

FREE VENICE SINCE 1968 BEACHHEAD

NOVEMBER 1975 ISSUE NO. 71

P.O. BOX 504, VENICE, CALIFORNIA 90291

396-9325 396-1941 821-2182

"VENICE DAY" AT THE COASTAL COMMISSION

On the Commission's agenda Mon., Nov. 18th are 8 permit applications for development in Venice--including a house in the Canals, an 18-unit apt. building, condo conversions & development of Silver Strand. If interested in attending the Commission hearing, please contact Moe Stavnezer, 396-6025.

WE SURVIVE
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WAR AGAINST NATIVE AMERICANS ESCALATES

By Red Bird

Scholars tell us the Indian and the buffalo inhabited this continent more than 20,000 years ago. Then white men came during the time of Columbus. Not from the very first was there conflict between the Indian and the white man. Indians thought white men were a lost, wandering tribe and they treated them like brothers. But soon, it was plain -- white men came to take, to rape the land and Indians could not understand this since they held the land sacred and in common.

Today there is still conflict between Indian and white and it grows ever fiercer every day in terms of what the government and its oppressive sweeps is doing against the Indian people, particularly in the courts.

On October 15th (three days after Columbus Day) the state court of South Dakota sentenced seven Yankton Sioux Indian young men, ages 15 - 22, for grand larceny and 3rd degree burglary. Previously they were sentenced in May for the occupation of a pork plant on the reservation at Wagner, South Dakota. That was their second occupation of the pork sausage plant owned and operated by a Mr. Rosenthal and his son. This plant was built on Indian land, the Yankton Sioux Reservation, and for that, the owners agreed to give the Indian community 51% of the stock and most of the jobs. But the Yankton Sioux people were screwed. When Mr. Rosenthal announced that it was he who owned 85% of the plant and as only 5% of the jobs were being held by Indian people and the worst ones at that, in addition to the lowest pay, the seven defendants thought it was time for them to act. They took over the plant and as a result the owners promised redress of grievances. But when no redress came, there was a second takeover. This time the law arrested them for assault, breaking and entering, trespassing etc. They were jailed. And after a few months of

being holed up in prison awaiting sentence, they pulled a successful jail break. Being novices at this sort of



thing, they were caught (one Indian, Jim Wedell is still at large). All were retried and sentenced to five years in state prison. Their lawyers expect to appeal and money is needed both for trial expense and bond. Send to the Wounded Knee Legal Defense Committee, Box 2307, Rapid City, South Dakota, 57701. Mark it for the Yankton Sioux Seven unless you want to help the others -- and what a barrage of cases and imprisoned political victims there now stands before the white man's courts. And to all these atrocities the press keeps silent. Ask yourself why.

There is the case of Jimmy Eagle, age 19, who is charged with the murder of the two FBI agents on the reservation. His

(cont'd on page 2)

Creeping Condos

"The Condos are coming! The Condos are coming!" If it didn't conjure up such a crazy picture I'd be running up and down Ocean Front Walk shouting those words to everyone who lives on the oceanfront. Condo is an abbreviation for condominium which is a euphemism for glorified apartment... And condos are just that--apartments that people buy instead of rent. Well actually they can rent them after they buy them but the rent is usually alot higher.

Until recently most of the condos in Venice tended to be on the Venice Peninsula-usually referred to as the Marina Peninsula to those who live there and have illusions of one type or another. Lately, however, there has been a trend toward condo conversion in North Beach. (Note: a condo conversion is when you have an apartment building and decide to call it a condominium.) So far there have been 4 permits for conversion before the Coastal Commission and 3 have been

denied while the 4th is pending and more are coming up. Yes, since a conversion is considered a change in land use, the Coastal Commission must grant a permit.

"Well what's wrong with a condo" you might be asking yourself, oh naive one. Well for one thing they reduce the number of rental units available and, therefore, the number of people who can spend some of their life basking in the Venice sun. They quite often reduce the number of units in a building--after all a condo can't be just like an apartment, they've got to be a tinsy bit bigger, so with the stroke of a pen a 5 unit apt. becomes a 4 unit condo! Get it. Last, but certainly not least, they increase the value of the apartment--and of course the taxes--but, because of our weird tax system, they also increase the value of the land around them and, of course, the taxes on that land. Higher assessment--higher taxes--higher rents. Neat formula for getting lots

(cont'd on page 2)

RENTERS LEAGUE UPDATE

By Elizabeth Sunny Sky

The League considers its benefit at the Fox Oct. 14 an immense success, (see Beachhead staff review in this issue) and judging from the conversations around Venice the day after, so does everyone who attended. The League now has a considerable treasury to help finance our work for renters' rights in Venice.

In the two months we've existed, we have gone through a kind of shakedown cruise, organizing ourselves so that we can work effectively on individual renter's problems as well as begin to make contact with other renter groups in the Los Angeles area. In Venice, the League has joined the small homeowners in a tax struggle and will be voicing renters' input at an open hearing with the County Board of Supervisors by Renter's League people and homeowners. It is the first time such an open hearing has been granted. By this Beachhead deadline, no time has been set, but any renter or homeowner interested in the hearing can contact the RL at 392-9228.

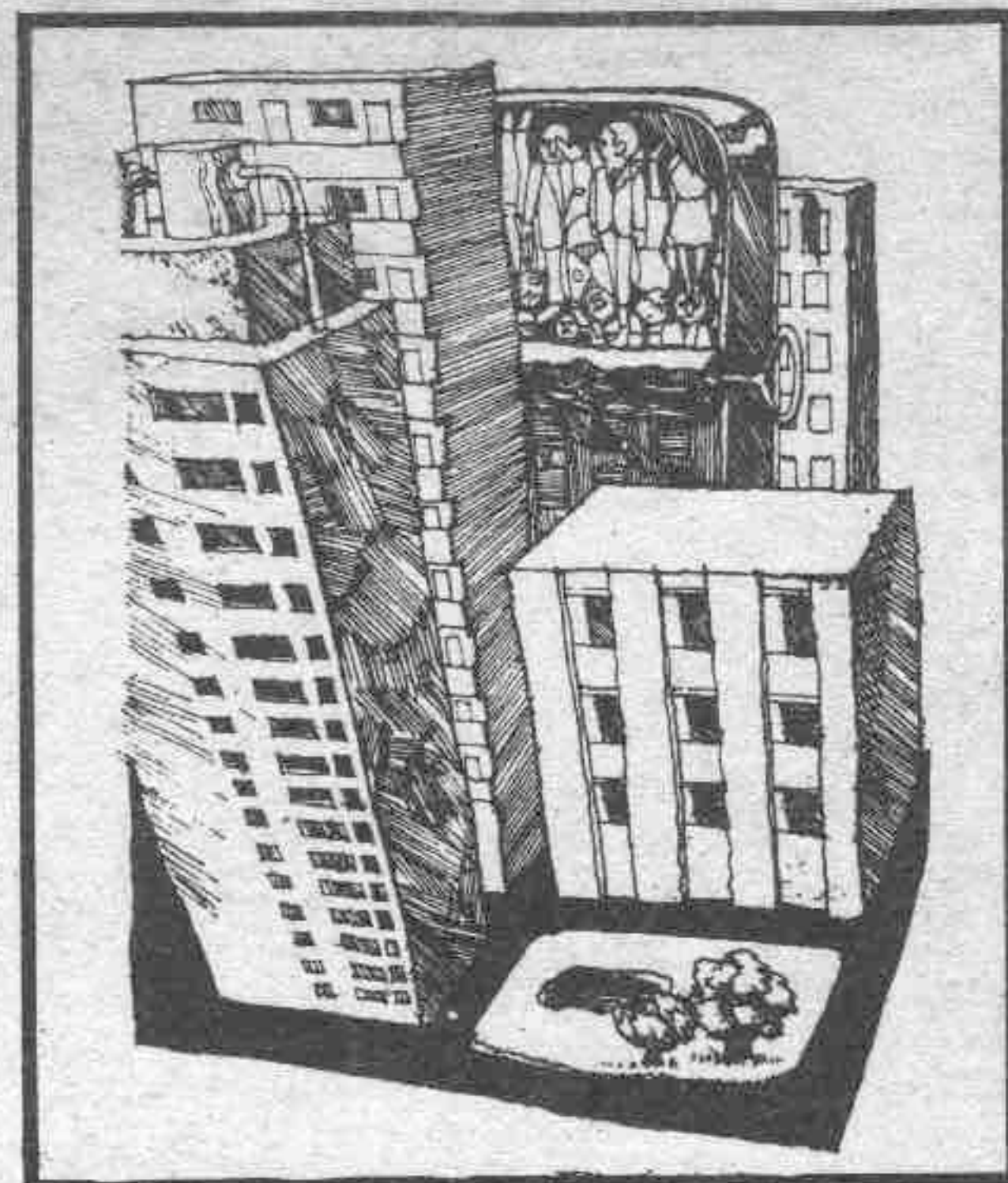
On Oct. 13, RL people met with representatives of other L.A. renters groups to discover ways we could work together. Out of that meeting came a plan for a brain-

EVICTIION SCOREBOARD

Because of a recent outbreak of reported evictions in Venice, the Beachhead is seeing about having a monthly listing that for now is called an Eviction Scoreboard. If your landlord is telling you to move out of your apartment, house or whatever you call "home," let us know by calling 392-3030 or 392-7956. We would like your name (which will be withheld at your request), address (street number withheld at your request), the date when the eviction started, the landlord's reason for the eviction, and court action if any. If you've already been evicted during the last couple months, we would still like to have the details, so give us a call.

storm conference of community people involved with renters' problems to be held on Nov. 15. Venice RL reps will attend with other Venice community service agency people for a day-long workshop-type session

(cont'd on back page)





Honorable Edward Davis
Chief of Police
City of Los Angeles Police Department
150 North Los Angeles Street
Los Angeles, California 90012

Dear Chief Davis:

This is to inform you of today's action by Judge Brian Crahan in Division 43 relative to my case No. 483358 - violation of Municipal Code Section 28.04 HAND BILLS, SIGNS - PUBLIC PLACES AND OBJECTS. The court upheld my Demurrer to the complaint on the grounds that the section on its face was unconstitutional and does not constitute a public offense.

Please advise the appropriate personnel within the Los Angeles Police Department that persons who post political notices may no longer be arrested or prosecuted for violation of Penal Code Section 28.04.

Thank you for your attention,
Richard F. Davidson
cc. Bert Pines, District Attorney,
Commander of the Venice Division, Officer
Salcido, ACLU.



Dear Beachhead,

On Tuesday, Sept. '76, Leni Riefenstahl's film Olympia was shown at the Fox Venice. It was publicized as a "Films by Females" night. Riefenstahl billed with experimental filmmaker Maya Deren.

We zeroxed and distributed to the theatergoers an article from Chutzpah, a radical Jewish newspaper in Chicago. We feel the Fox Venice didn't give adequate information regarding Riefenstahl's background as a loyal artist and prominent Nazi for the Third Reich.

One of the men who works at the Fox Venice said well women need more heroines. We said that each person needs to bring out the hera within themselves. That what facism does is repress that potential. And instead set up super people that the public can project their own shattered dreams onto.

If you'd like a copy of the Chutzpah article send a small donation to P.O. 5035 Santa Monica, Ca. 90405

Sharon Bas Hannah
Stu Mundy
Sabina Fairweather

NATIVE AMERICANS (cont'd from page 1)
bond was reduced to \$25,000.

Then there are a host of cases of those being punished for refusing to testify before the grand jury hearing in Rapid City or refusing to cooperate. (All this concerning the deaths of the FBI's.) There is Donnie Hudson, age 13; Angie Long Visitor and Joanne Le Deaux, both young mothers of young children presently in prison for contempt and Ivis Long Visitor being held for the same reason in addition to 15-year-old Jean Bordeaux.

Also there are the cases of Dale Shepherd being held for supposedly stealing a gun from the dead FBI's. (Dead men don't talk. Dale was given a lie detector test and cleared, then re-arrested.) Robert Robideaux, age 29, is supposedly under suspicion for having killed the agents and is being held at \$125,000 bond.

In addition, there are five more cases known as the Kansas cases. When their old car blew up on the highway on the way to Wichita, they were charged with carrying explosives and weapons interstate.

Then there are Taos, New Mexico cases, Oklahoma cases, Custer cases, the cases of the eight Sioux Indians on the Rosebud Sioux Reservation of Leonard Crowdog,

OPEN LETTER TO SPECULATORS:

I have wanted to put this on paper for a long time, preferably in a place like the beachhead where by some chance a few of you people (I use the term loosely; you're hardly entitled to it) might actually see it and for a moment be forced to confront your own reality. Maybe some of you will read it. One or two might even hear it, which is not at all the same thing. I have little faith that you will stop what you're doing because of it. Almost all of you are white, middle to upper-middle class men, which at this point in history automatically qualifies you for a lot of guilt. Quite probably you are driven by guilt. Like most middle class kids, you were taught ways to feel guilty along with arithmetic in school. And since you no doubt soaked up your share and acquired your load, by this time, I'll bet you have also figured out more little devices to avoid any more guilt than a snake has scales or a shark has teeth. Be that as it may, I dislike the practice of "writing someone off" like a bad investment (you understand that analogy), since people, like everything else, can and must change. That is perhaps the only universal "sure thing". As a human being on planet earth, you are a changing pattern. If you are not a positive evolutionary pattern, you may be a negative regressive pattern, but either way, you are changing.

Which brings me to the 1st idea I want to convey to you. The ethic (if such a term can honestly be used in this context) by which you are conducting your life and "transactions" (read: atrocities) that of MONEY ABOVE ALL ELSE, is at its very base a negative, anti-social, anti-life concept. A growing number of people are gaining an awareness of this fact, and an awareness that this idea of GOD AS MONEY not only is changing, but must change, if we are to continue to inhabit the planet. People are beginning to realize that the effects of this way of thinking have been disastrous, in terms of the environment, the quality of our lives, our survival and our sanity. You may have fooled yourself into believing that what you are doing, using people, selling "property" and manipulating lives for short-term monetary gain, is not important, that "if you didn't do it, someone else would", that "it's human nature", etc. etc. ad nauseum, but all the handy neat little rationalizations for what

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 envelop must accompany it. No payment is made for material used. The Beachhead collective subscribes to Liberation News Service (LNS) and is a member of the Alternative Press Syndicate (APS). For information on deadlines, call 392-8239 396-9325, 396-1941.

the medicine man and seven others. (See last month's Beachhead for full details.) They will stand trial this November for assault on a goon in Pine Ridge, one of Dick Wilson's goons. And he, Wilson, the tribal chairman of Pine Ridge, is frightened that he might not look too good with the up-and-coming election on the reservation.

Then too, there is Bernardo Escamilla and several others who are charged with the wounding of a federal officer during the Wounded Knee take-over. Their trial will start this November.

In one given week in September, there were 364 arrests of Indians in Rapid City for disorderly conduct. This is more than twice what it usually is in the process of white man's victimization of Indians. In one given day, there was a count of 56 Indians and three blacks in a Rapid City jail.

These trials and harassments are Gulf of Tonkin acts to escalate a war. If you understand Vietnam, you understand the nature of this genocidal war against the militant Indian people. If you believe in freedom and self-determination for all oppressed humanity, you will want to help Wounded Knee Legal Defense, Box 2307, Rapid City, South Dakota, 57701.

you do, don't alter the action itself. No action, however slight, is insignificant if it is in the direction of a collision course or if it drains every away from those trying to avoid the collision. History is clearly demonstrating what direction your "ethic" has taken, to the mire we are presently in the middle of.

You and others like you are also guided by the concept of PRIVATE PROPERTY AND THE SANCTITY THEREOF, a remnant of those rather dark centuries up to and including the 19th, before the scientific discovery of all the fine, intricate threads that make up the web of life on this planet, the study of which is known as ecology. Before the dawn of environmental awareness, it was a common misconception that humans could "own" partitioned sections of the earth, even when they had utterly no demonstrable need for the land and did not, in fact, use it; a belief so thoroughly irrational and preposterous, that it boggles the reasonable mind, but that's not the half of it. This mutant concept also held that those "owning" property had a mystical, almost divine right to do whatever they wished with "their" land, up to and including the destruction of everything from bedrock upward. And today, in the late 20th century, during the very rebirth of sane, environmental and planetary consciousness, we are all made to bear the dead weight of you cosmic retard, 19th century dinosaurs, lumbering around tearing up and fouling our earthly nest and, in the stupor of your "frontier hangover", muttering your obscene crap about "property rights" and "progress".

Any school child knows what happened to the dinosaurs. The world around them was changing, changing so rapidly that with their enormous bulk and tiny brains, they were unable to adapt and became extinct as a species. The world continues to change, and at an ever accelerating rate. To embrace ideas like yours, to engage in actions like yours, is to court disaster and to be out of sync with the evolving rhythms and directions of your time. Those of you who rape and sell the earth, who destroy and create upheaval in people's lives, will either adapt to the increasingly obvious imperatives of life on this earth, or you will, like the primitive beasts you resemble, inevitably travel the path to extinction and oblivion.

the guerilla canal rat

CONDOS (cont'd from page 1)

of us out of Venice. There's one apt. building I know of that was assessed at \$80,000 in 1975. The owner wants to convert it to a condo and sell 4 units for a total of \$150,000! Imagine the increase in property taxes for that and surrounding buildings because of doubling one's fun and profit.

So take care, and beware of the condo conversion conspiracy. Seriously, condo conversions represent yet another threat to the present Venice community because the proliferation of them can result in our being somewhere else when summer comes to Venice next fall.

--Moe Stavnezer, North Beach Planning Task Force



SISTER

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POETRY

HAIR

I found it this morning,
one long black strand
of hair so fine and you.
From this thread of you
I imagine I can sense
your odor there grew.
Feelings soft and warm,
desire heavy in my chest
and weighty on my arms.
In depths I knew not I possessed
an empty space, a void,
needing you without alarms.
A soft warm feeling I have
of wanting you greatly,
to hold and have you here.
All these feelings good and pure
brought to me from you
by a single strand of hair.

Ron Cokely

For the love of a sip of milk,
"save some for baby sister."
For the love of a scrap of food,
it's fallen down behind the stove.
For the love of untorn jeans,
"hand me downs" from cousin Billy.
For the love of a place to sleep,
where the rats and lice won't go.

Milk sells at a quart for a quarter,
roll two or three drunks in the park.
Tony's hash house throws out old stale rolls,
if you get there just after dark.
Mrs. Kelly, down the block, sews up britches
if you stand around for her to see.
And the department of Sanitation
will spray your room with D.D.T.

Ron Cokely

L. A. COWBOY

A cowboy is a lonely life in the greater
Los Angeles area
No horses to rustle
only traffic jams with buses
No starry skies just crimson lies
made of rusty old political sayin's
like "lets get it together"
every little bit hurts
Gee a cowboy is a lonely life in Los Angeles
Ain't no saloons like I used to know
or women I used to - well Lord I do declare
I might have to open a company store
or join a Salvation Band. Oh my
it is hard to be a Cowboy when you're L.A.
bound, tied, gagged or layin round.

jj Mc Neil



THE CRIPPLED BIRD

A crippled lark came one day
to share my home, my food, my play
with broken wing, he could not fly
yet knew he had to see the sky.
with injured foot, he was no dancer,
yet mother earth held the answer.
So he said that he must go
to face the heat, the sleet, the snow
there was no way to tell him no,
stay here, you're too hurt to go.
Then he left, perhaps to die,
but he went with love; I believe he'll fly.

John Loveluck

Through the flower:
Judy Chicago

A Review By Joan Friedberg

"...I slowly allowed the information to seep into my pores, realizing that at last there was an alternative to the isolation, the silence, the repressed anger, the rejection, the depreciation, and the denial I had been facing."

-Judy Chicago, after learning about the emerging women's movement, 1969.
From *Through The Flower: my struggle as a woman artist*, by Judy Chicago, 1975.

It's difficult for some women, and probably most men, to relate to the feminist movement because they have never personally faced or felt the humiliation that results from being born female. Judy Chicago, in her struggle to become a recognized female artist, had several barriers to break through. Not the least was her recognition of the discrimination against her.

These days, most men don't discriminate openly. The slurs, the degrading remarks come less often now and only from the most brutish men. But the discrimination is still present. Often women are so role-conditioned that they do not even realize their powerlessness. Women's impotence has been in some ways more difficult to overcome because the discrimination is less overt...or are we just so used to it that we accept it? Judy Chicago, in her struggle as an artist, had first to confront the rejection of her work by male teachers. To her credit she realized that her work was good, in spite of lack of approval by anyone else.

This courage in itself is remarkable. The unique circumstances of her life, though unfortunate, prepared her for the rejection that was still to come. She suffered greatly at the premature death of her father when she was 13. Later, her husband of one year died in a tragic accident. Alone, she was forced to find strength from within.

She became absorbed in her work. A few years later when she was on the way to becoming a recognized artist, she decided to help other women art students. She began the first women's art program in the country at Fresno State College. There, in her first meeting with the young female students, she found them discussing clothes and boyfriends. With typical outspokenness she said to her students, "You know, you are boring the hell out of me. You're supposed to be art students. Art students talk about art and books and movies and ideas. You're not talking about anything."



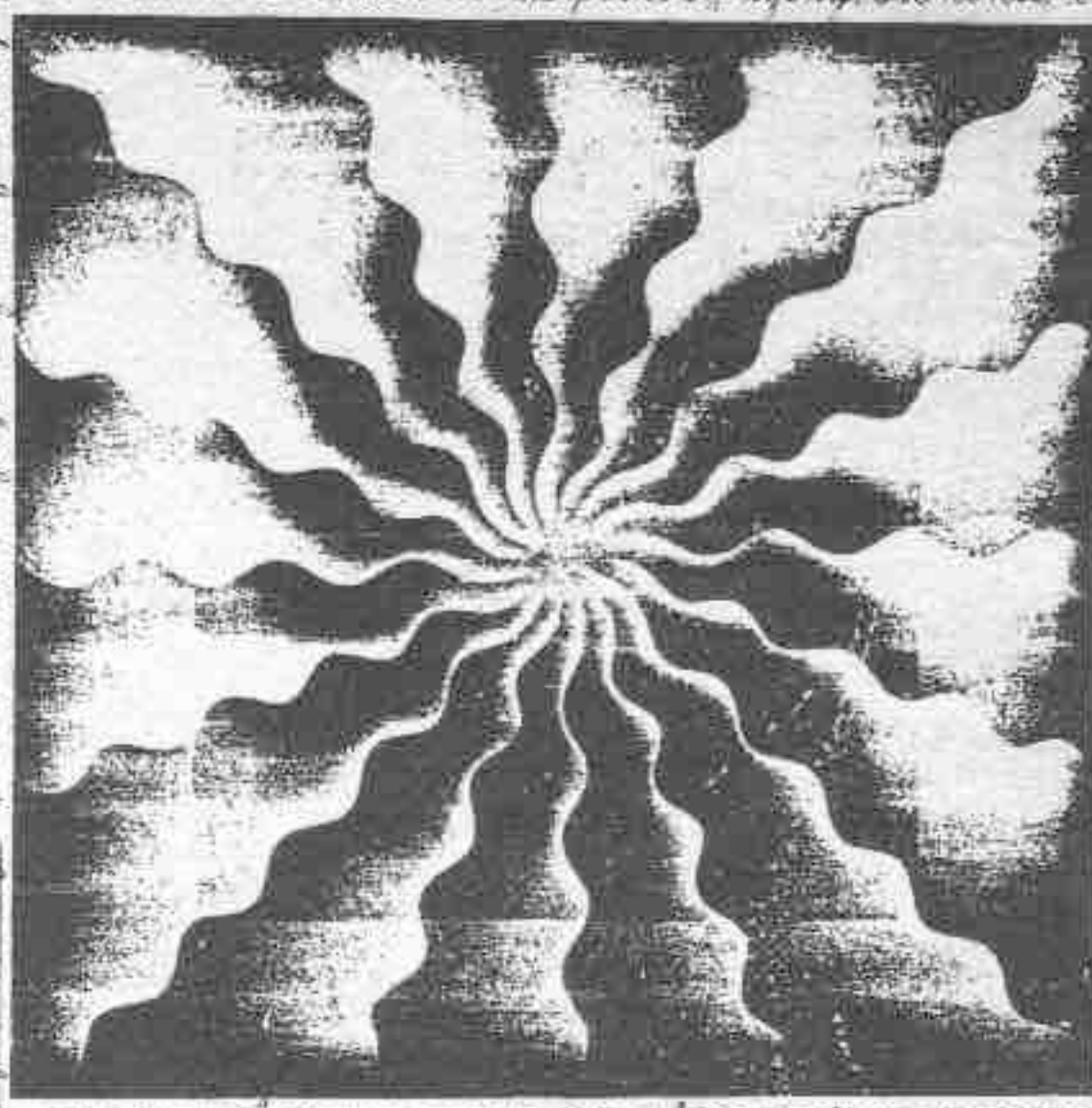
"Female Rejection Drawing" from the "Rejection Quintet" (12/4), 30" x 40", colored pencil on paper. Private collection. (Photo: Frank J. Thomas)

The students were awakened by this person who was the first to ever challenge their intellects. A year later, many of these same women helped build the exhibit, at Womanhouse.

In an effort to understand her place in history, Ms. Chicago studied women's art and literature of the past. Why had it been suppressed or, at least, ignored? Why had there been no lasting gains for women? It was these questions that led her to a firm commitment to the women's movement. And it was this commitment that inspired the opening of an alternative art institution at the Women's Building in Los Angeles in 1973.

Through The Flower is a very candid account of her struggles: her unique personal relationship with her artist husband; her struggle as a painter to convey content during an era of abstract expressionism; and her efforts to overcome the obstacles of working with other women toward a common cause.

As a woman and an artist, I found some new insights into my own struggle. This is a consciousness-raising book. I recommend it to all women who wish to break out of a life of female role-playing, and to all men who want to understand women or the women's movement.



Virginia Woolf - first woman to forge a female form language in literature. Conscious to the point of agony, she controlled her anger yet did not allow it to be a handicap for her thought.

"Virginia Woolf" from the "Reincarnation Tryptich," 5' x 5', acrylic on canvas. Collection: Dr. Susan Rennie/Kirsten Grimstad, New York. (Photo: Frank J. Thomas)

OUR EARS ARE NOW IN EXCELLENT CONDITION

The "Pop-Music-Scene" today is as dull as an unexhumed corpse. The talent search for the lowest common denominator of sound palpable to a mindless mass, ripped on T-Bird and reds, has resulted in monotonous reproductions of a handful of stereotyped "sounds."

The intergalactic capitalist/communist/ist/ite/ eater conspiracy continually tries to suck the unicorn juice of the life-givers and spit it into the Sea of Tranquility. We must detach from this psychic vampirism, be it the silent suck or talking us to death, ruthless profiteering or musical vacuum cleaners.

When music is real there is a sudden manifestation of the divine, players and listeners interpenetrate. For this to happen you need a space and a concept that will allow any musician in a group to take off into an area previously unmapped and return with sounds and techniques created at that moment and unexperienced in the past.

If a soloists "sound experiment" becomes unidentifiable, confusing both to members of the group and the audience, a musical change of direction must take place, unless the performer is genetically related to Van Gogh, Brecht, Artaud, Sun Ra, or the Marx Brothers.

What we're after is communication through sounds which please, educate, delight, intoxicate, move an audience in a way they've never felt before. As soon as a musical expression is marketed and labelled, it loses its esemplastic power, its imaginative thrust.

The authentic music of the future is in our mouths, hands, feet, spines, and solar plexus. Let it out and listen.

By Will Raabe



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By Carol Fondiller

"Well, there I was, trudging along W. Washington Blvd. at 11:30 P.M. I had my purse filled with all the personal belongings I could stuff in it -- I left the rest of my stuff in my Venice Valises -- 2 shopping bags. They were stored in the same corner that some other 'lady' -- he calls women 'ladies' -- well, where this other lady had left her stuff. Sort of an accumulation of lady leavings," she giggled. "Every time I thought I heard the sound of a 350 Kawasaki motorcycle, I'd turn around and run back to his garage. Maybe it was him. Oh boy."

Deborah's eyes filled with tears and she laughed. She was sprawled in a formerly over-stuffed armchair from which the stuffing hung out in cottony entrails. One of her legs was dangling over the arm of the chair. The chair's degutter, a large longhaired honey-colored Tom, was in her lap. Deborah, she hated being called Debbie. "Debbie sounds so sorority, and sorority I'm not," stroked the cat, and drank the dank cold coffee. "I mean I really think I've hit the apex or the nadir, whatever you call it, of total annihilation -- not everybody gets that, you know. It's an experience you savor, like hitting your elbow on a coffee table. I feel as if I've been run over by a Mack truck." Sheila nodded sympathetically, her sassoon-cut blonde hair bobbing in accord. She'd been through this with Deborah before and of course as with women who were friends for a long time, Deborah had baby sat Sheila through the emotional flotsam and jetsam of the breakups of her various journeys on the stormy seas of love. Notably the last one with Bob, who turned out to be married and a compulsive liar who borrowed money and never returned it.

"I mean I didn't want to look like the compleat reject with my big purse, toting those damn shopping bags, trudging along West Washington with nothin' but the bars open ... And he and she-it exchanging saliva in one of the back booths -- "Shee-it?" asked Sheila as she groped about the small crowded room for her coffee cup. "Oh that's my private name for HER. Every time Kevin talked about her, I'd think 'shee-it,'" said Deborah. "Hey, thanks for the ear -- really appreciate it ... SHE-IT -- got a face like a ferret, and the soft moist eyes of a predacious-- poodle -- excuse the alliteration, hey, but I'm really upset. She's probably a nice girl, but at this point realizing she's nice won't help me a bit. I'm really upset."

She fished around in her large handbag and came up with a cigarette. It was late afternoon quiet now, and Sheila sat on the unmade bed in Deborah's small messy room. She glanced out the window and watched two longhaired bearded young men wrestle a huge sideboard onto a U-Haul truck. Someone's movin' out, thought Sheila. Wonder how much rent they paid. Sheila went into the kitchen to rehearse the coffee. As she turned on the flame a cockroach burned itself in the flames. Wonder what it's protecting, she thought. Deborah called out -- "Hey fill my cup too, O.K.?" She came into the kitchen and handed it to Sheila. "Wow, and the thing is everyone in Venice knows about me and Kevin. Me and Kevin Barry Mulcahy." Silence. Deborah went back into the room that served as living and bed room, sat on the bed legs crossed tailor fashion and dived back and forth, her eyes closed, tears leaking through her lashes. "Kevin Barry Mulcahy," she murmured in a low voice, "Kevin Barry Mulcahy Kevin Barry Mulcahy. In case it escaped your notice, he ain't Jewish." Silence. Her big honey-colored cat stretched and yawned, mouth open like a whale waiting for minnows to come in. He stretched again, lay down with a grunt on the shabby chair.

"Oh, boy! I sure know how to pick 'em -- I mean I have an unerring instinct for emotional sociopaths. Come here Clawsuits. Come on baby big fat cat." The cat opened one eye, stared at her, sat up and floated to the ground, his luxuriant tail held high

like a banner, then lept onto the bed onto her lap. Deborah stroked him and nuzzled her face in his fur. "Oh, you feel like a cashmere coat, Clawsuits, you really do. Boy my eyelids are puffy and my eyeliner and mascara are running -- bet my eyes look like a giant panda's." She sniffled as Sheila handed her the coffee. "Cream's in the freezer, sugar's on the desk." Sheila stuck her tongue out at Deborah. "Look, kiddo, just because you're depressed -- " She opened the refrigerator which was in the living-bedroom because the kitchen was too small to hold it, and rummaged among the empty cat food tins and mouldy lettuce and found the half-and-half and handed it to Deborah. Deborah poured some of it into her coffee. She found the teaspoon on her desk which had accumulated tobacco shreds, spilled sugar and particles of marijuana. She wiped off the spoon on her T-shirt, poured the sugar in and stirred. Her Cupid's bow mouth was surrounded by heavy lines that came down from her beaky nose to her chin enclosing her mouth like parentheses. In six years she'd be forty-two and jowly she thought. Her near-sighted eyes peered out from large round thick-rimmed glasses. Her brown hair was thick curly and coarse, each strand standing out as if they were antennae. She had broad shoulders, big breasts, thick thighs and short stocky legs -- a real peasant build.



"I knew it was all over when she showed up without eye make-up," she said as she dabbed at her own eyes. "Huh?" said Sheila. "Run that by me again." -- "Well, when she came back from her journey to find herself to see Kevin, she had on really heavy eye make-up. He really attacked her. He told her she looked hard. I could tell he really got to her. Her eyes got teary. She made fun of his paintings -- she was wearing tight pants, tight blouse, wedgies, the whole bit. The next day she showed up in jeans, a loose muslin blouse and no make up." Deborah untangled her legs from her tailor position and got another cigarette. "I see what you mean," said Sheila. Deborah lit her cigarette and inhaled it all the way down to her belly button. She coughed. "Whew! Care for some grass?" Sheila shook her head no.

"Me neither. Any way when she-it showed up without make up, I knew. When I told Kevin that I knew she wanted to get together with him, he got angry, exploded, told me all he wanted to do was to go on drinking and painting, and he didn't want any petty bull-shit personal relationships to keep him from proceeding, and he didn't want to cement any more emotional bricks in a relationship with her, and that I was crazy. Well, I shut up. But I knew she was not through with Kevin yet. I might not be awfully bright, but perception is my beat." Deborah took another puff of her cigarette, lay down and stared at the flaking ceiling enriched with dusty brown cobwebs. Deborah liked her ceiling -- it was almost as baroque as the ceiling of a European church. "What's -- uh shee-it's real name?" asked Sheila after a long, long silence. Her eyes teared from the cigarettes that Deborah had been chain smoking. But she realized Deborah was smoking to prevent over-eating, and what the hell, she knew she drove Deborah crazy when she played hard rock full blast when she was in the dumps, and ear drums were just as vulnerable as eyes. "Oh God, her name is Ronnie Rudnick -- that's a name -- and her dog's

name is Leah -- she and I got to know each other intimately -- the dog and me, that is. Seems that when Ronnie returned from her quest for life from Florida, where according to Kevin she'd been gettin' down with anything that was over 12 years old and over five inches, she was broke and had to crash with her sister, who is allergic to dogs. So naturally little Ronnie Rudnick asked Kevin to keep the dog." Deborah's voice imitated Ronnie's soft sweet voice. "Oh I hope she won't be too much of a bother. I'd really appreciate you taking care of little Leah -- I'll walk her." Ugh."

Deborah got up and poked around the room, picking her way through the newspapers, empty cups and clothes that carpeted the floor. "Then you know what happened -- the old 'We're going out to have a few drinks, to talk about old times' ploy. I mean, the night before, an ex-lover of mine came over to talk to me at our booth in the Drop-Inn. Kevin was as gracious as a hangover. He didn't say a word, just hung his head down, stared at his beer, and moved away from me. Oh Jesus! Jesus! Well we left, and the minute we got to his garage, he started calling me

a flaky Venice female, that I should go back to the Drop-Inn and maybe I could ball my ex-lover, who was repulsive, and how could I get in bed with a pig like that, that this guy was a jammer. You know where he got the expression jamming? During World War II he was a radio operator and the enemy would try to interfere with the messages he was sending by jamming the frequency. -- Oh Jesus -- Well, he went on with his insults, and I crept into bed -- he was kicking his easel now, and really revving up. I held back my replies and told him I was really tired, and I'd heard his insults before and when he got some new ones would he wake me up -- well, he calmed down, and apologized, said he was tired and he really loved me, and he held me and made love to me -- God I felt it was all worth it! The next day I had to go to court in downtown L.A. You know what that's like -- you have to be down there at 9 A.M. -- hurry up and wait. Sit there and listen to other people's cases -- well we got home by 6 that evening and all I wanted to do was go to sleep with him beside me -- really. So what happens? Little Ronnie Rudnick appears, fresh as a daisy, squeaky clean, eyes aglow with

adoration, greeting her doggie, and looking moisty at Kevin -- then he looks at me and says, 'Ronnie and I are going to the Drop-Inn for a few drinks, be back in an hour. O.K.?' Well what could I say? I wanted to say 'Hell no, let the bitch do it on her time not mine. I want you here with me,' but that sounded as if I were possessive and that's a cardinal sin, so I said, 'Go ahead on.' Well, they left, little Ronnie on my seat on his cycle -- sorry that's the way I think. "I think I knew then that this was the turning point -- I mean when she first came back into town she was hard and brittle, belittled his paintings, 'Oh, Kevin Barry you haven't really done anything since last year!' That's when she left him to find herself in Florida. Christ! He talked about her all the time. Ronnie this, Ronnie read her plays at the Church in Ocean Park, Ronnie and the Women's Center, how well Ronnie could macrame', how she learned to run a computer in two hours, how she could tap dance, quote quantum theory while analyzing the role of women in 12th Century Wales, and go down on all the crowned heads of Europe at the same time. Shit." Deborah lowered her voice which was getting louder and more nasal. She punched the wall with her fists. "Damn! Why me, God?" she wailed. "Oh shit -- you know he and I were seen everywhere together. He was the only dude I ever danced the dirty

(cont'd on page 5)

KNOWLEDGE EXCHANGE

Do you have something to teach? French, Braille, quilting? Do you want to learn something? Plumbing, tennis, magic? How about exchanging information on stamps, judo, cooking? We have files of people who want to teach, to learn, or exchange knowledge. Phone us to get in our files ... no charge and no educational requirements. Lynda Martin 472-5468 Nancy Jacobs 395-4822

A VENICE BICENTENNIAL group is working to restore Westminster Auditorium as a community arts center. All creative Venetians are encouraged to join this community effort to serve the people. For information call Lance at 396-6343. Keep trying.



A Venice Affair



By Carol Fondiller

Oct. 14 was the day for Venice. The Renters League fund raiser for legal fees to work on the problems of tenants in Venice had to be the social event of the decade. It was one of the largest in groups ever assembled. People who hadn't seen one another for years renewed acquaintances at the Renters League film and fund raiser. My dears, everything was class from the searchlights in the sky to the flaming sword swallower to the apple seller and the jugglers. Practically everyone who showed up knew that it was to be for the purpose of permitting the present residents to stay in Venice. The speeches given by members of the Renters League were short and concise.

Mary Lou Johnson, longtime Venetian, probably has the record of having to move the most times (5 times in 3 years) because of high rents. She quoted from the movers and shakers of the American Revolution -- ending with Benjamin Franklin's maxim if we don't hang together, we'll hang separately. In other words join the Venice Renters League, get the green card and get on one of the committees.

Tony Bill, owner of the Marco Building, tried to make up for the fact that he dislocated about 20 people from the last of the real low rents in Venice. He donated a film for the evening that he produced. His film *Hearts of the West* is a charming period piece about Hollywood in the 30's. It uses the ol' simple American Dream plot of the Country Hick out-slicking the city slickers.

Jeff Bridges as Lewis Tater, the young Western writer with hyperbole in his type-writer, is disarming and witty without patronizing the character. Blythe Danner is marvelous. Andy Griffith as Pueblo Pete, a Western writer turned plagiarist, is sturdy and very human. The humor is not the ham-handed humor of *Blazing Saddles* laugh-or-you're-stupid sort. It comes out of situations and characters. Also, for all you Marie Windsor fans out there, she's in the flick too. The photography catches the mood of the 30's as does the music, and oh yes, one of our own ex-Venice residents is in the film -- Britt Leach playing one of Jeff Bridges' brothers. Howard Zieff's direction was fine as was the writing by Bob Thompson. But this film was upstaged by the most stunning dance hall queen who took over the box office -- Goldie Glitters really glittered. Shine on Goldie.

The second film was called *The Apple War*. Unfortunately the Fox-Venice does not keep loaded muskets to shoot people who babble incessantly about the most obvious points of the film (well it would

be obvious if they stopped flapping their chops and listened). So I missed the list of credits, because some turkeys were gobbling to one another about how foreign Sweden looked.

Again another folk tale -- and again delightful. Slow moving, hearty, a smorgasbord, a bit heavy on the slapstick, the plot involves the efforts of land developers and speculators with the help and connivance of the city council to turn a beautiful rural happy productive land into an urban horror called Deutschneyland. The townspeople are told that it's good for business -- and the shots of the townspeople waving banners welcoming the bulldozers make one think of World War II newsreel footage of the French and Austrians waving swastika flags to welcome in the Nazis. As a matter of fact the shot of the leading spirit of the developers, a grocer waving to the throng from the balcony, looks suspiciously like a cross between Mussolini and Jim Bishop. The con-ning president of the city council looks like Pat Russell. Could she be subsidizing her meager income from L.A. City Council by acting in foreign films?

At any rate, a witch, a male virgin, some dryads, God's Fools and, yes, a city planner who realizes nearly too late how far the rape and destruction of the land will go, join forces against avarice and apathy -- and as in all good folk tales Right makes Might and the town is saved by some really grand magic -- dragons, giants, cats, led by a witch, a priestess of la Vecchia Religione, who know how to make things happen. Several people sighed and said, "Venice could certainly use some of that." I would say I really recommend these films to see -- but if you are a renter or small property owner in Venice ya shoulda been there. The money would have gone toward saving you from de facto eviction by higher and higher rents. You would have saved money by seeing 2 fine films plus some fine entertainment including the Oily Skarf Wino Jug Band and a really neat juggler, and you would have seen all of this plus the audience for the price of what one pays for one movie in Westwood, not including parking. The Renters League gets a vote of thanks for the effort, the organization and presentation of some good entertainment. Almost reminds me of the good ol' days in the early Sixties when everything had a bright and shiny future. For those of you who weren't at the Fox-Venice, there's still a chance to join the Venice Renters League and help out. For more info call 399-9228 (O.P. Community Center), ask for Tita.

TICKET PRICE: ONE LETTER

The Garden Theatre Festival is a series of free informal presentations from the performing arts. Presented to the Los Angeles community by the community as a celebration of the arts, the Garden Theatre Festival is a flow of art, of artistic flights. It is a platform for showing what the living arts can do, before TV entertainment lulls people away from a consciousness of them. In a recent Harris poll, 75% of Californians said they thought that live performances are more meaningful than TV!

In September and October, Garden Theatre Festival sponsored and coordinated the full month-long production of the Third Annual Performing Arts Festival of Los Angeles, at Barnsdall Park in cooperation with the Municipal Arts Dept. and the Recreation and Parks Dept. of the city of Los Angeles. The Festival is preparing now to travel north towards San Francisco together with the San Diego Performing Arts Festival. The series will culminate with the California State Arts Festival, with San Francisco Festivals joining hands at a site in mid-California yet to be chosen.

Like most non-profit arts organizations the Garden Theatre Festival is dependent on local, state and federal government grants, private contributions and donated services to operate. You can help by making your voice heard in Sacramento in support of the performing arts. Write to Venice's legislators expressing your feelings about the value of the arts -- Assemblyman Alan Sierote and Senator Anthony Bielsen (State Capitol, Sacramento, CA 95814) -- also Governor Brown (c/o Carlata Mellon, Governors Office, State Capitol, Sac. 95814) and L.A. Council Member Pat Russell. Copies to all are best. Let them know if, as a taxpayer, you would like some of your taxes supporting the living arts, so more programs like the Garden Theatre Festival can give free performances.

EVERYONE IN VENICE KNOWS -- from page 4 --


boogie with at Honky Hoagies -- we necked in public -- I love him. I told him his garage was a majician's eyrie filled with his invocations and his tools of magic -- I let myself be vulnerable to him because he said trust me. And I did. He got angry, when I said I couldn't let go, because of my experiences with other men. A put-put whine of a small engine went by. Deborah looked out of the window, then turned back. She smiled sheepishly -- "Sorry, I thought it was Kevin's cycle, and I had a quick daydream about how he would shout that he changed his mind -- well that wasn't even a cycle -- it was a Dat-sun --" She shrugged her shoulders. "I'm not other men," he said, "and I resent the bullshit that's put on me because of other men." And I felt he was right. Any way, off they went. An hour, then two then three, then I got loaded -- I mean so loaded that I couldn't move. Then the night sounds of good ol' Venice -- I mean here I am in this garage, right? People stomping by arguing, cars whizzing by, fire engines, police sirens, gun shots -- I mean it's his place, right? His books, his TV's on the blink, his records not mine. His paintings pulsating and glowing on the walls, right? And I am so stoned and so paranoid that every sound scares the hell out of me. And I try to sleep, right? Then Leah, her dog crawls in bed with me -- there they are in Venice re-acquainting themselves with all their old friends they knew as a couple, talking short hand to one another -- you know how people talk when they've been with one another for a long time -- there they are falling in love all over again, and I am sleeping with her fucking dog. She's a nice dog but it's her dog -- this wonderful talented terrific person's dog. Well, all I did was cry and imagine her asking him for a friendly fuck for ol' time's sake." to be continued

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Friday Evening, November 14th and Saturday All-Day November 15th at Immaculate Heart College, 2071 North Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California

At this Congress we will meet and speak together; We will exchange ideas, express our grievances and form late a program together; We will come together to discuss the general questions posed here, as well as a host of other specific questions as they relate to the arts, such as racism, sexism, anti-unionism, media-violence; mass unemployment among artist; budget cuts, etc. But come together we must - to shape our program and direction together; To organize our movement together; To join hands with our sister and brother artists, so that we may take the first, big step towards changing our nation's cultural environment. p.o. Box 30630, L.A., 90030

MANY JOBS AVAILABLE

Even though the unemployment rate is still quite high, thousands of jobs remain unfilled from week to week. Stephan Dimitroff, manager of the Venice Service Center at 326 South Lincoln Boulevard in Venice, lists the following job openings almost always available in large numbers at the Center: computer programmers and operators, registered and licensed vocational nurses, secretaries, executive and legal secretaries, clerk typists, receptionists, office clerks, bookkeepers, PBX operators, shipping and receiving clerks, retail sales jobs, cooks, waiters/waitresses, security guards, clothes pressers, machinists, auto mechanics, sewing machine operators, upholsterers, electronic technicians and electricians. These jobs are available at the Venice Service Center, a public Employment Service operated by the Employment Development Department, State of Calif. People seeking work are invited to visit the Center at the above address for referral to these and other available job openings.

POLICE/COMMUNITY RELATIONS MEETING, NOV. 10

The North Beach Area Council has arranged for regular open meetings between the North and South Beach Communities of Venice and representatives of the Police Department to discuss Ocean Front problems and ways to improve relations between the Police and the community. These meetings are held the 2nd Monday of each month at the Israel Levin Center at 7:30 P.M. to 9:00 P.M. (sharp). If there are questions, please call 396-0267 821-2923, or 396-9325.

City of Venice TOWN COUNCIL

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

VENICE NEIGHBORHOOD MEETINGS

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

Area II: North Beach - West of Main, Venice Bl. to Santa Monica, Meets every 1st Monday at Levin Center, 201 Ocean Front Wk, 7:30 - 396-0167 or 392-7956

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

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

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

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

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

THE MEDICAL POLITICS OF BEING FAT

"The Medical Politics of Being Fat," a program of suppressed information about obesity, will be presented by the L.A. Fat Underground for all fat people and friends. In addition to giving medical information, the program will examine the role of the reducing industry, the medical and mental health professions, and consumer interest groups in controlling what the public hears. The time and place are Wednesday night, November 12, at 8:00 P.M. in the Church in Ocean Park, 235 Hill St., in Santa Monica. There will be a donation of \$2 requested per person.

Friday, November 7, 8-10 p.m. gallery opening reception for FRANK MAYER - images out of words; conceptual p. ce. continues through November 29.

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

Friday, November 14, 8 p.m. poetry reading by Holly Prado and Deena Metzger.

Friday, November 21, 8 p.m. Evening of films on dolphins, killer whales, and Kwakiutl Indians, with Oliver Andrews and Jill Fairchild.

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Coffee House Collective

A group of people are working toward opening a community-oriented, non-profit coffee house. A central location at 1346 W. Washington Blvd. has been found and the Coffee House Collective plans to open by the end of December.

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ALL TIMES SHOWN ARE PACIFIC STANDARD TIME

Add One Hour for Daylight Saving Time When in Effect

SUNRISE, SUNSET, MOONRISE

Los Angeles time zone: San Diego, Riverside and San Bernardino about 4 minutes earlier. City of Imperial about 11 minutes earlier. Bakersfield about 3 minutes later and Fresno about 4 minutes later. San Francisco about 17 minutes later.

Sunrise, sunset, moonrise and moonset times based on 12-hour day. Light type: A.M. = Morning; P.M. = Evening.

TIDE TABLES

Current at Los Angeles (Outer Harbor): Surface in Center Harbor high tide and low tide approximately the same as at Los Angeles. San Diego area north to San Clemente generally a few minutes later than at Los Angeles. High tide generally slightly higher and low tide slightly lower. San Francisco (Golden Gate) approximately 20 minutes earlier than at Los Angeles. High tide generally slightly lower and low tide slightly higher. (For exact figures for the San Diego and San Francisco areas, please consult local newspapers.)

SPECIAL NOTE: Tide hours appearing on this calendar are based on a 24-hour day. Hours between 0 and 12 are A.M.; hours greater than 12 are P.M. Use the following table to convert the usual 12-hour clock to 24 hours. (Example: 12:15 is 12:15 p.m.) 1. Low tide, 2. High tide.

CONVERSION TABLE					
12-HOUR DAY — 12 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12					
24-HOUR DAY — 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23					
1	13	25	37	49	61
2	14	26	38	50	62
3	15	27	39	51	63
4	16	28	40	52	64
5	17	29	41	53	65
6	18	30	42	54	66
7	19	31	43	55	67
8	20	32	44	56	68
9	21	33	45	57	69
10	22	34	46	58	70
11	23	35	47	59	71
12	24	36	48	60	72
13	25	37	49	61	73
14	26	38	50	62	74
15	27	39	51	63	75
16	28	40	52	64	76
17	29	41	53	65	77
18	30	42	54	66	78
19	31	43	55	67	79
20	32	44	56	68	80
21	33	45	57	69	81
22	34	46	58	70	82
23	35	47	59	71	83
24	36	48	60	72	84
25	37	49	61	73	85
26	38	50	62	74	86
27	39	51	63	75	87
28	40	52	64	76	88
29	41	53	65	77	89
30	42	54	66	78	90
31	43	55	67	79	91

MOON'S PHASES					
<input type="radio"/> New Moon	3rd 5:02				
<input type="radio"/> First Quarter	10th 11:20				
<input type="radio"/> Full Moon	18th 12:28				
<input type="radio"/> Last Quarter	25th 10:23				

HIGH TIDE	1st 4.4 ft.	2nd 4.7 ft.	3rd 4.7 ft.	4th 4.7 ft.	5th 3.9 ft.	6th 3.0 ft.	7th 2.0 ft.
LOW TIDE	6.3 ft.	5.6 ft.	4.9 ft.	4.2 ft.	3.5 ft.	2.8 ft.	2.1 ft.

LOW TIDE	2nd -0.9 ft.	3rd -1.2 ft.	4th -1.3 ft.	5th -1.0 ft.	6th -0.4 ft.	7th 0.0 ft.	8th 0.6 ft.
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Saturday, November 1

Tuesday, November 4

All Saints' Day
Veterans' Day

Thursday, November 27

Thanksgiving Day

Chanukkah