

# FREE VENICE

# BEACHHEAD

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## MAYOR BRADLEY TRIPS OVER VENICE

By Rick Davison

Since annexation in 1924, Venice has been locked in a battle for survival—Venice vs Los Angeles. During the past fifteen years Los Angeles has turned its greedy eyes toward its west coast. In the fifties and early sixties, Councilman Karl Rundberg did his best to destroy Venice; replaced by Councilman Braude, the battle was almost lost under the gun of the City's Code Enforcement Program; we got a little breather under ol' Timberlake who wasn't sure where Venice was; then along came Ms Russell with her improved Master Plan, Canal Plan and traffic plan—all dangerous to the present residents of Venice. We're not safe yet. Different though the individual councilpersons be, Mayor Sam was right in there all the way. I don't know where the ex-mayor's private interests lie in Venice, but I am sure that they are significant.

In the last mayor's race some of my friends on the Left said it was stupid to vote for a Bradley over a Yorty, "There's not a dime's worth of difference between them." Although unhappy with Bradley's record as a councilman and a bit leery of his earlier years with the LAPD, I still

couldn't vote for a Yorty. Yet, after hearing our new mayor speak before the Venice Chamber of Commerce Luncheon, Friday March 22, (held by the way at the Marina del Rey Yacht Club) I couldn't find a dime's worth of difference between the old and new mayor. It is obvious that Mayor Bradley is taller, better looking and has a more together delivery than Sam, although not as funny. Still their concepts, as far as they relate to Venice, are the same.

The entire luncheon was gross. It took you back twenty years in setting, style and speeches. Its setting, the very posh and very private Yacht Club, was enough to turn away all but the most determined. There was a pleasant liquor hour where for a buck twenty-five you could sip yourself into oblivion. Then everyone was ushered into the banquet room to crowd around separate little round tables (no name cards, fortunately, I remembered my own). Lunch was light and delicious for another four fifty. Each setting was graced with a small loaf of Good Stuff bread, a take home item compliments of Good Stuff Bakery.

Then the words began to flow; it was

a flood. The style was like every chamber of commerce luncheon since the year one. The new president, Mr. Real Estate himself, Joey Baker, was in his glory. There was a flag salute, someone prayed over the food, then came the introductions—everyone was introduced even a few who weren't there. Next "our own" Councilwoman Pat Russell spoke. She explained what a thrill it was to be there to witness the development of the Venice Chamber since its reorganization last year. The old Chamber had merged with the Marina Chamber, but now that the storm clouds appeared to be clearing they were returning to Venice—at least in name. Then Ms. Russell began to tell what a great mayor Tom was. She couldn't say enough about him. The best example she had to symbolize the dynamic change he had brought to City Hall was that he made his own calls—she went into great detail as to how her staff got flustered upon answering the ring to hear the mayor's own voice ask for so and so. About this time Ms Russell was interrupted by the Mayor's arrival (Pres Joey had announced earlier that the Mayor would be late.)

The Mayor began by telling everyone how great Ms Russell was. They made a great song and dance team. Getting down to serious business, he told the gathering that they could rest assured that Venice was on the go: the Canal Project was going through, streets would be widened, especially Venice Blvd, certain people will be relocated and business will be better than ever. He sounded like Nixon. I think he's taller than Nixon, too. One well traveled gentleman asked why L.A. couldn't get the programs the federal government was using in the Virgin Islands to help relocate the poor. The mayor answered that he was trying to get those programs for L.A., but funds were tight. (The population of the Virgin Islands is mostly black; the prime ocean front land is owned by whites; the federal program is being used to move the poor people off whatever valuable land is left in order to redesign a new, not so virgin island. There's a full blown race war down there. Evidently, that's what the well traveled gentleman at the back of the room would like to see happen in Venice.)

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by Ron Guenther

In response to repeated Venice Town Council resolutions and a growing protest from all parts of the Venice Community, the Legal Aid Society of Los Angeles early this year filed suit in Superior Court to invalidate the City's Coastal Commission permit for the Canal Street development project. Almost from the very day that this historic lawsuit was filed, City agencies and work crews under the able leadership of our Councilwoman Pat Russell, began construction of the project, and continued at full-speed all through the preliminary litigation. The intent was obviously to finish the project before the courts could stop it, and in fact, in a cynical display of arrogance so familiar to Venice residents, the City Attorney's main argument at the trial was the anticipated and familiar argument—that so much construction had taken place already that it wouldn't be fair for the courts to stop the project now, even though every bit of construction had taken place AFTER the suit was filed. On April 2, in a stunning victory for the Venice Community, Judge Thomas ruled that all Coastal Commission permits for the project were invalid, and that the South Coast Regional Commission must rehear the permit application. This decision was based on his finding that the Coastal Commission had not properly notified either residents of the neighborhood or the community at large of the Commission public hearing, required for issuance of the permit. This landmark decision, if upheld, would make it impossible for the City of Los Angeles to quietly obtain future Coastal Commission permits for other planned development obscenities in Venice. Public notice of hearings must be given, and it must be given in such a way that the general community is informed, not just a selected group of individuals and organizations on a mailing list.

Attorney Tom Diamond presented a brilliant case, having researched public notice decisions back to 1899. Judge Thomas congratulated him for his thorough research and preparation, and concise, knowledgeable arguments. The judge stated that it had been a pleasure to work on such an important, precedent setting lawsuit with attorneys as prepared and articulate as Tom, and his aide Steve Brown, were that day.

## PAT RUSSELL: TREE KILLER



Exactly one day after the court's decision invalidating Coastal Commission permits for the project, which should have absolutely stopped all construction, Councilwoman Pat Russell allowed paving, sidewalk and street lighting work to proceed with the greatest of haste and urgency, taking advantage of a ten day period allowed by the court for the City to protest the decision. At this writing (April 13), ten

days later, the project is essentially completed. Once again, our City Government has grossly violated the spirit of the law and the intent of the Courts in order to better serve its masters—the real estate speculators and developers in the Venice area. At the April 3 Town Council meeting, Councilwoman Pat Russell explained that it was all "perfectly legal", and that she could not have stopped the project in any of its stages, even if she

had wanted to. This statement comes with our councilwoman fully aware that, if the courts continue to uphold our position, massive civil suits against the City will most certainly be filed for damages to the Venice community. Our Councilwoman is weak, unable or unwilling to resist the pressures of the Venice Big Money that elected her and that buys tickets for her \$1,000 a plate dinners. Her words may very well be the sad truth as she knows it.

The case will probably come eventually before the State Coastal Commission where the Venice Community will be asking for a complete restoration of Canal Street to its original condition, and a moratorium on all development until the issue is decided. Town Council members and others will be asking for a complete restoration of Canal Street to its original condition, and a moratorium on all development until the issue is decided. Town Council members and others will be working tirelessly to ensure that no Canal Street land speculator, such as Mr. Hurst of Ontario or any of his Venice Brethren, will realize one penny of their long dreamed for profits from the destruction of the Canal Street Community.

So the whole sordid Canal Street drama winds slowly to a close. Instead of the inexpensive, no through traffic paradise emphasizing green space and a community park around the old palm tree, soft lighting to preserve the spirit of the night for residents, people walking and bicyclist, minimum street and sidewalk width, low density development and emphasis on poor people and their needs, Councilwoman Russell has given us a sterile, asphalt-concrete desert, an automobile freeway with harsh, mercury vapor street lighting for the cars, no greenery except for a few pathetic trees planted in holes in the concrete and chosen for their resistance to automobile exhaust fumes, and of course, the inevitable clamor to destroy the beautiful, staunch old cottages of Canal Street and to put in their place the ugly, expensive, multi-story boxes becoming so characteristic of Venice real estate development. She tells us that this was all done for "proper traffic circulation."

The translation of this statement reads something like: "...proper removal of poor people who are getting in the way of real estate profits."

Thanks a lot, Pat, we'll remember you.

# TOWN COUNCIL VOTES TO SUPPORT FARMWORKERS

by Ron Guenther

In response to an urgent call for help from Jan Peterson, a United Farmworkers of America representative, the Venice Town Council voted to help the Farmworkers in two resolutions passed at the April 3 Town Council meeting.

The Council resolved to "...support the United Farmworkers of America boycotts of Scab wines, table grapes, and head lettuce, and of Safeway markets and Sav-On Drug stores, and.....send letters to these two chains calling on them to honor the demands of the Farmworkers Union."

In order to implement this decision, the Council voted to set up a Venice Town Council Farmworkers Support Committee which would ".....investigate how the resolution supporting the Farmworker boycotts is being honored in the community, and .....report its findings at the May meeting, with recommendations for further action."

The effectiveness of these decisions will depend largely on the willingness of the Venice community to support the struggle of its sisters and brothers in the fields. The community will be asked to selectively avoid buying from those stores and markets which refuse to stop selling scab lettuce and table grapes, and scab wines such as Gallo, Paisano, Thunderbird, Boone's Farm, Spanada, Tyrolia, Riple, Carlo Rossi, Eden Roc, Andre, all Guild and Franzia wines, and those wines coming from Modesto or Rippon, California.

The struggle of the Farmworkers is the struggle of the people in Venice. Big money

from the same rotten system that attempts to destroy the Venice community for real estate profit attempts to destroy the Farm workers Union for the profit of the growers and the chain stores such as Safeway Markets and Sav-On Drug Stores. Many of both groups are excruciatingly poor, underfed, underhoused, underclothed, undereducated, and lacking any kind of good medical care—mere warm bodies to be fed into the maw of the system for the personal gain and profit of others—wealthier and better organized within the establishment than they. Farmworkers have infant and maternal mortality rates 125% higher than the national rate, influenza and pneumonia rates 200% higher, tuberculosis and other infectious diseases rates 260% higher, and accident rates 300% higher.

Out of the price of a 21 cent head of lettuce, a pound of lemons at 24 cents, or a dozen oranges at 60 cents, only about one penny goes to the field worker, the rest to the grower and others.

According to the Senate Subcommittee on Migratory labor, "Migrant workers and their families have been expressly excluded, or at best only minimally included, in all conventional citizen worker benefits enacted by Federal and state law such as unemployment insurance, workmen's compensation coverage, social security insurance, general welfare assistance, minimum wage standards, child labor protections."

It is time that our concern for the struggle of the farmworkers becomes an effective plan of action. Support you Venice Town Council. Support the Farmworkers!!

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gordon quinlan carol fondiller

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A woman asked if the mayor was considering moving middle income people into the central city. He assured her that he was. "What middle income people?" was left unanswered.

Of course the mayor talked about his plans for a rapid transportation system in Los Angeles; although he did not explain how, when or where it would serve Venice. Next he reassured everyone that they no longer need be ashamed or apologize for Venice—he also reassured his audience that steps were being taken to re-vitalize Venice. The luncheon ended with the mayor receiving a portrait of himself and himself giving one to the community.

It was a sad experience. If one doesn't think about what Bradley is saying or not saying, he presents a good image. The image is liberal and I think his election has changed some attitudes in Los Angeles' officialdom. Yet, how difficult it is when a popular elected mayor is too conservative to initiate the kinds of programs required to meet the problems pressing upon the People.... housing, medical, employment, etc.

It is especially difficult when the popular official is a minority person or a woman (persons traditionally supported by liberals and radicals)—such being the case with our mayor and councilwoman. Based on Ms Russell's actions, I do not hold out any hope for her. Now, after the mayor's appearance and speech before the people who are bent on destroying the present Venice community, I am holding on by a thin thin thread to the hope that Mayor Bradley will come through for the People. I do know that our only chance of it happening is that we, the little people, the poor, the hungry and the sick, i.e., the oppressed, that we must keep pressure on the mayor and our pressure must be more that equal the money forces that prey on elected officials—whatever their color or sex.

Thanks to Brice Wood for our beautiful new masthead and for other artwork which appears on these pages

## MIME TROUPE COMING TO VENICE

A truckload of wisecracking jugglers with brass band accompaniment descends upon a strikebound dock to the surprised delight of picketing longshoremen.... a pack of zanies in rags and greasepaint pops up in a ghetto schoolyard to win young hearts with clowning hijinks....hard-hitting political satire captures a crowd of 500 sprawled on the grass of a neighborhood park. They are tourists and toddlers, picnickers, panhandlers, exotically-garbed street people and nice young couples from suburbia—an audience drawn together by theater that goes out to THEM.

It's all in a week's work for the San Francisco Mime Troupe, a critically-acclaimed street theater appearing at the FOX-VENICE on May 9, 10, 11. The Troupe will perform THE MOTHER, an epic drama by the celebrated Bertolt Brecht.

Operating out of a former recording studio in S.F.'s Mission District, the company has developed strong ties with the Latin American community by working alongside cultural organizations and citizens' groups in its own neighborhood. Despite a shoe-string budget, they have attracted national and international attention for the high quality of their performances and sharp relevance of their themes. The Mime Troupe has twice won New York's Obie (off-Broadway) annual award for anti-establishment theaters. The LOS ANGELES TIMES recently commented: "If theater, left or right, is ever going to change anybody's politics, it will first have to be good theater—the Mime Troupe's work is." A company writer puts the group's collective goal more simply: "We try to entertain and tell the truth."

This may sound difficult if you think of mime as the silent art of Marcel Marceau. The Mime Troupe, which abandoned this

by Haskel Simonowitz

Last month's article on this topic discussed bad discharges in a general way and went into some detail on separation program numbers or SPN's. These are the semi-secret code numbers which told prospective employers, and other knowledgeable types, the reason why a person was discharged. Since the last Beachhead appeared, the Secretary of Defense has ordered the use of these numbers discontinued. However, with typical government efficiency, the second obvious step of erasing all previously issued numbers was not taken, so we will have to keep on trying to waken the "sleeping giant."

Retroactive action of this type is a necessary goal of VVAW/WSO's campaign for just treatment of all veterans and is intimately bound up with the entire Discharge Upgrading Project. It is stated as one of our organization's ten objectives:

To demand there be no distinctions as to type of discharges and that a single type of discharge be issued, and that this be retroactive. We also demand all veterans receive all rights and benefits under the VA; and that compensation for disabilities be based solely upon the degree of disability for veterans and their families, without regard to sex, race, rank or length of service. Working towards this goal will also help us to achieve the concomitant objective of the Discharge Upgrading Project or DUP, which is unconditional universal amnesty. The purpose of DUP then, is to achieve justice through the upgrading of all bad discharges, the retroactive issuance of a single type discharge, and the declaration of amnesty. The project is run by the badly discharged veterans themselves with assistance and guidance by the DUP workers. The idea is to avoid the typical social service agency bureaucratic approach of providing a "service" to "clients." It is, and is intended to be, a self help program. People who have a problem are helped to overcome it through their own efforts in concert with others similarly situated. They thus exercise continuous and exclusive control over their own lives at all times. What the project workers do is provide the technical know how

(what forms to send where and when, what things to look for in records, knowledge of military regulations, etc.) but the individual veteran must do the most important and most laborious part of the task. After filling out various government forms which enable DUP to get all of his or her military records, the person must reconstruct his or her entire military career in an exhaustive chronology. This must be done in as detailed a manner as possible so that we can compare the person's version of that career with the official version that exists in the records. This is often a very difficult task for the veteran. Memory is often hazy, names and places are sometimes only dimly recalled. But it must be done accurately and in written form. And many vets have trouble writing which further complicates things.

While doing the paperwork is important, much of the real work of DUP goes on in group counselling sessions where badly discharged vets discuss their individual experiences and come to see them not as unique personal aberrations but rather as the common patterns of life under an unjust system that they are. By gaining an understanding of his or her experience the veteran often learns that it is not merely his or her single case that is important but those of all badly discharged GI's. Once the patterns of oppressions are made manifest the motivation to work for justice for all quickly follows. In this way people can come together and take charge of their lives.

As the paper work goes on, the completed chronology is compared with the records and the records compared with the regulations in order to discover the errors and irregularities that are virtually always present. A legal brief is then prepared based on the chronology and the records analysis and it is forwarded to lawyers working with DUP in Washington, D.C. The case is then taken to the appropriate service's Discharge Review Board (DRB) or Board for Correction of Military Records (BCMR). What these boards are, how they handle cases brought before them, and their track records will be covered in the next article. For information on DUP call 396-6876.

a collectively-run organization of 15 members working six days a week on a tight schedule. Besides shows and rehearsals, the week includes business meetings, classes in music, movement, and circus techniques, political education sessions, collective criticism, writing workshops and office duties.

This rigorous program is dictated by the company's perennially desperate economic state. Fulltime non-commercial theaters, by definition, are subsidized. But the Mime Troupe, having burned all bridges to government or foundation support, lives on the income from its performances. Proceeds from tour appearances go to cover the deficit from the summer's free shows, pay off the mortgage, maintain the company's aged vehicles and provide the members' subsistence salaries. They managed to give themselves a raise last year—from \$30 to \$40 a week. "We'd like it to be \$80," an actor says. "Most of us have been doing this four or five years now, some of us have kids, and we no longer think you have to starve to prove that you're committed. But if we can't get more,—well, when you're doing what you believe in, you can do without a lot."

The Mime Troupe will present Brecht's rarely performed THE MOTHER at the FOX VENICE on May 9, 10, 11. Tickets are \$3.00.

Recent paintings of Fay Singer will be shown in a one-woman exhibit at Beyond Baroque Gallery, 1639 W. Washington Blvd. in Venice, from April 26th through May 11th. The gallery is open Monday through Saturday from 2 to 5 pm. The phone is 396-6551.

# CRUEL & BRIGHT: THOUGHTS ON VIOLENCE AND REVOLUTION 3

by Gordon Quinlan

I too have longed for love and light,  
But must they be so cruel and so bright?

Leonard Cohen

Those you have hunted now are hunting  
you.

## SLA Communique

In the 1960's while everything else was coming down, we discovered Che Guevara. We bought posters with his picture and hung those posters on our walls. The one that hangs in our house today shows Che in a smiling, expansive mood, laugh wrinkles radiating out from his eyes, and a funny-wonderful, bent-over stub of a cigar in his lips. He looks like a man, a farmer maybe or a lumberjack, who has just discovered the sun, the center of all things in our world that are growing and green and alive. Che Guevara. He is looking at the words they printed in front of his eyes, words in big Roman capitals: "Let me say, at the risk of seeming ridiculous, that the true revolutionary is guided by great feelings of love." The picture hangs over our dining room table, and it is nice to look at during meals, and to know that this man was our brother, this doctor with the beautiful smile, this revolutionary who believed in love.

What's more difficult to remember is that Che Guevara was a killer. Guevara personally sent bullets through the backs or brains or lungs of hundreds of his fellow human beings, human beings with desires and dreams like our own, human beings who fell back screaming and spitting blood. It is hard too to remember that few of the people he killed had done great wrong. Most were poor soldiers in Batista's army, men forced into military service by hunger or by fear; they were poor peasants victimized as much as anyone else by the system Guevara was fighting to destroy. And perhaps the soldiers were not alone; perhaps there were women and children too who fell under the bullets of this revolutionary doctor. And certainly there were thousands who died or were maimed or driven from their families and homes for whose sufferings Guevara, as a commander in the revolutionary army, was partly responsible. How many of these people were non-combatants, caught in a conflagration they neither desired nor understood? And after Havana was taken and the war ended, there were the mass trials and executions over which Che Guevara presided.

If this man's life, characterized above all by a commitment to change through violent means, was guided by great feelings of love, then surely love is a complicated thing, and perhaps something that many of us would rather not experience. I wonder how many of us would feel comfortable with those posters if the words were changed to read, "The person guided by great feelings of love will be willing to kill and to die for the revolution." Or how would we feel if, instead of that luminous face, we saw eyes squinting down the sights of a gun, the finger squeezing shut, and far off a body diminished by distance, crumpled in death?

It is good to choose our dreams with care. Those of us who have chosen revolution should understand clearly what that means. What it means is not that we use violence to change a peaceful world, but rather that the world we live in is a world gone berserk, a world ruled by total violence, a world where human beings enslave, drive, and destroy one another. Revolutionaries see a world where failure to fight back is complicity, a world in which the only decent human loving acts left to us are rebellion and death.

I know that it is hard for many of us to see that world. I live on a quiet tree-lined street where young people play and friends often visit. For me, as for most of us in the comfortable white world of middle America, genuine violence exists only on the borders of perception. Unless gifted with peripheral vision, or unless we strain our eyes, it is difficult to see.

But it is there. Six million men and women and children were killed or wound-

ed or had their homes destroyed during our involvement in Vietnam; and now that we have paid and trained the South Vietnamese to make war on themselves, the people of that country -- under the aegis of U.S. financial aid and military assistance -- continue to suffer unspeakably and die. Saigon is the worst slum in the world; and more than 100,000 political prisoners rot the days of their lives away in the jails and tiger cages of Premier Thieu. All in the interest of American foreign policy -- another way of saying capitalist greed. Surely we know all this already; but it is difficult to see. It is difficult to realize because ITT and Kennecott Copper and the CIA disagreed with Allende's peaceful road to socialism, that between 15 and 20,000 persons have been murdered in Chile so far, and those murders continue today. Does anyone remember that a million human beings were killed in Indonesia when a government anxious for U.S. money muscled its way to power, and do we want to imagine the repression in Indonesia now? Besides South Vietnam, Indonesia and Chile, there are a few other countries where America maintains brutal dictatorial governments. Brazil, the largest country in Latin America, is an example



of a government which repays U.S. economic and military aid by torturing and killing its people. Uruguay is another. And there are also Bolivia, Argentina, South Korea, Turkey, Portugal, Guatemala, Greece and Spain, Formosa, the Dominican Republic, Thailand, Cambodia, Laos, the Union of South Africa, Rhodesia, Jordan, and the Philippines. It is hard to remember these millions upon millions whom our government works so feverishly to maintain in degrading poverty and political fear. And it is not easy to understand that our own comfort and security, our own quiet, tree-lined streets are built up on the backs of those brutalized millions who give us the incredibly rich resources of their soil, while providing a huge market for our goods, and an immense source of slaving laborers. As Robert Bly once wrote:

It's because the aluminum window-shade business is doing so well in the United States that we roll fire over entire villages

It's because the milk trains coming into New Jersey hit the right switches every day that the best Vietnamese men are cut in two by American bullets that follow one another like freight cars...

It's because we have new packaging for smoked oysters that bomb holes appear in the rice paddies

It is because we have so few women sobbing in back rooms, because we have so few children's heads torn apart by high velocity bullets, because we have so few tears falling on our own hands

that the Super Sabre turns and screams down toward the earth.

But it is not only toward the earth of foreign lands that the Super Sabre turns and screams. The ghettos of America are patrolled by Sikorski helicopters developed for Vietnam. And this too is difficult for us to see. Segregated as we

are in this country which is racist down to its very roots, it is difficult to see the fear and degradation of that colony within the empire, that other nation on whose backs our comfortable tree-lined streets are also built: the Blacks, the Puerto Ricans, the Chicanos, the American Indians, the people of Appalachia, the old and the poor, the dispossessed and disinherited of every city and town. Michael Harrington, in *The Other America*, estimated that there are 45 million of us who belong to "the culture of poverty", a culture characterized not so much by inadequate income, though that is also true, but more importantly by a climate of violence and fear, drugs and prostitution, broken families, self-deprecation, and hopelessness.

If we strain our eyes to see, can we conceive the inner lives of those made to feel they are inferior, America's "untouchables", who know there is neither hope for themselves or for their children? If this growing up in a world that deprives people of their own self-respect, that teaches them to be niggers or spics unworthy even of the measly welfare checks so contemptuously doled out to them, if that destruction of the beauty of the human spirit isn't cause enough to take up arms against the millionaire executives who run this country in their own way for profit, then what is? Or do we have some ill-conceived belief that the American political system, our enemy, is going to save us? Teddy Kennedy? Or 20 bucks a year to the ACLU? Or long hair and dope and colorful beads? If the 1960's, into which we poured so much blood and love and so many dreams have taught us anything at all, we should have learned that the next and only possible step is revolution. Nothing in America today tells us that so well as our own silence. We are afraid...

And perhaps our fear is justified. Perhaps compassion for the wretched of the earth is not cause enough to make us take up arms and risk our lives. I do not think it is. I do not think that we will ever act until we see the worm that gnaws at us here in what Che Guevara called "the heart of the beast", this surrealistic nightmare that makes our own lives so empty and so sad. "The mass of men," Thoreau has said, "lead lives of quiet desperation." Only Garcia Lorca has said it better. In *Poet in New York*, he wrote:

The sunrise arrives, but nobody opens their mouths to receive it because here there is no tomorrow, no hope that is possible. Only now and then, furious swarms of nickels and dimes enter the wombs and devour the unwanted children.

The first to leave their houses grasp in their bones that there will be no paradise, no honest naked love; they know that they go to the filth of numbers and laws, to the games that take no skill, to the work that bears no fruit.

The sunlight has been buried under loud noises and chains, buried in the menace of a science that has no roots. Through the suburbs, people who cannot sleep are staggering as if they'd just made it ashore after being shipwrecked in a sea of blood.

And that world of numbers and laws, a world of science without roots, where there is no honest naked love is ours. For you and I also work for bosses we did not choose, at jobs we hate, and come home tired to homes we do not own, homes with little genuine warmth or happiness. As men and women we fear and hide from one another, and build relationships of power and possessiveness. Our children, the only real hope of humankind, are lied to and punished and schooled until they are driven acceptably insane, until they wear neckties and dark shoes and sell even their few beliefs in the marketplace of greed and social gain. In America, we breathe money like the air, and hunt for fast and pornographic sex instead of human friendliness and love. The old who can't produce on these

terms are pushed aside, drugged, demeaned and starved in those little death camps called convalescent hospitals or old age homes. And all of us, young and old alike, who can't conform or who rebel wind up on the Bowery or in insane asylums or prisons or the swift rivers of suicide. It is to be understood that the culture in which we live, a culture fed to us through all the media available to those in power is not a culture of life. If nothing else can convince us of this, surely we will be moved, knowing that the earth itself, the blue planet, the mother of us all, is on the verge of destruction: all for the profit of men like David Rockefeller and Randolph Hearst and corporations like General Motors and ITT. This is the earth where the American Indian, the Sioux and Cheyenne and Arapahoe, once walked or rode among the buffalo and all the other forms of life that they were proud to call sister and brother. This polluted land was once a paradise. No other word can describe it so well, and no other word describes so well the dream of revolution. "You can have what you ask for," Diane di Prima once wrote, "ask for everything." Unfortunately, along with all our other powers, the power to mourn, the power to rage, the power to love, those of us who live on the quiet, tree-lined streets have also lost the ability to dream, to imagine a world beyond this world, a decent human world of our own making, to say "what if...."

What if into this world that hungers for revolution there suddenly appeared a group of women and men of all races willing to use violence and to give their lives, a group of women and men struggling to build not a monolithic movement but a confederation of all the genuine revolutionary peoples in America? What if this happened, not in Cuba's far-away and romanticized Sierra Maestra, but rather in downtown Oakland or San Francisco?

Where would we stand? Could we give them our support -- our hearts, at least, if not our hands? Could we be the water in which those fishes swim? Could we learn from their mistakes, as they repeatedly claim they are doing? Could we prove out our differences, as they have called on us to do, in practise?

Like all the great and painful decisions of our lives, the decision whether or not to face the reality of violence is one that each of us will have to make alone. Sadly, I think this will be the dark night of the soul of these years into which we did not choose to be born. As we talk and think and wonder about this decision, I only hope that we will not become lost in the exhausting proliferation of words that has characterized the so-called "radical" Left. Nothing is less radical than inaction. As Fidel once wrote in his introduction to Che Guevara's diary: "In all ages and under all circumstances, there will always exist abundant reasons not to fight; but that will be the only way not to obtain liberty. Che did not outlive his ideas; he used his own blood to make them grow."



Henry Martin, U.S. Ambassador to South Vietnam

# world food crisis

If you ever thought about starting a garden, now is the time to do it.

The world is faced with a food crisis that could cause widespread famine; that is, millions of people dying a starvation at the same time. This would not be the constant low-grade hunger parents cite as they prod their children into finishing their dinner; nor would it be the relatively localized famine that already occurs in places like Brazil and Ethiopia; rather, it would be starvation on a scale incomprehensible to most Americans.

This world-wide food crisis is being precipitated by a shortage of chemical fertilizer: once farmland has used chemical fertilization for a number of years, it becomes impossible to stop, without a substantial reduction in crops. And there isn't enough organic fertilizer available anyway. The special high-yield grains that have become called the "Green Revolution" require extra fertilizer, so whatever hope remained from these miracle grains is being dissipated.

The fertilizer shortage is independent of the oil shortage, despite the fact that oil products (petrochemicals) are needed to make chemical fertilizer. A source in Shell Chemical Company has said that increased costs of natural gas, and government allotment limitations caused Shell to shut down two chemical fertilizer plants in the last three years. Similar closings of plants occurred throughout the industry. Although natural gas is not the only possible energy source (just the most economical) the fertilizer shortage is expected to last from two to three years, or until new natural gas wells are developed, most likely outside the United States. Also, a source in Stouffer Chemical Company indicated that we are running out of not just petrochemicals, but also other materials necessary for fertilizer production.

Long term changes in world weather are also threatening to reduce crops. According to *Newsweek* (April 1, 1974, p41) a southward migration of the monsoon rains is producing "a dry weather pattern stretching from the sub-Sahara drought belt through the Middle East to India, South Asia and North China." The U.S. could also be facing reduced rainfall in the Mid-West and Great Plains.

The world cannot lood to the seas for food, since pollution and irresponsible over-exploitation of fishing grounds is reducing the supply of fish.

Famine seems very likely in parts of the developing nations, but in the United States, the world's greatest food producer, the prospects are better, though uncertain.

Fred Stover, of the U.S. Farmer's Association in Des Moines, does not think the fertilizer shortage will cause serious crop reductions. He says, "If we have a serious crop shortage here it is more likely to be due to drought and not to a shortage of fertilizer, though I agree that nitrogen will be in short supply. But it will not result in famine here. It never has. Some farmers have used too much fertilizer."

A complicating factor is the increased shipments of American food abroad, combined with the decay of American railroads. Former Columbia University Economist Terence McCarthy has said, (*Ramparts*, June, 1973, p54) "The United States has shown itself incapable of meeting the food requirements of its people while shipping massive quantities abroad. One need but contemplate what would occur in this country if vastly increased over-seas shipments should coincide with a nation-wide drought such as occurred in the mid-30's. Under such

conditions, what would face us all is not merely inflation but famine. . .

"The Nation has embarked upon the most dangerous of all policies: the increased shipments abroad of food stocks which because of weather conditions and the decay of America's transport system cannot be replenished at all if nature should, for one brief season, rule otherwise."

Government officials may not know what to do, and may be afraid that they will be blamed for doing nothing in the face of impending disaster; perhaps this is the reason they are not giving the problem the publicity it deserves. There is every reason to believe that we have the technology available to feed the present population of the world. An abundant source of fertilizer presently being virtually ignored is the human waste concentrated in the cities of the world. For centuries, human waste in the form of "night soil" was used as fertilizer. In places like China, feces still fertilize the fields. The City of Milwaukee already is converting its sewage into a high-grade organic fertilizer called Milorganite.

There are processes available for creating both fertilizer and energy from organic waste. In fact, one proposed method for harnessing the sun's energy directly would have us growing large quantities of, for instance, sunflowers, and converting the plants into natural gas, leaving the residue as fertilizer.

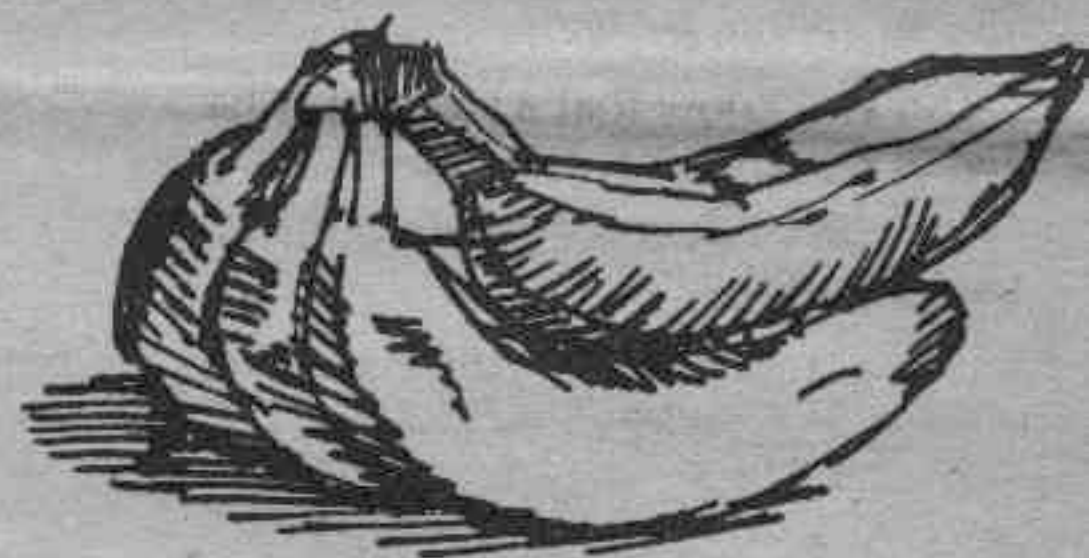
Presently, large amounts of valuable agricultural land in developing countries are being used to grow luxury crops like cocoa, coffee, tea, sugar and bananas. In a continuation of historic colonial relationships, these crops are exported to the richer countries, while people in poorer countries face starvation.



We feed cattle on protein that could be eaten by humans, and in the process use up twenty-one pounds of protein for every pound of beef returned to us on the table. Eighty-six percent of America's corn, barley, oats and grain sorghum and over ninety percent of its non-exported soybean crop is fed to livestock (*Ramparts*, June, 1973, p35). By mixing grains which are strong in different amino acids, we erase the worry that vegetable protein would lack the quality of animal protein. (See Francis Moore Lappe, *Diet for a Small Planet*)

The necessary changes in the way we produce our food may require fundamental changes in the way we live and relate to Nature, which may in turn have to wait until after major disasters. Nonetheless, it is incumbent upon all aware people to do what they can to help lessen the effects of this food crisis. Growing private and community gardens would be one logical step.

But the problems of the people of India must also be our problems, because sooner or later we must all pay the price for our economic system's crimes against Nature.



## Dig Your Garden

by Richard Register

The age of urban farming may be just around the corner. With food prices high and the energy costs of shipping food from place to place going up, growing one's own food may not only be an answer for the prudent housekeeper, but also a subtle statement of (a little) independence from agribusiness and the oil and motor vehicle monopolies.

Steven Keiter, Western sales manager for Burpee Seed Co. recently pointed out that in 1973 the company's sales jumped 40% over 1972 and should jump 60% over the 1973 figure this year. Keiter suggested that the gas shortage not only encourages people to travel less to the market, hence encouraging the growing of food at home, but also that less mobility means more spare time around the house—more time for gardening.

In San Diego, where the San Diego Ecology Centre and World Community Events, Inc. were laying plans for their March Earth Week exhibits, films and speaking engagements, an idea called "friendship gardens" emerged from a planning meeting just two weeks before Earth Day (March equinox). The idea combined the fuel-saving ideas of "victory gardens" with an idea from certain contemporary "primitive" peoples who plant food gardens in their front yards. The idea there is to express community trust and involvement through



the act; the idea in San Diego is very similar: front yard food gardens to increase consciousness of community and of the life cycles.

World Community Events views Earth Day as a potential world holiday, a profound world holiday meeting head-on the relevant problems of life on our planet at this point in history and evolution. On many occasions the group was advised by "primitive" people from Africa, Asia and South America, by Eskimos and American Indians, that if any observance was essential for Earth Day, it was fasting. The problem is to recognize that we are literally

eating up our planet, food, fuels, minerals and all, and then begin to learn how to restrain this destructive process, starting with each individual. Thus, fasting. The second problem: how to get the idea across to a society that spends more on uneaten scraps than some do on essential meals. The idea joined the Friendship Garden like this: Those who were fasting in San Diego put the money aside that they would have spent on food. With this money they bought seeds for friendship gardens which they made available to anyone wanting to plant a front yard food garden. The Lutheran Campus Center at San Diego State University and the San Diego Ecology Centre became the distribution points for free seed and are presently handling the program of soliciting donations of seed and distribution to aspiring front yard farmers.

Actor-singer Eddie Albert has for several months been carrying on a one-man campaign to encourage people to plant front yard food gardens and has made a show piece of his own front yard in Pacific Palisades. This summer he expects a substantial harvest of corn. Meantime, his own efforts to seed the idea of "pocket parks" and "mini farms" in poorer neighborhoods has joined with the program of the friendship garden people for San Diego.

In New York City a design group

working on a grant awarded by the Endowment for the Arts has developed information hopefully leading toward "The Rooftop Oasis Project." Haus-Rucker Inc. has printed a colorful poster, a city skyline in the background, rooftops from above in the foreground. Added to the roofs of some of the buildings photographed are drawings of enormous vegetables larger than cars and trucks. "Spend some time in the sky - the Rooftop Oasis," says the poster. "Barely below the urban clouds lie acres of virgin territory - rooftop space. Every city has it. Miles and miles of unused land await to be pioneered into rich and fertile activity. This year begins the first formal research study to demonstrate how rooftop space can become a useful, integral part of the national urban landscape: the Rooftop Oasis Project. Their address for those interested in food in the sky: Haus-Rucker inc. 491 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. For Friendship gardens closer to the Earth, people might like to contact the San Diego Ecology Centre to have to share ideas, find out about donating or picking up seed, starting something similar in Venice. Their address is 340 Kalmia Street, San Diego, Calif. Or anyone can just run their fingers through the soil and plug in a few seeds.

# DIET FOR A SMALL PLANET

by Linda Lucks

**Diet For A Small Planet** is a very important book! It offers intelligent, exciting, inexpensive and good tasting alternatives, both to our old American "meat and potatoes" diet and our uneducated but philosophically passionate vegetarianism. It will liberate anyone who reads it from the Dark Ages of contemporary American nutritional knowledge.

**Diet For A Small Planet** is important for all of us, for we are faced with the high and rising cost of food. Prices are prohibitive and we are told to use meat "substitutes" to "fill in." We also hear that meat isn't good for our health anyway, what with hormone injections, cholesterol and pesticides, and we agree. Those of us who have forsworn all meat, are, unless we are properly educated, killing ourselves as well, by eating protein deficient diets. We must have protein, or our children grow poorly, our tissues cannot be rebuilt, our metabolism is faulty and our bodies are unable to heal. In short, we don't function properly.

Our culture has been so heavily meat centered, most of us grew up believing meat to be the best source of protein, and other sources of protein (even if we knew them) to be inferior.

Did you know that combinations of non-meat proteins (wheat-beans; rice-milk; rice-yeast; sunflower seeds-peanuts; potatoes-milk; cornmeal-beans; rice-legumes; wheat-soy; beans-milk; peanuts-milk-wheat; sesame seeds-milk; rice-soy) when eaten at the same time equal or surpass the quality and quantity of animal protein?

Did you know that a steer must be fed 21 pounds of protein (grains) in order to produce 1 pound of protein for human consumption?

Did you know that by reducing our livestock population by one half, 100 million tons of grains would be available for human consumption? The billion people in the developed countries feed practically as much cereal grains to their produce animals as the developing countries use directly as food! Yet there is so much hunger and malnutrition even in our agriculturally rich country. In fact, our general nutrition is worse now than it was after World War II.

Reading **Diet For A Small Planet** has convinced me finally and completely to try not to buy meat if I am truly

concerned for the human beings and animals of the earth, starting with my own family.

**Diet For A Small Planet** explains protein quality and quantity, how much we need, and very importantly, how to complement proteins. For example:

1½ cups rice is equal to a 2 2/3 oz. steak in usable protein.

2 cups skim milk (or cheese) is equal to a 3 1/3 oz. steak in usable protein.

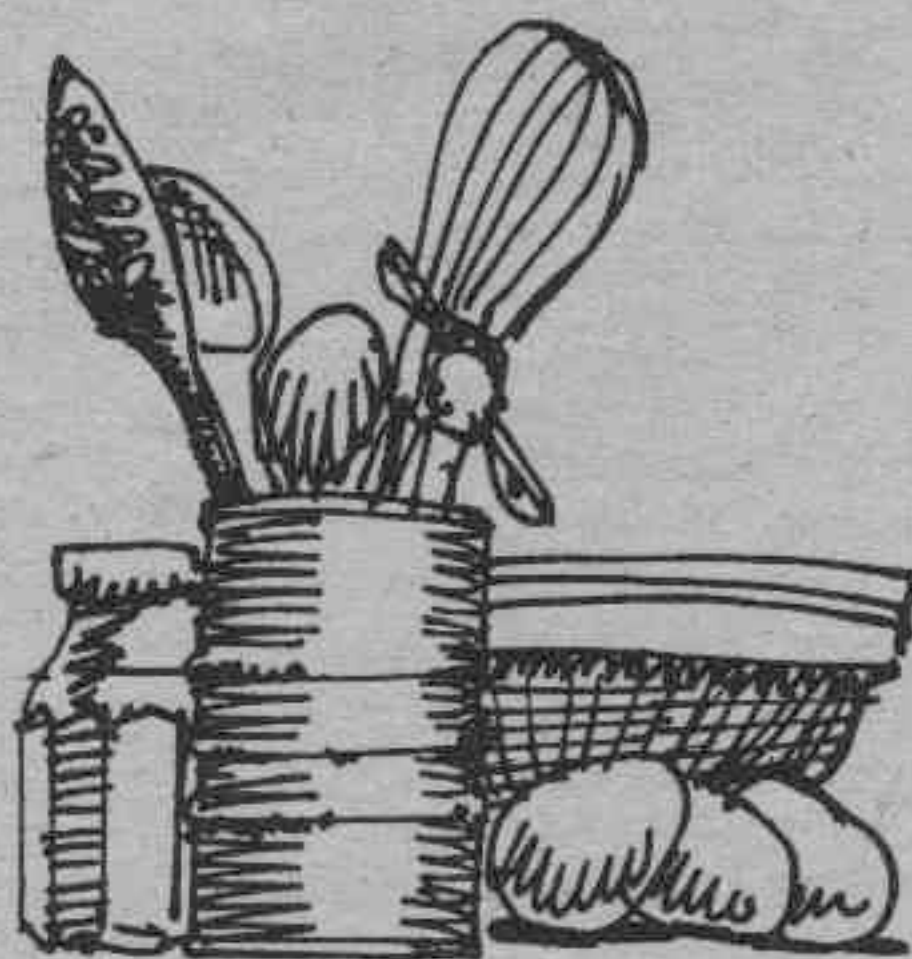
But when rice and milk are eaten at the same time, there is a 29% increase in usable protein to our bodies, equal to a 13 ¾ oz. steak.

The protein in 1 cup beans (or peas) is equal to a 6¼ oz. steak. The protein in 4 cups rice is equal to a 7 oz. steak. When beans and rice are eaten at the same time, there is a 43% increase in usable protein equal to a 19 oz. steak!

There are tables and charts rating types of protein in terms of amounts of essential amino acids, so that proteins with deficiencies can be combined to produce higher quality proteins. There are charts and calculations on how to get the most protein for the least calories and a cost comparison of non-meat protein.

**Diet For A Small Planet** is published by Friends of the Earth, founded in 1969 by David Brower. It is a non profit membership organization streamlined for legislative activity in the U.S. and abroad aimed at restoring the environment misused by man and at preserving the remaining wilderness. They need participation. Their address is 529 Commercial Street San Francisco, Calif. 94111

**Diet For A Small Planet** by Frances Moore Lappe  
A Friends of the Earth/Ballentine Book  
\$1.25.



## Easy and Elegant Cheese Soufflé

5 servings

average serving = approx. 20 g usable protein  
46 to 56% of daily protein allowance

1 cup grated cheese	½ tsp salt
6 slices bread	½ tsp Worcestershire sauce
1 cup milk or 1 ½ cups milk and ½ cup liquor (wine or vermouth)	½ tsp thyme
eggs, beaten	½ tsp dry mustard pepper

Layer the cheese and bread in an oiled baking dish, starting with the bread. Pour over it the milk or milk mixture. Beat, with the eggs, the salt and remaining ingredients and pour this over the bread mixture also. Let stand for 30 minutes. Bake at 350°F 1 hour in a pan of water.

This dish sounds so very easy and homey, but is really elegant. When you take it out of the oven, you yourself won't believe how simply it was made. In a deep dish it has the appearance of a soufflé; in a shallow dish it resembles a quiche.

## Sesame Vegetable Rice

2 servings

average serving = approx. 5 g usable protein  
12 to 14% of daily protein allowance

2/3 cup raw brown rice, cooked  
oil as needed  
thin sliced mixed vegetables: carrots, celery, onion, broccoli, squash, cabbage, garlic, etc.  
¼ cup toasted sesame seeds  
soy sauce

Sauté the vegetables in a minimum of oil beginning with those that take the longest to cook. The vegetables should be crisp and heated through. Be careful not to overcook them. Serve the vegetables on cooked rice and sprinkle with sesame seeds. Pour soy sauce over all.



## ON A WARM SUNDAY MORNING BOARDWALK BREAKFAST

My son-in-law's having a meeting --  
Apartment's rather small,  
So, I'll hurry to dress  
and straighten my mess  
And head for the storm-drain wall.

Not Jewish enuf for a bagel,  
Nor Greek enuf for cod --  
Too poor for meat  
and  
There's no restaurant seat --  
So what'll I eat, dear God:

Not Polish enuf for a pickle,  
Yet, hearing my innards groan --

It's ahead of the line!  
I've decided to dine

On a double-dipped ice-cream cone!

## ON THIEVING

While resting on the Venice Beach  
And sunning on the sand,  
Keep one eye on the ocean --  
The other on his hand!

## ON BUSSING

R T D and Number 2 -  
Slowly, I'm learning to hate you.  
Try posting time-stops  
along my route  
So that I can grow to LOVE you.

## ON PUBLIC SPEAKING OR THE VENICE FLU

He stood upon a boardwalk bench.  
This orator of mine;  
With pot-touched tongue  
And arms wide-flung,  
He shouted out his line.

## ON PANHANDLING OR

## HEY, MA'AM, HAVE YOU AN EXTRA CIGARETTE?

If he sees me smoking  
He'll encroach upon my wealth.  
Surely, he's oblivious  
To my emphasyaead health!

## Spaghetti for Peanuts

4 servings

average serving = approx. 16 g usable protein  
37 to 44% of daily protein allowance

2 cups dry broken spaghetti (whole wheat, if possible), cooked tender	2 cups buttermilk (or milk)
2-4 tbsp butter	½ onion, chopped fine
3 tbsp flour	3 drops hot pepper sauce
1 tsp salt	½ cup sliced black olives
1 tsp dry mustard	1 cup grated cheddar cheese
¼ tsp pepper	1 cup chopped peanuts
	½ cup bread crumbs

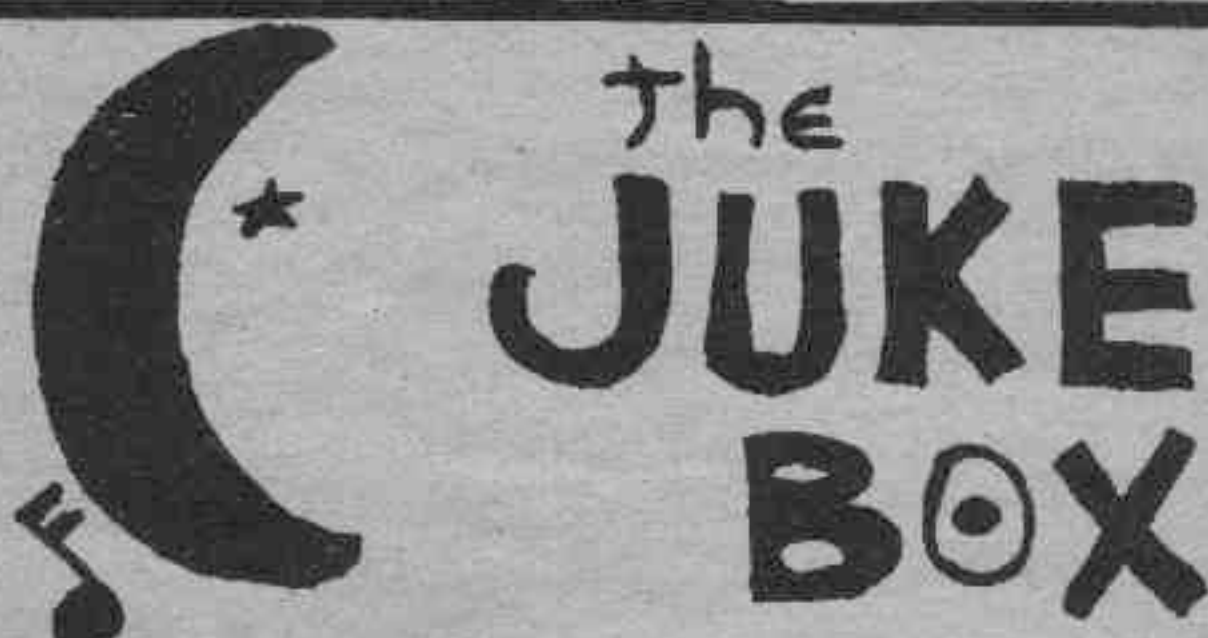
Melt butter and blend in flour, mustard, pepper, and salt. Add milk, onion, and hot pepper sauce, stirring until thickened. Put half the spaghetti in a greased casserole with half the olives, cheese and peanuts on top. Repeat layers. Pour sauce over the top and then sprinkle with bread crumbs that have been moistened in melted butter. Bake at 350°F for 25 minutes.

**Variation:** Turn this spaghetti casserole into a cauliflower casserole by simply substituting cauliflower for the pasta and add 1 cup chopped green pepper.

# Recipes

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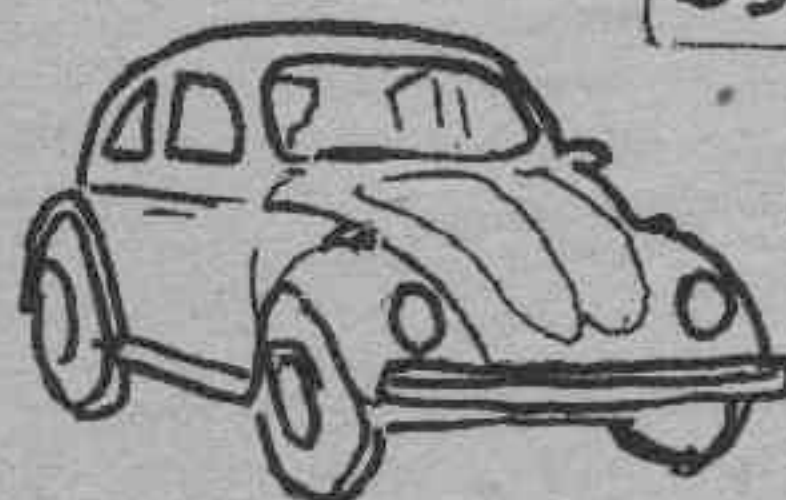
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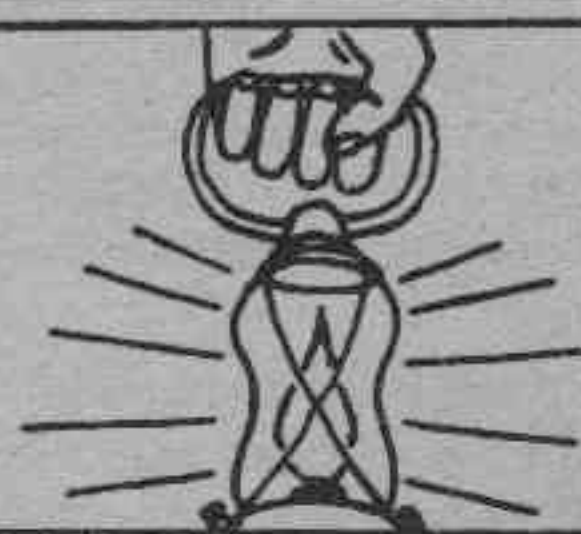
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# PEACE AND FREEDOM CANDIDATES

Save this section and take it with you to your polling place on June 4. Only PFP registrants may vote in the PFP primary.

## "INDEPENDENT" CANDIDATES

The Peace and Freedom Party was founded and has survived as a broad-based radical alternative to the Establishment parties. Our positions on issues have been arrived at by democratic procedures and are based on the principle that all people are entitled to participate equally in the institutions and activities that affect their lives.

The PFP has included a broad coalition of radicals including left liberals, pacifists, libertarians, anarchists, socialists, communists and others. To define the party as socialist, as the socialist slate wishes, or as libertarian will result in dogmatism, competing factions, decision-making by an ideological elite and the alienation of many PFP activists, registrants and voters.

We "independents," while including socialists, libertarians and anarchists, believe that our party should remain non-sectarian and open to anyone who wishes to join with us regardless of ideology or the lack of it.

PFP candidates who have agreed with this statement are:

C.T. Weber for Governor—State Chairperson of the PFP. He has organized support for the United Farm Workers and the anti-war movement, and organized several alternate institutions including a Free Clinic and Free Store. He received 150,000 votes as the PFP candidate for State Controller in 1970 and later became the first National Organizer for the People's Party. Phone 794-4245.

Israel Feuer for Secretary of State— for comprehensive radical reform of the entire electoral system!

For transformation of the office from Establishment "Keeper of the Seal" to people's advocate-ombudsman!

For a radical alternatives coalition against sectarian, opportunistic, and stagnation politics! Register Peace & Freedom now!

For a serious, credible, electable candidate—vote for Israel Feuer. Phone 473-3498.

David Noble for U.S. Senate (write-in)—Attorney and architect. Phone 485-8379

Sandy Blixton for County Central Committee. Political organizer and writer. He has been active in the anti-war, gay liberation and minority liberation movements, and in several PFP campaigns. Phone 392-0146.

Ben Perrick for State Assembly (write-in) Long active in the PFP and anti-war movements, he was a PFP candidate for State Senator in 1972. He is attempting a massive write-in in the PFP primary in order to have his name printed on the November ballot. Phone 396-0267

Marge Buckley for County Central Committee. Attorney. Active in the women's and anti-war movements and Free Venice. As PFP candidate for State Attorney General in 1970, she received 186,000 votes. She argued before the U.S. Supreme Court the case which eliminated filing fees for indigent candidates. Phone 396-6876.

John Haag for County Central Committee. Political Organizer. He has organized for the PFP locally, statewide and in other states and helped to start the Free Venice movement. Now active with the Venice Town Council. Phone 396-0267.

ALSO RUNNING FOR COUNTY CENTRAL COMMITTEE—JEAN GLASSER

## LIBERTARIAN ALLIANCE CANDIDATES

Are you hesitant to go outside at night in Venice? Are you afraid of being mugged by someone in a badge and a blue uniform? Maybe you just don't want to be hassled by someone who thinks he has the right to tell you what to do.

Maybe you've been busted for drugs. Then you know what police are like. Police are agents of government, and take their orders from politicians. **POLITICS IS POLICE POWER**

Some politicians want to run your life for the benefit of society. They call themselves socialists. They think that people lack the awareness needed to cooperate for mutual benefit, unless they submit to the force of the social planners, the socialist politicians, and, ultimately the socialist police.

Anarchism is the belief that each person is able to run his own life, without police, politicians, or government. We are advocates of liberty—libertarians. We call for repeal of laws which prohibit drugs, or which prohibit sex between/among consenting persons. We demand freedom for production and trade. We oppose imperialism and militarism; we call for abolition of the military, and abolition of the state. As an interim measure, we are for California secession from the U.S., so that we will not be involved in America's wars.

The Peace and Freedom Party was founded on the principle that "The basis of human dignity is the ability of people to make the decisions that affect their own lives." to promote this principle, we are running these candidates in the PFP primary:

Elizabeth Keathley (Governor)  
William Susel (Lt. Governor) W  
Corey Cassanova (Controller)  
Lloyd Taylor (Treasurer) W  
David Berglund (Attorney General) W  
Jerry Rubin (Congress, 27 CD)  
[note: not the Jerry Rubin of Chicago Seven fame]  
Eric Garris (State Senate, 22 SD)  
Shawn Steel, Jean Berkman  
(PFP County Central Committee)  
(W means Write-in Candidate; take a pencil with you to vote)  
IF YOU want to support our campaign, or learn about anarchism, write to:  
Libertarian Alliance  
Box 1202, Free Venice 90291

My letter printed in the April 1974 edition of the FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD was prompted by a sincere desire to determine the truth of second-hand information, and was in no way meant to assert the truth or falsehood of such information. Any and all generalizations were a result of an over-zealous effort to learn the truth, and were not intended to cause embarrassment or injury to Mr. Gary Tuchman, or to the EVENING OUTLOOK.

Insofar as they might have had this unintended effect, they are hereby retracted without qualification, and apologies are herewith rendered.

Mrs. Frank J. Glover  
2000 Dell Ave., Venice, California

## SOCIALIST COLLECTIVE STATEWIDE CANDIDATES

The candidates of the Socialist Collective in the Peace and Freedom primary election demand an end to class hierarchical structures based on age, economics, race, sex and sexual orientation, and type of work. We assert that true democratic government is possible only with economic equality and cooperation; there can be no freedom within a capitalist economic framework.

The theoretical competitive market of laissez-faire capitalism inevitably degenerates into monopoly capitalism. Today we observe the police, elected officials, educational and other institutions supporting this economic system under which Howard Hughes "earns" twice as much in one day as a working person does at twice the minimum wage in a lifetime of 45 years' work.

The power structure thrives on inequality and fosters agism, elitism (white collar vs. blue collar, professional vs. clerical), nationalist supremacy, racism and sexism. Lower wages for women, Asian Americans, Blacks, Mexican Americans and Native Americans mean more profits for the few.

United, we can change the system. We need strong movements for the liberation of women minorities and gay people. We must have a strong labor movement which fights actively against oppression based on the old capitalist hierarchical structure in addition to bread and butter issues.

Change will not come easily. We need to organize both inside and outside the electoral arena. We need to develop socialist relations in our daily lives and within the Peace and Freedom Party. This means sharing the responsibility of work loads, financial needs, decision-making and personal needs.

We demand socialist ownership of energy and all basic industries. We demand that these industries be run by the collective decision-making of workers, consumers and economic planners.

We have paid for the building of these industries through high prices and tax loopholes (welfare for the rich). We, not the rich, should own the industries which we have paid for and built.

Our candidates in the PFP primary are:  
Governor—Trudy Saposhnek  
Lt. Governor—Marilyn Seals  
Secretary of State—Kay McGlachlin  
Controller—(write-in) Bernard Klitzner  
Treasurer—(write-in) James Stanbery  
Attorney General—(write-in) Robert Donovan  
U.S. Senate—Gayle Justice

## THE NEED TO ORGANIZE

The Peace & Freedom Party (legal, electoral third party) was the product of the Peace and Freedom Movement which was itself a coming together of the Civil Rights and Anti-war Movements of the 60's. Free Venice, a 1968 PFP project, is a continuation of movement activities—taking advantage of the electoral party when and where feasible. Today Free Venice activists still view electoral activity as a tactic and not as a total strategy of movement politics. We also feel that the Movement of the 60's, while effective, was too informal and crisis oriented—a form unsuited for the protracted struggle required to transform our oppressive capitalistic system into the type of system needed to solve humanity's pressing political, economical and social problems. The need of the 70's is to formalize the efforts of the 60's so as to produce an effective mass organization capable of protracted struggle. With this aim in mind, we four Free Venice activists favor continued investigation by the Peace and Freedom Party of possible alliance(s) with democratic-socialist organizations such as the New American Movement (NAM). David (Steve) Clare, Rick Davidson, Milton Takei and Bob Wells for County Central Committee.

## Letter

Dear Beachhead,

I have a 16 year old daughter with a brain tumor. She was operated on at U.C.L.A. on November 27, 1973. At this time doctors told me that the tumor could not be removed nor could they take a biopsy because of the size and location of the tumor (it is in the left temporal lobe and measures about the size of an adults fist). It is in the worst possible section of the brain in that it touches on the memory, intelligence, speech and motor coordination of the right side. She is right handed. Doctors put her on Dilantin and Phenobarbital to control seizures. They could not tell me whether the tumor is benign or malignant and that the biggest worry isn't so much what kind of tumor, but that the size, location and rate of growth were the biggest concern.

In the meantime, I had been doing much reading about cancer and Laetrile. I heard about a doctor in Tijuana who was using Laetrile to control cancer. We went down there and spoke to Dr. Contreras. He took some tests to determine whether or not the tumor was malignant. The results came back very markedly positive, a very active form of cancer. She was immediately put on Laetrile, Rodaquin and Pancreatic Enzymes as well as a modified Laetrile diet.

I am appealing to the people for help! Crippled Childrens Society, Medi-Cal, Blue Cross, etc. will not help pay for the Laetrile treatments because it is not recognized by the A.M.A. In spite of the fact that methods used in this country have a 99% failure rate and methods being used in at least 20 other countries have a much better success rate of arresting cancer or at least relieving some of the pain associated with this dreaded disease.

When I spoke to someone at Crippled Childrens Society, they asked me what I would do, because they cannot help me.. I told them that I would steal, if necessary, to get what was needed for my child. They told me, "Well, if society won't help you, then you would have to help yourself whatever way you could."

I receive \$319.00 per month plus some Food Stamps and that is all. From this we manage to pay rent, telephone, school, vitamins, food, carfare, etc. If anyone can help me raise the money needed: approximately \$145.00 per month extra, for medications, plus organically grown fresh fruits, vegetables, almonds, nuts and grains, also natural vitamins and mineral supplements, I would be very grateful.

Again, I am appealing to the People of Venice for any assistance they can give us.

Thank you for publishing this letter,

Ms. Tres Trilling 399-5052  
431 Ocean Front Walk Apt 7  
Venice

CARPENTRY COLLECTIVE  
Venice Builders & Carpentry Collective, Karen (397-7142), Steve (821-0216), Eleanor & Bob (392-8136)

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

VENICE COMMUNITY MEDICAL CENTER  
826 Hampton Dr, 392-7722

RECYCLING  
Westside Environmental Center Behind the Co-op Market 2021 Barrington Ave, West LA 478-3429 open 7 days/wk, 24 hrs

VENICE HEALTH COUNCIL  
1306 W. Washington Bl 392-5752

CHILD COUNSELING CENTER  
392-7995

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

WOMEN'S LIBERATION  
Sisterhood Bookstore 1351 Westwood Bl, 477-7300

## URGENT!

January's issue of the BEACHHEAD told of how the Peace and Freedom Party lobbied to make a new assembly district which for the first time, contains ALL of Venice. Edmund G. Brown Jr., Secretary of State of California, fears the results that would, obviously, come from a strong Peace and Freedom candidate in this new 44th assembly district. He threw Ben Perrick off the ballot, in contempt of U.S. Supreme Court rulings; influenced federal judges to protect himself from prosecution; and has the audacity to run for governor. Venice will NOT have a candidate for its assembly district unless YOU register in the Peace and Freedom party. Only you can make this happen! There will be a registration marathon at 912 Pacific Ave., No.4, May 4th and May 5th, 6 pm—11pm. Refreshments. Call Ben at 396-0267.



**HELP WANTED**  
Mecanogrofo-traductor es necesario para tareas. Por favor, llámame,  
Joe Partansky  
316 Venice Way No. 3 821 3228.

## COMMUNITY SERVICES

**WELFARE**  
1. 11390 W. Olympic Bl, 478-5511  
2. Welfare Rights, 391-5095  
3. NAPP, 399-7737

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

**ABORTION REFERRAL**  
936-7466.

**PET PRIDE (FOR CATS)**  
459-1703

**FREE VENICE**  
226 San Juan, 396-6876

**PEACE & FREEDOM PARTY**  
221-2404

**VENICE DRUG COALITION**  
392-4151

**LEGAL AID**  
1. 1607 Pacific Av (upstairs) 392-4177, call for appointment  
2. The Law Center, 392-9011  
3. Law School, 10811 Washington Bl, Culver City, Rm 203, 836-3450, Tues 6: 30 pm—9 pm.

**IMPEACHMENT CAMPAIGN CTR**  
732-2445

**GAY LIBERATION**  
Gay Community Services Center  
1614 Wilshire Bl, 482-3062

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

**NATIVE AMERICANS**  
391-6067

**COMMUNITY PLAYGROUP**  
Cooperative child care  
Sharon Shapiro 391-7939

**ASIANS**  
Involve Together Asians, 477-0357

**BLACKS**  
NAPP, 528 Westminster, 399-7737

**FOOD CONSPIRACY**  
The Free Venice Food Conspiracy meets every Tuesday at the Church in Ocean Park, 2nd and Hill, 8 pm. For information, call 396-7040

**UNITED FARM WORKERS**  
823-9254

**VENICE PEOPLE'S RAINBOW PAGES**  
17 Ozone dail DYM-N-ERG

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

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

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

**CRISIS REFERRAL SERVICE**  
Hotline for food, clothes, counseling, etc. 399-1248  
M—F 10 am—5 pm

**FREE CLOTHES**  
A large cart with a roof near 33 Brooks. "Give what you can, take what you need." Also for appliances, food, and anything reusable

**LITERARY WORKSHOPS**  
Beyond Baroque, 396-6551

**YOUTH CLINIC**  
905 Venice Bl, VD, pregnancy tests, infections, abortion counseling, birth control: 4 pm—4: 45 pm; for other medical help, call first, 821-3484

**JOB INFO CENTER**  
316 Lincoln Bl—392-4811

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

**FAMILY PLANNING CENTER**  
1501 Pacific Av (at Market)  
EX2-4147

**BENJAMIN RUSH CENTER**  
Help for your head—392-4905

**UCLA DENTAL CLINIC**  
392-4125

**VIETNAM VETERANS AGAINST THE WAR/WINTER SOLDIER ORGANIZATION**  
Meets Mondays at 7: 30 pm, 226 San Juan Ave, 396-6876, 399-0073

Westside Lesbian Feminists meet every Friday night (meetings and rap group at 7:30—coffee house at 9:00) at Ocean Park Church, 235 Hill St, corner of 2nd and Hill

# neighbors vs muggers

By Anita Tencer

A prevalent and growing myth seems to exist in the minds of many Venetians as well as in the words of many community writers that Venice consists of nothing but funk and Bohemian glamour, where "chac'un son gout" or "do your own thing" rides ever so nicely on the immortal souls of past, notable Venetians— "Didn't you know that Isadora Duncan lived here?" or, perhaps, "Can you imagine Chaplin traveling down the Ocean Front? Wow...!"

A great deal of pretention and partial vision occurs when a person or a community adopts any one particular ideological image to the exclusion of any other image. When happens so often is that we begin to believe our tight, insulated perceptions, take them for a generally accepted reality. Venice is a place of remarkable and beautiful differences; it is not suited to one, homogeneous, nouveau riche perception; it is a place of both affluence and enormous poverty.

When I look at my environment, I see people in this community suffering in various ways whether it be the poor the old, the runaway— all are living here and trying to survive under the most adverse social and economic circumstances. All is clearly not "groovy", open-air cafes and canine droppings. Obvious, yet, most often, unspoken; unwritten.

I see old, sick winos sleep in abandoned cars along the Ocean Front, often beating one another to maintain territorial rights; I see thousands of elderly people who can barely get to a market because of inadequate or non-existent transportation and limited funds; I hear of unpublicized rapes and assaults on person and property. These are simple, empirical truths— as blatant as our quaint, boutiques and incense-selling shops.

I am not closely familiar with the entire gamut of problems presented to

those living in as diverse a community as Venice. However, I write of those events which affect me most directly. Specifically, our community cannot be the reflection of our dreams if the female population is in continual fear of walking the streets and beaches during the day and night. This fear is not baseless paranoia: it is, indeed, justifiable.

The purpose of this article is not to appeal to sexist individuals, to attempt to modify their behaviour but, to state a known situation which exists in Venice, no doubt everywhere, and perhaps, offer some possible ways of dealing with it.

During the last few weeks, I have spoken to many women who are unhappily opposed to walking in Venice, whether it be a short walk to the car, a walk to the grocery or a walk along the Ocean Front. This fear is a recurrent theme and emotion felt by all of these women. It is nearly impossible to walk along Venice streets without becoming the object of either verbal or physical abuse and, sometimes both, that is, unless you are accompanied by a German Shepherd, a man or a child all serving the role of chaperone.

The importance of knowing our environment as it truly exists is certainly not limited to these basically sexual encounters but, also, in knowing that these often take on other, more serious consequences. Often, allowing oneself to be verbally harassed can lead to being hounded, followed, telephoned or victimized by theft and bodily assault. Push can turn to shove...

Women, as well as men, must learn how to effectively survive physically and emotionally in their living space. It is also true that women have been socially reared to respond to every male gesture as if it were a compliment, no matter how offensive. To say "Yes" to ourselves and to a safer environment women must begin to learn how to say "No"— "No it is not 'cool' to stop my walk, my

thoughts, my activity, to invade the privacy of my person, to demand that I listen to a pseudo-theoretical and, oftentimes, drunken monologue—"No"— to that which disregards your personhood. If someone, be it man or woman desires honest contact, one can be approached in a non-threatening way. It is remarkable how women will mistrust their acute awareness and how they will cheat themselves by becoming polite, tolerant and considerate.

In more concrete terms, what can be done in Venice to alter this situation? The byword in a true community of individuals is not only self-reliance but, also, mutual reliance and trust. We must learn to become helpmates to one another. If you see or hear of a man or woman being harassed or beaten or in such circumstances that might cause bodily harm, DO SOMETHING! Your intervention no matter how slight, my help. If you are not wanted or needed, you are sure to be told. The mere presence of a third person may potentially alter an otherwise destructive happening.

By asking if our help is needed, there is a real possibility for deep involvement. It is also possible that one may bite off more than one can chew. The challenge of helping one another is dependent upon how much one wants to and how much one will allow oneself to become involved. This question must be answered and can only be answered by each individual.

Another obvious fact in Venice is that the numerous alleyways encourage criminal behavior. It is particularly dangerous for women walking alone at night. Would it be utopian fantasy for community members to keep lights going on porches and windows as they alight (pun painfully intended) upon the City Council for better lighting?

Would it be impossible for men and women to form loosely knit block associations so as to provide support when needed? Or how about just getting to know your neighbor so when you want to walk you can walk with a friend?

The vision of Venice as a free and loving refuge can only become a reality when issues like the above are honestly considered. To narrow our focus to the insular preception of a particular class, sex or race can only result in a great loss to the community, and a dream only partially realized.

## Women Against Rape

by Barbara Allen

The Los Angeles Commission on Assaults Against Women was formed a little less than a year ago. For a lot of us, this has been our first experience working in a women's liberation movement group. As individuals, we have grown and become stronger through working together. As a group, we're proud of our accomplishments.

We, together with a growing number of anti-rape groups throughout the country, have drawn attention to the issue of rape and have begun to destroy the myths about rape. We're continually trying to destroy these myths by speaking for a variety of groups and doing TV, radio, and newspaper press releases and interviews. Some of us have participated in advising state legislators regarding changes in the sexist nature of California's rape laws, others are involved with various city and county agencies demanding an end to the humiliation and poor treatment of women who report rape to the police.

One of our main projects has been organizing and staffing the Rape Crisis Hotline, 653-6333. We've talked to hundreds of women who've called the hotline for support and information, and we have weekly rape rap groups for women who want to share their feelings and experiences. We've also helped other anti-rape women organize hotlines in many Southern California communities.

Because of the magnitude and immediacy of the problem, things have been very hectic within the group as we have tried to take on the police, courts, hospitals, and society at large. We're now trying to slow down a bit so we can get to know each other better and figure out less alienating and non-oppressive ways to work together and organize the group. We now have child care available at our meetings so women with children can participate more fully. Investigation into sources of funding is going on with the hope that we will eventually have a permanent place to work from and women can be paid for their work. Because of the importance of women strengthening themselves and feeling less paranoid about rape, we're beginning to formulate a program of learning and teaching self-protection and self-defense.

Women interested in working with the Rape Crisis Hotline or the Commission can call 653 6333.

# — ODE TO POVERTY —

Poverty,  
you followed me  
when I was born;  
you watched me  
across  
the rotting wooden boards.  
Your eyes  
were the eyes of needles,  
staring.  
The faucets  
at night  
dripped your name.  
Sometimes,  
a broken saltshaker,  
a torn jacket,  
or a pair of shoes ripped open  
warned me you were near.  
There you were,  
moving closer,  
with the teeth of a wood-borer,  
the eyes of a swamp,  
and your grey tongue  
that wears through rope,  
and wood, and bone,  
and blood.  
There you were  
hunting me,  
dogging me  
through the streets  
from the hour of my birth.

When I rented a narrow room  
on the edge of the city,  
you were seated on a chair  
awaiting me.  
Or when, as an adolescent,  
I pulled back the sheets

of a dingy hotel,  
I did not find the perfume  
of a naked rose  
but instead the cold hissing  
of your mouth.  
Poverty,  
you followed me  
through barracks and hospitals,  
through peace and war.  
When I fell sick at last  
and they knocked at my door,  
it wasn't the doctor,  
it was poverty  
that entered my room.  
I saw you throw my few belongings  
into the street --  
like throwing stones  
at my body. And there  
in the middle of the street and the rain  
with a perverted love  
you built a toothless throne  
out of my abandoned goods  
and, seeing the poor gather around,  
you grabbed my last dish  
and stuck it at the top  
for a crown.

But now,  
poverty,  
I follow you.  
As you were implacable,  
so am I.  
Next  
to any poor woman or man  
you will find me singing;  
under every sheet  
of every unreachable hospital

you will find my song.  
I'm after you,  
poverty.  
I shadow you at night.  
I'm closing in.  
I have raised my gun to kill you.  
I've got you cut off.  
I tear off your claws.  
I break  
the teeth you have left.  
I'm everywhere:  
I'm out at sea with the fishermen.  
As the workers in the mines  
wipe the black sweat  
from their eyes,  
they discover my song.  
I catch the bus each morning  
with the women who labor  
in the textile mills.  
And my hands are white  
from kneading bread  
in the bakeries.  
Wherever you go,  
poverty,  
my song is singing,  
my life  
is alive,  
my blood  
is fighting.  
I will tear down  
your sickly banners  
wherever they rise.

Other poets  
in the past, have called  
you blessed, they worshipped  
your mantle.

But they fed on smoke  
and they have disappeared.  
I  
do not trust you.  
With iron verses  
I slash at your face.  
I force you back into the sea.  
I exile you.  
And I am not alone.  
There are others, many others, and

we are working to banish you  
from the earth to the moon.  
There you can stay,  
cold and imprisoned,  
and see from afar  
the bread and the flowering branches  
that will cover the earth  
of tomorrow.

by Pablo Neruda.

**FRODIE'S PLACE**  
1167 WASHINGTON PLACE  
DULVER CITY, CA 90230  
839-1007

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