



# FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

396-9325

396-1941

P.O. BOX 504, VENICE, CALIFORNIA 90291

DECEMBER, 1975 ISSUE NO. 72

## PENINSULA PARK?

by Moe Stavnezer

### W. Wash. Blvd. RIGHT HERE IN VENICE!

By Carol Fondiller

Usually over coffee at some all-night restaurant in Santa Monica, someone will bemoan the dearth of creative life in Venice.

Now usually I detest the word creative. It brings to mind effete attenuated people moaning about the triteness of it all as they sit there in their I. Magnin's versions of caftans in polyester and nitter and swoon over some knotted rope that someone named macrame. (If it's got a name, it's an event, if someone criticizes it, it's art.)

Then these people, myself included, go to Westwood, Hollywood, and completely ignore what's going on in Venice. And for good reason. How many of us have not suffered through unmusical music with each musician going his separate way, strung out on different thoughts, coming out with something that sounds like five million speed freaks trying to make sense, with no core to hold them together. How many of us have listened to someone sing a tantalizing half note out of tune till it drives one screaming up the wall with thoughts of murder?

And how many of us have gone to so-called plays in Venice, where the actors don't know what the hell the play is all about and where they seem to equate art with self-indulgence? How many of us have seen bead and wood and shark teeth chokers, all made the same way and have that labeled by the purveyor of such Akron do-it-yourself-oriented type tref as being "creative?"

It's enough to make one want to destroy the culture spewers. Because if you say to the bead-stringers, guitar thumpers, string knotters and the rest of the creative fringies, "I don't like it," one is immediately labeled Con the Barbarian Bourgeoisie Boob. If it's art, you gotta suffer. I do not have to suffer through execrable performances, or muddy paintings that are unclear because they are inept, not because I'm not smart enough to understand. Art is usually a euphemism for self-indulgence in Venice.

Well, the millenium might be coming to Venice.

The other evening, I had a perfectly wonderful time without leaving my hometown of Venice, Calif. It did not involve driving from one place to another. It did not involve a tremendous outlay of cash. I could have dressed up in afflu-hip cool, outrageously sleazy, or in tie-die cut-offs.

West Washington Blvd. is a walking street which, to my mind, is culture right there. After 7 P.M. the stores are closed. Nothing happens on W. Washington after dark, right? Wrong! Aside from the neighborhood bars where one can get a beer, a pool game and some gossip, and I don't put that down, there is the beginning of the nucleus of a real cultural community.

(continued on page 11)

By a vote of 6 to 6 the South Coast Regional Coastal Commission denied a permit to begin development of some 56 acres of land on the Silver Strand in Venice. The Silver Strand tract is that large section of open space east of the Ballona Lagoon between Washington St. and the Marina channel. The development would eventually have led to construction of about 325 luxury homes on, what experts agree is, a restorable degraded salt marsh and would be an ecologic disaster to the health of Ballona Lagoon. There is also the important point that the type of construction planned for the area would result in even higher property assessments and taxes and, of course, higher rents. Long range plans for the project included digging finger canals from the lagoon which would most likely mean dredging and deepening the lagoon. In other words a scaled down version of the old Venice Waterways project.

The hearing, in Torrance, was as lively and interesting as most Coastal Commission hearings have become. It began with a summary of an excellent staff report on the area and then got into a legal discussion as to how many of the lot owners in the area were represented by the developers. Seems there was some question as to whether those who weren't represented could be forced to comply with any conditions which the Commission might impose on the development. After a long discussion it was decided that the whole question was not really relevant. Then the major developer, Donald Tronstein, began his groups 15 minute presentation. (The 15 minute time limit was imposed by the Commission on both those in favor and opposed to the project). Tronstein spent most of his time attacking the Commission and the staff report, but when asked for specific errors in the staff's findings suddenly became alternately tongue-tied and/or unable pinpoint any

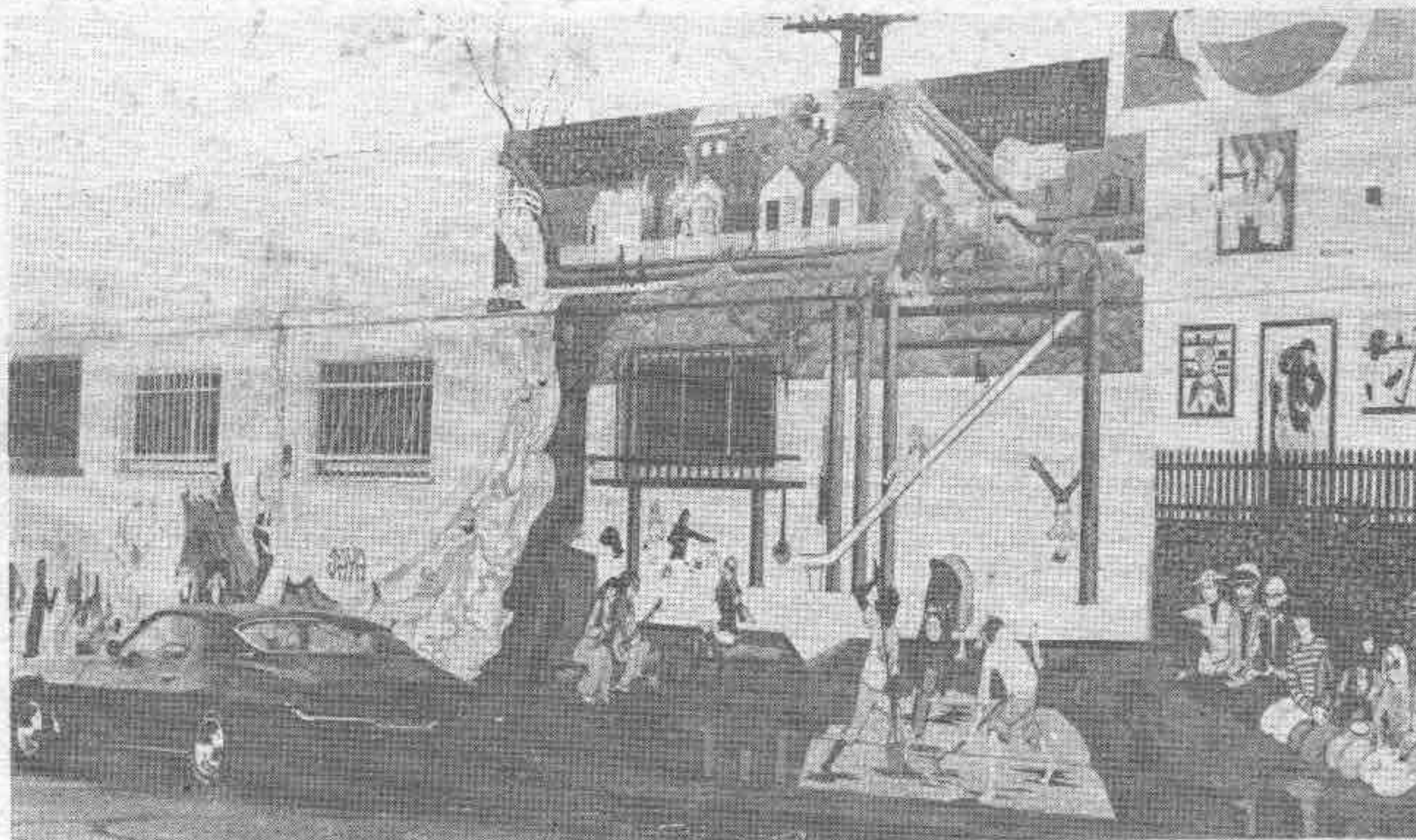


"My name is David Hickman, I'm eleven years old. I've lived in the Venice canals for nine years, and I don't have any intentions of moving." -- David Hickman at Silver Strand. (Beachhead photo by Rick Sinatra.)

significant errors. There are, by the way, about 50 lots on the Silver Strand which list Mr. Tronstein as the owner. Next came David Rome, a partner in Venice Peninsula Properties, which owns 40 lots on the Strand. Mr. Rome argued that the project is not involved with the Ballona Lagoon which is kind of like saying that cars have nothing to do with smog. Both Tronstein and Rome were extensively questioned by the Commission so they were actually at the microphone for about 40 minutes.

The opposition began with a presentation by Emily Polk of the Small Wilderness Area Preservation (SWAP) group which in conjunction with the Venice Town Council, is attempting to raise public and private funds to acquire land on the Silver Strand. Her presentation was well received because it offers an alternative to simply denying the project while giving those who own some of the property no idea of how it can be used. In conjunction with acquiring the

(continued on Page 11)



MURAL COMPLETED--Mural of canal life dedicated on Nov. 8 by JAYA (a collective of women in the arts). Location is at Dell Avenue and S. Venice Blvd.; see page 5--mural dedication song "Venice Women." Photo by Joel Christie

South Coast Regional Commission  
P.O. Box 1450  
Long Beach, California 90801

Dear Commissioners;

I've been told by some members of my community that I should not have gotten so angry when I appeared before you last Monday, November 10. I would like to clarify some of my remarks in case there is some misunderstanding.

If you recall I was speaking against permit # 5996 when I was asked if I felt that "any improvements" in Venice was detrimental to the community. Out of anger I answered, yes; of course I'm not against all improvements. I am for any improvement that will help keep the present residents in Venice. I'm for any improvement that will offer living space to the types of people who have lived here for years but are being forced from their homes. I'm for any improvement that reduces the speculative value of Venice real estate (potential profit in the eye of speculators). It is in relation to the last type of improvement that I favor rehabilitation projects and am so against the destruction of our old, strange, weird, not up to code housing ... all those buildings that our "plaster-boxed" speculators think are so unsightly. We don't feel that way, especially when they represent the character that is Venice!

You may not like it, but the stark reality is that there is very little we can do in Venice in the way of improvements that doesn't attract the profit hungry speculator and threaten the poor and moderate-income people of Venice. Yet, nothing is being said about the poor being forced from their homes. It is long past the time when we as a nation can close our eyes -- turn our backs on what's happening in our cities. Consider the results of nation-wide hearings held by Congressperson Edward Roybal:

sixty-five percent of senior citizens live in sub-standard housing; and they pay seventy-five percent of their income for it.

Remember what happened in Ocean Park? Four thousand poor elderly lived where the Santa Monica Towers now stand. Where did they go? It's the same thing going on in the Venices' of America. If the City, State, Federal governments or the Supreme Court would say to Venice, "If you want to improve your community we will safeguard your right to live there." Then you would not be bothered by some of us who fail to control our anger from time to time.

Concerning the anger I directed toward Commissioner Rimmon Fay, I would like to explain for those who are unaware of the Hays House appeal, where it was coming from. The Hays House was the City owned house in the Venice Canal area and the City applied for a permit to demolish it. Ten members of the community were arrested and went to jail trying to stop the City from breaking the law who was going to bulldoze the house without having a Coastal Commission permit. The community didn't just protest; we submitted a proposal to restore the house and maintain it as a low and moderate-income unit at NO COST TO THE CITY (taxpayers). A proposal in keeping with the Venice Canal Plan designed by the Canal Area Council. That's the type of improvement I support. As you know at the State Commission you need three commissioners to vote substantial issue in order to present your argument. We only got two votes that day: the two women members which should tell us something about consciousness. Commissioner Fay couldn't bring himself to vote, not for the project, but just to give us ten minutes to present our proposal. Then last Monday after sitting all day and hearing Mr. Fay express time after time his concern for the poor and the lack of low- and moderate-income housing ... well, it was a bit too much. My anger began to build for I felt Rim, that you were being hypocritical. And considering the past: Canal Street, the widening of Venice Blvd., condominium conversions, Argyropoulos, and of course the tree on North Venice Blvd. .... again I felt some hypocrisy. The Coastal Commission came into existence in order to protect our coast, not to succumb to greedy speculators be they private, city or county types. I think the people have been betrayed and the coastal plan is living proof.

Concluding, in order to provide physical improvements, such as architecture and planning in the Venices' of America, we must safeguard the lives of the present residents. We must change our value sys-

LETTERS  
WE  
GET



tem so that things, property, profit, money don't outweigh the people, the human beings, the soul that is the life running through our history.

abstractions - i suppose

i'll not count  
the roses  
that lie  
broken and torn.  
i'll not paste the petals  
in a book closed to a morning's sun.  
i'll not tell the bush  
its flowers died  
and left it but a thorn.  
still,  
i'll not - i'll not - i'll not  
will never make it  
not so.

If I said anything that was untrue and in so doing hurt someone, I am sorry and I apologize. I do not apologize for my anger. I only hope that we can do something concrete to reduce it.

In the hopes of accomplishing what your commission was established for,  
Richard F. Davidson

The FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published once a month by the Beachhead Collective as a community information service. It is distributed free, but if you wish to be placed on the mailing list for a year, please make a contribution of \$5.00 or more. The volunteer staff reserves the right to make decisions collectively on material published and is independent of all political and community organizations. The printing is financed by the ad donations. The Beachhead encourages anyone to submit news stories, articles, letters, photos, poetry, artwork, short fiction, or other contributions of interest to the Venice community (send them to P.O. Box 504, Free Venice, California 90291). If return of the material is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must accompany it. No payment is made for material used. The Beachhead collective subscribes to Liberation News Service (LNS) and is a member of the Alternative Press Syndicate (APS). For information on deadlines, call 392-8239 396-9325, 396-1941.

To whom it may concern,

I am a resident of Venice, and on Wednesday, October 22, I was apprehended by the FBI for alleged violation of the Selective Service Act, under an indictment issued on June 2, 1971. I face 5 years in prison, and a \$5000 fine on each of 3 counts.

I have retained legal counsel, and a defense is being prepared on the basis of the 13th Amendment (which abolishes slavery & involuntary servitude) and the 14th Amendment (which guarantees equal protection of the laws). There are legal fees to cover, and anyone who wishes to aid my defense can send contributions to:  
The 13th Amendment Defense Fund  
P.O. Box 1202  
Free Venice, California 90291

Checks should be made out to Shawn Steel.

F.I.O.T.  
Doug Kennell

To whom it may concern,

This is just to inform you that a couple of benefit parties will be held in December to raise defense funds for Doug Kennell, a Venice resident who was recently (Oct. 22) arrested for alleged violation of the Selective Service Act.

A party will be held on December 6, Saturday, beginning at 8:00 P.M. at 3710 1/2 S. Grand Ave., near the University of Southern California. A donation is requested of \$5 per person. For more information, call 747-2612, and ask for Ron Kimberling or Dana Rohrbacher.

On December 12, Friday, a party will be held at 40 Rose Ave., Apt. 3. It will also begin at 8:00 P.M., and a donation in any size is requested. For more information, call Ben Perrick at 396-3885.

F.I.O.T.  
Jean Berkman

Dear Beachhead,

Sixty-five percent of senior citizens live in sub-standard housing --- and they pay seventy-five percent of their income for it! (results of nation-wide hearings held by Congressperson Edward Roybal). A majority of the American people - eighty percent - can no longer afford to buy the so called average priced house because of inflation, recession, and the environmental movement, builders contend, (according to the L.A. Times).

The people protesting the tremendous increase in property taxes are angry and very frustrated. We want lower taxes, but the Supervisors say that lower taxes can only come about when we cut the spending on hospitals, and education, and food for our children.

This is a lie. Billions of dollars, yes, billions, could be gathered by the tax assessor if the most profitable and wealthiest property were taxed. Standard Oil, Alcoa, and Honest Cal Worthington were not taxed one red cent for all the untold dollars they made off the working people of Los Angeles.

What is the answer? There are two answers. If things keep on as they have, education, health care, and transportation budgets will be cut and cut. The person who has a little property will be forced to turn on her/his tenant and the poorer people of Los Angeles - black, white, brown, young, sick, and old. In other words, the people who have so very little will be turned against the people who have just a little less. Homeowners against tenants! Older people against the retired and fixed income! White people who have so little, against black and brown people who have nothing! The healthy against the sick!

The other answer is to begin taxing the billions of dollars of profits that the giant corporations make here in Los Angeles. There is incredible wealth here that is going untaxed entirely while the poorer people in this city are turned into enemies pitted against each other. Can you imagine Nelson Rockefeller not paying one single cent of taxes in 1970 and '71 while people are killing each other over funds for the school milk program? You don't have to be a socialist to see that the county hospitals have to be improved and expanded at the expense of multi-million dollar corporations who make their wealth here. The supervisors do not even mention these possibilities. Instead, they try to put our just demands for lower taxes against the equally just demands of county workers to keep up with the cost of living.

We must demand that the Supervisors begin discussing taxes on profits, or we must begin organizing to replace these people with others who understand our pain and their greediness!

Free Venice Resistance

226 San Juan Avenue  
Venice, CA 90291



"President Ford and the congress have worked out a compromise on spending priorities -- we don't get lunch but every day at noon they pass out pictures of Trident submarines and B-1 bombers."

CORRECTION !

In the last issue of the Beachhead, one of the phone numbers listed for the Venice Renters League was for Tita at the Church in Ocean Park. The Church in Ocean Park has no official connection with the Venice Renters League. The Venice Renters League number is 392-3030.

# Who Are The San Quentin Six?

from The Defender

The San Quentin Six, like other victims of the judicial system, have been denied justice all their lives. Arrested as teenagers, most were convicted of crimes for which Watergate 'plumbers' serve six months. But they were poor, non-white and lacked friends in high office. So they have suffered the injustices of the indeterminate sentence law, which makes almost any offense punishable by years in prison.

Once jailed, they were in the hands of prison guards who beat, torture and murder prisoners, certain that their crimes will never be known. The guards can claim the man was attempting to escape: a story worn thin from overuse. If there are witnesses, they can be eliminated as easily as George Jackson was. Or they can be indicted and tried, as the Six are now. National Alliance Against Racism and Political Repression (937-3918) is assisting their defense.

All six men became prime targets for elimination. They protested the racial hostility which prison authorities encouraged. They educated themselves and their fellow prisoners. They told the truth about the inhuman conditions under which they were made to survive. They have attempted to expose the brutalities of the guards.

Fleeta Drumgo was given a six months to fifteen years sentence for a second degree burglary in 1967. At Soledad he was denied a parole the first time because he displayed a poster of Malcolm X on the wall of his cell.

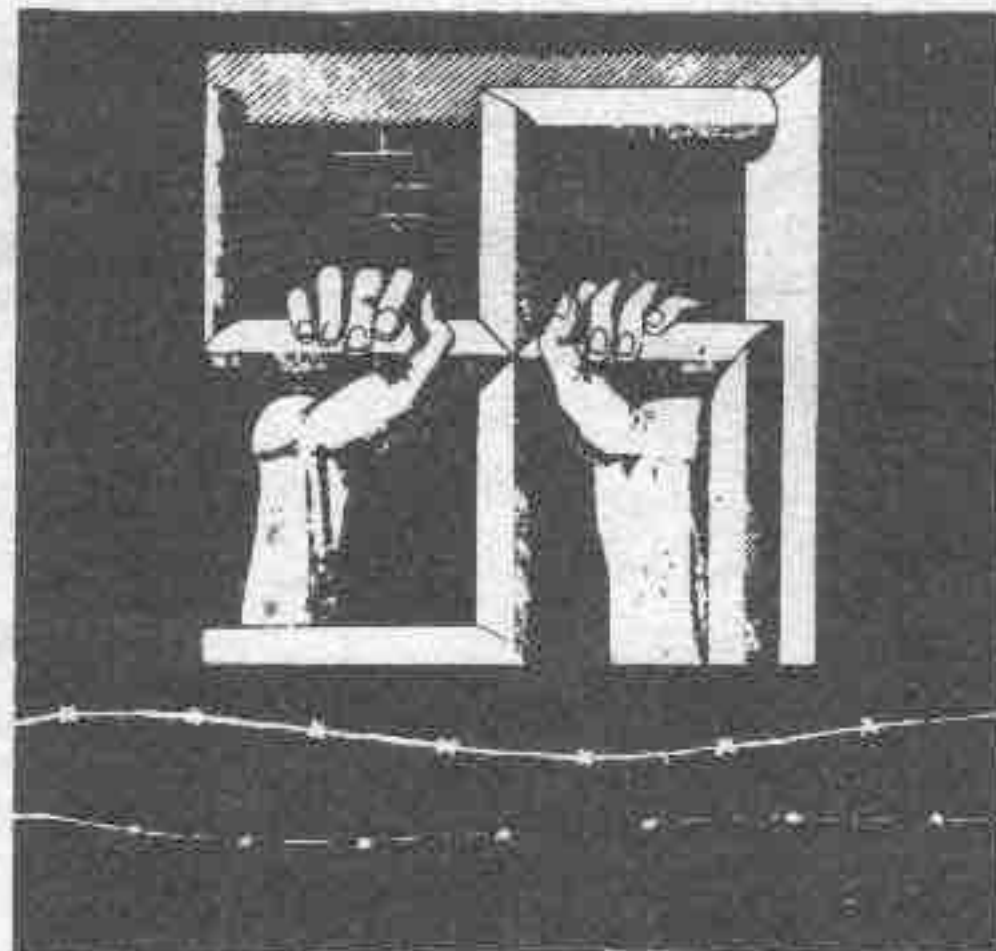
In January, 1970, three black inmates at Soledad Prison were shot to death by a guard. Three days later, the Monterey County Grand Jury ruled the killings justifiable homicide. Prisoners at Soledad heard the report. Thirty minutes later, a white guard was found dying. There were no witnesses.

The Grand Jury indicted three black prisoners for first degree murder. Fleeta Drumgo, John Cluchette and George Jackson became known as the Soledad Brothers. After Jackson was killed by guards on August 21, 1971, the two surviving defendants were tried before an all-white jury in San Francisco. Four months later the jury declared the Soledad Brothers not guilty. If Jackson had not been murdered, he too would have been cleared of that charge.

Cluchette, who was to be released in 1970, was freed finally two years later.

Drumgo is still in the Adjustment Center on trial as one of the San Quentin Six.

Charged with second degree burglary and receiving stolen property, David Johnson was given two indeterminate sentences: six months to ten years and six months to fifteen years. He has served six years.



NEPA NEWS/cpf

Charged with assault with a deadly weapon, Willie Tate served the full time of a six months to ten years sentence. Freed on bail, Tate works for the case when not in court by speaking at colleges and law schools in the Bay Area.

Johnson and Tate are on trial for a specific reason. They witnessed a murder and told others what they had seen. In February, 1970, Fred Billingslea, an emotionally unstable black prisoner, was locked in his cell and gassed by guards. He refused to come out because he was afraid of being beaten. After an hour of breathing tear gas, Billingslea was dragged from his cell, still alive, and beaten by guards as they moved him to another cell. When the guards came out of that cell twenty minutes later, Billingslea was dead.

Johnson, Tate and other prisoners smuggled out a signed affidavit swearing to the above account. Now they are on trial as two of the San Quentin Six.

Hugo Pinell, a Nicaraguan, was charged with rape, convicted and sentenced to three years to life. Since his imprisonment, he has been threatened and brutal-

ized by guards because of his leadership in combatting racial conflicts among the prisoners.

One of his attorneys, Edwin Caldwell, testified before a Congressional subcommittee that Pinell "was viciously assaulted by guards three times within the last month." His wounds included fractured teeth and lacerations requiring sutures.

Pinell was taken to the prison dentist to have the teeth pulled. When the dentist began to prepare the novacaine one of the accompanying guards (who was also one of the guards who assaulted Pinell) told the dentist not to give any pain killer. "Chain the animal to the chair."

the guard said, "and do it like that." And that's the way it was done.

"The situation has gotten so bad," Caldwell stated, "that Mr. Pinell is fearful of even leaving his cell while in San Quentin. I will state for the record that I am a registered Republican from a conservative background. This is such a shocking thing for me that I just can't believe it exists."

When only 17, Johnny Larry Spain was charged with murder, convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. During a strike at Soledad in 1970, Spain was thrown into solitary, the 'Hole,' for possession of 'inflammatory literature'--his own personal writings about prison life.

Charles Garry, Spain's attorney during the San Quentin Six trial, has submitted evidence by highly qualified specialists who state that Spain's back condition requires special exercises and the ability to move around every 15 or 20 minutes. The chains and shackles not only humiliate and degrade him, but keep him in constant pain. "Towards afternoon," Garry stated, "Spain is almost blacked out, unable to concentrate on the court proceedings."

But still Spain is chained to his chair as one of the San Quentin Six.

Luis Talamantez, a Chicano, has served twelve years in prison for a \$130 robbery. He has spent that time organizing and educating other Chicano prisoners. Talamantez, a writer and recognized poet, has been singled out for harassment because of his work with his brothers in jail.

In 1970, he was indicted for assault when he tried to stop a fight between other prisoners. He spent two years in solitary before a San Francisco jury found him not guilty. After the acquittal, a juror commented that the charge was obvious persecution by prison officials against Talamantez.

As one of the San Quentin Six, he is still being persecuted.

You can help free the San Quentin Six. Write to Gov. Brown, asking for investigation of George Jackson's murder, and to Judge Broderick, the trial judge, insisting that the Six be unchained. Write the Six themselves, expressing your encouragement and concern: Fleeta Drumgo, B10837; David Johnson, B16381; Hugo Pinell, A88461;

Luis Talamantez, A93537; Johnny Spain, B8672 (all Tamal, CA 94964); Willie Tate, 3169 16th St., San Francisco, CA 94110 (free on bail).

## SECRET TRIALS IN CHILE

After being held in prison without charges for over two years, virtually every living member of the former Chilean Popular Unity (UP) government of Salvador Allende, is under going, or is scheduled for secret military trials for "acts of subversion," Chilean resistance sources report.

The trials began around October 7 and are expected to continue for several months, according to the International Inquiry into the Crimes of the Chilean Communist Party in Berlin.

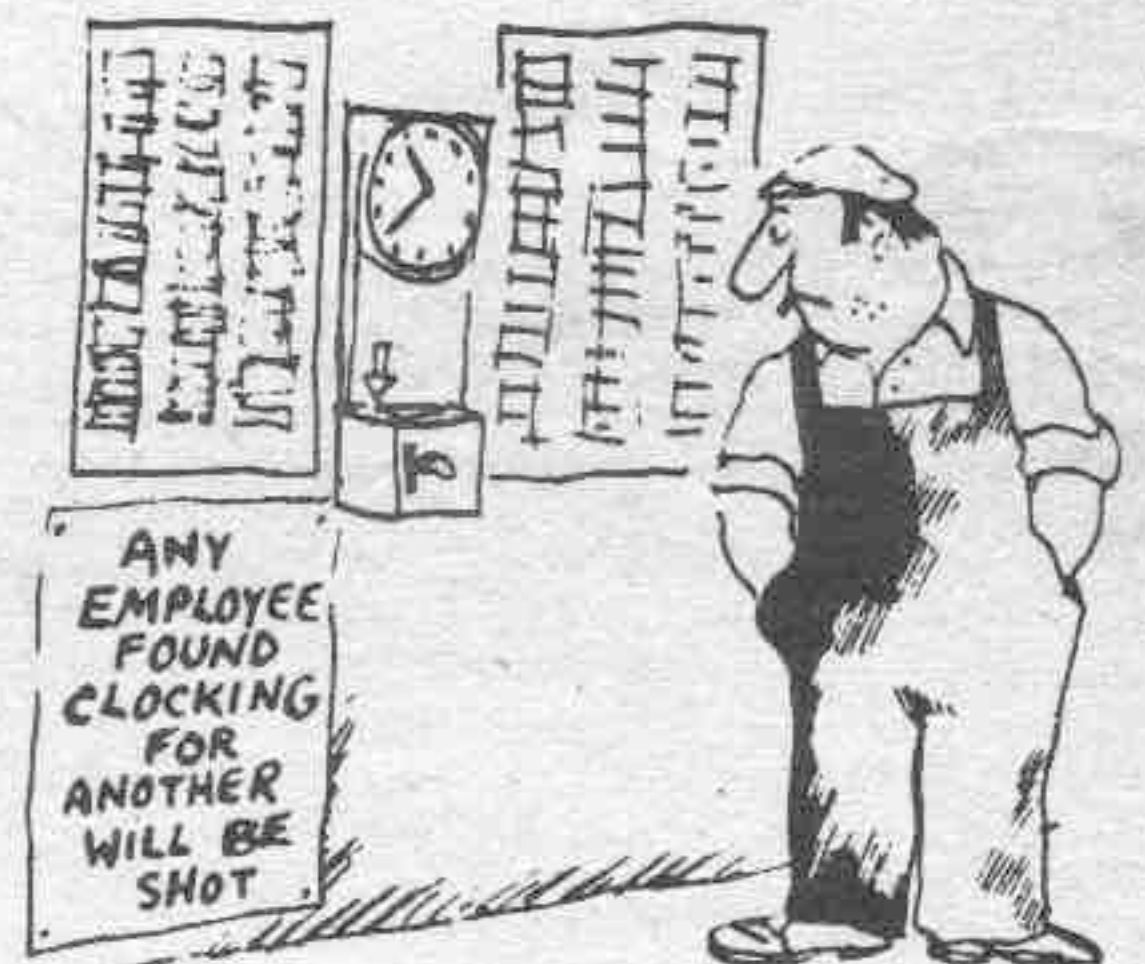
The military trials against the nine former UP government members have been taking place at the Valparaiso Naval Barracks, which resistance sources report to be the most pro-junta of all military bases. Under the secret trial procedure, defendants are not allowed to appear at their own trials, but are allowed only to prepare a written defense. No outside observers are allowed in, no

appeals can be made, and only the head of the Chilean Navy or junta President Augusto Pinochet has the power to sentence. In addition to the group charged with "subversion," the junta is also preparing to charge 20 former UP government members with "illegal importation of arms," and an undisclosed number of people with "treason." Chilean resistance sources report. It is feared that the junta may pass death sentences on those found guilty of treason, providing the junta with "legal" means to execute whom-ever they want.

Increasing pressure on the junta has already won the release of scores of prisoners. Because of the Chilean junta's efforts to keep these trials secret, publicity is particularly important.

Letters of protest are urgently needed and should be addressed to members of the US Congress and to the Embassy of Chile,

1730 Massachusetts Ave., NW, Washington, DC 90036. -- LNS



Worker's Power/cpf

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# SISTER

## FEMINIST NEWSPAPER

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## INSIDE GOLDIE GLITTERS: an exclusive interview

By Joan Friedberg

A Venice resident, female impersonator Goldie Glitters, stole the homecoming queen title November 1 at Santa Monica City College. Goldie won the title with a landslide victory of 669 votes out of 1748 in a field of 13 candidates... the rest women.

His victory caused a major uproar at the college when threats of violence were made against him and the football team nearly refused to play ball. Following is an exclusive taped interview.

Beachhead: I was wondering how it felt to be a homecoming queen?  
Goldie: Gee, I don't know... it's real busy. A lot of interviews. What happened was, they allowed me to run on the thought that I wasn't going to win. Then after I was elected they cut off everything. There was no crowning, no ride around the field in an open convertible because of the egg throwing.  
Beachhead: And there was no dance, right?  
Goldie: They cancelled the homecoming dance. I went to Mrs. Emerson's office (Dean of Student Activities, Helen B. Emerson) last Tuesday, before the homecoming dance. And I said to her, you can't cancel a homecoming dance. It's not like a Friday night dance. I mean, these students look forward to that dance all year long.  
Beachhead: Well, maybe they were afraid somebody might do something...  
Goldie: Well, I told her that I would stay home.  
Beachhead: Really?  
Goldie: Yes. I told her that I would stay home. And if it was necessary for me to say anything, we would do it through video. And therefore there was no reason to cancel the dance. But she turned to me and she said, "Well, Goldie Glitters, you seem to think the entire world revolves around you." And I almost said that at this moment it does! But I told her I would stay home. I had never been to a dance before there, so why bother?

Beachhead: Are you going to school full time?  
Goldie: Yeah.  
Beachhead: What courses are you taking?  
Goldie: I take Western Civilization, beginning modern dance, beginning tennis, costume construction, intermediate voice.  
Beachhead: Are you majoring in theater?  
Goldie: I was. Before all of this started, I was dropped out of the theater department. They said that I wasn't there. Well, I said, I was making a movie.  
Beachhead: Are you making another movie?  
Goldie: No, I was in a bit part of a motion picture, and I said, "what am I supposed to do, say, 'oh, I can't be in your motion picture because I have a drama class twice a week?' Isn't that what this class is teaching you, to be in movies and theater?" And he said, "well I'm sorry I can't accept that as a valid excuse and I have to drop you."  
Beachhead: What movie are you in?  
Goldie: I can't give you the title of it until it's released.  
Beachhead: Is it anything like Tricia's Wedding?  
Goldie: No. It's a straight motion picture.  
Beachhead: How did you get into Tricia's Wedding?  
Goldie: Well, they called me up and said you're the star of a movie. Well, I said, I haven't got anything to wear, I don't know anything about it and I haven't seen a script. And they said, you don't have to say anything, just be there. Well, it's because I was with the Cockettes.

Beachhead: Is film the main thing you want to do?  
Goldie: The main thing I want to do is television. Acting, yes. But then I've always wanted to do that. I suppose this is another step on my way to where I'm going... maybe it's not.  
Beachhead: The Santa Monica College

paper refers to you as a female impersonator. Is that how you would describe yourself?

Goldie: Yes.

Beachhead: Do you feel that that's a role or do you feel that that's really you?

Goldie: Well, I only do that on the stage, so I suppose it's a role.

Beachhead: Why did the football team get so uptight about you running for homecoming queen?

Goldie: Well, they didn't want a boy to run for homecoming queen. They wanted the standard, traditional, blue-eyed, blonde-haired girl. Possibly because they're all sexists. Or most of them... there are a couple of them I know personally and I know that they didn't really care one way or the other.

I sing and I dance. I do everything that is expected of a celebrity.

Beachhead: When did you first know that you were gay?

Goldie: When I was a child.

Beachhead: When did you first realize you were different than other people?

When did you first feel alienated?

Goldie: I've always felt different than other people. There was something about me that was different than everyone else. That's because I am gay. I was about 12 or 13 when I found out.

Beachhead: The papers said that there were a lot of threats against you.

Goldie: Before, not afterward. Afterwards there was nothing. That's why I

## ONLY A FAG WOULD VOTE FOR A QUEEN WITH BALLS!



DEEP THOUGHT - Football playing philosophy majors at Santa Monica College indulge in good-natured hate campaign during recent homecoming candidacy of Goldie Glitters. Goldie won with an appropriate 669 votes. (Beachhead photo by Jack Davis)

Beachhead: Do you think a lot of people voted for you because they were voting against sexism?

Goldie: I hope a lot of people voted for me because they were into raising consciousness, because they were into accepting everyone for what they are. I don't hope that a lot of people voted for me to get back at the football team or because they thought it was the most hysterical thing that had ever happened.

Beachhead: Are you the first male homecoming queen?

Goldie: There have been others. But the others have not been known about beyond their schools.

Beachhead: Do you think you'll run in any other contests, like Miss America?

Goldie: I don't think so. They check in Miss America to make sure that you're a real woman. I don't think they would allow me to run. I've been asked that quite a bit, and I don't understand why people ask you if you're going to run for Miss America because you've become a homecoming queen.

Beachhead: Well, it seems like it could become a regular thing, running for contests.

Goldie: Well, there's Mr. America. They're all muscle-builders. But I think with Miss America, the qualifications specify that you must be female to be Miss America.

Beachhead: How long have you lived in Venice?

Goldie: Oh, for about three years.

Beachhead: Do you plan to stay here?

Goldie: I don't know. I plan to stay in California somewhere. I hope someday to move to Bel-Air to a big, beautiful palatial home or even Malibu Colony. It gets really tiring being all packed up in a little tiny apartment. Or even to a big house on the beach in Venice. Something bigger than a one-room.

Beachhead: What do you do for an income?

Goldie: I'm doing a dance show now. And I model for artists and sculptors. I'm tall and slender. I'm exactly the artists' cup of tea.

Beachhead: Is the dance show jazz?

Goldie: No, it's modern. It's called The Children of Liberty and I play the part of Liberty.

Beachhead: Do you sing at all?

Goldie: Yes I do... la la la la! Yes,

didn't understand why they didn't have the dance. If there were any actual violent things that went on, they had nothing to do with me. I went to school all that week. Nothing happened to me.

Beachhead: How do you feel about Chief Edward Davis?

Goldie: I feel really sorry for him because, obviously, he's a person that... he's obviously a very disturbed man and not well adjusted in his own sexual life to come off saying things he does.

There is something to be said about gay people. We're not in bed all the time. We're in bed less than straight people are, probably. I doubt that the Beachhead will print your story on me.

Beachhead: Well, the Beachhead is a collective. We all vote on everything that we print by consensus.

Goldie: A lot of the women in the Beach-

continued on page 9

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# POETRY

## WHIMSY AND FANCY

By Elan San Tana

Whimsy and fancy are where it's at,  
Later for deep thoughts in blue...  
Don't hit me with heavy discoveries,  
If you got them by mulling them through.

But if you can tell me in free-form delight  
Of a river - a mountain - a wheel...  
That spins 'round, and lurches,  
And floods full your mind,  
Then, jump on. My cloud's soft,  
You're for real...

Real enough to fly circles with me  
Through infinite time, space, and sound.  
Your whimsy, my fancy -- The farther we go,  
The more we see homeward we're bound.

## POPULATION OF THE PACIFIC

by Joe Gleeson

The day they reached the end of the land  
Tumultuous carnivals and rival dancers  
Burned fires. They arrived at night  
And wanted to see red water.  
Everyone stared out in the morning--  
Where from here?

They built homes, clustered in villages;  
The tall ones took to the lighthouse;  
Flocks appeared, some became shepherds;  
Prophets appeared, some became members;  
Gaunt men caught diamond rings with metal  
detectors;  
Fat ladies photographed the horizons,  
Showed them to friends, won contests,  
went back.  
The horizon was still there.

Guys named Vic exercised, sharpening bones;  
Ritual gave shape to random action:  
In and out, here and there,  
Sober and strung, off and on.  
Wicked and she-behaves.

Quixotic temperments cut men legless  
into the sand. The policemen had a ball.  
Scientists drew dots on song-fed bees,  
Negress particles in cloud chambers.  
The curious consulted the botanist,  
The guy with the telescope.  
All they wanted to know was--Why?

The isolatoes dug hovels, wrote novels  
With sci-fi plots and racetrack scenarios,  
Made daymares out of dream stallions.  
Dogs and monkeys did obvious things:  
The loser is a mutant, they teased.

The Pythoness spoke:

Our faces change slower than our  
our hearts.  
We just have to get rid of our eyes.  
Every little breeze seems to whisper  
Louise...  
In think I'm outnumbered...

Those with hamstrung vocal chords  
Wept at the sound of this priestess.

A mob tore out the drawers  
In the Bureau of Jobs, jobless.  
A senator decreed new professions:  
"Five thousand dog catchers and lots  
of notary publics."

People continued to marry and complain  
But they send cards to their ex-wives,  
Just in case.  
A boy with an ark-handled leg  
Wrote to an old flame back East:



I've waited to hear. You don't know  
my place.  
I've wept. Separation should not make  
us forget  
Any of the old shebang. You are my  
strongest  
And finest memory. It's a problem.  
Nothing is right with the world  
But is anything wrong. Please get  
in touch.

The minstreller stopped at the rotund  
clock:  
Peel back the canvas sacks of time,  
he sang.

The leading sculptor and religious  
zealot:  
Built a six-armed ikon:  
Forearm, aftarm, portarm, sidearm,  
firearm, windarm,  
Holding: a dagger, a joss-stick, an  
awk feather,  
A lasso, a fly-swatter, a see-thru  
balloon,  
No tourniquets for the wrists.

The poet challenged:  
What makes Venetians blind?  
What blinds Venetians make!  
Blind Venetians! Make! What?

A portmanteau philosophe advised:  
"What's wrong with silence? It's okay  
If there's just you around, but it  
drives  
Other people crazy. Be willing to go  
away  
When you have no more to say."

A planted renegade shouted him down:  
"Crowd pleaser! Audience gauger!  
Idiot! Manque! Creep!  
Mercé projects to keep the bored  
From baring their teeth.  
Let them run reckless in Bourbon Alley!  
Eat feathers of weariness!"

The actors built a theater for desire.  
Love emancipates routine, they cried.  
Art will catapult you into ecstasy.  
The citizens yawned and smoked,  
Ate smoke, bought smoke, traded smoke,  
Showed films of smoke on smoke,  
Moved smoke away, sung smoke songs,  
Sprouted smoke diseases, called smoke  
doctors.  
Firebugs ignited the piers, smoke houses;  
Charcoal remained;  
From which mariners, the sons,  
The restless, the unsatisfied,  
Went out.

TV

By Les Resko

Television gives me the message:  
"Death in combat down lovers lane,"  
whistling through neon teeth.

Late at night, I say to it:  
the thing we have between us is al-  
cohol.

I cry at the doctors' latest advice.  
fly with the Man from Glad, and  
marry the girl from Pacific Plan.

## SONG - VENICE WOMEN

By Maryjane Kwan

listen my friend  
can't you hear it coming?  
down the street  
with the children strumming.  
humming and humming.  
sisters of joy  
sisters of sorrow  
we're all working toward a new tomorrow.  
there's going to be a  
song of living  
from the venice women.

venice women have two sides  
one is low and one is high.  
i see that we have been  
raped and robbed  
chambered of commerced mobbed,  
we have been  
police stated and metro squated,  
city hall slighted and ghetto blighted,  
redlined in our nests  
there is never any rest.  
spent years on college degrees  
that never helped you or me.  
single mothers all over the place  
trying to keep some food on the plates.  
we have been  
code, tax and rent evicted,  
bulldozed down and taxman axed.

BUT

the women here  
have learned a few things.  
how to give and share and sing.  
painting their lives  
with all colored hues,  
choosing and supporting new views.  
our gift to humanity  
may very well be  
a synthesis of art, nature, and technology.  
but the changes  
in society we see  
include an integrated community.  
there's a membership of soulgrooming  
that follows venice women wherever  
they're moving!

listen my friend  
can't you hear it coming?  
down the street with the children  
strumming.  
humming and humming.  
sisters of joy, sisters of sorrow  
we're all working toward a new tomorrow.  
there's going to be a song of living from  
the venice women.



DOSES FROM ABOVE

By Don Lee

Lace my coconuts with castor oil,  
fill my cup with gin  
Open the door to a promise land  
and let the crosswinds in.  
Hide my face in a common place,  
dress me up in suede.  
Pull the plug on my bad dreams  
and keep me gett'in laid.

Follow my path to outer reaches,  
feed my mouth with song.  
Skip the shit that weighs the mind  
and keep me roll'in on.  
Lend your hand to a fellow man,  
cover your teeth with smile,  
Lift your head above the fog  
and again you'll be a child.



# FORD CLIPS NATIVE AMERICANS

By Red Bird

In September of this year, after repeated requests, President Ford refused to meet with the traditional Sioux Chiefs of the South Dakota reservations who went to Washington wanting to ask why they were so "blessed" as to have the F.B.I. on their reservations as permanent fixtures (Pine Ridge was the hardest hit.) And what about our 1868 peace treaty which the U.S. government signed with the Sioux recognizing them as a sovereign nation, Mr. President?

It was rumored that Senator Kennedy and others advised the President to see the Indian chiefs. After all, it was public knowledge that Ford was seen shaking hands with the Senecas, Iroquois and Penobscots on his campaign tour. No, No, he replied. Too busy. Too many foreign dignitaries.

But then -- in early November, several of the chiefs returned to Washington in a last ditch effort to see Ford. The situation on Pine Ridge had worsened; harassment, provocation and murder was making life for the people of the reservation intolerable. Speculation has it that the Black Caucus of Congress got to the ear of the President and a few faithfuls sent stern telegrams. One day on Sunday morning on November 9th (was it before or after church?) the President said he would see the chiefs. They were then ushered into one of his rooms in the executive mansion where the President shook hands with them. Then, he distributed

## Rights Commission Backs Navajos

The US Civil Rights Commission has issued a 144 page report calling the conditions of the Navajo Indian in the Southwest "shocking and disgraceful."

The report, based on hearings, says that unemployment on the Navajo Reservation is about 40% of the work force, and that per capita income is a mere \$900 per year. The Commission states it found health care on the Reservation "not only inadequate, it is unsafe."

The report charges the Bureau of Indian Affairs with being "obstructionist," and at best, "insufficient" to change the Navajo's present conditions.

The report calls on the government to recognize the Navajo Tribal Council as the governing body of the Navajo Reservation, with full equality and with access to the same federal funding which states and counties have now. -- ZNS

not reminiscent of the deal where the Manhattan Indians lost Manhattan Island to Dutch con men for strings of beads? Yes, the President distributed trinkets and then spent five minutes trying to reassure the Indian chiefs that his aids gold plated (?) tie clips (which traditional Indian wears a tie?) and fountain pens with an arrow design on the clip. Do you notice it is all clip? And is it would listen to their grievances tomorrow. They returned the next day where two very neat, tidy and respectable men sat, listened and scribbled for four hours continuously. When it was all over, the old



chiefs (some in their seventies and eighties) left the Capitol, not as dignitaries of a sovereign nation who get feted, wine and driven around in chauffeured limousines, but as poor men who were powerless in the face of the colossus.

The Indian chiefs took a taxi back to their hotel driven by a poor black man. They sat down and pondered their White House experience. Saw "great white father with forked tongue"; he gave little thing not big gold mines of the Black Hills (Homestead Mines) which his people stole from us. Now, what will our people do in our struggle to rule ourselves and demolish the Bureau of Indian Affairs with its tribal government which oppresses us and works to take more of our lands?

On a more optimistic note, Bernardo Escamilla was acquitted on seven counts stemming out of the Wounded Knee charges of shooting a Federal marshal who is now paralyzed. The judge (borrowed from Pittsburgh, Pa. because the federal circuit for trying Wounded Knee cases is overcrowded) said to the jury in words something like this: You must weigh the words of an F.B.I. informer very judiciously. They are unreliable people as a rule. The Indian spectators in the courtroom in Council Bluffs could not believe their ears. Was the white man learning or was this old white jurist a hybrid from the old herd? Anyhow, Bernardo Escamilla has only one count hanging over his head and that will mean only one or two years in prison, hopefully. That is a relief when there is still so much work to do to bring justice to Indian people. More information and funds to be sent to: Wounded Knee Legal Defense Comm., Box 2307, Rapid City, South Dakota 57701

## toke of the town

NORML ASKS STATE COURTS TO OVERTURN PERSONAL POSSESSION AND CULTIVATION LAWS; SUIT BASED PARTLY ON ALASKA "RIGHT TO PRIVACY" DECISION

A major lawsuit seeking to place the marijuana laws on trial was filed October 31 in the Superior Courts of Los Angeles and San Francisco counties. Brought by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), a non-profit, public interest group, and by concerned taxpayers in each of the counties, the suit contends that laws prohibiting the private possession and cultivation of marijuana violate an individual's right to privacy and other express guarantees of the California and U.S. Constitutions.

The suit seeks judicial rulings that California marijuana statutes prohibiting private possession and cultivation for personal use are unconstitutional and asks for injunctions to prohibit law enforcement officers from enforcing these statutes.

Named and served as defendants in the Los Angeles complaint were California Attorney General Evelle J. Younger, Los Angeles Police Chief Edward M. Davis, Los Angeles Sheriff Peter J. Patches, Los Angeles District Attorney John Van De Camp and Los Angeles City Attorney Burt Pines.

The California challenge is based in part on a landmark decision by the Alaska Supreme Court handed down last May which made Alaska the first state where it is legal to possess and cultivate marijuana for personal use within one's home.

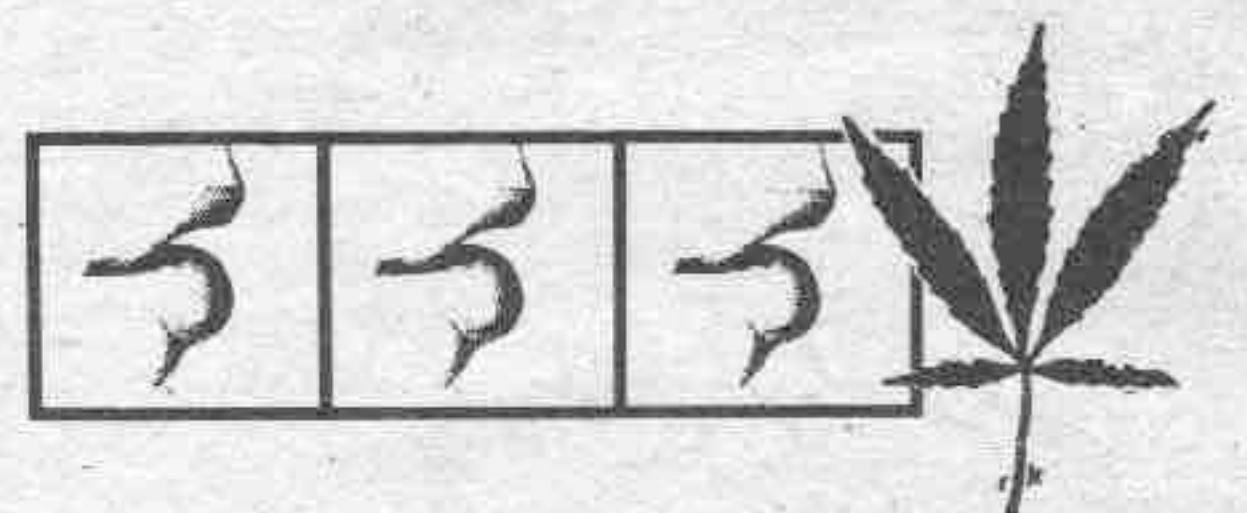
The Alaska Supreme Court concluded that "the privacy of the individual's home cannot be breached absent a persuasive showing of a close and substantial relationship of the intrusion to a legitimate governmental interest. Here, mere scientific doubts will not suffice." The court held that the state did not "demonstrate a need based on proof that the public health or welfare will in fact suffer if the controls are not applied."

The NORML suit points out that both Alaska and California enacted similar constitutional amendments in 1972 granting inalienable rights to privacy to all citizens. The California Supreme Court has not yet ruled on how this amendment affects private marijuana use. The suit also relies on California and federal constitutional prohibitions against cruel and unusual punishment and guarantees of equal protection of the law.

LID FATALITY FOLLOWS TRAFFIC STOP

17 year old Robert Mendez, of San Fernando, passed away Nov. 13 at UCLA Medical Center five days after surgeons had to remove a plastic bag of pot from his lungs. Mendez had inhaled the bag while trying to swallow it when Los Angeles police officers stopped the car he was riding in near Westwood for weaving on the road. The driver was arrested for drunk driving and another passenger arrested for drunkenness.

--Beachhead



OHIO LATEST STATE TO MODIFY MARIJUANA LAWS

Ohio has become the sixth state, the fifth since May, to abandon criminal arrests and jail sentences for minor marijuana violations. Under the new law, which goes into effect November 22, possession of up to 100 grams (about three and a half ounces) of pot carries a maximum \$100 fine. Ohio now joins Oregon, Alaska, Maine, Colorado, and California in discarding harsh marijuana penalties in favor of a traffic ticket-like fine law.

While maintaining strong criminal sanctions against all other drugs, the new Ohio law specifically exempts persons possessing under 100 grams of marijuana from any criminal record. Possessing lesser amounts of hashish (5 grams) and hashish oil (1 gram) are treated similarly and carry a maximum \$100 fine. Possessing more than these amounts, or the sale or cultivation of any amount, still remain criminal acts.

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) estimates that the new California law - which is similar to Ohio's - would have stopped as many as 75,000 of the 100,000 California arrests in 1974. The California law takes effect January 1, 1976. --NORML

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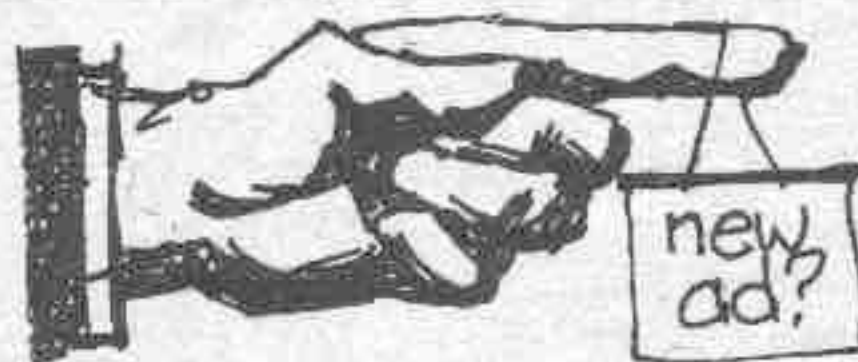


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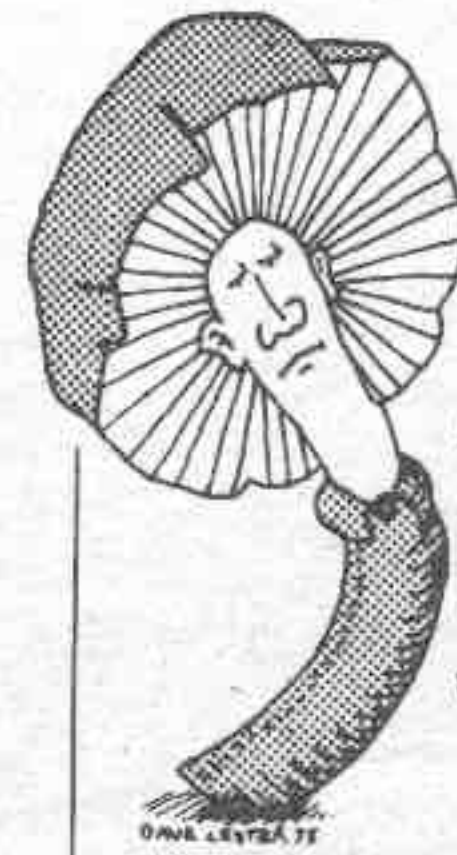
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# EVERY ONE IN VENICE KNOWS

by Carol Fondiller © 1975

part 2



"I must be a mushroom because people keep me in the dark and keep feeding me shit."

FPS/cpf

Sheilah sighed and stretched her arms out full length and turned round in her chair, twisting her upper torso. "Well, did he?" "Did he what?" asked Deborah who had again sunk into deep funk. "Did he fuck her for ol' times sake?" "Kevin said he fought off Ronnie-kins' mad impetuous advances--but for all I know it could have been the other way around--at this point I don't know what to believe. Besides that was my imagination--you know the typical things one imagines when 'THE MAN IN ONE'S LIFE' is out on the town with a 'DEAR FRIEND' from the past and he's only 7 hours late. Anyway at this point that question is moot." "I want some grass." Deborah rolled over on her stomach, rustled around the empty pop bottles and newspapers under the bed and pulled out a hiking boot, emptied several pairs of rolled socks out of it and reached into the toe and pulled out six neatly rolled joints. "One of those stories," smiled Sheilah. "Better believe it. It gets earnest. O.K. I'm in Kevin's garage doing the 'La Boheme' bit. It's cold--not windy, but that deep still cold that reminds you of that 'Venice In The Snow' mural that's covered up by one of those new apartments built by Slip 'n Shod construction company. Venice in the Ice Age. The cold gets into the very cracks in your bones and curls and tightens itself around every movable joint in your body." Both women shivered in the fading autumn sun that cast a tired yellow glaze over the gentle, spacious 1910 houses, the 1930's Hollywood stucco apartments and the huge new Rocco-Taco Bell condominium that made up Seaspray Avenue. Deborah got off the bed and sat on the arm of the chair and dropped two joints on the desk.

She lit one, inhaled, held her breath as she passed the joint to Sheilah saying, "Excuse the smell. It'll go away. It's not the shit, it's the socks." "Oh yes," said Sheilah as she took the joint and inhaled. "The old 'they stink so much, they'd never look in these ploy'." Deborah nodded. "You also believe in brownies doing the housework," said Sheilah. "Yeah, well, faith can move mountains," drawled Deborah. "Well if Faith ever does housework here, honey, she better be able to." Deborah flipped Sheilah the finger and took another hit. "Anyway," she said as she peered out the window, and stroked Clawswitz as he sat on the sill, his whiskers trembling in the breeze. "It was cold. Then it started to rain. I mean rain in mid-October in Venice? If I believed in omens, which I sometimes don't and ignore all the time, I'd have thought this boded ill. I mean the rain was coming through the holes in the ceiling--not in torrents, just dripping through at random." Sheilah nodded as she gazed round the room at the various posters of Venice, pornography and graffiti that adorned Deborah's walls. "Aah yes," she said in her sage calm hard R midwestern voice. "The stars in the magician's eyrie became sightless sockets to let the tears of heaven flow."

"Yeah, something like that," grumbled Deborah. "Yeah, it was like that. Well I dozed, and then Leah the dog started whimpering, and we both crouched there on point, listening for the sound of his motorcycle. Do you realize that a Volkswagen sounds like a 350 Kawasaki? That one out of three vehicles that go by Kevin's alley are 350 motorcycles? There we were, the two bitches listening for the leader of the pack! Vroom vroom." "Why didn't you leave?" asked Sheilah. "That's what I'd've done." "Dammitt! I was too stoned! I was tired! I had to go to court again in the morning, because they didn't call me the day before. I was a witness for one of the tenants in my apartment who was fighting his rent raise. And I didn't leave, because before he left Kevin looked at me with those blue green eyes of his, stroked my face, and said, 'Trust me, lady.' And the way he said it, well, just call me Horton Hatches The Egg. Then he left with Ronnie-poo. That sly saccharine little succubus."

"Oh, come on Deborah, lay off her. Kevin had some responsibility too..."

"I'm not used to women like that. I've lived in Venice too long! I'm not used to women who don't check out the scene before they move in--you've put down guys who've hit on you when you knew they were with other women! You've found out if the other woman was taking him seriously, what the man tells you, and what he tells the other woman."

"Well of course Deborah, you have to find out how the man treats other women--what sort of games he plays with women--he beat up all women or just women who remind him of his ex-wife? Are they hustlers? Are they impotent sometimes? All the time? Do they try and lay it all on you? Knowledge is power!" Sheilah raised her closed fist and inhaled on the joint. "In Unity there is Strength," said Deborah. "It's only self protection to respect other women and not look at them as the enemy--but I still hate her manipulating subservient guts!" "But what game was Kevin playing, Deborah. Come on, 'Know the enemy,' check with the female underground ratings--" "Yeah" sighed Deborah. "All hail the flashy Venice female underground."

Sheilah's blue eyes softened behind her granny glasses. She hugged Deborah and patted her shoulders as she handed her the joint. Deborah took off her glasses and put them in her desk drawer. "Thanks." She managed a watery smile, and inhaled. "Well, shit, I've been the old flame returning to the old love--but damn! If they're with someone else! "Well," said Sheilah, "sometimes it happens..." She raised her eyebrows. "I know it! I know it does! But why does it always 'sometimes' it happens to me? But hey! that little wimp manipulated! I mean the first time she came into the garage, she just took possession! She acted as if I were the intruder. She started clucking about how messy it was! Shit! He wasn't with me because I was Ms. Happy Homemaker! She did everything but pick lint off his clothes--" Sheilah sighed her long-suffering sigh. "O.K. Deborah. What happened at the garage?"

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"He came in drenched and drunk. Too tired of course to talk. He came in, pushing his bike ahead of him water streaming down his face. 'I nearly lost my balance in the rain--it's so slick, and I'm really drunk' and he looked at me and his eyes just... glowed with his 'I'm glad you're here expression. He had that naughty boy look... he looked so endearing." "But it gets tedious after the millionth time of bad boyish behavior," cut in Sheilah. "True but oh Sheilah the way he moved, the way his pelvis found mine, the way he moved against me, the way he smelled all wet and clean with that sharp ether gasoline smell with tobacco beer and wet leather, and the touch of his damp hair against my face and he--oh God, I felt like a heroine out of a D.H. Lawrence novel..." She looked at Sheilah apologetically. "If this be treason..." "I didn't care I just held him. It was as if the past six hours hadn't happened. Leah was wagging her tail and so was I. 'Do you still love me then?' he asked. 'Oh yes Kevin, I do. 'Are you angry at me Deborah?' 'Damm straight buster,' I said trying to keep myself from submitting, but sinking for the third time. 'But we'll talk about it

tomorrow. But I'm so glad you're back. And I was! I didn't care if he'd schtupped ferret face and her sister. I could almost empathize with Ronnie. He was here with me. I fell asleep then. "It was so easy with him beside me. "Yes, I know," said Sheilah. "It's an addiction you go through a lot for." Sheilah sighed. "So you didn't talk about it then." "Oh, I wanted to but I didn't want to spoil anything, and the next day it was early to court--and we'd talk--later. Look Sheilah, I know you think I'm really a fruitcake. I know I felt sometimes as if I were in the middle of some crazy grand opera in that garage. He takes himself so seriously. 'I shall drink. I shall paint. Nothing must interfere with my destiny--I must PROCEED.' His favorite heavy word. But when I was behind him on his cycle, zipping in and out on the freeway between those cars like some metal flea hopping off and on those metal monsters, with the smog heavy enough to swallow and that sun reflecting off the asphalt and that tarry windy smell, I felt as if I were riding the back of the soul of the San'tanna. I felt consumed by the hot dry wind--but I was safe, because I was riding the whirlwind--in the calm center of it. It was so... existential!"

"Good Christ you rode on a freeway on a motorcycle with a guy who had--what, 3 hours sleep and half a bar of alcohol?" gasped Sheilah, "and all you can say is 'it's so existential'?"

"I know," groaned Deborah, "but it was like that play Death Takes a Holiday where Death assumes human mortal form and everything stops dying and he falls in love with a woman who knows what he is and--"

Sheilah laughed. "Oh God," she gasped. "Venice's own ORPHEUS and EURIDICE tooling along the L.A. freeway system! You are really a--romantic!" She spit out the last word. "But so are we all." The light was fading and both women leaned out the window to watch the sky turn crimson as the sun bled over the horizon turning the ocean a shiny sea serpent blue. The voices of Venice mommies were heard calling the children home. One child had stopped ramming his tricycle against the street lamp and was running after the clattering clutch of children. He looked up at the two women. Deborah called down, "Hello little nipper." "Fuck you," chirped the little nipper as he rode his

tricycle home. Deborah smiled. "The children's hour. Sweetest little feller everybody knows..." "I'm stoned," said Sheilah. "Me too, but I haven't reached the click off point. Don't go Sheilah. Please..." "Don't worry, I can't move," sighed Sheilah.

"God, you know Sheilah, I have tried not to think of Kevin but...he just invades my thoughts--when I was in the garage waiting for him, I'd remember how he'd just touch me and I'd lose all sense of self. I spent hours just watching him paint. I'd marvel at that divine insanity that steadied his hand and enveloped him in deep and complete concentration. I'd watch the way he embraced the painting--one arm holding it--embracing it and drawing those fine lines. The way his hips swiveled curving against the canvas. The way he almost got absorbed into the very canvas--and the way his jeans showed the cleft in his buttocks--and how I was trying to relax my throat so I could get all of his dong in my mouth...Dam." "Really big huh?" sighed Sheilah.

"A real hero sandwich." "He's such a skinny little dude you'd never believe it. He couldn't weigh more than 130 lbs. "Well, I bet 10 lbs. of it is prick," snapped Deborah.

(continued on page 9)

Oh yes, she thought. He in me. Me in he. My lubricious tongue at the Area Council meeting, "nodded lubricating the firm hard resilience of Sheilah. "You were even civil to bad-mouth-Bruce." "You mean I was polite to that snide little sucker?" "No, just civil--you didn't lose all sense of reality," laughed Sheilah. Deborah lit

a cigarette. "I arrived at his garage at twilight, still wearing his clothes, and filling them out superbly, I might add. The Chicano family across the alley from Kevin was getting ready for dinner. The older kid was getting all the other kids ready, and I could smell that deep hot fertile smell of frijoles. Kevin's garage door was open, catching the stray breezes. Kevin had his shirt off. "He was looking down at the bed, Ronnie-poo was on it--fully clothed." Deborah waved a coy imaginary fan. "She was looking at him her sheepy eyes all pupil. Leah was nuzzling her. She was leaning against the dog. Kevin smiled at Ronnie, his eyes glowing. His hands cupped her face and he kissed her gently. He stroked her hair. Ronnie yearned towards him, her hands went round his bare back."

Deborah pressed her lips together tightly. Her cheek bones sharp in the grayed-purple fading light. "Kevin turned around and saw me. He smiled and came over towards me--joy shone in his face. He cupped my face in his hands and I yearned towards him. My hands went 'round his bare back. He kissed me gently--stroking my hair. His lips grazed mine. "Honey," he said in his cat-soft voice, "Ronnie and I are going to the Drop Inn for an hour or two--then I'll take her home." "My gut congealed like cold grease. What was with Mr. Monogamous 'no-more emotional-bucks-spent-on-Ronnie-Every-one-in-Venice-knows-about-you-and-me Kevin Barry Mulcahy? I looked over at Ronnie. She caught my glance and lowered her eyes. Kevin got into a red sweater. "Sure," I said, "but don't be long. Leah and I don't have much to talk about. They both laughed and got on his motorcycle and whined off. I closed the door and stood counting the knot-holes. The digital clock started clicking out time. 6:41. Click. 6:42. Click. I watched time click by for about ten minutes--then I thought FUCK THIS SHIT and put my coat on. Deborah's eyes were shining and her eyelids were half closed. She stood up on the bed and assumed a Joan of Arc pose. "So like Eve, Pandora, Psyche and Bluebeard's wives, I too would risk death before dishonesty. I told Leah the dog to take any messages, left the magician's eyrie and went truth-seeking at the only dragon's cave within walking distance, to open up that coupling can of worms in their beery cave, to fight that most fearful laidly worm of all, that quakey quivery gut-squeezing Anaconda--that dreaded monster, REJECTION!" Deborah collapsed on the bed, limbs outspread. "To borrow a phrase, I proceeded."

college and she'll have a whole set of boyfriends and activities in a few days. He held me close stroking me. "Oh goody," I said, "the days will pass slowly."

Deborah laughed. "Well," said Sheilah in her dry objective voice, "she couldn't look too much like a poodle or a ferret--" "No, Sheilah, she doesn't. She has the profile of a Bedlington Terrier. The profile of a wee wooly lamb. Her voice even has a sheepy kind of quaver to it. "Oh Kevin B-a-a-r-r-r-y" baaed Deborah. "I'm a poor little lamb that has lost her way, BAH-BAH B-a-a-r-r-r-y." "Stop," giggled Sheilah, trying to be stern. "Well for about five days we were Ronnie-less. I was almost wishing her well, hoping she'd found five young interns to court her. She'd walk the dog when we were out--I would be out trying to prolong my unemployment insurance, do my errands, and I'd be at his place around five--I was in Heaven. One day I put my new jeans on, and they were loose around my waist. Kevin gave me a pair of his jeans--and they fit me. He gave me a shirt and a belt. I looked great--his clothes felt great on me. It was as if I were clothed in a magic cloak. Kevin couldn't stop

touching me and looking at me. He couldn't kiss me, he said, because his dental plates were loose and he needed some dental fixative--and his gums hurt. So I lent him some money. I had to leave. I didn't want to. But I had to keep in touch with the outside world. I was hungry to see my friends, to have coffee with Sam at the Lafayette Cafe, to find out if Roy and Judy were still fighting, to talk trash with Leo, to thrift shop with Mary; I mean just because I'm involved with someone it doesn't mean I've dropped off the face of the earth. I missed my friends. And I wanted to spend time chatting with Clawswits--God, I saw more of her dog than I did of my own cat. So I caught upon my world, did my laundry in a daze--the nearer it got to my time with Kevin the more everything else seemed pasteboard."

"I thought you were unusually polite at the Area Council meeting," nodded Sheilah. "You were even civil to bad-mouth-Bruce." "You mean I was polite to that snide little sucker?" "No, just civil--you didn't lose all sense of reality," laughed Sheilah. Deborah lit

a cigarette. "I arrived at his garage at twilight, still wearing his clothes, and filling them out superbly, I might add. The Chicano family across the alley from Kevin was getting ready for dinner. The older kid was getting all the other kids ready, and I could smell that deep hot fertile smell of frijoles. Kevin's garage door was open, catching the stray breezes. Kevin had his shirt off.

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— to be continued —



### Why We Oppose Votes For Men

1. Because man's place is in the army.
2. Because no really manly man wants to settle any question otherwise than by fighting about it.
3. Because if men should adopt peaceable methods women will no longer look up to them.
4. Because men will lose their charm if they step out of their natural sphere and interest themselves in other matters than tears of arms, uniforms and drums.
5. Because men are too emotional to vote. Their conduct at baseball games and political conventions shows this, while their innate tendency to appeal to force renders them particularly unfit for the task of government.

Alice Duer Miller, 1915

After Mrs. Miller's "The American Woman and her World" 1874 to 1914



### GOLDIE

(continued from page 4)

head were against my running. Beachhead: Really?

Goldie: I said, well, the only thing I don't have are female organs. Beachhead: Do you think the other women running for homecoming queen resented your running and winning? Goldie: A lot of the girls on the radio show who called in said, it's not fair. He didn't stand on his feet for two hours and pass around flyers. He shouldn't win. What kind of homecoming queen would a drag queen make? One girl went to the point of telling me, well I'm out there telling them to vote for me; after all, you wouldn't want to go to bed with Goldie Glitters. I said, well honey, what does going to bed with anybody have to do with anything, let alone homecoming queen? Are you running so that you can go to bed with the football team? She said, well, I'm sure they'd rather go to bed with me than with you. I said, you wanna bet? Maybe so, but that's not why I'm running. Beachhead: Do you have any other comments to make? Goldie: At this point it's really hard to say anything. I just hope the eyes of America wake up. The main reason I ran is so that the new Bicentennial year would start off with everyone accepting everyone else. And if that can't happen then my entire running is worthless. I mean, being queen for a day is no big deal. I didn't get a washer or dryer out of it. And besides that, I've been a queen all my life.



# Mind and Body

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

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

COMMUNITY FAMILY HEALTH CENTER  
320 Lincoln Bl., 392-4125  
M-F 6 pm - 10 pm

FAMILY PLANNING CENTER  
1501 Pacific Av. (at Market St)  
392-4147

UCLA DENTAL CLINIC

VENICE DRUG COALITION  
392-4151

DRUG HELP  
1. Venice Drug Clinic 392-4114  
2. Drug Hotline 392-2873  
3. Drug Emergency 393-0636

ALCOHOLISM SERVICE CENTER  
VENICE ALCOHOLISM SERVICE CENTER  
HOT LINE 396-5940

BENJAMIN RUSH CENTER  
Help for your head - 392-4905

RAPE CRISIS HOT LINE  
677-8116

ABORTION REFERRAL  
936-6293



WELFARE  
1. 11390 W. Olympic Bl. 478-5511  
2. Welfare Rights 731-5095  
3. NAPP 399-7737

SERVICES REFERRAL  
Helpline for food, clothes, counseling, etc. 399-128  
M-F 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.

FOOD STAMPS ONLY  
10961 W. Pico Bl. 479-4421

NAM  
food stamp/unemployment counseling  
Mon. 10-noon, 6-8 p.m.  
Tues. 4-8 p.m.  
Wed. 10-4 p.m. 6-8 p.m.  
399-9553

JOB INFORMATION CENTER  
316 Lincoln Blvd. 392-4811

# KULTCHURE

VENICE LIBRARY  
610 California Av. 821-1769  
M-F, 1-9 pm, Sat. 9:30 am-1 pm  
LITERARY WORKSHOPS  
Beyond Baroque - 396-6551  
COMMUNITY BOOKSTORE  
Midnight Special Bookstore  
1335 1/2 W. Washington Bl.  
tu-Th 12-9, F-Sun 12-6  
Closed Mon. 392-7412  
CARPENTRY COLLECTIVE  
Venice Builders & Carpentry  
Collective: Karen (397-7142)  
Steve (821-0216), Eleanor & Bob 392-8136

# minisculeous...

PEACE & FREEDOM PARTY  
396 3895  
FREE VENICE  
226 San Juan, 396-6876  
HELICOPTER COMPLAINTS, F.A.A.  
391-6701

FOOD CONSPIRACY  
Venice Food Coop meets every Tuesday  
at the Short Walk Community Center  
1102 W. Washington Blvd., 8:00 p.m.

Venice Legal Aid 392-4177



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

CHILDCARE INFORMATION  
Westminster Childrens  
Center - 396-6846

CHILD COUNSELING CENTER  
392-7995

BLACKS  
NAPP, 528 Westminster  
399-7737

ASIANS  
Involve Together Asians  
477-0357

GAY LIBERATION  
Lavender and Red Union - 465-9285  
Women's Center - 826-0818  
WOMENS SWITCBOARD  
223-1549  
NATIVE AMERICANS  
391-6067

# ...other Life

PET PRIDE (for Cats)  
459-1703

Please Recycle  
the Beachhead

POLICE/COMMUNITY RELATIONS MEETING, DEC. 8

NEW STROKES FOR OLD PALETTES  
(New Arts Council established)

Beginning January 1, a new California Arts Council will replace the present California Arts Commission. According to an article in Artweek, the functions of the new organization will be to encourage artist awareness, participation and expression. It will promote employment of artists and establish grants for individuals and organizations.

For further information about grants, write to the California Arts Council, 808 O Street, Sacramento, California 95814.

Artists wishing to make suggestions concerning the functions of the new organization may contact Jacques Barzaghi, Special Assistant to the Governor, First Floor, State Capitol, Sacramento, Calif. 95814.

# Beyond Baroque

Autobiographical Fiction Workshop led by Liza Williams - Mondays, from 7 to 9 p.m. (note: this is a change in time from previous hours of 8 to 10 p.m.)

Friday, Dec. 5, 8 p.m. -- Poetry reading by four members of the Venice Poetry Workshop (Michael Tracey, Carol Lewis, Barry Simons, Clark McCann).

Sunday, Dec. 7, 8 p.m. -- Claudia Chapline and members of the IDEA Company will appear in a gallery performance of THE TELEPHONE BOOK. The performance will open an exhibition through Dec. 24 of assemblages created by Claudia Chapline during the past two years.

Workshops will be closed Dec. 24-31.

Beyond Baroque Center  
1639 West Washington Blvd.  
Venice, Calif. 90291

FREE AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC; JOIN ANY MEETING.

PET ASSISTANCE  
PET ASSISTANCE aids financially in the spaying and neutering of your dog or cat. Don't breed misery. Call 457-7086; 781-6611.

AZZ IZZ JAZZ ENSEMBLE AT THE HAYMARKET

The Azz Izz Jazz Quintet appears Dec. 7 (Sunday), 4-10 p.m. at the Haymarket, 715 So. Parkview, L.A. (and every Sunday thereafter--Dec. 14, 21, 28, etc.)

Azz Izz reflects the "Now" feeling in jazz; innovative, improvisation. Azz Izz Quintet features: Billy Harris (tenor sax & flute); Carolyn Harris (flute); Reggie Harris (drums); Herish Harris (bass); and Daoud Woods (congas).

# TOWN COUNCIL

The full TOWN COUNCIL includes all areas and meets the 1st Wed. at Venice City Hall, 681 N. Venice Bl. 7:30 - (Aug 6th)

# VENICE NEIGHBORHOOD MEETINGS

Area I: South Beach-West of Pacific, South of Venice Blvd. Meets every last Weds, Anchorage School, 7:30 - 392-2113 or 392-1594

Area II: North Beach - West of Main, Venice Bl. to Santa Monica, Meets every 1st Monday at Levin Center 201 Ocean Front Wk, 7:30 - 396-0167

Area III: Canals - South of Venice Bl, East of Pacific, west of Washington Bl. Meets every 1st & 3rd Tuesday at Anchorage school, 8:00 - 821-5931 or 923-1753

Area IV: Oakwood - North of California, West of Lincoln, to Washington Bl. Meets every 3rd Wed, at Broadway school hung-alow 7:00 - 396-2801

Area V: East Venice - So. of California, W. of Lincoln to Washington Bl. Meets every 4th Wed, at Cover D'Alene School, 7:30 - 821-1430

Area VI: Central - No. of Venice Bl. east of Main, west of Washington Bl. Meets every 2nd Thursday 328 Market St. 7:30, 821-1774 or 821-5438

Penmar - east of Lincoln Bl. No. of Venice Bl. Meets every 4th Wed, at Penmar Recreation Center, 1341 Lake St., 7:30 396-6303 or 396-8160



# PUBLIC OCCURRENCE

The Los Angeles City Attorney has ruled that dogs are allowed on the Ocean Front Walk--leashed. However they are not allowed on the grass or beach. Our precious pooches are also allowed in parking lots, leashed.

# MAKE HAY

The Haymarket is pleased to inform the community of our opening as a movement-cultural-community center on the premises of the former Long March. The new center will include a bookstore, theater, coffee house, writers workshop, auditorium, and political theory school. Meeting rooms and office space are for rent.

As a Movement Center, the Haymarket will host forums, films, debates and classes in an open atmosphere of political and philosophical expression. As a Cultural Center, the Haymarket welcomes experimentation and freedom of form in the performing and graphic arts. As a Community Center, the Haymarket recognizes an obligation to the immediate neighborhood and will be sensitive to its needs.

Key to the emerging effort are the principles of non-sectarianism and non-exclusion. A \$10 sustainer entitles you to one free program and a periodic newsletter.

The Haymarket coffee house is now open every Saturday and the bookstore is operating. To inquire for office space or to work call 387-0932; 628-5025.

-- Jim Cookson, Bard Dahl, Mike Davis, Byron Durkee, Al Huebner, Sharon Kroenlein, Ron Ridenour, Ron Webb (steering committee)

the CHURCH IN OCEAN PARK  
235 Hill Street/  
Santa Monica/90405 399-1631

# CONTINUING CLASSES

Improvisational Theater Workshop  
Mondays/8 \$2 with directors and players of PUBLIC WORKS  
Modern Dance with Liz Oberstein  
Tuesdays/8 \$5/4 sessions  
Women's Self-Defense with Ed Pearl  
I/Th 5:30-7; Sun 10 a.m. no cost  
Marxism: theory/history by IISM  
I/Th at 8 call 392-7412 no cost  
Yoga by Integral Yoga Institute  
Wednesdays/6-8 donation  
Touch for Health, acupressure methods with Rubin Branfman (396-0405)  
Thurs/8-10; Sat 10-12 cost  
Kundalini Yoga by 3 HO  
Mon/Fri 6-7:30  
TAI CHI--beginning and advanced by Inner Research Institute of SF;  
Sat/9-12 Call Joe Roth 396-7060  
Intermediate level Belly Dance with Raksat Shira troupe  
Sun/8:30-11 a.m. 60¢  
Also: drum instruction cost  
Tai Chi Chuan with William Wirth  
Sun/noon cost  
Men's Gay Rap Sessions  
Tues./7:30

THE VENICE CHILDRENS COMMUNITY GROUP  
392-0105 396-0360

(continued from page 1)

1. The Gallery Theatre. Yes, folks, a real legitimate theatre. Live accomplished actors, who perform original theatre. It's housed in the Bryant-Cunningham Galleries on 1621 West Washington Boulevard. The curtain time is 8:30 p.m.--tickets are \$2.50. "They were \$3.50," said Wayne Long, producer, "but we thought we'd lower the prices for people in the area."

When I went to see the play ("Falling Apart," which unfortunately will be over with by the time you read this) the cast outnumbered the audience. And it was too damn bad. The actors in the group know what ensemble acting is, they are young, competent and vital. The play, a jigsaw of the nightmare frenetic 60's and 70's in the U.S.A., had the feel of John Dos Passo's episodic novel "U.S.A." Yes, it was flawed, but the basic potential, fire, professionalism and discipline was apparent in the play and the players. This company is definitely worth supporting. The house is small, the seats are folding chairs but consideration for the audience is shown in the fact that they serve coffee at intermission, and the people who hand you the programs are friendly and courteous. Call 277-6177 for future programs.

\*\*\*

When a play or concert is good, people generally want to go somewhere and talk about it, because they feel they were in on something big. They want to go and have something to eat and drink to prolong the experience of communality that exciting theatre gives. It would be nice to be able, as one is able in New York, to walk a few blocks to such a place, where quiet talk and soft lights are available. Where?

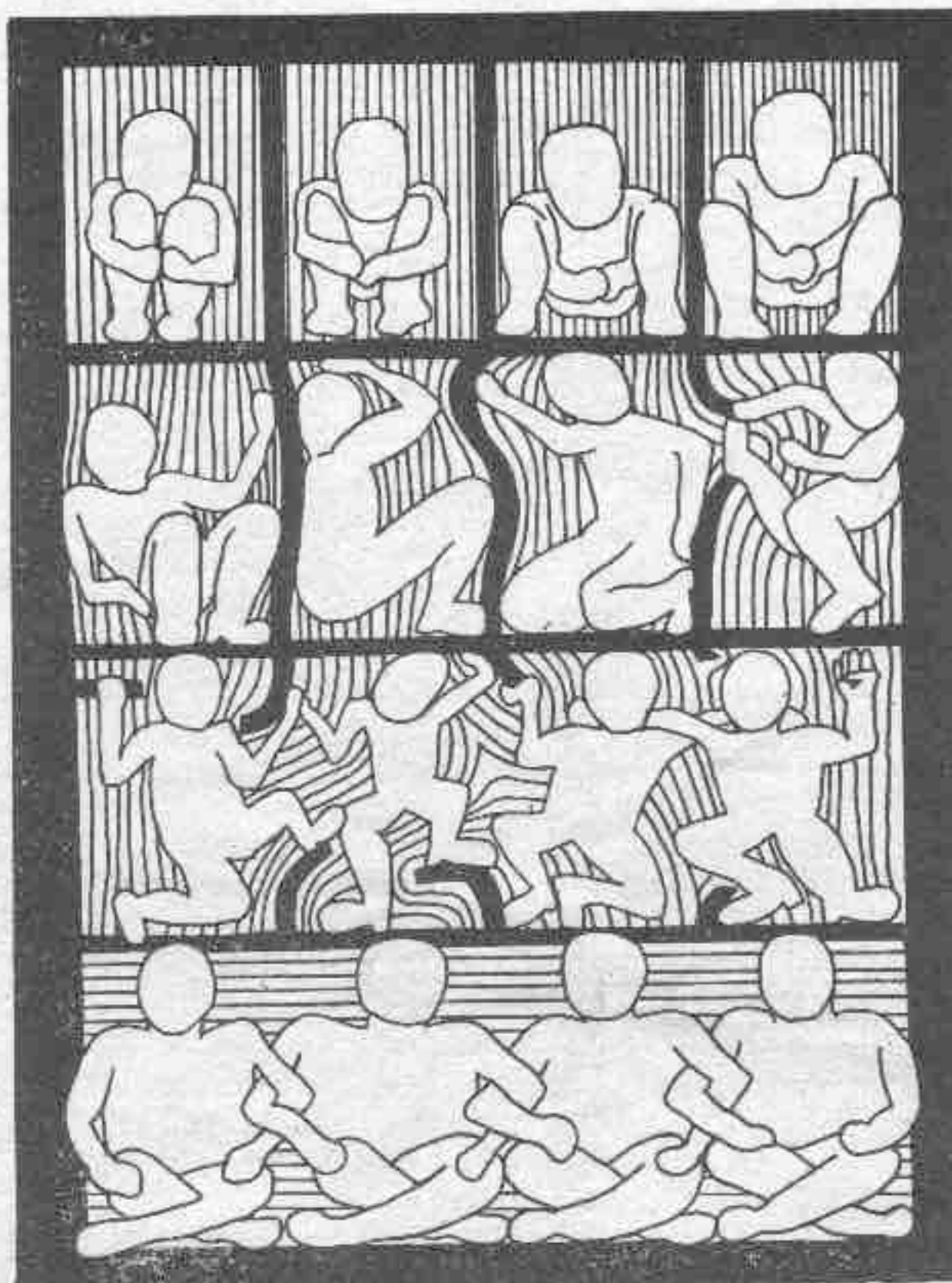
2. The Come Back Inn at 1633 W. Washington Boulevard is open from 7 until 2 (the hours are subject to change). Beer, wine, coffee, fruit juices and stews and salads are served in a friendly, but not obsequious atmosphere. There are booths with high backs, tables, and a bar. The prices are reasonable. No, I won't tell you, check it out. When I came in after seeing the play, the proprietor, Frank, asked me how the play was. And I mean he really wanted to know. "I want to support Venice, but most of our business comes from outside--where are the people in Venice who should be here?" Where indeed? The Come Back Inn provides some fine entertainment from guitarists to bands, and most if not all of the music seems to be played and sung by people who have held something in their hands besides what they wake up within the morning.

3. Beyond Baroque--1639 West Washington Blvd. There's always something going on here, and has been for at least six years. Poetry, fiction workshops abound, most of them free. There are also painting exhibits. Call 396-6551.\*

There is a cultural community in Venice, at prices most of us can afford, and most of them want and need support from Venice residents--when I use the word support, I mean that these people not only want your bucks but your talent also.

\*The B'Head usually has current listings of Beyond Baroque happenings on the community services page.

Conserve energy! Stay in Venice!



INTERACTION - LNS

## RENTERS LEAGUE UPDATE et al.

On Thurs. morning, November 20, 100 Venice residents chartered a bus and went downtown to the L.A. County Board of Supervisors meeting. The delegation was arranged by the Venice Town Council Homeowners and Renters Committee and by the Venice Renters League. Residents were prepared to present their case on Venice property tax problems despite the Supervisors' appearing to back off from a previous commitment to hold open hearings on the subject scheduled for that Thursday.

As it turned out, Supervisors provided 15 minutes for Venice speakers, including Dorothy Weisser, as the last item of the day's business. Moreover, supervisors voted 3-0 (Ward, Edelman, Schabarum) to ask the state legislature's Joint Committee on Taxation to meet with the county supervisors to discuss taxation at an open meeting. Venice representatives anticipate that the legislature and supervisors will set up a county-wide meeting. When the open meeting happens, the renters and homeowners plan to question the speculative "highest and best use" system now used by the county tax assessor to value property for taxes.

## EVICTIION SCOREBOARD

Response to the "eviction scoreboard" has been less than expected--in fact, only one call this month, as follows: Jackie & Elliott Harney, 14 Westminster... new apartment owners have given them a 5-day eviction notice because they have a housebroken dog. Ms. Harney is recovering from 3d degree burns, and Mr. Harney is disabled and wearing a brace after getting knocked off his 10-speed in a hit-and-run accident a few weeks ago in which he also got a concussion.

If your landlord is telling you to move out of your apartment, house or whatever you call "home," let us know by calling 392-3030 or 392-7956. Your name and street number will be withheld at your request.



JAMES GRASHOW / LNS

PENINSULA PARK...Cont'd from page 1

Silver Strand, the State Coastal Comm. has tentatively approved placing about 28 acres on its acquisition list. A public hearing on this will be held by the State Comm. in December, probably on the 2nd. If you support this purchase please write the State Coastal Comm., 1540 Market St. San Francisco. The next speaker was David Hickman who spoke about preserving the Silver Strand for children to use. In the middle of his talk Mirtle Wilson of the Woman's Chamber of Commerce yelled out that "this is a ridiculous waste of tax payers money to let an 11 year old kid speak". Good ole Mirt! To her credit Commissioner Carmen Warshaw (who voted for the project) told David that it was a pleasure to have him speak and invited him back.

Next came Joe Edmiston who mainly addressed himself to a number of the short comings in the water quality report prepared by a Marine Biologist hired by the developer. Joe is a member of the Sierra Club and a long time advocate before the Coastal Commission.

Then came time for rebuttal and the developer presented their main man, Dr. Bakus the Marine Biologist who prepared the report which-- in some convoluted logic-- claimed that developing the area would do less harm to the land and the Lagoon than preserving and restoring it as a recreational/educational salt marsh and estuary area. Commissioner Commons then proceeded to pick Bakus' findings apart. The public hearing was then ended and the Commission voted to deny the project. The Commissioners who voted to deny were, Casado, Commons, Fay, Rosener Wilson and Rooney. They deserve some words of thanks.

But its not quite over yet; the developers intend to appeal this decision to the State Commission. My opinion is that they'll lose that appeal and then invent some reason to go into court. Right now, though, they've been stopped from destroying a valuable resource which can benefit Venice and all the people of Los Angeles.

## FIRED EDITOR WINS SEX DISCRIMINATION SUIT

A woman who was fired from her position as a magazine managing editor when she refused to double as a switchboard operator was recently awarded \$2000 in compensatory damages.

Bonnie Leighland, 26, began working in February 1974 as a managing editor trainee for the Universal Publishing and Distributing Corporation of New York City. Three months later she was named Managing Editor of Galaxy and Worlds If, two science fiction magazines.

Later that year, the company's Vice President circulated a memo stating that Leighland would be required to operate the switchboard in addition to her other responsibilities. Leighland refused to comply on the grounds that male employees in the company in similar positions were not required to operate the switchboard. She was fired on September 6, 1974.

The New York State Division of Human Rights investigated Leighland's case and judged in her favor. Before the case was scheduled for a public hearing, Leighland settled with the company for a compensation payment of \$2000 and agreed not to seek further employment with Universal. --LNS



APS/CARVER/REPS

BLACK JOURNAL - LNS

## vietneyland

The Reverend Carl McIntire officially broke ground last week on the Vietnam Village tourist attraction he is constructing in Florida.

The fundamentalist minister has sponsored 56 Vietnamese refugees who, he says, will be dressed in "authentic costumes" and will play the part of besieged villagers under warlike conditions.

McIntire's Vietnameseland features not only an Indochina village -- including ducks, chickens and water buffalos wandering about thatched huts -- but a life-like, heavily armed Green Beret camp nearby.

McIntire told Newsweek magazine that the Special Forces camp will be equipped with a speaker system that will blare out the noise of war as American tourists ride through the area on sampan boats. The Reverend explains: "We'll have a recording broadcast a fire fight, mortars exploding, bullets flying, Vietnamese screaming."

He says that air raid sirens will go off, and GI actors will storm the village.

McIntire says that tourists who "get into the spirit of the raid" will be invited to take cover with the Vietnamese in the huts.

There will also be souvenir shops selling Vietnamese knickknacks as well as snacks of rice and noodles. --ZNS

### MURDER UP 100 POINTS

A forensic psychiatrist at Stanford University has released statistics which show, among other things, that Americans are murdering each other at twice the rate they did 20 years ago.

Doctor Donald Lunde, in his book *Murder and Madness* says that more Americans were murdered between 1970 and 1974 than were killed during the entire Vietnam War. The doctor states that two-thirds of the victims were shot, 92 percent of them with handguns.

Doctor Lunde says that the problem in the United States is that there seems to be a kind of private arms race, with Americans possessing up to 200 million handguns.

The doctor has also noted another new trend: it used to be that when times were tough, the murder rate went down but the suicide rate went up. Now it's the other way around, he says. When people are down and out, instead of taking their own lives, they simply go out and shoot someone else. --ZNS

### tots tagged

The Providence, Rhode Island City Council will soon vote on a resolution to mandate compulsory fingerprinting of children at the age of five.

Although Police Chief Walter McQueeney cited several unidentified children's bodies in the city morgue as a reason for instituting the fingerprinting, supporters of the \$50,000 a year program admit that print records would most likely be stored in the national fingerprint file in Washington, DC.

Those who support the program promise that the records would be kept strictly confidential -- to be used only in cases of extreme emergency. One advocate of the measure, City Councilman William Bradshaw, explained, "If you can't trust your government, whom can you trust?" --LNS



Researchers at Columbia University are warning that people who take massive doses of vitamin C may become anemic. Doctors Victor Herbert and Elizabeth Jacobs report their studies indicate that large amounts of vitamin C destroy vitamin B-12, the nutrient which promotes the development of red blood cells. People who lack red blood cells, they say, become anemic and prone to infection.

The new report on vitamin C directly contradicts the theories of noted Stanford University Nobel prize winning professor Linus Pauling, who for years has said that massive amounts of the vitamin helps to ward off colds and has no ill side effects. Pauling, when reached for comment on the report, said he had not changed his views on vitamin C. He suggested, however, that to be on the safe side, you should take doses of both vitamin C and vitamin B-12. --ZNS

### TOPS ON

Ocean City, Maryland, the famous Atlantic Ocean resort, revived a 1933 ordinance banning topless men from the city's one-mile boardwalk, which runs adjacent to the beach. The law, passed this summer, states that any male caught without his shirt on will be charged with "indecent exposure". The ordinance was introduced by a city councilman who said he was "tired of hippies and bums cluttering up our city." --LNS

### beets off

The quote of the week comes from Hubert Humphrey: "My mother made me eat beets, and I didn't like beets, and I don't think any kid should have to eat beets if he doesn't like them."

The Minnesota senator made his remarks during debate on the 1976 school lunch bill. Following Humphrey's attack on beets, the multimillion dollar bill was rewritten permitting schools to merely "offer" rather than "serve" beets and other unpopular vegetables. --ZNS

### In There Pitching--Molotov-san

Police in Tokyo report they have recovered five of six baseball pitching machines stolen by Japanese radicals. According to authorities, the machines were to be used to hurl rocks and fire bombs in demonstrations against the government. --ZNS

### Olds Under

A time capsule that one day will be driven across the country has been buried by members of the Ant Farm in Lewiston, New York.

The time capsule is a 1968 Oldsmobile Vistacruiser station wagon. Members of the Ant Farm say they loaded the Olds with 30 suitcases packed with contemporary artifacts and wrapped the car in four layers of polyurethane foam and two inches of tar.

The Ant Farm says the capsule will be dug up in the year 2000 and will then be driven to California. --ZNS

## P.U.C. Off ARCO

(From the Newsletter of the Church in Ocean Park)

The Church ain't payin' its gas bill no more - at least not to the gas company. Instead we will pay it to the Public Utilities Commission to protest a deal between ARCO (with the shiny liberal image) and the Gas Company (which likes to spend your money sponsoring classical music). Together they plan to raise your gas bill over \$2 a month in order to finance ARCO's exploration for gas which we may not even get to use but which they will make a profit selling to somebody. The point is that if capitalism's so great, why do we have to fork over \$200 each in the next few years to raise their capital? And why should we do it if we get nothing for it? No stock, no dividends, not even the promise of gas. The fact is that those of us on fixed and low incomes don't have \$200 to loan to ARCO. So we're doing our best to protest. Boycott ARCO. If you have any questions, call the Church or call CAUSE at 938-6241.



"We understand you tore the little tag off your mattress."

THE SOUTH SHALL FRY AGAIN!

Saying "I hope we'll see some electrocutions in this state," Governor George Wallace signed into law, October 10, a bill restoring the death penalty in Alabama. The bill will allow death sentences to be issued to those found guilty not only of murder, but also of armed robbery, if it is established that the person intended to use the weapon.

The law will go into effect in December 1975, and the NAACP has filed a suit in federal court challenging the bill's constitutionality. Sometime in the fall, the U.S. Supreme Court is expected to rule on the constitutionality of capital punishment, and the Alabama Civil Liberties Union has vowed to test each death sentence if the U.S. Supreme Court decides to give states the right to use capital punishment.

Wallace, in signing the bill said, "There are a lot of bad white folks and bad black folks in the state and the country that need electrocuting. This bill will be applied without discrimination."

Currently, 300 prisoners throughout the country are on "death row", waiting for the Supreme Court to determine their fate. Over half these individuals are from the South, more than half are black and 73 are from the state of North Carolina alone. --LNS. Alabama Civil Liberties Union, Muhammed Speaks.

### MORE ATOMIC ACCIDENTS

A series of accidents over the Labor Day weekend has forced the Commonwealth Edison Company in Chicago to close down more than half of its nuclear power plants.

Within a three day period, a valve malfunction at Zion II; a turbine failure at Quad Cities II; and a six inch crack in the water safety system of Dresden I forced the emergency closure of all three atomic plants. A fourth nuclear plant operated by Commonwealth Edison, Dresden III, had previously been closed for repairs and has not returned to operating status yet.

The string of mishaps closed four of the seven nuclear plants operated by the utility - some of the accidents resulting in the release of radio active material. --ZNS

### ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER 1975

ALL TIMES SHOWN ARE PACIFIC STANDARD TIME

Add One Hour for Daylight Saving Time When in Effect

SUNRISE, SUNSET, MOONRISE			
Los Angeles time (approx.). San Diego, Riverside and San Bernardino about 4 minutes earlier. City of Imperial about 15 minutes earlier. Berkeley about 5 minutes later. San Francisco about 17 minutes later.			
1	6:40	4:45	5:10
2	6:41	4:44	5:11
3	6:41	4:44	5:11
4	6:42	4:44	5:11
5	6:42	4:44	5:10
6	6:44	4:44	5:10
7	6:44	4:44	5:10
8	6:45	4:44	5:10
9	6:45	4:44	5:10
10	6:47	4:44	5:10
11	6:48	4:44	5:10
12	6:49	4:44	5:10
13	6:49	4:45	5:10
14	6:50	4:45	5:10
15	6:51	4:45	5:10
16	6:51	4:45	5:10
17	6:52	4:46	5:11
18	6:52	4:46	5:11
19	6:53	4:46	5:11
20	6:53	4:47	5:11
21	6:54	4:47	5:11
22	6:54	4:48	5:11
23	6:54	4:48	5:11
24	6:55	4:48	5:11
25	6:55	4:49	5:11
26	6:56	4:49	5:11
27	6:57	4:49	5:11
28	6:57	4:50	5:11
29	6:58	4:50	5:11
30	6:58	4:50	5:11
31	6:59	4:50	5:11

TIDE TABLES			
Corrected for Los Angeles (Outer Harbor). Baffin to Santa Barbara high tides and low tides approximately the same as at Los Angeles. San Diego was open to San Clemente generally a few minutes later than at Los Angeles; high tides generally slightly higher and low tides slightly lower. San Francisco (Golden Gate) approximately 30 minutes earlier than at Los Angeles; high tides generally slightly lower and low tides slightly higher. For exact figures, for San Diego and San Francisco, please consult local newspapers.			
SPECIAL NOTE: Tide hours appearing on this calendar are based on a 24-hour day. Hours between 0 and 12 are A.M.; hours greater than 12 are P.M. Use the following table to convert the usual 12-hour clock to 24-hour day. (Example: 12:15 is 12:15 p.m.)			
CONVERSION TABLE	Midnight	A.M.	P.M.
12-HOUR DAY	12	1	2
24-HOUR DAY	0	1	2

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
1	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
2	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
3	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
4	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
5	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
6	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
7	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
8	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
9	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
10	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
11	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
12	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
13	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
14	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
15	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
16	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
17	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
18	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
19	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
20	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
21	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
22	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
23	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
24	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
25	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
26	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
27	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
28	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
29	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
30	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
31	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54

MOON'S PHASES			
New Moon 2nd 4:30			
First Quarter 10th 6:31			
Full Moon 18th 6:40			
Last Quarter 26th 6:32			

1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
1	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
2	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
3	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
4	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
5	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
6	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
7	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
8	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
9	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
10	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
11	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
12	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
13	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
14	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
15	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
16	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
17	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
18	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
19	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
20	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
21	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
22	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
23	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
24	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
25	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
26	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
27	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
28	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
29	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
30	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54
31	10:51	7:13	1:21	1:30	1:42	1:48	1:54