

CONTENTS

- Bingo Eulogy pg. 3
- Bike Path Plans pg. 2
- Police Spies pg. 5
- Hallow's Eve Play pg. 10
- Lafayette profile pg. 4

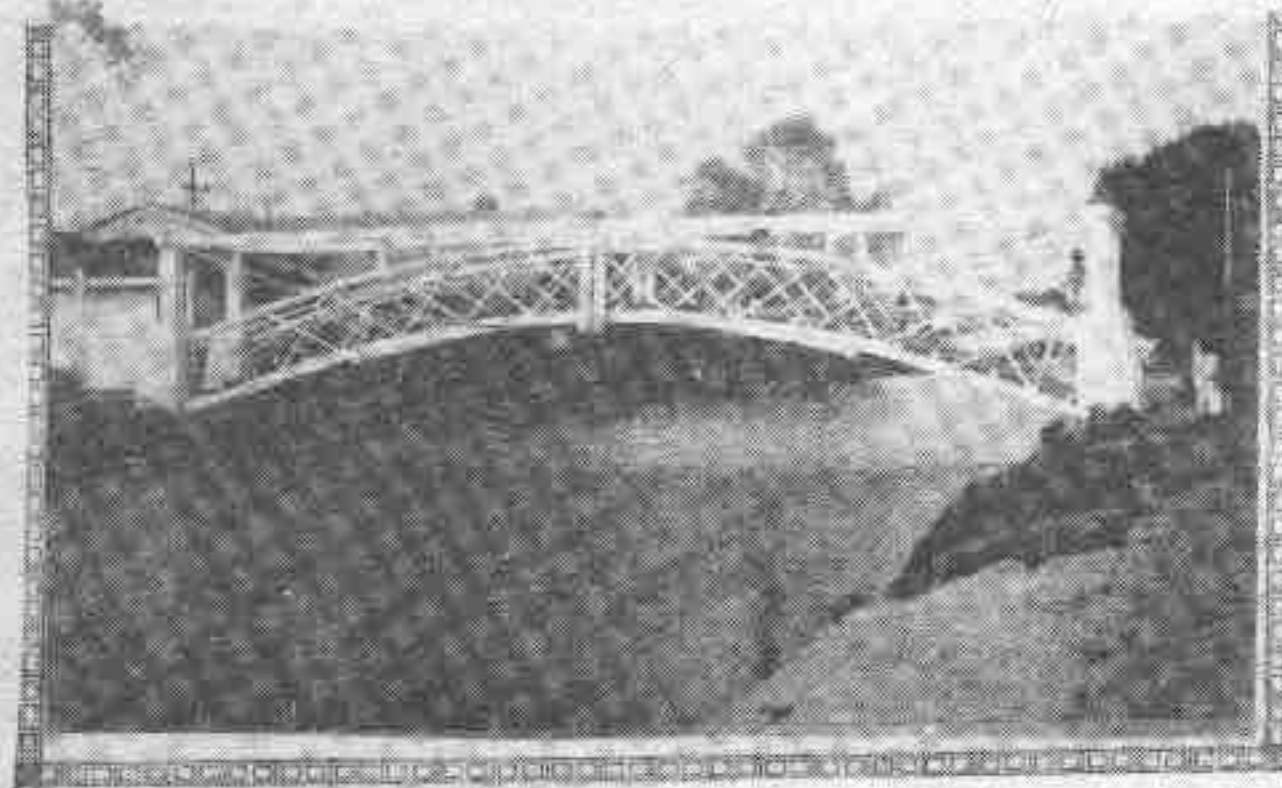
FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

SINCE 1968

CHEE WAN-WAH

FREE

NOVEMBER 1977 ISSUE # 95 P. O. BOX 504 VENICE, CA 90291 392-5975 3993843 396-8288



Beachhead photo by Gerry Goldstein

VENICE :

PAVED OVER & RIPPED OFF

by Rick Davidson

The City of Los Angeles, on Oct 13, 1977, once again sent its bureaucrats to Venice for the purpose of explaining "their" plan for "our" community; in this case, it was a Rehabilitation Project for the Canals. The meeting was held at the Venice High School and was well attended. Still, there were a lot of ol' friends and even a few ol' enemies not present. A number of people voiced their reactions to the plans. I would like to share my thoughts with those unable to attend.

The meeting began with the City presenting its case, excuse me, its plan. We heard from engineers, bridge builders, biologists and the like; each one explaining why the project to clean the canals and line the banks with concrete - or soil cement - as they call it, was a worthwhile project. Given a Venice audience you can imagine the response, or can you? I was disappointed. We were all too accepting, too calm, too realistic, too, too, too. I even missed the ol' enemies that weren't there whose style is similar to our at times. The Resident Homeowners seemed to be thanking the City for all their wonderful work, time, plans, etc. They even supported the plan with a weak reservation about the amount of soil cement to be used. It took a few canal residents with chainsaws and hammers to wake up the audience. For a moment it sounded like the ol' Venice resistance, but it turned out to be nothing more than a demonstration of how bad the sound and smells of "progress" is.

Much of the discussion was directed to the new EIR, environmental impact report. This tended to focus our attention on details rather than the overall perspective of how this project fits into the City's master plan for Venice, i.e., the forced removal of the low and moderate income community to be replaced by soil cement, plaster boxes and plastic people. I understand that the City is going to replace the present duck population with wooden ones the whole project is a decoy.

The EIR touched on most of the topics relative to the canals; it even had a history section which wasn't too bad, except that it omitted certain key events which offers a better picture of the past upon which to judge the present and the future. The history went into the early days and Abbott Kinney's dream, political corruption in old Venice, filling in of the canals, the Depression, discovery of oil, beach contamination by the City's Hyperion Power plant, the building of the Marina and even the monstrous Canal Assessment Project (largest assessment absurdity in Calif). It went into the Venice Community Plan approved in 1970, quoting sections to show the City's concern for the residents of Venice, it pointed out how important the "diversity of ethnic groups, income, life styles, and physical surrounding" were. As if not sufficient proof of their good intentions, the report even quoted from the Coastal Commission Plan which recognized the "uniqueness of Venice and that its natural and social environment should



be protected." If we accept the words as written, it's a simple question of good faith on the City's part, but history lives even when omitted. Some historical aspects unreported add to the question of faith and I think should be included.

The Venice community has always voiced its concerns for its low and moderate income residents, particularly their right to a place in the sun.

MARCH 1969 - 300 residents of Venice were locked out of the City Council's public hearing on the Venice Canal Project.

JULY 1970 - the City refused the community's request to repair an old house scheduled for demolition due to code violations - by an appeal and voluntary labor and funds, the community saved the house.

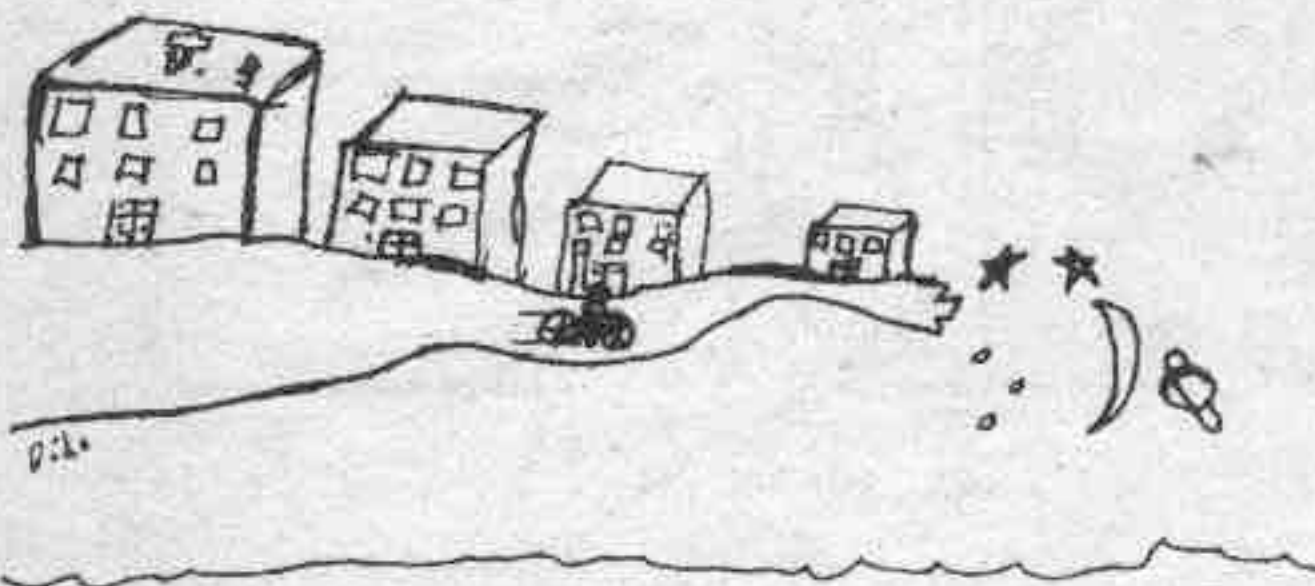
NOVEMBER 1970 - residents of Venice again were unable to speak before the City Council when the Canals were on the agenda. I was arrested in that effort.

1970/71/72/73 - saw Canal residents build one two, three vest pocket parks, each to be demolished by the City. The last demolition was filmed and aired on the 11 o'clock news; so embarrassed, the City built a park in the canals.

On the day following the initial distribution of the Beachhead, that is on Wednesday Oct. 5, two people carried off approximately 1,000 copies of the newspaper. Entire bundles were taken from Small World of Books, Cleopatra's, Come Back Inn, Slans Market, Saks 5th Off, Precision Roller Works, and Ardvaark's. In at least two places papers were taken even after the proprietors told the woman who took them that she should not. Phil Lacy at Precision Roller Works took down the make and license of the car which sped away with the papers. The 1976 Buick, license #580 - Pci, was traced through DMV. It is registered to a Ms. Brenda Shepherd Wallace who resides at 236 Sherman Canal, Venice. Ms Wallace is not listed in the telephone book, so the Beachhead made inquiries in the canals. It was learned that Ms. Wallace is close to a Mr. Reid Monroe, also a canal resident, realtor, and a leader of the Canal Resident and Non-Resident Homeowners Association. This group has been pressing for canal restoration and has gotten into some bitter, often violent disputes with canal resident homeowners and renters who are fighting to save that part of the community from physical and social destruction. The Beachhead was able to acquire Mr. Monroe's telephone #, and called to ask him if he knew Ms. Wallace or anything about the disappearance of the 1,000 newspapers. Mr. Monroe said he never heard of the Beachhead and then proceeded to abuse the caller in a most vulgar and totally unprovoked manner. Meanwhile Ms. Wallace's car was parked outside his home.

Beachhead staff asked itself why someone would want to steal its paper. The only 'controversial' or possibly 'threatening' information contained in the Oct. issue was the story on the canals and a cut out-mail in letter which requested readers to send in written protests on the City's Canal Restoration Project to the city planning dept. This letter was, in reality, an ad, paid for by the Venice Canals Resident Homeowners Association, the canals group which is fighting the project. The only reason someone would want to steal our paper, preventing its circulation in the community, would be to suppress publicity of the open meeting on the canals which was held in the Venice High School on Oct. 13th., and to stop the letter opposing the canals restoration project from being disseminated throughout the community. Neither Monroe nor Wallace would admit to the Beachhead that they were responsible for the theft. Subsequently however a rumor reached the Beachhead that Mr. Monroe had coped to taking some Beachheads in order to distribute them to members of his pro renovation group. Several members of the Beachhead staff, several distributors, and a few advertisers are now preparing to file civil and criminal charges against the woman who actually took the papers out of Venice stores. Several proprietors swear they can identify her and the man who drove the car registered to Brenda Wallace. Ms. Wallace and Mr. Monroe will be subpoenaed to appear in court. Petty theft, malicious mischief (willfull interference with the distribution of a newspaper) and conspiracy to deny advertisers their rights will be among the charges brought against the perpetrators of this vile, obnoxious, and completely unamerican action.

2 Bikeway Still Awaits Green Light



In August the Beachhead reported that the bikeway extension on the Venice Beach from Washington Street south to the end of the Marina Peninsula had been approved by the Los Angeles City Board of Recreation and Parks Commissioners on July 14. Prior to this time approval had also been granted by the Coastal Commission (at both the regional and state levels), the Los Angeles City Council, and the Venice Town Council. Recreation and Parks therefore solicited bids for bikeway construction and set August 9 as the submittal date. The Beachhead assumed and reported that "completion of the bikeway should now proceed smoothly in accordance with the wishes of the majority of bikers, beach users, and Venice residents."

A check of progress, however, reveals that the Concerned Citizens League has brought suit against the City claiming that the Negative Declaration that Recreation and Parks filed to proceed with the work was insufficient and that a full-blown Environmental Impact Report (EIR) was required. (The Negative Declaration simply states that the project is anticipated to have no substantial adverse environmental impact.)

Various maneuvers, the most recent being a change in counsel, have delayed the court hearing until 3 November, which coincidentally is when the Board of Recreation and Park Commissioners next meet. If the judge rules in favor of the bikeway on the day he hears arguments and the Commissioners decide to proceed in the face of another challenge to the State Coastal Commission by the League a contract could be awarded on that date.

If any of these things does not come to pass, however, the three-month period for which the bids are valid will have expired and new bids will have to be sought, prepared, submitted, evaluated and awarded; assuming of course that the court proceedings are resolved in favor of the bikeway in the interim. Maybe next year.



VENICE TOWN COUNCIL

Meeting: November 2, 1977
Old Venice City Hall - Venice Blvd
7:30 P.M.

AGENDA

- I. Rent Strike at Four Floors West - Report
- II. Coors Boycott - guest speaker
- III. Ratification of new V.T.C. structural proposal
- IV. Committee Reports:
 - A. Education committee
 - B. Housing committee
 - C. Finance committee
 - D. Strategy committee

EVERYONE FROM THE COMMUNITY IS ALWAYS INVITED

marrly in venice
temple of man
1439 cabrillo ave/213-399-9747

FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD
FOUNDED 1968

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THE FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published one 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 one year, please make a contribution of \$5 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. Please sign your name or a pseudonym. Anonymous material will not be printed, but your name will be withheld on request. If return of material is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must accompany it. No payment is made for material used. The Beachhead subscribes to Liberation News Service (LNS) and is a member of the Alternative Press Syndicate.

Letters

Beachhead

I recently wrote the following to Councilwoman Pat Russell:

Police helicopters are a noisy nuisance, waste of taxpayers money and natural resources, pollute the environment, and are unnecessary. Research has shown the noise from aircraft has adverse psychological effects on children, and considering the cost of use involved, helicopters are ineffective in crime control.

I haven't received a reply yet.

I also said that the helicopter's searchlight shining in my window is an invasion of privacy, and the noise is a deprivation of my right to peace and quiet.

Right now it is circling at Main Street and Brooks, and I have to close my window so I can hear the music on the radio.

The city of L.A. recently acquired this helicopter for the Venice area. It wasn't supposed to be a problem because it has the capability to patrol at high altitudes for a helicopter. The problem is it never does. It's hovering over my roof. The city of Santa Monica got rid of theirs because of the cost and noise problem in favor of a standard light plane.

I'd like to see more people write Councilwoman Pat Russell and Mayor Tom Bradley or whoever can do something to eliminate the problem. Or get a petition together on the walk for a couple of weekends with a few hundred signatures for some impact.

The problem is that damned helicopter reinforces my paranoia that big brother is always watching, and a constant reminder that we're living in a totalitarian police state.

Here's hoping some of you will accept my humble invitation to get off of your apathetic assholes.

Except for the Viet Nam War, I liked the sixties better than the seventies. Didn't you?

Love,
Peter Savino

WRITE TO US...
we'd like to hear from you

Eyewitness Needed In Tragic Death of Four Year Old

By Bill Arblaster

Four year old Claudia Hernandez of 221 Horizon Avenue in Venice, was struck by a car and killed as she and her sisters were crossing in the crosswalk at Horizon and Main streets. The accident took place at 4 p.m. on Friday, October 21.

An eyewitness to this accident is desperately needed as the police took the story of the driver of the car as to what happened. The driver says the collision took place in mid-block as the child ran out between cars. Six children do not jaywalk on their way to the laundramat which is the other direction from where Claudia died. We have circulated a petition in the neighborhood and to all the businesses in the area over our great concern. The city time and again has failed to correct the life and death situation faced by anyone who crosses Main Street in Venice.

We need someone who saw this accident. Please call Bill Arblaster, Bonnie Johnson, or Claudia Thorsen at 392-4271, or 396-3564, or notify Norman Heisman or an employee of the Trading Post Liquor Store at 396-6666. Pat Russell is helping. The City is responding. These deaths must stop! Thank you.

Dear Beachhead:

Hurrah for all of you. Enclosed is my subscription. Yours for Venice and a world owned by its peoples.

Sheila Getoff
Venice

Beachhead:

Thanks to the Beachhead staff and all who were involved in getting the drummer's platform returned. We appreciate it.

Thanks
Stan, Patricia, Tony,
Nancy and Quasi. And all of us.

Hello Beachhead Staff:

Just a note to comment that the ALL MUCKED UP issue is really good... articles on target, writing generally coherent, and typing and columns aligned for a change so it gave it a higher (in my own head) credibility and acceptance factor. I could be wrong, but my feeling is, "who can take anyone seriously if they don't appear to be able to spell and the writing (typing) is almost illegible." I look forward to seeing each month's output.

Best wishes to all of you:
Jack Strand
Marina Del Rey

Gentlemen:

Thank you for your interest in the programs and operations of the L. A. County Lifeguards and the Department of Beaches. If we can be of further assistance please let us know.

Dennis McCarbery
Dept. of Beaches
County of L. A.

Dear Beachheaders:

Your paper is fantastic & fine, as usual!!!!

Just thought you might like this letter & especially my reference to your great newspaper. "The Beachhead" along with "In These Times" & "The Radical Therapy" paper & KPFFK and "The Catholic Agitator" are what I consider the very best stuff coming out for human beings to read in this part of the world. Maybe I'm just too narrow in my reading - but you are surely with the most significant. Truth & Joy are real turn-ons & you've got 'em!!! Please keep doin' it.

Love & Joy & Happiness Forever
sammy israel



Graphic by Gerry Goldstein

REMEMBERING BINGO

"Daughter-of-Darkness"
"Sister-of-Light"

People gathered on the rocks at Brooks Ave. beach to remember a very important person.

The people who are moving in and building Valley sized houses on Venice lots, whimpering that less than 2,000 square feet for a family is a slum, wouldn't think "Bingo" Bingham important at all. In their eyes she was a failure. Why? Because she didn't have a Cuisinart? The city agencies and Coastal Commission look upon people like Bingo as "unfeasible". And certainly low income housing is "unfeasible" because the property values have been artificially driven up by paper swapping speculators who drive up the value without one cent of real money changing hands. All done with mirrors, folks. But you have to be a success and success means money. Go to jail for a few months for selling out the country, write your memoirs, make a mint, you're a success. Turn people onto LSD, snitch on your friends, jump bail, write a book, you're a success. You can live in Venice. No others need apply.

But Venice is still an economically stable community, all economic classes still intermix. Which means its a Home Town. A Home Town by choice. You watch kids grow up and people grow up. We see one another getting older. The people who you left behind when you went on your search for whatever holy grail you had in mind will still be there when you come back. Venice is home base for the rootless. They'll find someone they know.

A Home Town is where people come back to partake in ceremonies that mark rites of passages. Births, christenings, brisses, weddings, all remind us of the fragility of human beings.

A Home Town is where people remember you after you die, even if you didn't write The Great Novel, Shoot the President, or give Johnny Carson the finger.

A Home Town is where you are immortal. Venice is a Home Town. The usual pace of change and attrition of people moving out, moving in and dying, has been escalated by the City Planning Dept. and speculators. But there were enough people in the community to gather at the rocks at Brooks beach to say goodbye to Benita "Bingo" Bingham, flower child, doper, dreamer the bane of Bureaucracy, animal regulation in particular. Bingo was thirty years old when she was murdered.

Bingo striding down the front, swathed in scarves, taking a swig from a proffered short

photo
by
Barbara
Feldthouse
1974



day, moving on and traveling light. Bingo returning from the Valley, the desert, Maine, running up to people, her arms outspread, shouting affectionate obscenities to her friends in a husky, humorous voice.

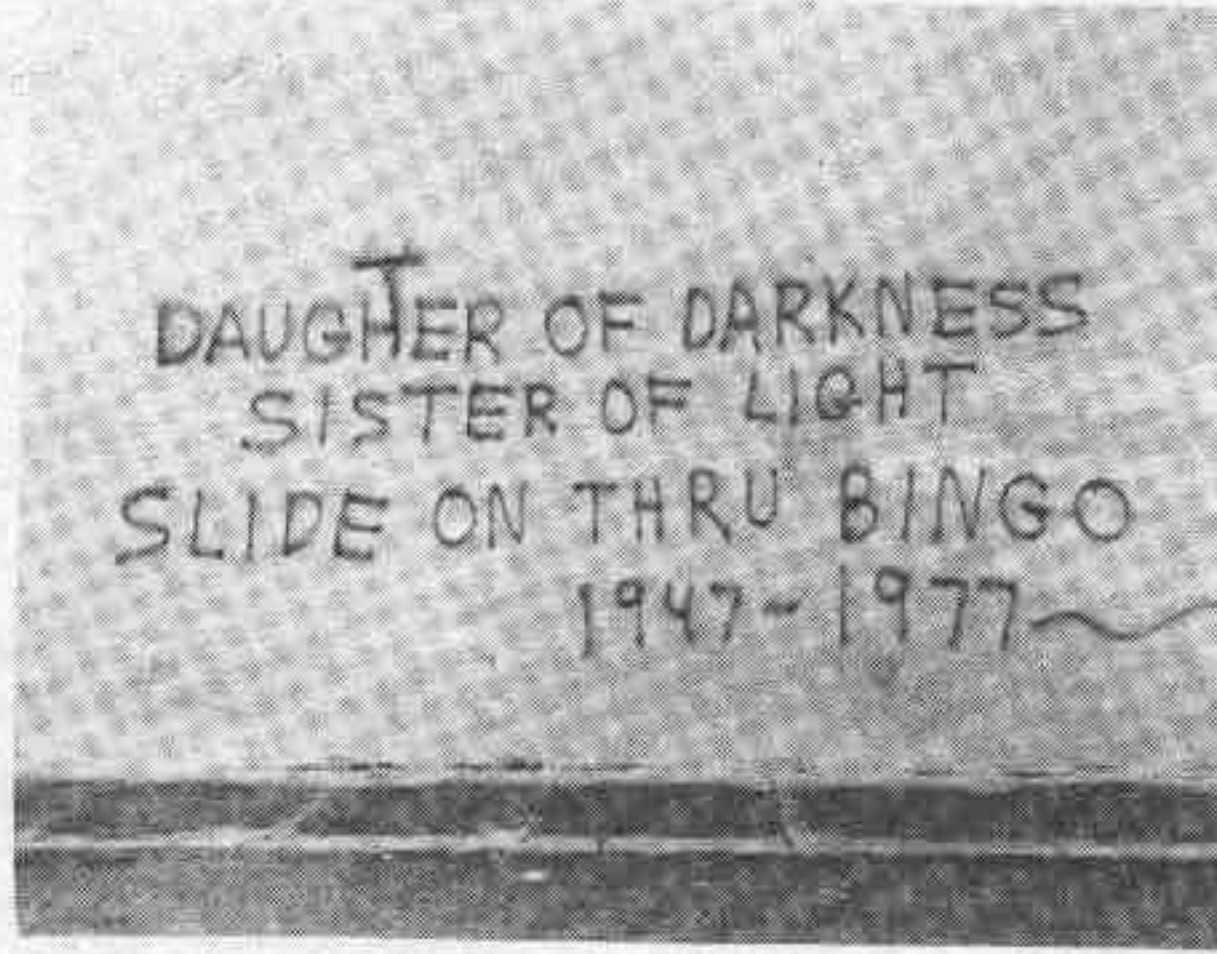
Bingo describing another hair-raising close call with the authorities or some crazy dude who picked her up hitchhiking, so that while the blood ran cold, the stomach ached from laughing. Bingo, alley cat thin arms trashing in the garbage cans and wearing discards with the elegance of a queen. Bingo, her soft short hair curling around her small face, her eyes large and dark with fear as she was going to court to testify against the men who raped and beat her, uncomfortable in dealing with the police who had arrested her for vagrancy, now being helped by them to protect other women from similar, violent humiliation.

Bingo. A Person of the streets.

Bingo, whose veins had collapsed long ago from the needles she'd stuck in them.

Bingo was fresh and young when she came to Venice. Her skin was resilient and firm. She was pretty. She got involved with drugs. High on drugs and riding with a drugged up dope, she got into an accident. Her face was scarred, her teeth were knocked out. But heading down the Ocean Front Walk on a bike she'd borrowed from a friend with or without their knowledge, she was beautiful.

Bingo had a Samoan disregard for personal property. If she needed it, she'd take it. She didn't steal it. Sometimes she'd lose what she'd borrowed, or it would be stolen from her. She'd try and replace it with something of equal value. Sometimes she borrowed that, and things would become quite complicated. It was sort of like the operations of Bert Lance. Bingo was alive. Intense. Vulnerable. She understood other peop-



Spray-paint epitaph on south wall of Ocean Market. Photo by B. Feldthouse.

les grief, and had a humorous objectivity about herself. Periodically, she would lose her false teeth in the surf, and she'd walk around with her mouth covered, until Medi-Cal would come through with another pair.

Bingo would try, off and on, to keep a pad. But she couldn't stay in four walls very long. On cold winter nights with the rain coming down in knife-sharp drops, Bingo would be seen wrapped in blankets, her dog Beamer in her arms, fording the ankle-deep debris filled river that was Speedway, looking for a warm hallway or alcove.

Bingo traveled light, she didn't take up much room.

After Bingo was raped and she'd testified in court, she moved to Ocean Park. She wanted to clean up her act. She rented an apartment. She was finally, people said, getting it together.

Bingo told the truth when she talked to people about herself. But she didn't tell the whole truth to any one person. She had different people she told different things to.

She wrote, people said. She wrote well. Bingo went to poetry readings, jazz concerts, and art openings. She knew dealers, procurers, poets, dancers, singers, and combinations of any and all of the above.

Sometimes she was less than kind to her lovers or would-be-lovers, people said.

People said she was abused and battered from the day she was born. Wild Thing. Our Lady of the Wild Things. Gypsy. Urchin, Harridan, Bitch, Crane, Mean, Clown, Queen, Sturdy, Human.

She was beaten and stabbed to death in that apartment where she was getting her act together. People say. Some people say that they loved each other. He'd come back from a stay in jail. People say, some people say they were drunk and arguing. People say. Some people say her husband did it. People say. Some people say he is in custody. People say. Some people say he isn't.

Willy Loman's widow cries out at Willy's funeral in Death of a Salesman, "Attention must be paid!" John Donne wrote "No man is an island Each man's death diminishes me."

Friends and enemies met at the Brooks beach rocks. We sat and stood in the warm mid-october sun. A man was crying. "I love this family." Junkies, Poets, Philosophers, Children, all with their different conceptions of what happens after the heart and brain goes out and the body decays gave testimony for Bingo. Bob Alexander from the Temple of Man read poems by Stuart Perkoff and Marcella. Frank Rios standing tall in winged sleeves read a poem and burnt it. Flowers were strewn on the waves forming a blanket for half of Bingo's ashes. The family has the other half.

"Just like Bingo", someone smiled, "she was always scattered." Flowers. Incense. Babies. The Sun. Pelicans flew in strict formation, dipping gently over the flower-covered water.

Carol Fondiller



For Bingo

When I was sad,
she made me laugh.
When I was hungry,
she fed me.
When I had the shakes,
she made me well.
When nobody cared,
she did.

See you later Sis
Love, Gary Gardner

LION'S CLUB ON THE GROWL

3

Perhaps you've seen the latest flyer being circulated by the Community Improvement Committee of the Venice-Marina Lion's Club. It is a public appeal to "clean up Venice", and "get rid of dope peddlers, loose dogs, pimps, winos, and billboards".

The Venice-Marina Lion's Club describes itself as being "a service club. By service is meant service to those less fortunate than their own members." "We pray: Teach me to understand all people to the end that I may serve them better. Keep me humble in my works. Forbid that I should ever malign or degrade the aims and purposes of others, even though I may disagree with them. Keep me tolerant in action and demeanor recognizing the rights of others to think as they wish. Let me earn the respect and honor of the community through a life of dedication and purpose to those less fortunate than myself".

The flyer continues by offering this bleak picture of Venice: "Venice has elements existing on drugs and liquor which breed violence and sorrow. Can our community eliminate these undesirable elements? Its too big a job for the police without the cooperation of the community. Some of these undesireables are not only dope peddlers, but pimps, winos, and loose dogs. With regard to dogs, they sometimes roam in packs, frightening store customers, even blocking entrances to stores. And their feces are everywhere. Care must be taken in walking our sidewalks not to step in it, and the odor is becoming the odor of Venice. Community beauty is being defaced with graffiti. Unsightly billboards, advertising things we don't need haunt our view. Neighboring newspapers are apt to concentrate on only the bad in Venice; it is all too evident."

It seems to me what this group is really talking about is the forced removal of people who they have reduced to "undesireable elements" so that it becomes less evident that we are talking about people and their lives. The Lions Club has managed to single out dope peddlers, loose dogs, winos, and pimps. It was very interesting to me that they didn't have anything to say about the prostitutes who are really doing the "work" for the pimps - but then maybe their concept of undesirable doesn't extend that far. Of course, the mental and physical well-being of the residents of our community should be of concern. So the questions arise: Is the Lions Club trying to "understand all people to serve them better" or is it advocating a changeover in the lifestyle of the community? Is the Lions Club interested in "serving those less fortunate than themselves" or eliminating them?

The complaint about loose dogs included a comment about the abundance of dog shit in Venice. It would truly be a community service for the Lions Club to distribute shovels to their members and start shoveling instead of bitching.

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WHAT'S HAPPENING ?

Venice is stirring

By Pano Douvos

The winds wafting down Windward tell of stirrings there. Coming soon to succeed the former St. Charles night spot is a celebration cabaret to be called the F. Scott. This "fond glance back to the memory of the 30's" will be a bar-night club featuring recorded big band sounds and headliners of that era ... plus live entertainment.

Across the street Amoon's is gone, to be replaced next month by a sit-down dinner area connected to the adjoining Continental bar. Being considered is a Mexican food take-out operation from the street side. Next door to the Precision Roller Works a uni-sex clothing store will soon open featuring natural fabrics.

ART SCENE

Any day now the Los Angeles Times will do a survey of the art activity along Market Street. One of their hot items will probably concern the inauguration of the Ace Gallery's additional space across the street at 57 Market which used to house the Full Gospel Pentecostal Church of Venice. Robert Rauchenberg will open a show of new work at the Ace Gallery on November 20 by which time they hope to have space II ready as well to house a portion of his new offerings.

A real bet for local artists is the life-drawing workshop newly added to the program at the Venice Draw-Paint-Sculpt Studio on Sunset Avenue. The fee is one dollar per two hour session - Monday and Wednesday mornings from 9 to 11.

Jasper Johns is on the cover of Newsweek as a super artist. Not sure if that defines him as a media star now instead of as a top contemporary artist. The timing coincides with his retrospective at the New York Whitney Gallery ...

cosponsored by the Philip Morris Company. They are also currently running a two-page advertisement in the New York magazine touting that fact ... gathering for themselves cultural points plus individuality and creativity by osmosis.

It's difficult to sort one's thoughts on the point of business support for the arts, a phenomenon which has more than doubled since 1970 according to the National Endowment for the Arts. Also, twenty-two universities now have graduate programs of Art Administration; there were none in 1965. I guess that means that now the new graduate students in Art Business will be pulling funds out of businessmen, speaking the language of business.

ART MEMO

Openings

November 4

Nesbitt

Janus Gallery

November 18

Claire Falkenstein

Tortue

November 20

Robert Rauchenberg

Ace

November 30

New York Artists

Janus

Continuing

Burri, UCLA Gallery, Retrospect

17 New Artists, Barnsdall City Gallery

POETRY REPORT

Joining Beyond Baroque's Friday night poetry readings are those on Thursday at the George Sand in Westwood and Sunday at 8 at the new little-magazine outlet and bookstore in Santa Monica called Liars and Intellectuals - near 10th and Wilshire.

A \$1000 award awaits the winner of the Walt Whitman competition announced by the Academy of American Poetry. Entries must be received prior to November 16. For entry blanks write to the Academy at 1078 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10028. They want a book-length manuscript of poetry ... all are eligible who have not had a book of more than 40 pages published before. The poetry can have been published in magazines. Viking Press will publish the winning entrant.

The second annual San Francisco poetry festival will be at California Hall on Polk Street on November 18-19.

To the Lafayette With Love

by Wendy Reeves

8:15 AM. Toss on some clothes, grab a book, slap-slap in tatamis down three flights of stairs out the back door squinting at morning light.

Cross the parking lot (mostly empty), north on Ocean Front (joggers & waking winos), past the bookstore & outdoor restaurant (still closed), past that impeccable little market (just opening). Westminster Pagoda has already collected its inevitable gaggle of jive virtuosos, deep into their pacing gesturing growling colloquy.

And here I am again, stepping over dogs on the doorstep, sliding into a seat at the counter. Cheryl & I trade smiles. She pours me a cup of coffee. Ruby sings out "Hi Wendy" from across the room in her cheerful twangy Mississippi drawl. Beginning another day at the Lafayette.

Cooking waffle smells seduce me (again) from healthy resolutions & I order an egg-bacon-waffle combination. "Hotel California" is throbbing out of the juke box. The condition of the record & loudspeaker mush the music down to its familiar bare essentials. (High solo voices like Streisand's come across more clearly.) Lots of mellow morning sun diffuses through generous windows, in front & along the south wall with its row of padded booths.

Arturo stands near the grill, a white dish-towel tucked around his waist. He is wearing a blue T-shirt with "Lafayette Cafe" in mock-Oriental letters arching over a poling gondolier. He owns a rainbow wardrobe of these shirts & wears a different color daily. Beside him Eduardo watches over an order of chorizo & eggs.

By the time I've got my breakfast, which is soon, all the orange vinyl seats are filled. A small knot of waiting people stand just inside the door talking or reading newspapers. (These get recycled on top of the cigarette machine.)

Sea air swirls gently in and obligingly keeps cigarette smoke from becoming oppressive. A long-haired, long-limbed teenager (male) in shorts & visor (only) slips through the table-watchers, skateboard under arm. He joins cohorts at a side booth. Outside someone starts to play a flute.

Is it the food that brings me to the Lafayette morning after morning? True, the waffles are crisp, the scrambled eggs never over- or under-done, the huevos rancheros delectably different. But that's hardly the whole answer. Is it that

the prices are so reasonable, the coffee so drinkable, the big room kept so clean, the background hubbub so consistently friendly & never too loud?

All this I much appreciate. But they're not the main reason. That's: people.

The people -- those working & those eating -- are the decisive factor in making for that unique atmosphere. All customers are treated with total spontaneous equality, & in Venice that tells a good deal about a restaurant. Everyone feels at home inside 1219 Ocean Front Walk.

Lafayette owner Arturo Garcia is ever-present. Born in Puebla, Mexico, Arturo came to the U.S. in 1954. After a stint at Zucky's, he moved to Venice in '69 & took over the Lafayette that September. The coffee shop had been established about 8 years; he kept the original name & decor.

He rents the cafe space. In a singularly striking remark for this area, he says "I have no complaint with my landlord." But he does wish he could work fewer days & spend more time with his family. Now he's home only on Wednesdays when the Lafayette is closed.

Arturo's Scandanavian-looking wife Martha assists behind the counter on weekends. If school is out, one or another of their four sons will likely be helping with dishes in the back.

The small circle of Lafayette waitresses -- Ruby, Rita, Sunshine, & Cheryl -- is remarkably stable for our transient culture. Sunshine has just returned after several month's off. Yes... her disposition lives up to her name. Cheryl is the newest & youngest of the four; she's a photography enthusiast. All the employees get a month's paid vacation each year when the Lafayette closes, about mid-December to mid-January.

"Roo-beee." Arturo spins the order wheel & matches a slip to a hot plate of food. "All-right." Ruby pushes a pencil into her black bouffant hair above her ear & hustles over. The man on my right, who I've just met (his name is Ed), says "Hear that? The way Arturo calls 'Ruby' & how she answers 'Alright,' always both in just the same tones? That should be in the Library of Congress." I agree. "Ruby left for awhile once," he adds, "and it just wasn't the same."

Ruby has been at the Lafayette for seven years, longer than any other employee. As a waitress she is a total pro. One day she hurried by as I poured cream into my coffee. A minute later she zipped up & filled the creamer. "But how did you know that was about to run out?" "I heard it rattle -- it makes another sound when it's full."

Ruby always wears a white uniform and white shoes (her preference; the others dress casually). Reading glasses hang around her neck. Her small body bristles with energy when she's on her feet, which is as long as anything needs

doing. She snatches a moment sitting down & perhaps a cigarette whenever she can, keeping a corner-counter seat reserved for this. "Doctor told me to get off my feet as much as possible," she explains.

A bearded denim-covered person enters now & slouches over to the juke box. He punches the "Theme From Shaft," scanning other choices. Ruby scoops up a menu & calls out, "Where you gonna sit Ralph?" She seems to know everyone by name.

Another man sits down at the counter in the seat just vacated on my left. His faded jeans are topped by a unique vest made of tattered quilting. This is strewn with emblem-blazoned patches: "National Rifle Association," "Buddy Round Up, Sheephead Bay Tent-O-Ral," "Atta Kulla-Kulla Lodge WNW," "NRA Ranger," & several dozen others. Protruding conspicuously from a hole in the quilting near his right shoulder is an inch of blade and the long wooden handle of a good-sized kitchen knife. Glued to his plastic glasses frames, poking up down & sideways around his eyes, are 2 & 3" gray feathers. He orders a cup of coffee, drinks silently, pays, & leaves.

Rita winks at me. "The straights are in the minority here," she comments when close enough. "And what really gets me is, the wildest people come in & no one bats an eye."

Rita has been working at the cafe almost seven years herself. She's trim, tan, & has a great smile. Usually she wears jeans with a white peasant blouse, & sometimes a red apron. When she is serving me we speak Spanish -- she got a lot out of a three-month "Spanish survival" class & likes to practice. Rita surprised me greatly two days ago by admitting to grown children.

→ continued on page 5



It will feature poets from 8 to 11:30 and poetry theater from 12 to 2 a.m. each evening. The heavyweights on Friday include Kenneth Rexroth, Michael McClure, Miriam Patchen, Ismael Reed, Lenore Kandel, and Numa and on Saturday Diane Prima, Gregory Corso, Jack Hirschman, Neeli Cherkovski, Thom Gunn and Janice Blue. Fee is \$4.

AVANT-GARDE FILMS

More than 100 classic American avant-garde films will be shown Wednesdays at 8 p.m. through November 30 in the Leo Bing theater at the County Museum of Art. These experimental films range in length from three minutes to an hour. Admission fee is \$2.50 for the public.

HOUSING

Get in line, low cost housing is coming to Ocean Park. Just north of the new senior citizens project, 187 condominiums will be built soon. North of the Santa Monica Shores towers an additional 158 units will follow. The noise from the people did keep the height of the buildings down; they will range from two to five stories. A six acre park will also be squeezed in.

There will be 48 one-bedroom, 258 two-bedroom, and 39 of three or more bedrooms. Good luck.

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A boy wheels his bicycle across the room & deposits it in the back area marked "Employees Only." I ask Rita if this is generally allowed. She nods, smiling almost apologetically: "It's safer." Then she's off to take orders from two young mothers whose 4-year-olds are giggling under their booth table.

A black man wearing a shoulder-strap purse weaves his way through the growing group by the door. He crosses to the big curving booth at the back, under a sponge-stippled mural of Paris, chats for a few minutes with friends, & exits in a wake of strong cologne. His voice & manner are blatantly gay, sassy & undefensive.

Ed has gone & the lady now on my right is porusing classified ads, lamenting apartments that cost \$25 - \$40 in 1946 which now go for \$300. Clear blue eyes behind steel-rimmed specs, short curly gray-white hair, browned skin, slender build; she tells me she is 60 (doesn't look it), forced to retire due to cancer surgery.

Friends are putting her up, with the dog & cat-- "all I have" -- that are making it almost impossible to find a place regardless of prices. Behind us, Phoebe Snow's distinctive voice undulates the melody of "Harpo's Blues."

A last sip of coffee, wish of luck to the apartment hunter, good-bye to Cheryl, & up to the register for a few words with Arturo. I delight in the remarks we exchange every day as I pay my bill. He indulges my Spanish too.

Has he ever had real trouble with any of the local characters, a robbery or other bad affair? No no he is quick to reply. "Someone may act a little crazy sometimes, but nothing serious." Is there anything about the Lafayette he would like to change? No again. "I just want things to stay the way they are."

Inside the quintessential Venice restaurant, "Hotel California" is playing again as I leave. Hasta mañana.

Continued from page 1

1971 - witnessed the forced eviction of Trailer City in order to make way for Washington Square the City had refused to renew the trailer park permit.

1974 - the Canal Project was abandoned by the City. Canal residents presented legal petitions to the City to create a Renewal Area Agency (RAA) so they could do what the City refused to do, i.e., design and plan the canal area with the present residents in mind. The City rejected the proposal.

1974 - also caught the City working without a required permit on Canal Street and after a long legal process the City was forced to redo their work in accordance with the wishes of the community.

Perhaps the most blatant expression of the City's bad faith is seen in the Hays House struggle. Ms. Hays, a long time resident homeowner in the Canals died. Her small and badly run-down home had been taken over by the City due to unpaid back taxes. The Venice Town Council offered to rehab the house at no expense to the taxpayers, if the City would maintain it as a low income house. Not only did the City refuse, but community people were arrested trying to save the house when the City attempted to demolish it (again without a required permit from the Coastal Commission).

In summary, I feel a full review of recent history lays out a strong argument that speaks to the question of the City's bad faith in its dealings with the Venice community. I would like to urge us all to remember this history from time to time and especially when attending public hearings held by the City for the purpose of gaining "our" support for "their" plans.

Before supporting any project the City is selling, I suggest that we get the City to sign some form of legal contract spelling out their commitment to the "diverse" groups and Venice's "unique natural and social environment."

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MY TENNIS PARTNER



by Jeff Cohen

I first met Connie Milazzo in the summer of 1975. We were both members of the Campaign for Democratic Freedoms (CDF), a left-of-center group dedicated to "mobilizing against the developing police state". We both professed a disgust for police spies and infiltrators. We both expressed contempt for a system whose response to economic recession was always more cops, and never more jobs. But there was a major difference between us; Connie was a member of another organization on the side--the LAPD.

It came as a mild shock; paging through the Times last month and noticing a tiny article, "Suspect Cleared--She's Policewoman". Connie had been arrested with 19 others at a demonstration that turned into a brawl. The story said that she had infiltrated the Progressive Labor Party, which called the rally to demand unconditional amnesty for undocumented workers. Rioting charges were dropped against Connie, and she is expected to testify against the others.

After a momentary shock at seeing the name "Constance Milazzo" on the printed page, my first thoughts were: "That makes sense. I should have known." From our work together in CDF, I remember Connie as quiet, soft-spoken and good-natured. She was an excellent listener. Connie always knew what was going on in the organization, but did not ask too many questions--of the group or of individuals. She was not a leader and did not try to be. But she did make her contributions.

Because she had an artistic bent, Connie often assumed responsibility for the leaflets advertising our teach-ins and conferences. Our most provocative leaflet advertised a one-day conference on the LAPD. It was Connie's work. Below the bold faced heading, "LAPD: The Truth About the New Centurions", the reader stares down the barrel of a revolver, while relevant phrases radiate from the gun like spokes: "Red Squad", "Cops on Campus", "The Hollywood Bowl Murders", "SWAT".

It must be remembered that the Campaign for Democratic Freedoms was a legal, civil liberties organization. The group was established to expose police state practices of the LAPD, as well as the alphabet soup of federal offenders: FBI, CIA, NSA, DEA, IRS,

etc. The group existed for about ten months in 1975; its activities consisted of several teach-ins, appearances on local talkshows, a couple of non-violent marches and petitioning before the Police Commission. I would love to hear the LAPD's justification for using tax money to infiltrate and spy on such a group.

Members of CDF are discussing the possibility of suing Connie and the LAPD for invasion of privacy. One of Connie's main projects was the assembly of a darkroom at CDF headquarters. She took pictures at many CDF functions. Where are the photos now? In the "subversive" files of the LAPD? Have these photos been shared with the FBI?

I certainly feel that my privacy has been invaded. After a friendly tennis match this summer, when I babbled to Connie about some of my disagreements and dissatisfactions with a couple of my political coworkers, I had no intention of seeing this information end up in a police file.

Since it is next to impossible to keep police spies out of such an open, broad-based organization as CDF, the best policy is to make sure each member carries his/her workload. Connie certainly did her share of the work. At one teach-in, she addressed the throngs on the trigger-happiness of the LAPD during the 1965 Watts rebellion.

Connie did not confine her "political" activities to L.A. In the summer of 1975, the CDF set up a sister organization in the Bay Area, and a major conference was held in Oakland in November. Camera-in-hand, Connie attended the conference. As an L.A. police employee, wasn't she venturing beyond her jurisdiction?

After CDF folded, Connie really began to circulate on the left. She was more confident now that she could use her association with CDF as a calling card when meeting other activists or groups. She attended meetings of the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, the L.A. Women's Union, and the L.A. Vanguard newspaper. She attended class at the socialist school run by the New American Movement. She was generous enough to contribute one month's dues to the National Lawyer's Guild. Finally while working with the Progressive Labor Party, Connie's "leftist" career was terminated by a bust at the hands of her comrades in blue.

Had we been more alert to certain contradictions in Connie's talk about herself, we might have been able to expose her in 1975. The CDF member who was closest to Connie once asked her how she could keep up with rent payments, car repairs and law school tuition, when she wasn't working. Connie replied that she was receiving financial aid from a rich uncle, whom Connie strongly suspected of being connected to the Mafia. As it turns out, Connie does have a rich uncle -- the LAPD.

I hope one day to bump into Connie for a friendly chat. (She has temporarily disappeared. Two days before the Times reported that her cover had been blown, she packed up her belongings and moved, telling her landlord that she was getting married and that her fiance was taking a job "up north".) There are so many questions I'd like to ask her, like: What does she think she accomplished by spying on groups like the CDF? Does she really consider us a threat to "freedom" or the "free society"?

I think Connie would have trouble answering those questions. She strikes me as a liberal-type person, who must have been internally torn by the realization that leftists don't have horns on their heads, or bombs under their arms.

I'd also like to ask Connie about her present employer. How does she feel about her boss, Chief Davis, who is proud to address a Birch Society banquet, but is afraid that his men will be contaminated by "germs" if forced to work with gays? What about an organization that can kill 30 unarmed citizens a year, and then lambast KABC-TV for raising the issue? How can she condone the LAPD's spying on such dangerous groups as the Beverly Hills Democratic Club?

Ultimately, I'd want to ask Connie whether she feels that activists on the left represent a bigger threat to "free society" than the right-wing, anti-democratic elements in the LAPD, ever-growing, whose only response to criticism is to surveil its critics.

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N.M.D.R. S.T.I.N.K.S.

HOW SINGLES MEET IN N.M.D.R.

By Joan Friedberg

I recently received in the mail an invitation to a fashion dance show at Tiffanys, a private key club and discotheque in the Marina. It read, "You have been recommended by one of our Board of Advisors or existing members to submit an application for membership, etc...." A list of their board of advisors included names like Robert Goulet, Stacy Keach and Joey Bishop, among others.

The invitation was addressed by hand to me, in N.M.D.R. In case you're wondering where that is, it's a place that used to be known as Venice, but is now referred to in some quarters as North Marina Del Rey.

Now, Robert Goulet, Stacy Keach, Joey Bishop and I are not exactly close friends. And I'm still wondering how I got the invitation. But I decided to go just to see what a private key club was really like.

Tiffanys is located on Washington Street, and it's a small building decorated on the inside with lots of glittery mirrors, a bar, dance floor and a small backgammon game room in the back. I was decorated with mascara, lip gloss and my best satin-lapel shirt, and propped up with a margarita. There was a lot of window shopping. And I was the merchandise. Here we all were, the singles. Instead of another lonely night at home watching the TV movie of the week, we could come to Tiffanys and perhaps meet a man (or woman).


But in addition to the indignity of hanging around being stared at, you have to pay a membership fee of \$400 plus an additional \$15 a month for this rare opportunity. For this price, you get nothing but access to a room full of other hopefuls and a place to buy a drink and dance to disco records. The woman at the front desk told me they have about 4,000 members. Which adds up to a gross of over \$1 1/2 million that someone is making while the rest of us try to cure our loneliness. And I remember the days when you could boogie all night at Sweet Peas (on the same street) and at St. Charles for the quarter you put in the musicians' hat and \$1 cover on weekends.

Alas, times have changed in Venice...oops, I mean N.M.D.R. I presume the membership fee at Tiffanys also serves to keep out the rif-raff, otherwise known as hippies. But just as an extra precaution, Tiffanys posts a dress code which, it says on the sign, is strictly enforced. No t-shirts, levis or hats. (Hats?) Which means that if I became a member and showed up in my uniform of levis and a t-shirt, I could still be excluded.

Yes, times have changed. Some of us still remember when fancy restaurants like Roberts, Jimmys and Casablanca were funky bars...The Driftwood, Sweet Peas, Venture Inn (although I never did). And now people from the Marina sit at pink tablecloths eating \$12 dinners of cracked crab where some people I know used to get cracked heads...and others just got head.

Now I'm not saying that I miss everything about those days. But at least no one ever told me what to wear. And you didn't have to invest hundreds of dollars just to meet a man.

Now the odd thing is, I was looking out my window this morning, and across the street I saw a young woman apparently moving in. And she was wearing a Tiffanys t-shirt.



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Be A Lifeguard? You Can Now

By Pano Douvos

You too can be a lifeguard. If you are between the ages of 17 and 34 and are either black, yellow, red, brown or white and either female or male you can take advantage of the CETA (Comprehensive Employment and Training Act) program funded by the federal government.

The catch is that you must be able to manage a pool swim of 1000 meters under 18 minutes. Previously, county lifeguards were from college or affluent backgrounds and thus able to take advantage of swimming training which averaged out at about 8 years.

To change this and provide equal opportunity CETA is assisting minorities and the disadvantaged to gain a foothold through their new swim program which provides a monthly \$677 salary for those accepted for training.

Russ Walker is a Los Angeles County lifeguard - their only black lifeguard. He lives in Oxnard and works out of Manhattan Beach. He spends a good deal of his time recruiting - challenging others by his good example after 12 years in the department. He gets whole-hearted backing from the beach department and is articulate and enthusiastic as he tells of the responsibilities and rewards of a lifeguard.

As Walker sees it, his job is to get the word out... that no time is better than now to get interested and moving on a personal project of preparation and swimming improvement. Thus, heads-up applicants would be ready by application time around next July. After passing the 1000 meter test, accepted applicants would enter the CETA training program which means an 8-hour day, 5 days a week, lasting approximately ten months.

At present the program consists almost 50-50 of men and women trainees. It covers running, swimming, first-aid, lifeguard techniques and especially ocean swimming experience - all in preparation for the lifeguard test to come. Those lasting out the trial start at \$6 an hour as rookie lifeguards.

About Walker - he began swimming seriously in Junior High at age 14. He

practically lived at the 28th Street YMCA in Los Angeles. He swam competitively at Jefferson and Dorsey High and for two years at Mt. San Antonio College where he was their top swimmer.

He recounts the story of the Indiana University swim coach, Councilman, who had two national champion swimmers - both white, one floated like a cork on the water, the other sank like an iron bar. The only need is opportunity plus training. Nearby El Segundo High is a good example of preparation. That area's high reputation springs from the excellent coach and swim program which begins in junior high.

Walker concludes, "The opportunities for all are improving and should be followed up. Get to the pools for training and make noise if there isn't a program yet established."

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IMPROVEMENT?

6

Beachhead readers who are unfamiliar with The CoEvolution Quarterly might wish to remedy that situation. The Fall 1977 issue contains an article by the magazine's editor, Stewart Brand, that is particularly pertinent to Venice. The article is entitled "Neighborhood Preservation is an Ecology Issue;" it begins with the following three paragraphs (Venice-Marina Lions Club please note):

"What bulldozers do to an existing human community is no different from what they do to any other climax biological community - wetland, woodlot, or streambed. A complex mature meta-life is crippled or killed and replaced by a simplistic early successional non-community, and then at great expense kept that way.

"The process is always called improvement.

"To measure whether it is improvement, count the variety of life before and after. Count the number of kinds of people, kinds of jobs, services, interactions, ages, incomes. Decrease in variety is ecological damage. It's called improvement because it isn't."

Subscriptions are \$8, single copies \$2, and may be obtained from The CoEvolution Quarterly, Box 428, Sausalito, CA 94965.

* * *

Final Attack On North Beach Begins

Werner Schaarf, the owner of an immense amount of property along the Ocean Front Walk in North Beach is at last making his move. He is now in the process of acquiring permits to construct 12 condos on the Front at Breeze Ave. As of the moment we have only scanty info on this project. What we can say is that approximately 50 parking spaces, used by the residents living in buildings which do not have parking, will be wiped out by this project. The building will cover 3 or 4 lots, will include 6 condos on top and 6 art-craft condos on the ground floor. This project flies in the face of current policies being enforced by the Coastal Commission which is not now permitting residential construction along the Front in North Beach, because it fears the domino effect of such construction. The draft Specific Plan for North Beach also would prohibit residential construction there.

A meeting will be held Nov. 2nd in the office of the zoning commission at the L. A. City Hall. This meeting is to gain approval for condo construction. Contact Pat Russell's office for further information. The plans have yet to be approved by Building and Safety or the Coastal Commission.

* * *

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 The Roving Reviewer

PASSIONATE STRINDBERG DRAMA
 BRILLIANTLY DONE

by Wendy Reeves

Watching "Miss Julie" at The Company Theater last Saturday night was the most intimate and exciting theater experience I've had to date. A large part of my excitement was the sense of several discoveries: that of Strindberg's bizarre, wholly believable psychology; of a classic play by a small, usually experimental, theater group at an accessible price; above all, of the relatively unknown performers whose talent and total dedication bring this difficult drama very much alive.

The entire play takes place in the rustic kitchen of a Swedish Count's country estate about 1888. Strindberg uses just three characters: the Count's daughter, wilful high-strung Miss Julie (Susan Berlin); the alternately proud and servile valet Jean (Gar Campbell); and Kristin (Margo Ann Berdeshevsky), estate cook/housekeeper and Jean's informal fiancée.

Action opens on Midsummer's Eve. The Count is celebrating with relatives; Miss Julie has stayed behind to revel with "her people." As drinking and dancing surge toward midnight, Jean comes to Kristin for a bite to eat and a bit of gossip. We overhear significant things about Miss Julie.

Enter the lady herself, seeking her escaped dancing partner. She flirts with Jean as Kristin dozes off. Taunting, cajoling, degrading her prey, Miss Julie starts feeling attracted to him: he speaks French; he tells a romantic tale of loving her in childhood. Confided fears... shared fantasies... mutual seduction.

The aftermath: realization of inevitable scandal, panic, plans for flight. A psychological battle ensues that is easily as vicious and sarcastic as in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" The play quickly rises to fever pitch and hovers on the verge of hysteria for its remainder. There are brief reconciliations full of exaggerated longing, tenderness, and hope. Then inner coins flip again and up come loathing, cruelty, despair.

Much of the dialogue is savage: "I'd like to have you shot!" spits out Miss Julie at one point. Jean sneers back, "You mean like when someone is caught doing it with an animal and the animal is shot?" Often their barbed witticisms provide tension-easing laughter for the audience. Both characters run the full range of emotions -- Miss Julie more fervidly. And they both assume all social stances by turns: master/servant, seducer/seduced, sadist/masochist, and so on, to the literally gruesome end.

It is easy to see this simply as the "battle of the sexes," but Strindberg is up to much more. His verbal exchanges most often revolve around class differences, not sexual ones. The interpersonal dynamics are very close to those later used less satisfyingly by Wertmuller in her film "Swept Away": the needs of a beautiful aristocrat interlocking with those of her handsome servant. Both have been programmed to feel superior and inferior in reversed areas of sex and class. Each has two sets of mirror-image complexes that merge into a deadly gestalt. Julie and Jean even have mirrored fantasies: she dreams of coming down to earth but is up high and can't fall; he dreams of climbing a tree but can't reach the top.

Kristin's is the only consistent and integrated personality. But at what a price! She has completely bought the myth of her inferiority and therefore must find reasons to live outside of herself: in religion and in reverence for her "betters." She is forced to crisis by Miss Julie's behavior--"If they're no better than we are then what's the point to anything?" Rather than face this emptiness, she will make Julie the exception that proves the rule and console herself with prayers.

In broadest terms, the content is the shattering effects of any conditioned feelings of superiority or inferiority. With relentless accuracy Strindberg reveals these effects: projections, rejections, dejections, elations. Making the Other into a symbol; the resultant frustrated expectations. The love-hate relationship toward oneself as well as one's complimentary opposite. He exposes class-role and sex-role stereotypes functioning in similar fashion -- equally destructive to their victims, whether the stereotype is flattering or demeaning.

The real reason to see this version of the play is for the acting. Campbell and Berdeshevsky are both very good; all three performers work well together. But it is Berlin's astonishingly intense and appropriate interpretation of Julie that most affects the viewer. This is as it should be, for Miss Julie is the most complex character. Her mother was a "free-thinker" and raised her like a boy, so her sexual identity is more confused than Jean's: "I'm a freak!

I have no self!" she shouts. Ms. Berlin projects this tormented soul with that brittle nervous energy which only Katherine Hepburn has conveyed to me convincingly before. She is riveting.

The whole production is the heart- and brain-child of Campbell and Berlin. In addition to starring, Campbell directs excellently and Berlin produces. They did their own adaptation of the play (also known as "Countess Julia"), designed costumes and set (nicely realized by Lynn Farrell and Michael Pritchard respectively), and lovingly coordinated all the details.

"Miss Julie" is currently planned to run until November 27th, but may be extended. Performances begin at 10:30 PM Saturdays and 7 PM Sundays. Matinees will be scheduled per demand; the play can also be taken to interested schools. Tickets are \$4; \$3 for students; group rates available. The Company Theater is located at 1653 South La Cienega; phone 274-5153. Reservations are recommended.

A Footnote: Susan Berlin is a local (Ocean Park) resident. As well as pursuing her acting career, she has been teaching t'ai chi ch'uan in front of the Venice Pavilion for several years.

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 In the beauty of your plants and paintings
 Screaming, "There's the shit, there it is!"
 (Quietly, on paper,
 Secretly holding out for love.)
 Collecting your rents and literary magazines.
 Watching your huge color TV,
 Wondering if when the revolution comes
 They'll kill you.
 It's all right with me:
 We're all angels here,
 That's how I see it.
 We cut our dead loves up
 And arrange them in lines
 (On paper, quietly,
 Our bombs drop gently,)
 And send them off
 In envelopes.
 I live on trust,
 You live on trust funds,
 So we can meet
 In the week day morning by the sea,
 Your fig tree at the window,
 Your wild birds at the window,
 Feeding on the seeds love leaves.
 Now gashed by cancer
 You smoke more than ever,
 Mocking your demons.
 I remember your youngbodied self
 Turning with amazement
 To a lithe bright girl
 Who took your picture.
 Time has played some tricks since then
 To leave us asking
 Where's the baby?
 Bukowski's best friend,
 If fame is puke
 And money diarrhea,
 What's a poor poem maker to do--
 Die young, alone and pure?
 I want to be ninety
 With shelves of my work
 And grandchildren.
 So allow me to dismember you
 As I look into your half-innocent eyes
 And use you as a sacrifice
 To the devil of publication.

Melody Brennan

SEPTEMBER

Go for a ride;
 Squint, the sun is high.
 Ask yourself a question.
 Answer it.
 Go for a ride.

COLD

Almost a week's worth of goodbye.
 This time in the form of a cold
 That I must have caught from you.

You warned me about it.
 I didn't care at all and
 Kissed you again.

Now I'm so far from you.
 Staring out of a lonely window.
 Cars are silently glowing by
 On the highway.

I had been so good,
 Forgetting about you
 For the whole day.

But now theres a scratch
 In my throat,
 And a dull ache
 At my temples;
 Bringing you back to me.

Kevin McCormick

ARTS

The Reins are Held Lightly

The reins are held lightly
 if our rider is in the show ring he
 holds the reins in the currently
 fashionable manner
 in 1977 this is with no fingers between the reins

further on down the road it's 2: p. m.
 in Gallup, N. M., and the Indians are starting
 to get drunk
 the ones with no teeth start first

C. Jay Jenkins 1977

GAGAKU

Eat your Seed
 Grey Sparrow
 One of the better things
 I do
 is feed you
 Steve Richmond

PARTY

They took flight on any drug
 that could get them off the ground,
 those Wright brothers of the mind.

They'd suck hard at the teats
 of marijuana,
 then party
 along Ocean Front Walk,
 the cement bouyant
 as a waterbed,

just a group of grins
 out to shatter
 that fine-china silence
 of the night.

NIKKI SELDITZ

To Mr. Frank

Someone must love
 That blind old man
 My ex-landlord!
 To dress him in that orange suit,
 Cars can't miss him as he taps
 across the street,
 Counting the money in his heart,
 Not knowing if the paper is real.
 Someone must love him;
 He never threw a tenant out who
 couldn't pay--
 They finally left from guilt,
 Some six months behind,
 When he could still see a little
 He used to pat me lecherously
 and call me granddaughter.
 "Granddaughter, got a present for your
 old granddad?"
 That's what he said when he wanted
 the rent.
 I left owing a hundred bucks for
 the six weeks when the cockroaches
 got so bad I wouldn't pay.
 He said he'd sue me.
 But the next time he saw me
 he'd forgotten
 And wanted his granddaughter back.
 Three years I watched him grow frail,
 He's past eighty, white haired,
 In a bright orange marmalade suit.
 Someone must love him
 To preserve him so.

Melody Brennan

WHEN

When the San Fernando Valley
 was a pile of dirt
 we played in it
 We waited for the Helms truck
 and ate pink-frosted cupcakes
 twice a day
 Me and Jerry and Pat
 went to the "swamp" on White Oak Avenue
 and watched the pollywogs
 swim in the green water

In school, I was the smart one
 Jerry was the pretty one
 Pat was the quiet one

we were a trio
 eating lunch alone together
 ignoring the other 3000 students
 learning to smoke cigarettes and dance
 When Pat quit school
 Jerry & me would jump the fence
 and meet him for lunch in the alley
 behind the gym

In 1962 Jerry died
 it made Pat crazy
 He laughed and screamed and cried
 all through the funeral
 and pissed on the grave
 in front of everyone

After that
 I didn't see him for a long time
 I heard he was in a sanitarium
 I heard he was a junkie
 but last night
 I saw him on Ocean Front Walk
 he looked tired and old
 but he laughed and he hugged me

and he talked real fast about old times
 he said,
 "Hey man! I saw Jerry the other day"

I said "Jerry's dead"

He said "Yeah. That's what I mean"

© Iva L. Turner 1977

I Was Going Out Dancing

The country, I hear,
 needs a job.

The new phone books the city sent
 for free, however, are in Braille,
 and my fingers aren't good enough
 tonight to
 trace out your number;
 I would have called
 otherwise.

Now my mouth is upset with the rest
 of me, it will not
 open. Perhaps I had nothing
 to tell you anyway. You
 always said I talked too much
 about nothing, that I should
 have spent some time
 in a retreat for mutes
 to try on the size of silence.

My ears, though, are still listening
 to the sound of my ears
 listening.

I was going out dancing, like we
 used to do, before I got fat
 and you bought your first color T.V.
 to see if the tones of the newsteams'
 faces would teach you
 whether they were telling it true
 or not. I was going to bust up
 the dance floor, my legs promised
 to let me go out dancing, but
 now they've pulled it all back in,
 and I sit here, uneasily placed,
 waiting for the water to whistle
 to mix the midnight instant
 coffee.

Scott D. Wannberg

COMMUNITY EVENTS

HEALTH CARE FOR SENIORS

A new service, "Peer Counseling", for the alleviation of depression and anxiety in the elderly is soon to be added to the multiple health service offered by the Santa Monica Bay Area Health Screening Clinic for the Elderly. The clinic continues to offer physical screening examinations to persons sixty and over every Wed. and Thurs. by appointment. Call 451-1727.

CHELSEA GALLERIES

Exhibits:

"Continua" by Lawrence Evan Hathaway
"Venice and Other Places" by Jim O'Daniel
"Faces" Group Show
Nov 6 thru Nov. 27. 1338 W. Wash Blvd.

INSTANT THEATRE

Instant Fairy Tales for children of all ages. Life theatre improvised around a traditional fairy tale. A different tale every two weeks. Sundays 1:00 to 3:00 pm
Hollywood Center Theatre 451 Las Palmas Hollywood. ph. 467-8268

INSTITUTE FOR DANCE AND EXPERI. ART

Exhibit - Claudia Chapline, Rope Drawing
MWF 3:30 to 5:30 pm 522 Santa Monica Blvd
ph. 395-0456

BEYOND BAROQUE

Nov. 4, Fri 8 p.m.
Open poetry reading - Kamau & Arthur Pfister
Nov. 5, Sat. 1-4 pm.
Opening reception Elinor Janis. Painting, "Woman Revisualized." till Nov. 23.
Nov. 11, Fri, 8 pm
Open poetry reading Stephanie Mines
Nov. 18, Fri., 8 pm. Open poetry reading with Naomi Lazard & Edward Field
Nov. 19, Sat. 8 pm
Leora Warkentin, flute, Katherine Derksen, Viola da gamba, Paul Mayer, guitar. Baroque and Renaissance recital

Nov. 25, Fri. 8pm
No reading dark.
Dec. 2, Fri. 8pm.
L. A. Feminist Theatre, presents "A Woman is Talking to Death" by Judy Grahn
Dec. 3, 1-4 pm Sat.
Elizabeth Kuder and The Body Decoration Group "Visual Experiment Nine" exhibit thur Dec. 17.

BAY CITIES SYNAGOGUE

(This note was sent to us from David Seligman and is reproduced verbatim) Cool Ocean Breezes and informal services prevail at the little shul on Ocean Front Walk. No heated draushes. Davening begins at 9, with Torah reading, and Kiddush by 11:15. Every Shabbos, 505 Ocean Front Walk, 4 short blocks so of Rose Ave. Phone 392-1010.

ASTROLOGY AND TAROT

Classes in Astrology and Tarot are being held at the Fantasy Meets Reality Bookstore, 132 Broadway, S. M., Friday night at 7 pm and Sun. at 11 am. Conducted under auspices of Church of Light.

"THE LAST RESORT" FOR RENT

The Green Mountain Film, The Last Resort, a story about nuclear resistance at Seabrook, New Hampshire, can now be rented or purchased. It was awarded the prize for Best Political Film at the San Francisco Int. Film Festival and was recently shown at the Fox Venice. It's in 16 mm, color, and runs 60 min. Classroom rental is \$50 aud. is \$75. Contact Green Mountain Post Films Box 177 - Montague, Mass 01351.

ZIMBABWE - AID

The Southern Africa support committee is conducting a drive to collect clothes for the freedom fighters and refugees who are struggling against the apartheid government in Zimbabwe (Rhodesia). For free pickups call 577-0643. Help from the International Longshoremen and Warehouse Union (local #13) will get the clothes to Zimbabwe this month, so help is needed now. Money can be donated for medical supplies as well. Items needed include blankets, shirts, sweaters, undergarments, jeans, flashlights, childrens clothing.

ANGLO LIBERATION DAY

The Africo Haitian dance band and the Skyhawk disco band will play Saturday Nov 12 at the ILWU Hall at 57 and Figuros. This fund raising dance for African people will run from 9:30 until 2 am. Donation is \$2. At the same place, same day, beginning at 7 pm, there will be an Angola Liberation celebration, featuring a film, poems from the Griots, a revolutionary poet's group, plus speaker Joao da Costa, and dancers.

NEWS FROM WOMONSPACE

Birthday Party - Womospace women's center is celebrating one year contributing services for and definitions of the Los Angeles feminist community. The event will take place on Friday, Nov. 18. A Pot Luck Dinner will start at 7pm, followed by a special birthday cake feast at 8:30. There will be planned entertainment, dancing and partying. All women and children are welcome. Donation is \$1. No women turned away for lack of funds.

Thanksgiving Open House - All women and children welcome to drop by and share buffet thanksgiving dinner on Thursday, Nov. 24, from 3pm to 9pm. Womospace is located at 237 Hill St. Santa Monica



VENICE COMMUNITY PLAYGROUP

The Venice Community Playgroup is the oldest continuing parent run childcare collective in Venice. An outgrowth of the original Westside Women's Center, the Playgroup has provided low cost (\$22/mo.) quality childcare for more than five years. Also the close friendships that form among co-oping families have provided a support system for many parents, single and otherwise.

We meet every weekday in the old Venice City Hall from 9:30 to 2:00, and we are soon to have our own facility with funding through the City Demonstration Agency.

We now have several openings, especially for three and four year olds. We have children as young as fifteen months. If you are interested, please come visit us. You can call first, either 823-5693 (Playgroup) or 396-9972 (our waiting list)

SINGING SINGLES

Performing Choral group. Tues. 7:45-9:30 pm
Place: Redeemer Baptist Church 10792 National Blvd (near Overland. Details Ginger 391-4184

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WOMEN IN MEDIA

The opening celebration of Sen-sor, a woman's media resource center, will take place on Saturday, Nov. 19th, from 10:am to 5:00 pm at the USC campus. The event will introduce many of the activities Sen-sor will offer to all women in the L. A. area who are working in or interested in media.

Morning events include premiere screenings of short films made by women. Shirley Clarke, Chick Strand and Donna Deitch are among the filmmakers, and will participate in a panel discussion following the films. The discussion, entitled "The Buck Starts Here", will focus on the need for more women working in media to gain artistic and technical control, as well as responsibility for their work. Mini-workshops in Super 8, 16 mm and video production will be held in the afternoon.

Donation is \$5 for the day's events. Women who can afford to contribute more are encouraged to do so. Childcare will be available, but must be arranged before Nov. 10. For more information call Sandi Raspante (392-1636) or Sue Smith (450-5332).

PSYCHOSURGERY PROTEST

NAPA, the Network Against Psychiatric Assault, will join in a nation-wide demonstration against psychosurgery on Sat., Nov. 5, at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica. Protest is in response to the issuance of a National Commission Report favorable to psychosurgery, and the ongoing practice of psychosurgery at St. John's. Assembly is at 12 noon, Nov. 5 (Sat.) at the sw corner of Arizona Ave and 22nd St., SM. For further info call 462-0314 or 654-6541.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

The Bay Cities Jewish Community Center's senior outreach and escort program is in need of volunteers to work with the elderly. Of utmost importance is helping seniors get to medical appointments, and also taking them marketing. Interested volunteers should contact the director, Sherri Weiner, at 396-5964. The project is located at 201 Ocean Front Walk, Venice, and is funded by the City of LA, area agency on aging.

WOMENS HAPPENINGS

Mon., Nov 7. Menopause. Suzanne Morgan, medical sociologist, will discuss physical and psychological effects of menopause. 7:30 pm.
Mon. Nov. 14 Breast Self Examination. Barbara Kass, a nurse practitioner at the Westside Women Clinic, will teach women the advantages of self examination for early detection of abnormal body changes. She will demonstrate the "clock method" on her own body, fully clothed, noting the body changes a woman would look for. Question and answer period to follow. 7:30 pm
Mon., Nov. 21 Vaginal and Bladder Infections. Barbara Kass will present info on vaginitis and cystitis, health problems common to most women. She will discuss why they occur, ways to prevent them, and how to treat infections. 7:30.
Mon., Nov. 28. Self Health with Acupressure. Connie Call. 7:30. ALL CLASSES ARE FREE.
Westside Women's Clinic
1711 Ocean Park Blvd
Santa Monica ph. 450-2191

WOMEN'S FAIR

Womospace, located at 237 Hill St., in Ocean Park, will hold a women's fair on Dec. 11, from 10 am to 4 pm. It will be free to the public. Women's arts and crafts, entertainment, and info. Women are wanted to help with various aspects of the fair. Call 399-9813 after 12 pm.

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BROOMSCHTICK

by Osah Harmon

Rise of the Fates is a passion play written by Zsuzanna Budapest. It was presented at the Women's Building, October 26-29. Budapest calls the play "my biggest spell." It depicts the creation of the future by the Triple Goddess, otherwise known as the Three Fates. The Fates congregate on Halloween, the time when the old year thins out to a veil and life and death are very close. It is "conception time," when thought forms become material, a time when spells are cast. This year the three Goddesses, played by Ann Shannon, Sheridan Thomas, and Live Oakwoman, decide to weave a spell to hasten the end of patriarchal rule over women. Following each performance was a masked ball/disco dance. The October 29 performance was open to women only.

The three Fates plot to ring in the New Year with the birth of a woman child rather than a man child. At Halloween they conjure up the New Year Nymph; they shed their grotesque crone masks and their wise-cracking to become beautiful mothers to the nymph. Before this they have received letters from their constituencies asking for aid in destroying the government through the confessions of harlots, aiding in the formation of covens and problem solving groups, and fruitful continuation of a feminist revolution. The dialogue is funny and the actresses sublimely rambunctious. As one of the fates says, "Halloween is not just a matter of scaring a few children for nostalgia's sake anymore but they have to go to spiritual conferences and political rallies;" the organization of women in the world is helping the Fates get their act together. (Becoming conscious is becoming fashionable even in the collective unconscious.)

As the play goes on different women who fought for women's rights or help change the image of women come through the veil and speak their own words as teachings to the New Year nymph. She is a combination between Isadora Duncan and a friendly computer; taking in the wisdom of these women long-dead — feeling their anguish, categorizing their accomplishments and making them her own. So that we see the transformation of her consciousness from when she first emerges as a thought form wrapped in flowing gauze to a young woman with her back pack, dance skirt, 40's hat, boots, and knife at her waist — ready for anything in a kind of zealous grace.

They decide to stop the birth of the man child by kidnapping the virgin who is kept in chains to produce the male each year. They bring her out dressed in her bridal gown all flustered and peek-a-boo and send her off with Collette for lessons in loving women. The three heads of patriarchal religion satirized almost to the breaking point as hare-hare the hindu, muhamed and a kind of pope-baptist shyster become enraged at the loss of their virgin and try to make a baby on their own by various means like fucking each other and doing a circle jerk into a cup. This is a hysterical scene in which they realize they need a woman to make a baby — even with immaculate conception.

Later in the play they end up in religious quarrels which makes two of them kill each other and the third disappear through the veil to stage a second coming in place of the male child. We hear sounds of martyred anguish from off stage as he is rejected and crucified once more. This is a sparse synopsis to give an idea of the substance and scope of the play.

Passion plays were developed to teach morality. Morality is the etiquette of culture. It asks us to believe in a certain way by giving us passionate historical, political, mythological and hysterical archetypes that form a belief system. These are the forces which tell the tale of our lives, but don't live them; they describe our changes but do not make them; the forces that lie passive within us and in their sleep dream up our lives. Passion plays are as close to multi-media events as you can get without media. They are corny (commercial), dramatic (controversial), topical (news), they are spontaneous (sports). They contain all the conditions under which we are seduced, cajoled, and humb-

led into a primitive response. They combine so many different elements and take so much artistic license that they create a kind of magical never-never land where all things are possible.

The thrilling quality that tingles in the test pattern on TV has to be carried off in a morality play by the sincerity and enthusiasm of the players. They must perform on our nervous systems their own radioactive hypnotism and give us at least the same double-taking hold that the bubbling cauldron of snow on

the screen does. The crystal ball of the television has an electric charge that rivets our attention — even when it's hard to believe it isn't hard to believe because it is its own reality. This imparts culture to culture. Instills in us our values. And what is true about the electric media is true for the passion play. Transcending flaws and mediating myth with psycho-drama, art with commentary, and meaning with incarnation. The play reifies the underlying connectedness of events which do not occur in the same time and place. Relieves us of our need to "understand completely" by the impact of its own will to live. Understanding is replaced by sympathy, sympathy by loyalty, loyalty by passion, passion by play, until we find ourselves mucking about in our own dilemmas. Identifying our personal angels and demons among these archaic symbols of power.

The music and staging were much improved since last year — the whole performance was at once more ritualized and free. It was a pleasure to write Susan B. Anthony Coven #1 in my check book, and the expense, once I got over the shock, was quite exhilarating. Going up the stairs to the performance there was a black tunnel with stars in it that led up to a beautiful altar. It was surrounded by plants, the name of the goddess in many languages, incense and candles above which were changing slide images of the goddess in artistic/religious forms from different cultures. And kneeling before it was a tall pale dark-haired woman in yellow flowing Greek costume, with a bow in her hand. Her head was bent and the back of her neck was the color of the little white flowers in her hair. If mood-making can take you there I was gone, before the play even began I was ready for the asking.

It was good to laugh at ourselves and the situation of women in these modern times. Humour seemed to bridge the gap that the painful birth of consciousness always makes so serious and menstrual. The nature of belief, its power over us or the source of that power is rarely questioned or made fun of. The idea that the persecution of witches was an attempt to destroy women's culture — the intuition, the feelings, the disciplines of the heart, made me understand

the present persecution, inside and outside the women's movement, of the traditional woman's role. That the great drive for women to prove themselves in male-identified jobs, roles and ideas comes partly from the positive forces of liberation but also from shame involved in doing woman's work. As if, were we to get caught at really being women, we would be destroyed both by the alienation of the modern day housewife and an internalized retroactive witch trial of self-doubt.

The play makes very lively and very clear distinctions between male and female. To see this distinction so refreshingly put renewed my taste for being a woman. The outlandish combination of religious and political powers replaced my arrogance with illusions of grandeur and gave the machinations of the women's movement a sense of destiny.

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Pass to Pasadena?

A Neighborhood Justice Center (NJC), designed to provide an alternative to the regular legal system, may soon be set up in Venice. Representatives of the L.A. County Bar Association were in Venice three weeks ago talking the idea up and asking local residents if they thought the project would serve a valuable purpose here.

The NJC process will be one of mediation and conciliation. Participation will be voluntary and neither party in a dispute will be bound to accept the decision of the mediators.

The project has some obvious points in its favor. All cases will be heard 10 days after submission to the mediation panel. The panel will meet in the community and so will be convenient for residents. Hearings will be simple and will not require lawyers or stumble over legal technicalities. Sessions will be conducted in Spanish for those who request it. Daytime hearings for night workers, weekend hearings for those unable to appear during the week will be normal procedure. There will be no charge to those trying their disputes before the mediation board. Mediators will be chosen from the community and trained by specially selected L.A. County Bar representatives.

In general the community response was favorable although many people complained that the NJC wouldn't help the community with two of its most pressing problems: exorbitant rent increases and taxes brought on by property speculation. Mr. Ken Jewitt, speaking for the Venice Chamber of Commerce, pledged to help the NJC acquire free or low cost space in Venice. The Red Top Cab Company offered to donate its services at low rates for persons using the mediation service.

The model project, one of three being established throughout the United States, is funded by a \$214,000 grant from the National Institute of Law Enforcement and will run for 18 months. So far the NJC coordinators have not been able to find the required office space in Venice and if it is not found soon the project may be switched to Pasadena.

People wishing further information or wanting to express their feelings on this proposal should contact Mr. Robert Carlson at the L.A. County Bar Association, 606 So. Olive St, Los Angeles.


HISTORICAL VENICE POLICE STATION BECOMES PUBLIC ART STATION FOR RESIDENT ARTISTS AND MURALISTS.

The old Venice Police Station, has been rechristened the "Public Art Station" by the newly installed resident artists and muralists who have scheduled a grand opening festival Sunday, Nov. 20, noon to 6 pm.

The participating artists and muralists, members of the Citywide Mural Project will join with musicians, poets, and theatrical performers for the opening celebration designed to acquaint the greater Los Angeles community with the artist groups and their respective works. The day-long festival to celebrate the new location and establish grass roots contact with the community is open to all. Poets, mimes, and "an international array of ethnic food concessions" will be available to locals (sic!) Paved over, ripped off, and artisted out?????

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VENICE ISN'T WEIRD, LOOK AT BUFFALO

Looking through some back issues of the Beachhead I had to stop and think about how weird Venice really is; and that's alot of weirdness. Venice has one trait though that only the people of Venice can appreciate; and that is--Venice is Free

Free, according to Webster's National Dictionary of the English Language is: (free) without restraint; at liberty; permitted; liberal; generous; open; free from guilt; independent; familiar; licentious; not arbitrary or despotic; spirited; not attached or fixed; uncombined; invested with franchise; etc....

At this time I would like to thank Mike Gabel, whoever he is, for the use of his Webster's Dictionary. I trashed it somewhere in one of Venice's treasure houses located in the dark alley where nobody goes, for obvious reasons.

I hope by now you've thought about the definition of free, and said to yourself, 'what thehell is this guy talking about?' I'm sorry but that's what it says in the book, and you know books don't bullshit ya. Maybe I lost some of the context between the book and my head, or my head and the paper. In that case we'll blame it on the Neutron Bomb that LAPD dropped on Venice out of their new helicopter (you can bet that costs you tax payers alot of money). Anyway, it's too bad they missed Venice and hit Hollyweird instead; we'd all be stars by now. That's a joke for you folks from Marina Del Rey; you're a joke too!

You should all re-read the meaning of Free. If you are restrained; or are not at liberty; or you aren't permitted; and you're not generous, open, or free from guilt---???---then you must be dependent (good for you), or familiar, attached, fixed, combined, and vested with the franchise. And if you're in the franchise you'd better watch it! There may be a strike. Then you'd have to get a job raking leaves or somethin' up in Beverly Hills. If you, and you, and yes even you too Mr. Capitalistic; if you have to go to Beverly Hills everyday to rake leaves you might get abit aggressive and punch some poor sucker in the nose.

We all live here and in a sense we are Free. But please remember that could change very abruptly, especially for those of us here in Venice. Let's enjoy the beach together and in peace. Keep the spirit of Venice alive! There's an invasion of people even weirder than those of us already here. But they're much more dangerous, they're gonna tear Venice down. Marina Del Venice sounds like a very strange place to live. I have to wonder if it's as weird as Buffalo.

Gray Tyler

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SANTA MONICA, CA. 90405

CHEAPSKATES.
ROLLERSKATES RENTALS & SALES

\$1.00 per hour
\$2.50 all day
Sunday Skating 75¢ per hr

1609 Ocean Front Walk Santa Monica 393-1388

1211 Ocean Front Walk VENICE 392-1206

We cater to the out door skater

Neighborhood

Ocean Park Community Center.....	399-9228
Information referral, crisis intervention, counseling, emergency food and clothing. 245 Hill St., Ocean Park.	
St. Joseph's Center.....	392-5101
Community alternative, bi-lingual education. 16 and over. Food stamps. Counseling. 9:30-4:30.	
Job Information Center.....	451-9811
Career Planning Center.....	273-6633
On the job training for low income or economically disadvantaged women 45 and over who live in West LA area. Call Eddy or Melanie.	
Welfare	
1. 11390 W. Olympic Blvd.....	478-5511
2. Welfare Rights.....	731-5095
3. NAPP.....	399-7737
Free Venice.....226 San Juan.....	396-6876
Pet Assistance.....	937-5204
Cat Care Shelter.....	
People's Transit.....	821-8322
Drivers, pilots, riders share the cost.	



Senior Services

Israel Levin Senior Adult.....	399-9584
Center. 201 Ocean Front Walk.	
Retired Senior Program.....	394-0251
Westminster Senior Citizen Centr.....	392-5566
Jewish Home for the Aged.....	881-4411
Senior Outreach Service.....	396-5964
Bay Cities Jewish Community Center provides medical escort to seniors residing in Westside region, Mon, Wed, Fri, from 10 AM to 3 PM. Two days prior notification is requested.	
Hot Meals for Seniors.....	399-2775
Mon-Fri 1:30-3:00. 65c. 1530 Ocean Front Walk, Venice Pavilion, in dining room down by Bocce Ball court. Sponsored by Protestant Community Services.	
Santa Monica Bay Area Health Screening for the Elderly.....	451-1727
1250 16th St., Santa Monica.	
City of Los Angeles.....	397-1977
Senior Services and Information	

EMERGENCY!

Police.....	392-9911
Fire.....	473-1155
Ambulance.....	473-1155
S.M. Med. Emergency Hospital.....	451-1511
Poison Center.....	451-1511
Highway Patrol (dial Operator).....	2E-12000
Suicide Prevention Center.....	381-5111
Rape Crisis Hotline.....	677-8116
FBI.....	272-6161
Los Angeles County Lifeguards.....	394-3261

health/therapy

Maple Center.....	274-5387
Individual, Family, and group Counseling. Drug counseling. 24 hour drug hot-line	
Neighborhood Youth Association.....	392-2873
Drug counseling, child, family counseling, juvenile diversion and referrals.	
Benjamin Rush Center.....	392-4150
Individual therapy, family and child counseling, span. language counseling.	
Crisis intervention hot line.....	390-8896
L.A. Free Clinic.....	653-1990
8405 Beverly Blvd. Psychological and legal counseling, dental work, job placement service, V.D. treatment.	
Venice Drug Coalition.....	399-9374
Narcotics Anonymous.....	372-9666
Alcoholism Service Center.....	396-5940
Gay Alcoholic's Anonymous.....	396-6551
Radical Therapy Change Collective....	393-3779
Radical therapy means change, not adjustment. The common enemy of all liberation struggles is the unwillingness to change. Info. on problem solving groups, contact raps, workshops and classes. Call Sharon Shapiro.	
Youth Clinic & Medical Help.....	821-3484
905 Venice Blvd., Venice. Pregnancy tests, infections, abortion counseling, birth control. By appoint., Mon thru Fri.	
Family Planning Center.....	392-4147
1501 Pacific (at Market)	
Tuum Est.....	392-3070
503 Ocean Front Walk, Venice. Non profit corp. for the rehabilitation of drug abusers.	
Synanon.....	399-9241
drug re-habilitation.	
L.A. Sex Info Hot Line.....	653-1123
Mon-Fri 6-9 PM	
Abortion Referral.....	936-6293
Venice Family Free Clinic.....	392-2488
Basic medical care, pediatrics, adult clinic. 322 Lincoln Blvd.	
Fat Underground.....	821-6557
Support for fat women not into dieting but political action. Alt. health info.	

PLAYGROUPS

Little Playgroup.....	392-5935
children ages 3-4. Mon-Fri, 9:30-1pm, 132 Park Ave., call Melinda.	
Venice Community Playgroup	823-5693
Meets at old Venice City Hall.	
Ocean Park Playgroup.....	392-6185
small enrollment, ages 1 1/2-2. Mon-Wed. 10-12; call Sheila.	

photo by Gerry Goldstein



Self-Help

Mens Gay Rap Group.....	-----
Each Wed., 7:30 PM at the Unitarian Society, 3744 So. Barrington (near Venice Blvd.) in Mar Vista.	
Women's Center.....	826-0818
Women's Building.....	225-1724
Options for Battered Women.....	399-9200
Westside Women's Health Care.....	450-2191
1711 Ocean Park Blvd.	
Women's Substance Abuse.....	399-3295
Resource Center.	

LEGAL

Venice Legal Aid.....	392-4177
Centro Legal de Santa Monica.....	392-4188
235 Hill St., S.M. Free legal and paralegal services to any low income family or individual. UCLA Chicano Law students group.	
Free Legal Counseling for Women.....	450-2191
Each Tues evening, 7:30-9:30 at Westside Women's Clinic. Conducted by feminist attorney Marge Buckley.	

CO-OPS

Venice-Ocean Park Co-Op	396-2132
393-5194	
Penmar Co-Op.....	399-2072
1st Mon of each month, 7:30, S.M. Alternative school, 1447 Euclid, S.M.	
Co-Opportunity.....	395-5692
1530 Bdway, Santa Monica	
CO-OP West.....	477-9949
11556 Santa Monica Blvd. W.L.A.	

CULTURAL

Beyond Baroque Center.....	392-5763
Poetry and creative writing workshops, printing, exhibits, small journals belle lettre library. 1639 W. Wash. Blvd, Venice.	
Santa Monica Library - free films Thursdays	
at 4 PM and 7:30 PM. Call for titles. 451-5751, 1343 Sixth St.	
Barbershop Quartets Performance, Sat. Nov. 19th, S.M. High School Aud (Barnum Hall), 8:15, \$4.00	

CITY SERVICES

Street Cleaning.....	392-9931
Large Parcel Trash Pick-Up.....	272-6376
call 1 day in advance. ext. 392	
Lot Cleaning.....	485-3465
fire hazard, health or building and safety hazard. Owner gets billed for clearance.	
Emergency Clearance of Streets.....	485-3702
Street Lights.....	485-5922
Beach Weather Report.....	451-8761
Air Pollution Count.....	629-4711
Calif. Coastal Commission.....	590-5071
Councilwoman Pat Russell.....	822-2582
Bureau of Consumer Affairs....	974-7861