

# FREE VENICE

## SINCE 1968

# BEACH THE HEAD

JULY 1974 No. 55

P.O. BOX 504, FREE VENICE CALIFORNIA 90291

PHONES: TANK-YUK, 396-9325, 392-8969, 396-1941

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## ELK ENDANGERED

By Ron Guenther

Unique to California, the rare and beautiful California Tule Elk once darkened the lush central California valleys by its numbers in the untold tens of thousands. With the coming of the gold and the meat hunters, the great herds were relentlessly driven from their range and decimated to the very brink of extinction. Legend tells us that but a single pair survived by hiding in the tule reses north of the now vanished Buena Vista Lake. Through the efforts of a very few dedicated early conservationists, this last remnant of a race survived in spite of such things as poaching, disease, and herd culling, and legal plants until there are now about 420 Tule Elk left on this earth. The bulk of this number exists precariously in the Owens Valley in harmony with the land, but a single epidemic of disease could wipe this small herd off the face of the earth forever.

The Department of Water and Power (DWP) of the City of Los Angeles has bought up much of the Owens Valley for the water rights, and pursues there a dried earth policy which through the years has turned a green paradise of lakes, rivers, and streams into an almost completely dried out semi-desert. The lack of water has prevented development in Owens Valley, and the Valley today is one of California's finest open space resources in contrast to the highly developed San Fernando Valley where most of the water went. The future of the Tule Elk and much other endangered wildlife depends on the maintenance of the Owens Valley as open and suitable habitat for wildlife of all kinds.

The DWP is an enormously powerful bureaucratic empire within itself, jealously guarding what it considers to be in its own self-interest. The DWP makes it its business to control the people of the Owens Valley, who have at times responded with dynamite and gunfire to the almost complete ripoff of their water supply, by leasing its Owens Valley land holdings to cattlemen who form the nucleus of the political power structure there. These cattlemen have always viewed a few hundred Tule Elk as a threat to the publicly owned forage which fuels their cattle empires, and the DWP of course supports them without question.

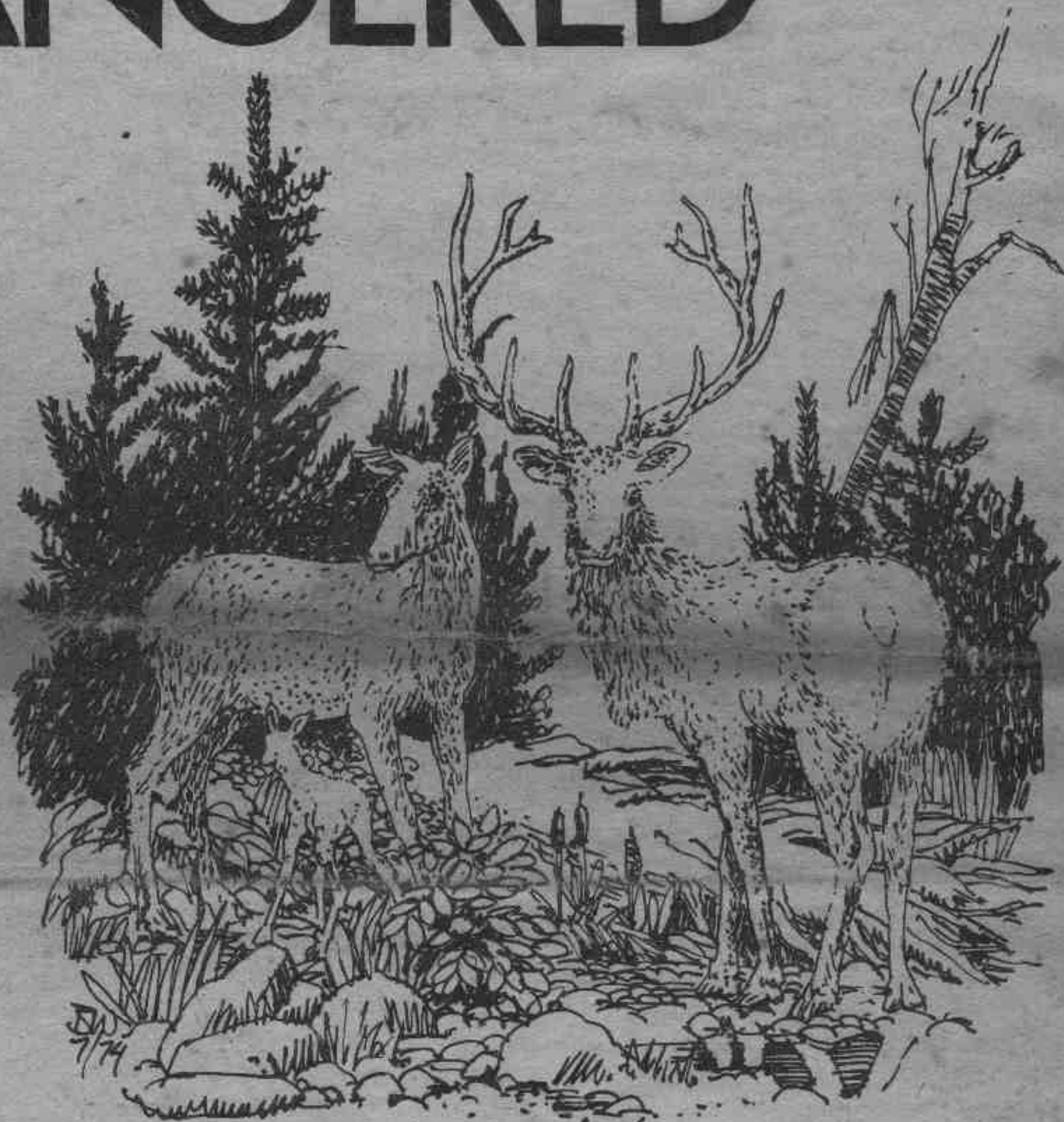
The California Department of Fish and Game has also buckled under consistently to the cattlemen, and in some of its most shameful actions has authorized

special slaughters of the Tule Elk to keep the herd size at the very brink of extinction. It appears that Owens Valley cattlemen, working together with the DWP, would solve the problem of the Tule Elk by just simply exterminating them in Owens Valley - out of sight - out of mind - end of problem - graze more cows - make more money. The possible extinction of yet one more rare life form is of little concern.

For many years conservationists, led by the Committee for the Preservation of the Tule Elk, have been attempting to establish a permanent sanctuary for the Tule Elk in the Owens Valley. These efforts finally resulted in the introduction of bills in both houses of the U.S. Congress in 1971 and 1973 which would have established a refuge for the Tule Elk. This would have required the City of Los Angeles to maintain the sanctuary in an "ecologically and environmentally sound manner." This provision would have prevented DWP from continuing to dry up the Owens Valley with its excessive pumping, and would have reversed the priority for grazing within the Refuge - giving Tule Elk priority over cheap subsidized leases to cattlemen by gradually reducing cattle grazing permits as the Tule Elk increased in number. The Tule Elk grazing rights on DWP land would have been funded by the federal Land and Water Conservation Act, thus resulting in no increased costs to Los Angeles taxpayers. The refuge bills were co-sponsored by 14 Senators and 32 California Congressmen, and had broad international support. The Refuge also had the bitter and undying opposition of the DWP and its Owens Valley cattlemen clients, who were in no mood to see wild and free roaming Tule Elk where they had previously enjoyed a commercial cattle crop subsidized by Los Angeles City taxpayers.

In 1971, in spite of DWP opposition, the Los Angeles City Council voted to approve the Tule Elk Refuge, and rejected a DWP resolution of opposition. Last year, resolutions of opposition to the Refuge were again introduced. Venice Councilwoman PAT RUSSELL, as acting chairperson of the powerful State, County, and Federal Affairs Committee at the time, was outspoken in her opposition to the Refuge, and played a large part in political maneuverings that finally caused the City Council to reverse its stand in support, and to vote opposition to the Refuge. Conservationists worldwide have every reason to believe the U.S. Congress will take a different view.

The Public Lands of the Owens Valley belong as much to all the people as they



do to the special interests that view these lands as their exclusive commercial domain. Congress may take the view that it is not too much to ask that the City of Los Angeles manage its public lands in an environmentally and ecologically sound manner. Perhaps the people of Venice and Los Angeles will realize that their open spaces, their pure water, their natural beauty, their heritage of wildlife, and their breathing space in relief from the concrete jungle are the real issues at stake in the Tule Elk National Wildlife Refuge legislation.

So the battle lines are once again clearly drawn, and once again, it will be the combined power of concerned people bypassing special interest despoilers and the corruption of Los Angeles City Council politicians that will establish a Refuge so needed by not only a rare and beautiful fellow creature, but by ourselves also.

The situation, to this observer, is so

very similar to the attitude of City Government towards the people of the Venice community. We are also a rare and endangered form of life, insisting on leading our own lives in a loving and cooperative way, in forming a diverse sanctuary community which is not to the liking of the City Government - Venice real estate establishment combine, and which stands squarely in the way of enormous real estate profit. We are under attack by forces very similar in purpose to those operating in the Owens Valley against the Tule Elk.

Petitions to bypass Councilwoman Pat Russell and the Los Angeles City Council in establishing the Tule Elk National Wildlife Refuge will be available at Venice Town Council and Area Council meetings. Your support of this petition will bring the day closer when the Owens Valley will truly belong to all the people and to the other life forms which so desperately need our help.

by N. Pasquariello

While laying on Venice beach on a sunny quiet morning or afternoon, do you ever find that your cool Pacific surroundings are interrupted by the thunderous crackling sound of a low flying helicopter, seemingly in hot pursuit of some elusive enemy? Venice residents love the quiet here, but an increasingly disturbing feature of life on or near the beach area is the noisy (often down-right frightening) low flying aircraft (especially helicopters) that fly to and from local airports by flight rules they seem to invent as they go along.

Why do helicopters of all varieties (police, army, passenger, private) fly so low over Venice beach as to seem to be practicing strafing exercises in preparation for a Vietnam type assault on a poor defenseless country somewhere?

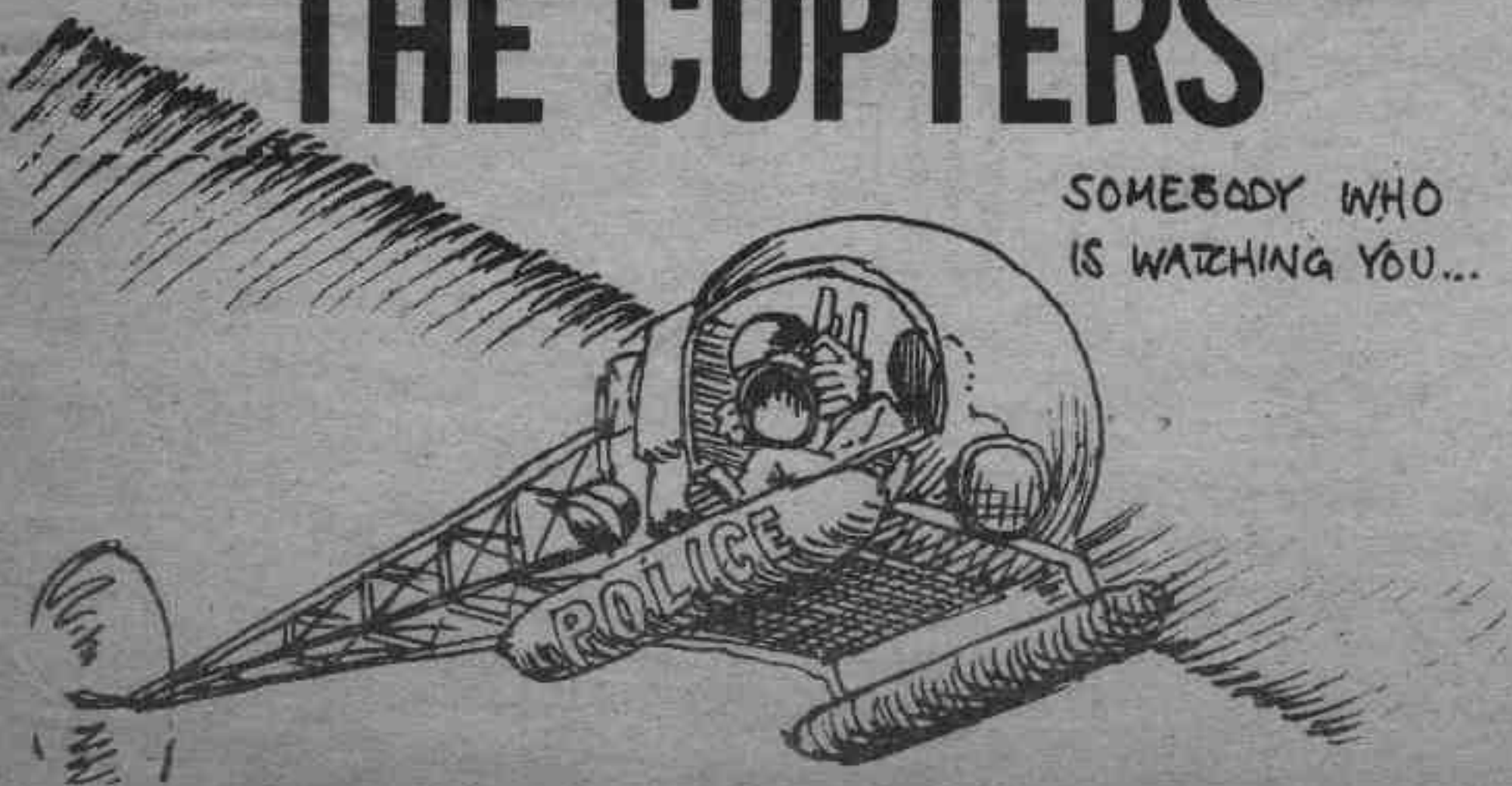
All laws, rules, or regulations governing minimum safety requirements (and thus the way aircraft are supposed

to fly) for U.S. aircraft are administered and enforced by the FAA. A recent inquiry with the local FAA office unearthed the disturbing fact that there are no regulations governing the height helicopters - the most serious offenders of our privacy, both visual and auditory - over Venice beach are required to fly above the ground. In other words, if some crazy helicopter pilot wanted to fly one foot over the sand or water, he legally could! (The worst offender this writer saw was doing pirouettes fifty to a hundred feet above the sand).

If this condition is also annoying you, you should take down the large serial number on the bottom of the offending aircraft and report that number and your complaint to the local FAA office (ask for Mr. Hawk, chief of the office; is that a pun or is that a pun!) at 391-6701. And if you would like to try to do some kind of organized thing to alleviate this situation, call 874-0800, leaving your name and number, ask for the author.

## BRING DOWN THE COPTERS

SOMEBODY WHO IS WATCHING YOU...





# LETTERS TO THE BEACHHEAD

Dear Beachhead,

At the June meeting of the Venice Town Council Bob Wells reported on the progress, or lack of it, by the committee to support the Farm Worker's boycott of non-union wines and lettuce. He stated that the committee had found little interest so far in putting pressure on local liquor stores and that a meeting with Juergen, proprietor of New Par's restaurant, had failed to persuade him to stop using head lettuce. Bob urged a campaign of "friendly persuasion" to influence Juergen. The proposal sounded reasonable enough to win the committee a vote of confidence by the Town Council.

I question the strategy and motivation of Bob's committee, which I had understood to be raising the level of organization in the Venice community and building support for the Town Council by action of the issue of the Farm Workers. Yet Bob's report ignored completely such corporations as Safeway, which profit from our community without contributing anything to it. He did not urge action, friendly or otherwise, in regard to recalcitrant liquor stores. Instead he singled out as the committee's first target a privately-run restaurant whose good food at moderate prices is deservedly popular in our community.

Juergen chose to locate in Venice. He could certainly charge higher prices elsewhere. He employs local people and pays well. On days when the restaurant is closed, Juergen has made it available without charge for Town Council Committee and other community meetings. He provides space for leaflets, the Beachhead newspaper, and petitions.

Privately, a member of Bob's committee told me that the lettuce issue at Juergen's could "tear this community apart", that "if the issue is not resolved, it must be carried to it's conclusion"--even if that means forcing Juergen to close--which he admitted would be "very sad." Others have suggested that Juergen's customers wouldn't mind paying a few cents more per meal, if Juergen switched to a different and more expensive kind of lettuce.

(This comes on the heels

of the action of another Town Council representative who reported Juergen to the Health Department for what he thought was inadequate ventilation of cigarette smoke. I don't know whether that representative first used "friendly persuasion"; certainly he did assume that his fellow smokers would not mind paying more for increased ventilation.)

I consider Juergen a friend; maybe that distorts my perception, which is that he is also a friend and a generous member of our community. Why then has Bob's committee chosen him as it's first and at this moment its principal target?

It seems to me that the selection of Juergen's as a pressure point is a symptom of frustration and laziness: frustration at people's unwillingness to move on the liquor stores or on larger targets, and laziness in judging that Juergen's would be an "easy" target since many of his customers undoubtedly agree with the Farm Worker's cause. And to this situation is being brought the attitudes of confrontation politics, as though Juergen were the enemy instead of the corporations that do the growing and the corporations that do the wholesale buying, as though this community restaurant were the campus administration building whose oppression must be stopped by sounding the slogan, "Shut it down!"

I submit that Bob's committee is misreading our community, and can do only harm by pursuing its present course. I do not believe that Juergen nor most of his customers will respond to further pressure, and rightly so. To carry this issue further, while ignoring the corporations and other businesses whose only interest in our community is making money off of us, will probably not hurt Juergen, but it will raise questions about what the boycott committee is up to and that in turn will not help to organize our community, but can only help to disorganize and demoralize it.

I urge readers of this paper to use "friendly persuasion" on Bob Wells and his committee: to re-examine their priorities and seek a strategy that

will help to unite our community rather than disrupting it.

Sincerely,  
John Haag

Dear Beachhead,

Last week, a woman and her two young children took shelter in a condemned house. Her ex-husband, accompanied by FIVE squad cars and what looked like some plainclothesmen arrived to evict her from the property. The ex-husband, without a court-order tried to remove the children by force. She was barred from the house, not allowed in even to find diapers for her baby, her shoes, or her seven week old kitten, nor was she allowed behind the house away from public view to nurse her infant son.

We asked the police if there was a court-order or a warrant and were told politely, that she was not being arrested, they were just going to take the whole family to the station to "sort matters out". While we went in search of a relative to help her, apparently she was handcuffed, not informed of her rights, taken to the station (the little boy was not even allowed to ride in the same car as his mother - in the meantime the children had been placed in a fosterhome in Torrance. How is a nursing mother, without transportation supposed to journey to Torrance to nurse her baby?)

If the police had answered our questions with honesty, perhaps we could have been of more help to her and the separation from her children might not have happened. Many concerned neighbors witnessed this scene, most of us had children playing in the area and also watching this heartbreaking spectacle, all the police were wearing their large guns on the belts as they do in this country and it seems to me after living in the U.S.A. for many years that they are taught to shoot to kill. I never seem to hear of suspects being wounded in the leg. Which one of us would have been willing to risk our children's lives in this scene by questioning the police too closely and perhaps antagonizing them unintentionally? It reminded me of scenes in the occupation of Europe during the second world war - helpless people watching the uniformed, armed people take away someone who happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.

What will this woman be able to tell her children, they seemed such happy well-cared for children until this incident. Will she tell them "I am sorry, I tried to find you shelter and that is a major crime, so I am a bad lady and it took five cars full of policemen to take me away because I am so dangerous?"

What do we tell our children who saw all this? "These are the nice people protectors who come to your schools to make friends and tell you what good guys they are?"

What mark will this leave on the infant son who was suddenly taken from his mother's breast to a strange family to be bottle fed? I was told he cried all night.

So the law has been upheld. Whoopee! The law does not seem to give a damned that this woman is homeless. Why don't they spend more time in this so-called rich country in making sure that women with infant children are not left homeless. I think of the amount of police used, the clerks at the station, in the court, the attorneys, the judges and the cost in salaries all to arrest this one little lady and take her children away, it would be better to use it in providing a shelter for her.

Daily I see real potential "killers" in the area, driving through Dell street as a short cut to the Marina, speeding. Every time I am out, there are at least five to fifteen cars, not residents of the area, speeding through, ignoring the "Five mile an hour" Zone, greatly endangering our young children here, why are the police never around to arrest them? Is it that because of incidents like this one I saw? Five cars full of men are used, to take one gentle little lady to the station, leaving no one to catch or arrest the real potential killers in the neighborhood - the traffic violators.

Wouldn't it be great if they would only send the needed amount of people protectors to the right place at the right time? Wouldn't it be great if something constructive was done such as putting the lady concerned in touch with an organization that would help her instead of jailing her.

We were hoping to find help for her, but now, possibly in fear, she has not returned to the neighborhood and we do not know her whereabouts. Are there any organizations that help homeless people and their children, if so I would like to have the contacts.

Should anything like this happen again, I would know who to go to at the time it is happening, to have help available for someone at the time it is needed. Not when it is too late.

Yvonne R. Bird

## FOOD PROJECT

Free Venice is in the process of preparing plans for a food program that would help lessen the effects on Venice of projected world food shortages. The plans would be presented to the Venice Town Council as a proposed town council project.

Some possible elements of a food program might be: 1) an expansion of participation in food buying clubs to many more people in Venice, with increased participation by working people and minorities. 2) A community food kitchen that could serve food cheaply (or free) to those who are hungry. 3) Community gardens on open space such as the Venice Blvd medial strip. 4) Use of fruit from community fruit trees.

We desire input into these plans and people who could help with the work. Call Milton at 478-3420 (afternoons, 7days/week).

## WE WANT YOU

CAN YOU HELP US FOR AN HOUR OR TWO EACH MONTH TO DISTRIBUTE IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD, ON YOUR BLOCK, IN YOUR BUILDING? IF SO, RUN, DO NOT WALK, TO THE NEAREST TELEPHONE AND CALL LINDA AT 399-6605. OR LEAVE MESSAGE AT 396-1941 or 380-0466

STAFF: linda lucks gail williamson carol fondiller gordon quinlan

ARTWORK: brice wood

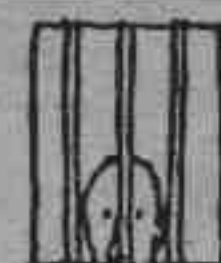
I THOUGHT SCHOOL WAS A JAIL.



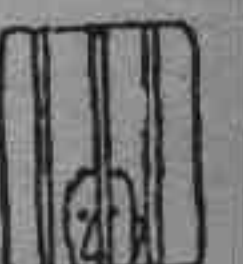
THEN I GOT MARRIED EVEN MORE OF A JAIL!



UNTIL I GOT IN TROUBLE AND WENT TO JAIL--



SO FINALLY I KNOW WHAT FREEDOM'S ALL ABOUT:



UNTIL I GOT A JOB. BOY WAS THAT A JAIL!



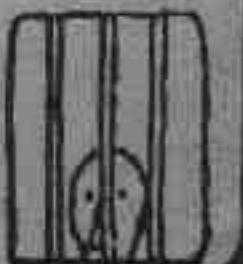
UNTIL I GOT DRAFTED INTO THE ARMY. THE WORST JAIL YET!



AND LEARNED THAT JAIL IS EVEN MORE OF A JAIL THAN SCHOOL, A JOB, MARRIAGE, OR THE ARMY.



THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE WHICH JAIL.





Someday...



## RECYCLING CENTER TAKE-OVER

The Westside Environmental Center has run a community recycling center behind the Co-op market in West Los Angeles (2021 S. Barrington) for over two years. As a non-profit corporation it has donated the net income from the sale of such items as newspapers and glass to environmental groups and causes. These donations exceed \$20,000 at the present time.

The Co-op market has not overlooked the financial success of the recycling operation. The Co-op Board of Directors at first chose to capitalize on the goodwill established by the Westside Environmental Center by displacing them with a rent increase from \$100 to \$400 a month, effective July 1. Now the rent increase has been canceled and replaced by an unconditional order to leave the premises by June 30. The market then intends

to take over the operations of the recycling center and to retain all the income which had previously been used to protect and improve our environment.

Center remains committed to a cooperative program with westside residents to work together for a better environment. We will do everything we can to continue this program.

If you are a Co-op member, please sign our initiative petition which will enable the membership to vote on this issue. We also need help to circulate this petition.

If you are not a Co-op member and wish to express your opinion on this matter, please write to the Westside Environmental Center, 844-D 14th St., Santa Monica, 90403.

## NEW CO-OP STORE

Co-opportunity, a "direct charge" food co-op, has leased a store at 11556 Santa Monica Blvd., near Federal. Members will pay a one dollar per week charge, plus a one dollar per week investment (the investment refundable in two years). Members will receive food at close to wholesale prices, while non-members will pay a 25% mark-up. By July 1, the store will probably have in stock produce, staples, herbs and spices. For information, call 478-1922.

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 TANK-YUK, 396-9325.

## HARPY DROPPINGS

by Carol Fondiller

It seems that Councilwoman Pat Russell has been mandated by the Mayor's office to form an advisory board of people to give input to Chuck Zeeman, head of the Venice Plan. Ms. Russell's aide, Sharon Kaplan was very evasive when asked how Ms. Russell would pick these people for this advisory board. One wonders if she will pick these people herself or in deference to Democracy, the reason that she set up the Town Council, hold area based elections, allowing people who live in the area to select the people who they feel will represent the interests of Venice residents or will she do the selecting herself, with the help of some realtor friends so that they can further their own high-rise high-rent interests? Well, it should be interesting to see if Russell really believes in listening to the people who live in Venice, or the people who own Venice. The score doesn't look too good so far. Re: the Marina by-pass, the widening of Venice Blvd. and the code enforcements in the canals seem to prove that she listens to other voices besides those of the Town Council. The Town Council that Ms. Russell set up but doesn't listen to. (The Town Council apposed the widening of Venice Blvd., the Marina by-pass and the oppressive code enforcements. They were for the bike path.)

Ms. Russell, after being confronted agreed to the deletion of the Marina by-pass, still wants the wid-

ening of Venice Blvd., is going on with code enforcements, and thanks to her, the bike path still does not offend the sensibilities of the dwellers on the Peninsula.

She seems not to hear what's being said. Perhaps she needs to be reminded of the content as well as the form of Democracy.

Happy July 4th, Ms. R!

Some real low-life has been stealing clothes and other articles from the Brooks Ave. free box, and selling them since the box was set up so that people could put good used and usable articles in the box for other people to take as they needed for free. This is indeed the highest or the lowest form of rip-off. Robin Hood would not have liked that.

But some responsible person in the community has started a petition naming the person who is guilty of this lowest of crimes and asking that person to stop. Hopefully, this form of pressure will work. If it doesn't, perhaps the Beachhead will publish the name of names of the people who are doing this, and use those names as synonyms for this particular brand of stealing-milk-from-babies type thievery.

Rumor has it, that the Malcolm X Brigade of the S.L.A. might just be looking for a home in Venice. Someone delivered a cassette with a picture of David Cassidy on the cover to the Harpy's residence--a bench on Ocean Front Walk. A note was attached.



HARPY PRINT THIS!

Dear S.L.A., Do not destroy us in order to save us! If you are thinking of hiding out in Venice, please don't. Our houses are too fragile to withstand yours and SWATS fire power. The cost of repairs and the lack of insurance for such contingencies as shoot-outs would force many home-owners to sell their houses to speculators and drive out renters too chicken to rob banks to keep up with the rising rents. Therefore, you would be accomplishing just what the city planning department and the real estate speculators have been trying to do for ten years--moving out low to moderate income people and turning Venice into Miami Beach West. Now, further south, past the Peninsula, there's a lovely Marina built at public expense supposedly for recreation for all the residents of L.A., but in reality,

built to help big business and hotels reap enormous profits by making facilities convenient for the affluent. These apartments, tall grey cement ticky tacky blocks ruin the view of the beautiful Marina and prevent many people from renting boats and sailing, since these apartments have bought most of the boat slips and there are few public facilities. Therefore, we ask that the next time you decide to have some fireworks, do it in a more affluent area--they can afford it, and the police might be a little more cautious in regards to life and property--and just in case the police are democratic in what they destroy...there's this really ugly tall apartment in the Marina...

Yours truly,  
The Sea Foam Blvd. Renters and Homeowners Second Story Gang



# A.I.M.

By Ishi Houmah

For the Wounded Knee Legal Defense Committee.

Good News about our Native American Brothers and Sisters

On May 28th, the government had to drop the charges of larceny and burglary against three Indian women who participated heroically in the siege of Wounded Knee. The women were charged with burglarizing the trading post on Feb. 27, 1973. Madonna Gilbert, Lorelei Means and Toni Ackerman were acquitted. However, there are one hundred more cases pending on the siege of Wounded Knee which the government intends to pursue. Those of us who are conscious of the U.S. government policy of cultural genocide against Native Americans should show their support both morally and financially. Remember your tax dollars finance the prosecution and persecution of Indians.

Write William Saxbe of the Justice Department to tell him that he is wasting your money and more, using it to persecute a militant minority. Send contributions to Wounded Knee Legal Defense Committee Box 255, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, 57101. Also write your Congressmen and Senators.

## Bad News

There is a news blackout on governmental oppression of Native Americans.

On April 30th, in the Minnehaha County courthouse, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, where four Indians and one white man friend were being tried for inciting to riot, Judge Joseph Bottum called on twenty four goons to do his dirty work. The defendants had refused to rise before this racist judge. He had said like the king, "Rise or leave." The defendants chose to stay and exercise their constitutional rights of not bowing before the king. The tactical police in full riot gear came down upon the Indians in the courtroom. First - they sent the press out. See no evil, speak no evil --- They asked the Lutheran Ministers to leave as well. The ministers refused. They were to witness a Clockwork Orange Scenario in the courtroom which no doubt freaked them out. The Indian defendants were maced and beaten badly. David Hill, a Choctaw Indian was permanently blinded by a policeman's nightstick. The Judge later referred to this as an "accident" and the maiming of the other defendants and spectators "a mild scuffle." The irony of all this was that the injured Indian spectators were arrested and charged with destruction of government property in the scuffle. The Lutheran local church was burned to the ground, the next day. And for all this vigilante violence and lawlessness, there

was no word in the "free press." For what the government cannot do on a battlefield, it now chooses to do in the courtroom. Legal lynching of militant Indians. The Custer cases, as Judge Bottum's cases have been referred to, have been moved to a civilian defense building three miles outside of Sioux Falls and next to a National Guard Armory to intimidate the Indians and keep spectators away. The trial is being carried out in secrecy. The main defendant, Sarah Bad Heart Bull, a mother of eight, is on trial because she and the other defendants, protested the setting free of her son's murderer, a white businessman.

The trial of Sarah Bad Heart Bull is to be moved to Pierre S.D. in July where a vicious racist attitude exists. We should be watching this.

Sarah Bad Heart Bull and the other defendants need our support, not only to raise money but to serve notice that the abuse of state power in South Dakota will not go unchallenged.

Send money to the Wounded Knee Legal Defense Committee Box 255, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, 57101 and letters of support to Sarah Bad Heart Bull, care of the committee.

Russell Means, National leader of AIM asks that all freedom loving people observe a boycott of the racist state of South Dakota where Indians are being jailed and murdered while their white murderers go scott free.

UPDATE: We have learned that Sarah Bad Heart Bull and two co-defendants have been convicted of the trumped-up charges against them. Further information will be forthcoming.



## TRUTH ABOUT PORTUGAL

The establishment media has been giving a false image of the current situations in Portugal and the Portuguese colonies of Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau.

To begin with, General Antonio de Spínola, leader of the junta that overthrew Caetano's fascist government on April 25 is no flaming leftist. For years, Spínola was the number one general in charge of crushing the liberation movements in the colonies and he did his work with enough dispatch and vigor to earn him the respect of the right wing and the military. Spínola is no more leftist than our own General Westmoreland -- if it were possible to add a dash of intelligence to Westmoreland's neanderthal brain.

Spínola had that dash of intelligence. After only 10 years of fighting a vicious war which could never be won, he came to the brilliant conclusion that the war could never be won. But he did not, as the media may have led us to believe, ever propose that Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau be freed from Portuguese domination. What Spínola proposed was continued control of the three colonies, but under a "federation" in which the colonies would have "equal status" with Portugal.

That "equal status" and "federation" don't add up to independence was pointed out when General Francisco da Costa Gomes, a top junta official, stated in the first weeks of May that unless FRELIMO (the Mozambique liberation army) accepted the junta's cease-fire offer and laid down its arms to become a "non-violent political party", the Portuguese government "would have no choice but to continue the fighting and if necessary intensify" the fight to crush the resistance. Frelimo gave its answer by means of armed actions during Gomes' four-day visit to the colony. Most of their attacks occurred in areas that Portugal had claimed were "pacified". And a statement from MPLA, the Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola, announced that "Our units will continue the struggle in the controlled and disputed areas, and our committees in the towns and rural areas will maintain their clandestinity and redouble their activity...MPLA declares that it will continue the armed struggle until complete independence."

Indeed, the war goes on and the casualty toll continues to mount. On May 11, Major Jose Sanches Osorio, press spokesman under the junta, announced that the troop rotation assignments for Africa set before the coup would remain in effect and were being enforced. There has been no reduction in draft call-ups. And a young Air Force captain (representing the Armed Forces Movement of junior officers who carried out the April 25 coup and then asked Spínola to head the junta) told a correspondent from the New York Times on May 12 that his movement would not surrender Mozambique and would continue the war until a referendum showed that the people demanded otherwise. Such a referendum to be held at an unspecified time forms part of the colonial program announced earlier by Spínola.

So far, the liberation movement from Angola, Mozambique and Guinea-Bissau have categorically rejected

Spínola's terms for a cease-fire, vowing to step up their fighting until real independence is won.

If peace in the Portuguese colonies bears a striking resemblance to pax americana in Vietnam, the Portuguese homeland shows interesting parallels with the Chilean "peaceful road to socialism", with worker occupying land and factories illegally and in the face of government opposition. Even the communist and socialist members of the provisional government cannot keep up with their so-called "followers". Ten days before his appointment, Communist party leader, Alvaro Cunhal had issued a directive opposing strikes in the "present period" and warned against spontaneous seizure of factories, housing projects, campuses, and other institutions.

Nevertheless, striking shipyard workers occupied the sprawling Lisnav plant on May 15, demanding total worker control of the shipyard. The government had effected wage increases five days before which the workers considered petty and beside the point. Banners reading "We want our own country" and "Down with the lackeys, up with the workers" were unfurled according to a New York Times correspondent. Plants belonging to Firestone, Timex and ITT (the company that has brought you Wonderbread and the Chilean counterrevolution) were also struck and occupied, as were many others.

Counterrevolution is apparently a very real fear among the left leadership. Rogério Carvalho, another member of the central committee of the Communist Party released from jail after the coup was quoted in the Washington Post as saying that his party endorsed the junta's warning against unauthorized "mini-revolutions..." He said that "Any activity which would disrupt the alliance of democratic forces with the military would be disastrous."

In assessing future events, we should not forget that U.S. corporations like Gulf, Texaco and Exxon have invested heavily in the colonies and that the U.S. government maintains a critical military base at Lajes on Portugal's Azores Island in the Atlantic. The dismantling of this base which was the major stopover point for the U.S. arms airlift to Israel during the October war, has been a major leftist demand. The CIA can be counted on to be busily at work in Portugal these days defending the empire. Time will tell.

(Thanks to Liberation News Service)

[As we go to press -- 6/20/74 -- Dick Nixon has just concluded a visit to the Portuguese Azores base where he promised aid to Spínola. A small rebel force in Angola has come to terms with the Portuguese government, but MPLA, the powerful liberation movement in Angola has refused to meet with Spínola's representatives. "Preliminary discussions" are dragging on with Mozambique's FRELIMO. And negotiations with Guinea-Bissau have just collapsed.]





# WORKERS WITHOUT VISAS

FREE VENICE

In July, the Venice Town Council is sponsoring an open forum on the question of workers without visas and the proposed Kennedy-Rodino Bill. Free Venice (ed: a political collective, not to be confused with the Free Venice Beachhead) offers this brief history for the community's information.

In the last 35 years, over two million Mexican citizens have lived and worked in the fields and industries of the US. These "strangers in our midst" have left their homes and families in Mexico: Mexico, whose economy has been manipulated and dominated by US corporations since the turn of the century; Mexico, which has reaped super-profits for the US corporations and 40% unemployment for its own people. They come here in search of a dignified life and the hope of being able to feed and clothe themselves. Yet what they receive is little else but exploitation and racism. They come here and are called "aliens" yet they are no strangers to this land. As Luis Valdez states in his anthology AZTLAN "Man has been in the Americas for more than 33,000 years. White men have been around for less than 500." Legend has it (and some anthropologists support this claim) that the Aztecs originated in this region called Aztlan, which Mexican people believe to be their spiritual homeland. Azteca is derived from Aztlan meaning "white land". Some say the Sonora desert of Northwest Mexico, the white sands along the Rio Grande and the Colorado Rivers, the Imperial Valley of California or the deserts of Arizona is the "promised land" of the exodus of the modern migrants, the homeland of their ancestors the Aztecs.

From the landing at Plymouth Rock through the opening of the West and Southwest territories, US expansion has characterized itself through mass slaughter of those people who stood in its way and those cultures which white man called primitive. Wounded Knee, Sand Creek, and the Alamo represent a policy of "Manifest Destiny". When America came to the southwest, not only did it find vast mineral and agricultural resources, it found people, cities, and towns, churches and schools. It found a flourishing Spanish and Indian culture. This land was indeed not only Indian land but Mexico's northern territory. But America's imperialism dictated the necessity for the access to the Pacific Ocean. US policy proclaimed the right to control for its own use the vast riches of the Southwest. Thus started the Mexican-American War, a war fought for the control of Arizona, California, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, Texas and Utah.

The war culminated in 1847, when US forces led by General Scott occupied Mexico City. The terms of the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, 1848, dictated the following: Mexico ceded its vast northern territory to the US. In exchange, the US promised to grant full US citizenship to the territory's Mexicans, and to protect their culture, language, religion, and civil rights, and their right to own property. As with the treaties signed between the US government and the American Indian nations, this too proved nothing but empty words and promises.

By the end of that war the US had discovered the last link in its search for profits - "cheap" labor. US corporations needed workers to clear and till the newly-conquered land to to extract its mineral ores, and to build a transportation system across its vast virgin territory. The economic development of the Southwest was accomplished largely through the sweat of the Mexican people, who shared little of the reward (just as the wealth of the South was exploited through the vast and lucrative slave trade). The birth of America and its economic and territorial expansion are founded on the two broad concepts of racism and the exploitation of labor. The histories of the Indian people, the Black people, and the Mexican people is a common one. Just as the Black Nation has been denied its true technological and scientific contributions, so have the Mexican people. The white man lacked the centuries of experience the Mexican had developed, such as dry-land farming, irrigation, and field labor. California, Arizona, and Texas could not have developed without Mexican techniques and skill. In New Mexico and Texas the raising of cattle and sheep were also learned from the Spanish. The origin of cowboy terminology comes from the Mexican vaqueros, and country-and-western music is related to northern Mexico. Both have been falsified by the American legend.

Since the 1900's the US has established a revolving-door policy towards the Mexican people. When it has been to the economic advantage of US corporations to import labor, foreign policy has opened the border to Mexicans. However, when unemployment tends to reach 6% or over, and the Mexican people are thus no longer needed, foreign policy, through the arm of the Immigration Service, institutes massive roundups. These roundups are characterized by inhumane and often brutal treatment and are without regard to civil liberties.

Around 1910 several hundreds of thousands of "immigrants" came across the border escaping the civil war in Mexico. This labor met demands of expanding world war economy. Mexicans were brought in as the new agricultural workers, replacing US citizens who were suddenly promoted to better jobs in war-related industries. During the Depression, Anglos from the Dust Bowl began flooding into the fields of the Southwest. Mexicans were rounded up and inhumanely deported.

In 1942, the war economy of the US again brought a reversal in the need for labor. A program was developed by growers and agreed upon by the US and Mexican governments to contract "braceros" (hired hands) with their wages and conditions guaranteed. Under this program the workers were cheated and exploited, and every year thousands of braceros disappeared into the big-city barrios, preferring the life of the "illegal".

The Japanese internment of World War II provided a stark example of the uses of government-sponsored racism in support of private profits - tens of thousands of American citizens were rounded up and shoved into concentration camps while Anglos stole their land for pennies on the dollar. In 1943, the federally-funded atmosphere of racism encouraged Anglo servicemen to attack Chicanos in the barrios of East Los Angeles, egged on by the racist press (notably Hearst's EXAMINER). The resistance of the Chicano communities was labeled the "zoot suit" or "pachuco riots" - and intended slander that instead has become a proud memory among the Chicanos.

In the years 1953-1954, the US was in an economic recession. "Operation Wetback" went into effect, a million people of the varrio with no official papers were arrested and deported.

US corporations as well as the government clearly use the border as a means of controlling the percentage of surplus labor which directly affects their rate of profit. But just as clearly it chooses to deny the existence of this border in its foreign investment policies and in the return of profits from overseas. We find today that US investments in Mexico have reached the 2 billion mark. These investments control approximately 55% of the Mexican economy, and these in turn reap a 50-to-200% higher rate of profit than the same investment in the US. Yet Mexico is continually plagued with a 40% unemployment rate, and 30% of its population is actually starving. Those lucky enough to work receive approximately 40 cents an hour. To survive, Mexicans move north, "aliens" in a country that only exploits them, subjects them to misery and humiliation, and kicks them back across the "border". There is no border for corporations, only for workers.

Today in California, unemployment has risen past 7.5%. Predictably, the corporate state is again seeking to shove "surplus" labor south of the border. Through the so-called Kennedy-Rodino Bill, the protests are directed against "cheap Mexican labor" and the people who employ these workers without visas. Free Venice is opposed to the exploitation of workers on either side of any border. Free Venice is opposed to the Kennedy-Rodino Bill.

TOWN COUNCIL FORUM  
ON MEXICAN WORKERS  
SET FOR JULY 25th

On Thursday evening, July 25th, the Venice Town Council will sponsor a community forum and discussion on the question of Mexican workers without visas and the Kennedy-Rodino Bill which is before the U.S. Senate. The East Venice Neighborhood Council (Area 5) has proposed that the Town Council call on Councilwoman Pat Russell to introduce a resolution before the Los Angeles City Council in support of the Kennedy-Rodino Bill. The Town Council is holding the forum, which will include outside speakers on different sides of the question as well as discussion and debate by community people, to obtain the information it needs to decide on the East Venice resolution.

The Kennedy-Rodino Bill basically is aimed at employers who knowingly hire illegal alien workers. It would levy increasingly stiff fines on employers for subsequent offenses, going from \$500 to \$1,000 for each foreign worker knowingly hired without legal papers, and eventually providing for jail terms for employers. The bill has passed the House of Representatives, where it was sponsored by Congressman Peter Rodino of New Jersey; the Senate version, sponsored by Senator Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts, is presently in committee.

If the Venice City Hall on Venice Blvd. is ready for public meetings by July 25th the forum will be held there; otherwise another site will be announced. For information contact the Venice Town Council Forum Committee: Lew Van Herschler, 821-1430; or Bob Wells, 821-9596.

people who are also up against the wall, the farmworkers in the California valleys.

Farmworker families are housed in sheds where sometimes 50 people have to share one outhouse. As late as 1972 some farmworkers were paid as little as 28 cents an hour for a 16 hour day; their average yearly pay is between \$1,000 and \$1,500. Children from the age of 7 work a full day in the fields alongside their parents. One third of Mexican-American babies die at birth; incidence of infectious diseases among migrant workers is 17 to 35 times higher than the average; the life expectancy of the average farmworker is 49 years. Hedge-hopping airplanes spray nerve-gas insecticides on crops while the workers are still in the fields. Meanwhile the farm owners, who include Standard Oil, Tenneco, and the Bank of America, make tens of millions in profits by ripping off the labor of these people and selling the produce to us. This is what the United Farmworkers fight is all about.

The giant Teamsters Union is spending \$100,000 a month all this year (L.A. Times, March 29, '74) in a stepped up effort to "eliminate" Cesar Chavez and the Farmworkers Union (UFWA). In 1970, after an historic organizing struggle, the UFWA had 50,000 members - today, because of "sweetheart contracts" (where the Teamsters and the farm owners treat each other like sweethearts) and raiding by the Teamsters, the UFWA has less than 10,000 people and is still losing members. They need our help.

The Canal Town Council Farmworkers Support Committee feels it is no longer appropriate for the liquor stores and markets in our community to carry scab wines, table grapes, and lettuce. We are asking the people of the community to do two simple things to help the Union:

1) Do not buy any scab wines, any table grapes, any iceberg (head) lettuce.  
2) Whenever you go to your neighborhood market or liquor store, every time you go there, tell the storekeeper you support the Farmworkers Union, and ask him or her to stop selling lettuce, grapes, and scab wines.

Our committee has provided a list of scab wines to all canal-area stores. These include any wine made in Modesto or Ripon, California (check the label before buying), and all GALLO, GUILD, and FRANZIA label wines (including Red Mountain, Spanada, Tyrolia, Boone's Farm, Paisano, Thunderbird, and Ripple). Boycotts have been an essential part of past Farmworker victories.

The canal-area markets and liquor stores are Kim's Market, John's Market, Dave's Market, Shehady's Market, Shanahan's Market, Nick's Liquor Store (in Hamburger Square), Muni's Liquor Mart on Pacific Ave., and the Safeway in Washington Square Plaza.

Venice Canal Town Council Farmworkers Support Committee; Bob Wells (821-9596); Ron Guenther (821-5931); Steve Clare (821-0216).



SPECIAL MESSAGE TO CANAL PEOPLE

Cesar Chavez and the United Farmworkers Union are in serious danger of being destroyed this summer, and the Venice Town Council has voted to help their struggle by supporting the boycotts of table grapes, scab wines, and iceberg (head) lettuce.

Our community in the canals has been fighting for its survival for a long time; we have been up against the wall more than once, and the Canal Town Council Farmworkers Support Committee is asking that while we continue to fight for survival we lend a hand to some other





# Prisoners Prisoners

## Maximum Security: a book review

by Gordon Quinlan

"To those of you who doubt any or all of these events are true, I can only say sleep, innocent child, sleep. To awake is to become mad."

Roosevelt Williams, Soledad Prison, 1971

This book is a horror story. It is made up of letters from inmates in California's four most dreaded penitentiaries: Folsom, Soledad, San Quentin, and Chino. The men who wrote these letters back in 1970 and 1971 risked severe reprisals in order to make known what was (and is) going down. As I write today it seems certain that some of them will have died.

These men have had the days of their lives ripped off for bungled robberies, for selling dope, for crimes of momentary passion. Almost all of them are locked away for the ultimate sins of being poor or black or both. Maximum Security.

The book reminds me savagely of something I first saw in Soledad Brother, the prison letters of George Jackson. It was something I did not understand clearly at the time, and perhaps those of us who haven't experienced prison will never fully understand it. "If I ever get out of here alive," George Jackson wrote repeatedly, "I won't leave anything behind."

I read that sentence four or five times in different places before I began to understand what it means. It means that a person gets out of hell when he is broken, when he bows down before his guards, before the parole board, before the courts, before the Adult Authority (probably the most vicious institution of our whole political system which exerts absolute tyranny over the lives and freedom of prisoners and which needs answer to no one). Convicted, like almost all prisoners on an "indeterminate sentence", a person (like George Jackson who got one-year-to-life for an 80 dollar robbery) winds up doing life, unless he "breaks", unless he admits he was wrong, unless he kisses the guards' ass, unless he informs on and attacks his fellow prisoners, unless he

defends the American way of life that has locked him in a cage. To get released from a one-to-life sentence, you've got to leave your human-beingness behind. From the perspective of people like George Jackson, keeping his life intact meant fighting every day over the course of ten years -- eight of them spent in solitary confinement -- to destroy the system that ultimately murdered him. He didn't leave anything behind.

To read Maximum Security is to abandon the comfort of our lives and to share, at least momentarily, that perspective. It is like entering a horrible furnace. The letters in Maximum Security (most of them written to Fay Stender, a righteous and beautiful activist lawyer) are so illuminating and devastating that it is impossible to emerge from that furnace unchanged. For that reason, I beg you to read it.

Here is a tiny fragment:

"One morning I poured my milk into my cup, as usual, only to find the bowl it had been served in covered with human feces."

Here's another, longer fragment. It concerns an incident in which an inmate, Don Rud, refused to surrender legal papers to guards. The California Penal Code Section 2600 prohibits prison officials from taking or destroying a prisoner's legal material.

"At this, I heard the officer's voice become raised, as he yelled: 'Give me that envelope, Nigger.' I noticed the prisoner's voice take on a tone of fear as he replied: 'I'm not going to fight you.' It was apparent to me that Rud was being surrounded and force was about to be used on him. Having witnessed many attacks on inmates, I could sense in the air what was about to happen and instinctively jumped up and looked out my door to get a better view of the action. I could now hear the unmistakable sound of a club as it thundered on the bare body of the defenseless prisoner:

"Thud, Thud, Thud."

I heard the Prisoner's first cry of pain, followed by his pleading for the officers to stop their attack, as blow after blow was struck, the sound of the club echoing down the tier. 'Thud, Thud, Thud.' Then I became aware of other officers joining in on the attack as I heard the prisoner strangling, knowing that someone had him by the neck. The blows continued to be belted out, and above the cries of human suffering I could hear other inmates helplessly crying out of their cells to 'Leave the man alone.' Over this I could hear also the jeering voice of one officer hissing:

"'Had enough, Nigger? Had enough?'"

The struggle didn't stop as I knew they had their victim on the floor and were probably kicking in his ribs as I have seen them do on many occasions.

I heard more clubbing as the sound of the handcuffs were again clicking and I knew they were being tightened tighter on his wrists, and must be now cutting into the flesh. I heard the prisoner's last cry of pain which died out in one last gag and all was quiet."

In Maximum Security there are endless stories of human being sent to the hole (solitary confinement) or to strip cells for reasons that stun the imagination. Strip cells are 4 by 8 foot unheated concrete rooms which are usually kept dark 24 hours a day, although some are continually lighted both day and night. There is a hole in the floor for excrement and a slot in the solid steel door through which a biscuit made of compressed garbage is shoved twice a day. Often the prisoner is kept naked or in undershorts. He receives one blanket for bedding on the bare cement floor. At any one time, there are over 700 inmates in the hole out of a prison population of some 22,000. Most are there because they have displeased their guards, because they have filed legal briefs pleading for an end to sadistic beatings and other forms of intimidation, much of it worse, much of it psychological, much of it calculated to impair the prisoners' minds. There are letters here in which you can feel with crystalline clarity the fabric of a person's mind falling to pieces.

I am so afraid that my mind cannot

who regard me in such a way as to treat me thus is fear but real terror is the phenomena itself -- the moments passing. This is attack on mind -- to torture. It makes no sense to express reasons why I should not be tortured this way because there is no sane reason to do this to me. These words are the only thing my mind hangs on as I write I am unable to reread. Please do what you can to get me out of here as soon as possible. Yes, I am weak. Yes, I am insane. Reality is claustrophobia for me now. Hysteria.

It is Sunday morning, about 3 a.m. Rolling and smoking cigarettes blot out fear -- divert. That everyone has abandoned me to this leaves no identity -- no love -- no together with any-one. To be alone, on an island, would be different. This is like a mine cave in where nobody digs to free you.

Smoke smokk  
Smoke smoke. Nobody responds to what I say.

And there is even one note from a guard included in this book. Written in



Another "Help me, please let me out of here!" I know this fear now and often, accept reality of being trapped here. On approaching realization -- big hysterical claustrophobia -- suffocation comes. I realize that I live in delusions of hope of possible release or resumption of life. Life is ended. I can no longer live in imagination of hope. My mind is broken -- but I cannot admit that this is true. Many here go insane too... They scream in terror as articulated patterns of mind terminate abandoning them to the reality they can no longer avoid. One screamed "Hot and cold, hot and cold," To realize that I am subject to people

February, 1971, it was directed to a man brought down in the middle of the night from Folsom to Soledad. When he arrived on his wing at Soledad, he was sick and coughing blood. He sent a message requesting medical care. This two-sentence scribbled reply came from J.A. Flores, the lieutenant then on duty:

Yell for help when the blood is one inch thick all over the floor. Don't call before that.

If Maximum Security is a vision of horror, it is also a vision of hope. In the last section, we read of Blacks and Chicanos and Whites beginning to overcome the guard-fomented racism, recognizing their common cause and common enemies. We read of rap groups and study groups often carried on across the aisles, through the locked bars of prison cells. In the two and a half years that have elapsed since Maximum Security was first published, that political education movement which is only hinted at here has begun to spread like a prairie fire. It is born out of intelligence and rage and love, and many of us see it as the heart of this revolution that we talk so much about. Rage and love: it is out of these feelings that I beg you to read this book.

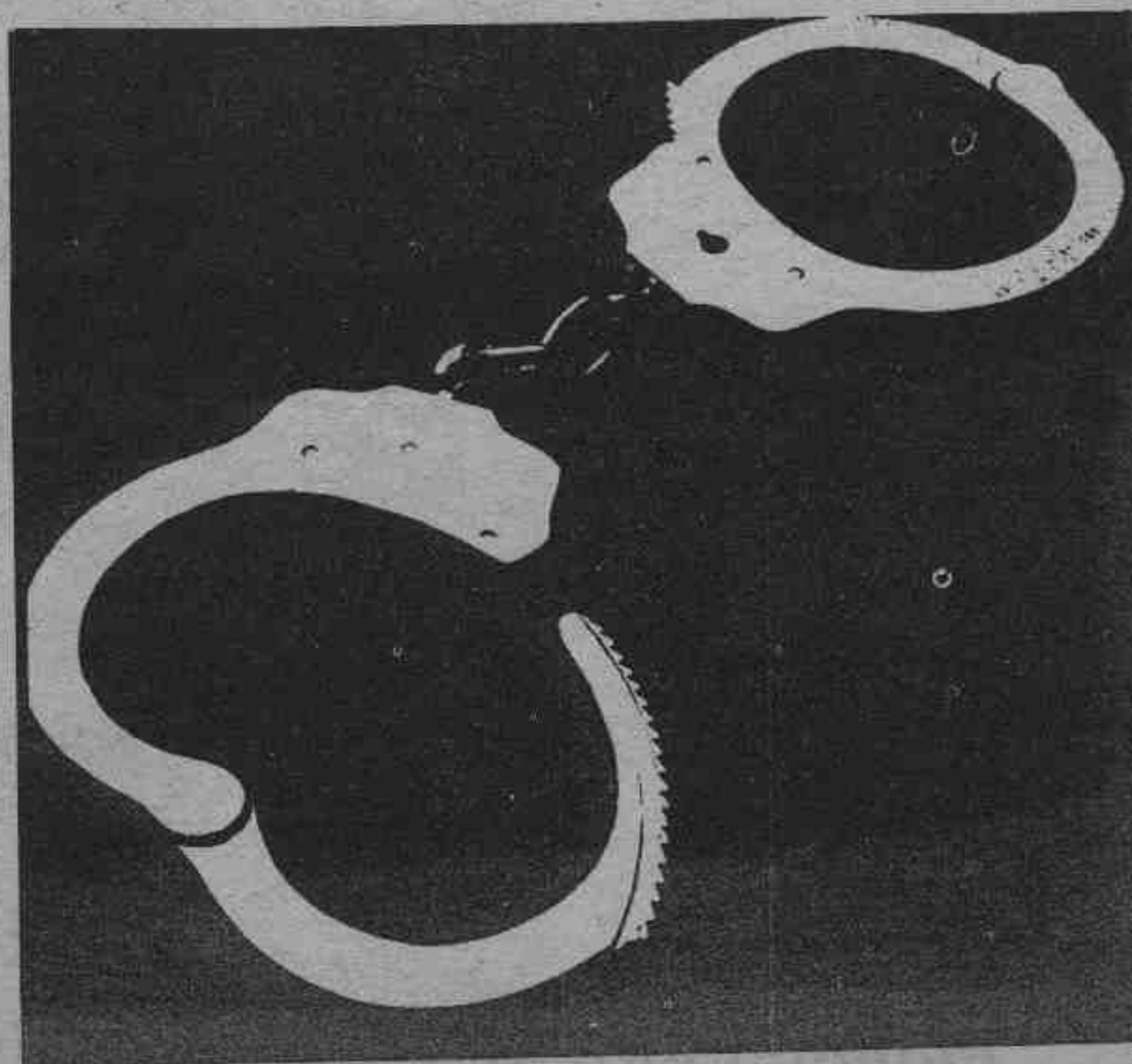
The horrors in it are not exposed, incidentally, so that they can be reformed according to the fashion of the times, or so that prisoners may get living plants to grow in their cells as one raving idiot recently suggested (Dick Gregory, National Observer, June 15, 1974); but rather so that the central symbol and reality of our social and economic system may be seen for what it is in all its own murderous light. A system which needs to lock its poor and angry people away in metal cages is not only sick and needing cure. It is a deranged and savage machine which has long since lost all semblance of the memory of the feelings of sunlight and love. In the words of Joan Baez' beautiful song: "We're gonna raise, raze the prisons to the ground." When we do that, not only the prisoners, but you and I too, will have begun at last to live free.

Maximum Security, edited by Eve Pell, is a Bantam paperback, costs \$1.50, and shouldn't be hard to find.

"Did Dachau and Treblinka really exist?"  
fay stender

"Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude,  
except as punishment for crime... shall exist  
within the United States."

U.S. CONSTITUTION



ONE SIZE FITS ALL



# Prisoners Prisoners

## Letter from Soledad

Earnest Brown Jr.  
Box B-39081  
June 29, 73

My Dearest Joanne,

Amidst the unreality of Free Press want ads, a very somemn plea appeared: "This communication comes from confines of Soledad Prison. My emotional condition very bad, but might improve if you wrote. Let me know. E.B." Somehow the ad contained a reminder of the horrid alienation that I found so distasteful and so prevalent in our profit oriented society. I quickly jotted a note to this stranger hoping that he sensed my sincerity. That was two years ago and many letters have travelled between us - warm letters, angry letters, but most of all human letters.

E.B. has been incarcerated since 1966 and he is now 25. The most exciting part of his young life has been spent in a system where rehabilitation is another word for slave labor.

Letters and books have a tremendous amount of meaning to people such as E.B. who are isolated in prison and each book that is sent is well read and shared by as many people as possible. The Midnight Special, a collectively operated bookstore, 1335 1/2 Washington Blvd. in Venice has generously allowed me a discount on the books that I have purchased for prison. With the support of the Midnight Special, it seems ideal to begin a collectively organized group of people that would be interested in communication with prisoners. If you have ideas, books, interest or questions, please give me a call: Joanne Zazzi, 394-1424... (or Gordon Quinlan, 396-1941).

With the coming of a new day so near I thought I should answer your letter which I received today. Your letter was a explosive one indeed, considering that the impact was like a "Atomic Bomb". I think you know this was the letter I've been waiting for. I should have told you about me before now. I have a hell of a thing behind women, whether she black, white or brown. I guess it's because of the roll they've played in life. You are the leading ladies. I guess that old saying is true, behind every successful man there's a woman. So when I write you, I write you as I would a sister and it's not because you know something about the struggle but in turn because I have this thing about women. Because the struggle will continue with us or without. I don't want to get too far off the subject. I've told you time and time again about my being alone till I was rescued by you. I was born May 22, 1949, in Dallas, Texas. I came to California in '59. I'm 24 years old. I'm busted for "Robbery 1st". This is just in case someone ask you about me again. I've been down since Feb. 19, 1966. Being busted for robbery is common if you're black. I left my home at the age of 15 as most kids do if black, poor and confused. Even though I didn't go to school, I knew I'd be better off gone than if I stayed. Things were already hard for us and with seven kids in my gone than if I stayed. Things were already hard for us and with seven kids in my family not counting myself it would be even harder. I got me a little job working as a "Box Boy" for a little store. My income was 22 dollars a month, this went to the family on the help outside. I worked there for about two months before I left. My boss being treating me like a little "Nigger Boy". I've been in all kind of gang fights. Stealing whatever I could, when I could and send to my mom. I had some friends

who want to know if I want to make some money fast. Money fast, this is just what I need considering Christmas was around the corner. But when they told me a robbery was going to make the money for us I couldn't do it. They ask me if I could drive. I made fifty dollars, that was the most money I've ever had at one time. A turkey some toys for the kids was more than reward on Christmas. It wasn't a question of the police or what they'd do if they caught us, or whitey has this and whitey has that, we didn't have anything at that time. So as Malcolm X said, By any means necessary, whatever the outcome would have been it didn't matter. Long as I didn't have to use a gun it was cool. So when my brothers get busted for anything there just trying to live. I don't need a dictionary to relate to you do I? I'm talking to you like I would my own sister. Is it wrong to want to Eat?

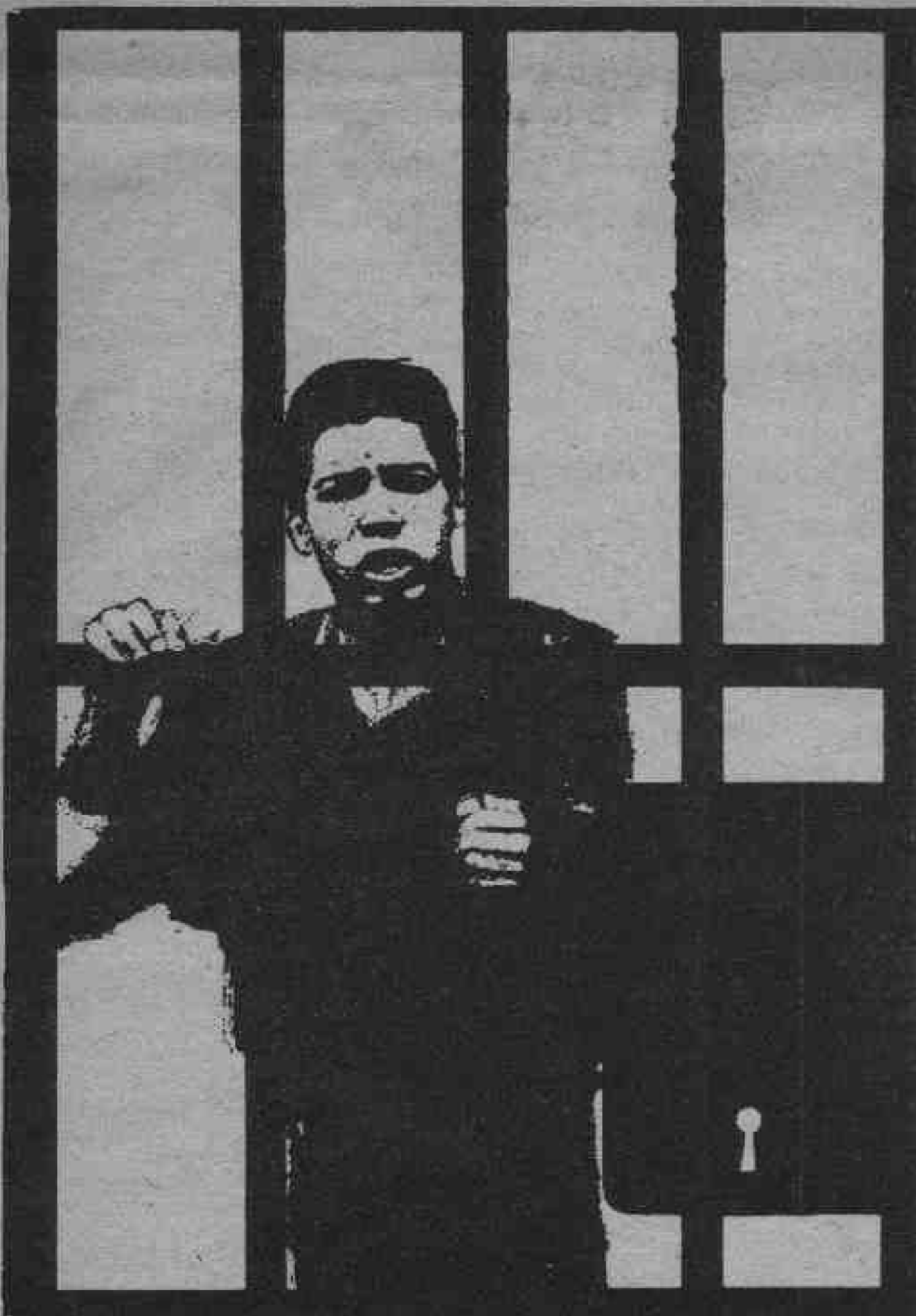
Well anyway when I got busted for robbery I went to Tracy Correctional Institution in Feb. 19, 1966. As a young brother I didn't understand what they were talking when they said, Unity, Black power, Revolution, till later on down the hands of time. I was what you would consider a "Low Rider", All I thought about was dominoes, pinochle etc. And to concentrate on a struggle when a dominoes game was being played. I didn't come to myself till I got to Soledad. I seen one brother get shot three times on the yard for what reason I still don't know. That made me hate every white man that lived. And when my brother was killed I lost everything. [Editor's note: Earnest Brown's brother was murdered by the police while Brown was still in prison. while Brown was brother was killed by the police while Brown was in prison.] I tried to break everything and everybody. I went to the hole four times for fights, and the last time was behind a police who I jumped on. I was taken to the hole and had on. I was taken to the hole and handcuffed and beaten good. I think that threw me into the struggle, as well as George Jackson. They thought I was

going to give up, I kept right on fighting every time they came to the hole I'd get kneed deep off in the ass. I was transferred to Soledad June 26, 1968. The comrades up here were so together that anytime a comrade went to the hole they have to bring out the guns because of the protest. It was beautiful to see brothers this close. I was introduced to George on the yard, where he was giving karate lessons. That's when we formed the group known as "Black Awareness". They taught us a lot. Mostly the respect for your Brother and Sister. Then when the police was killed in '70 everything broke loose. George was then transferred to San Quentin. The last I heard, was when he was killed! I've been here ever since. There's much more I left out which I'll relay upon my release date. I was studying and everything, but not like I did when I first came. That's all that held me down, to hear from a woman. You're the first in four years besides my mother and there there's a different. It was hard to get use to having someone to do for me as you've done. It made me feel alive again. I had forgot how to talk to a woman, how it felt to be care for by a woman. I know sometime my emotions get in the way of the struggle but it feels good. I've told you a little about me, now tell me some more about you as a woman? I see on television, people say they know about prisons. They don't though. But I'm for the struggle all the way, and everybody should get a "Piece of the Rock" If death is the only way I can be freed then let it be, because I've never had a chance to really live. So Joanne this is a little of me, but theres more I haven't told you, a lot more. But I want to know about you, and where you stand in the struggle? So until then...

Dare to struggle

Dare to win!

Comrade  
E. Brown Jr.



Victor Jara, Chile's beloved folksinger and poet, was imprisoned along with thousands of his comrades in Santiago's great soccer stadium after the September coup. He was tortured: his fingers were cut off. And, as he tried to rally his fellow prisoners with a song, he was machine-gunned to death. These are two of his last poems.



Victor Jara with his wife, Joan, and their two daughters, Manuela and Amanda. (People's World/LNS)

## MANIFIESTO

I don't sing just to sing  
or because I sing well.  
I sing because the guitar  
has its own feeling and meaning.

It has a heart of earth,  
wings of a dove.  
It's like holy water  
sanctifying glory and pain.  
My song got caught in it  
as Violeta would say.

A worker guitar  
with a smell like spring -  
not a guitar for the rich  
or anything like that.

My song reaches up  
step by step to the stars  
because a song means something  
when it beats in the veins  
of one who will be singing real truth  
not passing trivialities or foreign things.

This is a song of heavy words  
sung to the depths of the earth,  
where everything ends  
and where everything begins.

Songs sung with courage  
will always be new songs.

We are 5,000  
Here in this little corner of the city.  
How many are we - in all the cities of the world?

All, all of us, our eyes fixed on death.  
How terrifying is the face of fascism!  
For them blood is a medal  
Carnage is a heroic gesture.

Song, I cannot sing you well when I must sing out of fear.  
When I am dying of fright  
When I find myself in these endless moments  
When silence and cries are the echoes of my song.



# A Day in the Life of a "Schoolgirl"

reprinted from SISTER



When I started jr. high, I didn't think the system really favored boys. "I mean, how could they?" I said, giggling. (My views have changed immensely.) I soon found out how they could and did do "it."

My father told me to ignore it, it couldn't be *that* bad! (It is!) My step-mother told me it was part of being a "girl."

Up until starting public jr. high, I had never really thought about being discriminated against. I stuck up for my rights as I saw them. No boy ever got away with calling me chick or trying to bully me. I simply gave them a chop or kicked them. I could do that at the free school. But I found it different in public school.

If a girl fights back she is suspended. That was my first problem. Why are boys allowed to bully girls, but girls are not allowed to bully boys? It is taken as natural for boys to fight, so they don't get in trouble.

In a normal day I am discriminated against not once, but many times. Just to show you what a young woman in jr. high goes through every day, I will show you a normal school day.

First I get on the bus. Since it's 7:30 the bus is crowded. I look for a seat, but there aren't any. A man who uses a cane to walk offers me his seat. I refuse and am given dirty looks by all who see. I feel like a goon. Getting out first seems to be my fate. I always seem to be in back of another woman or first.

When I get to school I go and sit down with my group of friends. I look around me to see what's happening. All of the girls are sitting in groups talking about the cute boy in history or who Kelly's going with this week. (We're all fickle you know!) All of the boys are playing basketball, bullying each other, or copying some smart girl's homework, who is glad to have the company.

I tried to get into a game a few times, but the boys wouldn't let me play with them. I then tried to check out a ball. The boys' PE is in charge of the balls. When I asked for a ball "they" said there weren't any left. I pointed to a pile of balls and asked for one of those. Their reply was that they were flat and no one could check out flat balls. I walked away from the ball cage and turned around. "They" were giving a ball to another student. It was a boy.

The bell rings everyone goes to homeroom. Once the teachers start taking roll, everybody starts talking. I listen to a group of boys' conversation. Dirty jokes and sick stories. I am tired of having to hear sick stories about women. I am tired of having my breasts referred to as "boobs" and "tits." I am tired of being related to as an ass! I am a human being!

I go to my first class. On the way I notice all the school "pigs" are boys. I wonder why?

First period is history. Our books are in another room. The teacher asks for someone to get the books. No one volunteers except me and another girl. The teacher shuns the idea and tells 2 boys to go get them. When given history projects, the girls have to do fashion of the period or food things. The boys get to do battles, people, (men, if I may add), and important things.

My second class is library practice. The old fogey who calls herself a librarian tells me to straighten shelves. I listen as she helps people find books. When suggesting books to boys, she points to fiction stories and sports stories. To girls, she suggests books like "Jane love Bob."

Third period I have science. Right now I have a very good woman teacher. Before her I had a real dip for a teacher.

The boys were the only ones allowed to help in the experiments. She called on all the boys before she called on the girls. Girls' knowledge in science has always been cut short. It is still considered weird for a girl to want to be a scientist. She is called names like jock.

Fourth is P.E. This is the class young women are put down in most. The girls P.E. department has no gym equipment, no football flags, and only the minimum of everything else. The boys have a gym and everything they ask for. My P.E. class takes the bus to the park. On the way we are told to sit like ladies. Once at the park we have to do asinine exercises to "enhance" our figures. Girls are given more time to dress because we're so "slow". Girls' P.E. needs a lot of changing.

Next is lunch. Only boys work in the change cages. Boys spend lunch playing basketball and showing off. Girls sit and act like ladies.

Fifth I have design craft. Art is the only form of self expression for girls accepted in jr. high. I have a good teacher and I enjoy this class. I notice that there are hardly any boys in art. Is it bad to enjoy art?

Sixth I have math. Girls are not "supposed" to be good at math. It seems like I am better at math than most boys. When tests are passed back the boys make fun when the girls get better grades.

I have not even begun to tell you what goes on in public jr. highs. Young women have 2 counts against them: They are women and they are children. We all need to change the school system. It's the only way girls will ever be with boys in education at least.

by Shari Leintz

Every child, before family indoctrination passes a certain point and primary school indoctrination begins, is germinally at least, an artist, a visionary and a revolutionary.

-David Cooper

by Michael Quinlan

This is for the animals of Poway.

We have been finding dead animals around Poway. We have found dead animals because of tractors. So I've been writing this for my father's newspaper.

I feel very sorry for the animals. We've found at least twenty dead animals. We found a mole in David and Ricky's yard and it froze to death. Bill found a dead baby gopher.

There are many more just because bosses want more money when they have more money than they need.

(Note: Michael lives in an area where wild land is being torn up for housing tracts.)

Julie Darco, 13, said she wanted to go into politics. "You're too pretty," Mr. Nixon said playfully. "You'll probably get married instead."

## GLOSSARY OF TERMS

**KIDS** -- four-footed animals that eat tin cans.

**CHILDREN** -- this word, like aunt or uncle, expresses a relationship between parent and offspring: e.g. "my children went to the beach today".

**YOUNG PEOPLE** -- refers to a class of people who are young and alive and oppressed.



Photo by Chris Brotman

No more than the land or the trees or the stars, do young people belong to any one. That we divide them among us is a crime. For just as the land which we have paved and fenced has become our prison, so through the modern family we have become prisoners of one another and guards of those we love.

## TRANSFORMATIONS

I used to want to marry  
a brave and handsome prince brought to  
life from the arab  
pages of Grimms Fairy tales  
Id flutter like some innocent sylph to  
his shoulder  
and i must be young for here  
there is no  
choice  
and pretty at any expense  
my eyes must shine and my  
lips must glow  
for no one but him  
My waist, my body must be minute re-  
stricted, imprisoned for no one  
but him

And then my days of organdy bliss  
were forgotten  
and I wanted to marry a  
long haired young man  
from Laurel canyon-abrupt  
transformation  
I would embroider on his  
jeans and he would  
farm for our vegetarian diet  
I would stay home like Mother Earth and  
have babies and wash  
his work shirts with a smile that  
represented  
perfect Homely bliss  
An updated version of todays  
Housewife  
And then much later came me the radical  
feminist hero  
of myself  
No longer content, no rapture for  
shiny kitchen floors  
or red lips or clean work shirts  
but for myself my sisterhood and my  
joy

Margaret Talbot



# THE GREAT McDONALDS RIP-OFF

When young people look for a job, one place most frequented is McDonalds. McDonald's is one of the largest employers of high school students and young people. This giant chain of hamburger stands has annual sales of over 1 billion dollars, passing the United States army in the amount of food served. They have sold over 12 billion burgers and are growing rapidly. Founding father Ray Kroc (who has a personal fortune estimated at \$500 million) has said "I expect money like you walk into a room and turn on a light switch or a faucet."

How did McDonald's become such a huge multi-national corporation? The answer lies in its vast advertising campaign and the mechanization of the restaurant to allow untrained cheap labor to run them. The McDonald's \$50 million advertising campaign for 1973 has been so successful that 96% of American students can identify Ronald McDonald making him second only to Santa Claus.

The chain's managers greatest achievement has been to transform the greasy-spoon hamburger joint into a computerized, standardized, premeasured production machine efficient enough to make the billions that it has. Everything is mechanized and standardized: winking lights on the grills tell the cook exactly when to flip over the hamburgers. Once done, the burgers can be held under the infra-red warming lights for up to 10 minutes. Cybernetic deep fries continuously adjust to the moisture of the french fries and specially designed

scoops make it almost physically impossible to stuff more french fries into a paper bag than headquarters specifies. Grillmen, "window girls" (order takers) and other hired hands must conform to strict rules. Men must keep their hair cropped to military length and their shoes (black only) must be highly polished. Women must wear dark low shoes.

The hired help are mostly teenagers who work at McDonalds for a few months and then quit; turnover in many outlets averages 100% every six months, largely because of the grueling, tedious, hard and uninteresting work.

One high school student reports this story on her own experience.

"I worked at McDonalds last summer for exactly two weeks. I was hired on a probationary scheme where they hire twice as many people as they need, then fire half of them, leaving only the 'performers'."

Well, when I came to the one-day training session (which they didn't pay us for) the manager told us that we had to have open hours. This means that I could be called at anytime between 9 am and 10 pm, including weekends, to come in at a weeks notice. They told us all this crap about how we should satisfy the customers with QSC (Quality, Service, and cleanliness). 'We can't just tell you this. You have to feel it. We hope you will because your attitude and enthusiasm makes it happen.'

Salary increases are based on merit points which forced us to be competitive. They also urged us not to give in to pressure to give food away to our friends. 'This is strictly forbidden and grounds for immediate termination. Please do not

jeopardize your future here by playing the role.' Later I found out that we were supposed to give away food to the cops who come in because 'they protect McDonalds.'

For the next two weeks of my life, I felt like a slave. It was 105 degrees in the kitchen where I worked over the hot oil of the french fries, occasionally spattering in my face. When I complained after 4 hours, saying that I thought I would pass out, they said I'd have to wait for the ten minute break. I toasted 12 buns in three parts at a time for 3 hours. Every five minutes I was given a new order; roll the fish filets; dress the big mac's; turn the turnovers; etc.

Then the big day came. Ray Kroc, the boss's boss—Mr. McDonald himself—came to 'inspect us'. I was the lucky one chosen to wash the windows while he was there, and to be a visible worker, until the manager saw the hole in my tennis shoe. At the last minute Kroc changed his plans and left for the airport. My heart sunk (ha, ha).

When I was finally 'terminated', they said it was because I put too much sauce on the fish filets."

In 1972, Ray Kroc gave the Nixon campaign \$250,000. This was more than repaid when Nixon vetoed the new minimum wage law. By exempting students who work part time from a raise, a category that covers most of McDonald's work force, the company is saving a bundle.

But the main thing to remember about Mac's is that it gets rich because it screws the people who work for it. Wages hardly ever exceed \$1.75 an hour and slogans that are used on the workers



RONALD McDONALD IN TV COMMERCIAL

like "If you have time to lean, you have time to clean" means that we have to work our asses off so that Kroc and his cronies can get rich.

McDonald's is an example of how big business operates in our society. Mechanize standardize, get as much out of your workers and pay as little as you can. As long as corporations are producing for profit, businesses like this will continue to exploit the labor of others.

## Snatched!

Reprinted From SISTER

Where I live there are two Junior High Schools and one High School. The area is small enough so that most of the kids know each other even if they go to different schools. I am 13 and in the 8th grade. I spent my 7th grade at one Jr. High and was kicked out for smoking. I have been at the other Jr. High since last Sept. I know several boys at both schools who have been caught smoking on the grounds and have had to "paper pick-up" or were sent home for half a day. Girls get kicked out, but boys get paper pick-up.

I am calling this article "SNATCHED" because this is what boys do to girls in Jr. High School. Boys run or walk down the halls usually in groups and when they see a girl with breasts they grab for them. Then they make nasty remarks and yell back and forth to the other boys about the size of the girl. Most girls get embarrassed and some even cry. If a teacher is nearby the girl usually tells the teacher and is told to hold a purse or book in front while walking down the hall or if the teacher has seen the boy, then the boy is told to keep his hands to himself. A boy who gets by with this becomes the big hero here, especially when he gets caught by teachers and doesn't get in much trouble.

In the 7th grade this happened to me only once to make me really pissed-off and I started fighting back. Each time a boy grabbed at me I would grab by the neck and slam him against the locker and yell 4-letter words at him so everybody could hear and tell him I would cut him to little pieces. I had taken self-defense from Barbara Smith at the Crenshaw Women's Center and felt very brave. I got by with it too. The guys just looked plain stupid and embarrassed because their friends always started to laugh at them. I think this happened about 20 times in the 7th grade and I did the same thing each time, but got better each time. Finally my girl friends started to do it also, but a few were scared and would ask me or another girl to do it for them.

Boys just know now that I will beat them up if they try to snatch at me. Sometimes a boy that I have pushed around before will come up to me with his hand out as if he was really going to snatch at me, but he really is just trying to make me mad, so I discovered that as soon as I see his hand coming for me at about chest high level I put my hand out at about knee high level and go for him. This usually embarrasses them so much they just turn and run away. One boy didn't think I would do it, so he kept coming toward me and as I snatched at him, my girl friend went behind him and pantsed him, so there he stood in the hall with both his jeans and underpants down to his feet. He was very embarrassed and has not tried anything on any girl that we know of.

Last week my locker door was shut on my finger by accident and I had to run to the office to get a slip to go to the nurse! As I was running down the hall in a great deal of pain a boy I didn't know ran by and snatched at me. Well, all the pain left my finger and was replaced by complete rage in my whole body. I turned and went after him. I chased him all over the school before I got my hands on him, then I knocked him on the ground and jumped on top of him and beat him until he started to cry.

He finally got ahold of my hand and bit the already injured finger, which I later found out was broken. When he bit down on that finger all the pain returned and so I scratched open the side of his neck until he let go of the finger. Then I let him go. All his friends had followed us to watch and were rolling around on the grass laughing at how he was getting beat up. This happened on Friday and I won't know til next week if I am in trouble for fighting. The school probably won't do anything about it as they don't want to admit that boys snatch at girls.

Taileen Wilson





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# PARADE LOOMS!



It might be hard to believe radicals from both the right and the left, so-called straights mixed with gays, and all the elements making up the melting pot called America could - in this age - unify for one event. But, it's happening. It's the fourth of July parade in Venice. And, the Venice Town Council's parade committee says it's more than a "coming together." To keep with the theme of the day, the Venice parade strives to fire that "shot heard around the world." The many peoples will present many different floats, marchers and unorganized happenings. A float, holding a big simulated firecracker will be one stimuli to the event. 25th Avenue says its women will ride in a gaily decorated convertible to show-off

that neighborhood's beauties. Area school children are talking about their own march. Matter of fact - a lot of Venice people are talking about the way they'll participate in the parade to make their identity known. It should be interesting. The "Spirit of Venice" is going to be on parade on the fourth of July. So why don't you organize your block, or Venice based organization and March with your neighbors?

Venice Town Council Parade Committee. For information call:

Peninsula (area I) 399-3034  
North Beach (area II) 396-0267  
Canals (area III) 823-2637  
Oakwood (area IV) 396-2801  
East Venice (area V) 821-1489  
Central Venice (area VI) 392-2978

## RECYCLE

Glass - tin - aluminum - cans - newspaper

Church in Ocean Park  
(parking lot)

## ELECTION RESULTS

Peace and Freedom Party  
L.A. County Central Committee  
(seven elected)

Marge Buckley-----347  
Jean Glasser -----274  
Milton Takei -----267  
John Haug -----256  
David (Steve) Clare -----220  
Sanford Blixton -----216  
Richard Davidson -----201

Robert Wells -----171  
Jean Berkman -----166  
Shawn Steel -----161



## AREA TOWN COUNCIL MEETINGS

Peninsula- 4th Monday of the month  
Anchorage St. School, 7: 30 pm  
North Beach- 1st Monday of the month,  
Israel Levin Center, 8 pm  
Canals- 3rd Monday of the month, An-  
chorage St. School, 7: 30 pm  
Oakwood- 3rd Wednesday of the month,  
Broadway Elementary School, 7: pm  
East Venice- 4th Wednesday of the  
month, Coeur D'Alene School, 8 pm.  
Central Venice- 3rd Thursday of the  
month, Westminster School Library,  
7: 30 pm.  
For more information, call Sharon Kaplan  
at 485-3357.

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Women interested in joining a new  
Consciousness Raising group being  
formed in the Venice area. Please call  
Duffy Kivort 823-0446.

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Call Maria Brook at 392-9011  
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1/4 page ad: \$50; 1/2 page ad: \$90;  
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Beginning I starts July 11 at 7 pm  
Beginning II starts July 9 at 7 pm  
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Unitarian Church - Santa Monica  
650-1467

## BEACHHEAD PHOTOGRAPHY

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

## Venice - Ocean Park Free Engineering Clinic

by Shel Plotkin

In this technological day and age  
where almost everyone has become  
dependent upon a large amount of tech-  
nical gadgetry, it seems as though there  
might well be a need for an engineering  
clinic. This clinic is viewed as being  
similar to free medical and legal clinics  
which most communities are familiar  
with. The question comes to mind,  
just what specific community needs can  
such a clinic satisfy? While time will  
tell exactly what the community  
needs are, a possible list might be as  
follows:

1. Engineering assistance for legal prob-  
lems involving some technical aspects,  
possibly providing "expert testimony"  
generally in cooperation with a Public  
Defender on such subjects as accident  
evaluation and/or technical evidence.

2. Educational consulting or assistance.  
3. Community project assistance for  
both technical and human f or aspects,  
for example low cost housi  
4. Invention and patent assistance.  
5. Determination of repair needs.  
6. Technical assistance for consumer  
products legal action.

Present schedule for this clinic is  
7-9 P.M., Tuesday at Ocean Park Com-  
munity Center, 245 Hill Street, 399-  
1248, and on Thursday at NAPP, 528  
Westminster Ave., 399-7737.

All technical problems are considered,  
not just the ones listed above. All those  
interested in discussing any technical  
question are encouraged to make use  
of this new community service.

## COMMUNITY SERVICES

### WELFARE

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

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

ABORTION REFERRAL  
936-7466.

PET PRIDE (FOR CATS)  
459-1703

FREE VENICE  
226 San Juan, 396-6876

PEACE & FREEDOM PARTY  
221-2404

VENICE DRUG COALITION  
392-4151

LEGAL AID  
1. 1607 Pacific Av (upstairs)  
392-4177, call for appointment  
2. The Law Center, 392-9011  
3. Law School, 10811 Washing-  
ton Bl, Culver City, Rm 203,  
836-3450, Tues 6: 30 pm - 9 pm.  
IMPEACHMENT CAMPAIGN CTR  
732-2445

### GAY LIBERATION

Gay Community Services Center  
1614 Wilshire Bl, 462-3062

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

NATIVE AMERICANS  
391-6067

COMMUNITY PLAYGROUP  
Cooperative child care  
Sharon Shapiro 391-7939

ASIANS  
Involve Together Asians, 477-0357

BLACKS  
NAPP, 528 Westminster, 399-7737

FOOD CONSPIRACY  
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information, call 396-7040

UNITED FARM WORKERS  
823-9254

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

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

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

RECYCLING  
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VENICE HEALTH COUNCIL  
1306 W. Washington Bl  
392-6752

CHILD COUNSELING CENTER  
392-7995

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

WOMEN\* LIBERATION  
Sisterhoc Bookstore  
1351 W. wood Bl, 477-7300

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

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

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

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other medical help, call first, 821-3484

JOB INFO CENTER  
316 Lincoln Bl- 392-4811

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

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# DOIN' YOUR OWN THING: A CONSPIRACY

by Carol Fondiller

I see him on the Ocean Front Walk, jaws clenched in methedrine tightness carrying his badge of truth and love, a guitar case. His muscles ripple under his cut-offs and the sun glints on his bald head. He beat me up one time in typical fascist Ku Klux Klan cop tradition without benefit of trial, because one of his "partners", a red freak with two children, who had no sense of time and who had kept me awake and fearful many a night by breaking out her windows, screaming in the early morning hours, fighting with her friends, getting beaten up and generally "doing her thing", had told him that I called the police on her. Now the police had certainly been around my neighborhood and had, as a matter of fact, looked at my arms and legs for needle marks because I lived in the same apartment house she did, and the police with some justification, believed that the building was "hot". But, because I believed at that time that one didn't call the police on one's sisters and brothers, I didn't call, and suffered peace of mind. Therefore this six foot tall man did commit the ultimate act of intimidation against me, and while sitting on my front porch proceeded to rearrange my face for me, because he thought, I prevented him and his friends from "doing their thing" i.e., playing their music so loud that I was forced to listen to it whether I wanted to or not, waking me up at all hours as they banged on the doors (with the same loud insistence that police and bill-collectors use) and crying and moaning for fixes, reds, et cetera. Not only did these lumpen-fascists prevent me from doing my own thing--and the speculator money-junkies sleeping--I had the feeling that they were doing--shoot up, drink up, nod out and puke in the hallway. I didn't like the idea--it just isn't my conception of a fun time, that's all. Well when Mr. Cryptopiggo was hitting me in the face with his hard well-developed knuckles, it occurred to me that I wasn't getting much out of that sort of encounter, either. Furthermore, it occurred to me that ol' beat-em-up was getting off behind hitting me. His eyes had that far seeing glazed over kind of look people have when they are achieving orgasm. He was literally doing his thing on my head, and since I am not into the pain-game scene, I didn't like it one bit and I firmly resolved that if I got out of this alive, I would do my thing somehow. Anyway some square with distorted values called the cops, and this dear sweet freedom fighter was restrained from doing his thing. (Oh, brutal, all that speed freak energy gone for naught, to waste its breath upon the desert air, so to speak.)

At that point, friends told me to move out of Venice. My life wasn't worth an old Venice tram token. I was toying with the idea of leaving my home of ten years, when I was approached by the sweet reason contingent of the local brutalization battalion and was asked and offered bribes not to press charges. "Oh wow, Carol," they whined, he was just doin' his thing! It was nothing personal! He was loaded. He was just doin' his thing. He didn't know

what he was doin'!" And when I told them that my thing was pressing charges, they replied, "Well, bitch, maybe you better get out of Venice because a lot of people won't dig what you're doing--besides, it wasn't personal, he doesn't even know you." Well, that was really insulting! To be beaten up without reason! Now that indeed was depersonalization! Worse than being screwed up by a computer. So I resolved that this person knew that, A. I was the person who he beat up, and B. I would point him out to every woman I knew, and that C., I also surmised by his actions towards me that he was a goon paid by real-estate speculators to intimidate and terrorize people who had up til now resisted and fought the efforts of the city to turn Venice into a high-rise slum for the rich, and would tell people this. That would be doing my thing. Now this incident happened over a year ago, and here are my reasons for bringing it up. I saw this man reappear in Venice after nearly a year of absence. Since the sentence for beating up a person is less than that of theft, the man was probably released in less than a month's time. Obviously this minion of the slum-lords had been laying back in his lair somewhere in the Marina Del Rey area wearing a toupe, enjoying the lucre that his employers gave him for performing his tasks of getting rid of the trouble-makers. And there he was again, trying to look down-trodden. He saw me, and gave me a smile that he had copied from Humphrey Bogart or Clint Eastwood--you know, the smile they smile just before they pull the trigger. Stagey, but effective. I felt my knees tremble and my stomach contract into a cold doughy knot. My palms got damp, and I saw his fist hitting my face again and again. I wanted to run and hide from him, but I forced myself to stand straight and to say loudly to a friend who was with me, "there's blank. He did his thing on me by beating me up." He didn't like it when I did my thing. The hard smile vanished and he slunk away. A few months ago I was walking out of my apartment house to go for a walk in the late night air. Two young, well-built men walked up to me--I notice they seemed to be under the influence of some drug



or other. One of them looked at me and said, "You're Carol, you call the police." There were two of them and one would have been enough to dust me off. The lights in all the houses were out. I was alone and very defenseless. They came towards me, closing me in. I wanted to get on my knees and beg for mercy. But, suddenly, I decided to do my thing--to go completely around the bend. I voluntarily went crazy. I forced myself to scream into the quiet night air, causing lights to go on in the houses. "Damn right I call the police! When I hear screams, witness stupid brutal fights over stupid brutal rip-offs, and told to get out of Venice by you burned-out withered flower children--I call the cops! And do you know why I call the cops?" Here I paused dramatically and gathered all the breath in me and yelled, "Because I'm basically a paranoid psychopath! You're in the pay of money-junkies--you tell people you get Aid to the Totally Dependent--but you don't--you get money from THE VESTED INTERESTS to get me to move out! I'm a raving psychopath. But I have this conflict about killing. Because I respect human life too much to do my own thing, which is to eliminate anyone who murders my sleep! I go crazy when you bullies do not permit me to function--to play sane--then I do my thing! I call the cops! And you're lucky I do because if I didn't call the cops, I'd get a gatling gun and perch it on my window sill and splatter you noisy noisome mother-fuckers out to the low tide line! Because that's my thing! I'm a psychopathic killer when deprived of rest and my pursuit of happiness. Believe me, mother-fuckers, count yourself lucky that I'm making an effort to control myself and call the police, because if I treated you the way I wanted to, the cops would look like grammar-school eraser monitors!" The druggie duo had backed off. Their eyelids were batting in surprise. People had gathered in the streets. "Hey Carol, quiet", one of the bully boys mumbled, moving back trying to be inconspicuous. "Hey yeah, Carol, please, you're waking people up, please be quiet!" "Quiet!" I screamed, and laughing hysterically, "I forget what the word

means! You're asking me to be quiet? Well, baby, I'm doing my thing! You pushed my fear button, dig? Ain't no jive-ass junkie Nazi-bully gonna tell me what to do! Why don't you over-dose on crank--get it over with--only don't pretend that that's why you set my house on fire because 'you were loaded, man' when I know the real reason. An that reason is that you are in the pay of the speculators--you're conspiring" Well, I guess they realized I was prepared to go on screaming forever and they left. I turned to the crowd of people, and said, "Sometimes it's damn hard to be a lady." Some people applauded and I curtsied.

I felt good. I had told them nothing but the truth. My basic thing is killing people. I daydream about knocking off dogs that bark incessantly, shooting the aforesaid jive-ass junkies who raid my sleep and steal my sanity with their mumblings and stumblings. I think about shooting out the tires of motorcycles who vroom-vroom on the Ocean Front Walk, the bike path and the quiet walk-way streets of Venice. I think about booby trapping Bass speakers and timing them to go off when the young Bohemes tune it to wall-shaking vibrations, so they can really do their thing--with a bang. I get tired of being awakened by the tuneless twanging of some tripped-out troubador twiddling on his ill-tuned instrument at 3 am. When you ask them to please stop, their little eyes tear up and their pouty self-indulgent lower lips quiver. They get that hurt look, like a collie that's been kicked by Albert Payton Terhune. Then they draw themselves up and say, "Fuck you--you cranky old bitch. This is Venice and I'm doin' my thing." And then they accuse me of hating truth and joy and love and not being to bright, they take it for granted that their music helps further those things. And then they tell me if I hate music I hate truth and joy and love. Well I must confess that listening to music when I'm trying to sleep is not my idea of good Karma. I don't care if it's Lawrence Almie-da (except that Almie-da, being a true artist and professional would not be banging away at 3 am.) that's waking me up. It's noise if I'm listening to it involuntarily. And when I'm forced to listen to something, I want to do my thing, which would be to smash the pimply little music maker and the instrument, an innocent victim of my wrath. I hope noone will mind me smashing the instrument along with the player into little wooden matchsticks in my daydreams. I want to leap up with my Handy-Dandy sub-machine gun, strike a dramatic and somewhat affected pose and yell "In the name of the Revolution (pick your favorite revolution) "QUIET!", and shoot all the Nazi junkies and their co-conspirators for crimes against this individual people for teaming up with their real estate bosses to terrorize me and my friends out of Venice. Yes, I'd like to shoot all of them full of Swiss cheese holes just like in the ol' time Terry-Tunes.

So think the next time you do your thing, someone else just might indulge their fantasies and do theirs on you.