation, of Frank Pestana, a Los Angeles attorney active in the Los Angeles U.S.-China Peoples Friendship Association, and who recently traveled throughout the U.S. addressing universities, lawyers and community groups on the legal system in China. Some of his observations and conclusions are given below.

China tried the lawyer system from 1954-57, but abolished it in 1957.

The individual can represent himself, or he can get a friend to represent him. The procedures are so simple, they don't have all the technical court procedures we do here.

The courtroom atmosphere is apparently quite different from that in the United States. The case is decided by one judge and two laymen and they listen to anything that may have a bearing on the case, whether or not it is hearsay or simply gossip.

There are no fancy courtrooms in China, nor is there bail since bail involves unequal justice, awarding temporary freedom only to those who can afford it. The Chinese instead insure the accused a speedy trial.

Petty misdemeanors in the United States are traffic crimes, petty theft, stealing an apple out of grocery store or stealing a bicycle or the like. All of these cases are treated in our society as very serious cases and people are taken to court. People may, and quite often do, go to jail.

In China, a crime of that kind is handled by a Committee of Conciliation made up of people elected out of your own neighborhood or block or village depending on where you are. The Committee's principal goal is to solve the crime, to reach the individual guilty of it, and to try to keep it from happening again. This is handled on the level of social approbation or disapprobation. 90 or 95 percent of crime is taken care of by this process. What we're left with is the more serious crimes, the felonies and more serious misdemeanors. They are handled through the regular court system.

A misdemeanor must be tried within ten days, while a felony trial must come up within 30 days. In a misdemeanor case, the accused is usually not arrested until the day of the trial. A suspect in a felony case is taken to a holding place until the time of the trial.

China has a death penalty for such crimes as murder, rape, sabotage, espionage and crimes against the state. But only one death sentence has been carried out in 13 years.

A person given a death sentence is provided with a two-year interim in which to rehabilitate himself, and after two years the sentence is reviewed.

If the condemned man is deemed fit for rehabilitation, then he is given a life sentence.

The code of laws for China concerns primarily criminal cases, but what civil law there is deals with divorces, disputes over inheritance and rent squabbles. While land cannot be owned in China, the house can be owned and leased to tenants.

What traffic accident cases there are usually involve bicycles. Pestana reports an instance in which a young man negligently ran into and knocked down an old woman and broke her leg.

"I asked my Chinese friends who would the woman sue? She had to go to the hospital and then stay at home for two months to recuperate, but both she and the boy work for the state.

"First of all, they said, all medical care is taken by the state. If the young man is earning enough he will be required to pay for her meals. But the young man would have to care for the old lady until she recovers," Pestana says. "He would have to go clean up her house and make her breakfast in the morning and then come back in the evening and prepare her meal."

He inquired about pain and suffering damages, an integral part of American tort law.

"My Chinese friends looked at me with astonishment. How does one judge how much pain is worth, they asked."

Two other areas which Pestana found interesting in his visits to China in 1959, 1967 and 1972 involved the penal system and the abolition of prostitution.

The Chinese prison has no bars and there are no armaments, Pestana says. "But very seldom does anyone run away."

The inmates work eight hours a day and are given a day off, he says. In the course of their stay they go to sessions and discuss their problems and try to determine why they committed a crime.

"Several autobiographies are written by the inmates, and in those autobiographies the inmate seeks an understanding that his thinking and his action is a reflection of his society, his environment and his background."

Another problem, prostitution, was dealt with quite effectively. The law abolishing prostitution was not enacted until two years after the Communists took over.

They had 60,000 to 70,000 prostitutes. First they eliminated the medical problems. Then they trained the women for other jobs and returned any who wished to go to their home provinces.

Then, they enacted a law making it a crime to engage in prostitution in which the man is the one who is charged.

There is a constant process of forcing the individual to contend with what he has done and come to a realization that his attitudes that led to that particular criminal act have to change, and that process of changing is what the authorities are looking for.

## The Day I Said No!

by Shari Leintz

To me, saying the Pledge of Allegiance is like saying that I think this country is good, the government is wonderful, everything is right. We have been taught not to lie, but isn't saying "with liberty and justice for all" a lie? At school I got fed up with "the" lie and I felt stupid talking to a piece of cloth, so one day a friend and I decided not to say the pledge or stand for it. During the pledge our teacher kept flapping her arms at us and showing her teeth like a rabid dog. Afterwards she said that if we would say the pledge then she would forgive and forget! We both refused. She took out her pink pad of "fail" notices. I said my mother would be tickled pink and that got her even more pissed. The class thought it was funny (it was) which made the teacher look even more stupid. This lady's having an attack and we were in danger of "failing" homeroom because we won't lie. The class was on our side and that helped.

The "fail" notice I brought home said, "sits during pledge, won't stand or say it." I was right -- my mother was proud that I had stood up for something I believe in. We both agreed that this was the perfect time to tell the school just what I thought of this "great" country. My mother wrote me

a two page note saying she supported me and respected my decision. She talked about racism, sexism, Viet Nam, Watergate and Nixon's crimes.

I brought the note to school and gave it to my teacher. Mrs. J (she's offended when you call her Ms.) didn't like the note at all, but she didn't bug me for a while. My friend's mother had told her to say the pledge because she didn't want to start any "trouble". Mean-time, I looked up the law about saying the Pledge of Allegiance in school. I found that by law I didn't have to say it or stand.

Then Mrs. J decided to bug me some more. She wanted me to stand while the pledge was being said, "out of respect for the country and your fellow classmates". I told her that I had no respect for this country and that I did respect my classmates and would be willing to take a vote ("the American way"). She knew she was beat, but kept right on hassling me. My mother wrote me another note which told her to lay off and that by law I didn't have to stand. That did it. Now she only growls at me -- which is better than snarling.

I hope that everybody who believes that the Pledge of Allegiance is pigshit will sit down and say no! It's not a big thing, but it's a start!

## SECESSION ?

The Venice Town Council's committee to investigate secession met on July 11th at the Venice Pavilion. About one hundred people showed up, about 50% of the audience was vehemently supportive of getting out of Los Angeles, 40% were inquisitive about the possibilities, about 10% wanted to secede from California and/or the U.S., and the other 10% (?) were looking for the bathrooms and/or didn't know what secession meant.

There were conveners from several different committees:

Historical/Legal: "How did we get sucked in and are their precedents for getting out?"

Revenues: "If we get out, how do we pay for street maintenance?"

Services: "Who picks up the garbage and how do we light our streets?"

The people at the meeting asked a lot more questions than could be answered. Each of the conveners stated they would need lots and lots of help in research and organizing. Want to see how difficult autonomy is? Want to get involved?

If you are interested in a specific committee, call: Services-823-5107, Revenues-396-0713, Historical Legal-396-0267. If you want to start another project, support group or committee, or if you want info as to when and where the next committee to investigate secession will be, call 392-2978.

## INSURANCE CONT. FROM p.4

see two people hug or caress or in any other way show deep feelings of affection or rage. It was a kind of exchange in which we had given up our humanity for security in our jobs and the constant (unrealistic) hope of advancement. We got free lunches and free parking and free medical care and group insurance plans and payroll savings plans and pension plans and bridge clubs and a recreational association and a lot of lies about belonging to a socially committed company. We also go to call each other by our first names, even the bosses. It was a very progressive place, very concerned for its (non-union) employees. I called it the air-conditioned womb. All of us called it Mother Pru.

I wish I could end this here with a stirring peroration, but all I can think of now is the great luck I had to leave. Not just luck: it was the love and support of friends, many of whom stayed behind, along with the privileges of my class (like white skin, money in the bank, a "good" education) that made leaving possible for me. I have not forgotten that majority which has stayed behind, and I dream and work toward the day when none of us will be trapped in those fucking prisons. I believe that day will come.

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**"GOOD STUFF" BREADS & ROLLS**



# VENICE TOWN COUNCIL NEWS



At its July meeting, the Venice Town Council dealt with issues ranging from Senior Citizen housing problems to nude sunbathing on Venice Beaches.

The Venice Town Council, which has been meeting monthly since March 1973, is composed of elected representatives from each of Venice's six neighborhoods. Each neighborhood holds a monthly meeting at which all residents of that area may speak, vote, and bring issues to the attention of the council. These neighborhood meetings constitute the grassroots level of the Town Council system. Once a month, the elected representatives of all six neighborhoods hold a working session to deal with issues that have been referred to the whole Town Council by the neighborhood meetings. Such a meeting took place at the Israel Levin Center on July 10th. The following actions were taken that night:

1. A committee on Senior Citizen Housing was formed to investigate a report of rent increases and poor living conditions in the Kemper Apartments on Ocean Front Walk. (Two days later the committee met with the elderly tenants and conducted an inspection of the building. It has since begun a series of meetings with the building's owner).
2. A resolution was passed advocating that the L.A. City Council pass no ordinance limiting nude sunbathing on Los Angeles beaches. A further resolution on nude sunbathing was referred back to the neighborhood meetings for

discussion and will be voted on at the August Town Council meeting. This resolution stated that, if the city council did decide to limit nude sunbathing, at least the Brooks Beach area be designated as a clothing optional beach and that any problems arising from the use of such clothing optional beaches be referred to the North Beach neighborhood committee on police relations for discussion and recommendations to the VTC.

3. A committee was formed to meet with Assemblyman Sieroty and other elected officials representing the Venice area to communicate to them the community's concerns and problems.

4. A resolution was passed 'criticizing individuals along the beach who verbally and physically intimidate the people of the community' and urging all users of the beach 'to relate to each other ... in ways that do not infringe on each individual's right not to be harassed, bullied, or approached in sexist or racist...style.' The resolution included a provision to publicize this position thru leaflets or signs posted on the beach and along the ocean front.

5. A resolution was passed accepting regional Coastal Commission Chairman Bright's offer to representatives of the Town Council of 45 minutes to make a presentation of their position on the city's proposed canal project. Bright's offer to the Town Council members was made after the city planning department made a 45 minute presentation to the commission on its plans for the canal area.

6. A letter to Captain Dotson, former head of the Venice Division, thanking him for his 'courtesy and cooperation in establishing better communication between the People and the police' and expressing the hope that his successor would continue to work to improve community relations, was passed for signatures to those council members who wished to sign.

Several other important issues were raised and referred back to the neighborhood meetings for discussion. Decisions on these issues are likely to be made at the August Town Council meeting (Aug. 7):

It was proposed that a seventh neighborhood be added to the Venice Town Council. The Town Council presently includes only that portion of Venice which falls into Councilwoman Russell's district. It was noted that the Town Council has begun to deal with issues that effect all of Venice, not just those neighborhoods represented by Ms. Russell. The recent Fourth of July parade and the committee formed to investigate secession of Venice from the city of Los Angeles were cited as examples. It was therefore proposed that the residents of Venice who live east of Lincoln and west of Walgrove (Braude's district) be invited to form a neighborhood council and elect representatives to participate in the Town Council meetings. The resolution also includes a request that Councilman Braude send out a mailing to his constituents who live in that area inform-

ing them of this invitation and of an initial organizational meeting.

Councilwoman Russell requested that the Town Council submit recommendations for appointment to the Venice Re-study Advisory Committee. This committee will be working with city planners on developing a preliminary community plan for Venice. The Town Council decided that each neighborhood should hold elections for two representatives to that committee.

Councilwoman Russell reported that she would like to make two changes in the structure and procedure of the Town Council. First, she would like to establish a liaison committee, composed of one representative from each neighborhood, which would work directly with her office on problems and projects of concern to the council. Second, she would like to discontinue her office's formal participation in the Town Council's meetings. (Her office has customarily been scheduled to make an oral report at each monthly meeting.) Councilmember's reaction to these proposals was mixed, but it was agreed that they called for more probing discussion than was possible at the Town Council meeting, and each neighborhood was asked to discuss them at its monthly meeting.

Below is a schedule for the neighborhood meetings. Any issue that you would like to see the Town Council deal with should be brought to the monthly meeting of your neighborhood.

## the short walk

By Haskel Simonowitz

THE SHORT WALK a new Venice community building, located at 1102 W. Washington Blvd., is now open. THE SHORT WALK is the home of four Venice community groups: Vietnam Veterans Against the War/Winter Soldier Organization (VVAW/WSO), The Fat Underground, the Venice Building and Carpentry Collective, and the Free Venice Food Cooperative. A fifth group, Free Venice, also supports THE SHORT WALK. Located in the heart of Venice, the new building provides offices and meeting space for the groups to conduct their activities and reach out to neighborhood people. This article introduces the groups and announces THE SHORT WALK's first major event.

VVAW/WSO is a national organization of women and men, veterans and nonveterans who seek to bring about social justice and to prevent war through radical change of our country's system. The Venice chapter is concentrating its efforts on ending U.S. involvement in Indochina, amnesty for all war resisters, supporting the farm workers and fighting the third unjust trial in Riverside of Gary Lawton, a black community leader who has been fighting a police frame up for three years. One of our biggest efforts is the Discharge Upgrading Project which is helping badly discharged veterans to upgrade their less than honorable discharges. This project is part of the nationwide VVAW/WSO campaign for a retroactive single type discharge for all vets as well as the struggle for universal unconditional amnesty.

Another group seeking change is the FAT UNDERGROUND, a collective of feminist fat women. They write and speak to spread information, raise consciousness, confront stereotypes, expose lies, injustices and exploitation, and demystify the oppression of fat people, especially fat women. Their FAT LIBERATION MANIFESTO declares that fat people are fully entitled to human respect. The collective is angry at mistreatment by commercial and sexist interests which exploit "our bodies as objects of ridicule" for immense profits.

The fat liberation struggle is allied with the struggles of other oppressed groups and demands equal rights for fat people in all aspects of life. The collective singles out as their special enemies the so-called reducing industries and demands that they take responsibility for their false claims, acknowledge that their products are harmful, and publish long term studies to substantiate any claims of efficacy. The manifesto also repudiates the mystified "science" which falsely proclaims fat persons

unfit, thereby subjecting them to discrimination is collusion with financial interests, such as insurance companies, which profit from their oppression. Finally, the Fat Underground declares "We refuse to be subjugated to the interests of our enemies. We fully intend to reclaim power over our bodies and our lives. We commit ourselves to pursue these goals together."

The FREE VENICE FOOD COOPERATIVE is a buying club which has been operating successfully for four years. It consists of about 125 families. The goal of the food cooperative is to maximize our people's control over our food supply in terms of price and quality. All accounting, buying, distributing, and other chores are done by members of the co-op who each devote an equal number of hours to co-op work every month. Not only has the Free Venice Food Cooperative been successful in serving its own members, it has assisted other groups to form successful co-ops.

The fourth member of THE SHORT WALK is the VENICE BUILDING AND CARPENTRY COLLECTIVE. The women and men of this collective are working within the building trades to maximize community resources

in regard to low cost construction and housing rehabilitation. From a large group of people doing actual construction, the collective is evolving towards a resource and information function which seeks to create the means by which community people can assist one another in maintaining and improving their shelter. To accomplish this, the collective is working to establish a people's lumber yard, a skill bank and labor credit system with which people can exchange skills on an hour for hour basis, a tool pool to share tools; and a comprehensive library with materials not only on construction, plumbing and codes but also on housing law, tenants unions, and government. The Venice Building and Carpentry Collective has the potential of becoming an important tool in the hands of the people.

While THE SHORT WALK'S activities so far have been limited to cleaning up, repairing, and regular group meetings, we will change that on August 3rd by holding our major event: THE FILM/MUSIC MARATHON. It will run from 7:00 P.M. 'til? at the Church in Ocean Park (2nd and Hill) and will have live music, cheese and drink upstairs; and (at the same time) films, cheese and drink downstairs. So far we have films on the farm workers, veterans, and African. Liberation struggles. Come and celebrate with THE SHORT WALK and be prepared to have a great time.



### VENICE NEIGHBORHOOD MEETINGS

Area I Peninsula: west of Pacific, south of Venice Bl. Meets every 4th Wed. (Aug. 28) 7:30 pm to 10 at Anchorage School. Call 392-2113 or 392-1594.

Area II North Beach: west of Main, Venice Bl. to Santa Monica Border. Meets every first Mon. (Aug. 5) 7:30 pm to 10:30 at Israel Levin Senior Adult Center, 201 Ocean Front Walk. Call 392-0267 or 396-3616.

Area III Canals: south of Venice Bl., east of Pacific, west of W. Washington Bl. Meets every first and third Tues. (Aug. 6 & Aug. 20) 7 pm to 9 at Anchorage School. Call VC1-9596.

Area IV Oakwood: north of California, west of Lincoln to W. Washington Bl. Meets every third Wed. (Aug. 21) 7 pm to 9 at Broadway School bungalow. Call 396-2801.

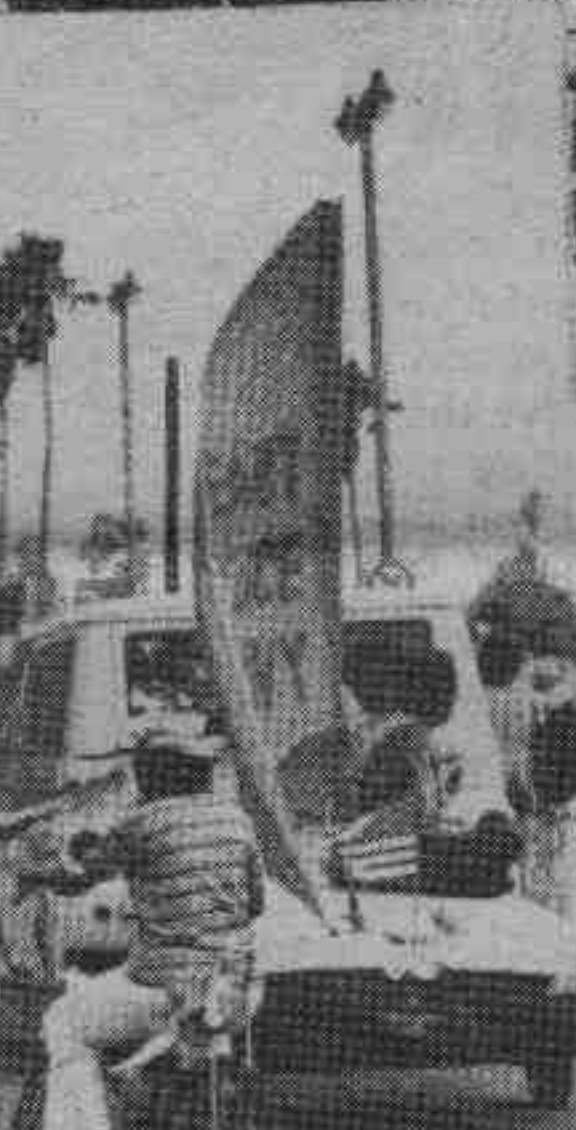
Area V East Venice: south of California, west of Lincoln to W. Washington Bl. Meets every fourth Wed. (Aug. 28) 7:30 pm to 10 at Couer D'Alene School. Call 821-1430 or 821-1489.

Area VI Central: north of Venice Bl., east of Main, west of W. Washington Bl. Meets last Thurs. (Aug. 29) 7:30 pm at Short Walk Community Center, 1102 W. Washington Bl. Call 821-1774.

Venice Town Council (all areas) meets every first Wed. (Aug. 7) 7:30 pm to 10:30 at Israel Levin Center, 201 Ocean Front Walk.







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# WOMEN IN CHINA

by Linda Shin



A few months ago, I was fortunate enough to be part of a ten person delegation of achieving women visiting the People's Republic of China as the guests of the Chinese Women's Federation. We spent 27 days in China and travelled over 6,000 miles, visiting factories, farms, schools and a number of other sites. Besides me, two other members of our group could speak some Chinese and had also studied China for a long time. But even those of us who were relatively unfamiliar with China before the trip have found that the contact with China and the Chinese people has greatly enriched us all.

We were accompanied throughout our visit by four women cadres, two of whom were interpreters. We got to know these women very well and developed warm feelings between us. Also in each place we visited we were met by a delegation of women from the local Women's Federation who accompanied us throughout our stay in that area, travelling with us, eating with us and engaging in a most intensive exchange. This feature of our trip distinguished it from many other ordinary tours of China. The chance to meet a great many Chinese women of all ages and walks of life made our trip an unforgettable experience.

Our group was impressed with the enormous strides the Chinese people have taken in such a short period of time since the revolution -- a mere 25 years. Even though China is still a poor and "backward" nation economically, when you consider that just a generation ago China was a nation utterly destroyed by decades of invasion and war, the economy in chaos and disintegration and the lives of the people marked by starvation, disease and the most miserable kinds of deprivation, the change is remarkable indeed. Today you find an ordered society and a rapidly developing economy, all built upon the collective energies of the Chinese masses. Although it is a very different social system from ours, it works. And the Chinese people we met are very proud of their accomplishments, while still very much aware of the work yet to be done.

With regard to women's rights, the Chinese women we met were also very proud of their accomplishments and the incredible transformation in their lives that has occurred since the revolution, but also very much aware of the road yet to be travelled with regard to complete sexual equality.

The main thing is that our Chinese sisters linked the progress of their own struggle to the fate of the Chinese revolution as a whole. For them, the problems that women face as a special group can be dealt with in a context of general social and political change, and need not be worked out in isolation.

Of course, their view is based upon their immediate historical experience, where the revolutionary process that destroyed feudal socio-economic relations also provided the basis for women's liberation. Thus, the land reform following 1947 gave women the property rights that they had never had, and the Marriage Law of 1950 made women the social equals of men and outlawed practices that had made women powerless in the old society, such as arranged marriage, purchase of women and concubinage.

Likewise, the great political campaigns that have occurred in China since 1950 have been especially beneficial to women as a group. For example, the drive to have women enter production that took place during the Great Leap Forward in 1958 also led to the socialization of many household tasks, such as child care and food preparation, that had previously tied women to the home. And during the Cultural Revolution of 1966-1969, a great many women activists emerged in the course of political struggle and have since assumed leadership roles in factories, schools, farms and other institutions.

We came to China during another great political campaign that is currently [going on: the campaign to criticize and repudiate Confucius and Lin Biao. Whatever the political ins-and-outs of the campaign may be, the interesting thing for us was that the campaign was frequently linked to women's issues. "Prejudice against women and discrimination against women," the Chinese would heatedly say, "are prime examples of the kind of feudal thinking we are striving to overcome." And they would quote Confucian sayings and old proverbs, such as the "three obediences" of the Confucian school that stipulate young women should obey their fathers, married women should obey their husbands, and widows should obey their sons. Or the Confucian aphorism, "A woman's virtue consists of ignorance," which was used to prevent women from becoming literate and thereby obtaining social and political power outside the home. Or the saying, "Live in front of the stove, die behind it," as describing the lives of Chinese women in the old society. Or the way that Chinese women used to answer the door and if no men were home would reply to the query, "Is Mr. X at home?" by saying, "No, nobody's here." Our Chinese sisters scathingly described Confucian thinking as "slander" against women.

Moreover, factories and schools we visited had posters and billboards linking female equality to the current campaign. We were certain that discussions on these issues were taking place in study groups throughout China.

The point is that Chinese women link their liberation to the consolidation of the socialist revolution in China and see this as a process that will take decades to accomplish. Not only does the heritage of feudal thinking have to be overcome, but the constant tendency to backslide into the "capitalist road" has to be struggled against. The "capitalist road" linked to Liu Shao-ch'i, the former President to the People's Republic, and to trends within the Soviet Union, to the Chinese people means policies that could lead to the creation of a new elite separated from the masses by wealth and an affluent life style.

For women, the "capitalist road" means the retreat of women back into the home away from full participation in the society; the economy and the political structure. In a society that esteems the dignity of labor and exalts laboring people as the "salt of the earth" women must contribute to production if they are to hold up "half the sky" -- as indeed they do.

In probably no other society in the world do women participate so actively in so many spheres of life. Not only do women do most of the jobs that men do, but equal opportunity for women is an accepted feature of government policy.

We did observe some areas where men predominated and others where women were more numerous. For example, women tend to predominate in light industry, especially textiles, and men tend to predominate in heavy industry. The top limit of participation by one sex or the other is around 80%, and there is no sector of the economy where women constitute less than 20% of the working force.

In one factory we visited, a thermal power plant near Shanghai, we asked heated questions on this subject. Although 30% of the workers there were women, we wanted to know why there weren't 50%. We also wanted to know if women received lower pay as a group than the factory's overall average wage, and whether or not women were clustered in certain jobs in the factory. We found there was no pay differential between men and women employees there, and that women did all the jobs in the factory (this was borne out by our tour through the plant).

"When the factory started operations in the early 1950's," the chief engineer explained, "very few women had the skills we needed and it has taken time for that process to occur." Chief Engineer Wu, an older man probably in his sixties, explained that when he had been a student before the revolution, there was not even one woman among the student body. "Consequently, we have many veteran male workers," he declared, "and we can't simply fire them." And so now they are trying to correct the imbalance by bringing in large numbers of women workers from among the annual crop of new middle school graduates (the equivalent of our high school).

This exchange led us to check our notes and writings of other travellers (such as the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars' excellent book, *China!*) and we discovered that there is no significant difference in pay among heavy, medium and light industry, even though women tend to predominate in the latter. Our assumptions were partly based on American conditions, where women usually find that their jobs mean lower pay, less prestige, restricted mobility, and often, a subordinate position to men.

What makes it possible for women to participate in production so fully in China is a very generous system of labor legislation that allows women to work without the double burden of household work.

The full impact of this system struck me in another context while visiting the Peking Maternity Hospital. On our tour of the facilities we saw a young woman being treated with acupuncture for menstrual pains. Quite by chance we found out that female workers may receive two days a month off from work if needed for menstrual pain.

I had already known about some of the other labor legislation for women, such as the 56 days maternity leave, the prevalence of excellent nurseries that provide part or full-time care for infants at nominal cost, often right on the factory grounds, and time off morning and afternoons for nursing mothers to be with their children.

But somehow the example of time off for severe menstrual cramps brought home to me the way that in China, they want women to work and thereby participate in the society, and so they arrange the institutions so as to make this a reality.

In cities the chores of working women are also reduced by neighborhood service centers, where people (often retired men and women) earn money doing shopping for families, washing and mending of clothes and a number of other small chores. Some neighborhood service centers even prepare chopped raw vegetables and meats (the most time-consuming part of Chinese cooking is the chopping) for husbands and wives to pick up on their way home, ready to cook. Also, most factories have canteens that serve delicious and inexpensive meals for employees. All this means that household management is a much lighter task in cities than it was previously.

One effect of these changes is that the conflict between men and women seems less sharp than it is in America, for here many women's struggles are often conducted in isolation against a husband, father or lover. We often asked Chinese women (and men): "Who cooks dinner?" Usually the answer was, "Whoever gets home first."

When we remained skeptical, our Chinese friends also acknowledged that "there are husbands -- and there are husbands," and they also admitted to a generation gap in men's attitudes, with men under 30 or 35 generally being freer of chauvinistic attitudes than their elder brothers and fathers.

The point of this is that Chinese women do not have to struggle in isolation against chauvinism, because bad attitudes towards women on the part of a recalcitrant male are widely viewed as evidence of a more general political backwardness. And women have social and legal pressure to back them up in cases of ill-treatment.

Also when the society provides means to socialize much of household work, the heat is taken off men somewhat. This is in sharp contrast to America, where here often contradictions between men and women are intensified as they are thrown upon each other without recourse to the society at large to help solve their living problems.



What I have described is characteristic of city life in China (which means one-fifth of China's population, or about 100 million people, the entire population of Japan). In the countryside, where 80% of China's population lives and works, the situation for women appears to vary considerably from area to area, depending upon the level of production, local traditions and other factors. My general impression is that social change is somewhat slower in rural areas than in the cities, although vastly significant changes have occurred there too. I feel that further changes for farm women will hinge upon the rapidly expanding program of rural industrialization, which is already transforming country life, and the mixing of city and rural populations that is already going on and which will become more significant in the coming years.

Every woman in our group noticed the complete lack of sexual innuendo in relations between Chinese men and women, and the warm but non-sexist way that Chinese men related to us. Quite a change!

In some ways this is the greatest difference between our two societies. Since returning from China, we have all been acutely aware of the constant bombardment of sex, love and romance that advertisements, tv and the media have laid on us, and we have speculated about how all of this has to have affected the way we think about things.

Here we certainly are coming from a different place from the Chinese. For Chinese women, the deemphasis upon sex means that they are not treated as sex objects and that for the first time in their history, as historian and (female) doctor Han Su-yin has said, Chinese women have the freedom to say NO.

On the other hand, our society certainly seems a little cockoo about sex, which is not surprising when you realize that for years Madison Avenue has been selling us the line that the private, consumer part of our lives can be meaningful even if our work is horrible and that personal relationships are the only meaningful area of our lives. Small wonder that love and romance and sexual liberation become the symbolic center of our emotional existence!

This may be partly why it becomes hard for us to see how the Chinese can [get so much satisfaction from their work, their participation in society and the construction of their nation, and why the contradiction between private and social activities does not assume the enormous significance it does here.

I don't want to present China in a rosy glow as the new utopia on earth - a model for us to follow in all respects. That simply isn't true. China has enormous problems to overcome and has a vastly different heritage to deal with. Often, China's problems are very different from the things we have to contend with here.

But what China can show us is how a revolutionary situation can radically affect women's status and roles by opening up the possibilities that don't exist in a non-revolutionary society. This is really something to think about.

In China we heard story after story about how women in different places organized themselves to accomplish certain goals by overcoming enormous

feelings of inadequacy and lack of self-confidence. But the difference between 9 here and there is that once the women began the process, they received help from other organized sectors of the society.

A good example of this is the Iron Willed Girls' Team of Lin hsien, Honan Province. Lin hsien is a very poor valley (very similar to the country described in Fanshen

scribed in Fanshen, by William Hinton) of 700,000 people that has begun to transform itself through the construction of an impressive irrigation network, the Red Flag Canal. The Canal was built without recourse to the state for aid and largely by the labor of every able bodied person in the valley during the last 15 years.

The Girls' Team formed itself to help in constructing a major tunnel to divert the waters of the Chang River into the valley. Most of the work consisted of dynamiting the rugged mountains and then working with pick and sledgehammer to break up the rock. When the women first joined the work, they simply carried water for the men and worked as runners. After a while they decided to try to work with the pick and sledgehammer so as to contribute more to the work on the tunnel.

They were all afraid to hold the pick for fear of being hurt when the sledgehammer came down on it. And the men were no help, because they didn't want to be hurt either. So the women spent their breaks practicing among themselves, but it was very hard since they didn't know how to hold the picks firmly enough, and a few of them were hurt because of it.

The young woman who narrated this story to us then told us how everybody on the team began to feel demoralized by their failure with the sledgehammers. These feelings grew worse and worse but the women didn't talk about it. Finally, they reached such a low point that the local Communist Party secretary was informed of the situation, and he immediately convened a meeting of the women and a few of the more politically advanced male workers.

Together they persuaded the women to overcome their lack of confidence and do the job. They read them Mao Tse-tung's essay, "The Foolish Old Man Who Moved Mountains," which celebrates the spirit of self-reliance of the Chinese people. Soon the women began to feel that if they didn't accomplish the job, they would be holding back the development of the entire region - and the whole nation.

With the support thereby received, the Girl's Team not only learned how to use the pick and sledgehammer, but also overcame its fear of the dynamite. They were given the responsibility of setting charges for the next segment of the tunnel, and their accomplishment was met with congratulations from their male co-workers.

This story illustrates to me the key point: that women are not alone in their struggles in China. It shows much of what is going on with women in China today, and something of how women and the whole society work to better their lives.

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# STUART - a memory

I feel self-conscious about writing this obit for Stuart Perkoff who died recently of throat cancer.

You see, I don't have a biography of him. But I feel impelled to write about him because he made an impact on my life. He changed me. I only know him as he was. I don't know how he got there.

I do know that he was a coffee house poet and a Venice poet.

I first came in contact with him at the twilight of the "Beat Scene". I know in retrospect that the scene was already on the decline, because Life magazine had done several lay-outs on the scene, and several superficial rip-off books and movies had made the rounds. The media had eaten the body and just left the hoofs, entrails and heart to die and bleed. I was in those days, a "tourist" and I blush to say, the worst kind. The kind that points and giggles at the quaint natives. Well, naturally, I had to "do" a coffee house that had real Beatnik poets, women who wore no make-up, black turtle-necks sweaters, and black tights and earrings that could knock out a tooth if the wearer turned her head suddenly, and thin bearded men dressed in fatigues left over from the Korean war, jeans and berets. I don't remember whether it was the Venice West (now a storage place for Dan's Things on Dudley) or the Gas House which was housed in a delicious exuberant parody of Italian arches with tiny white tiles with flowered iron columns all in the best of bad taste. In order to get rid of the "deviates and perverts" as then Councilman Rundberg called the coffee house habitués he had to call in the city to destroy the building because it was unsafe. It took the city three days to make

a dent in the building. The lot is now much less of an eyesore with its broken cars that house people with broken spirits, broken hearts, and no hopes or dreams whatsoever. Rundberg by way of historical interest, was indicted for fraud or bribery, or something.

Anyway, it was at one of these now defunct gathering places that I first heard Perkoff.

I remember him as skinny and unhealthy. And I remember he shouted and chanted his poetry at me. He did not seduce me with a clever alignment of words, he was not polite nor clean in language, thought or deed, nor did he have the languorous decadence, the bored dilettante quality of Pierre Louis, Beaudelaire, or Oscar Wilde. No. He was down right offensive. He shouted and pounded his words, many of them four letter words, into my ears with which I refused to hear and he pounded them under the ingrained hide of my soul and conscience. Shards of his thoughts keep coming to the surface and irritating some of my most sacred truths that I hold to be self-evident. What a ghastly man! How repellent! But I thought, in my self-righteous Judeo-liberal guilt tripped little glass house, he has the right to wail upon my deaf ears to the death. Well, the years passed and I was enthralled in the coils of Venice. I still am. It's sometimes like having an affair with a psycho. When it's bad, it's suicidal. When it's good it makes Hell worthwhile, and you forget you're in it.

Stuart went to jail for possession. He was away for a long time-about six years.

I was in another now defunct coffee house-now a Jesus in coffee place, when

there was a poetry recital. Suddenly up on the stage, a thin wraith-like rail of a woman whose whole body seemed to support her wild thick black hair and eyes bright and hollow and drained of suffering and living. The eyes of a dying animal. Her arms were white sticks. Her mouth a wound with gaps of teeth. A beautiful Greek statue vandalized by time and drugs. There was a small jazz combo on the stage and the rowdy patrons hushed "Stuart Perkoff's wife" was wafted, whispered through some clusters of the "old timers". She was in red I think, or should have been, this Medea, Medusa, Cassandra. Oh, Christ, I thought, him again and now through this wasted woman. I wanted to get out. I felt heavy waves of anxiety beat in on me as she started to sway. She supported herself on the microphone, her drug-filmed eyes were not on the audience. I started sweating and the hair on the back of my neck prickled, "get out! get out!" my deepest layer of feeling was saying. I translated it to oh Jesus, she'll ramble on interminably.

It was not fear I felt, it was awe, and something even more atavistic than instinct forced me to sit.

She crooned, swaying back and forth and the combo accompanied her unobtrusively, as she mumbled harangued sang and wailed Perkoff's verses. They were poems about needing a fix so bad, of waiting, of wanting to get out of being dead and alive. They were powerful and terrible in their almost Biblical rhythms. Incantations to heroin ghetto humor-self-hating humor of a person who knows what down really is. The audience was held in her fist in the tangle of Perkoff's words. They were

suspended-silent-not a breath, not a cough, not a breeze and then it was over, and I felt strange and light, and suddenly I was released from the nightmares, the dreams, the sickening visions like suppurating sores. I felt shaky. I had seen a tragedy and I went through catharsis.

I tried for a while to get editions of some of his poems. He printed or had them printed in limited editions. His wife died, from an overdose, I think, and people were telling me Stuart was "out" and managing a book store up north.

And then I met I met him face to face. He had changed, he was heavier and had a beard and wore glasses.

I liked him but was shy about being friends with him: Oh Stuart, I want to be friends, but can I?

Then one day I found a poem for the Beachhead tacked to my door. "Do you think you can use this? It's a news poem about Solzhentitsyn, S. Perkoff" Well the Beachhead did use it.

I saw him a few times after and then saw him no more-always meaning to go to his house and visit him-but I never did. Then I heard he was terminally ill of cancer. Well, I meant to visit him at the hospital, but the thought of seeing this nice man that I was beginning to love, to see him dying, well I couldn't. I hate you for dying on me Stuart Perkoff-I wanted to be friends, damn you Stuart.

I remember both of us waiting in line at the bank. He had a go vernment check in his hand. He saw me, waved the check and said "This is the only time of the month I'm not an anarchist."

Damn you Stuart for dying just when I got to laugh with you.

by Carol Fondiller



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Church in Ocean Park  
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A NEW VENICE PEOPLES  
RAINBOW PAGES?

'Hey, when's the next issue coming out?'

As soon as we can get ourselves together. The problem is that some of us are leaving town. We therefore need a new organization, new people and new energy to finish Venice Peoples Rainbow Pages No. 2 and to begin work on issue No. 3.

We need office space and volunteers to re-organize, sell ads, do typing, layouts and artwork, write articles, proofread, etc.

Some of us old timers will still be working on the Pages but we would like to call a meeting together as soon as possible to form a new organization.

Anyone who is interested in seeing another issue of our alternative community resource directory/magazine come out again please call Harvey at 399-0111 or drop us a line at P.O. Box 363, Venice, Ca. No experience necessary - energy is what counts.

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### THE TELEPHONE COMPANY

#### PEACE & FREEDOM PARTY

Which way for the Peace & Freedom Party? Libertarianism, Socialism, or Unity. You can help decide. Come to the PFP State Convention, August 17-18 in Sacramento. Anyone may vote. For information, rides, or housing call: 392-5279 or 396-0267.

**RETREAT FOR RENT:** Affordable by the week or weekend; Private, New, semi-furnished interior. Big Bear Lake Cabin with fireplace and waterbed outside. 392-8824

The Youth Advisory Council of Los Angeles is here to serve the needs and be responsive to the youth of Los Angeles. There are 45 members in the Council, 3 from each conciliatic district. I am one of three representing the youth of Councilman Pat Russell's district. The Y.A.C. deals in areas such as education and legislation relating to youth. If you have any ideas to contribute, suggestions to make, or grievances to air, I will present it to the Council. I can be reached through City Hall, Room 470, Los Angeles, or Santa Monica College, Women's Information Center, 1816 Pearl St., Santa Monica-Suzanne Maisner

The Free Venice Collective (a political collective NOT connected with the Free Venice Beachhead) has donated a copy of PRAIRIE FIRE, a paperback book 152 pages long, recently published by the Weather Underground, to the Venice Library, where it is available to the public.

### MEDICAL INFO

This little blurb is meant mostly for community people who are on the MediCal program, especially those of you who get prescriptions using the MediCal stickers. As a working pharmacist I have discovered that many people are being lied to about the use of the POE stickers on their MediCal card. These stickers CAN be used to pay for prescription drugs though there are a few prescriptions when only the drug stickers can be used. Using the POE stickers requires some extra work (either a telephone call to the MediCal office or submitting a written form to that office) by the Pharmacy which is the main reason that many pharmacies tell patients that the POE stickers can't be used. If you happen to be going to such a pharmacy you are being denied medication through MediCal because of laziness not because of any rules or regulations. You should let the pharmacist know that he is not telling the truth and if he/she still won't use the POE sticker you should find a pharmacy that will. In a future issue of the Beachhead an attempt will be made to compile a partial list of local pharmacies that do accept POE stickers, possibly including a list of other services available, such as free delivery etc.

### ADVERTISING RATES

\$5 per column inch (3 1/2" column)  
1/4 page ad: \$50; 1/2 page ad: \$90;  
Full page ad, a bargain at \$175.



**YOUTH CLINIC**  
905 Venice Bl, VD, pregnancy tests, infections, abortion counseling, birth control: 4 pm-4: 45 pm; for other medical help, call first, 821-3484

**JOB INFO CENTER**  
316 Lincoln Bl- 392-4811

**VENICE LIBRARY**  
610 California Ave, 821-1769  
M-F 1-9 pm, Sat 9: 30 am- 1 pm

**FAMILY PLANNING CENTER**  
1501 Pacific Av (at Market)  
EX2-4147

**BENJAMIN RUSH CENTER**  
Help for your head- 392-4905

**UCLA DENTAL CLINIC**  
392-4125

**VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR/WINTER SOLDIER ORGANIZATION**  
Meets Mondays at 7: 30 pm, 226 San Juan Ave, 396-6876, 399-0073

Westside Lesbian Feminists meet every Friday night (meetings and rap group at 7:30 - coffee house at 9:00) at Ocean Park Church, 235 Hill St, corner of 2nd

**SENIOR CITIZENS**  
1. Israel Levin Senior Adult Center  
201 Ocean Front Wk, 399-9584  
2. Ocean Park Community Center  
399-1248

**HEALTH RIGHTS**  
399-7737 (Vera Davis)  
392-4177 (Al Emkin)

**DRUG HELP**  
1. Venice Drug Clinic  
392-4114  
2. Drug Hotline, 394-3577  
3. Drug Emergency (24-hr),  
392-5744

**CRISIS REFERRAL SERVICE**  
Hotline for food, clothes, counsel  
ing, etc. 399-1248  
M-F 10 am- 5 pm

**FREE CLOTHES**  
A large cart with a roof near 33  
Brooks. "Give what you can,  
take what you need." Also for  
appliances, food, and anything  
reusable

### LITERARY WORKSHOPS

## papa bach paperbacks

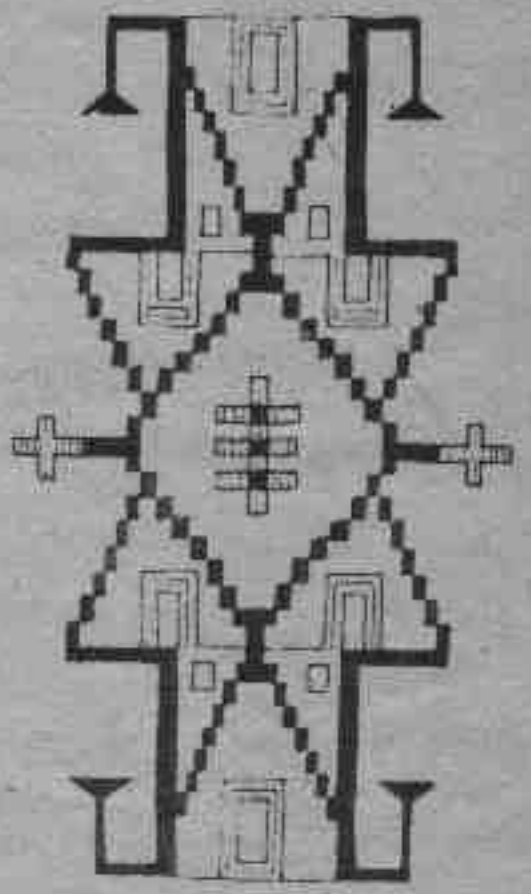


AND A GROWING  
ASSORTMENT OF  
NEW MAGAZINES

11317 SANTA MONICA BL.  
WEST LOS ANGELES  
CALIFORNIA



open 11 to 11  
sundays noon to 8



### FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

#### BY MAIL

( ) \$5.00 For one year  
( ) \$50.00 For LIFE  
(ours or yours)

### BEACHHEAD PHOTOGRAPHY

If you see something you think  
should be photographed, please  
call: GAIL at TANK-YUK  
LINDA at 396-1941, or CAROL  
at 396-9324.

## PAINTING

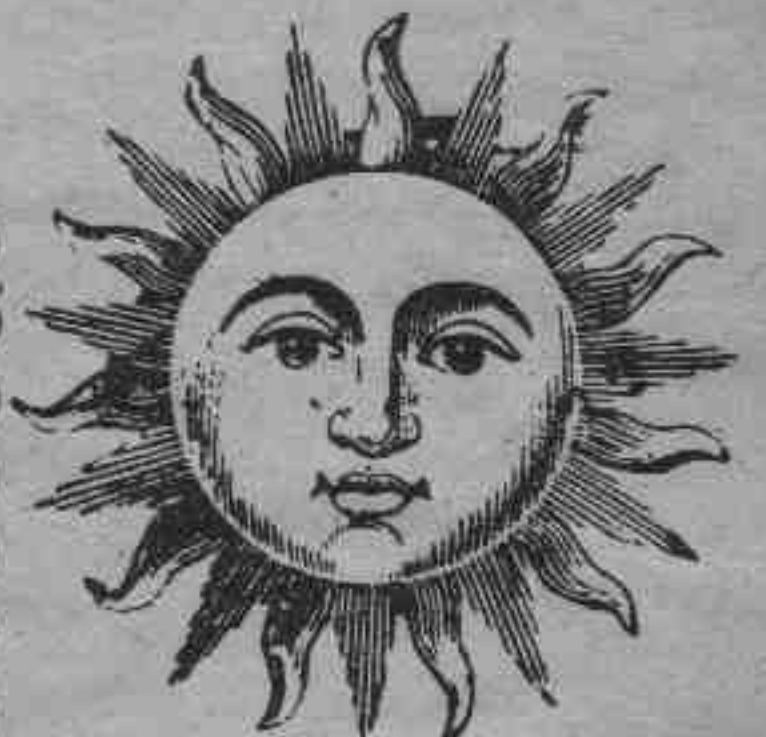
Residential \* Commercial \* Marine

GOOD VIBES ENTERPRISES

Helping to Keep California Beautiful

Free Estimates

Joe - 399-8342



I have 11 years of experience and connections  
Looking for BACKERS to start promoting  
show in area.  
Fat Joe (213) 398-2781 or (212) LE2-1100

### HATHA YOGA

Beginning I - Thursday 7:00 P.M.  
Beginning II - Tuesday 7:00 P.M.  
\$24 for the series or \$3 one class  
Unitarian Church - Santa Monica  
650-4467

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* A non-profit cooperative experimental school \*  
\* has been founded in the Venice Canals. \*  
\* Minimum age of 7. The school is mobile \*  
\* with a project oriented curriculum. 822-1957 \*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Helicopter Complaints, FAA: 391-6701

**GAY LIBERATION**  
Gay Community Services Center  
1614 Wilshire Bl, 482-3062

**COMMUNITY BOOKSTORE**  
Midnight Special Bookstore  
1335 1/2 W. Washington Bl  
Tu-Th 12-9, F-Sun 12-6  
Closed Mon, 392-7412

**NATIVE AMERICANS**  
391-6067

**COMMUNITY PLAYGROUP**  
Cooperative child care  
Sharon Shapiro 391-7939

**ASIANS**  
Involve Together Asians, 477-0357

**BLACKS**  
NAPP, 528 Westminster, 399-7737

**WOMEN'S SWITCHBOARD** 388-3491

**FOOD CONSPIRACY**  
The Free Venice Food Con-  
spiracy meets every Tuesday  
at the Church in Ocean Park,  
2nd and Hill, 8 pm. For  
information, call 396-7040

**UNITED FARM WORKERS**

**CARPENTRY COLLECTIVE**  
Venice Builders & Carpentry Col-  
lective, Karen (397-7142), Steve  
(821-0216), Eleanor & Bob  
(392-8136)

**ALCOHOLISM SERVICE CENTER**  
Clare Foundation, 844 Pico Bl, SM  
8 pm- 10pm, 7 days/wk, 392-6498

**VENICE COMMUNITY MED-  
ICAL CENTER**  
826 Hampton Dr, 392-7722

**RECYCLING**  
Westside Environmental Center  
Behind the Co-op Market  
2021 Barrington Ave, West LA  
478-3429 open 7 days/wk, 24 hrs

**VENICE HEALTH COUNCIL**  
1306 W. Washington Bl  
392-5752

**CHILD COUNSELING CENTER**  
392-7995

**COMMUNITY FAMILY  
HEALTH CENTER**  
320 Lincoln Bl, 392-4125  
Mon-Fri: 6 pm- 10 pm

**WOMEN'S LIBERATION**  
Sisterhoc Bookstore





by Stuart Z. Perkoff

WE CARRY OUR CRISES WITHIN OUR HEADS

We carry our crises within our heads  
our arms drip them  
our fingers tear at  
them.

Move through destruction  
towards peace?  
So what?  
in the gut the huge cities of murderers  
of beggars  
of starving people

animal, animal, yr teeth  
drip blood. i know it is warm  
& red. What  
made me think  
i would not meet you here?

(courtesy Croupier Press)

## PEYOTE POEM

no wonder those bones  
white dry in the            limitless  
hot space                  lie there

they get to.

## THE BUFFALO

1.  
as tho it all  
swung on  
the belly, the  
guy being core &  
pulse. the floor  
of earth stinking  
under its strange rug/rotting  
flesh, stripped  
naked.

man, who shivers & is mostly hairless, wraps in such skin.

yes, to be warm. not to say  
it is good  
to be warm, but  
it is warm.

but wore no  
mask with horns, drew no  
stark pictures, begged no permission  
for murder. was not brother  
to the flesh stink, the slam  
sharp hoof  
against the ground.

after all, the  
rails must be cleared, that's  
money, the  
crews must be  
fed, that's  
money.

the heroes must be given  
their strut & lie, their  
validity.

2.  
so much flesh: man & jackal  
greedy feeding  
gutswelling glutting  
snuffing snorting stuffing  
faces into it

blood irrigates, grass  
grows thick, cows  
munch, the  
rest is known

rot fertilizes, wheat  
grows, steel  
binds, the huge trains  
bring touching  
bring death  
bring people  
while he whose land it was  
(must still

be)  
is driven back by the stink  
of decay. that was his  
manna, those herds, those  
shagged wise heads. meat his  
unborn sons will cry for,  
praying he has not committed  
his gods to some evil thing  
brooding over their own  
deaths

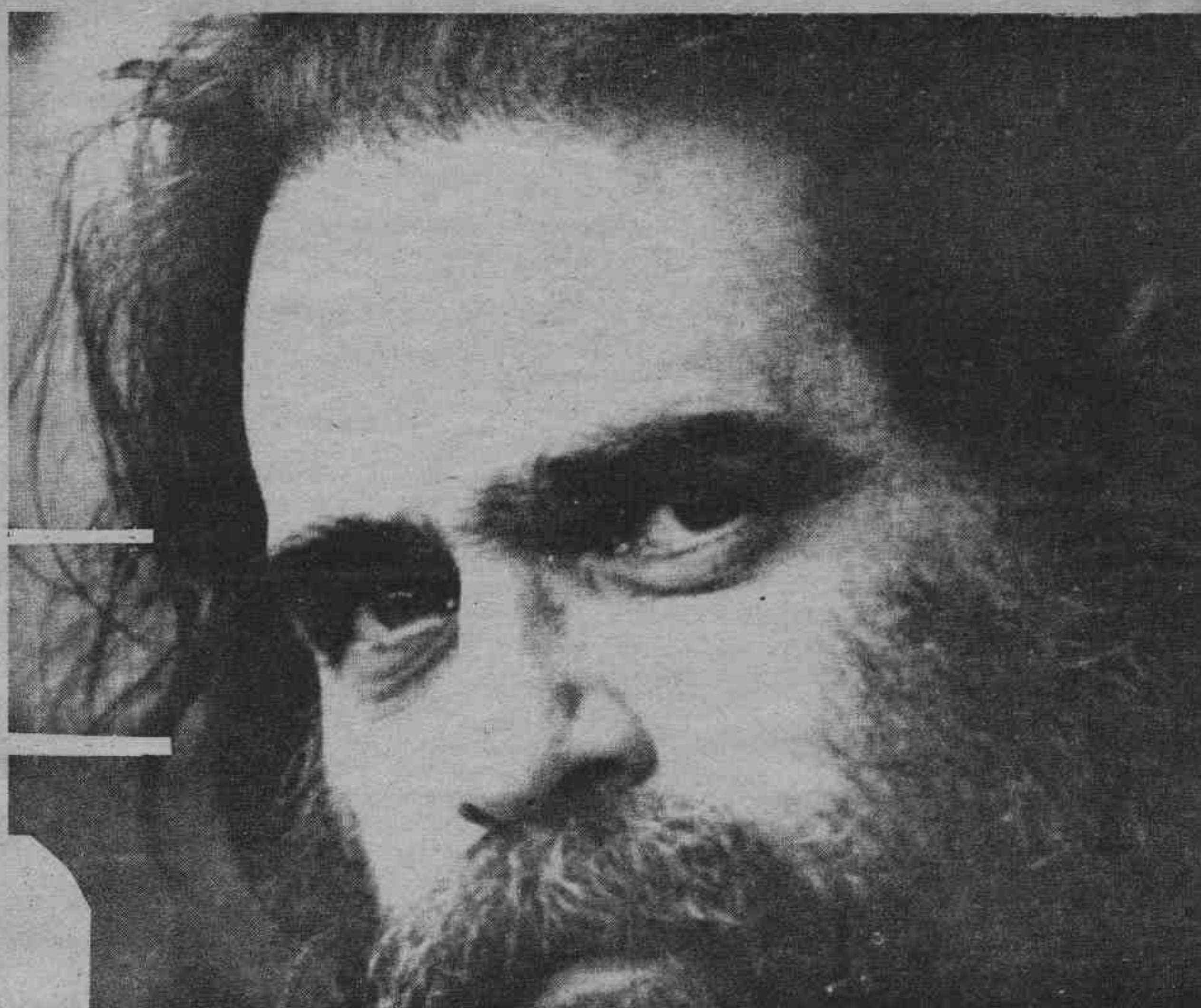
his gods are warped  
as his land is. The great  
beasts his brothers his food  
all bloat & belch & fat  
& mean flesh of  
furious futility

what a gig that was. i dont know the wages, but each morning into the unblooded sunlite white leather emblems of virtue chewed soft by woman-tooth streaming straight the wind. honor. carefully groomed, the bears, the mustache.

to bring in food. fresh meat running blood down work  
& laugh twisted faces. as tho the whole thing swings on  
the belly. & honor.

4.  
we are a naked race  
humans our skins unlovely & worth  
little. Makes good lampshades, is too thin  
for practical purpose, so we steal  
the skin & mount the great head & leave the flesh  
behind. & hold our heads  
high. we have pride.

they sought water, & so  
moved, also the challenge of  
horn to horn / those massive  
heads clattered, as tho all swung on



A TRIBUTE TO STUART Z. PERKOFF  
STORY ON P. 9

power. and grass, who can  
find it. grass which  
the great beast clump munched  
like the one beast it was

indian hunters, after prayer  
& dance hid within  
sacred skins. to see thru his eyes, crawl  
to the core of his world

nurse the young? what of those transformed, who never returned, moving over the rich land, eating grass, begetting grass eaters?

weight & balance. the limits  
long established.

5.  
we put him on  
money, stacked the money  
into cities. now  
we have america  
& the buffalo  
live fenced they are  
innoculated & counted  
each year there is an official  
hunt & buffalo roast  
appears in select  
butcher cases

proving the  
marketplace has memory &  
honor, tradition selling the beast's  
haunch & eye, his name, giving him stance with  
superman & firecrackers

the gut primary  
the ear anesthetized eyes  
right! from metal  
casts children  
wd recognize him if his huge  
head thrush thru electric doors  
but he wd be sick as his  
gods & brothers are, the buffalo  
bird & buffalo flea  
no longer with us or him. new  
parasites, new relationships. no  
space for him, anyway

even the coin he rides  
so proud  
dont buy much anymore.