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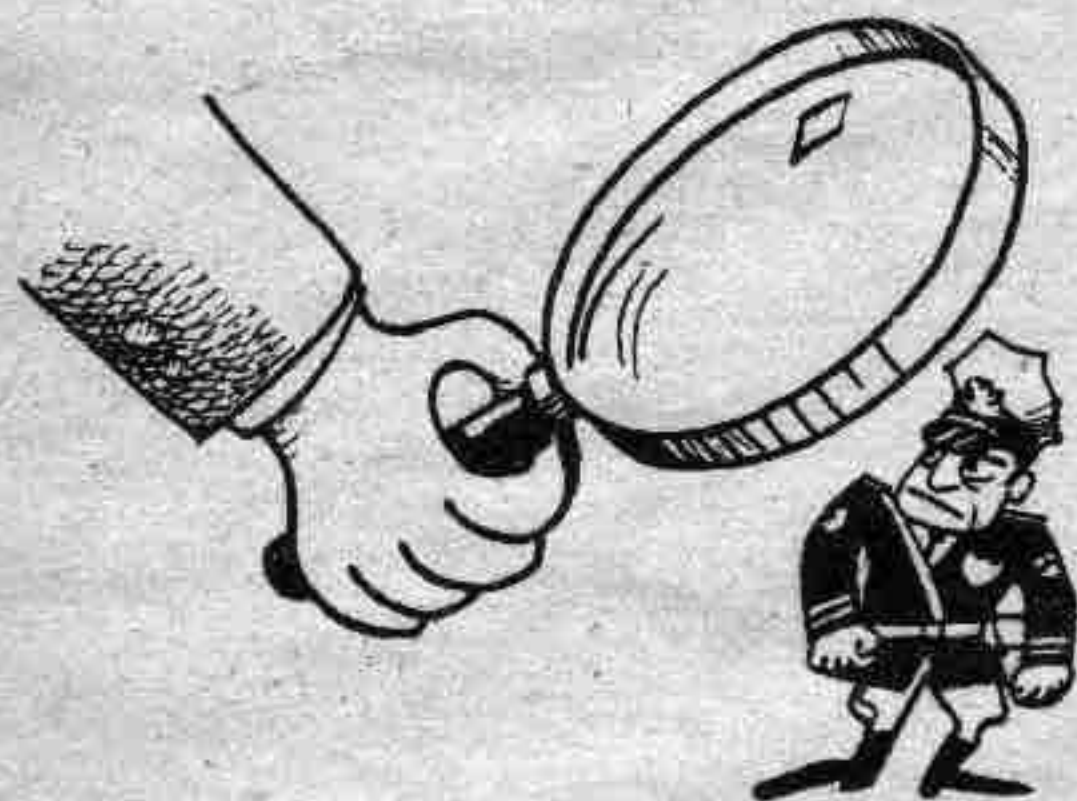
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FREE VENICE SINCE 1968 BEACHHEAD

NOVEMBER, 1979 ISSUE # 119 P.O. BOX 504, VENICE, CALIFORNIA 90291 823-5092

protecting ourselves:

WILL PEOPLE REVIEW POLICE



By Jeff Cohen

October was an exciting month on the police front. The Police Commission issued its long-awaited report on the Eulia Love killing. The Commission and the Chief bickered. Chief Gates issued his almost bi-monthly threat to resign. Assemblywoman Maxine Waters and civil rights leaders demanded that Gates resign. And then all the excitement subsided when the Commission and the Chief kissed and made-up following part 2 of the Commission's report (edited by Gates) which basically left the LAPD investigating its own abuses.

End result: no resignation and no real change.

But for those concerned about increasing police abuse, the most significant event of the month was the surfacing of a major coalition--The CAMPAIGN FOR A CITIZENS' POLICE REVIEW BOARD. It hopes to establish an independent civilian review board by amending the city charter through an initiative on the Nov. 1980 ballot.

The Campaign has already been endorsed by 50 organizations, including the ACLU, S.C.L.C.-West, N.A.A.C.P., Venice Town Council, Coalition for Economic Survival, National Lawyers Guild, New American Movement, Feminist Women's Health Center, and the Citizen's Commission on Police Repression.

To qualify for the November 1980 ballot, the Campaign must collect 116,000 valid signatures of registered L.A. city voters (150,000 should be gathered as a cushion). Signature collection will be concentrated within a six-month campaign from January to June 1980--which means 850 signatures per day. This is a monumental task--a city initiative has not qualified in decades--and will require that resources such as Venice Beach be thoroughly saturated with petitioners. Campaign activist/volunteers are desperately needed for signature gathering as well as other tasks, especially fundraising. The Campaign believes it needs 5 to 10 full-time, paid staff to have a chance of winning.

In order to sign or circulate a petition, you must be a registered voter. The Campaign's advice, especially in minority communities, is "Register to vote as if your life depended on it!"

If passed by the voters, L.A.'s review board would be the strongest in the country. It would have 15 members, elected by council district. It would have full staff and subpoena power as well as the ability to discipline or remove an offending officer. Of course,

the officer has full due process rights: the right to defend him/herself at a hearing and appeal.

The review board will investigate complaints of police abuse in nine categories, including excessive force, abuse of an individual's civil rights, verbal abuse such as racial or ethnic slurs, and illegal spying. (The LAPD's Board of Rights would retain the authority to investigate and discipline officers for infractions of internal policy--absenteeism, drinking, insubordination.)

So that the review board does not evolve into another distant, out-of-touch bureaucracy, the legislation mandates regular community assemblies which bring each review board member to his/her district to meet with and hear the concerns of the constituents. Also, complaints of police abuse would not have to be taken downtown; they could be filed at any of the 15 city council district offices.

Month In Review

The Police Commission's report on Mrs. Love's killing proved that both the LAPD and the D.A. (which has not prosecuted one officer in any of the 110 killings by police since 1975) failed to find, or covered-up, the facts in the case. The two officers approached Mrs. Love with guns drawn, which they emptied into her body, firing the last of the 12 shots while she was on the ground.

Eulia Love was dead within 2 or 3 minutes of the officers arrival on the scene, although the LAPD "investigation" claimed that the officers spend a "minimum of seven minutes" trying to coax her to drop a boning knife which she hurled. Though the Commission found that "the actions taken violated the policies of the department," it offered the feeble excuse that it was too late to discipline the officers.

Far from taking the steam out of the Campaign for a Citizens' Police Review Board, the Commission report provided yet further proof that L.A. needs an independent review board. The Commission took 9 months to bring out the facts in the Love case; a review board could have done the job in 9 weeks or less. The review board, which would have original jurisdiction in officer-involved killings or other conflict with the public, would never have the excuse that it was too late to discipline officers.

It's worth remembering that the Police Commission undertook its investigation only after clamorous protests from the community, and that it has failed to seriously investigate a score of other questionable police killings.

Chief Gates' response to the report was to attack the "liberal Commission," as he had attacked--via videotape--the "liberal media" and other conspirators out to destroy the LAPD as they had the FBI & CIA. In behavior that recalled Nixon's last days, Gates authorized that officers be paid overtime if necessary to insure that every troop saw this videotaped political diatribe. So much for keeping the force "apolitical."

Continued on page 7

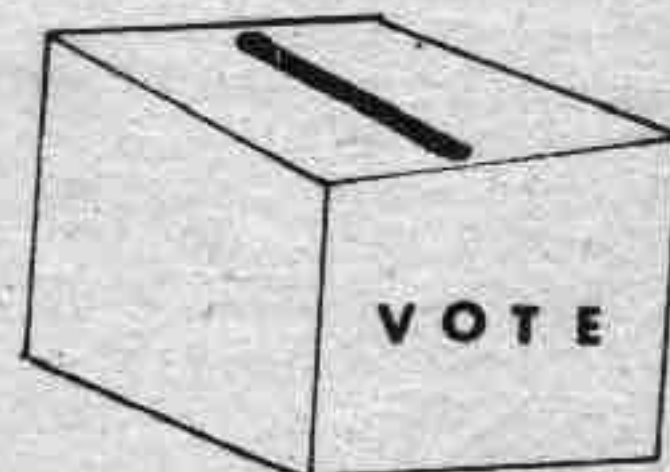
CHERYL RHODEN for CITY COUNCIL

by Moe Stavnezer

CHERYL RHODEN FOR CITY COUNCIL. This campaign has, for many of us, been a real labor of love. Imagine one of your best friends and political allies running for some office. Well that's how this campaign feels. And by the time this month's Beachhead comes out, there will be less than a week until the Nov. 6th election. As usual, your help is needed for the final push.

Cheryl is running as the candidate of Santa Monica's Renters Rights, the organization that successfully passed the Rent Control Law, elected 2 City Council members and the 5 member Rent Control Board. All within the space of 6 months. Now, the combination of the landlord sponsored anti rent control Prop. Q and the resignation of one City Council member, has forced yet another electoral campaign on election weary Santa Monica. But this election is a must win for the City's renters. Prop. Q is the landlord's "dirty trick" that will destroy rent control in Santa Monica. It must be defeated. Cheryl is running against people who, for the most part, represent the old guard business and/or ultra conservatives in the City. This election provides an opportunity to elect the third progressive council person in a year and set the traditional powers on their collective ears.

The final four days of the election will see a big push to reach large numbers of voters in Santa Monica. Help is needed for leafletting, phone calling etc. Contributions are always welcomed and needed. Help elect a friend. Help elect Cheryl Rhoden to the Santa Monica City Council by volunteering. Please call 392-8305..



Letters

Dear Beachhead Collective:

Since the Ocean Front Weekly printed half my letter regarding Wade Cornell's sculpture, I must turn to the only paper in town who will print an entire letter intact (especially if it is type-set!)

To Tom Victory and Ms. Pamela E. Cook:

What "bothers me especially" is the condescending and, yes, "elitist-minded" attitude displayed by both of your writings in regard to the Wade Cornell sculpture located in the traffic circle.

Venice was an art community long before it became "the spot" for speculative/hip/chic/gold chain entrepreneurs. Their (and your) desire to exploit this reputation at the expense of the Venice artists and residents is "especially offensive" to me.

One of Webster's many definitions of "freedom" is "Exemption from external control, interference, regulation." This statue, to me, is a symbol of that freedom. Ms. Cook, we do not need or want a "Consultant to Museums and Art Galleries" to decide what is art in Venice. Art, at best, is a subjective determination in one's own mind. If it is "trite" or "mediocre" to you and "garish" to Tom Victory, that is fine with me. But because you do not view the sculpture as an acceptable piece of art to visitors who are "professionals in the art field" does not in any way undermine its validity as a statement of freedom or a work of art.

I sat for two hours watching and taking pictures of its placement. Many, many people walked by and the commentary was quite favorable. In addition to sparking imaginations ("It could be an anchor for the Queen Mary"), people were impressed by the fact that it was donated, transported and set up by the artist for the Venice Community.

The "caliber of painting and sculpture being done here" is not found in the art galleries that have sprung up in the last couple of years. It is found in the homes and studios of Venetians struggling to work and live here. Mr. Victory, we were not consulted before Doug Christmas and others like him invaded Venice with their art galleries which display art unaffordable to the majority of the community. These galleries are far more offensive in that they threaten the ability of Venetian residents and artists to continue to live here by catering to the tastes and pocketbooks of a far more affluent socio-economic group.

I say three cheers for Wade Cornell, his sculpture and the Spirit of Freedom in Venice.

Thank for printing this if you have room.

Susan Baker



Venice Town Council

City of



Venice

This month the VENICE TOWN COUNCIL will hold a POT LUCK DINNER at:

The Front Porch
1319 W. Washington Blvd.
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25 * 4-7 P.M.
An oven is available for warming.
A short meeting will precede the meal.

NO REGULAR NOVEMBER MEETING

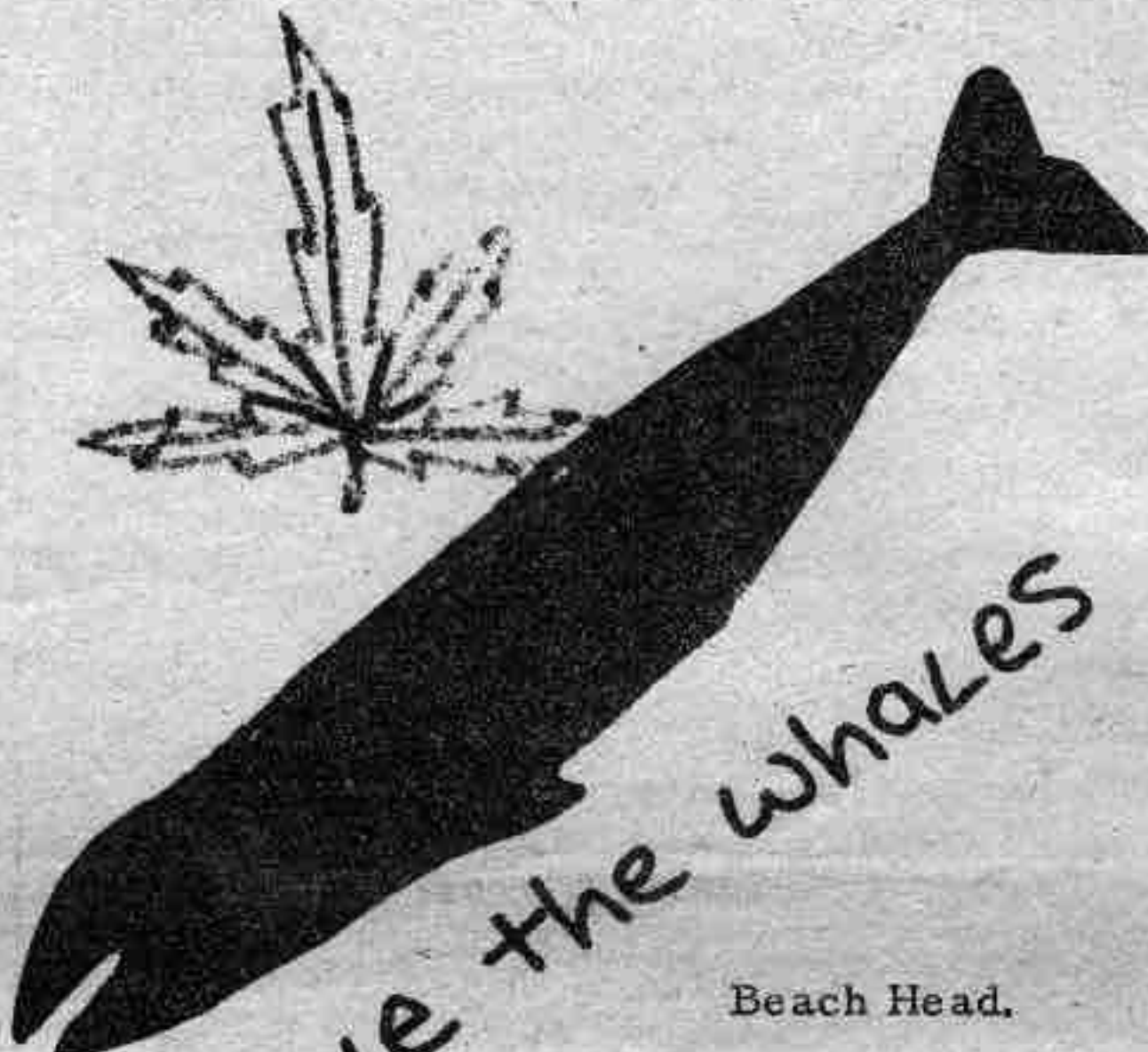
EVERYONE FROM THE COMMUNITY IS ALWAYS WELCOME

Coordinating Committee: 4th Wednesday of every month - Venice City Hall - 7:30.

FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

BEACHHEAD COLLECTIVE: Emily Winters, Chuck Bloomquist, Brenda Harney, Olga Palo, Gerry Goldstein, Wendy Reeves, Joan Friedberg, Arnold Springer, Linda Burdick, and Lynn Bronstein. Thanks to Linda Parmet

THE FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published monthly by the Beachhead Collective as a community information service. It is distributed free but if you wish to be placed on the mailing list for a year, please make a contribution of \$5.00 or more. The volunteer staff reserves the right to make decisions collectively on material published and is independent of all political and community organizations. The printing is financed by ad donations. The Beachhead encourages anyone to submit news stories, articles, letters, photos, poetry, art work, 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.



Beach Head.

Here is a whale I d [drew]. Can you put it in the BeachHead paper for me please? the words that says Save the Whales go's in the medie and the word Please go's on the boddom. I am 11 years old.

From
Cammie
Groode

there is a leaf and d [drawing] of a f [flower] maybe you can put it to?
By.....

Dear Beachhead:

Re: Ruby's interview by Wendy Reeves and Goldie Glitters' followup letter, a lot of your readers, including me, apparently don't agree with Ruby's choice of Goldie as Miss Venice. Although I recognize Goldie's attributes, my choice, of course, would have to be the regal and elegant 'Kelly'; with a classic beauty, reminiscent of the Grecian goddesses, he could trounce Goldie for the crown without even so much as applying a false eyelash--and there are, being Venice, varying other opinions and we're all fighting now about who really should be the Queen of Venice. We feel that the only way to solve this dilemma between your readers is to put it to the vote of the people, and I'm putting dubs on 'Kelly' right now, as his sponsor, before someone else grabs him up. I suggest that anyone interested in sponsoring a potential Miss Venice call me at 395-8092 and submit your and your queen's names, addresses, and phone numbers before Nov. 19th so that a list of candidates can be printed in the December Beachhead, and we'll go from there, establishing voting procedures, polling and coronation places, dates, parade arrangements, etc. The only regulations are that your candidate must be a real queen residing in Venice.

See you at the polls,
Ruth Clark

MARRIAGES PERFORMED

Reverend Robert Alexander
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Venice
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Beachhead Paper

This is a rebuttal -

Oct 9th 1979

To the signers of a petition, requesting a Tunnel under the channel waters for continuation of all the pathways down the beach areas and into Redondo Beach.

I wonder if these signers have the faintest idea of the cost for such a project - or if they even care -

The last issue #118 of "The Beachhead" had several articles about people right here in Venice going hungry and being forced to sleep on the beach because they could not afford to pay rent.

Yet these "selfish, pleasure seekers" would like to see millions of dollars spent on a tunnel under the Marina Channel just so they could wizz down the beach, on some type of wheels!!

There has already been far too much tax money spent just for the pleasure of selfish people, who have no better way to spend their lives, than to skate or bike for hours. They will scream about trash on the beach or sand on the paths or dog droppings on the lawns - But they would never stop their childish pastime to help keep the beach clean!

There are hundreds of important things that this district needs done, that should have been taken care of years ago.

We started about 30 years ago trying to get the City to revitalize the Venice Canals.

It took over 20 years to get the City dumps closed up, and build our lovely Marina on that sight.

That dust-heap known as "The Center Strip of Venice Blvd" strewn with trash and weeds - an eye sore if there ever was one, was supposed to be paved over 15 years ago - But the City claimed they had no funds for the work.

But since then millions has been spent on bike and skate paths.

But this is not enough for some people. Give them 10 miles of paths and they demand more, and tack on a request for an under-water tunnel!!

They remind me of a spoil child who demands a 10 speed bike for Christmas - when his parents are having a tough time trying to pay the rent and keep food on the table!

We need more Police and Firemen. We need more lights on some of our dark and dangerous streets.

We need more clean-up crews on our streets, alleys and the beach. We need more low-cost housing.

I could go on and on. But let me conclude by saying - We sure as hell don't need more pleasure paths and "an under-the-Channel tunnel," until we get these more important needs completed - "Marvin Browde" are you listening or, are you too busy riding your bicycle?? That is what he spends our tax dollars on ---

G. R. Wells
Venice, Calif.

P.S. Councilman Marvin Browdie had no trouble at all getting a stop light installed on Washington Street at Oxford Avenue - So the bicycle riders could push a button and stop traffic to cross the street to the south side and the Marina -- Yet the very busy and dangerous intersection of Venice Blvd-Venice Way-Mildred Ave and Ocean Ave - all converging together - has never had a traffic light, regardless of all the heavy traffic there and all the bad accidents at that location - Why? - Are bicycle riders more important than automobiles? A woman was killed at that intersection - But still no traffic light has been installed.

What's wrong with our Councilwoman? Why can't she get traffic lights - badly needed, in her councilmatic district. Browde certainly gets anything he wants.

Dear Venice Beachhead:

Thanks for helping me out and printing my letter. Another dynamite issue. Two pieces made this issue particularly heavy and real: the reprint of Eva Windmoller's article in Stern and "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out" with the accompanying Ode to Dirty Sally by Ruth Clark.

This is "truth" and takes courage and understanding to print. And Jytte Springer's translation was well worth it - because we're talking about real subjective slice of life ("new journalism") which is serious writing to me - from the guts. How about a regular feature "How Others See us"? Thanks again, you're O.K.

Phil Nurenberg

STAFF NOTE: We are always interested in "How Others See Us" & would appreciate receiving articles on Venice, especially those which appear in publications not locally available.

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LOS ANGELES AND LOVE

by The Oakwood Tattler

The arrogance and brutality of the Los Angeles Police in dealing with black residents has always been common knowledge in our communities. Such heavy-handedness is typical of police departments in most of the big cities around the country where there are sizable black populations and is a logical result of racism tied to capitalist economics, the guiding light of police (and armies) since the founding of the United States.

That Los Angeles, along with Houston, Detroit and a few other cities has always been quite shameless about the tactics of its police has also been known for years. Why now is it making headlines? Was the senseless murder of Eula Love extraordinary, or has there been a change in the general public's indifference to the situation? Frankly, I don't know. That is, Love was shot and killed by police who were called to her home to protect a gas-bill collector who could have driven away in his vehicle if he had been in any real danger, is not unusual: police have discretionary power to respond - or not - to any "unusual situations", which for blacks can mean simply walking down the wrong street. That she was brandishing a knife in response to her own peace being threatened by the overzealous bill-collector is unfortunate but, again, probably not unusual given the presumed pressures of her life. That she posed any real danger to the police officers who responded to the call is doubtful. That for her "arrogance" she was gunned down right on the front lawn of her home by officers who had been instructed not to draw their guns unless they intended to shoot to kill is outrageous to any civilized sensibility.

Well, a number of reasons for the newly awakened public interest in these dark, absurd matters have been advanced. A national police force is forming, I am told, and Chief Gates is one of the ring leaders. Liberals around the country are opposing this organization. In this view, the Eula Love "incident" provides some ammunition against Gates. A move for a Citizen's Review Board of police practices in Los Angeles is also afoot and, reportedly, has gained support in a number of communities outside the ghettos. This would indicate that there have been recent excesses by police that have effected more of the public than just blacks and chicanos.

What the real story is, as I say, I don't know. I do know that community control of the police is, like school integration, an idealistic and largely ineffectual cure for the diseases of racism and exploitation that infect our society. Yet, if the police lived in the communities they patrol, knew the people and, in turn, were known by those people, some more responsible behaviour would probably be forthcoming. But who knows? Perhaps it would just localize the gangster power that is necessary for the kind of economic and social system under which we live and only make matters worse. Maybe we'd have local gangsters in uniform perpetrating personal vendettas against citizens instead of what we have now: impersonal - no, depersonal - vendettas perpetrated by cops who rarely think of blacks as people at all much less as worthy of their respect and protection.

We in Oakwood have seen examples of both central police and local gangster tactics. Probably, if a Police Review Board is formed we will support it, just as most of us probably support school integration. In any case, right now is the only time in recent memory that others outside the ghettos of Los Angeles have even noticed what "our" police do here and that remains the one thing about the Eula Love tragedy that is unusual. @

SOME THOUGHTS ON LOVE

EULIA LOVE

Year after year
tears flow into blood
as memories collect the pain
of senseless dying
compounded by the endless time
of waiting,
waiting for white men to change.

Still,
official killings
by uniformed men continue:
legal instruments of a nation's shame.

Shame acted out in American cities
from coast to coast,
top to bottom,
end to end
(always in our name).

Finally, after years of whitewashed games
reports are in;
commissions can no longer pretend
as Love seeks justice
and our Civil War demands an end.
:::

"....substantial changes...."

You know what the Chief said,

"I think it was clearly self-defense. It fits within our shooting policy."

But the Commission said there were,

"Several errors. Substantial changes are required...."

When asked, the district attorney's office said,

"Until we evaluate it, we won't be able to comment."

The police claim the officers,

"feared for the safety of her children."

Yet, the Commission said,

"There were no facts. While not fallacious, was an afterthought added to justify actions."

The Chief thought,

"It was unfortunate that the Commission didn't place any responsibility on Mrs. Love."

But Ms. Love is dead, and

"Just because the gas company wanted to collect an overdue bill."

(Civil War began April 1861; formal Emancipation Proclamation issued January 1863; Lee capitulated Appomattox April 1865; Fourteenth Amendment ratified July 1868.....)

What's overdue?

rick davidson
october 1979 - free venice, california

when

3

when do we judge
a war?
when do we lay
claim
or place a just
blame for the useless
hate and for the dead that are gone?

when?

Rick Davidson

To Protect and Serve (The Gas Co.)

BY RICK DAVIDSON

The recent findings of the L.A. Police Commission concerning the shooting of Ms. Eula Love have sparked a great deal of press interest in police killings in Los Angeles. Many citizens have worked for years to stop police harassment and especially unnecessary killings by the LAPD. The most recent group is the Campaign for a Citizens' Police Review Board, a coalition of Los Angeles organizations.

Jeff Cohen, one of the co-chairs of the Campaign, spoke at the October meeting of the Venice Town Council. Jeff outlined the history of the coalition which has come together in response to the large number of cases of police abuse which too often end in the death of many members of Los Angeles' minority communities. He touched briefly on the most recent examples of the past few years.

- 1976: BARRY EVANS - community activist, shot in the back.
- ANTHONY BROWN: mental patient, shot on the steps of his house and allowed to bleed to death in the yard.
- 1977: RON BURKHOLDER: shot to death in the nude while standing with arms raised.
- TRAVIS MCCOY: shot while lying face down in the alley.
- 1978: REYES MARTINEZ: beaten to death by police while in custody.
- DAVID ATKINS: choked to death in front of his family.
- 1979: EULA LOVE: shot 8 times in rapid fire in front of her children.
- CARLOS WASHINGTON: 15 year old, shot while climbing over a fence.
- BOB TRIVIS & RAY GALANTE: two gay men shot to death in Hollywood.

Jeff also discussed why the Police Commission is not the answer, despite its recent report. It is little more than a rubber stamp having no staff or budget to do investigations on its own. It was pointed out that police review boards in other cities, such as New York, Washington D.C., and Portland, are also ineffectual since they too are controlled by police personnel. Therefore, the coalition is calling for a democratically elected board of civilians; one elected from each councilmanic district at the regular elections.

The Venice Town Council unanimously voted to support the Campaign and went on to "pledge itself to help the coalition obtain the necessary signatures and to help in other ways to raise peoples consciousness concerning police abuse."

Those interested and willing to help should contact the Venice Town Council at 399-3591 or 396-6876; or the Campaign for a Citizen's Police Review Board at 231-7652 or 295-8582. @

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taking the christos out of christmas



by Carol Fondiller

Christos, as some of you may recall, is an artist who installed an art piece called "Running Fence", consisting of nylon material stretching 24 miles across parts of Marin and Sonoma Counties to the Coast into the ocean where the piece was secured with poles and cable and sunk 27 miles into the ocean floor. This was upsetting to some environmentalists who saw a dangerous precedent in allowing steel poles driven into the ocean. Though he got consent of the property owners, Christos did not get a permit from the Coastal Commission. The piece was temporary. The Coastal Commission turned the matter over to the Attorney General's office, who took Christos to court. The judge fined Christos \$500 a day for each day the installation was up illegally. (The Coastal Commission finally gave Christos a permit-with conditions).

That's beauracracy, trampling delicate art with its nit picking niggling regulations. Christos is an ARTIST. ART is too fragile too free to be chained down by mere laws.

Now, What's all the fuss about Doug Christmas and Charmer's Tea House? Isn't Christmas, owner of Ace Gallery, bringing Art to Venice? The whole art scene is coming to Venice. On roller skates. So what if Christmas took part of the public walkway and fenced it in? It's good for business and if it's good for business it's good for Venice. But as a tenant said speaking against condo-conversions before the LA County Board of Supervisors, "You keep shoving free enterprise at us. There's no such thing as free enterprise. There are laws to control these rapacious bastards from ripping people off." Well the president of the U.S.A. isn't above the law. Neither is Christos and neither is Christmas, who after all is not an artist, but an art vendor--an artrepeneur if you will--and Christmas' latest venture is not another gallery but a restaurant. Or a tea house. Or a take out place. Or whatever term will get a permit, so Christmas can do whatever he wants, and damn the law and the public.

I've met Doug Christmas, and I like him. He is, if you'll pardon me, a charmer.

I also like Rauchenberg. So, I crossed the picket line that the Venice Town Council

put up around the opening of Christmas's newest Art Mart on 168 Windward, nee the Bank of America, now the newest link in Christmas's chain of art stores from Canada to Paris to Venice.

How well I remember that night. A line as long as any I've seen in Westwood when the "Exorcist" was in it's first year of play, stretched and wound around Windward and Pacific.

T.V. cameras, reporters, flurried around the picketers and the picketees. The media as usual, didn't clarify the issues, and all that one could gather was that if you were a picketer you were against truth and beauty and all that was good and true.

All Christmas had done was buy an old bank building.

Instead of a place where things were bought and sold with paper as a medium of exchange in place of gold and silver, it would be a place where art would be used as a medium of exchange in place of the paper that the bank used in place of gold and silver. No change of use there, I thought. After taking that quantum leap in logic, I decided I certainly didn't want to go to the rear of the line and huddle with the masses, especially since there was another shorter line for important people, friends and press. Once, just once, I wanted to be an elitist. I wanted to be on the other side of the velvet rope. I pushed myself in front of a New West reporter. One of the security guards gave me the fish eye. He'd intercepted my previously unsuccessful efforts to get in. It was a moment of truth. I looked at the blochy blond mustachioed guard and his eyes said no. The moment of truth. A salmon caught in aspic. A bull about to be thrown. A nightmare come to life. You know the nightmare. You're accepting an award for being just your terrific usual warm sexy self and the crowd (yes, suddenly a crowd) starts yelling "fraud! fraud! Big fat fraud! She's naked!" And sure enough you are except for the big red zits on your thighs, or you're in the middle of a glorious pas de deux with Rudolph Nureyev or Gene Kelly, and the nastiness of HOW IT REALLY IS intrudes on your soft and downy consciousness as Nureyev/Kelly waltzes with you while the crowd starts singing "She can't dance, so drop her!" And Rudy/Gene does and goes waltzing off with your worst enemy

who has managed to make Farrah Fawcett look like Ron Howard.

I know the old psychological saw, that once you've experienced the nightmare the reality ain't half bad. Being caught with my act down in front of a crowd of people who act as if they are legitimate inheritors of the earth, that indeed one should look upon it as a privilege to be evicted so they can build a quaint little boutique, because that's progress, and their glances tell me I'll never make the scene because I'm too short too dark and too vulgar, is worse than any cold sweat jolt awake nightmare one has in the solitary confines of one's unconscious.

Well, there I was on Windward Avenue brazening through a picket line made up of personal enemies dear friends--all political allies. The final scenes from movies and books where the protagonists are exposed for cunning low life wimps that connived and bullied their way to the top, selling their souls and taking what they want most. You know "What Makes Sammy Run, Sweet Smell of Success Dante's Inferno" rolled across my mind. What meaneth snuffing it up with the In CROWD if you sell out your cause and loatheth your face? In public?

As the guard was smiling his sorry-I-have-to-do-this smile, Christmas appeared. Christmas and I exchanged glances. He gave me a shove and I was in Versailles. I was IN! No slinking back to that small scruffy picket line, tail between my legs, no self criticism. I beat the rap. I hobbled and I nobbed through the new Ace Gallery. It looked like an art gallery. White blank walls, grey enameled cement floor--and not one place to sit. The Basic to be seen Art Sceners were there earnest aggressively-un-made up women in Guatemalan shirts. Men with the insouciant look of pleated pants and Fiorrucci buttons on the lapels of their new 1930's doublebreasted jackets. There was the avant nylon spandex ragged T-shirt cheap look, along with the left over 60's urban Guerilla Kakhi effect and also courtesy of the '60s, the rural Gothic American granny dress, roach clip in the bib overall set, and of course the hip-unisex look all tight fitting jeans and quiet soft sweaters that just screamed \$200, and the quiet dark suited men with unlit panatellas in their expressive thick ringed hands and the women with their beige sweater and skirt ensemble, with their beige hair pulled back tightly from their delicate temples, giving off the soft scent of Halston.

The Rauchenbergs? Why! Who looked at the art? This was an OPENING, after all! Riding high on my euphoric horse, I even crashed the party afterwards. I was rubbing elbows with the most insular of the jet-set mating with the art scene circles. I was there with THE Bull. Los Angeles artists, in Chuck Arnoldi's Venice Artist Studio pad, just east of the Pacific Ocean. I also met some of my neighbors "Oh! What are you doing here!" Like that. Disco music blared. I shook my booties.

I had, dear friends in struggle, a marvellous time. I circled the room as I used to do in Art Scenes in Greenwich Village and the West '60's and SOHO. Yup, the blue work shirted artists, the silk scarfed Borsalino hatted artist makers, tight assed Art Vamps in black eye purple, the art gallery owning wives, or exwives in soft raw-light colored silk and challis, were connecting. It was definitely a part to be seen at. La Vie Boheme mingled with Le Decedance vieux, avec Le Decedance jeunesse et Le Decedance aspiree a la moi. I was in the middle of the White Wall Perrier set. (At this point in time, Perrier has been discarded in favor of Poland

(continued next page)

USBERING IN THE 80'S

The Spirit of Venice

The BEACHHEAD invites you to contribute to a special edition which will focus on

The Spirit of Venice

Venice means different things to different people. And ITS spirit is in constant change.

As we enter a new decade, help us record where we are now and what means.

The Spirit of Venice

You may submit poetry, photos, graphics, and articles of about 1,000 words.

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Water). I was feeling the effect of the Inglenook Rhine-no fritos no paté no black caviar cunningly displayed a la Mondrian on sour cream on thin black pumpernickel just moderately priced intellectual bougie liberal white wine guaranteed to offend no one's palate imbibed with heady drafts of insularity and snobbery.

I slithered up to Christmas, who as I remember was wearing a scarf that matched his eyes. I was in love. And I knew that he loved me when he didn't even flinch when I stumbled and clutched his shoulder. "Doub," I slurred, "Hey lissen Doug, most of the time I agree with the Town Council, but this time I disagree with them." He took my hand and held it and looked deep into my eyes - "I agree with them too," he said.

I shook some more of my booties and staggered home. The next day I had no regrets and no hangover.

Then I read the next two issues of the Free Venice Beachhead. I read of Christmas' doings in Vancouver where it was implied that he exploited his employees, mostly in his restaurant operations in Canada.

In the next issue, I read of Christmas's plans of what he was going to do with yet another newly acquired property, 1415 Ocean Front Walk. Doug Christmas Padrone of the Arts now had two little buildings on Market Street, The Bank of America Building on Windward and Pacific, and the Bank of America Building on Main Street in Ocean Park.

1415 Ocean Front Walk is not another empty building that has been zoned commercial. 1415 O.F.W. is an apartment house that is zoned residential. It's tenants had lived in the building for a long time. Most of the tenants are elderly and on fixed income. The rents are very low.

The Beachhead article went on to state how Christmas, in a meeting with the tenants, stated that when he bought the building, he didn't realize the building would be so expensive and the rents so cheap, so he was going to convert the downstairs area to a teahouse. If the teahouse made sufficient profit, he wouldn't raise the rent.

The mixed use of a building is certainly not new. It's been done in France and in other European cities for centuries. Using a commercial enterprise to subsidize low rents is certainly commendable, and was proposed in the Jaffren project on the O.F.W. and Navy. But the implications of don't complain about noise or smells, because if there are too many restrictions on this enterprise, the rents will be raised and you'll have to move was sickening. I got a headache. My cats were driving me crazy with their noisy raucous purring.

A few weeks later I saw cement being poured on the Ocean Front Walk in front of 1415. The rope that stretched across the cement slab that encroached on the Ocean Front Walk was liberated. Someone made a hangman's noose. An effigy was made to fit it. We danced around it, and chanted 'haughty naughty Dougie Christmas.' A card saying "by his own rope shall he be hung" was pinned on the effigy. It followed me home and I sat it in a chair and lectured it severely. Before the cement was dry, people called the Zoning Board and the violations person on the Coastal Commission. After several nagging phone calls a stop work order was personally given to Doug Christmas, the same way a stop work order was issued to him before he opened the Windward-Pacific Ace Gallery ART MART. That picket line was beginning to make sense.

The stop work order on the Tea House meant that work must be stopped. I walked by the next day, and the white picket fence that surrounded the cement rise that encroached on the public walkway was being painted green. A wire cage was being installed in the front of the building. More calls were put into the various bureaucracies.

People went to the Regional Coastal Commission and spoke about the many violations and illegal encroachments on the O.I.W. The Attorney General shrugged his shoulders

and said that there were so many violations on the California Coast and his staff was so small that they had to pick their priorities. Their priorities seemed to lie north of Monterey.

I was hiding out getting ready for the Festival of the Chariots Sunday, July 25, when I got a call from Sue Baker. "I've been trying to get you! Christmas opened his Tea House, but the Town Council picketed it and forced them to close!"

I shimmered and whined, seeing my chance to vindicate myself gurgling down the drain.

"Oh Don't feel bad Carol! We're gonna do it again tomorrow."

"Tomorrow's the Festival of the Chariots! You guys are going to picket with all the elephants and carts and Hare Krishnas with cops and roller skates?"

"Yes."

"O.K. I'll bring the effigy." The way I figure it if you make a mistake and you gotta do penance, do it big, make sure you're seen and have fun.

I dressed myself in Hip Witch drag and picketed. I was picturesque to say the least. And everyone who took my picture had to listen to a rap about the Tea House. Someone took my picture and refused to listen. The reason she didn't want to listen was that she was an artist. I was hot and tired. And oh, how I wanted to be inside that green picket fence sipping perrier and licking a burnt almond ice cream cone. Instead, the effigy was hung and stolen by one of Christmas's young employees.

This time the Tea House was shut down by the City and the Attorney General's office until Christmas applied for and got his various permits; health, encroachment on public right of way, change of use, health, etc. etc. The tenants claimed they had an airtight contact with Christmas not to raise the rents. "The Venice Town Council is carrying on a vendetta with Christmas," said a tenant and former candidate for City Council.

A Hearing before the Hearing Officer of the Zoning Board in West L.A. was held. The Coastal Committee of the Town Council had seen the documents and petitions signed by people who wanted the tea house opened. The "contract" to hold the rents down was so full of ifs, maybes and contingent upons that it looks like a lace table cloth. Letters from the tenants stated that the Town Council didn't represent them. They wanted the Tea House.

Donna Van Remartel, E. Jane Erikson, Beth, Doug Christmas's associates brought along 10 tenants from the building; they had signs.

Donna Van Remartel crisp and cool in a white linen like knee length jacket, softly draped dress spoke to Hearing officer Cadwallader. Cadwallader was concerned about the cage in front of the building.

"You're seeing it without the skin," replied Remartel. "It will be covered with plants" "What about loading docks" Oh, there's parking in the back. But that's not for loading, that's for parking." "Well, the trucks can go along Ocean Front Walk. Every other delivery truck does."

Curtis Rossiter from Councilwoman Russell's office was there. Moe Stavnezer from the Coastal Committee of the Venice Town Council spoke in support of the project with the condition that parking be used, and that a contract with 30 years low income housing be part of the deal--with rents not to exceed the increases in Social Security payments. A Ms. Cochran, one of the tenants of the building told how parking could be solved and how she didn't mind the thought of deliveries made through the apartment building hallways. And the Town Council did not represent her and who were they anyway.

Cadwallader was annoyed at the Department of Public Works for granting a revokable permit to encroach on public land before a Zoning variance was given. He used the word appalled a lot. He was appalled that the tenants "I don't care if you're seniors or not thought they could live with restaurant deliveries made in the hallways. He labelled the concept a "desperation move."

Van Remartel in her presentation made no mention of holding down rent. She waffled about whether a take out place would have tables and chairs.

Cadwallader said that the D.P.W. should be revoking permits to encroach on the O.F.W., not granting them. The City shouldn't be giving away public walk ways for private profit. That's what he said.

He stated that it was difficult to change the use of a residential building to a commercial one and that restaurants had the most demanding requirements of all. He would make his findings known within a few weeks.

After making his feelings and views known, he asked if Ms. Van Remartel had anything to add.

"I think I've said enough," she replied. And so do I.

Not Fit To Be ⁵ Tea'd

by Moe Stavnezer

Charmers Tea House got its first public hearing before Zoning Administrator Charles Cadwallader in mid-October. It was a combination Coastal Permit and Zone Variance though, at times, it was difficult to tell the hearings apart. The hearing was, to my surprise, a fairly tame happening with very little of the rhetoric or invective that had preceded it in the press. Probably the biggest surprise were a number of comments made by Cadwallader after the hearing was completed. But more about that later.

The major issues involved in this development have been parking, future use of the building and the need for a legal mechanism for insuring the continuation of the low rents in the building. City Coastal Staff recommended that the applicants (Doug Christmas and E. Jane Erikson) provide 34 additional parking spaces, and agree to apply for a permit for any change of use in the building. They said that there was NO connection between the Tea House and the low rent of the apartments and, therefore, did not recommend any condition to guarantee the continuation of the low rents. The tenants (represented by Bernadine Corcoran) basically agreed with this position and Ms. Corcoran also challenged the right of the Venice Town Council to have any say in the matter. Ms. Corcoran has taken that position in many letters and with the press. The Town Council did take a position of support for the project with the recommendations of the staff but with strong objection to the lack of a connection and condition for the low income housing. The first real surprise came when Curtis Rossiter, of Pat Russell office, stood up and agreed with the Town Council and praised its position on this permit. That hasn't happened for a long time. Carol Berman read a letter from Morrie Rosen into the record in which Morrie told about the fear of some of the tenants in the building and the visits he had gotten from the applicant. Basically he asked that the tenants be afforded legal protection through a guarantee of the low rents in the building. It must be made very clear that the Town Council, Morrie Rosen and Pat Russell's office were in favor of this permit only because the commercial part of it (Charmers Tea House) was to support the continuation of low rents in the building. All urged that Cadwallader approve the permit only if the parking requirements were met AND if the low rents were guaranteed. As usual, Cadwallader did not make a decision after the hearing but took the matter under consideration and will come up with a decision in 3-4 weeks.

The Zone Variance hearing was almost a repeat of the Coastal Permit but raised the additional question of loading and delivery space for the Tea House. Most of us had less to say on this matter than regarding the Coastal Permit.

Cadwallader's comments followed and I would have sworn I'd heard these words before from some members of the community. He decried the use of Ocean Front Walk "for private profit" rather than for "public use" calling it appalling. He said that the entire project was an example of inappropriate conversion of a residential space to a commercial one. Without doubt, his were the harshest words spoken that day. The tenants, who came with placards which they never got to use, were quite surprised. They were also very friendly to the Town Council folks--a turn of events that probably surprised both of us. Given his final remarks, it is hard to imagine what decision cadwallader will come up with. But after the hearing nothing will surprise me very much.

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GOV'T AIMS TO CRUSH REVOLUTIONARIES

by The Committee to Free the Mao Tsetung Defendants

This November 19th, Washington, D.C. will be "turned upside down" as demonstrators hit the capital and the trial of the Mao Tsetung Defendants begins. On trial is Bob Avakian, Chairman of the Revolutionary Communist Party, USA (RCP) and 16 other revolutionaries who each face 241 years in prison.

The Maoists were arrested last January as 500 RCP supporters rallied at the White House, protesting the visit of Chinese Vice-Premier Teng Hsiao-ping. They denounced Teng before the world as a "traitor" who led China away from the socialist path of Mao Tsetung, and they called out President Carter and Teng for forming a new war bloc in preparation for WWII.

Totally embarrassed by this exposure, the government responded by revoking

march permits minutes before riot police attacked, injuring many and arresting 78 people. A pro-Taiwan demonstration in the same area was left unmolested.

It soon became clear that this was no ordinary bust; even the Washington Post commented on the "tough stance" taken by the government in this case. Top Watergate Prosecutor Earl Silbert appeared at the arraignments (held in a basement courtroom) and suddenly misdemeanor charges became felonies.

Bob Avakian was singled out for attack because, as both the judge and the prosecutor declared, "He is a revolutionary leader." In fact, he is the only leader from the 60's who hasn't sold out.

Over the next seven months, indictments have tripled until the pile of charges adds up to over 2 centuries in prison. And yet many of those arrested were

never identified in police line-ups!

Not since the Black Panther and Chicago 8 Conspiracy trials of the 60's has the government launched such vicious political repression.

This attack on the RCP is meant as a warning to all those who seek change in this system. The 80's is already shaping up as a turbulent decade. The economy is skidding into deeper crisis as uprisings in Iran and Nicaragua are added to gas riots, anti-nuke demonstrations, and the Houston Rebellion of 3,000 Chicanos here at home.

As Bob Avakian has said, "There are storms gathering. There are going to be upheavals and they know it, and they want to go into this situation with nobody able to lead the masses in opposing them. That is why they are trying to wipe out the RCP."

What is going on here is an extremely sharp case of top-level U.S. governmental involvement in a major trial of political repression. This cannot be allowed to set the political climate for the 1980's. Everyone who burns with hatred for this system must step forward and join this battle.

A major demonstration is planned for the day of the trial, November 19th, on the steps of the Washington, D.C. Court House and there will be a support action in the San Francisco Bay area. People interested in freeing the Mao Tsetung Defendants are encouraged to contact the Committee at (213) 585-8234.

Leftward-Who?

PEACE & FREEDOM PARTY REPORT
rick davidson

Last March, the Socialist Party invited the PFP to participate in a joint search for candidates for the 1980 Presidential elections. The search committee, under the leadership of Casey Peters of LA has been exploring the possibility of an independent left candidacy.

More recently, leaders of the Citizens Committee have held exploratory meetings with PFP to discuss the possibility of Barry Commoner or another candidate of the proposed "Citizens Party" of entering the PFP presidential primary. Barry Commoner is widely noted for his leadership in the anti-nuclear power movement.

At the September meeting of the PFP State Central Committee Richard Barret reported that the Communist Party national convention had confirmed the June decision of the Communist Party National Executive Board to enter the PFP primary. The Communist Party has not yet announced its candidate.

In light of these developments, the State Central Committee (PFP) has invited the various organizations of the left to enter the PFP presidential primary to provide our registrants with as wide a choice as possible and to provide a forum for the discussion of left presidential election issues.

Another possible candidate is David McReynolds, a national leader of the War Resisters League. McReynolds is a member of the Socialist Party and ran for Congress on the Peace & Freedom ticket in 1968.

PFP AGAINST ROBBINS AMENDMENT.

PFP holds that every child is entitled to a multicultural, bilingual, integrated education. We believe that a segregated education is inherently unequal and that cross-cultural experience is essential to education and human fulfillment.

PFP opposes Prop 1 because it is a thinly disguised attempt to frustrate school desegregation and to promote unequal education. It is an attempt to eliminate busing as a method of implementing desegregation. The attempt must be defeated because busing has been an effective short range method of implementing school desegregation where reluctant school boards have failed to develop long range solution to the problem of segregation.

Segregation, whether it exists because of housing patterns or by policy decisions by local school boards, is unconstitutional and should continue to remain unconstitutional. Where schools are still not integrated, efforts to hinder integration like the Robbins Amendment condone continued racial segregation.

For information call: 387-2213.

PROP 1 Everybody Loses

by ROBT. WELLS

The so-called (miscalled) "anti-busing amendment" that Alan Robbins has gotten on the Nov. 6 ballot -- Proposition 1 -- is perhaps unique among pieces of retrograde legislation in that it is not only a threat to the state's minorities and the forces of civil rights, but if passed it would also represent a serious defeat for those who voted for it, and some time afterward no doubt a defeat for its author as well.

Although Prop. 1 would amend the constitution of the entire state, it was designed expressly to overturn court-ordered school desegregation in Los Angeles (which it will not do). The Prop. 1 staff is spending relatively little money and doing relatively little campaigning in the state outside of Robbins' home turf Los Angeles. Robbins, an extremely ambitious and ruthlessly opportunistic State Senator from Van Nuys, has sought to attach himself to any issue that would give him a boost to higher office. Since 1976 when the State Supreme Court ordered Los Angeles schools desegregated, Robbins has tried to promote himself as the Great White Hope of the anti-busing movement. After several false starts he succeeded in getting this proposition on the ballot, which would require state courts in school desegregation cases to follow federal rather than California rules.

Differences in the Law

California constitutional law, which covers L.A. desegregation, differs in several respects from federal law. In school cases brought under the U.S. constitution, federal courts have held that school districts are obliged to desegregate only when the original segregation is what is called de jure, that is, if it's the result of deliberate, intentional acts of government (any branch of government, not just the school board). But when segregation is of the kind known as de facto (the result of nongovernmental causes) federal courts have held that a school district has no duty to desegregate.

The California Supreme Court on the other hand has ruled that in this state "The right to an equal opportunity for education and the harmful consequences of segregation require that school boards take steps, insofar as reasonably feasible, to alleviate racial imbalance in schools regardless of its cause. . . . A significant line of California [Supreme Court] decisions . . . authoritatively establish that in this state school boards do bear a constitutional obligation to take reasonable steps to alleviate segregation in the public schools, whether the segregation be de facto or de jure in origin."

So it would seem that by shifting from the state rule to the federal rule California voters would be able to avoid a

(continued on page 14)



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As of press date, the titles announced reflect the schedule we have planned. There are some additional important titles which might be added at a later time. A more detailed brochure with any changes will be forthcoming, and we expect to have a special booklet on "New German Cinema" prepared by Mr. Holloway which will be given to audiences at these programs.

Hell No, We⁷ Didn't Go

Hell No, WE Didn't Go.

Remember those days of dissent, dope and defiance? Amerika was involved in an unjust and unpopular war. Thousands refused to fight. Gray smoke and the ashes of burning draft cards wafted across campuses around the country, as hordes of young people refused induction by means ingenious and illegal.

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We're putting together a book on the draft. Help us help a new generation find a way out--they're not going to want to end up as cannon fodder, either. Send us your draft story. We'll pay for the best anecdotes we receive.

Write: Room 1400, 2000 Center St., Berkeley, CA 94704. Ed Rosenthal author of the Marijuana Growers Guide, and Warren Sharpe, writer and editor of the Berkeley Barb.

POLICE REVIEW (continued from page 1)

So much for Proposition 13 cost-cutting in the police department.

Very soon, the Chief's attacks seemed to take effect on the Commission as well as some media. The L.A. Times, which distinguished itself for months by virtually ignoring the Love killing altogether, has become a public relations rag for the "invigorated" Commission while avoiding criticism of the Chief.

The Commission responded by releasing part 2 of its report, containing its mini-reform of shooting review, to the smiles of Chief Gates. The police department retains original authority to investigate itself, the Commission can review and reinvestigate (with limited staff) if necessary, but it can only recommend disciplining to the Chief. In essence, it seems to have codified the very procedure that has haltingly unfolded the last nine months in the wake of the Love killing. A review that is too little, too late--resulting in neither disciplining nor prosecution.

While others debated the issue of whether Chief Gates should resign, the Campaign for a Citizens' Police Review Board contended that the real issue is to restructure the way officer-involved killings and other police complaints are investigated. As for Gates resigning, he has already promised to resign if the Campaign succeeds in establishing an independent review board.

Jeff Cohen is a co-chair of the Campaign for a Citizens' Police Review Board, P.O. Box 18220, L.A. 90037. (231-7652; 295-8582.)

26 Smoke Up in American HARDWARE WARS	27 DEER HUNTER BLUE COLLAR	28 CHARLIE CHAPLIN THE GOLD RUSH M. VERDOUX plus the 1916 Chaplin short "THE END"	29 HITCHCOCK NORTH BY NORTHWEST GARY GRANT FAY MARIE SHAW JAMES MASON To Catch a Thief	30 Mae West SEXTETTE Something for Everyone	31 FIFTY, FIFTY MORITZ DEAR MORITZ	1 BYE, BYE, BAVARIA THE COMANCHE
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16 FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI BROTHER SUN SISTER MOON ELTON JOHN BERNIE TAUPIN friends	17 HUMPHREY BOGART INGRID BERGMAN PAUL HENREID CASABLANCA TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT	18 CHARLIE CHAPLIN WOMAN OF PARIS COUNTESS FROM HONG-KONG plus Chaplin in "THE VAGABOND"	19 SHERLOCK HOLMES MURDER BY DECREE ALAN ARDEN SANDRA BUELL AND THE "MURDER" THE SEVEN PER-CENT SOLUTION	20 The Story of O CORINNE CLERY ROGER VADIM <i>Charlotte</i>	21 COLD HOMELAND ZERO HOUR	22 TRILOGY OF FAREWELLS DAVID
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we are all braindamaged gods,
inwombed, in birth, and after.
only a matter of degree,
as is everything-
no good nor wrong cause,
or individual.
true feeling regenerates the shields
of our vibratory wavelength of light,
slowed to matter on this level.
each soul knows what it must do.
we've always known,
but hope our words,
those puffs of warm air
that direct electromagnetic energy,
will confuse us enough
to suspend eyes beyond belief,
and search outside for that final satisfaction.
wretches all inside and dying
is the only why we die.
feeling exactly who we are,
in the ever expanding crystal now,
is the cure we fear most;
choosing that soothing certainty
of the hopeful oblivion with the faith
of the already dead.
we plod and drudge everyday
in what could be Paradise,
if that is what we really wanted,
and were more willing to feel than die.

— Steven Evans



Street.....

at the end
of a glare
not enough
light

stands
a square
emptiness,
except

for one
dark window
of green
growth

mattress
cold, white
steel stove
blind

to sidewalk
sparkles
of glass
at night.

andy castro
Andy Castro
11/26/78
12:08 Am



Song of Summer 1979

The Sun's gestures make incisions.
Her sharp fingers grab my heart
pulling at my consciousness-tearing me apart!
It is the Summer
the golden lamb of 1979.
Sky so close - Fortunes are mellow.
But the world is still hard
grounded in its spinning.

Woodstock is a decade removed.
We are muddled in oppression
regression
subversion

and
MISTRUST.
Lost within ourselves
and I feel guilty.
I'm torn with misery and guilt
as I sit in my office
forms piled to the ceiling
Musak piped-in (for my pleasure)
But Mr. Smith, light Musak makes for happy (productive) employees.

I have to do something.
I have to make a contribution.
I have to change the world.
Now's the time to sweep into action.
Off goes the coat. Off goes the tie.
You can't be overdressed if you're going to change the world.
Mine must be a casual revolution.
Most importantly I must join a group
a group taken advantage of
Open-mindedness...I'll join several groups:
I want to be Black.
I want to be Gay.
I want to be a Feminist.
I want to be a Black Feminist Gay Filipino
Disco Dancing Roller Skating Agnostic Vegetarian.
God, what a social consciousness.
I want to live in sub-standard housing.
I want to acquire a bad drug habit.
I could be the Messiah.
I'll change my name to June Moon.
Name my kids after Indian dieties.
Shave my head and wear a bed sheet.
Be anything other than I really am.
I want to Save the World.

Ten years after plowing
but has the farm cropped?
The river still flows south
and I'm still naked and vulnerable.
People still aren't nice to one another
and small children still cry when sunburn.
Widflowers still wilt in the canyons.
That's not beauty...that's progress.

David Smith

Magicians' Desire.

To become a
humble servant, or a
priest prince
To transcend every level
From ecstasy to lust
To become everything to all
yet claim nothing
I must.

--Alexander Scianna

The drunken child
sits with his elbow propped on the bar,
his head cocked into the palm of his upright hand,
his cigarette dangles from the corner of his mouth--
Bogart style.
He keeps his eyelids half closed
(so that everyone can see that
"he don't give a shit")
And every once in a while
(just to prove that he's got his act down pat)
he gives the bartender a little sneer,
and then slowly
blows out
a stream of smoke
between
clenched teeth.
The bartender just smiles
(because a bad act always makes him want to laugh)
And the drunken child just smiles back
and asks for another beer
(because like it or not--
it's still the best prop in his act)

-- Ernst Riker

punk poe

the fog blank
and I can't s
I can't s



Blazin' #'s in Venice



Survey

He's in college,
school is dull
but he believes in
a supreme being
whatever it
is.

Smokes pot more
than twice a we
week,
masturbates
every other
day,
he knows the
students are ruled
by deaf
bureaucrats,
but never cheats
on tests.

Shop-lifted once
at eight in a
department store,
has a part-time
job twice a
week in town,
but wants to
travel
instead.

—Anthony Kulcsar

empty hunger
quart in hand
the clatter of stairs
& it's gone

apaper receipt
Sav-on IOI
red ink,rough edged
scrap of paper

this one's
pissed off
two six-packs
& howling forgotten whiskey

struggling in the dark
"where's the dime?"
next to unseen
heels - wall

obliquely parked
limousine aerial
brown sherman
of cool shiny dust

kind of funny feeling
scoring on a green bench
instead of lit basement
filled w/ mattresses

your coffee's cold
edge - warms
subterranean passage
to other side

iron railing end
of yellow lights,
rough walls
& smell of urine

where's the picture
crashed on couch
of cowboy music
sittin' in the park

green grass,
broken, toothy foundations
scaring up the night,
on streaming dreamy canal

carta blancas &
pieces of home
gone time spiriting
life, people

two quarts down,
a broken bottle
splattering glass
& thunderbird wine

2/8/79 andres castro
"caballo"
Venice, Ca.



Photo by
Richard
Mann

Now that I'm retired

society doesn't know
what I'm good for...
neither do I...
hard to think
of how to fill a day...
they are all alike...

....and why is it still annoying
not to know
where I put my glasses
even though
it gives me
something to do....

— Gustave Ridley

WAR

War is a thyeanean affair and
if any gain can be said made
by indulgence in it the profit
must surely show in the ledgers
of those who are the furnishers
of its tools

The theft of life of limb and
even hope of peaceful existance
the lot of a lands youth at war
Poor pawns only, in a game the
Titans play.

A game well scored to martial
music that throbs against the
clouds, yet closer to the smouldering
earth, the threnodies waft out
of saddened houses bitter accusation
and if heard at all are heard
ut OH SO FAINTLY.

— Randy Rexford

Room for Rent

Leafy beings bend harshly
Unevenly
Controlled by shearing sea winds
blowing reckless.

Above, a human-made structure
Creates a space of contrived stillness
Shutting out natural forces
For convenience...

Deadbolt curtains
Try to deny outside reality
Try to preserve illusions of calmness
Turbulence notwithstanding.

But those caught between walls
cannot nurture life
Unreplenished.

Though wary
Leave the false sanctuary
And passing by quaking trees
Enter the storm
To struggle

To continue To become.

— Jeff DeZellar

EVER RETURNING

I lifted myself onto the heights,
The places where everyone goes alone,
And was about to step off the edge of the fabled precipice
When I remembered the slithery, hard, raspy sound of chains,
Women futilely sobbing,
The hate-thickened voices of those who embrace inferiority,
And I could not take a freedom offered just to me, even though
The light of the spangled abyss was howling at my ear;
My soul was outstretched like Icarus aching to try his wings.

I saw the Mistress of Dread and Longing hurry toward me
Astride the great sow of the night sky,
Her shadow the ghost of sunrise,
And I spoke to her unafraid--

"If I give you a penny, Mother, will you free my sisters?
If I give you a nickel, will you walk through their house
in my name?"

by LNL 1/10/79

The Great White Father: STILL STEALING AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

It may be regarded as certain, that not a foot of land will ever be taken from the Indians without their own consent. The sacredness of their rights is felt by all thinking persons in America as much as in Europe.

--Thomas Jefferson, 1786

by Marc Sills, Dee Moulton, Shari Mattias

Five hundred years ago, not a long time, the Lakota, the Moquoi, and the Diné had never heard of energy development. They had lived on Turtle Island for thousands of years, but they didn't know that there was gold, oil, coal, and uranium buried here. When the white people came here and claimed all the land as their own, they "gave" to the Natives the little bits of land that were considered worthless - the swamps, the deserts, and barren mountain ranges. But, when minerals were found where the Indians had been forced to live, the white people started taking back that "worthless" land.

In 1887, there were 135 million acres allocated to the various tribes; by 1935 however only 48 million acres remained. 371 treaties have been signed, sealed, and broken by white people. Today, the United States Congress is considering legislation to abrogate all treaties and eliminate all reservations. Four percent of the country is all that's left to the Indians. As the mineral rush accelerates and the land is taken away, there will be no more reservations to push the people onto. Instead, there will be a mass society to push the people into, and when that happens, ancient traditional cultures will cease to exist. Genocide will be virtually complete.

Since the first gold mine was dug, Indians have been expected to allow their sacred and untouchable Mother Earth to be torn and defiled for minerals. Many people have given their lives in defence of the earth, and tradition has already suffered immeasurably. It is ironic that those who worshipped the earth and the relationship of people to the earth should now reside near that element, uranium, which could be the source of the destruction of the earth. It is also ironic that the mining of uranium, in the home of the Native Americans, is the beginning of the destruction. Two thirds of the national uranium reserve, and one third of the national coal reserve, is on Indian land.

Energy companies have a different kind of tie to the earth. Oil companies claim 75% of the national uranium reserve; twelve oil companies control 51% of the mines, and five oil companies control 62% of the uranium mills. Since 1923, Indian land has been leased to energy companies under the direction of the BIA. The typical BIA lease allows royalties of 2% to be paid to the Indians; the standard federal lease is worth 12%. Howard Gray, a public relations man who founded the pro-energy Interstate Congress for Equal Rights and Responsibilities, says, "I get sick and tired of these tribal leaders saying you took our land away. There's not a soul living today that had anything to do with the injustice done to the Indians. I say discount the past. We're living in the present."

Uranium strip mines, huge open wounds which will probably never be reclaimed, require that equally huge mountains be created nearby, where leftover tailings are piled. Over 99% of the uranium ore is waste. There are, by now, over 250 million tons of tailings in New Mexico alone. Tailings contain 85% of the original radioactivity of the ore, but no longer safely locked in the soil, they are free to travel with the wind and the water, always emitting deadly radon gas. There are also "in situ" mines, where deep holes, drilled in the ground, are filled with chemicals which "unlock" the uranium-bearing salts, which are then flushed to the surface. An untested technology, "in situ" mining is planned for California and South Dakota. Then there are deep-shaft mines, which have serious dust and ventilation problems. Strip and "in situ" methods consume enormous quantities of very scarce water which, to the Indians, is the vital life-giving substance on earth.

The water, or course, tends to become contaminated from the uranium and its daughter elements, radium, thorium, and radon. On July 26, 1979, one million gallons of radioactive water and eleven hundred tons of tailings slurry spilled into the Rio Puerco, near Gallup, New Mexico. Water from Rio Puerco, via the Little Colorado and Colorado Rivers, eventually becomes part of the L. A. water supply (where nobody monitors the radiation.) The spill occurred as a tailings retention dam, a



brand new "state of the art" edifice to civil engineering, burst under the weight of the tailings. Radioactivity levels, some fifty miles on into Arizona, are thousands of times normal. (It has been measured as 100,000 picocuries per liter of water, compared to the "normal" level of 15 picocuries per liter.) Some contamination of the people nearby (Indians naturally) has already been reported. United Nuclear, the owner of the dam and the company responsible for the spill, has not yet undertaken a concerted clean-up campaign, even though winter rain is expected to begin soon. The spill has been called the worst radioactive waste accident ever in history.

Whereas perhaps 50% of the available uranium is yet to be mined, health effects from the hazards of radiation are already being proven, giving some ominous signs for the future. Uranium miners from the original mining days of the 1940's and 50's are now showing some unusual statistics. Cancer rates (lung cancer especially) are running high (75%) for a people (Diné (Navajo) in this case) who historically had no word for cancer, because it didn't exist for them. Of the original 100 miners at the Kerr-McGee Red Rock New Mexico mine, 25 have died of lung cancer, and another 45 have the disease. Canadian miners, also Indians, have shown a similar trend: five times the expected rate. 700 miners, 3/4 of the total work force of the Laguna Pueblo, New Mexico, presently work in mines deemed "safe" by their owner-operators, but where radiation exposure is still a fact of life, some ten times what the rest of us are used to. Miners are rarely warned of the dangers of radiation, are rarely advised to protect themselves. Those that do get cancer have no legal means to compensation; they are not unionized, and most have no insurance. Confronted about the cancer at Red Rock, Kerr-McGee spokesman Bill Phillips said, "I couldn't tell you what happened at some small uranium mines on an Indian reservation; we have uranium interests all over the world."

You don't have to be a miner to be exposed to radiation. The town of Laguna Pueblo is only 500 yards from the mine, where 6000 tons of ore are processed daily, 24 hours a day, seven days a week. (Of the 0.9% uranium extracted from the ore, only about 1% is fissionable.) The rate of eye cataracts, respiratory disease, sterility, and cancer is very high among the local people. The incidence of birth defects is four times the national average. Those who drink water and breathe air are subject to contamination. Those who live near the giant coal-burning power plants, like the Four Corners Plant near Farmington, New Mexico, are likely to breathe radioactive exhausts from the plant, because the local plentiful coal ore deposits contain high levels of elements such as thorium, strontium, and uranium. The U.S. Department of Energy says that living near

uranium tailings doubles the risk of lung cancer.

Tennessee Valley Authority, Union Carbide and Kerr McGee are a few of the twenty-eight companies which plan to develop energy in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Besides the coal strip-mining, coal gasification, oil shales, tar sands, and uranium mining industries being planned, they also foresee the disposal of nuclear wastes and they plan to build at least thirteen 10,000 megawatt power plants. While local Indians, Lakota (Sioux) in this case, must accept the health hazards of just living next to mines and power plants, they continue to have to compete for jobs as well. Because energy development has become the economic base, there are few other ways to make a living. Many Chicanos and Anglos are moving to follow the energy harvest, trying to get the good jobs. But meanwhile unemployment among Indians is 50%, and per capital income averages \$1000 a year.

There are some obvious risks that our nation may have energy shortages. There are also risks that to maintain our levels of energy consumption, the nation may have to make certain sacrifices. Energy companies such as Kerr-McGee (famed for the Silkwood case and owner of 33.5% of the domestic uranium) and Gulf Oil (owner of 18.5% of that uranium) talk about the "national sacrifice areas" which may be created in the course of paying the energy bill. Such areas, like the Black Hills (Paha Sapa to the Lakota) and the Four Corners area (sacred to Diné, Pueblo, and other tribes) may, in the course of the next thirty-five years, be rendered lifeless, radioactive deserts. A report from Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory states, "Perhaps the solution to the radon problem is to zone the land...so as to forbid human habitation."

The uranium is mined in Washington, Wyoming, Colorado, South Dakota, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and California, mostly on the nations of the Lakota, Ojibwa, Spokane, Diné, Pueblo, and Shoshone peoples. Malnutrition is common among the Indians, and 85% have no electricity. In spite of damages already done to the land and the people, there is a mounting fever of impatience to get on with energy development. In Grants, New Mexico, there are already 30 uranium mines, and by 1985, there will be another 19. Almost all mineral exploration, mining, and milling has been done without Environmental Impact Statements, and coal, oil, and iron, as well as uranium industries, have had a virtual freedom to do as they please. In April 1979, New Mexico Senator Harrison Schmidt said at a pro-nuclear rally, "I will do everything in my legislative power to eliminate the need for environmental impact statements for future uranium mines and mills."

The advent of the Energy Mobilization Board is proof of the determination to develop energy at any price. The Board will overcome social as well as environmental obstacles, making commonplace the present situation at Big Mountain Arizona. The State government and the energy companies (Peabody Coal), disguised as the BIA, are starting to "relocate" forcibly 6500 Diné people who have shared reservationland with the Moqui (Hopi) for many years. The relocation is being publicly attributed to an ancient unresolved conflict between the two tribes, in spite of the fact that traditional elders of both tribes have said otherwise. The federal intervention to separate feuding parties is being enacted with barbed wire fence. The action will provide easier access to the twenty billion tons of coal which is buried in Black Mesa, where the Dine now live.

Not all red people are content to accept fate as written by the energy companies. The tradition of many tribes to defend Mother Earth is even stronger than to resist the police state. Some groups, such as the Council of Energy Resources Tribes, are concerned with trying to get better mineral leases than those set up by the BIA, though dealing with Tribal Councils often means dealing with BIA appointees. A growing opposition has chosen a path akin to the anti-nuclear movement and has political positions on nuclear power and weapons, uranium and other mineral mining, energy development, tribal autonomy, self-defense and survival. Groups in this movement include Women of All Red Nations (WARN), the International Indian Treaty Council, the Indian Environmental Council, and the American Indian Movement (AIM). There have been recent demonstrations staged by

(continued next page)



November 20, 1969
Indians of All Tribes occupy Alcatraz Island for preservation of Indian culture; stay 19 months.

Cont. from previous page

coalitions of these groups, along with anti-nuclear groups from all over the country. In April 1979, 700 people protested uranium mining at Mt. Taylor, New Mexico, a holy mountain to the Diné and Pueblo people. In July 1979 over 7000 people joined together in Rapid City, South Dakota, to protect the national sacrifice of the Black Hills and to speak about the imminent survival struggle which many think will soon engulf the whole world. The Longest Walk of 1978 was a demonstration against the legislation that makes today a survival struggle for Native Americans; the same legislation is crucial for the continued expansion of nuclear energy.

There have been notable pioneers like Karen Silkwood and Leonard Peltier, in the resistance against nuclear energy, which both Indians and whites alike are beginning to equate with the general issue of survival. The Peltier case might have seemed, at first, to be one more case of the land rights struggle that has been the case for Indians since the very beginning. However, when it turned out that the land in question contained a huge uranium deposit, the case automatically became nuclear. Peltier may not have known, in 1975, that uranium was in the land he found himself fighting for, though he fought as a warrior in defense of Mother Earth. His perception may have been limited to what he could see, which was the land itself and the inevitable confrontation awaiting those who resist energy development and governmental tyranny. So it is coincidence that brings together the anti-nuclear movement with the Indian survival struggle. It has clearly become impossible to fight nuclear power and weapons without resisting uranium mining, which is to fight for the rights of Native Americans. In this connection, we may find some other good reasons for a natural alliance: the uranium mining issues here in the United States are parallel to the uranium struggles in South Africa, Canada, and Australia between Natives of those countries and energy/power-crazed societies. And where we must connect and confront the significance of the related problems of coal and synfuel development, and all that that means to Indians, it is the uranium that gives real meaning to the words, "national sacrifice," for it is to speak of the abhiliation of life. [E]

The Case of LEONARD PELTIER

11

by Marc Sills, Dee Moulton, Shari Mattias

In the aftermath of the siege of Wounded Knee in 1973, there have been repeated incidents of attacks and harassment of the Lakota people of the Pine Ridge Reservation. The abuse is especially directed at people who lived by their religious traditions. In the spring of 1975, Dino Butler, Bob Robideau, Leonard Peltier, and Joe Stuntz were asked to help protect a traditional camp, which they did.

On June 26, 1975, there was a firefight between the members of the traditional camp and several dozen FBI agents, U.S. Marshalls, and a BIA SWAT team. The FBI agents had entered the camp with an arrest warrant for a young Indian, Jimmy Eagle, who supposedly stole a pair of cowboy boots. Later in court the FBI admitted there had been no such warrant. The fight left two FBI agents and one Indian man, Joe Stuntz, dead.

Dino Butler and Bob Robideau were brought to trial in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, for aiding and abetting in the murders of the two FBI agents. They were acquitted on the grounds of self-defense. The charges against Jimmy Eagle were dropped, because he was proven to be in Arizona at the time of the shoot-out.

Leonard Peltier had fled to Canada where he was captured and extradited on evidence which was later proven to be perjured. He was brought to trial for aiding and abetting in Fargo, North Dakota. Judge Paul Benson's opening statement to the trial was, "Leonard Peltier is on trial here, not the FBI. I will not have the FBI attacked

in my courtroom." Peltier was convicted, on perjured evidence, and was sentenced to two consecutive life terms in prison. The case went to appeal and was denied; one of the appeals court judges, William Webster, soon became director of the FBI. The Supreme Court refused to hear Peltier's case.

The clincher in the whole affair is that on the day of the firefight, Dick Wilson, chairman of the Pine Ridge Tribal Council, secretly signed over to the U.S. government one-eighth of the reservation, where there happens to be a huge uranium deposit. The firefight may have been a diversionary tactic to draw public attention away from where the action was really happening in the back room with the energy companies.

Peltier escaped from Lompoc Penitentiary in August 1979, and was recaptured after five days of freedom. He will face trial here in Los Angeles on November 14 in connection with the escape. His defenders have evidence that exposes a conspiracy on the part of the government to have him murdered. The questions raised by his North Dakota trial will hopefully be brought before the public for open scrutiny, which to this point, has been denied to him. His defense needs your support.

ATTEND THE TRIAL - November 14, 9:00 A.M. - at the Federal Court Building, 312 North Spring Street. Time is of the essence. Money is needed for the defense. Contact the Leonard Peltier Defense Committee: PO Box 3936, Los Angeles, California 90051.

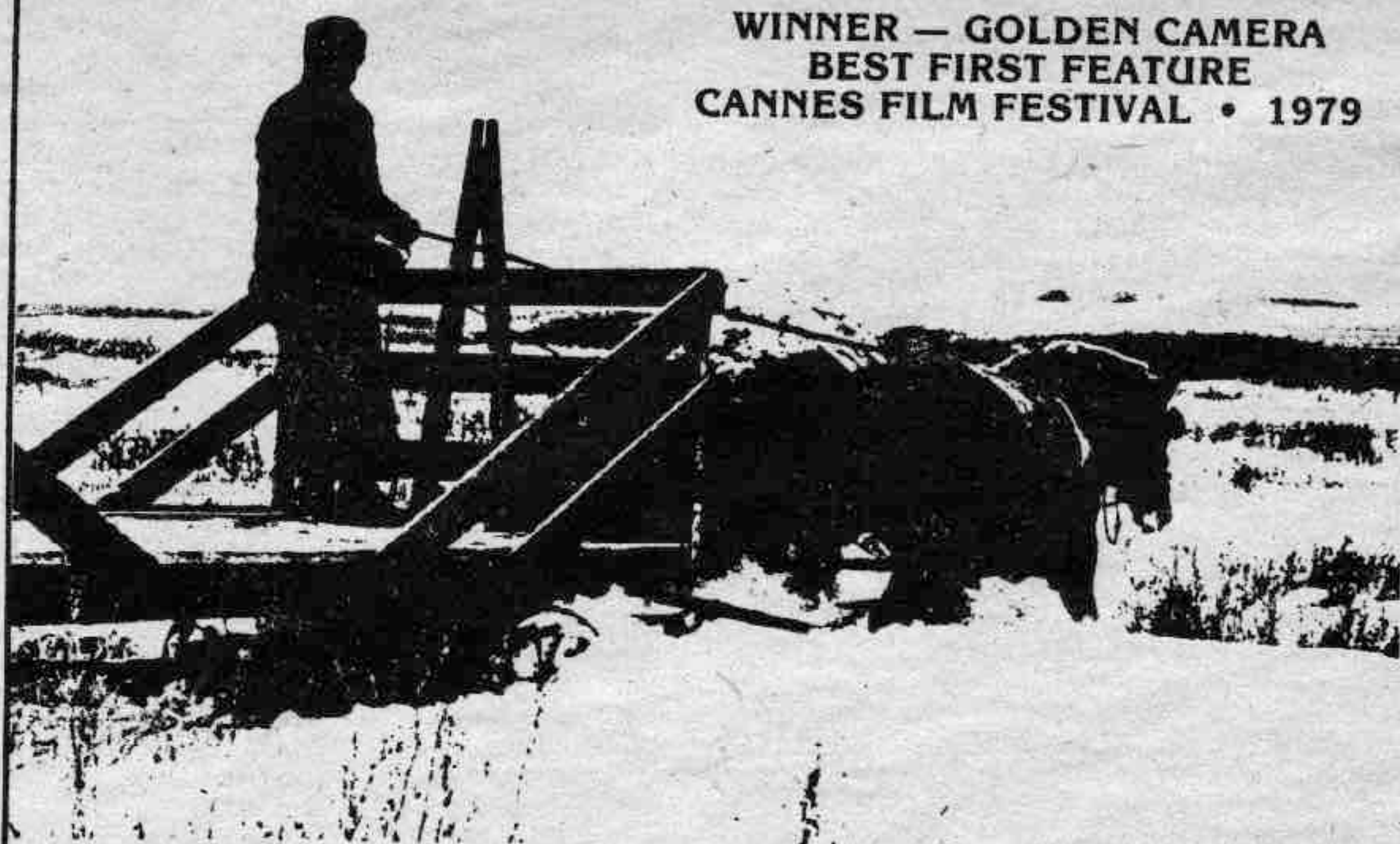
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Is There Real Life

In Another Country: a review of michael cimino's movie *The Deer Hunter*

by ROBT. WELLS

In one scene in Michael Cimino's movie about the Vietnam War *The Deer Hunter*, which showed at the Fox Venice Oct. 27, three of the American heroes are being held as prisoners of the Viet Cong. They are penned in a bamboo jail submerged up to their chests at the edge of a jungle river. One by one they are taken upstairs and forced by their cruel and depraved captors to play a terrifying game of Russian roulette -- forced to shoot themselves in the head with a revolver with one bullet in it, not knowing each time if they will hear the click or blow their brains out. Two of the Americans are permanently unnerved by this experience, but the third, with steely courage and Yankee ingenuity, outwits the brutish enemy, shoots them, and all three Americans escape.

Audiences cheer when the Vietnamese are shot. And considering the scene they have just watched, considering the Good Guys have just triumphed over the Bad Guys, they ought to cheer.

The trouble is they are also cheering against the Viet Cong and for the Americans, and this is where the terrible and dangerous lie of *The Deer Hunter* enters in, for it was not the Viet Cong, but precisely the Saigon forces and the Americans who brutalized prisoners and the entire Vietnamese people in exactly this way and worse, systematically, universally, as a matter of policy, for years on end. It was not the Americans, but the Vietnamese people, led by the Communist insurgents, the Viet Cong, who rose up out of relative weakness and turned the tables against brutal and powerful oppressors. The Good Guys did win in Vietnam; we were the Bad Guys.

The knowledge we gained from that is of central importance to us Americans. The Vietnam War was the defining political experience of our generation. For a while the curtain parted, and we learned things about our society we would not have bothered or been able to learn otherwise. Now those forces in our society that took us into that war are trying to close the curtain, so that someday they'll be free to do it again.

Michael Cimino does his part by placing his hand over our eyes. His movie is a lie; it completely reverses the character, the experience, the facts, of the Vietnam War.

In another scene we are shown uniformed Communist soldiers, presumably North Vietnamese regulars, going out of their way under enemy fire to blow up women, children, and old people in a village. The Americans, shocked, try to defend the villagers, but it's too late. What a cynical reversal of the truth! The Communist forces won the war because they had the overwhelming support of the population; they did not behave in this way. We did! The My Lai massacre, which this scene was intended to confuse, was carried out by American soldiers; to quote one of the official U.S. Army reports of the investigation into that massacre, "It is typical of operations in this country from one end to the other." The systematic and protracted killing of the population -- genocide -- was official U.S. policy in Vietnam and was carried out by the infantry, the Air Force, and all other branches of the armed forces. It was not the conduct and certainly not the policy of the Vietnamese liberation forces.

Michael Cimino and the cast of *The Deer*

Hunter can take their place alongside the Germans who advise confidentially (because they dare not otherwise) that "Not so many Jews were killed after all."

But wait a minute, reader -- I can hear your questions: "Isn't this overstating it? Isn't this going a bit too far? After all, this is just one movie. Perhaps there were isolated incidents. Isn't the filmmaker entitled to artistic license?" Etc., etc.

Every year that goes by, every day, the actual experience of Vietnam gets farther in the past: this movie is with us now and it will stay with us, and it is the conclusions and the attitudes we come to now that are important (fortunately for us -- unfortunately for Cimino -- there is also plenty of documentation of the truth).

If a piece of theatrical art accomplishes the "willing suspension of disbelief" in its audience -- and *The Deer Hunter* seems to do that -- it ceases to be an isolated



commentary or "just one point of view" and becomes, for as long as it has the audience, a totality, complete in itself, an experience in miniature of the entire world. Yes, there were in fact occasions of Liberation Front mistreatment of prisoners and civilians. But *The Deer Hunter* does not deal with "occasions," it pretends to represent the character of the whole. And it is a lie.

It is one thing to lie flat-out about actual events, and *The Deer Hunter* has already been well criticized for that. The movie is also a lie in another, more dangerous because more subtle way. One of the American prisoners forced to play Russian roulette is deranged by that experience to the point where after his escape he deserts from the Army and goes into the Saigon underworld, where he becomes the only American in a suicidal corps of Vietnamese in red sweatbands who play Russian roulette in the Cholon gambling dens. The players are paid extremely well as long as they last, but eventually, of course, they lose.

After his discharge the John Wayne character makes a special trip back to Saigon to rescue his buddy from this life, but when he gets there he finds the guy so spaced from his experiences and from heroism that he plays roulette one time too many and blows his brains out.

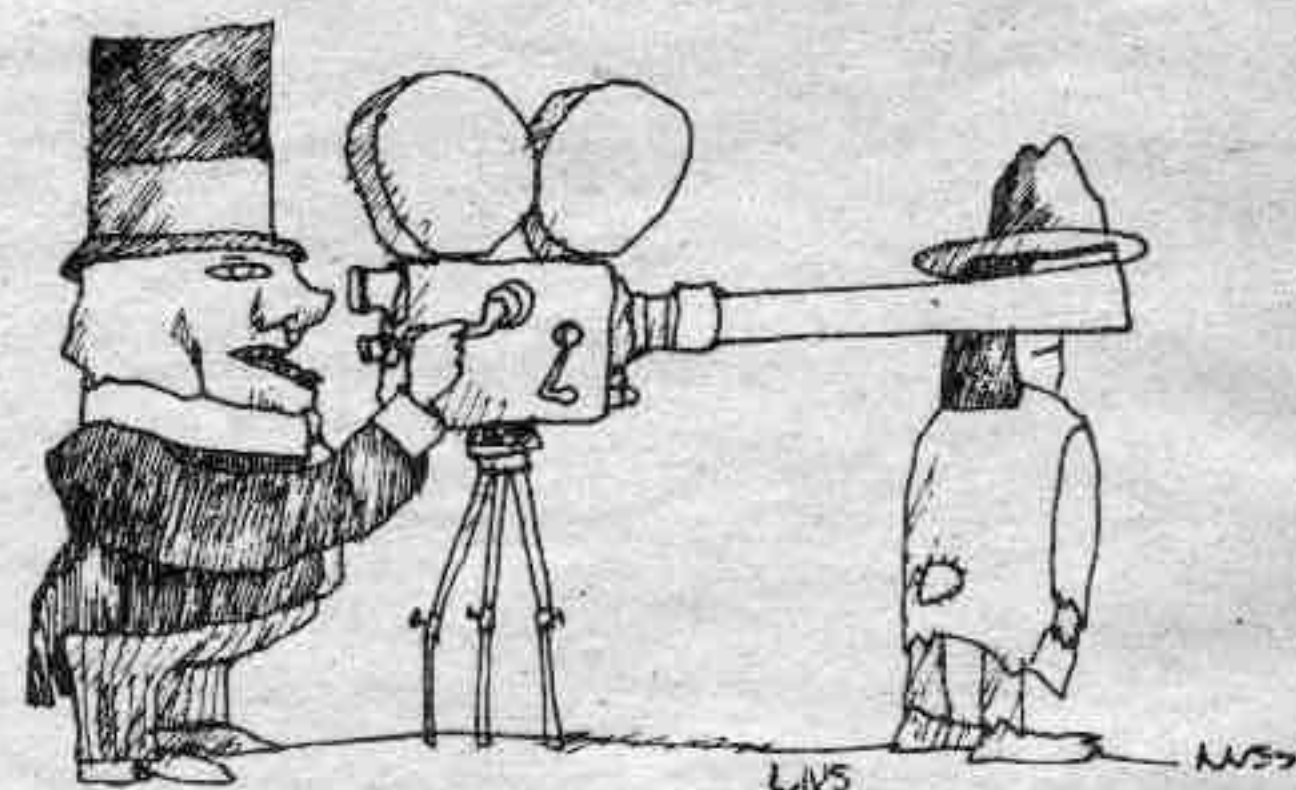
Once again, no such thing ever went on in Vietnam. But isn't the artist entitled to "license"? Can't he use a "metaphor" to bring out deeper truths?

Exactly what "deeper truth" is Cimino bringing out here? The message is that not just the Viet Cong but all of Vietnamese society, and by extension the whole Asian personality, is so depraved, so contemptuous of human life and values, so deeply sinister, that ordinary Americans coming into contact with it are destroyed, that only the hardcore deer hunter is fit to deal with it, and then only with a gun in his hand. This is a direct throwback to the "yellow peril," Fu Manchu, "slope/gook/chink" type of white supremacy that helped get us into Vietnam in the first place. It tells those of us who know what happened in Indochina, which is to say everybody over 15 years old, that what we did there was OK after all because of the darkly evil nature of Asian society. This gives

us the rationale we are looking for to forget our promise to help rehabilitate Indochina, and to blame the refugees on the other Vietnamese, conveniently ignoring the effects of what we did to their country. It gives us permission to be mystified by the spectacle of an entire culture committing suicide in Cambodia -- they must be like the Asians in the movie, after all -- again making no connection to the years of cataclysmic American bombing which, as a writer in a London newspaper has put it, "unraveled" the whole of Cambodian society.

No, I don't think an artist has the right to lie like that. I don't know what to do about it. Censorship isn't practical. Maybe all there is to do is answer it the best one can after it happens. "License" is one of those words that have two exactly opposite meanings, like "cleave," which means "to stick together" and also "to split apart." One definition of "license" means "permission from authority" -- license to drive a car, to get married, to run a business. The other definition of "license" means to act without authority -- irresponsibility, abandonment, recklessness, freedom from accountability. This is the kind of artistic license Michael Cimino is displaying. I wouldn't change it to the first kind by saying he is entitled to it.

We can also give Cimino too much credit as an artist. The movie wasn't that good. In his review of *Apocalypse Now* in the magazine "Seven Days," Peter Biskind talks about the "movie brat" -- Schrader, Lucas, Scorsese, DePalma, Spielberg, Coppola, I would add Cimino -- who "comes out of a film school or film buff background and finds the world of film is much more familiar than the 'real' world. It is his point of reference." If Cimino's film has little to do with what actually went on in Vietnam it has a lot to do with other movies that he and the rest of us have seen. His Asian enemy is a direct steal from the "Nips" and the "Japs" in the World War II propaganda movies. His hero is a cross between Shane and a Jon Hall Marine charging enemy foxholes



with a quad .50 blazing under his arm. Cimino obviously saw *The Godfather*, probably many times. His movie, too, opens with an ethnic wedding, in this case Central European in a Pennsylvania steel town. But while Coppola's wedding in *The Godfather* skillfully showed the interconnections of the Mafia and the Italian community, rang in subtle differences on the meaning of "family," and lined out the characters and conflicts that made up the rest of the movie, Cimino's wedding in *The Deer Hunter* is not only much too long, but pointless. The actors are introduced in their roles, to be sure; but this is not a movie like Coppola's of the interaction of character: Cimino simply lays out stereotyped characters in stereotyped situations like Tarot cards on a table. Toward the end of the wedding a mysterious Green Beret wanders in for a drink at the bar and makes a disillusioned crack about Vietnam. But this has nothing to do in any dramatic way with anything that happens later. "It is

Continued next page

In Reel Life

just a throwaway gimmick.

Later the guys from the steelmill, three of whom will wind up together in Vietnam, go on an almost equally pointless deer hunting trip. Some of them are shown to be flakes, and one, Robert DiNiro, demonstrates he has the determination to press on and make the killing shot. DiNiro seems to be playing the same role in all his movies: he displays none of the conflict refracting from the depths of his personality that Pacino does, for example in *The Godfather* -- he simply trots through this picture with a rifle in his hands. *The Deer Hunter* provides no suspense of character; the suspense it does offer, in Vietnam, is the suspense of situation, the kind you used to get in the old wolfman movies.

At the end the hometown crowd gathers back in Pennsylvania to question sorrowfully the meaning of the death of their friend by Russian roulette (for which read, "The Meaning Of It All"). They finally resolve their puzzlement by sadly singing "God Bless America" over their scrambled eggs (I kid you not, folks; see it for yourselves).

In terms of "artistic excellence" the Academy Award for *The Deer Hunter* was a propaganda lie, like everything else connected with the movie. Hollywood was not awarding the picture, but awarding itself,

letting itself off the hook for its years of craven but determined silence during the Vietnam War, when movies would have made a lot of difference. It would have given an Oscar to any competent movie about Vietnam (and in fact that same year it did award *Coming Home*, a better movie with much better politics, but not an artistic accomplishment worth an Oscar).

In another movie about Vietnam, *Hearts and Minds*, a documentary which did get at some of the truth (and which won an Oscar, which it deserved, for the same bad reasons as *The Deer Hunter*) Daniel Ellsberg said it was a compliment to the American people that our government felt it had to lie to us about what was going on in Vietnam; he said it was a criticism of us that we were lied to so easily. I think we are feeling much easier lied to now. Vietnam is a long way away and a long time ago. A character in one of Christopher Marlowe's plays tries to excuse a king his scandals abroad: "That was in another country, and besides, the wench is dead."

Fidel called the Vietnamese "legendary." If it weren't for their incredibly beautiful toughness, determination, and suffering, Americans could be at war right now in Iran, Nicaragua, El Salvador, maybe even in Cuba. Every year that Vietnam is farther in the past, the next war is one year closer. Hopefully Michael Cimino will not be making a movie about it.

Watts that again

the Watts Monster

by Linda Burdick

What happens you mix "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde", "Jack the Ripper", and "Roots"? You arrive at something similar to *The Watts Monster* only in this case the tormented past of a black man is "hooker specific".

Having become a successful research doctor, our protagonist tries to experiment with what he feels is the cure for cirrhosis of the liver---the dread disease from which his mother died. Oddly enough, you think, he has taken to a young hooker patient of his. Then he tells her that his mother died in the brothel in which she worked and not a single hooker would help to save her. Would Linda, the hooker, help him, he wonders by trying out the "cure" he has found? Of course, he has tried it out himself and turned big and evil and...you guessed it...white.

First he starts haunting the black part of town as the white monster by night. The make-up job...well... Anyway, Linda doesn't like the look and opts for cirrhosis. He, on the other hand, is quite pleased with his new image by night. With the hooker population substantially decreasing at our doctor's healing hand, the police are called in.

No one ever said Linda was bright and so when she tells the doctor she is going to turn him in, guess what he decides? So, when he drives up all dressed in tux and white saying "Get in the car, Linda", she gets a little jumpy which leads to a bit more ugly blood letting and a chase scene which puts him atop the Watts Towers. About 12 million bullets to the heart leave him undaunted for quite awhile but when Hyde starts to look again like Jekyll, he starts to fade fast. Some pretty good grunts come out of his bullet ridden body and you guess the rest.

I'm not sure the film does much for race relations but it makes one think that hookers need be unionized!

Cavorting In The Courtroom and Justice for All

A Film Review by Linda Burdick

If you're suddenly sitting around with 5 extra food stamps, and no one you know is starving, and you can trade in 3 of them for a ticket to see this film, do it---it's a worthwhile project.

This film attempts to demonstrate that to work within the court system today you must either be corrupt (by overt acts or through the sins of silence) or crazy or at least be aware that you are certainly going to have to compromise your ideals. You must defend people who are guilty as though they were innocent and bargain a guilty plea for people who are actually innocent.

Al Pacino is portrayed as the idealistic, unconventional, "caring" attorney (Kirkland), who tries desperately to work within a decadent legal framework and maintain his morality. One problem, for me, however, is that Kirkland is almost too good---like too much candy on Halloween. He is honest, an excellent lawyer, and so loving and giving that he even visits his aging grandfather (who raised him) in an old folks home once a week. (Incidentally Lee Strasberg as grandfather becomes awfully senile awfully fast here). Even the one flaw to Kirkland's character---the crime he committed for which he is threatened to be disbarred is that he once "betrayed a clients confidence" because he read somewhere that someone was killing people by putting cherry bombs in their mouths, recognized it as a former client and called the cops.

Even Kirkland's law partner is good. He has a nervous breakdown because a murderer he helped free through legal prowess has "done it again" only this time he killed 2 children.


But the acting here is much better than good and the point a poignant one. Kirkland is chosen to defend a very rotten Judge Flemming (John Forsythe) who loves the law but hates people---especially Kirkland. Therein lies the beauty and meaning of the choice of lawyer. Judge Flemming must really be innocent if Kirkland who hates him defends him. Again politics. Irony. Etc.

Judge Flemming is as bad as Kirkland is good. This Judge doesn't give a shit about victims of the legal system, thinks jails are grand places or even better bus stops en route to that big beautiful glowing chair. Oh---and one more thing---he also is charged with sodomizing and brutally assaulting a girl in the course of an S & M ritual.

Well, while Al is being good and John is being bad, 2 clients of Kirkland's are dying in jail. Both are powerful representations of victims of the special law of survival that operates in prison. Neither client really deserves to be there---one jailed as a result of a police computer mistake and poor work of a public defender---and the other a pathetic female transvestite who is jailed because Kirkland can't be there for his sentencing.

Jack Warden, as the suicidal manic judge friend of Kirkland's, adds high-light and humor to the film especially with his daring helicopter ride in which he plays a guessing game about how much gas he has left to get back home.

All this good vs. bad builds to a final courtroom scene in which Al Pacino is defending John Forsythe whom he now knows is guilty. You'll feel so much like cheering at the acting and the end that in spite of the weaknesses mentioned, you'll forgive and forget.



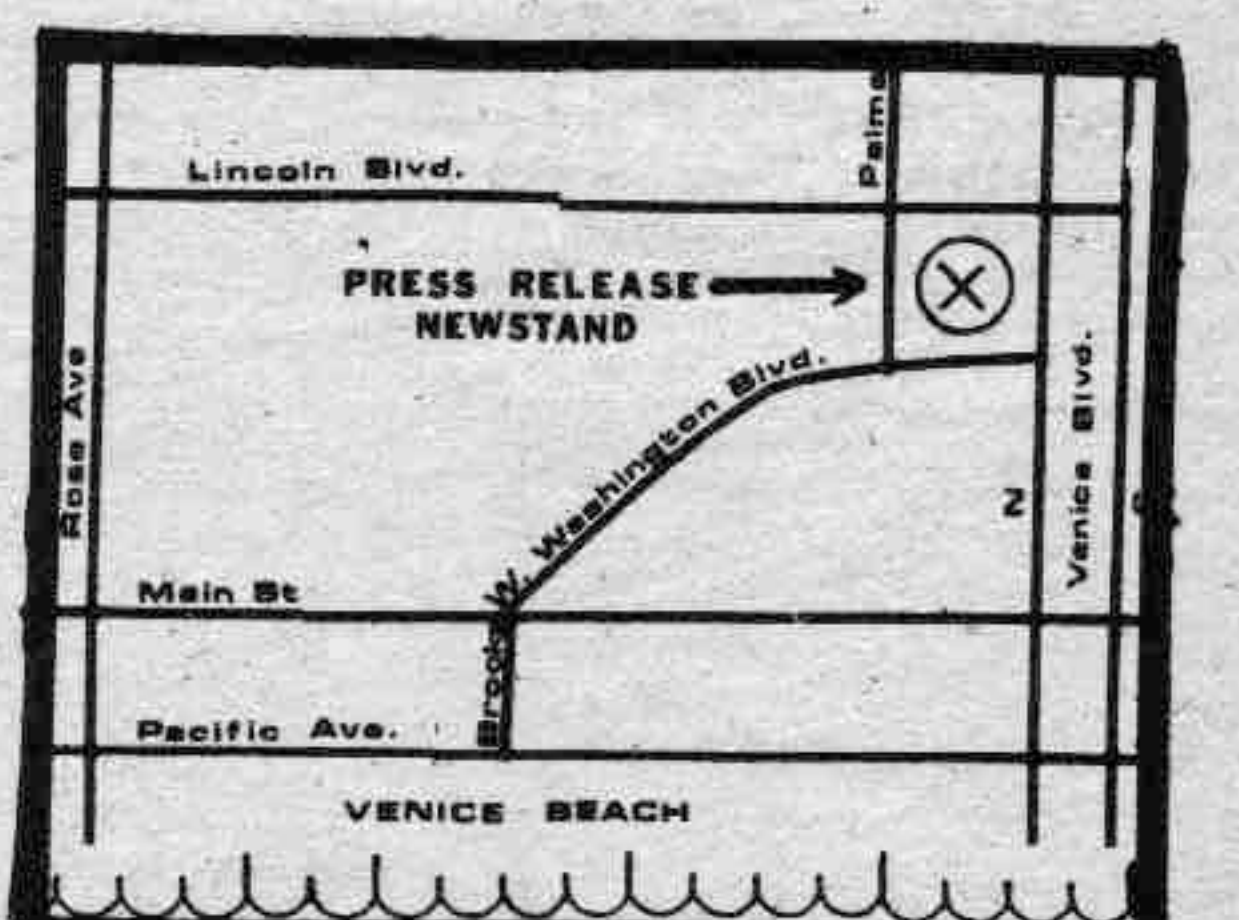
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14 Communitas Awards Sensor

SENSOR, Women's Media Resource Center, has been awarded a production contract by Communitas, the Santa Monica based neighborhood crime prevention program, Sue Villegas, director of Sensor announced.

Included in the video tape package are two 30-second Public Service Announcements, two half-hour informational tapes and one 15-minute self defense tape.

The 15-minute tape entitled Fear into Anger features techniques taught at one of many self defense classes for women and senior citizens sponsored by Communitas' Making it Safe project.

The tape will air on Sensor's week-

ly cable program, Journal An Electronic Magazine on Theta CH 3, Wednesday, Nov. 7th at 10 pm. The program will include an interview with Betty Brooks, instructor of the class and co-chairperson California Association of Self Defense Instructors. For information on self defense classes or Fear into Anger, call Communitas at 394-0282.

Sensor, a non-profit educational organization, offers work experience in television production and is available for film and video production. For further information write: Sensor, P.O. Box 5595, Santa Monica, Ca. 90405 ☆

PROP I cont. from p. 6

great deal of court-ordered school desegregation (in those places where segregation is only de facto and not de jure).

This may or may not be true elsewhere in the state (it may be that there is no segregation that is not de jure), but it is definitely not the case in Los Angeles. Prop. 1 would only require the use of federal law -- state courts would still make the decisions, and the courts of this state, all the way to the State Supreme Court, have already ruled that the Los Angeles schools are segregated de jure, using the same definition of de jure used by the federal courts.

So even if Prop. 1 were to pass the L.A. school board could not evade the order to desegregate.

"Root and Branch -- Now"

But California law differs from the federal in another respect, and this too would be changed by Robbins's proposition. Once a California school district is found to be segregated it is required only to "undertake reasonably feasible steps to alleviate segregation and its accompanying harm." And as long as some program is making "meaningful progress" toward this goal the lower courts have been instructed not to intervene. Lawyers for the L.A. Board of Education have built entire careers just around arguing the meaning of "reasonable," "feasible," and "alleviate" (the case has been in the courts for 16 years); their sons and daughters now attending segregated Los Angeles schools can count on graduating from law school and building equally well-paid careers for themselves debating

the definition of "meaningful progress."

Federal courts may find segregation less often, but when they do find it they have a much tougher standard. Unlawful school segregation must be "eliminated, root and branch . . . now" (and "now" was underlined by the U.S. Supreme Court).

Prop. 1: Tougher Desegregation for L.A.

Under the soft California standard the Los Angeles school board, under the leadership and inspiration of its former president Howard Miller, dared to offer the court the present "desegregation plan," which involves barely more than 10 percent of the district's kids in busing (and two-thirds of the kids on buses are minority), while leaving 290,000 out of a total enrollment of 555,000 permanently locked into hundreds of racially isolated minority schools. And Board lawyers had the nerve to go into court and argue that this was all they could "reasonably feasibly" do to "alleviate" segregation.

If Prop. 1 replaces the state standard with the federal, virtually every child and every school in Los Angeles will have to be desegregated -- "root and branch."

Alan Robbins really couldn't care less. He's getting more political mileage than ever in his career surfing the pipeline of white supremacism. If the freeways go wall-to-wall yellow buses because Prop. 1 passed, Robbins will just shrug his shoulders and say, "Well, folks, I tried."

But if the anti-busers damage themselves by passing Prop. 1 that's their problem. By pumping up this issue in this way Robbins is tending to bring out the worst in people rather than the better, helping to focus, concentrate, organize, and encourage the forces of self-seeking white supremacism. This is a grave injury to the minorities of the state, and to the purposes of justice and democratic rights. His proposition deserves to be opposed on these grounds even if it would, in a contrary way, actually increase the amount of busing and desegregation (which themselves should be looked at differently and more boldly by the left).

In the last election another State Senator with nothing of a program to offer but different ways of hurting people tried to refloat his own career with the anti-gay Prop. 6. While it's difficult to imagine that the people of this state have much sympathy for gays, they declined to be taken in by the Senator's balloon. Perhaps they'll deal the same way with Alan Robbins. [E]



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RUBY TO CROWN GOLDIE

NOVEMBER 13

Mark it on your calendars: the coronation of Goldie Glitters as Queen of Venice will take place on Tuesday, November 13th, starting at 9:30 AM, in the Lafayette Cafe (corner Ocean Front Walk & Westminster, a few blocks north of Windward Avenue).

A true Venice event, the ceremony is the brainchild of ever-popular community person Ruby Witeaker, a Lafayette waitress for the last nine years. Ruby's idea first appeared in the September BEACHHEAD, and an enthusiastic response encouraged her to go ahead with it. Assisting Ruby in organizing the ceremony is Barbara Avedon, well-known community activist and long-time close friend of Goldie's.

As a direct result of stories this summer in the L.A. Times and the BEACHHEAD, Goldie's star is on the rise again in the media. On Monday, October 29th, he is finally receiving the Homecoming Queen crown from Santa Monica College which he has been waiting for since 1975. "No queen has waited so long and been so patient as I have," was his comment to me on that belated award. An already completed interview with Dorothy Rhineholt will appear shortly afterwards in the Santa Monica Evening Outlook. A book he has written on his life — called "GOLDIE GLITTERS" — is now being read by Adams Ray Rosenberg Literary Agency. He has also been a guest on two TV talk shows — "AM Los Angeles" and "Collage" — and will no doubt be snapped up for others.

At a recent ceremony-planning breakfast at the Lafayette, Goldie said he will not resume drag to receive his Venice Queen crown; he intends to wear an appropriate outfit consisting of tennis shoes, levis, a black & white Lafayette T-shirt, and a robe worn by Richard Burton in a Shakespeare play on Broadway which he bought in New York. However, he says he may change his mind at the last minute — surely the prerogative of a queen.

"This is SO exciting," Goldie said over french toast. "Perhaps this will be the beginning of a yearly event, a festival day in Venice, with a new queen each year." "We'll start early so the press can cover it," added Barbara, "then we'll keep it going on into the afternoon." Ruby stressed, "We want everyone and their cousin to be here!"

It looks like Ruby may get her wish. In addition to the many residents who have assured us they are coming, Peter Brown of "Real People" TV show says the coronation will be featured on that program, and Carol Blue will be writing it up for the Times.

I asked Goldie, with all this publicity, what he wanted to do with his life now; is he serious about the movies?

"I love entertaining people," he answered, "and if I could get into movies that would be just fine. I would like to buy my house. I would like to finish paying off my dental work and all my bills. I would like to have everything paid off and not have to struggle anymore."

"I don't have to worry about being rich because I don't really think that's ever going to happen. If it does, I'll be ecstatically happy and give fabulous dinner parties every other night. And anyone who's been to my dinner parties knows I can cook."

"And it's really time for me to be a queen," he added with a small sigh; "After all, I am getting on."

— Wendy Reeves

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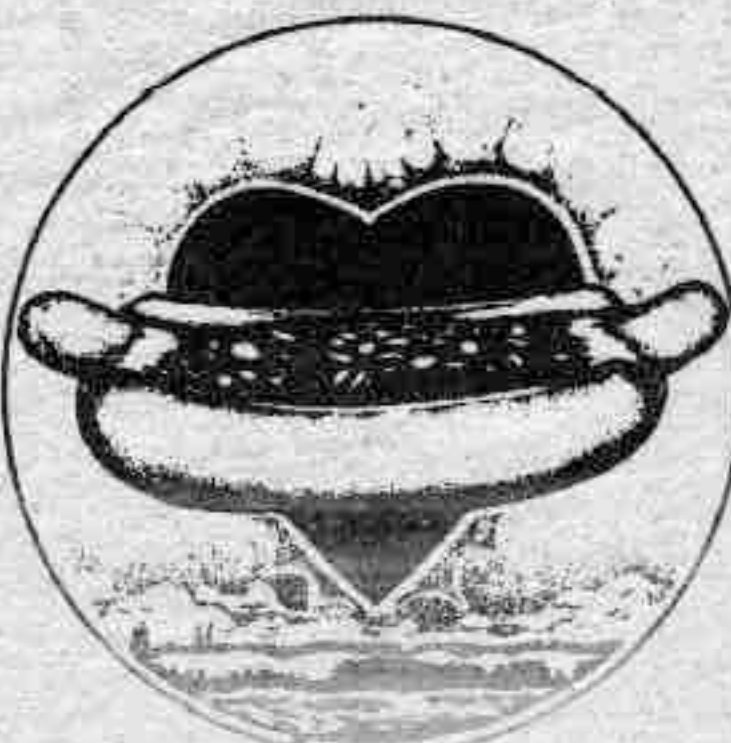
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ton Bl. in Venice. 392-3931

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November 8 - 3:00 and 7:30 p.m.

1960's "Nostalgia Trip" - Braverman's
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ART

WINDWARD GALLERY - 62 Windward Ave. Venice
"T.V. Guide Diary", A Narrative Art Exhibit
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BEYOND BAROQUE- 681 Venice Bl.
Saturday, Nov. 3 1 - 4pm. Gallery opening
Isabel Anderson - "Garden and Other Places"
show runs through November 24,

more
letters



Dear Lynn, Emily, Chuck, Brenda, et.al:

How Others See Us, the reprint from the
German newspaper, was the best "summing" up of the
Venice scene that I have read yet. I've been
wanting to write you the last couple of months on
the same subject---how the true Venetians feel
about Venices' new popularity. I'd like to tell
you a few things about my growing up here, then
offer some views about its present.

My family and I moved to Venice in 1963 from
Santa Monica. Most of my parents friends, as I
learned later, considered our move something in
the order of going to the "wrong side of the
tracks." Sears wouldn't even give them a home
owners loan, stating that they now lived in a
"depressed area." Quote, unquote!!!! To child-
ren however, the important essentials that adults
tack onto things was lost on us here. We had
moved to a much more open area than where we came
from. The Marina was still only on blueprints,
the canals a block away, and the beach too. We
really had room to roam. The electric trams were
still shuttling up and down Ocean Front Walk, and
for a dime you could get up to P.O.P. How run
down it had become, when I remember now, but

COMMUNITY EVENTS POETRY

VENICE JAIL READINGS -- NOVEMBER

685 Venice Blvd. Venice 7:30pm Tuesdays
Nov. 6 - Joe Saffie, Kita Shantiris
Nov. 13- Lynne Bronstein, Lisa Ruvelson
Nov. 20- Parody Night
Nov. 27- Otis O'Solomon, Julia Stein

Intellectuals and Liars, a literary bookstore
1028 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica 451-1842
Sunday, Nov. 4 - 8:00 - Poetry reading
Charles Webb

Sunday, Nov. 18 - 8:00 - Poetry reading
Eloise Klein Healy

Sunday, Dec. 9 - 8:00 - Poetry & Fiction read-
ing - Leslie Scalapino

BEYOND BAROQUE - 681 Venice Bl., Venice
822-3006 Open poetry readings Fridays - 8p.m
Friday, Nov. 2 - Robert Peters
Friday, Nov. 9 - 12 Poets reading works by
their favorite poets.

Thursday, Nov. 15 - "Visions of California:
Asian-American Writers 1929-1979", con-
ference sponsored jointly by the UCLA
Asian American Studies Center. 4-7p.m.
Friday, Nov. 16 - Beyond Baroque Foundation
Small Press Workshop. 10a.m.-4p.m.
Saturday, Nov. 17 - Coordinating Council of
Literary Magazines marketing seminar and
Promotion Workshop. 10a.m.-4p.m.
Friday, Nov. 16 - Special CCLM-sponsored
poetry reading. Rae Armantrout, Alurista
Saturday, Nov. 17, - Special CCLM-sponsored
poetry reading. Kay Boyle.
9 - 11 p.m. reception with music and re-
freshments.

Sunday, Nov. 18 - Individual appointments for
consultation with CCLM Marketing and
Promotion advisors Noon - 4p.m.
Friday, Nov. 30, 8p.m. - Poetry-
Gene Frumpkin

WRITER'S CRAMP WEST - 920 Venice Bl. #220
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BROTHER BLUE: teller of stories, weaver of
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none-the-less wildly extravagant to us. Later
memories flare up---the canal festivals, speeding
full tilt down Ocean Front Walk towards home at
dusk (it was rough at times) watching Venice Pier
go up, and practically hoarded more of childhood
memories, dear only to the remember-ee; nonessen-
tial to others.

I have read in the last few months, in the
letters section, what people in Venice feel about
the current invasion. I wanted to reflect awhile
before I responded. I feel very strongly about
Venice. It is my home. I always was proud of
our off-beat reputation. While other of my friend
friends, who also lived on the Marina-Del Rey-
Venice boundary, took to labeling their addresses
as 'Marina Del Rey', as soon as it came into
vogue, I stuck to 'Venice'.

I feel vehemently about all that Venice is
now---boutiques, snobby restaurants, those ubiq-
uitous skaters, tourists (yecchhh) and the whole
utterly chic scene. Yet, when I feel the blood
boiling in my veins, I take a big breath and
remember that there still are a lot of the origi-
nal people left here. It feels like you are
trying to fight a big, destructive monster that
you can't see. I also remember that years ago
Venice was a tourist destination. Big bands on
the Lick Pier, crowded beaches, posh restaurants,
etc. And there were also probably people like
us, wishing to hell it would all go away. Perhaps

it will, again.

As for me, I love Venice, as all people who
have a home, love it. But I won't stay. It is
worth trying to save, though, God knows. But I
have a 2½ year old son, who also needs "room to
roam" like I did. I'll see you all when the
parade leaves town!

Ann Kennedy

COMMUNITY

VENICE TOWN COUNCIL POT LUCK DINNER
Sunday, November 25 at the Front Porch 1319
W. Washington Bl. 4 pm. - 7 pm. A short mee-
ting will precede dinner. Everyone from the com-
munity is always welcome.

DIATOM-Oceanic Society, L. A. Chapter
Thursday, Nov. 8, 8pm. "Whales and Other
Cetaceans" Monthly public mtg. Chace Park
Community Bldg. Mindanao Wy. MDR.

Saturday, Nov. 17, 9am. Guided tour of Pt.
Mugu Lagoon and Barrier Beach. Reser-
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Friday - Sunday, Nov. 23 - 25. Catalina Island
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"Weaver Fever", a fashion show and sale
Sunday, Nov. 11 at the Veteran's Memorial Aud-
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10a.m. - 4p.m. For more info: Sonia Brown
379 - 7056

"CHANGE RADICAL" - feminist radical psychi-
atry training collective forming. Friday, Nov.
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