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FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

BEACHHEAD

CHEE
WAK-WAH

FREE

AUGUST, 1979

ISSUE #116

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WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

by
Carol
Fondiller

A week or so after the July Free Venice Beachhead came out, someone complimented me on my lack of shrillness in the skating article, "Another Irony." "So rational," he said. Well, hop into your hot tub, put your head-set on and focus on the fly on the wall, 'cause I'm making up for it.

Maybe I'm going crazy. Maybe I am crazy. Maybe I've been going to too many meetings. Maybe I've been going to too many meetings about the same thing.

Maybe I've been going to too many meetings about different things and hearing the same things.

When speculators or developers start building high rises or turning low-income apartment houses into condominiums, and when people start getting upset, the main chant of the investor/speculator seems to be, "you can't stop progress."

When I heard this chant rise from the throats of skate entrepreneurs, I was, to put it mildly and not too shrill, surprised.

Yes, Mother dear, that's the excuse I'll use this month for not writing you, or calling you. I've been going to meetings about roller skates.

I started going to meetings about the skating phenomenon in April. The last skating related meeting I attended was the Venice Town Council July meeting.

I went to every meeting re: skates that I'd heard of.

There were some called by Councilwoman Pat Russell between her and the skate vendors/renters and various rollerskating organizations.

The non-skating public was not notified of these meetings either deliberately or accidentally or because it was assumed that skating did not affect non-skaters.

At every meeting I did attend, I heard the same things. From the pro-skate business people: "You" (non-skating residents) "are spoiled. For the first time in thirty years, crowds of people are coming to Venice. You want the beach all to yourselves. This is a public beach."

At the April meeting in the Venice Pavilion, several people spoke of the history of Venice, and how in the 1910's-30's it was filled with people. Even the Condo-maniacs, the "Artrepreneurs," the sandblasted, bare-brick eateries all have their share of blow-ups of pictures of bloomed bathing beauties basking on the beach from Venice to Ocean Park. It's obligatory.

EST graduate J. Allen Radford, who took control over his life by evicting people from a trailer park that was on property that he bought, put huge blow-ups of people at play on Venice Beach, in the elevators and stores of his buildings on the burial plot of one of the first low-income sites to go under for progress. J. Allen went bankrupt, and whether assumed responsibility for that or got federal funds to evict ano-

ther group of low-income people is something I choose not to ponder. I prefer not to have nightmares about J. Allen going up and down the coastline with his blow-ups of how things used to be in Morro Bay, Monterey, or Castroville, acing people out of their communities so that he and his compatriots can eat their "Nouvelle Cuisine," sit in their hot tubs, and look at this blow-up of the old timey photos and wonder where the quaint charm and ambience went.

So, we all know, that Venice used to be a blarney carney town.

I have several postcards showing Windward Ave. jammed with top hatted men, and parasoled ladies.

But they're walking. They are not whizzing by on wheels.

That too was pointed out to several people at several meetings.

It was also pointed out at several meetings that those ladies and gentlemen who came to Venice to ride the roller coaster, swim in the plunge, get their pockets picked, and maybe see an elephant or camel race, or play bingo, came by mass transit - the defunct and sadly missed Red Cars.

Since the Pacific Electric Red Cars are no more, thanks to the lobbying of other big wheels such as the oil and rubber industries, the people who visit Venice came in their cars.

Few of the roller skating establishments supply parking spaces for the influx of visitors that they take credit for attracting.

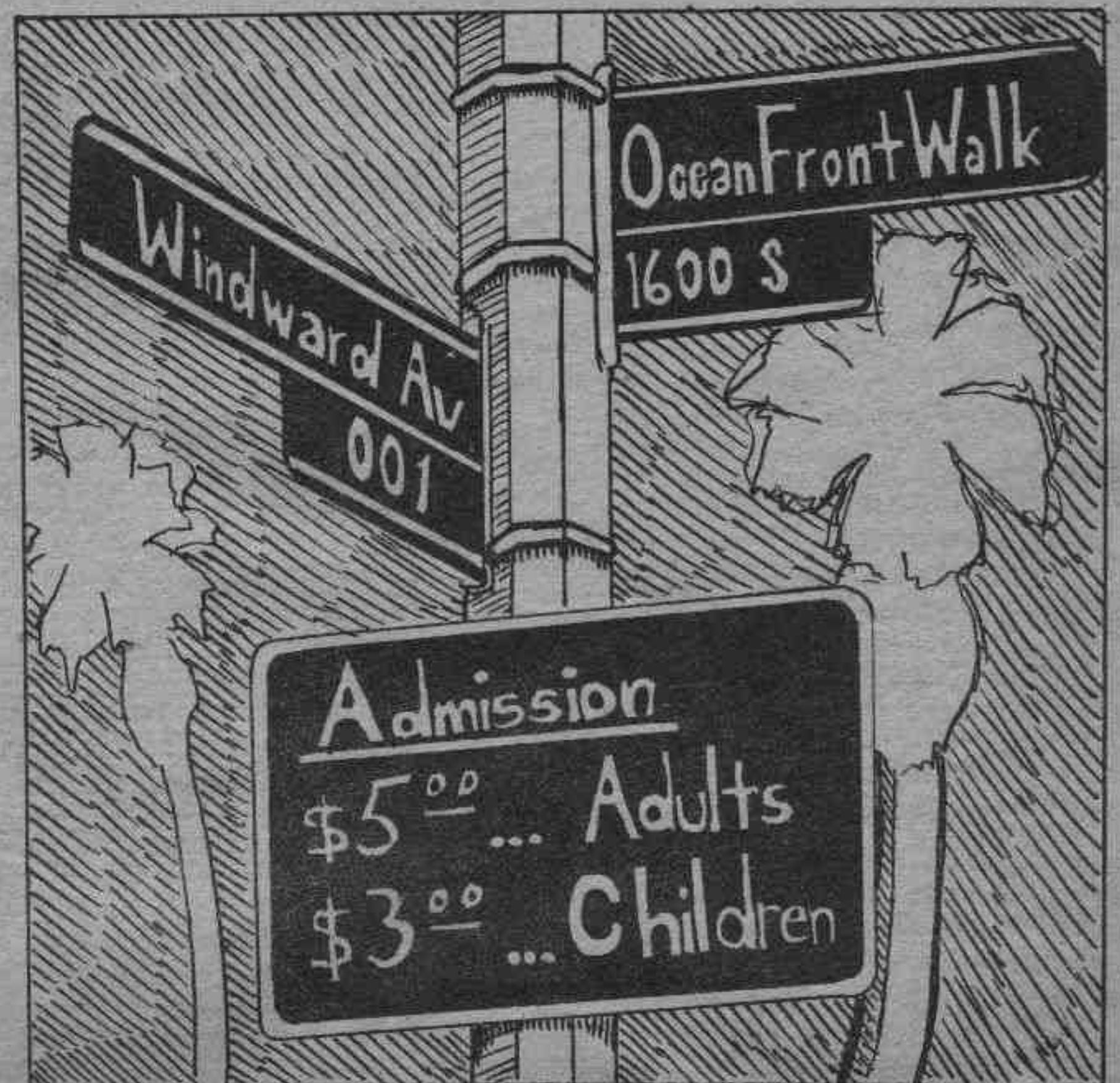
At the April meeting an official who was in charge of the life guards told how the life guards were getting calls to administer first-aid to victims of skating accidents that happened on the bike path.

This man was not a resident who didn't like skaters, this was a man who worked at a job to insure safety so that the visitors to the beach could play in safety. People, mostly residents and some visitors complained of how they had to play "dodge-em" to cross the Ocean Front Walk and the bike path so they could reach the sand.

Some of the elderly who attended complained of the lack of concern that was shown them by skaters. Tales of skaters whizzing by four to five abreast and bumping into people. A line of ten to fifteen skaters playing "snap the whip" on the Ocean Front Walk. Sending skaters into walkers or hopefully in front of bicyclists speeding illegally down the Ocean Front Walk. The skaters who were doing these things and others, such as skating backwards, slalom-ing between walkers and listening to the different drummer on their headsets, were old enough to be liable for any injuries they might inflict.

The skating proprietors, and the lawyer for the Outdoor Roller Skating Association told everyone that skating was a good and healthful sport, and only the incompetent skater was a danger.

Someone who belonged to an Association called



Mark Goldman

Critical Hearing on Senior Housing

by Phil Bell

On your calendar mark Tuesday, August 7 at 1:30 P.M. - West L. A. City Hall - 1645 Corinth Avenue - 2nd floor hearing room. Your attendance or correspondence is urgently needed at the public hearing on Tom Safran's proposed low income senior housing project. Safran is applying for a coastal development permit from the L. A. City Zoning Administration. Although Safran's three alternative subsidized projects were denied further consideration by H. U. D., approval of his permit is necessary for any reconsideration.

The proposal consists of a 5-story residential and commercial development located at 151-187 Ocean Front Walk across from the Israel Levin Senior Center. The structure includes 79 one-bedroom subsidized apartments for seniors and handicapped persons, 8 condominiums, and 11,700 square feet of commercial facilities (restaurant/shops).

Safran is also seeking zoning variances to permit:

1. Reduced parking.
2. Increased floor area of building to 84,658 square feet instead of 52,000 sq. ft.
3. Reduced front setback of 8 feet instead of 10 feet for commercial and 15 ft for residential

This developer is one of the few builders who has openly sought community input and support for his project. Community concerns expressed to Safran include lack of sufficient replacement parking, inappropriate size and use of commercial facilities, lack of a view corridor, and condo developments on the beachfront.

Safran is also faced with the problem of developing an economically feasible project with a low enough rent subsidy cost to compete with other developers for HUD approval. He therefore has expressed a willingness to substantially modify his project to gain community support and receive permit and HUD approval. A much smaller project may even be presented to the community as a viable alternative.

This public hearing is critical to our community because:

1. Low-income subsidized housing is

Continued on Page 14....

Continued on Page 14....

2 Letters



July 3rd, 1979
Venice, Calif

June 25, 1979

Beachhead:

Carol Fondiller is the greatest in my opinion. She says it like it is.

I have truck and volunteer to make 1 trip to pick-up your newspaper from the printer. I work nites but am usually home during the day.

G. Mussman

Staff note: Thanks a lot for your offer -- we'll be in touch next time we need help.

July third, '79

Carol Fondiller
Venice Beachhead

RE: "Loquacious Lobby Stymies City"

Dear Carol,

Bravo. I love you.

thank you very

Lance

To the Editor:

This is in regards to the article entitled "Another Irony" by Carol Fondiller.

I am a skater. Not just someone who laces up once a week to struggle up the boardwalk for my weekly skate; but a Venice local who spends at least four hours a day, weekdays, all day into the night on weekends on my skates.

I work for a local skate company; I slalom, rex, freestyle, skate marathons, compete in contests and skate in empty swimming pools up vertical walls. One can safely say I have chosen my profession.

I need to enjoy skating and I still do to some degree. Nothing could compare to taking a cruise up the boardwalk to check out the sunset, or skating with a bunch of friends up to Santa Monica Pier. My friends and I obey all the laws concerning skaters, and we are careful when we skate the boardwalk, or anywhere else.

I, too, have seen those same few skaters who skate backwards blowing a whistle and carrying a radio, or those who slalom through people at top speed.

But, I also see bikers crashing through people on the boardwalk and scattering people on sidewalks. I also see bikers who create bar-the-bell-Rape a gathering about a street entertainer to the point where no one can get through unless the green is used. It now seems that if a person does not have eight wheels attached to his or her feet, they can do anything they please. I hope that isn't the way things are heading.

Skates do not require a license, or a pad lock and chain, or a tune up, or gas (at a dollar a gallon!). And you can't even take a bike on a bus!

I urge everyone to please stop treating skaters as criminals. Roller skates are here to stay, and we all might as well learn to respect each other and live together, not against each other.

Terrie Westin
Venice, CA

Free Venice Beachhead

Dear Carol Fondiller -

What a wonderful spirit you are. It doesn't matter what you write about - you are so vulnerable, so aware, so sensitive, so in tune with your universe. It's just lovely to read your words. I don't live in Venice, I'm distracted, busy, self-centered - yet each time I pick up your great little paper and find your sentences or poetry I am delighted to know such as you exist. I communicate all this to you to acknowledge - praise, appreciate you as we all have days when we need to know how great we are - and everytime I read you I am delighted - Keep going - you're wonderful.

Kindred Soul
in Santa Monica

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Hi Beachhead.

Well, I run all four bases, and went thru nine innings, to score a win. Now I know what those guys go thru in spring training.

It sure wasn't easy, but Hell what is anymore. Sure wipes the vim out of you, but when you come out smelling like a rose, it doesn't matter how hard you fight as long as you win.

It sure feels good to know that if you just hang in there, some times it pays to fight. It is so nice to be where it is clean, smell the fresh air, and see the sun set. You know how a whipped dog looks, with his tail hanging between his legs, well that's the way he looked, when they said dismissed. I had a nice ride on the merry go round, I went to the pier, and stopped and watched the merry go round, I was going to take a ride but figured I had enough of that. Let the next one ride.

I hope he learned his lesson, he sure as hell gave me a lesson. But, all I can say is, all of you tenants, that are having a problem, stick to your guns. Keep em loaded, and fight back. I think I had a triple barrel, instead of a double barreled. I sure don't miss my boarders, I'm glad they stayed behind - (The roaches) - I had to leave him some thing.

I was my own lawyer, I think I know enough to pass the bar. Not the one where you bend your elbow. I think if I drank any thing, I'd of popped the cork on a bottle of champagne, and sang tiny Bubbles. But I just relaxed, and said to myself, I did it my way. I would also like you to know my friend also won. It takes two to make a good fight. I am not going to say any more about it, its behind me, it was a long hawl as the truck driver says. I am just happy that it came out the way it did. I didn't think I'd do it, but never say I can't do it. Because once you let your feet drag, forget it. Your out.

Thank you Beachhead for printing my letters Also thanks to Sam Trosow, Rob, Steve, and Doug at the Tenants Rights. They are really fine people. They helped us all the way. When you go there, people should give a donation to them, I was there many times and gave everytime I went. They are hard working men. And also they have a over head to pay - and they are working hard to become lawyers them selves. They help a lot of people just like me -- I was almost ready to give up, but with the boys from Tenants Rights behind you, you can't give up. They are there to help. So please also, you tenants give a little bit to help them. Because they work all day and then give up three days a week to help you. I would also like to thank Rubin Mosquedo at N.J.C. (Neighborhood Justice Center). That is another organization, that helps you. I went to them first.

So thanks again to all of them. Lets all pull together and we will all have a little bit of happiness from it. I must say, I am sure glad I am still in Venice. It's a beautiful place. Especially your friends and neighbors, when you stick together and help one another.

Not much humor in this letter, only thing I can say is, Will we get a nude beach? Remember the time the elephant was in the Ocean last year by Windward, he was smart, he kept his trunks on. Well enough of that jazz. Thank you.

(Name Withheld by Request)

Staff note: Glad to hear things worked out for you! Readers take note - the "Tenants Rights" group referred to is the Westside Tenants Action Center on Main Street, Venice.

Venice Town Council

City of Venice

REGULAR MEETING
Wednesday, August 15th, 1979
7:30 P. M. -- Venice City Hall
681 Venice Boulevard

AGENDA:

- I. What You can do for Nicaragua.
Speaker will give update on situation; donations accepted.
 - II. Update and report on Ocean Front skating ban.
- Also: Coastal Committee report,
Block grant update.

Everyone from the community
is always welcome

Dear Beachhead.

I would like all the people who ride a bicycle, skate, or a skate board to realize what it was to see (Jane Doe) later identified as Ann Gerber, laying there on her back, with her head crushed, gasping her last breath.

I saw it. I saw the man that hit her get off of the bike and try to run away from the firemen after he said she got in his way. As I stood there with tears in my eyes, and a pain in my heart, I thought, it could of been my mother, or his, or yours.

He ran down Ozone to get away from the fireman, then down Ocean Front Walk going south, some one said to the fireman, grab him and hold him. The fireman said, no we don't want to look bad. He kept saying he had rented the bike and wanted to get it back, when all the time his friend had the bike. One young black girl stood looking and talking to some one about her, she said after all she is old, I was so mad I saw stars, I almost said you'll be old one day if you make it.

To get back to the fireman. They followed the man that hit her to lands end, and he pulled a knife on the fireman, the fireman ran back to the truck and got a wrench, to protect himself. When he got back with the wrench, some heavy set Black man started yelling at the fireman (in the mean time I seen the man close the knife. lay it on the ground, then picked it up and laid it on the bench.) Now back to the black man yelling at the fireman, Leave him alone, he didn't do any thing wrong, he's young, shes old, etc, cussing him out. The next thing I see when I am walking back towards O'Zone I see the police car coming back towards O'Zone with the man that hit her in the car, and let him go exactly where he knocked her down. So you just can't win.

I always had the feeling that some black people hold great regard for their e elderly, just as the white people. As I said before. it could of been his mother, a relative.

All I can say is he (the bicyclist) better let his concions be his guide, if he has one, because god only knows, and a few others know he's guilty. He is free to walk, to enjoy the breeze, the sunset. But Mr. Ann Gerber was out for her sunday walk, enjoying her breezes and her sunsets, going home to her little apt. to maybe eat, and lay down to sleep, hoping to arise to the morning sunrise, do her chores, and take her walk, but God bless her, may she rest in peace, because it is sad to think she had to die a senseless death, all because she is old.

Well let me tell you young ones out there that have no respect for the elderly as you ride your bikes, skate, and skate boards, "youth is a gift of nature, age is a work of art." A wrinkle is where a smile has been, and Ann Gerber had many smiles. I am considered a senior citizen, altho I sure don't feel it. I hope after what has happened to Ann Gerber, you will slow down and say a prayer for her, and abide by the rules. Forget the ways and means of destroying the rules, to help our elderly.

Let's not burn, mar or damage things that are put there to help other Ann Gerbers that are still here, to enjoy Ocean Front Walk, and

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FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

COLLECTIVE STAFF: Wendy Reeves, Olga Palo, Lynn Bronstein, Joan Friedberg, Arnold Springer, Chuck Bloomquist, Emily Winters, Gerry Goldstein, Brenda Harney.

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.

¡IDIABLO!

By Moe Stavnezer and Susan Baker

"Shit man! I ain't leavin' till Bonnie Raitt's done!" Well, we didn't miss Bonnie Raitt, but we almost missed the bus back to L.A. from Diablo Canyon. Seems the bus driver was serious when he said, "Back at 5:00 sharp or we'll leave." Running with our cooler, knapsacks, thermoses, blankets, chairs, and other garbage (stuff we brought along to get our minds off the fact that we were going to a demonstration), we climbed aboard for a long, uncomfortable ride home on our chartered school bus.

The day began when the alarm rang at 5:00 A.M. 5:00 A.M.?!!!!! Susan has never seen the sun rise in her life before. This was the day of a massive demonstration against the opening of the Diablo Canyon Nuclear Power Plant.

This plant was to have been built at a cost estimated in 1966 to be \$350 million dollars. Instead, to date, 1.7 billion dollars has been spent by Pacific Gas & Ele. to construct this monstrosity, which is only one step away from opening. A final license from the NRC (Nuclear Regulatory Commission) is required to put the now dormant plant into action.

The first demonstration (in 1977) attracted around 5,000 people. This, the third annual demonstration, attracted approximately 40,000 people, who wanted the NRC to deny the license.

We picked up friends and drove to the Federal Building to board the buses leaving for Diablo Canyon at 7:00 A.M. There were a number of people we did know and a bunch of people we didn't know who had gathered for the same reason. All and all, some 100 buses left the Federal Building for the demonstration that day. As we traveled, the freeway became more and more crowded with buses, cars, trucks and vans all headed for San Luis Obispo, the site of the demonstration. This swarm of vehicles eventually became a 6-mile long traffic jam.

The site had only been decided on five days before the date scheduled for the demonstration, due to the bureaucratic shuffle between state, county

and city officials. The state finally agreed to a site located on a state military field, away from the plant itself.

When we arrived at 11:00 A.M., there were already 10,000 people present in front of a large stage, where Peter Yarrow's voice was amplified by a huge sound system. Many in the crowd were too young (or old) to really know who he was (former member of Peter, Paul & Mary, and current property rights freak!)

Others who performed and spoke that day included Daniel Ellsberg, Jesse Collin Young, Bonnie Raitt, Jackson Browne, Graham Nash and Holly Near.

A local anti-nuke organizer introduced a song by telling us that the local politicians had begun to call those opposed to Diablo Canyon a "bunch of grubbies." The chorus of the song, (sung to the tune of "Oh, My Darlin' Clementine") goes as follows:

I'm a Grubby, I'm a Grubby,
I'm a Grubby till I go,
but I'd rather be a Grubby
than a Blob from D-i-a-blo.

The crowd, by that time 20,000 strong, sang along with gusto!

A surprise visit by the "Guv" was greeted with enthusiasm. His speech, we later learned, had been approved by the Abalone Alliance (the local organization fighting the opening of Diablo). Brown was fiery and promised to use every avenue of appeal to prevent the opening of the power plant.

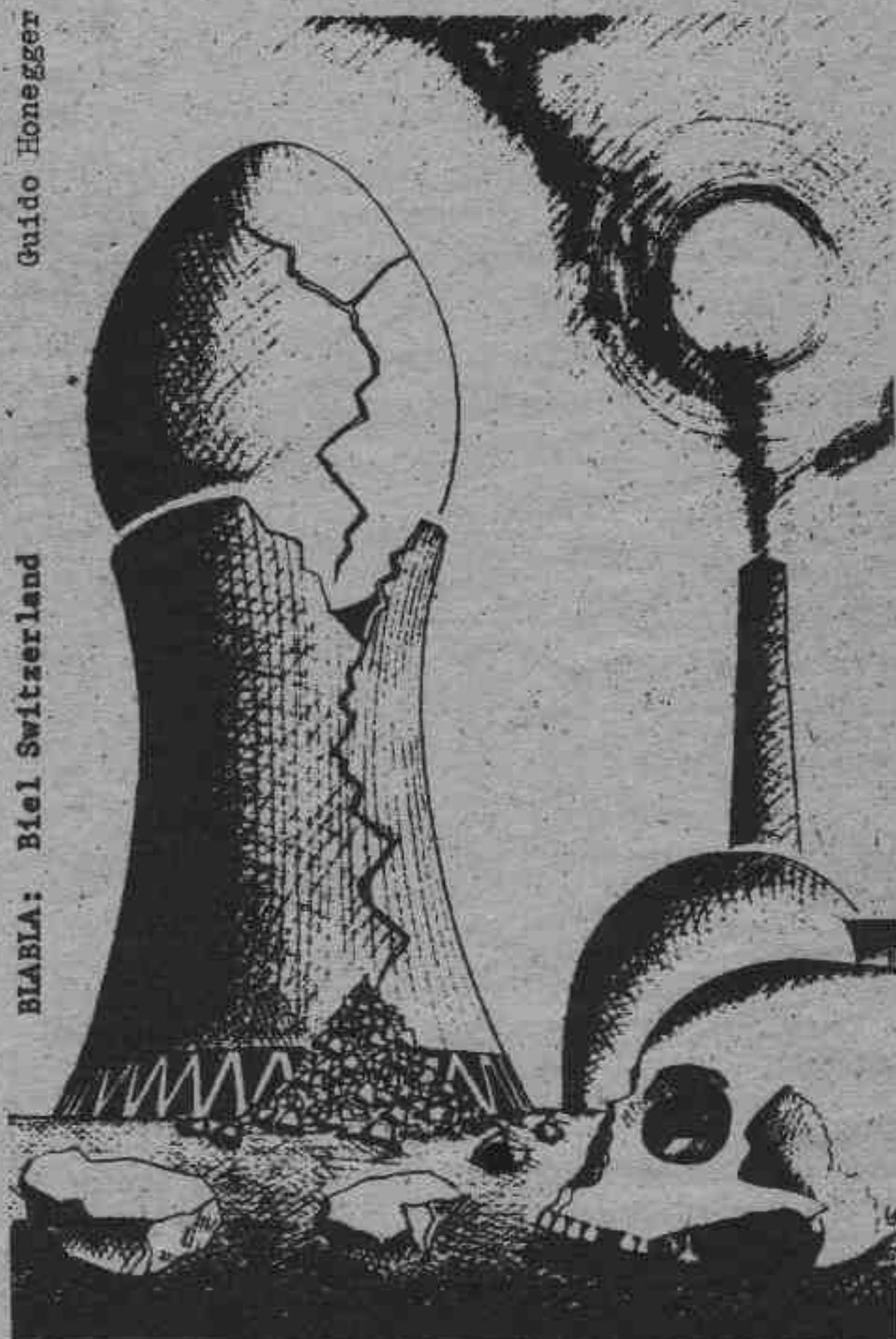
Daniel Ellsberg, who spoke after the governor, cautioned the crowd to watch what Brown did, rather than rely on promises. Ellsberg is a charismatic speaker whose dedicated anti-nuke stand (which has landed him in jail) was cheered by the demonstrators whose numbers had by now swelled to 30,000.

The crowd was a teeming mass of amiability. Old folks, young folks and kiddies of all sizes ate, drank and smoked in a spirit of anti-nuclear solidarity. People enjoyed the sunny day, the music and speeches, but seemed somehow removed from the very real life-and-death issues involved.

Booths were set up by the Abalone Alliance, Friends of the Earth, The Sierra Club, Alliance for Survival, the VVAW (Vietnam Veterans Against the War),

Guido Honegger

BIABLA: Biel Switzerland



the Communist Party-Marxist-Leninist, among others. People appeared more into buying T-shirts than in reading informative literature.

Aside from its passive nature, the rally was an enormous success. It was the largest demonstration ever held against a single nuclear power plant in this country.

The Abalone Alliance is planning to hold a large peaceful occupation of the plant should the NRC grant the license. People who wish to be involved in this possible occupation are required to receive training in civil disobedience from the Abalone Alliance. Those interested should call (805) 543-6614 or write them at 452 Higuera Street, San Luis Obispo, CA 93401.

Coastal Watch Dogs on the Prowl

By Olga Palo

The Coastal Committee of the Venice Town Council is a group of 8 - 10 people who are actively involved in monitoring the coastal development permit process in Venice.

Since the City of L.A. took over issuance of coastal permits in Nov. of last year, the Committee has been watchdogging the City to ensure compliance with the intent of the California Coastal Act of 1976.

Experiences with the Coastal Commission has familiarized many people with the Act. Many proposed coastal developments, which would have disruptive consequences on Venice neighborhoods has spurred people on to effectively use the law for protection of their neighborhoods.

Now that the City is processing applications for coastal development, the Committee has been trying to work with the City's Coastal Unit. Those people who have been monitoring permits and appearing at Coastal Unit hearings have compiled enough information to conclude that the City is not competently enforcing the State Coastal law. In an effort to document their experiences, the Committee put together a report which substantiates these claims.

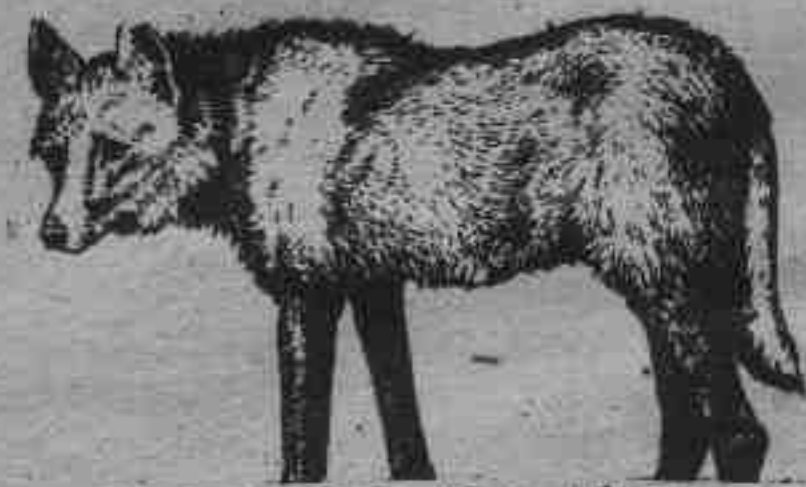
One example contained in the report is the City's lack of a procedure for dealing with violations of the law.

Coastal Committee members have been told by Coastal Commission staff that Venice has more violations than any other city on the California coast! In pursuing action on violations, it has been discovered that the City itself does not know how to process and prosecute violations.

On Ocean Front Walk alone, coastal violations abound. All but one of the roller skating vendors on O.F.W. are operating their businesses illegally. The most arrogant and abusive violation is Charmer's Tea House, Doug Christmas' second illegal development, (Ace Gallery being the first). The City Coastal Unit has totally failed to respond to complaints about these and many more violations.

Within the bureaucracy, the buck has been passed from Building & Safety, to the Coastal Unit, to City Planning, to the City Attorney to the Regional Coastal Commission.

Another problem discussed by the Committee's report is the general lack of knowledge on the part of the City concerning coastal law. The report states that persons and agencies (such as the Board of Zoning Appeals - BZA) making decisions pursuant to the State Coastal law demonstrated an unfamiliarity with the law's content and rely solely on city ordinances or codes. It is true



that this is a new job for the City, but their preparation for the task seems scanty. Meanwhile, they are responsible for carrying out the law.

Other problem areas included inaccessibility of information from the City and failure to cite previous Coastal Commission precedential decisions. Since the City lost two recent appeals filed by the Committee, it has instituted a policy requiring hand-delivery of appeals.

On Tuesday, July 17, the Committee met with Councilwoman Pat Russell to discuss the City's permit procedure. The meeting was brief and did not deal with any remedies. Councilwoman Russell seemed to feel that the City was just a little slow to catch on to the new job. The Committee felt the City didn't care to catch on.

On Wednesday, July 18, the Committee report was presented at a State Coastal Commission hearing at the Airport Marina Hotel. Olga Palo and Arnold Springer spoke on behalf of the Committee and discussed the issues in the report in an effort to inform the State Commission of L.A. City's deficiencies.

Many state commissioners responded very favorably. Comm. Rosener initiated a study of the City Coastal Unit process based on the Committee's report. (The results of that study will also be forwarded to Assemblyman Victor Calvo,

Continued on Page 13

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Doug Christmas in confrontation with Venice residents. (photos: Sue Baker)



The community is now attempting to have the State Coastal Commission direct the State Attorney General to sue the state.

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JAIL!**

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FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
27 On the Good Friday Laughers GEORGE LO SCOT WATER IS LIFE HARDCORE BOB RITTENBERG TAXI DRIVER	28 This film is sheer madness. And really, really, really. And the VHS. And more. performance. Mike Jagger Mick Jagger Ken Russell THE DEVILS X	29 PREMIERE DOLPHIN FILMMAKER IN PERSON  \$3.00	31 AMERICAN MAVERICKS Winner of 4 Academy Awards  PREMIERE LOOSE ENDS STREET CORNER STORIES PASS/FAIL	1 Viva Minelli Joel Grey Winner of 4 Academy Awards Dustin Hoffman Valerie Perrine Lenny	2 WR - MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM INNOCENT UNPROTECTED FILMMAKER IN PERSON OLSAN MAKAVEEV	
3 THE GROOVE TUBE FRANK ZAPPA'S 200 MOTELS SNEAK PREVIEW FORBIDDEN ZONE	4 X was never like this Emmanuelle Nea ...Young Emmanuelle	5 FORBIDDEN PLANET H.R. WELLS THE TIME MACHINE WAR OF THE WORLDS	6 Serving it twice is twice the fun Pardon Mon Affaire Pardon Mon Affaire Too!	7 THE 3 MUSKETEERS  THE 4 MUSKETEERS	8 GRAPES OF WRATH HERBERT FONDA <i>Bound for Glory</i>	9 A FILM BY NAOKA OSHIMA in the REALM OF THE SENSES MATRESSE She will open your eyes. X
10 DAYS OF VENGEANCE  DUELLISTS	11 A SCULPTOR'S DREAM An epic fantasy of peace and magic WIZARDS OF THE PHANTOM of the PARADISE STEREO	12 CHARLIE CHAPLIN  THE GREAT DICTATOR MODERN TIMES	13 WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN X	14 MIFUNE The Seven Samurai 	15 WILLIAM FREDKIN THE EXORCIST  EXORCIST II THE HERETIC	16 BOGART BACALL THE BIG SLEEP  Dark Passage
17 MILOS FORMAN HAIR 	18 D. H. LAWRENCE'S WOMEN IN LOVE Alan Bates Marlon Brando <i>Last Tango in Paris</i>	19 The Thief of Bagdad  JUNGLE BOOK	20 Academy Award Winner THE MAN WHO SKIED DOWN EVEREST  El Capitan Walter Hoenig The Great Ecstasy of the Sculptor Steiner	21 DEREK JARMAN Jubilee Music by BRIAN ENO  SEBASTIANE	22 JOHN HUSTON JEFF BRIDGES Winter Kills  THE PARALLAX VIEW WARREN BEATTY	23 COPPOLA  YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW DEMENTIA 13
24 JANE FONDA JACK LEMMON MICHAEL DOUGLAS the China Syndrome  Henry FONDA in the President FAIL SAFE	25 STEREO woodstock Live! Ready to Groove! With World Music The American Academy of Theater Arts and the American Film Institute  A film about JIMI HENDRIX	26 WINNER OF 7 ACADEMY AWARDS LAWRENCE OF ARABIA ALIC GUINNESS ANTHONY QUINN PETER O'TOOLE  WINNER OF 6 ACADEMY AWARDS A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS	27 PETER SELLERS THE PRISONER OF ZENDA  the Pink Panther	28 WIM WENDERS THE AMERICAN FRIEND  Dossier 51	29 ALL 3 BREATH TAKEN IN THE BEDROOM CARRIE If only they knew, one had the power Alice, Sweet Alice	30 COPPOLA  RAIN PEOPLE FINIAN'S RAINBOW

CHRISTMAS IN VANCOUVER

BY ARNOLD SPRINGER

The strike against a restaurant owned by Ace Gallery owner and restaurateur Doug Christmas continues with the strikers scoring significant victories.

On June 5 the Labor Relations Board of British Columbia refused a request by Muckamuck restaurant management to decertify the Service, Office, and Retail Workers Unions of Canada (SORWUC), Local #1, to which the strikers belong. The Vancouver Express reported that the tiny, beleaguered union was jubilant after successfully fighting off this challenge to its workers right to organize. According to the Vancouver newspaper Open Road, SORWUC is a small, feminist union organizing in traditional female occupations and dedicated to workers control over contract negotiations and ultimately over their work places. The paper says SORWUC is one of the bread of new unions, free of bossism and regimentation, "Unions That Work".

Vice-Chairman of the LRB Ron Bone said that although the union had lost support of a number of employees during the "long, apparently acrimonious" strike, those losses "were not a majority of the original bargaining unit and therefore there was no reason for the LRB to decertify the union at this critical stage of its strike activity." He added that decertification would, in effect, nullify the strike without the necessary evidence that this was desired by a majority of the employees who might be effected by the outcome. Decertification, he said, "would thus grant the employer /Doug Christmas and the Davie St. Holding Company/ a victory which he had not obtained in collective bargaining."

SORWUC has been on strike against the Muckamuck for over one year attempting to negotiate a critical first year contract. The official noted that such negotiations are often lengthy and difficult and he said that SORWUC "should be given the continuing opportunity to pursue its legitimate collective bargaining aims."

Muckamuck managements attempt to break the strike continued. On Friday June 1 the Union was ordered to appear in B.C. Superior Court on a request by the owners to deny the striking workers the right to picket. The Union had 3 hours notice prior to the start of the hearing. And it lost. According to the Vancouver Free Press, in a virtually unprecedented decision the Supreme Court "had deprived the Union of just about the only trade union weapon that really

counts in such a transient and high unemployment industry as restaurant work, - the right to picket a struck establishment and to ask the customers to stay away." The Muckamuck had asked for the ban to quell what it called "violence" on the line.

The injunction represented "only the latest in a series of blows against the embattled group of native Indian workers who are fighting for the right to join a union, continued the article. It set the stage for a confrontation between all of organized labor and the judicial establishment over basic trade union rights. Doug Christmas had taken on some powerful opponents.

A few days later a committee to defend the right to strike was organized. Composed of trade unionists, it set up an informational picket at the restaurant, reminding potential customers that a strike was still in progress.

According to the Free Press, the Muckamuck has made use of professional strike-breakers, Indian politicians, who have rallied scab workers into a counter picketing force and have tried to divide the Indian community, thus weakening support for the strikers.

SORWUC appealed the Supreme Court decision to the B.C. Court of Appeals and the decision was overturned. According to the Vancouver newspaper Leftwords, the complete ban on pickets was eliminated, but picketing was limited to 6 persons until June 18 when the Supreme Court would hear a SORWUC request to resume unlimited picketing. No word as to the outcome of this hearing has yet been received.

BLABLA: Biel
Switzerland



Muggs Sigurgeirson wrote the Beachhead on June 13 from Vancouver that after the decision "the aggression from the scabs" against the picketers "seemed to intensify". She mentioned

that strikers could see Doug Christmas standing in the restaurant window watching "the scabs come out and push us around". We feel like we are on the winning part of the struggle now, she wrote. One of the striking workers was quoted in the Vancouver Free Press as follows: "I think they / Muckamuck management/ thought we couldn't hold this line for very long. That's why they have refused to sit down and negotiate. They've found they were wrong each time...but they keep hoping to pull it out of the fire with one more maneuver. It's been a year of our lives, but we're determined to get our jobs back!"

Meanwhile in Venice Mr. Christmas appears to be pushing ahead with his Charmer's Tea House on Ocean Front Walk and Market St. He has laid a very large cement slab, put up a cute picket fence, and, observers report, there appears to be a remodeling job going on in two interior apartment units fronting UFW. Could these units be for food preparation and restroom facilities? The Coastal Committee of the VTC visited WLA Building and Safety and Engineering on July 26, and reported that they could find no evidence of permits being issued for any of this work. No permission for encroachment on Ocean Front Walk has been applied for or granted, again as far as the Committee members could find out. No Coastal Permits for this construction and change of use have been applied for, either from Los Angeles or from the State. The State Commission has cited Mr. Christmas for a violation, but just as in the Bakk of America case, Mr. Christmas continues to ignore such citations and pushes ahead with his work. Rumor has it that the evidence will soon be presented to the City Attorney with a request for prosecution.

The next item for the ever busy Mr. Christmas appears to be the opening of his new Venice restaurant, which is to be called the Ristorante Paladino, and located at 1815 Ocean Front Walk at 19th Ave. Before he opens, a hearing will be held on his request for a conditional use or variance to permit his restaurant to serve beer, wine, and eventually, perhaps, distilled spirits. The case # for anyone interested in attending or commenting is CUB 79-190. The hearing will be held on Tuesday, Aug. 28, at 9:30 am, at WLA City Hall, 2nd floor hearing room, 1645 Corinth Ave. ♣

old days of main street Gone With The Wind

by Kenneth Haker

Rejoice! For Scarlett has come to Main Street in Ocean Park, and she's brought Atlanta with her. That's right, chil'. Scarlett's come here with Atlanta. Not the modern city of Deep South fame, but the mythic one that was depicted so colorfully in its Reconstruction phase in the film GONE WITH THE WIND. For those whose memories can only recall the scent of magnolia and Rhett and Scarlett embracing, let me say that the Atlanta I have in mind was rebuilt and it showcased Scarlett's opportunistic entrepreneurial talent. It also featured class disruption: a genteel planter aristocracy was replaced by a ruthless merchant class. In all these things, Ocean Park reminds me of this Atlanta. Only the blind would deny that it resembles a movie set now, with its tacky pseudo-Victorian storefronts and pubs, and its wealthy carpetbaggers who swarm over property whenever it becomes available like ants at a Baptist picnic. Yes suh. Actually, I should say queens for there are several would-be Scarlettts on Main Street.

They are intriguing women, these pretenders to the throne of Miss Vivian. First and foremost, they are businesswomen: one sells stained glass from her storefront; another, dolls; a third, old clothes; and a fourth, baskets from the Orient. Like Miss Viv', their movie mentor, they are exotic women, beautiful and vibrant, solicitous of their respective Mr. Kennedys - their sober, industrious, narrow-minded supporters and lovers - and secure in their belief that their ruthless, opportunistic entrepreneurial philosophies are the wave of the future. With relentless energy, they plan and build empires, sell humble wares, and dream of a trip to China or of restoring some mythic Tara in the neighborhood of their choice. They are formidable

women, these pretenders, not to be taken lightly, for they and their fellow reconstructionists represent a new merchant class.

Oddly enough, some years ago Main Street and its environs resembled another movie set, which I liked better. With its Hemingwayesque named bars - Blue Fin and Kilroy's - and its eccentrics living on the edge of life, both physically and figuratively, it resembled the Depression-rooted film HARD TIMES. Afficionados of cheap port lolled in doorways or in your backpocket, bars were for serious drinkers and were not called pubs, and business generally reflected a cynical attitude toward the Horatio Alger dream. It was a backwater place then, by the beach, ignored largely by local government and moneybrokers. And I loved it. And I miss it.

I offer these two contrasts of Main Street in Ocean Park for a reason: living in Ocean Park today has become a question of survival. A case in point concerns recent negotiations I and my neighbors had with two different groups of developers anxious to put up buildings on empty lots fronting Main Street. At issue was how these buildings would affect me and my neighbors, since we lived on Second St. behind the empty lots.

We addressed this issue by organizing into a neighborhood group. Then, with the help of Communitas, an organization that gave us a tremendous amount of support and articulate advice, we wrote out our concerns. Our concerns included questions of building height, parking, garbage disposal, landscaping, and security. We met with the developers and these concerns later became part of an agreement that both sides signed. The conditions of the agreement then became part of the permit that the developers submitted to the Coastal Commission for approval. Now that the permit

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has been granted, it is the responsibility of both sides to see that the conditions of the permit are carried out.

As far as our survival was concerned, negotiating with the developers benefitted us in a number of ways. First, we learned that by working together in a group, we could be and were successful in getting the developers to modify their plans. Second, we learned that government agencies that are here to help us need to be closely watched and monitored. Finally, we learned that it is important that we organize into neighborhood and community groups and show concern for what is taking place on Main Street and in our neighborhood. And, this means that we must have a say in what happens. Otherwise, if we don't organize and demand that we be heard, we will hear another voice, saying aloud what she had previously only said to herself in private, "I do declare. I'll never build my Tara on Main Street, for it's become so tacky." Or we might hear the voices of the developers parody Gable, "Frankly, concerned residents, I don't give a damn." Thank you, Miss Scarlett. Thank you, Mister Kennedy. ♣

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What's Happening at the Old Venice Jail

By: BERGIN RUSE, LINDA EBER, JUDY BACA, MICHELE KORT, and The SPARC Staff

Although for the past two years the Old Venice Jail has been the Public Art Station and the home of the Social and Public Art Resource Center (SPARC), many in the community are still not fully aware of what exactly goes on there. SPARC is dedicated to the production, exhibition, and preservation of public art. Public art includes, among other things, murals reflecting community issues and involvement and also visual projects which take on a social concern for groups experiencing oppression in this land and abroad. There is no limit to making clear and apparent through art the concern for the human condition. Hopefully, a clear, concise picture of SPARC's events, programs, and community involvements will follow.

Building: Once inside SPARC's headquarters, subtle changes to a one-time bleak police station and jail can be taken into account. Inexpensive white paint and brown carpets have transformed the institutional green walls and peeling linoleum into a pleasant working environment. The last remaining cells (which wall one side of the gallery) also have been painted white. They have been covered with white material to eliminate echoing noises for those visiting the gallery.

Gallery: SPARC's gallery is very much different from those found on La Cienega Blvd. in that the space is accessible to the community - both to those who wish to show and would not ordinarily have such an opportunity and to those who wish to view. It becomes readily recognizable that no one need feel intimidated by art and the art world - the attitude in the gallery speaks of real concerns of the community and breaks down the mold too long accepted in elitist galleries that one needs an education in art history to look at and understand art. Our gallery houses shows which are politically relevant to our needs and times, and not only invite the public to view our current exhibit Mon-Fri, 12-5pm, but to also sign our mailing list for all future shows. We further invite proposals from artists in the community who wish to show their art or from others who have ideas on shows they would like to see. Some of our past exhibits have been: Artists for Survival anti-nuclear art; Anthony Fiorillo, a local 77-year old sculptor and senior citizen; Three Local Venice Women, Judy Baca, Paula Gray, Christina Schlesinger; Street Life - our current show - which depicts multi-ethnic, multi-generational people through art. Hopefully, our gallery helps demystify art and its processes and bridges the gap between artist and viewer so as to eliminate another social alienation between people.

Past Events: A SPARC sponsored fundraiser helped benefit the United Farm Workers Union by not only raising needed money for this group but also showing a film the group made "Fighting for our Lives" in order to help bridge another gap between people of the community and a specific group with specific concerns.

SPARC not only sponsored an Artists for Survival festival and art exhibit which included discussions and information relating to nuclear power and weapons but also provides a regular meeting place and use of facilities for Artists for Survival. These informative gatherings serve as valuable educational input into the community and thus keep it aware and abreast of current information and findings.

SPARC hosted members from the United League which is an organization based in Mississippi, whose work centers on its unrelenting fight for black rights, especially in the South where the problem is more apparent. This group showed the community a film on the current activities of the Ku Klux Klan, again, making it clear that education is our best weapon in the battle against oppression.

SPARC artists conducted a murals-in-schools program, wherein they went to three elementary schools and worked with the children in the design and execution of portable mural panels. These murals currently hang in their respective schools, creating a sense of pride among the children who participated - reminding them that they have the power to change their own environment. Another SPARC artist taught photography to youth at no charge in conjunction with the Neighborhood Youth Association.

During a visit to the United States, a band from Mexico played for the community at SPARC. The band, "Tribu de la Paz" (tribe of peace), played instruments indigenous to Mexico, providing a special treat to our Chicano neighbors. This performance was taped and subsequently aired on KPFF, reaching a broad and varied audience.

As is more well known, SPARC has sponsored a variety of murals around the city, and the most impressive thus far is the Tujunga Wash quarter-mile mural. This attempt to paint the longest mural in the world was made in conjunction with Project Heavy and enabled muralist Judy Baca to conduct such a project by hiring over 100 juvenile justice referred and other youth plus artists over a two-summer program. This mural takes a non-traditional approach in depicting the History of California from a minority viewpoint. Through the contribution of Blacks and Chicanos, young people have been able to develop pride in their heritage and see the proof of their value. SPARC's future plans include further involvement and eventual completion of the Tujunga Wash mural.



Street Dance at SPARC (Photo: Linda Eber)

Current Events: Besides all SPARC's many other involvements, a major program about to be put into action is our Anti-PCP Campaign. PCP, more commonly known as "Angel Dust" is a drug, which use should be confined to the veterinary, but which, unfortunately, has found its way into our mainstream youth for use as a cheap high - a dangerously cheap high. They are taken on a stumbling, incoherent, paranoid, and perhaps hallucinating trip where the damage to brain cells is irreversible. Many young people have jumped to their death from windows or stepped out in front of moving vehicles during a drugged moment of feeling invincible. Others have drowned in a small puddle of water while another "duster" watched on in dumb helplessness. Due to the seriousness of this problem, in the fall of 1978, SPARC invited representatives of community drug agencies to attend a public meeting, and we solicited input in our development of a proposed Anti-PCP Campaign, the main goal of which is aimed at saturating the youth within the community with information regarding the damaging effects of PCP, looking toward prevention, and offering positive alternatives. The Anti-PCP Campaign will be launched in August with full dedication ceremonies, including community dignitaries. This dedication is to be the unveiling of SPARC's "Dustmobile" - a converted LA County Bookmobile on loan for this important project. The Dustmobile will be equipped with enough information in various art forms (i.e., a hologram depicting a young girl aging dramatically by smoking PCP; photographs and slides with taped interviews telling the complete story from the first PCP cigarette to the last days at a drug rehabilitation center; an animated film; a PCP jokebook; posters; informative leaflets, etc.) to educate any youth who walks through. The route of the Dustmobile includes community centers, parks, libraries, and schools. Because SPARC feels so strongly about the dangers of PCP, we feel the volume of work and concern put into this project is just and warranted. Hopefully, the Dustmobile will create a positive fad among youth - thus, in turn, creating their own peer pressure to participate in this campaign.

Throughout the summer, SPARC sponsors free films for children every Friday at 2:00 pm.

SPARC's summer youth program, Summer Program Employing Disadvantaged Youth (SPEDY) is currently underway. This program has given 14 youth gainful employment during the summer months and the opportunity to participate in a wide variety of art experiences, which include exposure to six different artists working in six different mediums. This learning and working experience includes making an animated film, silkscreening, drawing, sculptural relief on the Year of the Child, portable mural, building maintenance, and a theater performance piece on the effects of PCP to travel with the Dustmobile, together with the disciplines involved in keeping a regular job with regular hours and rules. These youth have already shown themselves to be a very responsible part of our community by their enthusiastic participation and sincere involvement.

The SPARC sponsored "Street Dance" was held in July, and by all accounts was very successful. Part of the Street Dance program was a slide lecture entitled the "Politics of Paint" by Judy Baca. This presentation illustrated how community people have, internationally, expressed their own power through murals, and even the Venice community has been a forerunner in this movement. The lecture further described the importance of local monuments created by the community about the community regarding issues relevant to the community.

Workshop Programs: SPARC offers its facilities to non-CETA artists not connected with SPARC who wish to teach their art form to the community. A nominal fee is charged for these workshops (as compared to similar workshops taught elsewhere), and this fee goes to the artist teaching the course. We invite artists in the community who would like to teach to submit proposals to us for consideration. We are also always interested in any volunteer help or those interested in trading their teaching skills.

Resource Center: SPARC is an active member in an international murals network, wherein information and slides are shared throughout the country, and as such have been developing a Resource Center which includes article, book, and slide libraries. These resources are becoming an extremely viable part of making SPARC an effective and accessible public art center. By having available a community art center, the role of the artists involved reflect and act as spokespersons for issues and needs within the community. The Resource Center also has available a film produced by SPARC (16mm, 9 minute, color) entitled, "The Great Wall of Los Angeles", which film documents the Tujunga Wash mural, as described above.

The resources also include educational audio-visual filmstrips on how to make a mural, contemporary murals throughout the United States, and on murals and art during the WPA, which will be available toward the end of this year. Slide shows are another example of educational aids within the center.

Silkscreening: Silkscreening facilities at SPARC have been used by a variety of groups in their efforts to encourage community awareness of issues. Many of the banners, posters, and t-shirts seen around the community reflecting current attitudes have, in fact, been printed at SPARC, and we see this service as another important method of distributing information as have others who use this facility.



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Community Needs and Support: The attitude of art created by SPARC focuses on that which is relevant to the community in which it is exhibited. In this regard, SPARC solicits the support of the community it serves. Due to SPARC's limited budget, this community support is often monetary as many events would not be possible but for the financial participation of the community. For example, at our recent Street Dance, a \$1.50 donation was requested - with no one turned away for lack of funds - this, again, is our policy on all events in order to ensure the community no limitation of participation. The sum of \$1.50 was, in fact, a nominal contribution, taking into consideration, for example, the cost of a ticket to a film or any other form of admission-charged entertainment. And, although 300-400 people were in attendance at the Street Dance, SPARC financially went into the hole \$150 due to our expenditures for publicity, stage rental, one of the bands (the other being paid for by the Musicians Union), among other things, totaling approximately \$300. Therefore, even though SPARC's policy is not one of making a profit, we do look forward to breaking even, and, further, we look to the community for their support in this regard. The reality of being a non-profit organization is that if we ever become completely self-sufficient, we would be even more dependent upon the financial support of those participating in our events and using our services and facilities. Our continued existence is dependent upon grants and donations from the community. And, again, we emphasize, no one will be turned away due to lack of funds, and we invite the community to help us implement all ideas.

Funding: The SPARC staff includes the multi-ethnic, the handicapped, and a variety of disciplines. Funding at SPARC has been made possible through the Comprehensive Employment Training Act (CETA) Title I, II, and VI programs of the Department of Labor. These funds provide salaries (85% of funds), material and operating expenses such as telephone bills, postage, office supplies, etc. (7-1/2% of funds), and training of CETA employees (7-1/2% of funds). As can be seen from these percentages, we have the peoplepower through CETA salaries but very little actual cash. The employment of artists through

the CETA program is, in many ways, similar to the Works Progress Administration (WPA) during the Depression. The philosophy of the WPA program was that artists should be able to make as much money as, for example, plumbers, doing their own work. Unfortunately, most artists have had to support themselves through non-art work such as physical labor, office work, waitressing, etc. SPARC's philosophy is that artists are workers like everyone else and as such deserve to be paid for their work. SPARC artists don't sit in their studios all day creating their own art pieces. They, in fact, create art for use as a tool - whether to beautify a bleak environment with a mural reflecting attitudes of the community, or to informatively exhibit an urgent and important message on drug abuse, or the illumination of a suppressed ethnic history and heritage.

Future: SPARC is constantly in the process of growing and expanding on ideals and goals to be more self-sufficient, and one of our many goals is to implement a scholarship program for talented youth. We also look to set up a mural maintenance fund, to expand our on-going workshops, and to further explore possibilities of other potential traveling exhibits such as the Dustmobile, and to keep on with our multi-ethnic events at a low cost, such as

the Street Dance, in order to further bring the community one step closer together.

In closing, SPARC wishes to reiterate its invitation to anyone in the community who would like to submit a proposal for their art, their skills, their ideas, and their help implementing same. We are located at 685 Venice Blvd., and our telephone number is 822-9560. ♣



"Tierra" performing at SPARC's Street Dance
(Photo: Linda Eber)

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SPARC TO RECEIVE AID FOR NICARAGUA

The new Nicaraguan government has asked for food and medical supplies to help restore the country after the devastating war against Somoza. The Venice Town Council and other community groups have been assisting the Los Angeles Consulate in setting up collection points throughout L. A.

SPARC will be the collection point for Venice. The consulate says food, especially food for children, and basic medical supplies are needed most. Since the food will take several weeks to get to Nicaragua, it must not spoil during that time. Food suggestions are: powdered milks, baby food, food in cans, and flour. Basic medical supplies such as band-aids, antiseptic ointments, and aspirin are also urgently needed. Clothes will also be accepted. All food and medical supplies must have labels.

The Venice Town Council urges everyone to come to the August 15th meeting featuring a speaker on Nicaragua. Bring food or medical supplies. These can also be left any time during normal hours at SPARC on 685 West Venice Boulevard.

The Public is invited to attend the dedication ceremony for SPARC's Dustmobile, a traveling campaign of the arts against PCP--Saturday, August 25th, 2-4:30 pm at SPARC 685 Venice Blvd. There will be free food, refreshments, and entertainment and a tour of the Dustmobile.

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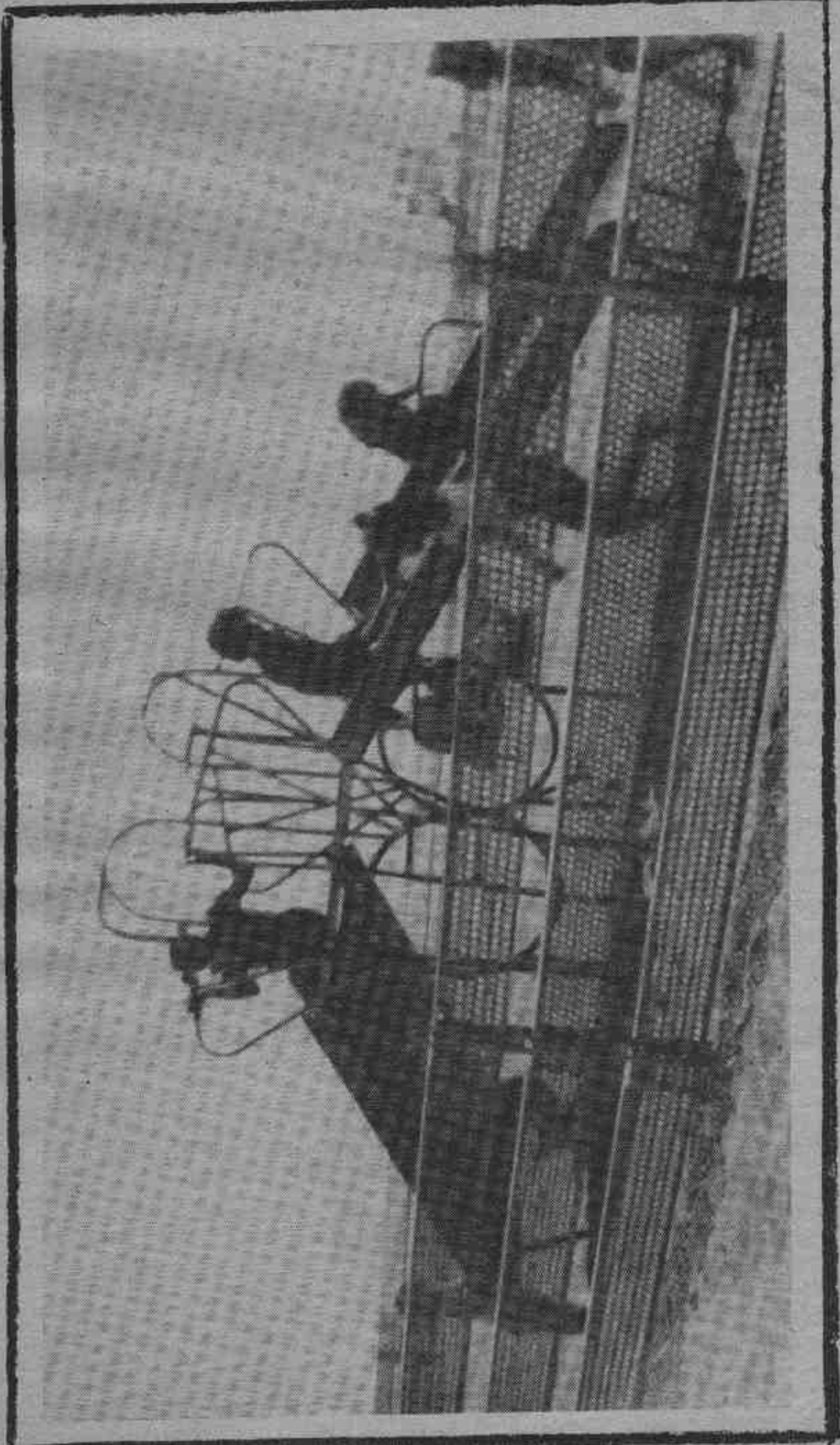
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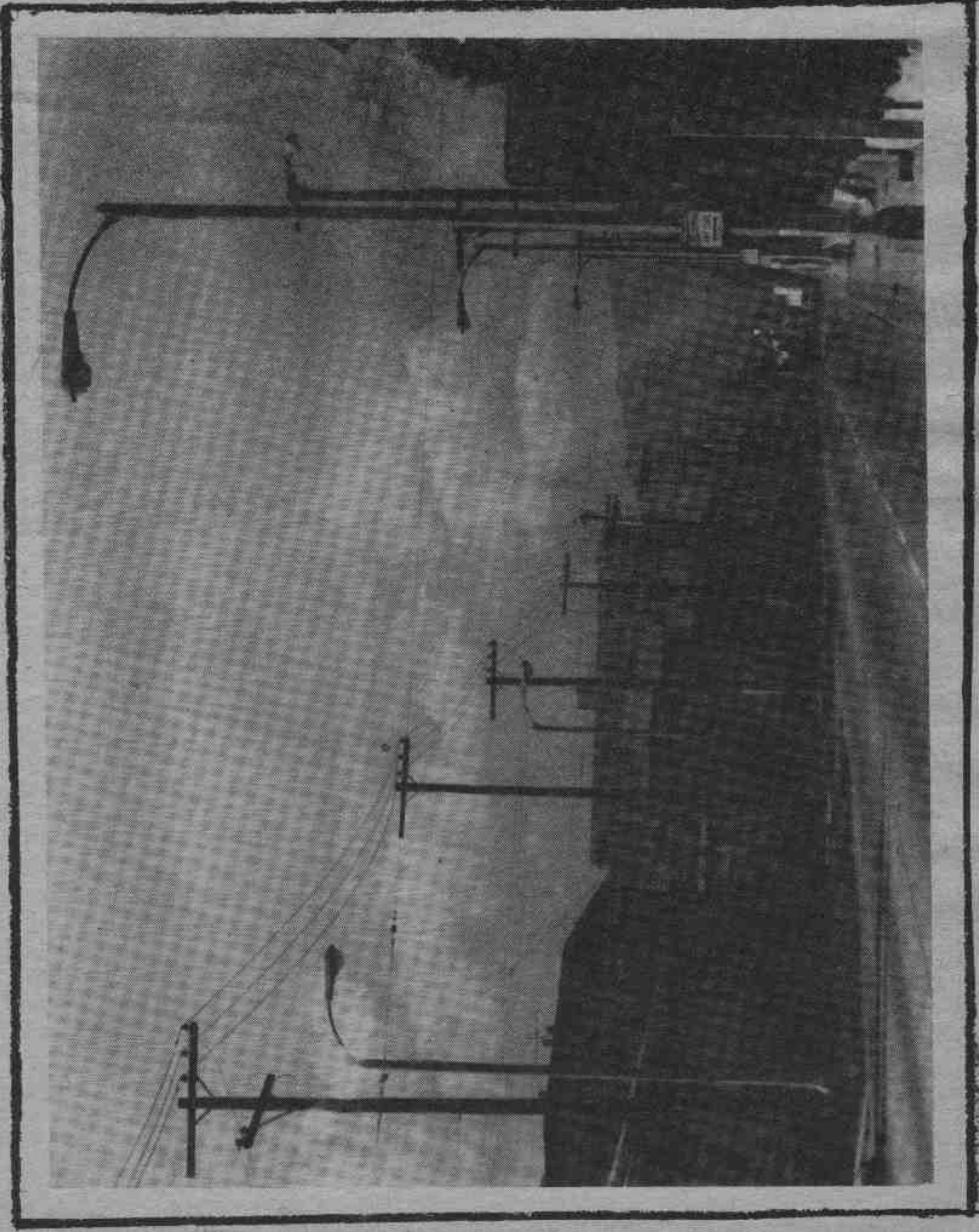
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1979
YEAR

Venice, California

POR CHARLES WILLIAMSON

OF THE CHILD

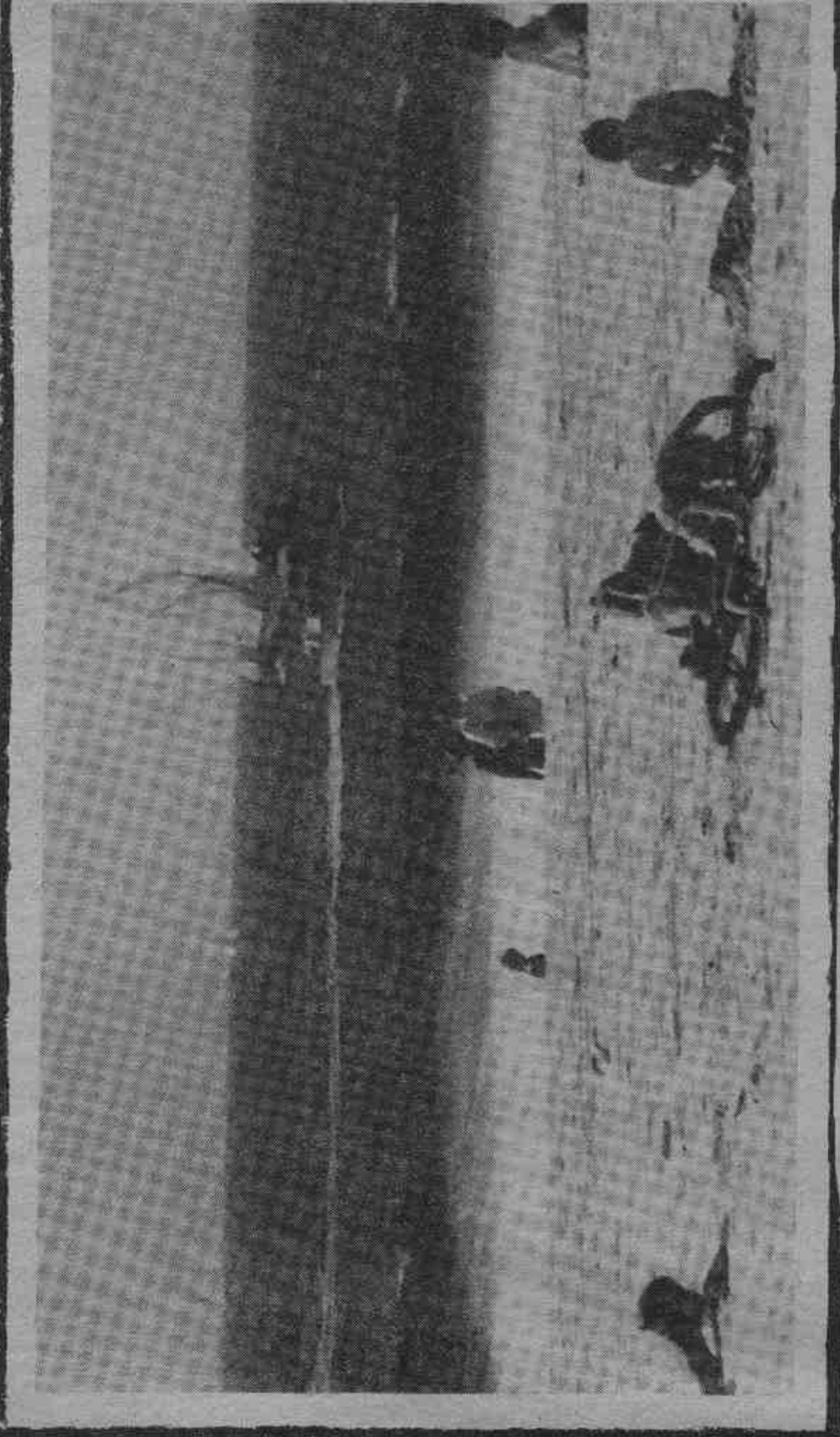


The Children of Venice, California salute the United Nations for proclaiming the year 1979 "The International Year of the Child" and invite children "en todas partes" to visit their Univer-

sity by way of this newspaper article. When the United Nations parley was convened in San Francisco in 1945, I was thirteen years old and had been on my job, delivering newspapers, for four years. I was overwhelmed with joy when I read that this organization proclaimed in its Charter: "We the peoples of the United Nations determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind, and to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women of nations large and small."

It is most appropriate that the United Nations chose the year 1979 to honor children because these children will, indeed, learn to abhor and eventually abolish war. Slavery became feasible and popular during the 15th Century; yet the children of the world abolished it in less than 400 years. The inception of absolute global war was also a product of the Age of European Discoveries. Most areas in the world today labeled the "Third World" are nations liberated from colonialism as a consequence of the Second World War.

There is no longer a need for war! When children are taught to have a stimulating interest in our world and the people in it; in the dreams and aspirations of our neighbor's nearby and far away, then they will endeavor to abolish all systems that perpetuate war.



NACIONES UNIDOS

LOS DESCUBRIMIENTOS DE LOS EUROPEOS

The Greeks developed science as we know it, and one of their oldest sciences was Geography. Greek geographical knowledge expanded in the 4th Century B.C., when Pythias of Massilia counted the British Isles and learned of northern lands beyond them.

Claudius Ptolemy (2nd Century A.D.), an Alexandrian Greek living in Roman times, was the last famous ancient geographer. Europeans in the great discovery period had high regard for his opinions. His "Ptolemaic" system remained the most in favor until it was superseded by that of Copernicus in the 16th Century. His global knowledge extended from the Canary Islands in the west to the "Land of Silk", or China in the east.

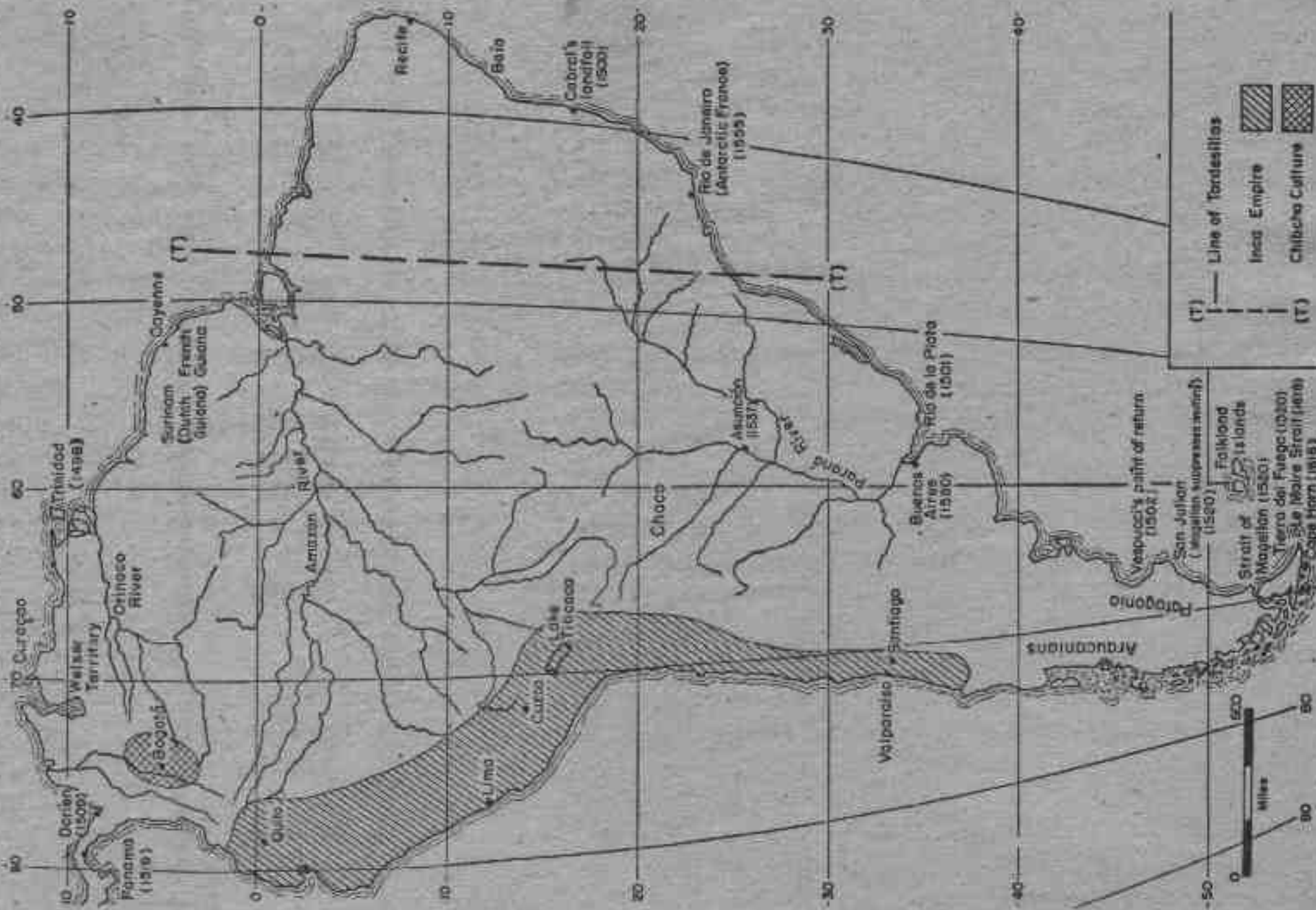
The distinction of arriving in China first was reserved for the Venetian Polo brothers, Niccolò and Matteo, who about 1265 reached the court of Kublai Khan (1260-1294). Though the Polos were merely itinerant traders without official status, they returned to Europe bearing Kublai's request to the Pope for Catholic missionaries to work in eastern Asia. On reaching home, the Polos found no Pope on the throne of St. Peter, and after growing tired of waiting for the election of a new one, they returned to Asia without the missionaries but with the young son of Niccolò, Marco Polo, who left Venice in 1271 at the age of seventeen and returned in 1295 when he was over 40.

King John I of Portugal (1385-1433), had a gifted group of sons of whom the famous Prince Henry the Navigator was the third. He and his brothers persuaded their father to lead a fleet and army across the strait of Gibraltar in 1415 to capture the Moroccan seaport of Ceuta. He studied Africa: its people, its trade routes, and its known resources. He became especially interested in the reports of gold from the distant south.

In 1493 Christopher Columbus, returning from the discovery of America, was driven into Lisbon by bad weather. He underwent a thorough questioning from the Portuguese ruler who doubted that Columbus had been to Marco Polo's Cipangu (Japan), though he did feel that the new explorations in the names of Ferdinand and Isabella (Spain) represented something dangerous to Portuguese ambitions. In June 1494, Ferdinand and Isabella signed the treaty of Tordesillas with the emissaries of Portugal.

Meanwhile, the Portuguese traded along the coast of Africa and up the rivers and made profits with cargoes of fish and sealskins. They initiated the African slave trade. The traffic at first amounted to little, since Portugal had small use for slaves in the 15th Century. However, following the Spanish discovery of the New World and the development of the Portuguese Atlantic islands, the human cargoes became large and economically profitable.

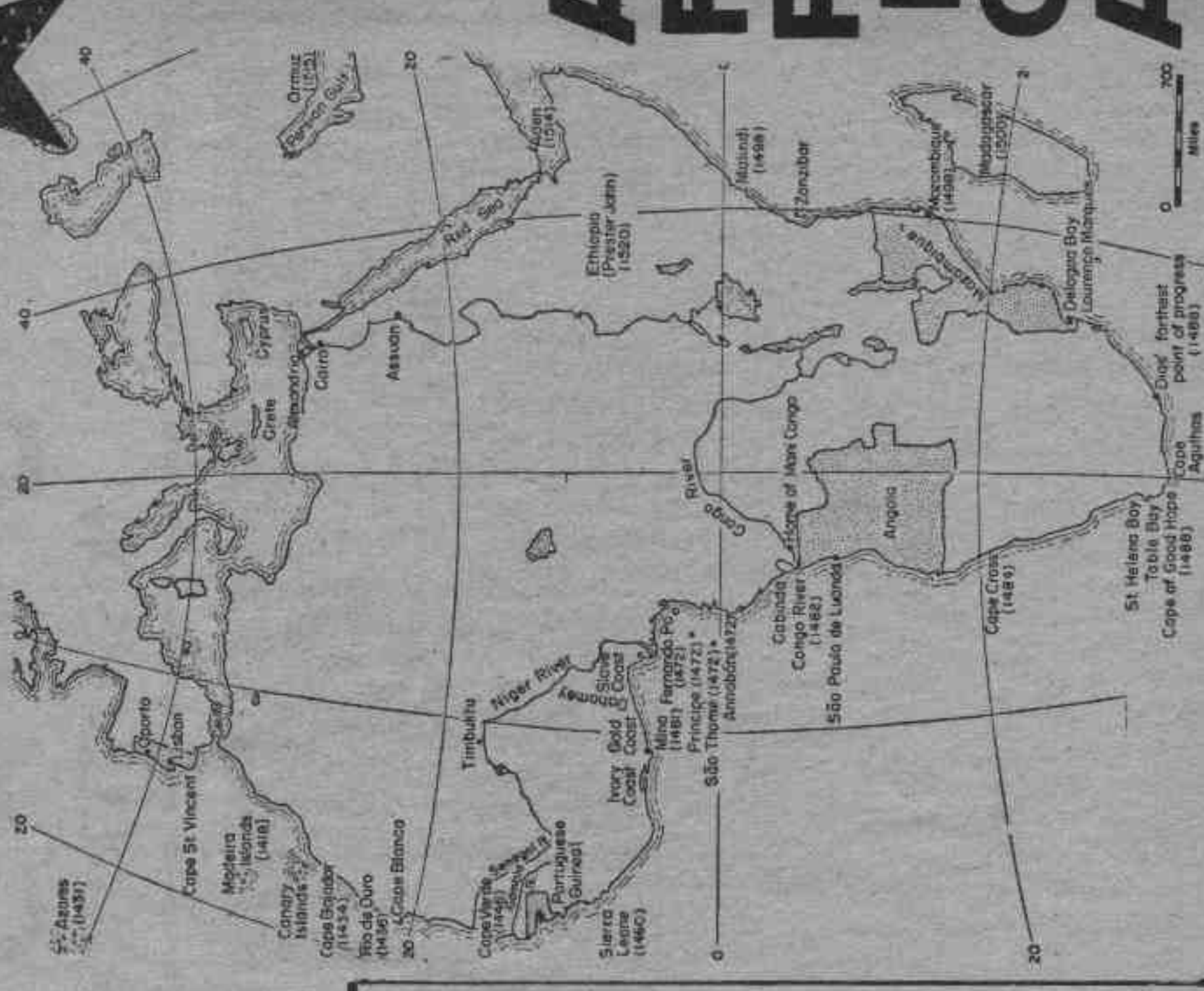
During the 15th Century the Iberian nations had the New World almost entirely to themselves. Then, around 1800, Frenchmen, Hollanders, and Englishmen surged forth to seize what they could of the prized Iberian possessions and to grasp at any new places that seemed worth taking. Minor efforts at colonizing were made by Sweden, Scotland, and Denmark, but these were either brief or insignificant. And while western Europe reached beyond the ocean for empire, Russia stalked across Siberia to the Pacific Ocean, even to Alaska.



ASIA

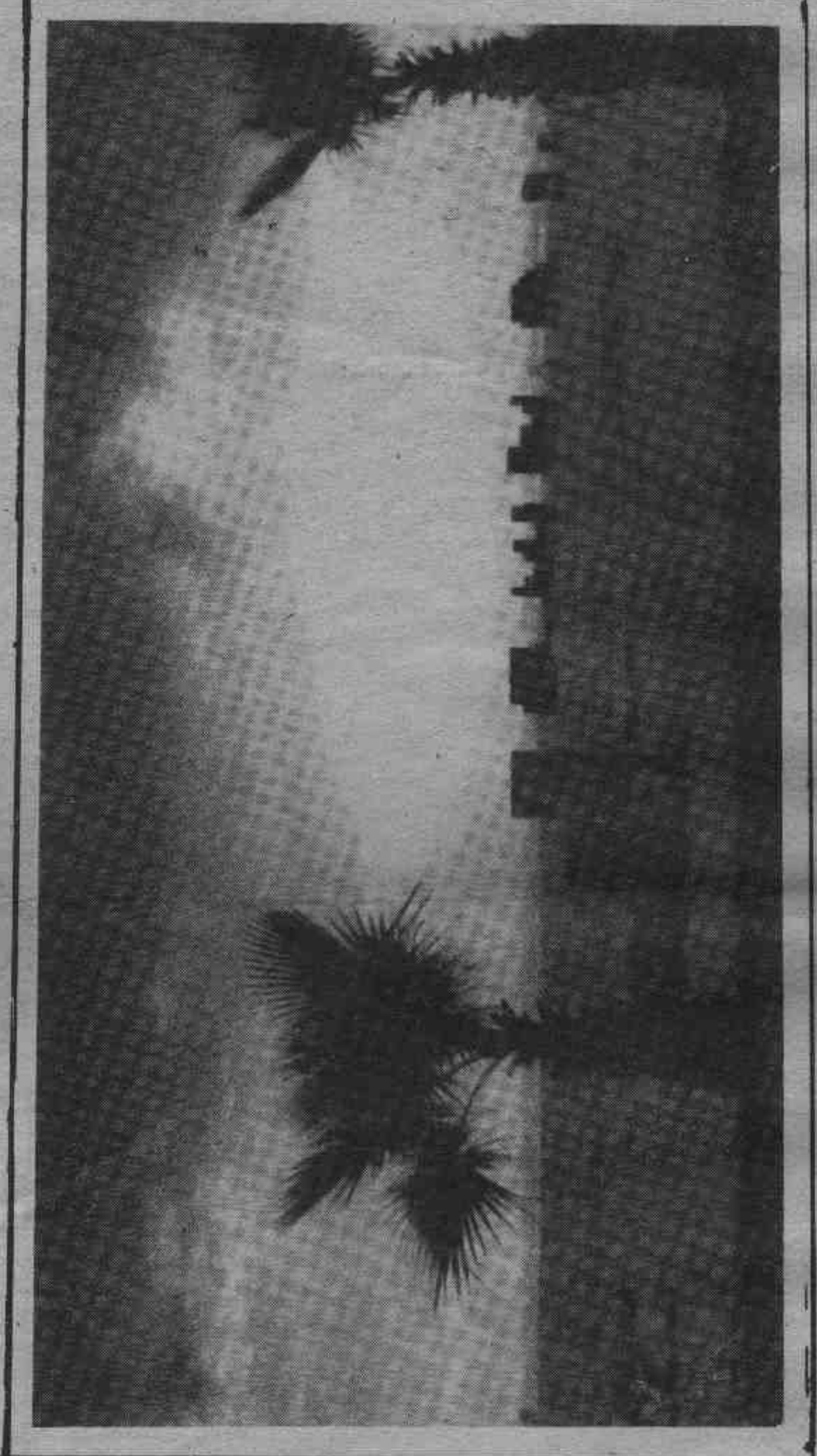
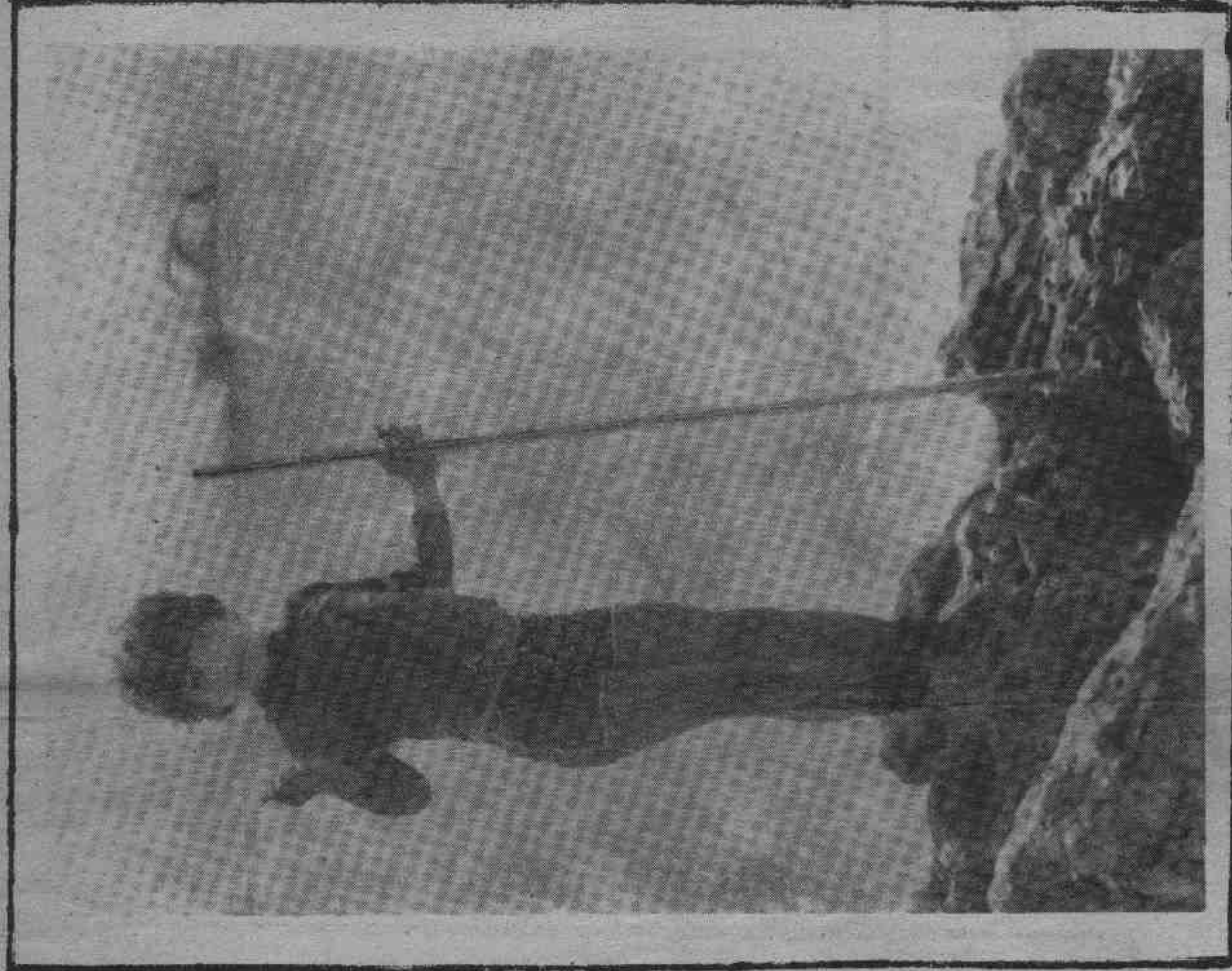


SALIR CONMIGO



AFRICA

GEOGRAFIA



One bald bulb hung from the ceiling, giving the bare, rugless room an eerie, inquisitorial glow. The lampshade had been purposely removed for the Trial. The screen doors clacked back and forth like subway turnstiles at rush hour and a wave of people washed silently into the room. The wooden floor groaned and creaked like an old frigate. The five judges, dressed in their street best, lined up behind a weathered, oak dining-room table. The defendant, slight, sullen, sat in a straight-back chair in the center of the room under the dangling bulb. Locals were everywhere around the crowded room, in folding chairs, on the arms and backs of sofas, on the smooth pine wood floor. A large pitcher of water was perched symbolically on the table in front of the judges. There were no glasses. The water was not for drinking; it was for cooling off the local hot-heads of this beachfront community of iconoclasts.

In fact, the community had been boiling over this particular case for years. Secretly everyone talked about - When was the Court of Justice going to move on this shameful travesty? A community produce store, created and run by local people, had been ripped off by one of the members - Henry Ebenezer.

In the early days, the Fruit Hawkers, as they called themselves, accepted anyone into the fold who needed food and who wanted to work. For many, the Fruit Hawkers' store was their sole source of livelihood. It wasn't a bad life at that. You could swim in the sea during your break, eat your lunch on the job and leave at the end of the day with a couple of bucks in your pocket and still have time for a game of volleyball or a walk along the brim of the Bay to watch the sunset. It was so much fun that more people wanted to work there than the store could support. Still, ten to fifteen Hawkers were able to live off it. Their objective, their reason for being, was to provide the community with low-cost, quality produce. That had been the wish and desire of Henry Truckin, the original Fruit Hawker who started the business. After it got going, he passed it on, and the "good will", with the understanding that it would remain a community run store and that it couldn't be sold.

That was all fine and dandy until Henry Ebenezer moved into town. At the time there were eleven Hawkers who worked the store - hippies and gypsies, locals and yokels, from here and abroad. Yet only a few ever went to the downtown market and even fewer handled the accounts. Getting up before dawn to go to the Los Angeles Wholesale Produce Market was, to some folk, a rich experience. Taking care of the books had less appeal, though, there was always someone in the community who would do it or any other work needed to keep the store going. It was a cooperative effort that each week touched hundreds.

By the time Ebenezer came into the store Truckin had already moved the business off the street and into its present locale along the ocean front and had passed the running of it on to a couple from Texas and to Mickey McGrath, the present manager of the largest health food store in the Bay area. After the couple left, Mickey dramatically expanded the store's capacity both in staff and customers. It was then that Ebenezer came on the scene.

Gradually he wove himself into the positions of authority and through the normal processes of attrition and by squeezing out people who resisted his leadership, he took over the community store. New people never really learned the origin of the store's formation and assumed it was Ebenezer's, since his first name was the same as Truckin's. Prices went up faster than inflation; the community grumbled at the betrayal and, finally, had to pack up and take their business elsewhere.

And they stayed away until word spread through the community that at the end of summer Ebenezer was going to sell the store! Selling "community property" for personal gain wasn't the only complaint. His prices, even though he bought from the same distributors that supplied other health food stores in the area, were higher than anyone else's. It was Ebenezer's style to charge more. And the quality that the store was known for had been missing for years. Worse yet, the old folk who lived along the oceanfront no longer got deals. It was no longer a family affair, a place with flexible prices. Ebenezer had taken control - lock, stock and porkbarrel. The store no longer serviced the public, it had become a private enterprise. Selling the store for personal profit was a dastardly thing to do and couldn't be ignored.

Word of the sale went out and residents immediately began collecting evidence to be used against Ebenezer. They had two incriminating documents: a Los Angeles Times story detailing the origins of the Fruit Hawkers and its provocative selling concept of "No Prices" and a UCLA Master's Thesis outlining how Ebenezer gained control. Even so there was insufficient evidence for the local Court of Justice to call a Trial. Missing was Henry Truckin's testimony - and he hadn't been seen in five years. So when Henry Truckin came back to town this summer he gladly supplied the evidence needed to call a Trial. It should be emphasized that the Court

GUILTY of IMPERSONATING A CULTURAL HERO

by Sweet William



doesn't meet over any dispute. It is only for shameful travesties that a Trial is ever called.

For the occasion a two-story house on Park Avenue was secured. A local surfer named Thomas Pleasure acted as Prosecutor. He wore corduroy shorts and an old Hawaiian silk-screen shirt and smiled like a soldier going on furlough. Henry was his. This was the climax to three-years of investigative work. The five judges were ready: two senior citizens, a Mercedes Benz man, a paddle-board matron and a single mother of two in her twenties. The Courtroom was filled with a motley crew that ran the gamut from atheist to evangelist. Their common objective was to win justice for the community.

A few burly conga players convinced Ebenezer that it was in his best interests to attend. It was that or they'd make him into a drum. Ebenezer figured he would weasel through in the same way he had taken over the store. The crowd and its formal presence was something he hadn't bargained for.

The Courtroom was still, the vibrations electric. Tension hung in the air like grief at a wake and exploded suddenly when David, the Court Clerk, a crew-cut radical of twenty years service, read the charge - Impersonating a Cultural Hero. Truckin, the Hero - the man who created a community store based on cooperation and then gave it to the people - had been, he told the Court, besmirched by Henry Ebenezer who didn't bother to mention he was not the Henry who started the Fruit Hawkers. "That," groaned Truckin, "was insulting enough. But when I heard he was going to sell the store I gave up my haulin' operation in Ontario and moved back to the oceanfront." "Right on Henry," shouted a woman from the crowd. It was old Mrs. Miles of the Dupont Hotel, sporting her white gloves and blue veiled hat.

Henry smiled. He shined his book on the back of his pants leg and said, "It was the only thing I could do, Mrs. Miles; I couldn't stay away."

"I told you he was no good, I told you not to let him in the store."

"Mrs. Miles," Pleasure scolded, "no personal attacks. Please sit down."

Mrs. Miles persisted in her attack until Vivian, the paddle-board enthusiast, tapped the pitcher on the table. Mrs. Miles had felt the wrath of the Court before and stopped cold.

Until Truckin reappeared the Case against Ebenezer was as weak as a pencil without lead. Now with his notarized testimony the Trial was called. The pitcher of water was on the table. Like Indian campfires thin curls of blue smoke twirled upwards from incense sticks. The tribe had gathered to see justice done and were itching for some action.

The collective body heat warmed up the room to sauna strength and Ebenezer started to sweat. His face was tighter than usual, his lips thinner, his eyes squintier. He slunched in the chair, nervously crossing and uncrossing his legs, as his dastardly deeds were made public.

Pleasure went over the evidence item by item. His leather sandals squeaked as he paced back and forth. He looked like the sea - sandy-colored hair, sun-burnt cheeks and blood-shot eyes. He was a hot-dog surfer who relished his work. Ebenezer's partner from San Bruto acted as defense counsel. But he was an outsider and didn't understand the unusual and ritualistic ways of the community. Pleasure spelled out the rules of etiquette: no name calling, no personal arguments, no interruptions, speak once and forever hold your peace. From the evidence, they had Ebenezer by the vitals. He didn't complain either; he only slunched more, his tiny B.B. eyes darting frantically from side to side.

Ebenezer worried most about what was in store for him. This whole trial he dreaded was only a prelude to a horrible punishment, which, he knew, would be more than a pitcher of water in the chops. Would he be taken nude on Halloween Night and be left on the beach to the mercy of the crazies or into the ghetto on any night and be left to the Crips? What would the court do to him? The bald light was irritating him, sweat covered his face and he started to smell like abandoned gym socks.

All the facts were in, and Blind Elwin, one of the senior judges, called for the Verdict. The five judges, chosen in a secret ballot by

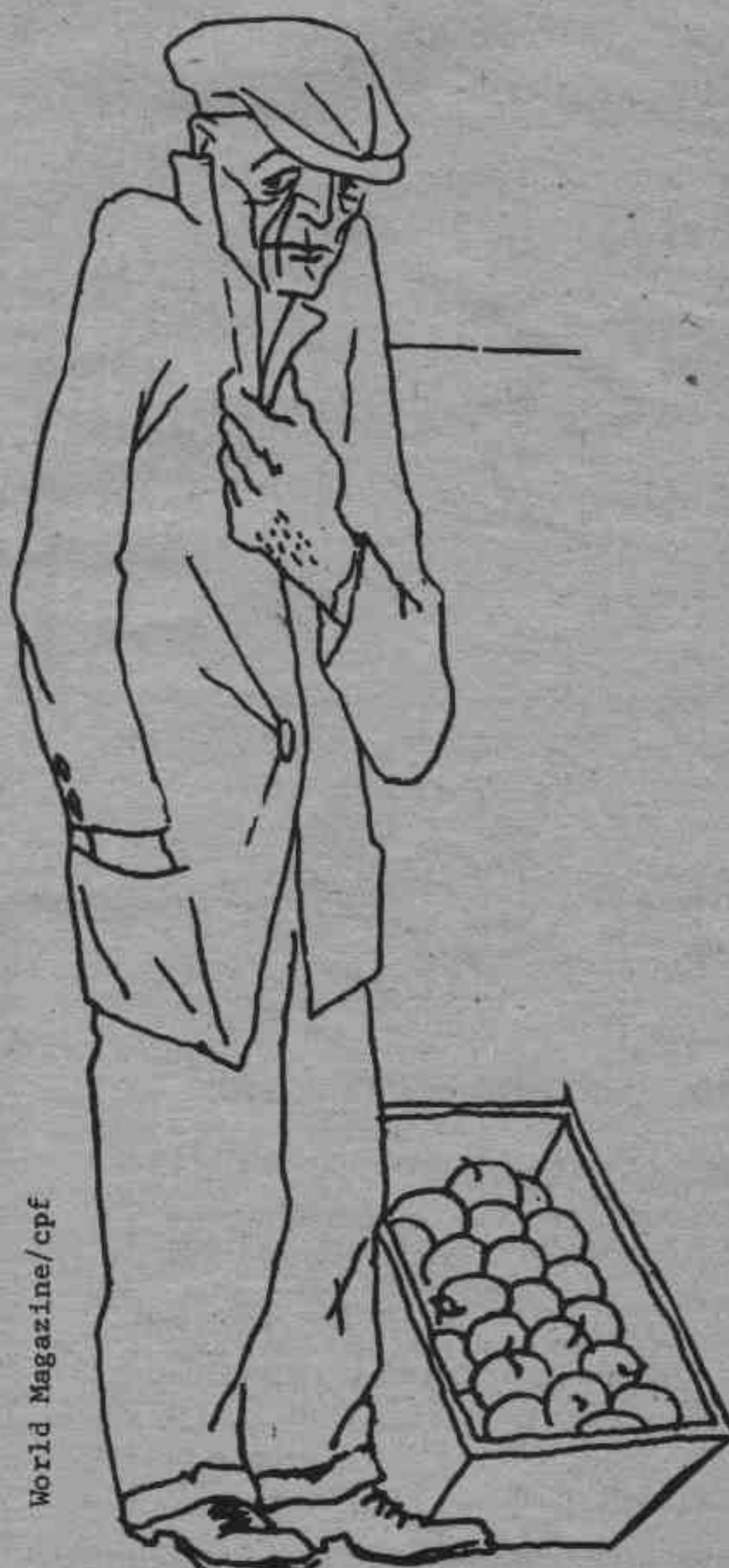
their peers, left the room and silently marched upstairs to discuss their options.

After they filed out, Ebenezer stood up and whispered to his business partner. They were both extremely nervous. Their shoulders were hunched forward, their rumps pulled in tight. All doorways were filled with residents, there was no way out. Ebenezer wasn't going anywhere and he knew it. He sat back down slowly and pulled a bag of pistachio nuts from his pocket and chain ate them, dropping the shells on the floor. He didn't share them with his partner who sat trance-like, biting his fingernails. From behind, they both looked alike. They had the same frizzy hair and the same smell, which the incense tried to overcome.

The hostess served coffee and peppermint tea and some young people went out into the front yard to breathe in the fragrance of newly arrived Hawaiian flower buds. There was a joyous feeling to the night, an air of celebration. All that was left to do was to come up with a just and fitting punishment.

A crash from upstairs startled everyone. It was the sound of a broken bottle and Ebenezer turned bone white. Again, his eyes darted to the exits but the doorways were solid with bodies, soft and hard-boiled varieties. There was no escape. Ebenezer looked like he was going to cry or crack or come apart at the knees.

continued next page →



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The five justices filed downstairs and asked the accused to stand for the reading of the Verdict. The Mercedes Benz man, tan and graying, a corporate attorney for a large Los Angeles firm and formerly a Colonel in Vietnam, wearing a blonde, polished leather jacket and twirling his Commander Whitehead moustache, began: "Henry Ebenezer, we are not here to pass judgment on the fact that you sold the 'good will' created by others and that you didn't first consult with them. Nor is this Court concerned with the deceitful methods you used in winning control of community property. Those are matters for a civil Court of Law and what we are concerned with here is community justice."

The room felt like a war-zone chapel and the chaplain was echoing the feelings of the faithful. They were one. Even Ebenezer was transfixed. All eyes were glued on Mercedes Benz. "What we're here for," he intoned, "is to determine whether a clearcut wrong was perpetrated against the community and whether we, the Court of Justice, can do anything about it." He paused. "In this community cultural innovation is our hallmark. It is an historic tradition for us to create new ways of living. We are a national resource and it is our responsibility to protect the community from those who would exploit her and to nurture its innovative social experiments, such as the Fruit Hawkers, a community-owned store."

The Courtroom burst into a standing ovation and Benz blushed. Regaining his stately composure he concluded, "In this case we have seen ample evidence of your wrongdoings and have, therefore, found you GUILTY of Impersonating a Cultural Hero!"

The crowd swooned. A thorn, long imbedded, had been removed. Benz sat down with a smile dangling from his moustache.

Marian, the single mother, stood and asked Ebenezer, "Do you have anything to say before we pass sentence?"

Henry wailed, "You don't understand me; you just don't understand..."

"Yes we do, Henry," retorted Blind Elwin. "You don't understand our community. Just listen to our sentence, young man. I'm sure you'll profit from it more than you did from our store."

Marian read the sentence in an unemotional tone; there was no venom in her voice. "We decided that you will get your just desserts for your crimes against the community, which include: the highest prices, selling spoiled fruit for half price, no specials for the elderly, slave-labor wages, sex with unmarried female employees..."

"Here, here," came a deep voice from the crowd, "stick to the point". It was Chinaski, President of the local Dirty Old Men's Club.

Marian smiled and continued, "Henry Ebenezer, hear our Verdict. The Court has decided that residents are free to paste you in the face with any dessert of their choice, preferably old pies, and cakes, custards and creams."

The audience roared its approval. Blind Elwin tapped his cane and Marian finished, "Remember everyone, nothing hard and nothing so rotten it has maggots. Soft food, though, is O.K., soft stuff like Henry sells in the store."

Ebenezer was ashen. His arms were wrapped around his stomach as if he was in a straight-jacket. The crowd was delirious and stamped on the floor with great glee and gusto. Blind Elwin stood and held up a red fire extinguisher. Inside it was a mush of moldy tomatoes and other stinky sundries. It was the Court's personal punishment for Henry. Elwin was led to Henry who started to bolt but was quickly held in place by two oily, bearded bikers. Elwin set off the extinguisher with uncanny accuracy. Red, black and green gludge splattered over Henry's mouth and throat and ran down into his shirt and pants. Ebenezer wept as Elwin aimed, found his mark and kept on firing until he emptied the estinguisher.

Needless to say, Ebenezer's life has been the same ever since. If he doesn't get hit by at least a cream puff once a day, he thinks people don't care about him. For there are those in the community who believe Ebenezer threatened to sell the store just to get attention, that he's lonely, and that if he ever found the right woman for him and his daughter, he's leave town in a hurry and give the store back to Henry Truckin, the man who started the Fruit Hawkers in the first place.

Until then, you can find Henry Truckin, the original Fruit Hawker, back on the corner of Park Avenue and the oceanfront. And if you have some fundy tuna fish or some curdled custard, Henry the Fraud, can be found behind sunglasses, sitting on a bench along the oceanfront disguised as an old person. Don't worry though, you can find him by his smell, as he is constantly worrying about the delivery of the next dessert he so richly deserves...

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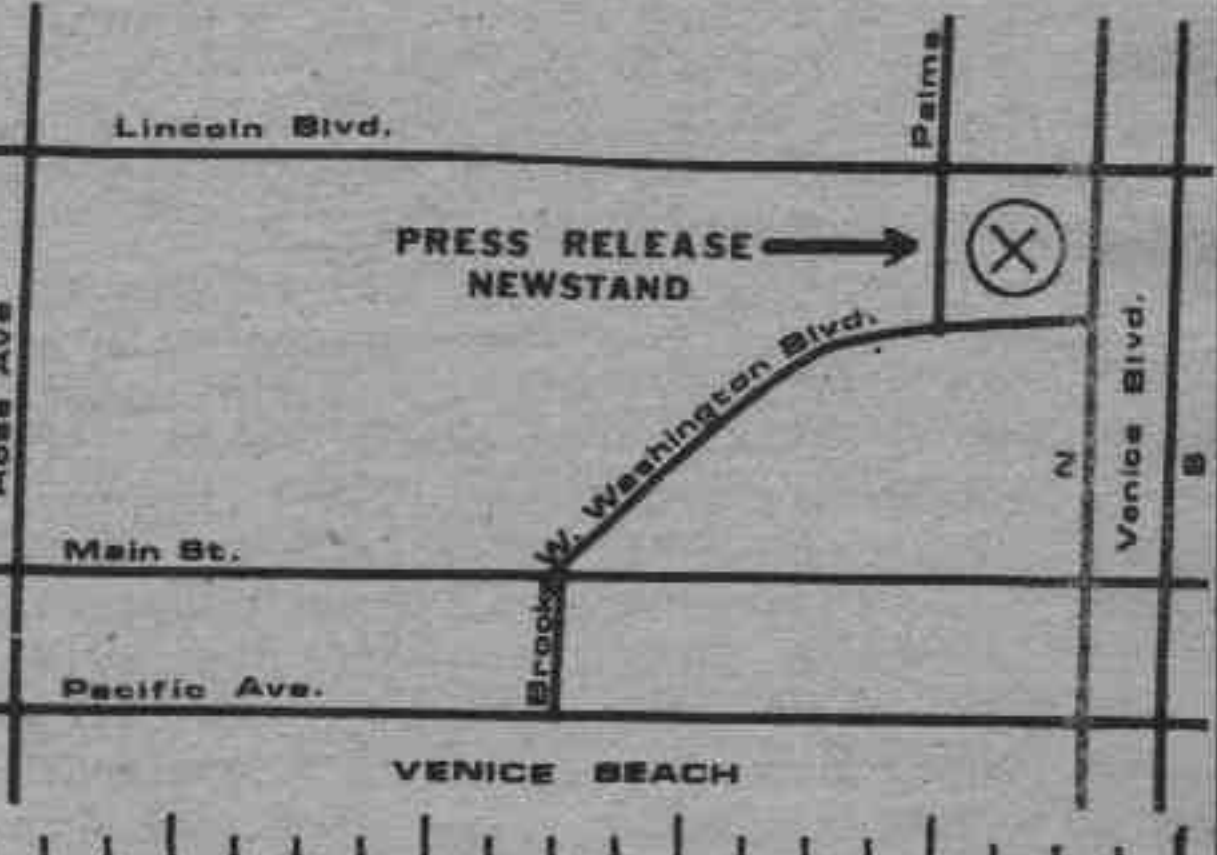
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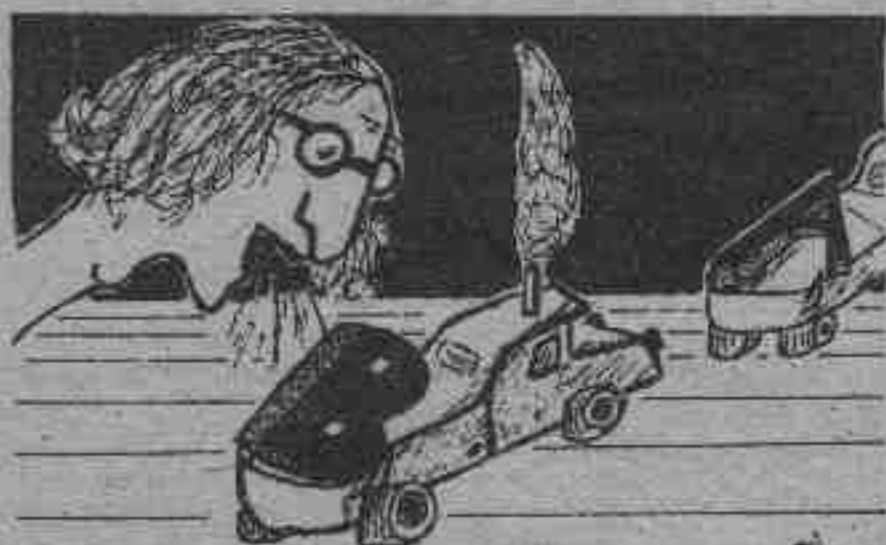
COBBLESTONE COP-OUT

by Kate Keeling

We all thought "great" when we heard of a proposed new path along the peninsula. We expected a walkway and a bike path. Perhaps we could negotiate with Pat Russell to change the bikers' section to a skaters' path - peacefully diluting North Beach's horrific skater problem until something permanent can be solved.

But here is what has been rushed through A. City Council without Venice residents having a chance to give their opinions. There will only be one path along the peninsula. It will be full of 90° angles - to hinder cyclists. The concrete will be given a cobbled effect to eventuate the most mad skater. For joggers there will be a narrow strip of regular concrete alongside the cobbled area. To further back up this action, the City has passed an ordinance naming skaters and cyclists from the whole peninsula section of the beach (apparently the City Council used the Navy-Dudley Street skating ban as a precedent to pass this biker-ater ban).

When I contacted Pat Russell's office, one of her aides said there had definitely been public meetings to discuss the proposed path, but she "could not remember where, or how many." Significantly, she said the Marina Peninsula Property Owners Association and the



Stwind Yawl Neighborhood Association had been very active in working out the present plan to keep out the riff-raff from the Peninsula.

So here again is an example of which side of the fence Pat Russell sits. We all need a path along the peninsula - but the plan that has been adopted is so restrictive that it will ensure that the property owners and developers that as many people as possible will continue to use the peninsula's public beaches.

At present the City's plan is with the State Lands Commission for their opinion as to whether the proposed path will preserve public access to the beach. If they approve the plan in the proposal will have to go before the City and the Coastal Commission for a coastal permit.

It is vital that people get involved with the coastal permit process, to let the City and the Coastal Commission know what residents in all of Venice want for a path on the peninsula. The peninsula path is no more exclusively for Peninsula residents than is the North Beach walk just for North Beach residents.

self love is best!

High Times Newsflash

The best solution to sexual frustration, on the population explosion, and a long empty evening at home is masturbation. Says Scott Cohen in High Times' August "Sex" column.

"Jerking off is easy, convenient, and you don't have to look your best," Cohen writes. "You don't have to slip yourself a Quaalude first. The size of your cock and tits doesn't matter... You don't have to tell yourself 'I love you' afterward, you don't have to roll over to be alone." Other benefits of masturbation, according to Cohen, are not feeling guilty "if you're the only one who has an orgasm," and the ability to "make as much noise as you want."

The practice of "jerking off" is a long-standing tradition, Cohen asserts. "In truth, you are participating in an age-old ritual. Cave dwellers did it while looking up at the stars. Crusaders did it on the long march home. Washington did it at Valley Forge." ♣

Frank Gehry at Yale: local architect makes good

The L.A. Times reported July 15th that Santa Monica architect Frank Gehry will teach at Yale between September and December of this year. Gehry plans to assign his students the problem of designing an embassy in a Moslem country. He will ask his students, when designing the project, to consider "how it might look as a ruin 2,000 years from now" reports the Times.

Gehry was the designer of the Rose-Main Richlar project which was defeated by the community last year. He and a partner, Mr. Arnoldi, own the building at 11 Brooks where United Skates of America has carried out an illegal remodel, changing an artist studio into a roller skate sales and rental establishment. All of



Frank Gehry

this without a necessary city variance or Coastal Commission permits. The latter, belatedly applied for by Arnoldi and Gehry, will be heard by the Commission on August 13.

Meanwhile, Gehry's teaching may have been influenced by his Venice experience. The course project could just as easily have been... "the problem of designing an embassy/read foreign outpost/ in someone else's community". We wish Gehry and his students good luck. Looks like they'll need it. ♣

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wild side (Continued from Page 1)

Olympic Rollerskaters, told everyone how skating changed his life and how if his egress to the Ocean Front Walk was to be blocked, he would return to his former life of idleness and petty crime, and how he was raising money to become a professional and how he trained.

The T.V. and print media were there, ignoring the warnings and pleas from the people who walked, and duly noted the remarks of the skaters.

"We are legally pedestrians" said Mr. Greene of the Outdoor Roller Skaters Assoc., "and if you get us off the Ocean Front Walk, we'll sue."

"It's the Ocean Front WALK", a woman shouted, "and I take my life in my hands when I come down here."

Only the reps. from Road Skates seemed to acknowledge that there was a problem.

As spring turned to summer more roller rentals sprang up. Skates were rented from campers, vans, apartment houses and construction shacks. The upsurge of rollerskate rentals made the previous six months look like exactly what it was. A stalking horse for the big super market type chain stores for roller skates, roller skate costumes, headsets, coke spoons, and other wheel paraphernalia.

My jaws became tense in an effort to prevent myself from becoming shrill. I stayed in a lot, coming out and slithering against the buildings, only to get cigarettes, cat food, and the National Enquirer.

I began pacing in my room. I was depressed.

The City Recs and Parks moved the benches from the cement to the dog doo-dooed grass. I roared myself to yell at any of Pat Russell's aides. "It will cut down on the congestion. There'll be more room for everyone." They said.

Somehow I felt it was a shunting off of walking. A further intrusion on communication was set in motion.

The benches where one could sit and talk or watch, or read were put off like some thing useless and old. I dreamt I was a dinosaur and that I was an annoyance by just being alive. Why didn't I hurry up and die and become something useful? Like fuel? So that EXXON could make cute cartoons of me being so hard to find and they could look at blow-ups of me in all the glory of my obsolete ambience. Ah, the good ol' days. Isn't there one place where walkers take precedence over wheels? I asked myself as I stood in front of the mirror looking at my feet. My toes that gripped the earth. (Actually the carpet). Is Los Angeles only for those with wheels? I don't go to roller skate places and start walking in the middle and claim that I have the same rights and privileges as skaters because we're legally pedestrians. I met other fugitive walkers seeking refuge on Speedway. Thought the skaters wanted smooth cement to skate on, they were doing just fine, rampaging on the beach top section of Ocean Front WALK.

I even saw a few skaters doing double twirls on rutted surfaces of Speedway. There were a lot of skaters strutting their stuff in front of the Israel Levin Senior Citizen Center. Strutting their stuff seemed to be how many old bench sitters could they scare at a time by zooming towards their feet, skating backwards, etc., etc.

In June an old woman was killed by a hit and run bicyclist.

Councilwoman Pat Russel enacted an ordinance, voted on by the Los Angeles City Council 12-0 to ban skating for a 7 block stretch from Brooks to Navy.

At a funeral service for the wheel victim Anne Gelber, 86, some old people carried signs reading "God Bless you Pat Russell."

Some people were skeptical if the ban would work.

It was never give a chance. For so great was the outcry of the Skate Vendors and renters so loud and yes, shrill was the whining from the skaters, that Russell rescinded the original ban, and moved it to Dudley to Navy. The price of appeasement was three blocks that walkers could walk.

But just because they can skate, don't mean they can read.

The barricades were moved still. Skaters now



The Voice of the Vegetable

seemed to resent old people and any people not on skates. I asked Ms. Berman to tell her version. Another meeting was called. This meeting was at the Israel Levin Center. The elderly were angry at the skate vendors because the skate vendors took no responsibility for the consequences of their actions. They said they would revive the Skate Patrol. "They're the worst" someone yelled. "They skate around you barely missing you carrying those suitcase sized transistor radios."

Michele Citrin from the Outdoor Roller Skaters Assoc. who said he was a clinical psychologist invited all us poor peons to "vent your anger on me."

When the group proceeded to do so, he got angry.

A Skate Vendor got up and said "Venice isn't an old folks home" and left.

Citrin's main point seemed to be that it was a bicyclist who killed the woman. Other people told of injuries sustained from skaters. And it wasn't only the elderly who were complaining.

A decision to hold a post mortem meeting after the weekend, before any further action was decided on. Michele Citrin proposed another meeting on the Thursday before the weekend "so that we could work together to solve the problem."

I got to the Thursday meeting one half hour late. The Israel Levin Center was dark. I ran into a Skate Vendor. I was told that all that was needed was a separate path. The City was going to put the benches out in the middle of the Ocean FrontWALK. Lines would be drawn for skater/walker traffic. Sign would be posted. "We must all work together," she said "we need one another."

I looked at the Ocean Front WALK and imagined the lines, the signs, the crosswalks that Michele Citrin at the previous meeting had mentioned. A mini-Lincoln Blvd. emerged in my mind.

"No!" I said standing in the middle of Ocean Front WALK, "I don't need this. I don't want to go to another meeting to work out something so you can make money."

IF the CLICHE' FITS, USE IT

Something snapped. I remember reading Marx sometime ago, and I remember how he said that small shopkeepers were the pits. I disagreed with him, remembering nice things about my dealings with shopkeepers. But the Skate Ven-

dors fit that description to a T. Greedy a thinking only of themselves they associate with the big companies by yelling "you can't stop progress," not realizing they're going to go under when the first big money speculator moves in. In conversations I had with various sk rental people over the weekend I began to like my cool. I remember telling one piglet who saying that joggers and walkers were just a dangerous as skaters, that she'd better keep mouth shut because a lot of shit was coming.

There was still a lot of skating in front of the Levin Center, despite the not so valiant efforts of the Skate Patrol. Sure they can make money. But like the Condo-maniacs, the speculators, if they made it by bulldozing or rolling over me while they shouted about their version of progress, they were going to feel a little pain. Oh how I wanted to watch them twist in the wind. I was so tired of hearing skate rental people tell me that emotion was clouding the issue.

At the funeral march for Anne Gelber, of the skate vendors was towing a pair of skates with a sign above them, saying, "We Shall Overcome." I hope Martin Luther King has a sense of humor, where ever he is, that I do.

The Monday meeting was a disaster. Proskaters continue to deny that any decline in amiability, courtesy, or safety has occurred because of the rental of roller skates.

Carol Shapiro from Pat Russell's office was at the meeting. She talked about the benches and left. The remainder of the meeting was hostile.

On Wednesday I went to the Town Council cause of the Roller Skating issue.

Proposals by Morrie Rosen of the Israel Levin Center included a ban on Skating until another path could be built.

Moe Stavnezer said not another piece of cement on the beach. I proposed a complete ban. There were people who skated who were there, who understood the problem.

Skate Vendors were there supporting a skate path west of the bike path. Michele Citrin who did not introduce himself as a clinical psychologist or invite anyone to vent on him told the Town Council, "Skaters are pedestrians. You people haven't done your homework. If you try and stop us, we'll sue." Some one said they'd see him in court.

The Venice Town Council voted to work for a ban on skating on the Ocean Front WALK. I was decided that indeed as Brenda Harney had said, that skating and walking were incompatible. And no one was beguiled by yet more signs, more crosswalks, more places where people were sectioned off even more from the beach.

Remember the beach?

I even sympathized for a moment, with the Peninsula people who were going to get a way that was cobbled to inhibit skating. I don't blame them one bit.

I called Marina Mercy Hospital in an attempt to find out how many accidents were roller skater induced.

"We started to do statistics on that, I therefor many we gave it up." I asked if there were a lot in his experience.

"Oh, we handle about twenty a weekend but that doesn't include the other hospitals. I don't all come here."

Ms. Berman did not want to talk anymore. She had to feed her cats.

Another thought came to me while listening to roller skaters who claimed they love to skate in Venice so they could enjoy the ocean and jump on benches with their skates, as saw one doing.

I heard the roller skate vendors claim that most people bought their skates, and why should they be responsible. One of the smaller vendors had put up signs telling skaters to skate. They were soon taken down.

This Vendor also took credit for telling the city line drawers, that she made them the line west, so the walkers would have more room. But another non-skater Vendor told me she had done it.

But the skate vendors are a development as much as condominiums are. They have forced people to walk in circumscribed areas, they have created a ghetto for the elderly and still skate anywhere they want, and whine to the police when told to get off the bike path. So, here's a thought, paraphrased from someone else who changed history.

Senator Joseph McCarthy.

"If it grunts like a pig, snuffles like a pig, kicks you out like a pig while grunting 'progress, progress.' Its a pig. No matter how small it is."



THE SOURCE

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14 Alliance for Survival News

VENICE-SANTA MONICA CHAPTER

The June 30 event at San Luis Obispo was a high point for the movement, with hundreds of people from our community making the trip. Our chapter has received an addition of human energy, and that's what makes things go. We are part of the regional Alliance for Survival (with about 40 chapters now in So. Calif.) and associated with the national Mobilization for Survival whose four goals we share: NO NUCLEAR POWER, NO NUCLEAR WEAPONS, END THE ARMS RACE, FUND HUMAN NEEDS. Our chapter's monthly educational program for July was a presentation by Christy Menadier of the Seal Beach Nuclear Action Group (SNAG) which is doing research and organizing about the Seal Beach Naval Weapons Station, home of many nukes (weapons this time). She showed slides of the bombs and a map of the area (lots of residences nearby, subject to danger from even non-nuclear explosions), and spoke of their local organizing work. She described plans for the Aug. 5th "human chain" demonstration (more on this below). Our leafleting and table work on Ocean Front Walk has been going well, with loads of literature being distributed. Call Lee at 392-3172 to join in this part of the work. Our "educational packages" committee is preparing for speaking at various group meetings, including house meetings of informal groups of interested people. A really knockout videotape of a talk by Dr. Helen Caldicott is available for showing, contact Bridgette The Gap, 478-0829, which is doing the scheduling for the tape at present, or to get in touch with our chapter committee 395-0790.

Big schedule for early August:

HOLLY NEAR IN CONCERT--TWO NIGHTS-- August 3 and 4 (Friday and Sat.), 8 PM, Embassy Auditorium, 847 S. Grand, L.A., tickets \$6.50 advance, \$7.50 at the door, for info: 665-7535. childcare provided; wheelchair access. Some of proceeds to AFS.

AUGUST 4th workshop: THE NUCLEAR THREAT: WHAT CAN I DO? 10:30 AM at Plummer Park, Hall A, 1200 N. Vista (at Santa Monica Bl. in W. Hollywood).

This is just the thing for those who want a big (but healthy) dose of high-level information. Dr. Rosalie Bertell, expert on radiation effects and an exceptionally knowledgeable person who can present her information to non-experts clearly and movingly, will speak and answer questions. SNAG will present their slide show on the Naval Weapons Station. Holly Near will participate, and there will be a program on community organizing. Other Aug. 4 events: Chatsworth, demonstration at a leaky nuclear facility, sponsored in part by La Raza Nueva Party of San Fernando, call for info: 881-9221, Canoga Park, demonstration and rally near Atomics International, Lenark and Torrance Cyn Blvd, call regional office 937-0240.

MAJOR RALLY AND DEMONSTRATION AT SEAL BEACH NAVAL WEAPONS STATION August 5th. Commemorate Hiroshima by taking a stand against its repetition! This will be a legal rally & demonstration, will begin at McGough Elementary School, Bolsa Ave. & Seal Beach Blvd. at noon. Demonstrators will form a "human chain" linking hands along the outside perimeter (as much of it as we can cover) of the station. Demonstration to be followed by a rally and arts display nearby at 2 PM. Our chapter has set a car pool location at the Santa Monica College parking lot, 17th and Pico, at 10 AM. We expect to be back about 5.

AUGUST COMMUNITY EDUCATIONAL August 8th (second Wednesday as usual), 7:30 PM at Marine Park, 1406 E. Marine (at 16th) Santa Monica. The topic will be "The Legacy of Hiroshima", a talk and slide presentation by Pauline and Richard Saxon on human damage still showing up among the bombing survivors and their descendants. The speakers (Richard is a physician) attended the 1975 and 1976 meetings in Hiroshima of the World Conference Against A and H Bombs. Discussion also, and some news of chapter activities. Rides and expert service to Lincoln Blvd. or elsewhere after the meeting.

Of course all are welcome to our weekly regular weekly meetings at the same location, Wednesdays at 8:30, where we plan and get moving on the work, and report on the various committees. Call us: 395-0790, 399-7377; 473-9732, 392-2172. The regional Alliance office number is 937-0240.

THE AUTOMOBILE IS OBSOLETE & OBSCENE. Looney Tuners is the only Tune-up & Diagnosis shop that specializes in helping people learn how to do it themselves, if they want, and does the work at the location of their choice and is open 7 days a week in the galaxy. 823-2722

MARRIAGES PERFORMED

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more letters



(Continued from Page 2)

the sunset. When you get past sixty and aren't able to walk and have to sit on the benches, to get some enjoyment in their twilight years. You young ones who skate like maniacs, and speed on your bikes, you break your arms, and legs, you mend, and get well, to start all over again. But tell me how do you mend a broken heart? -- speaking of Ann Gerber's family.

That's all I have to say, except to say I am nursing a few wounds on my feet, being hit by skates and skate board. When you give you get your rewards, but when you take you gain nothing. I almost got it with a bicycle.

Please withhold my name, because I was a witness.

I would also like to add that the garbage cans on Ocean Front Walk are for the people who come to the beach. Not for people who live on the beach in apts to put their garbage in. I see them doing it all the time. To dam lazy to walk ariybd to the back of the building to dump it in their own cans.

And the ones that yell about the dog do do, are the ones that walk their dogs and don't clean up after them. You can't blame all of the garbage on the beach on the bums when the police tell them to dump their beer, and pick up their garbage. If we use our own garbage cans, and clean up after their dogs, we will have a clean beach.

Also I notice the tourist that come on the weekends, and holidays, throw their garbage. They like to come to Venice, and gape at what's going on, why don't they clean up behind them or take it with them. People show how they live at home, when they littler. So let's scoop the poop, and filter the litter. ~

COASTAL WATCHDOGS

(Continued from Page 3)

who has been involved in studying the Coastal Commission.)

Charles Montgomery, head of the City Coastal Unit, responded by admitting that the City was having some difficulty getting organized. He indicated that the Committee's report might have some valid criticisms, but that it also contained misunderstandings of City Coastal permit processes.

The upshot will be a series of meetings between the Coastal Commission staff and City Coastal Unit staff to discuss remedial action. (The first of these meetings was held on July 25 with representatives from both Regional and State Staff as well as the City staff.)

Although the final phase of the California Coastal Act mandates local governments to assume control of coastal development, it appears that the City was premature in doing so.

Los Angeles is the first coastal city in the state to assume the permit process. Obviously, other coastal cities in California have been more judicious than to seize responsibility for the awesome task of regulating development to preserve the coast.

The Committee recommended to the State Coastal Commission that the City call a moratorium on all development applications until such time as the city demonstrates its ability to effectively carry out state law. ~

SENIOR HOUSING

(Continued from page 1)

desperately needed in Venice.

2. This project could set a precedent for other developers to build subsidized housing.

3. Community concerns must be weighed against the need for senior housing (90% subsidized housing in this proposal).

I urge you to express your views by attending the public hearing and/or writing:
Office of Zoning Administration
Room 600 City Hall
200 North Spring Street
Los Angeles, California 90012
with copies to Mr. Charles Montgomery
Coastal Development Division
Room 655 City Hall
LA 90012

A telegram or mailgram should be sent if possible because of the time factor. ~

Dear Beachhead,

You won't read about this (re- our involvement in the Middle East) in any of America's orthodox press. But elsewhere, all over the world, the prospects of U.S. involvement in a "new Mideast War" - prodded by the engineered "oil shortage" is front-page news!!!

According to "Senior Malley", a French expert on the Middle East and who is noted for his "High Connections". Malley denounced, the so-called "Isroil pact"; under which Arab petroleum sold for U.S. consumption is being clandestinely diverted to fuel "the Zionist War Machine".

Our White House has strenuously denied plans exist, to send a sizable power force into action in the immediate future

Now "George Nicholas" - a reputable Washington D.C. Reporter - claims that Pres. Carter has already ordered "a Ready Alert for quick reaction" of amphibious Task Forces. Composed of elements of our 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions! - Three Marine amphibious units of Tactical Air Command, and the Marine Air-Wing. A sizeable Naval Force, including a "Carrier Task Force" and amphibious Command and assault Ships - and, an Air Force Troop Transport Command!!

Covert agreements between President Carter and Prime Minister Menachem Begin of Israel include plans for a network of Naval, Air and Ground bases in Israel or in defense of, "The Egypt-Israel Peace Treaty"!

In other words, according to "George Nicholas" our entire Military Force is now committed to back-up Israel! Thru Carter's secret agreement! and are now "on alert" - If you ever were in the Armed Forces - You know what that means!

The Arabs are fighting mad at Carter's pro-zionist policies - and ready to withdraw 30 Billion dollars - now deposited, in our American Banks! To wreck the economy in this country. If all this money was withdrawn at once - it could do just that!!

The Arabs view the separate Egypt - Israel "peace pact", bulldozed through by Carter at Camp David, as a major catastrophe and they intend to fight back until they bring our country, to it's knees!! They feel that they have been betrayed in favor of Israel - and the territories they have taken.

So why do we take sides with either one? Where are the peacenicks now - where are the demonstrators - who opposed our involvement in Korea and Viet-Nam?? Where is "Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden" - Why don't we hear them telling our government to stay out of other countries Wars? Soon the draft will be re-instated. How many of our boys will go to Canada than to go fight some one elses War!!

Due to conditions in this country today Pres. Carter is in d- bad trouble. He now has no chance of re-election - unless there is a War - !! It has always worked - Theodore Roosevelt did it in order to stay in The White House - So why not Carter?

Think about all this - You former peace-nicks and draft-dodgers - Why have you sat on your hands and let Pres. Carter commit us, to back-up a Mid-East War? Caused us to pay exhorbant prices for gas and oil - Caused us to perhaps face, a real Bank Crisis - if we persist in backing up Israel with War Materials and fighting forces - and oil and money. We are shipping Alaska pipe-line crude oil over there every day - while we stand in line - and pay and pay.

We can't fight Wars for the whole world. Its time we looked after our selves - for a change.

G.R. Wells
Venice, Calif.

♥ CHILD CARE ♥

~ LICENSED ~

LOVING HOME ENVIRONMENT

Daily Field Trips

EXCELLENT REFERENCES

KAREN'S KARE 390-4589

realtors and rodents

BY MARILEE MARSHALL STIRONE

An old community such as Venice, in spite of its historical and cultural ambience, does have its rodents. This was made clear to me this weekend when after seeing several such creatures my roommate and I decided that the huge ivy-covered palm tree in front of the little hundred year old house we rent in Venice needed to be trimmed. Ordinarily, we would have consulted our landlord but unfortunately he is out of the country for the summer and given the recent plague scare we thought it best not to wait for his return. Our neighbors greeted our labors with approval bordering on delight as the palm tree had probably not been trimmed for fifty years and the rodents and feces were a hazard to the neighborhood children who play on our street.

After two days of hard labor and many bruises we discovered that the hardest part of our task was still ahead, disposing of the palm fronds, which were too large and thorny to bag with the regular trash. We realized to our horror that it was Sunday and therefore no gas was available to drive to the dump.... If left in front of the house our trimmings would present a likely and dangerous depository for the seasonal fire-crackers which have disturbed our sleep of late. My roommate discovered that a huge dumpster in front of the nearby Sarlo Realty construction site was almost full. We tried to inquire of a man on the site if he thought anyone would object to our putting some of our litter on top of their load but we got no response. "Surely, they won't mind," we reasoned; "After all we are performing a community service in trying to keep Venice clean and Sarlo certainly has a 'substantial interest' in this community."

(cont. next col.)

An hour or so later as my roommate was parked by the dumpster a large white Rolls Royce occupied by two men pulled in rapidly blocking the exit of our old Ford Van. Mr. Sarlo emerged from the car flashing a police badge and threatening to arrest my roommate unless we paid him \$20.00. His companion remained in the car. Sarlo and his assistant then followed my roommate home in the Rolls to collect the \$20.00. My roommate, understandably fearful of tangling with a man who flashed a badge grudgingly paid the amount demanded. Mr. Sarlo then informed us that it costs him \$100 every time he has his dumpster emptied. I asked if we could at least put the rest of our load in his dumpster as we had paid for 20% of the cost and hadn't used a fraction of that amount or space. Of course, he adamantly refused demanding \$10.00 for the rest of our load. Having already given him our last \$20.00 we had to decline his kind offer.

Granted we would not have used his dumpster without permission but one would think that a man who makes his fortune via the exploitation of the housing market in the Venice community would not find it necessary to spend his Sunday's demanding hard-earned money from its residents. Sarlo's projects are numerous and ever-growing in number. Their proliferation continues to put money in his pocket and at the same time continues to destroy the historical integrity of Venice as a distinctive and neighborly community. Apparently Sarlo is still not satisfied; he is now attempting to ensure the elimination of the spirit of neighborliness which has made Venice such a famous and delightful place to live by even refusing to be a good neighbor himself. His conduct of last weekend makes a mockery out of the inscription on his business card "Serving the Santa Monica and Venice area since 1948." His arrogance and contempt for his fellow humans are as out of place in our neighborhood as the cold concrete edifices that bear his name.

As Mr. Sarlo and his assistant drove away in the Rolls he called out... Good Luck!...you'll need it." As I write this letter I wonder was this a threat? Perhaps the rodent problem is much worse in Venice than I thought. ♣

delayed gratification TENANTS WIN AFTER ALL

by Moe Stavnezer

The wheels of justice may grind slowly but at least they haven't completely stopped. Two years after the rent strike at 1305 Ocean Front Walk, the Appellate Dept. of the Superior Court overturned the original decision against the tenants which required them to pay, court costs and legal fees to landlords Spero & Knight.

Basically the decision of the Appeals court turned on the instructions given by the judge to the jury in the original case. The judge told the jury that a tenant could "waive a warranty of habitability" by accepting a dwelling unit which the tenant knew, or should have known, was uninhabitable. The Appeals court ruled that a tenant can not waive this warranty since it will result in a health and safety danger to the tenant and the community. This is a precedential ruling and will greatly aid tenants who go to court in eviction cases. Many tenants withhold rent because they claim an apartment is not habitable. Landlords have contended that the tenant knew the condition before moving in and, therefore, waived a warranty of habitability.

Judgements of about \$1,800, for back rent and court costs, had been made against 3 tenants in the building. This judgement was reversed and the landlords will either have to appeal this decision or ask that a new trial date be set to retry the entire case. At this time there is no indication what Knight & Spero will do— but 3 tenants no longer have huge judgements hanging over their heads.

The successful appeal was done by Ron Rouda of Legal Aid Foundation of Los Angeles. ♣

Midwest Farmworker Convention

The national farmworkers movement, being led by Cesar Chavez, is at a critical juncture with workers around the country rebelling against the conditions under which they have had to work. Striking farmworkers from California to Florida and from Texas to Ohio are telling their employers and the public that conditions of the past are no longer acceptable.

On August 4 the Farm Labor Organizing Committee (FLOC) will hold its First Midwest Farmworker Organizational Convention at the Swiss Gardens Dance Hall in Holgate, Ohio. FLOC membership will set organizational policies through 1981, along with the task of acting on a number of resolutions concerning political action, government (migrant) farmworker programs, farmworker legislation and related issues. Close to one thousand farmworkers and supporters are expected to attend. Cesar Chavez, president of the United Farmworkers of America, AFL-CIO, will be the featured speaker.

This convention opens up a new chapter in the history of the farmworker struggle in the Midwest. It marks the first time that farmworkers have come together on such a scale to unite their voices in protest of the conditions under which they have been forced to live and work. This will be another significant contribution towards building the national farmworker movement.

You can support FLOC by joining their boycott of Campbell's and Libby's which will continue through this summer. Additional information is available from "hasta la victoria" 714 1/2 s. saint clair street, toledo, ohio 43609 ♣



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WOMEN

EVENTS AT WOMONSPACE

1st Monday every month--Jewish Feminists Drop-In Study Group 7:30-10:00pm. \$1.00.
 Racism-Sex sm Study Group. Call for more information: 396-2681, ask for Sharon.
 Every Wednesday at 6:30 Volley Ball. Free.
 Every Thursday Radical Feminists Drop-In Rap Group 7-9:30 pm. \$1.00.
 Every Monday 3-6 and Tuesday 6-9 Battered Women's Legal Clinic.
 Anti-Draft Info, 396-2681.
 Lesbian Mothers Support and Study Group call for more info. 396-2681.
 Older Women's Liberation 10 am Saturday August 25th.
 August 5th--1-6pm Making and Using Masks A Discovery by Lisa Klein \$7.00(depends om cost of materials.)
 August 11th--10-4 How to Ask for Help without Giving Up Your Independence. \$8.00
 August 13th--7-10 pm Household and Preventive Care --\$3.50.
 August 25th 1-6pm---Basic Auto Maintenance.
 It is the policy of Womonspace that no woman is turned away for lack of funds.

SENSOR women's media resource center will hold a Multi-Media Benefit Party on Friday August 10th at 7:30 pm at the Church in Ocean Park, 235 Hill Street, Santa Monica. Donation: \$3.50 and up. Info: 828-4794.

WOMEN IN MARTIAL ARTS--a one day workshop for women, Sunday August 12 from 10:00 am to 4:00 pm at the Women's Bldg 1727 N. Spring St Los Angeles. Wear loose comfortable clothing and bring your own lunch. Fee: \$18 members, \$22, non-members. Info: Beth Austin 390-6058 or Phyllis Nelson 398-8792.

WORKSHOPS AT WOMEN'S BUILDING:
 August 9th--Anti-Rape and Self-Defense, 10:00 am.
 August 9th--Mask Making, 10-4pm.
 August 11th--Liberating Disco, 10:00am -3pm.
 August 25th--Photographing your own art. 10 am.
 August 25th--open house. 12 noon.

POETRY

August 12th, 8:30 p.m. Paul William Simons, poetry: "The Wanderers in the West" a dramatic song-poem. Donation: \$4.00. For info and reservations call 213/ 395-0456.
 Idea Company, 522 Santa Monica Blvd, SM

OLD VENICE JAIL READINGS
 Tuesdays at 7:30 p.m.

July 31--Nick Varljen and Nikki Selditz.
 August 7th--Judith Rose, Pat Bianucci.
 August 14th--Marilyn Hochheiser, Laurel Ann Bogen.
 August 21st--Dennis Koch, Paul Brooks.
 August 28th--Songwriters' Night.

Old Venice Jail (SPARC) 685 Venice Blvd 822-9560.



BEYOND BAROQUE

August 3--Joseph Hansen, 8 p.m.
 August 10--Pat Whitten, Janet Phelan, 8 p.m.
 August 17--Rick Smith, 8 p.m.
 August 24--Dan Propper, 8 p.m.

August 31--Nan Hunt, Robert Edward Brown
 Beyond Baroque, 681 Venice Blvd. 822-3006

COMEBACK INN

July 16--August 13-- The Horizon Street Band.

With Special Guest Bob Alexander: "Poetry and all that Jazz." 9:30 p.m.

Mondays, July 16 through August 13--
 The Horizon Street Band with special guest Reverend Bob Alexander. 9:30 p.m.

COMMUNITY EVENTS

DANCE

Bess Snyder--Dance Concert. August 26, 8:30 pm. Donation \$4.00.
 IDEA COMPANY, 522 Santa Monica Blvd.



THEATER

IDEA COMPANY August 19th, 8:30 pm.

Three plays: Dick Higgins' electronic opera *Stacked Deck*, Al Hansen's happening *Incomplete Requiem for W.C. Fields*, and Tristan Tzara's play *Handkerchief of Clouds*. Directed by Jerry Benjamin. Donation \$3.00.
 213/395-0456. Idea Company, 522 Santa Monica Blvd, SM.

PROVISIONAL THEATRE

Intensive Theatre Workshop August 4th-5th.
 1816 1/2 N. Vermont in Los Angeles. 213/664-1450.

FESTIVAL OF WORLD PREMIERES

"The Phone Call" by Wayne Woodson. Directed by George Loros. Thursday, August 2nd thru Sunday, September 2nd. Admission free. For info, reservations and complete performance schedule call 213/ 464-5500.

ART

SAUL WHITE--exhibition, July 21-August 18th.
 Reception for the artist, July 21st, 3 to 5 pm.
 35 Market Street, Venice, Tuesdays thru Sats.
 11 a.m. to 5 pm. 213/ 399-9747, 213/392-6324

Art Exhibition--Mariana M. Barkus. Painted, stuffed, abstract bas-relief. Saturday, August 18th, opening reception 1-4 pm, continuing through Saturday, September 15th.
 Beyond Baroque, 681 Venice Blvd
 213/ 822-3006.

IDEA COMPANY
 HUCK SNYDER--Gallery exhibition. August 19th-Sept 20. Monday-Friday 1-5pm. For info call 213/395-0456.

Sunday, August 5th--"Hot Sunday" open house for visual artists. Free and open to public. 12:00 pm to 2 pm. For further info contact Martha Kalman or Lollie Groth at 213/ 395-0456

Idea Company, 522 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica.

SPARC Dustmobile Dedication--a traveling campaign of the arts against PCP. Saturday, August 25th, 2-9:30 pm. 685 Venice Blvd.



MUSIC

THE CHARLIE FREDERICK SHOW-- Starting July 22 on Sunday afternoons at 2p.m. "Country-politan" entertainment for the whole family. The Mayfair Music Hall, 214 Santa Monica Blvd., Santa Monica, Ca. The Producers (L.A.R.E.) will be open to auditioning any new talent or acts. For info contact them at 213/ 397-1227.

SYMPHONIES BY THE SEA

"Opera For A Summer Evening" Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*, Frank Fetta, musical director. 8:30 pm. Saturday August 11th. Open-Air Theatre, Santa Monica College, 1900 Pico Blvd.



COMMUNITY

NORML Summer Party. Saturday, August 11 8:30 pm to 2am. 9487 Rembert Lane, Beverly Hills. Disco Dancing, Buffet, Art Auction. Tickets \$25.00. For info, reservations, rsups call 213/652-8654.

AMERICAN CETACEAN SOCIETY
 monthly meeting 7:30 pm at the Santa Monica Public Library, 1343 6th street, S.M. Monday July 30th. Free.

JEWISH FAMILY SERVICE OF SANTA MONICA
 Weight Loss Program for Men Only. Limited to people with less than 50 pounds to lose. Fee: \$125 dollars for 12 2 hour sessions. To apply contact Naomi L. Goldstein, M SWor Anita Winvelberg, MA, at 393-0732.

THE LIGHTED WAY
 Psychic Affaire and Open House Party presented by the Lighted Way. 11 am to 6 pm. No admission New Age Center Life, 1515 Palisades Drive, Pacific Palisades. 459-5861.

NEIGHBORHOOD JUSTICE CENTER
 Free mediation services at NJC's table at the Venice Pavilion beginning Sunday August 5, 1979.

UNITED COLLEGE OF BUSINESS

Summer Career Day--Wednesday August 22nd, 9:00 to 2:35 pm. United College of Business, 1233 Santa Monica Mall, S.M. Buffet Luncheon. 395-3231. Natalie.

SINGLETERIANS

Singletarians--Unitarian Community Church, 1260-18th Street, Santa Monica.
 Male and Female Rap 4-6pm every Sunday. Donation: \$1.00. Evening Program 8:00 pm Donation: \$3.00
 August 5th--Disconnecting--the First Part of Change.
 August 12th--Stopping Nuclear Madness.
 August 19th--Rediscovering Our Humanity.
 August 26--Party Night and Cabaret.

FILM

Santa Monica Public Library Summer Film Series:
 August 9th, 3 and 7:30 pm. --Flight Of the Gossamer Condor with Free Ride and Spills and Chills. Free admission.
 Santa Monica Public Library Main Library Auditorium, 1343 Sixth St, S.M.