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FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968



FREE

DECEMBER 1979 ISSUE # 120 P.O. BOX 504 VENICE, CALIFORNIA 90291 823-5092

This Land Is Our Land

Balance of Power Shifts in Santa Monica

By Moe Stavnezer

On election night in Santa Monica the prognostications on the outcome varied but never did anyone anticipate the margin of victory. It had been a very dirty campaign with obvious efforts to confuse voters with trickily named organizations, massive red-baiting and phoney letters of endorsement. But the voting renters of Santa Monica saw thru it all and defeated Prop. Q by the same 10% margin that they passed Prop A. The message was made even clearer with the election of Cheryl Rhoden to the City Council. The renters movement in SM has now won 10-of-10 elections in the past 6 months and the traditional power brokers of the City are reeling, confused and bitter.

A week after the election the victory was sweetened. A little know clause in the City Charter required an election for mayor and mayor pro tem after the election of a new councilperson. The Mayor was Pieter Van den Steenhoven who had been the head of the anti-rent control forces in the Prop. Q campaign. Pieter had further earned our distrust by, at the last minute, finking out of a debate on Prop Q with Ruth Yannatta Goldway by attempting to turn the debate into an anti-CED/Tom Hayden campaign. It didn't work. It should not be surprising to anyone that the renters forces wanted to dump Van den Steenhoven- after all why should the leader of a losing election remain immune to the results of that election. That's politics folks, Prop Q lost and so did the Mayor--rightfully so. But even more of the renters movement clout was felt in the surprise move of replacing Chris Reed with Ruth Yannatta Goldway in the Mayor pro tem position. But Ms. Reed should not have been so shocked. She had opposed Prop. A and had won her council seat in April only because we had not opposed her. In this election she had supported Prop Q and Pat Gefner, one of the people who ran against Cheryl.

This campaign was truly an inspiration to those of us who worked on any of the last 3. People were tired. The idea of doing it all again- phoning volunteers raising money, developing literature and spending the endless hours sticking labels on envelopes, walking precincts, making phone calls--did not appeal to many of us. But we underestimated the strength and depth of what had been begun in Santa Monica. New people, taking new responsibility added new blood to the old. Increasingly it became apparent that renters were not being fooled by the slick confusing barrage of literature sent by the other side. Again it became apparent that they had the money and we had the people. We had been

This town is your town
This town is my town
From San Vicente
To the Venice border
From Centinela
To the ocean water
This town was made for you and me

As I went walking
Up north of Wilshire
The demolitions made
quite an eyesore
And from the rubble
Condos were springing
This town was made for you and me

The greedy landlords
The selfish bankers
They moved upon us
like a growing cancer
but the poor and the old folk
stood proudly singing
This town was made for you and me

Through demolitions
and mass evictions
They fought a war of
intimidation
But the people rallied
and won the election
This town was made for you and me

I walked down Main Street
Past the City Council
Where the tenants faces
Lit up the chambers
Justice prevailing
and landlords wailing
This town was made for you and me

-Chris Thornton

evicted from our office on Hill St and found a home in a home on Raymond St. (the home of an incredibly tolerant man who, for 6 weeks, shared his home with hundreds of people he'd never seen before). It was ironic to those of us who worked out of a garage in the first rent control campaign (Prop P) that we were now, after winning two elections, back in a house and garage.

But the support, in terms of people and money, was there and only had to be tapped. I remember one day in the office when, in response to a fund raising letter, we received just under \$3,000 in the mail--most of it in contributions of \$15-\$20. That was the most money we had ever received by mail in a single day and it simply amazed us. It was, for me, the first tangible proof that the movement was alive and strong. This victory was a home grown one. We had learned the skills necessary to win, we used those skills and we won. Obviously hard work and dedication were part of

SEND THE SHAH TO NUREMBURG

Rick Davidson

The Shah who? According to the media most Americans are angry as hell at the takeover of the US Embassy in Tehran; ready to send the US Marines! Yet, those same Americans know little to nothing about the Shah, the SAVAK, Iran or what's been going on there the past twenty-seven years. Yes, twenty-seven years because it was in 1953 when our CIA directed a coup that overthrew the Messedegh government, a democratic government that had replaced the Shah, and more importantly, begun to nationalize the oil industry. Remember watching Kermit Roosevelt, one of the CIA top operatives, explain how he directed the coup...explaining it right in our living rooms via tv. Prior to that it was British imperialism after World War II that placed the Shah, Reza Pahlavi, on the Peacock Throne, calling it a constitutional monarchy. Of course, Britain maintained control over the oil industry.

In thanks for our help in regaining his throne, the Shah has been a "good friend and faithful ally". In order to keep that way the CIA helped train the notorious SAVAK, a 40,000 police army which, according to Amnesty International, is responsible for the death of over 100,000 people with thousands more imprisoned and tortured. One of SAVAK's interrogators was quoted in a recent LA TIMES article saying, "The prisoners were not always shot. Often we would torture them to death. We would stick hot iron bars in their noses and eyes." During this period the Shah was stealing his fortune - counted in the billions - while the majority of the people received nothing. Our government tells us that the Shah didn't just torture and murder people; he brought progressive changes too, at least for the wealthy class that hung around the throne. At what price do we maintain these "faithful" allies?

Few Americans are questioning why million of Iranians are supporting the students' demand that the Shah be returned. Are we willing to write off those millions as just so many crazies? That would be a dangerous mistake and be one more example of how Americans would rather live with their heads in the sand than correct the oppressive situations in the world that continue due to our backing and often direct control. Nor do we want to face the question of our embassy being used as a base for spying on the Iranian people. This is no longer a question since the many exposes of the CIA, we now know that spying from our embassies is "standard operating procedure." I don't care what other governments are doing. I don't want my government spying on people and when caught yell about international agreements and diplomatic immunity.

But if we must be liberal, let's at least have a trial. Since the Shah is charged with crimes against humanity why not hold the trial in Nuremberg? I think it would be a progressive move for the United Nations to look into all the governments of the world concerning crimes against humanity. So why not start with the Shah. Next in line are a few "faithful friends" left over from Vietnam. Old Somoza is hanging out in Paraguay. And then there's always Nixon.

The Shah is in this country because David Rockefeller and Henry Kissinger explained
ntinued on Pg. 9 --

Letters



To my personal friends in Venice and BEACHHEAD readers --

The article appearing in this issue was certainly the hardest to write of all those I've done so far for the Beachhead; sadly it will very likely be my last.

It's not an article I wanted to write. I was making notes and collecting photos for a piece on living in the St. Charles Hotel for four years, on the people and unique life I'd known there and in Venice -- that's the one I wanted to write.

Writing is always difficult for me, even in the best of circumstances -- which for two years of Beachhead features has meant writing from my enthusiasms, for the pleasure of my neighbors, knowing that my articles would not be edited or mis-presented in any way. I have never been able to motivate myself out of anger, frustration, or fear -- though I admire the writing of many people who do and often support their positions, especially our community activists.

My pieces -- on the Lafayette, the Fox Venice theater, the Venice murals, Laura Huxley's Venice children's project, and others -- were all about things I wanted to share. And it was a 10-year-old dream of mine to be a channel through which everyday people, whose words and lives I felt had something valuable to say to us but who would not be noticed in the regular media and who felt they could not write themselves, could find a wider voice. So that "Venice Inner Views" (in the 100th issue) and my interview with painter Sandra McKee were literally a dream come true to me. In every case the people I interviewed became lasting friends.

To those friends and many others, the current article will explain why I dropped out of sight so suddenly, why I am no longer eating and chatting with you at the local cafes, no longer walking Ocean Front Walk with bundles of Beachheads for our North Beach "drops," no longer helping the Beachhead collective assemble the submitted material each month so that we can all talk to each other.

At Venice is the only real community I have lived in, an eccentric meltingpot where I felt at home. For years I've been saying that even at the price of Greenie's harassments, it was still worth it to live in Venice. But finally the price became just too high: it became my very survival.

I don't like being cast in the role of a sexual pervert's victim; I resent and regret being known that way, especially among you, my ex-neighbors. This is NOT a story I want to share -- but I am finally convinced I must tell it anyway. Humiliating and emotionally draining as it is to publish this, it is my last hope.

I want to take this opportunity to say goodbye to my many friends; I wish I could do so in person. Especially to those who shared years at the St. Charles with me, to Ruby, Arturo, and the folks at the Lafayette; to Avis, Carol, Mom, and the other folks at NuPar's, and to my close close friends on the Beachhead Collective: the satisfaction, creative fulfillment, personal warmth, and feeling of social usefulness I felt being a part of that labor of love would take another whole article. Someday when I am feeling stronger I hope it may --someday.

This community and its people have taught me so much and given me so much. To the bottom of my heart, I am sorry to leave.

Goodbye and best of luck to you all,

Wendy Reeves
11/30/79

Hello Beachhead:

Maybe you can use this little Christmas poem in the December Beachhead. If not, at least I've had my say. I'm full of Christmas spirit(s) already.

Bah humbug
Don Johns

Christmas Shopping

Listen to the department store muzak cheerfully and tinklingly caroling bland little tunes to put your mind to sleep, as you overspend your Christmas budget on useless little holiday trinkets that are sure to make your relatives frown, and say that's just what they've always wanted. Hark, inane department store muzak sings, pimpling for such silly and useless things. God rest ye, merry retail prostitutes; you merry merchants make the yuletide pay!

Dear Beachhead:

Just clearing off my desk for THE NEW DECADE! Isn't that exciting?

First off, I'd like to correct an outrageous mistake in my article on Taking the Christos out of Christmas, November 79. Christos did not sink any piling or device to hold his nylon piece into the ocean. It was held up by buoys and a "Tall Ship."

The other statements in my paragraph about Christos are true: A. He did not get a Coastal permit. B. He had to get one. C. The Coastal Commission took him to Court, and Christos was fined \$500 for every day his art piece was put up illegally. D. The Coastal Commission has yet to collect from Mr. Christos.

If I forgot to say thank you for keeping us informed of the strange and picturesque antics of some of Venice's more colorful characters such as Hettig, Tony Bill, Alexis Ougrick, Sharf, and Christmas -- Thank you.

Thanks to Lynne Bronstein for her poem, "Love on the Railroad Ties." What an outrageous, tender, bawdy poem it is! Thanks also Lynne for your nifty review of the slick window display "Art" of "Making it Safe on Main Street."

Here's to the Beachhead Collective and all of us staying around and making things tough for the space-sucking speculators and others who pimp Venice off for their profit and call it progress.

May all us cranks, waiters, prophets gurus, earth mothers, winos, poets, painters, tap dancers, typists be around to harass those who'd break us up, for many more decades.

Love,

Carol Fondiller

Dear Beachhead:

Re: articles, pg. 10 & 11.

I just finished typing up these articles -- the unsigned letter to Ms. Fondiller and her response to it -- and I am sitting here thinking -- why the necessity to run all this stuff about Doug Christmas, why all these unsigned letters being delivered around town, why all these tenants being polarized around the Tea House? Why is the Tea House closed, after Mr. Christmas et al spent so much money for renovation, remodeling, and all that old-barn-red paint?

It certainly isn't that people have no right to buy property, open restaurants, even change the use of apartments. It certainly isn't that people have no right to speak out for or against such projects. It certainly isn't that anyone could expect Venice residents to agree on anything.

This on-going saga of Doug Christmas in the Beachhead, this angry unsigned letter to Ms. Fondiller, and her irate but signed response to it -- in short, all of this stuff -- is necessitated because Doug Christmas forgot to obey the law, forgot to go through the proper legal procedure to obtain a permit, a procedure which makes a public hearing possible, which gives those for and against the project a right to speak and a time and place to speak.

Mr. Christmas chose to bypass that proper legal channel, and so all this time and all this exchange is happening now because he prevented it happening earlier.

No doubt folks are sick of reading about the latest developments in this saga -- no one really wants to write about it anymore, and this is perhaps the fourth major article that I've typed up on this topic. I'm tired of it too.

But since Mr. C. went ahead without giving even Anonymous a chance to speak, this is how Anonymous chooses to speak now. Mr. Christmas put you up to it, and Mr. Christmas has ended up dividing a lot of people over the issue of who said what when and where and why and what he or she meant then or really means now or whatever. It's a mess.

And it could have been solved very easily. It could have been settled once and for all. There could have been a real forum, a real dialogue, a real chance for public hearing on what is clearly a public issue.

There's a clever little procedure called a Coastal Permit Hearing that

FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

BEACHHEAD COLLECTIVE: Lynne Bronstein, Arnold Springer, Joan Friedberg, Wendy Reeves, Olga Palo, Brenda Harney, Chuck Bloomquist, Emily Winters, Gerry Goldstein, Thanks, Sue.

COLLECTIVE SUBCONSCIOUS

here in a circle of sorts
our group against time and the city
not trying for immortality
saving ourselves
the most important task

slapping down hastily typeset words
a monthly race to bring out
twenty page history shot through folded paper
continuing subconscious epic of our lives

I tell the rest of you a tale of confrontation:
people fighting against what we call frailty
asking me where I've been
until I admit I don't know

(have you ever wondered
what of this history
is more than we've been told?
we only know what we've done
and we may be lying to ourselves)

such an assortment of opinions
and why do I care whose is the voice of god?
in this room nine voices
whose is loudest? who would know?

my own strength assails me
page for the month -
crooked lines wrong spaces
sentiments all guess work
but I'll pass
I have created
another installment of the myth
in any case I'd have to write it
I could not stay
less than subconscious
between layers of sleep
like the others I'll chance it
my doubts congealed on the paste-up board
looking so official, so safe

we are a few small people
doing what we must each week
while the world yawns
and swallows us.

Lynne Bronstein
9/7/79

would have accomplished all these neat things in one tidy package, without all this typesetting and without all these unusual letters and without all this snide behind-the-back and in-the-back verbal mugging.

Doug Christmas chose to deny you, me, Carol, and Anonymous a chance to speak way back when -- and the result is this sort of exchange now.

Your arrogance has brought more than art or tea to Venice, Mr. C. It has brought a lot of name-calling and back-biting and hard feelings.

And that's worse than breaking the law, because we've got better things to do than call each other names.

At least I hope we do.

Merry Christmas, so to speak.

Brenda Harney

Dear Beachhead:

I would like to announce that Sally, who was mentioned as having deceased in your Oct. issue with the "Ode to Dirty Sally" which I wrote is alive and doing well. I hope that all the Venetians who were saddened during the time of that careless rumour will send a good though her way and be happy that our sister is alive and still with us.

My apologies,
Ruth Clark

HEARING ON VENICE PLAN DEC. 11

The Planning and Environment Committee of the City Council will consider adoption of the Venice Community Plan at 2 pm, Dec. 11, in Room 340 of the City Hall. Mrs. Russell is a member of that Committee. Appointment of people to the three Specific Plan CAC's for the Venice area; North Venice, Oakwood-Milwood-South Venice; Canals-Peninsula, should be made soon. Those interested should contact Mrs. Russell's office as soon as possible.

more letters



(The following letter was sent to the Coastal Committee of the Venice Town Council with a copy to the Beachhead.)

After presenting my proposed zoning variance for the property at 20 17th Ave from R-4 to C 1 to the Venice Town Council's Coastal Committee meeting of November 1, I left with the impression that the Committee would oppose the granting of the variance primarily because of the loss of four rental units in a tight rental market.

In discussions on that aspect of the issue, my position was that although the tight rental market is a concern to all of us, I did not think that I, personally, as a property owner, was responsible for rectifying the problem through impediments of my assets. Rather, I believe that the responsibility for adequate residential housing rests on the shoulders of all of us as citizens and taxpayers, property owners and renters alike. It is this difference of opinion, I believe, that caused the impasse resulting in the Committee's decision to oppose the granting of the variance.

While Board Chairman and President of the Independent Taxi Owners' Association, I worked closely with the staffs and elected representatives of local government, as well as the owners of Franchised Taxicab companies, to provide individuals the right to own and operate their own cabs while improving service to the public without infringing on the rights of existing cab owners. It is my experience that the greatest good for the greatest number, the public welfare, is achieved through a program arrived at through mutual understanding and compromise which is not at the expense of individual participants.

I find striking similarities in the goals and achievements of the "Independent Movement" with the goals of the Venice Town Council with respect to keeping Venice a mix of people with different social, cultural and economic backgrounds. I believe that the best results can be achieved through broadening your base of support by tempering your position. It is my opinion that your present position puts the financial burden of progress solely on the shoulders of property owners, thus alienating them from laudable community goals. If the financial costs of achieving worthwhile social gains in housing is shared equitably by all citizens, the support of such programs will have a broader base and consequently a better chance of enactment.

One such method is Los Angeles City's pilot program conceived by the Community Redevelopment Agency for providing rental units for low income families. See the L.A. Times article of Nov. 11.

Closer to home, and having a substantial impact on our housing problems in Venice, would

be the use of 100 City owned lots for low income housing. The present plan calls for the lots to be sold and privately developed by the highest bidder. This will only exacerbate our housing problem, leaving as participants only those with vast financial resources, who, quite naturally, will endeavor to maximize the yield on their investments through construction of housing quite out of reach of most of us. If, on the other hand, the City of Los Angeles were to stipulate that only low cost rental units could be constructed on the lots, the winning bids would be lower (resulting in less income to the city, everyone sharing cost) without affecting the yield of the developer. There are many variations on the theme. My point is that we, as citizens of Los Angeles, can be instrumental in providing hundreds of low cost rental units in Venice under a program whereby we all share the financial costs equitably, i.e. reduced income to the city treasury.

I believe that such a proposal would have a broad base of support from property owners as well as renters in Venice and will gladly work with you to achieve this goal.

Sincerely,
Mark P. Scully, Venice

(The following letter, dated Oct. 15, was sent to the Ocean Front Weekly. The writer sent it to the Beachhead when it did not appear in the publication - Beachhead staff.)

Editor, Ocean Front Weekly;

In your issue of October 10 on the subject of Doug Christmas' Tea House, you correctly state that the Venice Town Council picketed and the tea house was closed for lack of necessary permits.

If one businessman is permitted to construct on public sidewalks and to convert buildings from residential to commercial without the required permits, then what is to prevent others from doing so?

The article states that Christmas had planned to use the revenues generated from the tea house to assure tenants of continuing low rents. His sincerity is questioned on the following grounds:

1) There is a rent control law in the City of Los Angeles so it is difficult to understand why continued low rent for those particular tenants should be contingent on the financial success of Doug Christmas' tea house.

2) If Doug Christmas were really interested in maintaining low cost rents for seniors over a meaningful period of time, he would have explored the possibility of rental subsidies under Section 8 through the Housing Authority, as he was urged to do by the Venice Town Council when he first began negotiating for purchase of the building. This he never did.

3) If he really means to maintain low rents for seniors over a meaningful period of time why is he so adamant about not including such a provision in his Coastal permit?

4) As it stands now Christmas has agreed with each individual tenant that he or she shall be guaranteed the right to remain in the building for a given period of time, depending on length of past tenancy. Through the process of attrition if not sooner, they will eventually all be out, leaving Christmas free to convert the entire building into a combination restaurant-gallery, which is his ultimate goal according to informed sources.

Far from being opposed to the tenants, the Venice Town Council wants to legally protect and guarantee their right to remain in the building and to be succeeded when they leave by other seniors in urgent need of low-cost housing. Low cost housing for seniors and the disabled should have greater priority in this community than tea houses and galleries.

Dorothy Walisser

Dear Beachhead:

Please print this letter. It is the least we can do for our dear friend Wendy Reeves who has been driven from our community by the combined insanity of Bob ("Greenie") Greenfield and the fumbings of our local police and courts.

Four years ago while managing the St. Charles Hotel, Wendy by no fault of her own, spent a few minutes with the local character named Bob Greenfield who was looking for an apartment in the St. Charles. THAT'S ALL THAT HAPPENED! Because she carried out the duties of her job (interviewing prospective renters) she is still suffering to this day.

"Greenie" became pathologically fixated on Wendy. At first she simply couldn't believe it. He began following and approaching her everywhere, whether she was alone or in the company of a man or woman. I personally have been with Wendy when Greenie has rushed up to her, grabbing at her and moaning obscenities. I have been there when (like so many times over these four years) she has had to call the police

and face the humiliating procedure of trying to get them to take him away. Always, always there are the smirks and questions about what she, Wendy, has done to provoke this behavior from Greenie. I suppose before the four years of arrests, court scenes, harassments and the rest, one could forgive the police this macho attitude--but I'm here to tell you that with all the paper work now at their disposal about this agonizing case, last week an officer listening to Wendy's plea for help said: "Well, what is this? An old boy friend or husband or something?"

Throughout this Kafka like horror story, two pieces of advice have consistently been given to Wendy. They've come from the mouths of distinguished lawyers and rooky cops alike, and it is a sad comment on our world that they have been uttered at all.

The first piece of advice is that Wendy should have some heavy duty men friends do "supreme harm" to Greenie. The second is that she should move away.

After four years of living at the St. Charles, working on the Beachhead, eating at Lafayette, walking the ocean front, enjoying films at the Fox Venice, etc., Wendy has finally given up and moved. The friend that I used to walk two minutes to see, I now have to call long distance, using a new area code. She had been driven out of our community to another city altogether.

"Do you realize," Wendy said in the most defeated voice I've ever heard her use, "that the best, the absolute best I can 'hope' for is that without me to harass, Greenie will fixate on someone else!!! This is what it has come to. No one has been able to successfully help me stop him. I was driven out--not Greenie!"

It's true. Unless Greenie is permanently put away, he will either spend all his days and nights searching for Wendy (he has already found out where she used to work, and of course he harasses her parents regularly) or "hopefully" he will simply switch his fetish to another innocent woman (you? ...me?...).

Venice is supposed to be a community. In the whole mish-mosh of Los Angeles we are probably one of the only areas that really has the foundation to be a community in the humanity sense of the word. But what has happened? We lost a wonderful member, a friend, a sister. I don't know what we could have done, together, to take better care of Wendy in this unbelievable nightmare. But we should have done something, and because we didn't--we lost her.

I miss her.

-Judy Wieder, Venice
resident, 10 years.

Beachhead Staff:

I predicted several months ago that in order for the present administration in "The White House" to stay in Power, we might be put into a war situation.

This in my opinion has not taken place this November 1979.

Our president and The State Department were warned and knew that our Embassy in Iran was vulnerable and trouble was brewing! Yet nothing was done to beef-up the protection of our State Department employees over there.

As I write this - 20 days has passed since our Iranian Embassy was taken over by an insane mob - egged on by the "so-called" Ayatollah Khomeini - "The present de-facto head of State in Iran". Yet Paul Scott, the well known columnist claims this Khomeini is an imposter. Not the real one because the real Khomeini has only 9 fingers - not 10 fingers and television showed a man with 10 fingers. he middle finger of the left hand, was not missing.

Furthermore, "The Islamic Religion" is not one of violence. It is one of martyrdom.

So this so-called Khomeini "Stinks of Marxist ideologies"! His language and the terms he uses smack of Marxism - not Islamic beliefs.

Therefore I believe that Paul Scott could be right--

My questions to President Carter's actions are: Why did he delay the increased protection of our endangered Embassy? And only 3 Marines stationed there? And they didn't fire one damn shot! Could it be that they were under orders not to resist? If so, they why?

Our Marines are not trained to turn tail and run inside and lock their doors. Yet, that is what we were told they did.

Why did our President wait so long to do anything? He could have alerted S.A.C. and had

--Continued on Pg. 16--

Venice Town Council

City of Venice



VENICE TOWN COUNCIL MEETING

Wednesday December 19, 1979
7:30 pm Old Venice City Hall
681 North Venice Boulevard

Agenda

1. Announcements and time for emergency issues arising during the month.
2. Discussion:

Should the VTC schedule a special meeting to discuss the adoption of Tehran as a Sister City.

3. Committee Reports:

Coastal: Meeting with Mel Levine
CDBG: Law suit against HUD and LA City.

Outreach: Westminster School update.

EVERYONE FROM THE COMMUNITY IS ALWAYS WELCOME!

Notice: The election of two coordinators will be held at the January 16, 1980 meeting.

The next Coordinating Committee meeting will be on January 2 at 7:30pm at Venice City Hall.

4 CAROL'S CAROLS (written 1968-70)

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN

Oh...you better not cry...
You better not shout
You better not protest, you'll be
found out...
Big Brother is listening to you.

He knows if you are sleeping...
He knows when you're awake...
He knows if you are holding...
So be cool for goodness sake.

With wire taps and real live guns...
With cans of mace and rummy tum tums...
Big Brother is waiting for you.

He knows if you're an activist...
He'll put you in a frame
Then he'll call you paranoid
Because that is his game.

Oh...you better not talk...
You might as well groove...
Big Brother is watching you.

With miniscule bugs and real big spies...
He'll tangle you up in little white lies
Big Brother is out to get you.

He watches when you're sleeping...
With how many and with who...
He'll catch you on a morals charge
And proposition you.
You better not trust...
You better watch out...
It might be a bust without a doubt...
Big Brother is out to get you.



WHITE CHRISTMAS

I'm dreaming of a Free Venice
With broad sidewalks on canals.
With a Venice boat...
and People vote...
On things important and banal.

I'm dreaming of a Free Venice.
With blessings by the ton.
With smiling faces of all races...
Zip Code 90291.

I'm dreaming of a Free Venice...
In my country tis of thee.
Where there are no slaves by the waves
And where lovely Venice will be free.



NOEL



I waited in line...a doctor to see...
At the Venice Clinic that is so free.
Oh wow, oh wow, oh what can I do...
I have to tell Tom, Dick, and Harry...
and you.

I came to Venice to be so free...
Now I caught something communally.
Is it clap? Is it Hep? Perhaps it's
the flu...
Now I have to tell Tom, Dick and Harry...
and you.

I waited in line so patiently...
To hear what the doctor had to tell me.
It is clap. It is hep. And also the
flu...
And I caught it from Tom, Dick and Harry
...and you.



JOY TO THE WORLD



Joy to Venice, the Plan has passed...
Let the sheckels ring
The Master Plan has passed
The Master Plan has passed
Let Braude and Russell sing
Let Braude and Russell sing
Let Braude and Russell sing...sing...sing

Look at the rents, how high they rise
...and the taxes too
They rise to the skies, they rise to
the skies...
They rise and rise to the skies.

Widen Pacific for many cars...
Forget the RTD...
Oh...sick transit sick...
Oh...sick transit sick...
Sick Oh sick Oh transit.

Hurray for LA, they've done it again...
Just like Bunker Hill
Remove the poor...
Remove the poor...
I think I shall be ill
Just like Bunker Hill
I think, I think, I shall be ill.



IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR

It came upon a midnight clear
That glorious bust of old...
Oh I was toking in my pad
The heat was in the cold.
When all at once the boys in blue
Came crashing into my pad.
So in a flash I flushed my stash
The only hash I had.



DECK THE HALLS

Let's trip down to City Hall...
fa..la..la..la..lala..la..la..la.
Such a gas...such a ball
fa..la..la..la..la..la..la..la.
Don we now our straight apparel
fa..la..la..la..la..la..la..la.
We'll get there by horse or barrell
fa..la..la..la..la..la..la..la.
See the Council men before us
fa..la..la..la..la..la..la..la.
They do their best to ignore us
fa..la..la..la..la..la..la..la.
They will try to lock us out
fa..la..la..la..la..la..la..la.
But we'll scream and we'll shout
fa..la..la..la..la..la..la..la.
We want 23 many Venices
fa..la..la..la..la..la..la..la.
Speculators are our nemesis
fa..la..la..la..la..la..la..la.
Lot's of Free Venices blooming
fa..la..la..la..la..la..la..la.
There is a New Day Looming
fa..la..la..la..la..la..la..la.

WENSISLAUS

Mayor Yorty looked out
oer the streets of Venice.
All the slums lay around about
and he saw the menace.
Poor people enjoying sand
deep and gold and even.
Much too good for poor people
Soon they must be leavin.

He called all over town
How do we do it?
Tear down and rezone
then we'll renew it.
If anyone dare protest
ask if he's an owner
and if he's a renter
just doze him over.

Call the Evening Outlook
get with Dean Funk.
Renters have no rights you see
that's democratic junk.
Mayor Yorty told them
on the way to Saigon
kick them out or make them pay...
I'm annexing Taiwan.

How dare the undeserving poor
think they call the stops.
Low income people are such poors...
hit them with the cops.
Drive them out and beat them up...
that's the only way.
If you have no money
You have no right to stay.

Werner Sharf agreed to this
and he's raising rents.
He did not fix the plumbing
and called us malcontents
Radicals and Communists...
that's what they called us...
and the Outlook twisted it
in a way that appalled us.

When we dare to raise our voice...
this is what we're told...
if you're poor you have no choice
you're lives worth less than gold.
But we'll stay and we'll fight
for an alternative solution.
Our cities won't be cursed with blight
BRING ON THE REVOLUTION.

TOWN OF BETHLEHAM

Oh little town of Venice
It's sad to say goodbye.
For in the gloomy future
I know that I must fly.

For you will soon be high rise...
And high rent too.
Much too expensive for the likes of
me and you.

Oh gone are the days of waling on the
Ocean Front
For all the land grabbers are on a
money hunt.

Oh they've frozen all the bank loans...
For people who live here
They can't repair
So in despair
They move and shed a tear.

The owners tell the renters that...
They have no choice.
They raise our rent no accident
Yet we still have no voice.

Yet in the dark streets shining
An everlasting light.
The power of the people
Shall rise you one night.

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STRUGGLING FOR HEALTH : 5

the westside women's clinic

by Patricia Greenfield

(Patricia Greenfield has been a patient at the Clinic almost since its beginning and joined the Board of Directors as a community member about a year and a half ago.)

The Westside Women's Clinic grew out of the old Westside Women's Center on Venice Boulevard. The Clinic was originally conceptualized as an alternative feminist health care service for the West side of Los Angeles, including Black and Hispanic women. Ultimately the Women's Center moved to Hill Street in Ocean Park and, in 1975, the Clinic was set up on Ocean Park Boulevard with a small government grant and a loan from the Church in Ocean Park. Feminist health service was seen as involving the internal politics of how the Clinic would be run, as well as the type of medical services. Once the Clinic started, however, three different aspects of a feminist health service--service, politics, and an organization employing women were viewed as being in conflict with one another. In the early conflict, women tended either to be political or medical but not both.

Recent Events

The Clinic has had a difficult year of financial crisis and internal conflict culminating in the resignation of nearly half the staff last June. As a result, the Board of Directors was called upon to take a more active role, including an investigation of the causes and remedies of these problems. Five community (as opposed to staff) Board Members undertook this job. Because of rumors that develop as a result of this kind of process, I feel matters need to be brought out in the open. As the Clinic is an important community resource, public knowledge and discussion of issues is vital. A second reason for writing this article is that I feel that the process has had

a very positive outcome for the Clinic itself, in terms of medical quality, staff morale, and initiation of new services; and I would like our community of supporters, patients, and potential patients to know about these developments. Finally, the Clinic's history mirrors in many ways that of other left organizations, with many of the same inherent contradictions which must be resolved if it is to survive over the years. The very same contradictions have caused many other radical organizations to self-destruct.

My Own Perspective

I was on the investigating committee and ended up writing my own report, which, to some extent, disagreed with that written by the other members of the committee. Most importantly I disagreed with their major conclusion that the director should be fired. Because all decisions in the Clinic were made by a staff policy group, I did not feel it right to turn around and pin the blame on a single person. Even though those who quit argued that the structure was never truly collective, the powers of the director to make policy were severely curtailed by the existence of the policy group, in which she was merely one of many members. If the Clinic had had the more usual type of hierarchical structure with the director at the top, I would have felt differently about holding the director responsible for the Clinic's problems. In this respect, I also disagreed with the group who resigned; they held the director responsible for the Clinic's problems and wanted her fired.

Analysis of Basic Problems

Goals and Values

Some of the women who have worked at the Clinic in recent times thought that the differences were political; some that they were more personal. Regardless, they were deep-seated enough to preclude cooperation and to magnify different points of view. Some of the dichotomies the Clinic was faced with were hierarchy vs. collectivity, business vs. service, alternative vs. straight, active vs. passive board, professional vs. nonprofessional, written documentation vs. oral tradition. Each dichotomy represents a contradiction likely to emerge for a radical political organization attempting to operate in society as it exists. When a radical organization grows and "succeeds", as the Westside Women's Clinic has, the conflicts become stronger: there is always the suspicion that success means selling out to the system.

At the Clinic some of these dichotomies were expressed in the fact that staff members have never agreed on Clinic goals. I had the opportunity to look at questionnaires developed by a group of Clinic workers and filled out by many staff members in November 1977. The questionnaires revealed one group who wanted the Clinic to be first a political organization, second a business providing jobs for women, and third a service for patients. A second group of women thought all three goals should be equal. And, finally, still another group felt that medical services should be the first priority. All three groups agreed that, as the Clinic actually existed, the goal of medical service was the number-one priority. When I interviewed women two years later, in 1979, the differences were still there, but I also noticed a similarity: all seemed to assume that the various goals are in conflict. I feel that this view is limited, that the three goals should support and reinforce each other. Indeed, the business side of the Clinic provides the financial resources which make the services possible. The more financial resources come in from the outside, the more inexpensively medical services can be provided to patients. Moreover, the greater the financial resources of the Clinic, the more adequately staff can be recompensed for their valuable work and the more paid staff time can be

devoted to political organizing, which does not bring in income. Feminist medical services, in turn, are an expression of feminist politics and a major organizing tool for bringing feminism to women who may not have political interests but want good medical care. And finally, good politics should create a humane working environment for staff and a supportive unoppressive environment for patients in which they can begin to take responsibility for their own health.

What Happened

The explosive situation in the Clinic stemmed from interpersonal strife occurring in a rather amorphous institutional setting--neither collective nor hierarchical, but at an indeterminate position in between. Insofar as the structure was collective, the only way for irresolvable conflict to be solved was for one side to leave. Insofar as the structure was hierarchical, the director's side had an advantage.

Weaknesses in the Clinic gave the group who left a good target for their anger. The Clinic's disastrous financial situation meant that there was basically not enough money to meet the payroll. Under this pressure, the director wrote more checks than could clear, her temper and diplomacy wore thin, people felt blamed for wanting to be paid, and to top it all, paychecks bounced.

I disagreed with the other members of the investigating committee who thought that the Clinic's money problems stemmed from financial mismanagement. Their evidence consisted of a few relatively small items, such as buying a \$120 desk calculator when the Clinic was in financial trouble. These people were also critical of the fact that the Clinic rented much needed additional space next door during a bad financial period. While this space drained \$500-a-month for a while, it soon began to bring in income equal to the cost of the rent from the addition of a chiropractic service. These items simply did not add up to the Clinic's cumulative debt of \$60,000.

There have been charges by staff who quit of medical incompetence. This was of great concern to the community, to the Clinic staff, and to the Board. I found that medical problems were, in many cases, used merely to fuel the fire of factional conflict. Thus, many points of conflict around medical issues were not a matter of medical incompetence, but rather involved two valid points of view. For example, some of the people who resigned wanted to refer more abortion patients out for abortions under general anesthesia than do some of the current Clinic staff. They tended to emphasize the fact that nervous and anxious patients are better off "out" during an abortion. The other side, in contrast, emphasized avoiding the medical risks of general anesthesia, as well as the psychological fact that it is often healthier to face one's feelings about an abortion rather than to avoid them by being knocked out. In issues like this, the dynamics of conflict at the Clinic were such that a legitimate difference of opinion became an occasion to take sides.

There were problems caused by being short staffed after the mass resignations in June, but new staff

continued on page 18

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6 BOARDWALK TALK

Focus On One Life

by Dali

In latter-day 19-nearly-80's Amerika, spiritualism and the things and persons concerned with it are no longer much in vogue (or Vogue, for that patter). As one who never "got over" my own conviction that the world is a larger and more beautiful place than could be accounted for by the whims of an uncaring Fate or the manifest wisdom of our own puny species, I was thus distressed by rumors circulating on the Boardwalk when I returned recently after an enforced absence of several months (summer flu, you know). These rumors concerned One Life Natural Frogs, and the problems they were experiencing. According to rumor, One Life was at best soon to be sold to the Capitalist Infidels who have been invading in hordes lately, and at worst would soon cease to be there AT ALL. SO, after several days of doing my civic mis-duty of aiding and abetting these rumors in an effort to find out more, I chanced upon Jack of One Life on the Beach. I asked him to put me straight on my information or lack of it, and this he did.

The One Life Store is a non-profit corporation owned by the One Life Church, and from this hearer's perspective, "the problem" at the store seems to have been the classic one of divided responsibility for management, with resultant internal bickering facilitated by a lack of clear communication of expectations on both sides of a (by this time) divided camp. Massive overdrafts at the bank put things into a crisis atmosphere, and severely handicapped the ability of the store to operate efficiently. So in early September, the word was put out to Jack on the East Coast that things were crucial.

The return of this long term member served to remind everyone "why" they were in it (to get hi, have a good time, serve the community, etc.) and to cool things long enough to see clearly what was happening. The options at this point seemed to be to sell the store or to put it straight. There was some talk of selling, and it was here that my rumors got started. But things have straightened out somewhat. With less tension comes an opening of communication, and with this has come a better understanding of the problems of running an expanding enterprise in a humane fashion. The analysis that Jack makes (and it seems reasonable enough) is that overhead costs have risen in the last 2-3 years, but not the store's ability to meet them. The principal rise has been the expense of employing a full-time staff to run the store, where previously the One Life Family ran the store themselves.

At this point, the choices of what to do are essentially 3: reduce the overhead costs (rent, staff salaries, food costs, spoilage, etc.); increase the markup; or increase the volume of sales while holding everything else constant. The strategy the One Life group have opted for is a combination of the second two alternatives. Let me hasten to add that the markup will not be increased per se. Rather, there will be an attempt to increase the amount of goods sold to customers not on the One Life Co-Op Plan. The Plan will no longer be advertised, although it will still be open to those who want to do their shopping this way (\$5 a month dues entitles you to a 20% discount on most goods). So some additional revenues are expected from new customers who don't join the Plan but are "just shoppers". In any event the main thrust of the new strategy will be to bring in more customers. With a constant mark-up, a larger volume means more money to cover what needs to be covered. Granted the constraints in this situation, this solution seems to me to be both humane and to stand a good chance of succeeding. Jack tells me that the store has begun distributing free food on the Boardwalk at sunset, and hopes to expand this program in the near future with the aid of the Southern California Co-operating Collective (a collective organization serving co-ops in Southern California). I wish the whole One Life organization the best in this struggle, as they are a real benefit to our community. I encourage you to "vote with your dollars" if you like this sort of institution in your community.

VOP COOP:

YOU'LL LIKE THE TOTAL BETTER

by Michael Heisley

The Venice-Ocean Park Co-op Food Store (VCP) has adopted new membership requirements which make joining the Co-op easy and inexpensive. Under the new requirements, each member:

1. Purchases at least \$10 in share capital upon joining. The shares are refundable when one leaves the Co-op.
2. Pays a monthly direct charge of \$5 or works in the store for two hours. The monthly direct charge for senior citizens and handicapped persons is \$2.50 or one hour of work in the store.

The members and Workers' Collective approved the new policies in a special referendum election late in October in order to speed the growth of the Co-op and enable the store to serve a larger segment of the community. The new policies are attracting more members. Prior to the change in membership requirements, VCP was growing at the rate of about 17 new members per month, but in the two weeks following the change in requirements 19 people joined. Weekly sales are increasing steadily, and the total for the second week of November nearly tripled the \$350 in sales which the store crossed during its first week of operation back in August.

During its first three months of operation VCP has provided a number of tangible services to the community not the least of which is good food at low prices. The Co-op carries a full selection of fresh produce, fruit, and dairy products, cheeses, frozen poultry and fish, nuts and dried fruits, bulk grains and flour, spices, canned goods, juices, teas and coffees, and an array of paper products and household necessities such as soap, laundry detergent, shampoo, and toothpaste. Because VCP is member owned, it sells only products the membership wants and minimizes the expenses of operating a store which are passed on to the consumer. The store's inventory is limited to the items which shoppers need and demand thereby decreasing costs and ensuring a high turnover in inventory. Costs are further minimized by limiting store hours to the times when most people shop and by utilizing members' labor in the store.

A comparison of VCP's prices with its nearest corporate competitors, Safeway and Hughes, showed Co-op members enjoying considerable savings over the lowest prices available at the supermarkets. For example, 1/2 gallon of homogenized milk regularly sells for 88¢ at Safeway and Hughes whereas VCP members pay only 84¢ for 1/2 gallon of Alta Dena milk. Large eggs are a low 78¢/dozen at VCP, and Swiss cheese is \$1.99/lb.-- 50¢ below Hughes and 80¢ below Safeway. In a comparison of 28 items including milk, butter, eggs, fresh vegetables, fruits, cheese, rice, flour, canned goods, juices, soaps, and toothpaste, VCP was \$1.80 below Safeway and 81¢ cheaper than Hughes. This price comparison was conducted on a Thursday (November 15) when supermarkets traditionally feature numerous specials to coincide with advertisements in the food sections in

the newspaper. In spite of these specials VCP's regular prices for members were lower than those in the supermarkets. The savings at VCP are especially impressive on vegetables and fruits. For example:

	11/15/79	Safeway	Hughes	VCP*
Tomatoes/lb.	99¢	79¢	49¢	
Peppers, Bell/lb.	49¢	59¢	28¢	
Lettuce, Romaine, ea.	39¢	49¢	35¢	
Cranes/lb.	35¢	25¢	17¢	
Bananas/lb.	33¢	29¢	17¢	
Potatoes, Russet/lb.	25¢	25¢	11¢	

*Member's prices

With the closing of the Market Basket across the street on Lincoln, VCP is also the closest market for many residents in the surrounding neighborhood.

Perhaps the most lasting but intangible contribution of the Co-op is the training and experience in cooperation which setting up a store provides for the members and the Workers' Collective. The Co-op is the product of over three years of hard work and planning by dedicated volunteers and assistance from other co-ops such as Santa Monica's Coopportunity. This preparation has paid off in a number of important ways. As Workers' Collective member Jim Condon puts it, "This is a good looking, clean store, and we have had incredible compliments from other co-ops who say that this is a clean well run store with its books in good order." In addition to the Workers' Collective, many of whom have extensive co-op experience, VCP's membership is active in setting store policy and in the day-to-day operation of the store. During the summer members donated over 1,200 hours of labor in remodeling the store, and this involvement has continued after the store opened in the form of committee activity and service on the Board of Directors. For Board member Kathy McConkey, VCP offers "an incredible opportunity for creativity and putting ideas into action. We are actively trying to make something work and take responsibility for the need of the community to support itself." To this end the Co-op provides an alternative food store which supplies good food at low prices. But, to many, VCP also is viewed as a base from which other activities can be started to or given support. Board member Mario Fonda-Bonardi envisions future possibilities for the Co-op including establishing a recycling center and assisting other cooperative ventures such as additional food stores as the membership outgrows the present store, or other services such as a co-op auto repair shop. VCP is also supportive of political activity and campaigns. The Co-op's Board of Directors voted unanimously to endorse Cheryl Phoden, a Co-op member, in her bid for a seat on the Santa Monica City Council, and the store provided food for a spaghetti dinner fundraiser for her campaign and the 16 on 2 campaign. VCP needs new members. If you are interested in joining or have questions about the Co-op, the store is open Wednesdays-Fridays from 2 p.m.-8 p.m. and on Saturdays from 11 a.m.-5 p.m. Non-members may shop at slightly higher prices. New member orientation meetings are held each Wednesday and Thursday at 6:30 p.m. and from 12 noon to 2 p.m. on Saturdays. VCP is located at 839 Lincoln Blvd. at the corner of Frooks (phone: 399-5623). *



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Giving Thanks Where Thanks Is Due

by Larry Abrams

Recently, I was accepted by the neighborhood Board of Directors of the Venice Community Coalition as a member. It was an honour to be thought useful to my peers -- aware neighbors who are actively organizing for our survival, a Herculean, never ending, often thankless, but always necessary task.

The Coalition was founded some years ago as the Venice Drug Coalition as a neighborhood participation social services corporation. They employed skilled social workers and neighborhood folks to, basically, alleviate the crushing drug-abuse problems in the Oakwood community.

In the beginning, the Coalition was led by an apparently inspired man named Vermont McKinney who subsequently was "called to Washington" where, as far as I know, he remains. His assistant, Ron Lopez, took over as Executive Director and for a number of years the program ran smoothly, if in a low key. Originally set to combat drug abuse, the Coalition broadened its focus to include work in other, related, areas, mostly oriented toward engaging youth in a dialogue with and service to their community.

Lately, however, a series of crises have rocked the Coalition. The neighborhood Board of Directors had become a mere perfunctory body which drew only a fraction of its nominal membership to monthly meetings. Policy as well as administrative decisions were being made by the staff under Lopez. Then a State audit was called after years of neglect by the agency contracted to monitor the finances of the Coalition. A fire broke out in the offices of Barrios Unidos, one of programs in the Coalition, destroying many of their records. The Lopez administration was closely examined by active Board members and found wanting in a number of areas. Lopez resigned. The Coalition then came under attack by disaffected critics who got a lot of press coverage (which press, dear reader, up to that time studiously ignored the successful work of the Coalition). The Coalition teetered on the brink of financial ruin when one of their principal funding agencies, the Federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration balked on renewing their contract.

The shaken Board members regrouped and got to work. A new Director was hired. Kandy Latson, a long-time community organizer, took over leadership of staff in September. Barrios Unidos was instructed to shape up its program and it responded by electing a new director. Other program heads in the Coalition were asked to pull together for a definitive conclusion of the State audit. And, when a representative from the Washington funding agency toured the programs of the Coalition, she pronounced herself impressed with the work in a meeting with Board members. The re-vitalized Board pledged itself to a more actively responsible role in the running of the Coalition, and there things stood when, on the eve of Thanksgiving, a Coalition staffer, David Salmeron, asked me if I still wrote.

"Yes," I answered, surprised that he was aware of my interests. "Why don't you cover the Thanksgiving food-for-the-community program that the Coalition is sponsoring on November 21 and write up an article?"

Ah. Here was something I could do. And as a new member of the Board I was anxious to contribute what I could to stabilizing and propagating the work of the Coalition. An article about this program would help publicize the good work the Coalition is doing.

But, on the day of the food distribution I arrived too late to witness the event. Kandy Latson, David Salmeron, and Frank Castile were cleaning up when I arrived at Oakwood Park, just after the last food had been given out. Their faces beamed with excitement and satisfaction. The distribution had gone well. A number of people had food that they might not have had on this, the National Holiday celebrating the harvest -- when we give thanks for having enough to survive the long Winter of neglect and abuse many of the people in my community face, year after year.

And I did give thanks: for having a group of community people dedicated to seeing that as many of their neighbors as possible indeed survive, and for having the opportunity to participate in that work.

David, I hope this helps. ***

Tuum Est: a 70's Program stands up to the 80's

BY Beaumarie St. Clair

The 1980's loom ahead. Golden years: gold \$400.00 an ounce, gold smog belt on the western horizon and gold sun energy alternatives.

The 70's are closing down. Like the boardwalk flea markets and the nomadic sidewalk entertainers, all abandon the chilly seaside to the damp, winter wind.

These days mirror the holidays we are swiftly passing through: savage, Halloween-colored sunsets draw crowds to the shore at dusk. Misty, Thanksgiving-cool mornings make it hard to rise and a Christmas-lit coastline bracelets the night.

These are seasonal changes. For those living at Tuum Est there are more. Standing innocuously between the Figtree Cafe and the Gay Cities Synagogue, 503 Ocean Front Walk's facade looks well kept, but hardly different from the other 1920's style buildings on the beach.

Inside however, a life-directing force so high in energy is occurring that residents claim one full day in Tuum Est is the equivalent to seven days on the streets. It can be that intense. Nowhere in the community, perhaps the world, do things happen like they do in Tuum Est.

Tuum Est is the formal avant garde of drug abuse treatment. Its goal is the emotional, educational and vocational advancement of drug abusers and alcoholics.

Before the 1970's (except for the wealthy) there were few alternatives for drug users, jails and mental hospitals.

With the rash of drugs that entwined the 60's came a new understanding of the deeper, psychological reasons people abused them. Drug treatment centers rose out of this new awareness.

Tuum Est was instituted in Venice in 1970. Since the beginning of the decade the program has followed a rapid evolution. Early in the 70's the program was geared primarily toward heroin addicts. The hopeless cases with 10, 20 even 35 year old habits came to get help. Many had spent their lives in and out of penitentiaries like San Quentin, Folsom, C.R.C., Chino and Soledad.

These people were the sort of challenge Tuum Est welcomed, and it became the foundation for establishing the program's reputation for being one of the best of its kind in the world.

Tuum Est has grown. It is a dumping place for enormous amounts of human pain, where residents learn and go. New drug problems (like PCP and cocaine) arise, but the human struggle to endure remains. It is "the people business" A Cinderella story with two possible outcomes, life or death.

With the 80's upon us, so come revisions of codes and regulations. Next year the state will begin licensing drug treatment centers. Despite its sturdy appearance, Tuum Est's building will not meet earthquake and fire safety code requirements.

This means the program is seeking to locate a bigger and better facility in the Santa Monica Bay area. "Tuum Est is an established institution in the Venice community," explains Executive Director Jim O'Donnell. "We'd like to remain at the beach."

In regard to the program itself he states, "I think Tuum Est is the essence of where a drug program should be today. We'll continue to add to it to keep it that way."

The golden 80's are upon us and Tuum Est keeps stride. ♦♦♦

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THIS LAND con't from Pg. 1

the recipe and it would take far too much space to list the people whose names you ought to know because they contributed so much.

So, for the moment, rent control is safe in Santa Monica and we can get on with the business of counseling and organizing tenants. Unfortunately our breathing spell will not be as long as we'd like because the landlord/real estate interests (with lots of help from our old friend Howard Jarvis) are now involved in a petition drive for a statewide anti-rent control initiative. In the same devious spirit as Prop 13 they're calling their initiative the Fair Rents Initiative and have already hoodwinked many people into signing it. This initiative would do to rent control statewide what Prop Q would have done to Santa Monica. If you've been duped into signing the petition please call us at 392-8305 and we'll give you a way to have your name removed from this hoax. Its very important cause if they get enough signatures the initiative will be on the statewide ballot next June.

8 Are Tears Enough For The '80s ?

"Are Tears Enough" a book of poems and drawings by Rick Davidson reviewed by Larry Abrams

Media politics being what they are, a few months ago all I could get from pop journalism was an obituary of the 60's counter-culture movement. The leadership that shaped the most convulsive social movements in recent U.S. history - civil rights and to stop the war in Vietnam - it went, was either dead, underground, or had atrophied into "changing the system from within", theatrics that fooled, much less led, no one. The call for spiritual regeneration inherent in the counter-culture movement could still be heard, some said, in the self-help, getting it together mood of the 70's, and a few of the more important alternatives postulated by the 60's spirit had even been incorporated into the popular culture - like good food and cooperatives. But by late 1979, America had regrouped, been "born again", jogged, and ested itself back into its usual shape, only now low on gas. So, when the Ayatollah cracked down on American imperialists' interests in his gas-producing country, Americans are invited, and many respond, to see themselves as the victims of third world exploitation instead of, as Vietnam showed us, its leading practitioner.

Then came "the Chicago Conspiracy Trial" at the Odyssey Theater in Santa Monica, taken from the actual transcript of the U.S. Government's efforts to prosecute anti-war and counter-culture radicals, the play paints an unrelieved and compelling picture of the fascist state that triumphed over the 60's and ultimately produced Watergate. For those who have been attentive to the upheavals of the nation's fortunes, even as reported in the popular media, the more radical positions taken by the 60's activists seem tame indeed, yet no less relevant to explain and give perspective to the series of "future of the world" crises that succeed each other down through the years like bruises on the body of the American soul.

Now comes Rick Davidson's book of poems, "Are Tears Enough" to remind us what those positions were, and why they were taken. In a letter that was intended as an introduction to the poems, he expertly and quickly reawakens our consciousness of what we learned from the 60's upheaval and ends by saying "if we are to reverse the decline of America - this slide into the hell that imperialism is - we must grow young again so that we can learn from history and begin to restructure our society in order to capture the essence of the American Dream. . . for everyone".

Optimistic words that, with a smile, could even be called inspiring. But when you look into the heart of the speaker, when we go to the poems, the "American Dream" turns out to be a tough refusal to die, a need to love and to be loved, a resilient world view that seeks to accommodate as well as to prevail, a recognition of the human condition as torn and beleaguered by economic and social machinery but salvageable - always salvageable.

"remember
loving, care and hope
have much to teach us
if warless cultures are possible."

or
". . . where our search may celebrate
our souls
speaking directly to the truth
no matter what."

The poems are written in a style that is spare and eloquent. In places the very to-the-bone plainness of the words make what the words mean sing:

"We are the warrior, the victim
the created and the creator
of death and desolation
we are the sounds we hear and feel
. . . war, hate, fear, sickness,
death and endlessness
we are this foul air of transformation
America
we are the clay we're playing with."

Most of the poems are reflections on the Vietnam war and were written at the time the author was daily organizing against U.S. aggression in Vietnam. They

surge with outrage. At times, even bitterness seeps in. But they are never falsely sentimental and a clear intelligence is always at work.

My favorite of the poems is about a children's concentration camp run by the Nazis during World War II. Some of the artwork and poems of the doomed children has been preserved and published in a book called "I Never Saw Another Butterfly". In Rick's use of the refrain, chanted in the style of children,

" . . . No more war
no more war
man, please understand. . . "

and lines like
". . . as living men try hard
to forget
pushing from their minds
why past wars have left
blood stained fences
and empty buildings
full of wasted cries."

he catches the innocence and courage of children even when faced with certain slaughter. For

" . . . children know that someday, somehow
somewhere there'll come people--
wiser people,
stronger people,
more loving than you or I."

Published with drawings by the author as a gift for his family and friends, the moral debate these poems inspire is a welcome gift to most of us in the closing days of the "me" decade. For unless we see that we are us and organize ourselves for survival, there will not be many "me's" left after the next ten years.

Copies of "Are Tears Enough" are available in bookstores in Ocean Park and Venice. Look for it.

The Comeback Inn has opened its doors to all its friends and patrons for vegetarian dinners, soups, salads, sandwiches and munchies. The complete menu is being served from 5:00 to 9:00 PM, Monday through Saturday. In addition to its wide variety of gourmet vegetable dishes like homemade Quiche, Ratatouille Vegetables, Veggieburgers, Munchies and Dessert, the Comeback Inn will present dinner concerts at 6:00 PM running the gamut from classical to folk and contemporary sounds.

The Comeback Inn is the oldest Jazz Club in Venice and will continue its tradition to showcase original sounds nightly at 9:15 PM and Sunday afternoons on the patio at 2:00 PM, featuring ethnic music from around the World. For reservations and information please call 396-7255.

Skill Center Success Story

Ron Clanin, age 35, is a resident of Venice. He was raised on a Mid-west farm in Amish Territory, third in a family of six children whose parents did not believe that having an education would "put food on the table". He, therefore, received only a third grade education. Having previously spent most of his adult life in various drug and alcoholic programs, in 1977 he came to Tuum Est at 503 Ocean Front Walk in Venice. Tuum Est is a Therapeutic Community Program for the rehabilitation of alcoholics and drug addicts. After being assisted by Vocational Rehabilitation, he was referred by Tuum Est to Venice Skills Center.

Ron remembers mostly the difficult time he had in meeting the requirements for enrolling, which included verifying his residency. It took approximately three months for preparation before he was actually ready to take the big step toward enrollment. Some of this time included going before the Department of Motor Vehicles to have his driver's license restored after being revoked at age eighteen. It also included going before Performance Review Boards at Tuum Est. One must be reviewed before advancing to any level at Tuum Est.

But, being persistent, sincere in his efforts and honestly desirous of changing his life style, he enrolled in the Auto Mechanics program, completed the training and is now leaving the program to accept employment at Tuum Est as Counselor in Automotive Self Reliance and House Maintenance.

In the 19 months since he entered Tuum Est, he has climbed the ladder of performance from Janitor to Supervisor, to House Manager, and now after completion of training at Venice Skills Center, to employment as Counselor.

His goal is to help some alcoholics and drug addicts regain their sense of composure - obtain a skill -- and become self sufficient. He feels the experiences gathered through his involvement with Tuum Est and Venice Skills Center have provided him with the necessary tools to succeed in this endeavor.

Being the first referral from Tuum Est to complete a training program at Venice Skills Center, Ron hopes that his success can be a bridge between the two programs over which others may be able to follow.

Anyone feeling they have reached a stage in life where they no longer wish to continue downward through unemployment, and low self esteem can, by calling Venice Skills Center at 392-4153, become a success as Ron Clanin has become.

USHERING IN THE 80's

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to Washington what a good friend and faithful ally he had been. Also there was the possibility that we could use him again. His living in Mexico was one thing, but coming to the US is too similar to the coup agreement of 1953. No wonder the Iranian people are so angry. Our recent track record is not one to be trusted.

A few weeks ago the Moslem callendar called in the 15th Century. No one wants to see Iran slide back into the 15th Century. But if we believe in the right of self-determination than we have to leave that problem to the Iranian people to work out in their own way. I am sure that Khomaini is using this problem to distract the people from the other problems that his Islamic Republic can't solve. Still, with a born again president facing a born again aytollah we could be in for one hell of a war. Remember, "the fire next time." Finally, I think it's important for us to look at the core of the hate waiting just under the skin of our fellow Americans. A hate that shows itself in the spontan-



aneous anger directed at the Iranian people. Anger that has little to do with Iran, hostages, or oil. Anger stemming in part from the never understood war in Vietnam; anger from the frustration over uncontrollable inflation, the energy crisis and the ever rising unemployment; anger over the inability of the average worker to maintain a satisfactory standard of living. There's also the anger along with confusion of not being able to make sense out of what are leaders are telling us.

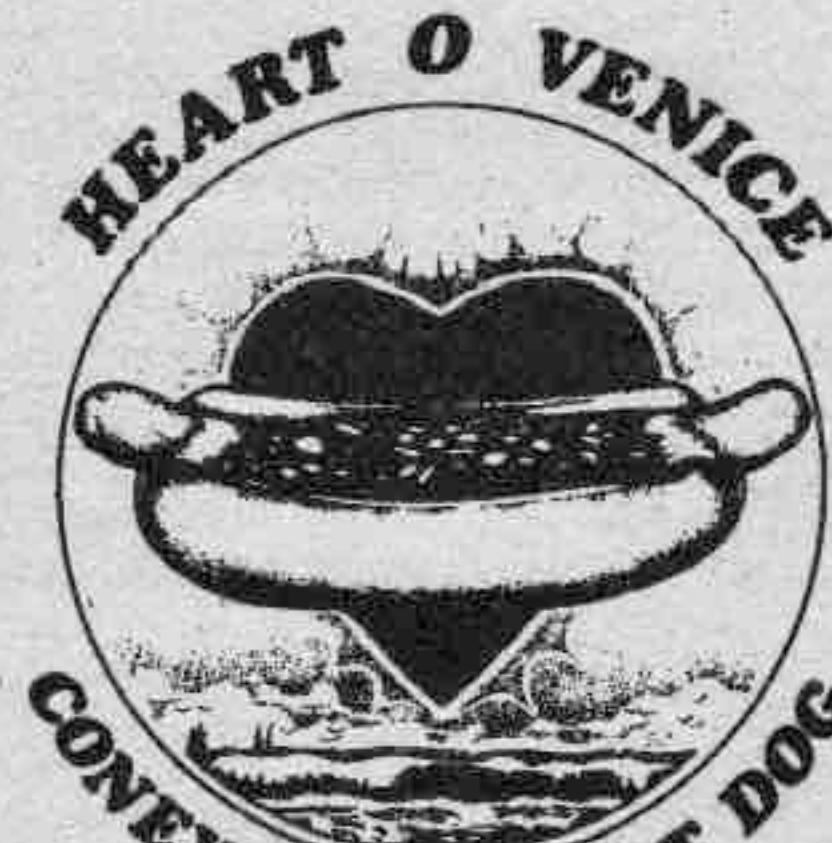
All this hate/anger/frustration ties into the information we have been receiving since the end of World War II, i.e., we are not the great, generous, freedom loving nation we studied in school. Our political decisions are made more on the basis of economics than morality. Our military might is used more to keep friendly dictators in power than to bring freedom to enslaved peoples. This exposed hate hides the fact that our own treatment of our own people is motivated more out of racism and sexism than respect for human rights. To the degree that this is so, we must overcome this hate. The only way I know how is to transform our present system of government into one where the "people" control the events that affect their lives. Be it the 15th Century or the 21st we can not afford to continue blindly down the path of a non-existent "free enterprise system". We must create a system that's interested in people, not profit.

I'd like to see America, at least the Venice town Council, demand that the US return the Shah for trial; that the US withdraw its military forces from the Middle-East; and that the President not commit military aggression in Iran.

Every year the world grows smaller and smaller. Information plays an important part in the shrinking process. In recent years information has constantly pulled the covers off our "money grabbing hands" that reach into almost every country in the world. Hands that withdraw massive amounts of wealth that rightfully belongs to the people of those countries. Yet, we Americans feel it is our birthright to have access to whatever resources required by our standard of living. It's important that we begin to understand our multinational interest so that we can see why so much of the world knows us as imperialists and what it means to be an imperialist. I don't want to be an imperialist and I don't want Jimmy, David or Henry playing the part in my name.

In the mean time the Tenant Action Center has just finished it's first massive printing of a tenants guide to the L.A. rent control ordinance. This brilliant piece of literature can help you fight evictions and stop those illegal rent increases that keep popping up like weeds. This can save you a lot of money and the book itself will sell for around two bucks.

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TRY AND STOP ME

by Wendy Reeves

THIS IS ONE OF THOSE "IT CAN'T HAPPEN TO ME" stories that happened to me--and is still happening after four long unbelievable years. It is something that could happen to any woman at any time, especially any woman living alone. In fact, as I have found out since becoming involved in such a case, it does happen with frightening frequency.

In making this story public, I hope not only to alleviate my own circumstances, but also to help other victims and potential victims of similar abuse. Like other violence against women--rape, wife-beating, incest--sexual harassment (or "psychological rape") goes on all around us all the time; but little is said or written about it and even less is done.

A *New West* article, "Psychological Rape: New Terror for Women" (2/28/77) mentions Albert Biderman of the Bureau of Social Science Research in Washington, D.C., who "lamented that such studies as the National Crime Panel Survey fail to investigate these sorts of intimidation. 'We just don't have any numbers on it, but from my experience I'd say it is quite common.'" In the same article author Perry Garfinkel writes: "Clearly, the fear or threat of rape is the most intimidating element of a woman's life."

In discussing my own case, I've been appalled at how often listeners have responded: "You know, that once happened to my cousin (friend/sister/aunt/daughter-in-law)," in almost every instance adding, "She had to move." Just today a friend told me he'd spoken of this article to his roommate's girlfriend, who then admitted she'd moved in with them (about 8 months ago) because of the same kind of intimidation. She hadn't wanted to talk about it before.

"She had to move." No other remedy. One stress study names moving as the number two stress-producer, right behind "death of spouse or loved one." And that means a free-choice move.

Very occasionally a woman fights back and some progress is made. The Morton-Wagner case in Sacramento was one such occasion: a two-year persecution that led to two more years of legal battles and legislative lobbying, finally resulting in a precedent-setting anti-harassment law which became effective only this year. (This bill does not solve the problem, as readers shall learn.)

For four years I too fought back, by every method available to me. Now I too have been forced to move, literally hounded out of the community that was my home. This has improved matters, but the case is not over.

By speaking out, I would like to help keep other women from having to learn through painful and frustrating experience what are the best strategies in such a fight, and the best hopes for effective legal action. Perhaps this article will also help focus more public attention on this issue and on the weak spots in a legal system which allows such a mockery of justice to go on...and on...and on.

As difficult as the fight is, I still believe it can be won. By a hair's breadth, just enough of my experience has reaffirmed that belief to keep me in the ring--so far.

If victims, potential victims, their friends, and others concerned with basic human rights will speak up and fight back, hopefully I and other women who choose to live alone will one day be able to do so free of the fear of psychological rape.

THE HARASSER/DEFENDANT IN THIS MATTER IS 41-year-old Robert Lee Greenfield, who describes himself as a writer/poet and ex-UCLA teacher. (I've been told this last refers to a teaching assistant position he held briefly long ago.) For many years this person has been living on State aid to the mentally disabled (SSI). I believe he comes from Illinois, where he has a brother. His parents have been described as "very strict religious fundamentalists."

This man--who prefers to be called "Greenie"--has a history of mental disturbance and of sexual problems involving women. He has a prior arrest for rape; not a conviction, but as *Ms* magazine has pointed out, "...the conviction rate for rape is lower than for any other major crime..." (7/77). (I wonder who that woman is and what is her story; I hope she will write to me.) A reliable source told me Greenfield was once caught naked in a UCLA ladies' room. A friend of his said he has had previous fixations on various women, though not so prolonged. In one of the many court proceedings involving me, his psychiatric diagnosis was "paranoid psychoses, fixed to a large degree and may be resistant to therapy" and his preoccupation with me was called "obsessional or delusional."

I am a second-generation Los Angeline, the daughter of a CPA and a teacher. I grew up in Mar Vista, a small town just east of Venice on Ven-

ice Boulevard, went to Venice High, finished three years at UCLA. As an adult I have always supported myself, lived a low-profile, low-income life, and have never been in any kind of trouble with the law. My relationships with people in general and men in particular have always been good. I am now 35 years old.

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

RETURNING FROM LIVING ABROAD, IN OCTOBER OF 1975 I rented a cheap room in the St. Charles Hotel, a turn-of-the-century Venice building recently renovated into apartments and artists' studios. The Windward and Speedway location was 10 minutes' walk from my folks and from my oldest childhood friend. Tired of moving, I hoped to make North Beach my home.

I re-enrolled in college to complete my BA; needed a part-time (due to studies) near-by (no car) job. In November the St. Charles manager



Harasser/defendant Robert Lee Greenfield, a.k.a. "Greenie." Caucasian, blond-brown hair, darker beard, light intense eyes, medium weight, approx. 5'8".

quit her job; I offered to fill in for awhile; soon had a permanent part-time job in my own building.

In December artist and fellow-tenant Michael Tracy said his friend Bob Greenfield, "a good poet, well-known at Beyond Baroque," wanted very much to live in our building. Shortly thereafter Greenfield came into the office and filled out an application. No rooms were available; I put him on the waiting list. As always when alone in the office with a male stranger, my manner was cool and businesslike. (Greenfield later referred to my office demeanor as "aloof" and "school-marmish" in his letters.) During that first encounter I did not notice anything particularly unusual about him, nor did I do so during any of his several visits in the next six weeks when he came to ask if a vacancy had come up.

In January 1976 I began to get complaints from two single women tenants, both painters, both supporting themselves by waitressing evenings at the beer-wine-music club on our ground floor: "The St. Charles Place, A Civilized Cabaret." Both women told the same story; they had met Greenfield while working, he'd made lewd suggestions and followed them around, wouldn't take "no" for an answer.

When Greenfield next showed up in the office, I mentioned the matter as tactfully as I could. He denied the women's version, said they'd been flirting with him, were exaggerating, had taken seriously remarks made in jest, were being "prudish." I told him not to give these women any further cause for complaint or I would take him off our waiting list.

The women continued to complain, more emphatically; told me Bob had gone to each of their rooms making further unwanted and obnoxious verbal advances as well as continuing to bother them on their jobs. One said, "I think he's a sexual psychopath, and if he moves into this building I'm moving out."

Though he had always behaved in my office and shown no interest in me as a woman, though he was very convincing in his denials of the situation, though Michael Tracy was still putting in good words for him (Michael said he knew nothing Bob's questionable behavior), I believed the women and grew concerned.

The next time Bob came to the office, in mid-February, I told him I was still getting complaints, that our women tenants had a right to their privacy, that I was taking him off our waiting list and he should look for another place to live.

He sat silently on the other side of the desk for a minute or two. Then he got up, put both hands on the desktop, leaned close to me face, and said "I'd like to eat you."

Immediately I ordered him out of the office; he refused to go, launching into a loud harangue about how he could "see from my eyes" that I was sexually unsatisfied, that only he could make me happy, etc. etc., glaring at me hostilely as he spoke. I mentioned my 6'3" boyfriend who lived on that same floor (then at work), said we were perfectly happy together, kept ordering him to leave and not come back. Eventually he did leave--very reluctantly. I thought that was the end of the matter.

It was only the beginning.

EXCERPTS FROM DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE

From "The Greenie Report," summary of the case's first six months, written several years ago.

MARCH & APRIL 1976 I hear from Greenie regularly, at first two or three times a week. He calls the office, wanting to talk; buzzes from outside, wanting to come up. Each time I give a curt, firm refusal and cut the communication.

His attempts steadily increase. His voice is often low and urgent; sometimes he sounds as if he is half-choking the words out; begins to remind me of Peter Lorre in "M." He mails me the first love note; colored ink on a green card.

Several times he gets into the St. C during office hours without buzzing (later I found out he is telling people he's a friend of mine), walks into office and sits down, ignoring my requests for him to leave. His manner is defiant, belligerent; gives the impression of terrific energy barely under control. In bullying tones he goes over and over the same theme: he loves me, must go to bed with me, can make me happy. My present boyfriend isn't right for me.

I try not to get emotional, to lock into his game; reason with him calmly; "Bob, you don't even know me, so how can you love me? You've created some fantasy of the woman you want me to be, but it's all in your imagination. I'm happy with my own boyfriend; there's no hope for anything between us ever; you must get over this," etc. He: "You don't really mean that. I can see in your eyes that underneath you're unhappy and lonely. I'm the right man for you," etc. Me: "LISTEN to me Bob! I'm telling you the truth -- you can't know me better than I do!" He gets more aggressive and insistent; I lose my temper; soon we are shouting; I'm ordering him out. He is redfaced and sweating, his eyes very strange: "You can't cut me off like this, you can't deny this feeling, you can't..."

I realize words are futile; he has his own fantasy about what's going on and it's stronger than any reality. Soon I'm convinced he's emotionally very disturbed and I am afraid of him.

APRIL 1976 By now I am managing several other old Venice buildings for the same owners; the 27-unit St C is the largest.

My private room and phone #'s are on the office door for emergencies. G now begins to call me on own phone; I refuse to speak and hang up. He also begins to come to my room on non-office time, mumbling through my door. His suggestions, here and over office phone/intercom, are becoming more explicitly sexual: "I have to fuck you," "Let's go down on each other," etc. I begin threatening to call police. If I start to dial for help from a man tenant, he leaves.

I tighten building security; put signs on all doors and bulletin board; describe Greenie, warn all tenants not to let him in. If a tenant reports G hovering about, I lock office and put a sign on the door: Please Knock. Cut down on trips to bank and post office.

Phil (my boyfriend) has run him out of building several times, but Phil works 2-11 PM and is almost never here when G is.

From one of Greenfield's early pieces of writing, written during this time, though not received until several months later. Not, like the vast majority, pornographic, it does indicate clearly his emotional state and also his unnerving ability for recreating reality into fantasy. Angry/fearful/disgusted looks from me become "looks of love." If he buzzes or phones without speaking, so that I ask coldly, "Is that you Greenie?", this gives him a "definite lift." Regularly he calls just to hear me say "St Charles Hotel, good afternoon" (reference to my "deliciously tender" voice), knowing I will hang up as soon as he speaks (the "abbreviated phone calls").

12 Whatever legal action a woman tries to take against such intimidation - arrest for trespassing, disturbing the peace, or battery; civil restraining order; anti-harassment injunction; or probation violation on any of the above - SHE must take responsibility for catching and holding the harasser until the police arrive...since the victim is usually a woman living alone, how is she to do this?

GREENIE, Continued from previous page

What I want is a mistress who keeps her hands on my throttle. Who shines my spear, uses her teeth to rub the rust off my engine. Maybe a bitch sometimes who throws kerosene on the ebbing flames late at night when it's dark and shivering. I want a large red house with an egg-shaped room. A virgin whore who talks bawdy, says, fuck me in the cunt, you wild red fucker. A woman who loves to be raped when she's stirring the soup. Who likes hands.....

SCENES FROM A NIGHTMARE

BY AUGUST I AWOKE EVERY MORNING KNOWING THAT some time that day I'd have to confront Greenie in one form or another. At any minute he might come at me over my telephone or through my locked door; or over the office intercom, or out of my mailbox. Or he might be hovering just outside the front security doors, waiting for me to leave the building. Sometimes all of these in one day.

Once I came home to find a dozen long-stemmed roses in a box with satin bow and ribbon, a tall green vase, and a written plea for a dinner date outside my door.

Another time a friend came to my room to tell me that Greenie was dressed up in a suit, holding a bunch of flowers, and gazing like a lost soul through the foyer. Just the day before this man had become enraged at hearing of Greenie's persecutions and promised to give him "a good dose of pain" the next time he saw him. "But he looked so pathetic, I didn't have the heart." Then next morning Greenie called and woke me up at 6:30 AM, saying quickly in the nastiest possible voice, "Let's fuck, I want to eat you" before I unplugged the phone.

Just as in the Morton-Wagner case--to quote Gail Morton from an L.A. Times article of 7/12/77--"I hated him, I felt sorry for him."

After I got an unlisted number--which meant all tenants calling on legitimate business had to be "cross-connected" via the answering service--Greenie began to come to my door more frequently. One night he showed up at 11, as I was getting into bed. He began his usual obscene mumblings through the door. I started to dial a male friend down the hall. As I dialed I heard Greenie leave.

Fifteen minutes later he was back. Again he left as I began to dial the phone. Again he returned fifteen minutes later. This continued every quarter hour until 2 AM. I don't know how he was getting in and out of the building. Perhaps he never really left, but was hiding up on the roof or at the bottom of the back stairs.

I got less than five hours of fitful sleep that night. I woke up next morning to the sound of Greenie's tapping and murmured lewdities. It was 6:45 AM.

6/21/76 - My parents were vacationing for several weeks; I jumped at the chance to stay in their house (then unknown to Greenie). A woman friend from out of town was visiting.

It was hot, but these days I always dressed in loose jeans, skin-concealing long-sleeved blouses, and sturdy shoes good for running or kicking. I also always carried a self-defense sprayer.

After my daily St. Charles office stint I was walking home along the Ocean Front, surrounded by hundreds of noisy, playing people. I felt safe.

Greenie came at me just as I passed the Heatless Messhall: "Wendy, darling, I have to make love to you..." and other typical phrases. I hurried on, pretending to ignore him. He followed. As we passed Muscle Beach I whirled and yelled at him to leave me alone, not come one step closer, then hurried on. People stared, snickered, edged away. Greenie kept coming, oblivious to everything else.

He was following me about 15 feet behind, never letting up with his litany. I pointed the sprayer; he kept coming; jeers from the crowd: "Havin' a little trouble with your boyfriend?" We were approaching an empty stretch; my last chance for help. I locked gazes with several big men: "Help me please! Grab him someone! This man is crazy. He won't fight a man. PLEASE HELP ME."

People moved away, looking uncomfortable. Bob was coming faster. I held the sprayer at arm's length and squeezed.

He dodged; the jet blew off without getting near him; the ocean breeze was too strong for the sprayer to be effective except at extremely close range. He kept coming.

I was almost to my folks'--just beyond that vacant lot. Not a soul was near us now but Greenie was far enough behind so I thought I could make it. I turned and dashed for the front door.

Horribly unexpected I felt him grab me from behind, pinning my arms to my sides in a strait-jacket hold, pressing me against him, giving me wet kisses, mumbling how he "loved" me and had to...well, the usual. How had he reached me so fast?

Twisting and struggling, I worked the sprayer up next to our faces and pushed the plunger. Bob loosened his hold for a second while I tore away and managed to get inside.

My throat and lungs were searing with pain; I couldn't breathe. I had the dry heaves for 15 minutes over the kitchen sink while my terrified friend called the police.

The patrol car arrived 25 minutes later. Bob was long gone.

The officers advised, "Have your boyfriend punch him out."

We missed the early show we'd planned to see.

11/19/77 -- Nine days after the worst physical attack so far ("room/guitar attack" told very briefly later), Greenie was again out on bail. We were awaiting yet another hearing.

I had moved into Apartment #1, house-sitting for a vacationing friend. About 4:30 PM Greenie



Waiting for battery case to come before the judge: plaintiff Reeves on left; Scott Tracy reading one of Greenie's letters to plaintiff from jail; witness Marilyn Siteoff on right listens with mouth agape; January 1978. Photo: H. McKay.

shoved his way in the front door past a new tenant, just ahead of Arnold Springer, who was coming to see me on Beachhead business. Arnold and Hugh McKay grabbed G in hallway outside #1 door. I called police, yelling through the door to hold G til they came. Hearing my voice, Bob began clawing at the door and began his usual lewd litany.

This was during the Hillside Strangler's reign of terror and the police arrived in a record ten minutes. As usual we gave them the capsule history; asked what was the most they could do. NOT as usual, they agreed to try and get G involuntarily committed for 72 hours, which they subsequently did with dispatch. Bless you Officers Walley and Brown. (No officers were ever willing to do this again, even though I always suggested it afterwards.)

I got on the phone, knowing that no file would follow G and that unless I talked with the psychiatrists myself they would have only G's convincing fantasies to go on. After several calls, explanations to skeptical bureaucrats, etc., found he'd been sent to a Santa Monica psychiatric clearinghouse; calling them was told he'd been sent to a confidential location not to be divulged to anyone.

Three days later I got a form letter from Camarillo State Hospital and a "Confidential Patient Information" sheet with questions about Bob; things like "SS# of patient's father," "Military service of patient's father," "Did you contribute to patient's support before entering hospital?" and so on. Greenfield had instructed them to send these forms to me as the person responsible for him.

I called Camarillo the same day; asked for the doctor in charge of case; he was not available. I spoke with a sympathetic orderly who promised to explain matters to the doctor and also said they'd try to keep G in for a couple of weeks until the hearing.

Thursday, 12/8, 11:30 AM: I got a message

through one of Bob's St C contacts that Dr. Chin of Camarillo wanted to talk to me, and a number to call. Here is the substance of our conversation (from notes made at the time):

Dr: Hello, Wendy. Are you coming to pick Bob up today?

Me: What do you mean, Doctor? Didn't your orderly explain this case to you?

Dr: Bob says you're coming to take him home with you today. He's very positive about it.

Me: But Doctor, that's why he's there; he has this whole fantasy about us but it's not true. Here I began my capsule history once again but after four sentences suddenly I was hearing those too familiar tones: "Wendy, sweetheart, come and take me home with you..." I hung up; waited; called Dr C back.

Me: Doctor Chin, do NOT let Greenfield get on the phone with me. Why on earth did you do that?

Dr: I thought it might be the only way to convince him. Have you ever told him directly...

Me: Told him directly? Doctor, he's been told a THOUSAND TIMES, he's been arrested, thrown out of my building... Here I did go into the case history. At first the doctor interjected things like "But he's so positive, so convincing!" and "You mean you've never been out with him?" After ten minutes or so I could tell he was starting to believe me instead of Bob. He grew very quiet. When I was through, there was a long pause. Then Dr. Chin said (exact quote): "Well, he really IS crazy then."

QUESTIONS & QUOTES

HAVING TOLD THIS scores or even half-hundreds of times by now, I know what questions must be going through many of your minds. I've heard them so often.

Q: Why didn't she move?

A: (Excerpt from a letter to Judge David Perez, 8/24/78) "Mr. Brown expressed surprise to find me still living in the same building, and your honor may al-

so be wondering about this fact...I hope you will take my word for it that I have the most compelling reasons--including financial considerations, employment arrangements, creative/career reasons (my involvement with the local paper, which is now publishing my articles regularly, is very important to my overall goal of becoming a writer), health reasons, and emotional ties (with my parents and friends and with a man who lives in a separate apartment in this building) which, car-less as I am, would be difficult to pursue elsewhere--in short, almost every reason possible for making a move my 'last resort.' I am quite happy here and can only hope it will never be necessary to pull up all my roots and connections and start over elsewhere."

Now I have done just that--and as renters know, that's not easy or cheap these days. I had to borrow \$1,500 to make this move, including first-last-deposit-fixup costs; and am paying \$120 more a month in rent, requiring a change in jobs (my second due to Greenfield), just to be rid of these daily harassments. And the nonfinancial costs are much much higher.

Q: Why didn't she have someone break his legs?

A: Greenie proved impervious to all sorts of minor physical damage, and I felt the risk of major damage was too great. Don't forget this person is irrational and unpredictable; what if he had come back when healed and thrown acid in my face? Or set the St. Charles on fire?

Q: Why didn't she have him killed ("float him," which I was told could be done in Venice for a mere \$100)? Or, carry a handgun and shoot him?

A: First, I don't want anyone's death--even Greenie's--on my conscience. Second, as a friend pointed out, "The way this case has gone, you'd be convicted of murder one and someone would write a best-seller about the tragic death of unrequited love." (concludes on facing page)

ed lover-poet Robert Greenfield.

As for all less drastic non-legal remedies, -- "She should have..." -- don't waste your time with this line of thought. For four years the combined energies of many many imaginative, bright, and dedicated people (his friends, my friends, psychiatrists, etc.) have gone into trying to break this obsession and/or stop this person. EVERYTHING short of murder has been tried. I do not have space to go into all the tactics, therapies, and techniques so please just believe me.

Phil Duffield, my boyfriend and tenant of the St. Charles: "I saw Greenie hanging around outside the building. I grabbed him by the neck, shaking him, saying 'I hear you're still bothering Wendy. This has got to stop, do you understand?' I didn't think I was really hurting him, but suddenly he crumpled to the ground. I went to the office very upset and told Wendy I thought I'd killed the guy. Don Kirkpatrick, the caretaker, was there. He said, 'Oh, so Greenie pulled his hurt-dog routine on you, eh?' Wendy later told me that an hour afterwards he was knocking at her door, muttering obscenities and saying he loved her."

T. Roberts, a probation review officer assigned to the case: "When I first talked to Bob, I thought I was getting through. I'd say, 'She doesn't want anything to do with you, Bob. She's the one who brought charges against you and had you arrested. You've got to forget about her.' I'd see the pain in his face as he listened. Then he'd look down for a minute, and when he'd look up again there would be a different look in his eyes. He'd say, 'But I know in her heart she really cares for me. She'd never do anything to hurt me. It's all the other people who are keeping us apart. I think I've been too wishy-washy. I must not take no for an answer. I think I've got to be much more aggressive from now on.' I'd argue and reason with him a while longer, but there was just no getting through his fantasies. After we played this scene out a few times, I gave up. No kind of talk therapy is going to help this character, and he's already on medication."

Judy Wieder, songwriter, my oldest friend and local Venice resident, regarding an incident at Muni's Liquor Store: "He looked sort of normal until he saw Wendy; then his manner changed completely. I saw his eyes go into crazy-gear as soon as he spotted her. He started towards her, oblivious to everything else, saying things like 'Wendy, sweetheart, I can't live without you...' I flagged down a passing patrol car; the cops bawled him out and tried to put a scare into him. They said it was all they could do."

Thomas L. Schulman, attorney who won a civil restraining order which Greenfield ignored totally: "I hate to say it, but there's not much we can do now. What you hope for with an action like this is that the guy will be scared off. Otherwise you have to prove he's broken the order, which is difficult; usually you have to catch him in the act. And the police won't generally come out on a civil matter... The law is clearly inadequate, no question about it. The judges seem to be reluctant to enforce any complaint along these lines. As a result, you've got to feel its wrong." (8/15/76)

IT CAN'T GO ON, IT CAN'T GO ON ... IT GOES ON

IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO RELATE HERE THE virtually dozens of truly bizarre incidents which make up this case, together with hundreds of more mundane ones. Many of these are written up in great detail in my files, but in condensing four years' worth of documentation into a few columns, I can only offer a few highlights.

-- Find that "I want to make a citizen's arrest" are magic words that bring police quickly; they can't risk false-arrest suits, but if I will they are prompt and helpful "assisting" with arrest.

-- Learn police won't go to G's house on warrant; "We've got 600 bench warrants out for people in Venice, we don't have time to round them all up."

-- In September G calls my room on unlisted number; his public defender had shown him a letter I'd written to judge which had number at bottom; when I called up to remonstrate, said: "Oh well, I thought he already had it." Change to new unlisted number.

-- Worst attack yet occurs on 11/20, when he forces his way into my room as I'm leaving (had always knocked before so I always knew when he was there; this time waited in silence), wrestles me to ground, breaks \$350 guitar I'm holding, bruises my shins badly against hardwood floor, kissing me & mumbling usual stuff; me screaming, men come from other end of hall (after several minutes) and drag him from off on top of me. Can I get him for forced entry? No: has to break doorlock or window. How about attempted rape? No: has to have pants down and have stated his intention to rape me in front of witnesses. Misdemeanor battery strongest possible charge.

-- At a January hearing in front of Judge Perez, I am allowed to present my side of the case, for once. G's public defender asks for G's release on his own recognizance; says G promises to leave me alone. Judge: "He may say that, but I don't believe him." Brown asks for the \$10,000 bail--the highest ever set on Greenie--to be reduced; points out this is very high bail for misdemeanor battery; "Denied."

Greenie spends until 9/78 in custody, mostly at Patton Mental Hospital (where he is treated well); leaves me alone til 2/79! Of four different sentencing authorities who have acted in this case, I feel Judge Perez was the only one who took the matter with the seriousness it deserved and acted accordingly.

-- At a re-evaluation hearing of 2/10, G says of me, "She's never refused me sexually."

IN FEBRUARY OF THIS YEAR, GREENIE ONCE MORE started in with his tedious, mechanical, unnerving

PRIORITIES FOR CHANGE

THERE ARE SO MANY HOLES IN OUR LEGAL SYSTEM FOR a harasser like this to slip through, it is hard to know where to start patching them up. However, from my experience I'd say the following items belong near the top of the list:

● The longer the history of the case, the higher the bail should be. Misdemeanor charges usually carry only \$100-\$250 bail, meaning the man can be out on a \$10-\$25 bond in most cases (10%).

● Lengths of time between arrests and due-cause type hearings, and between those and the trial or sentencing hearing, must be able to be expedited in serious harassment cases. For example, between 1 of G's arrests/releases (overnight) 3 mos. of constant intimidation before the trial; between the trial (at which he pled guilty, so that I was not allowed to be heard) and his same-day release on probation, seven more weeks of escalating harassment before I was able to have him picked up for breaking probation; then he only served 30 days of a possible 6 month sentence; etc.

● The plaintiff should be guaranteed a right to speak in court, and to present her log and/or witnesses, whether or not defendant pleads guilty --again, especially as case history grows.

● Defendants should not be able to trade all possible custody time/probation time for a 3 or 4 week stay in a mental hospital.

● Formal probation should be required on all such cases with a certain history-length.

pursuit; is picked up for probation violation promptly; spends 2½ months in county jail, bombarding me with mail and the new St. C manager with "emergency" phone calls for me; starts in again as soon as released; I find to my horror that Judge Perez's three-year probation (which I had looked on as deliverance) means nothing now since Greenie has served the maximum possible time under last year's charges. In June, acting as my own attorney, I am granted one of the new anti-harassment injunctions. Judge Raymond Choate of Santa Monica Superior Court reads my petition and a one-page resumé of the case and signs petition with no questions asked. I have worded it carefully, so that any attempt at all by Greenie to contact me is a misdemeanor; he is also not to bother my parents, go within a block of the St. Charles, etc.

Greenie is served; ignores injunction; I begin running around trying to get some enforcement; no-one knows much about this new proceeding; police send me back to court who send me back to police who send me to City Attorney's office and so on.

Something has finally snapped in me; I just can't face him one more time. I begin going from house to house of vacationing friends, living out of a suitcase. At the end of summer when I must move back to my abandoned St. C apartment, my father offers to hire a \$25/hr P.I. to stay with me until we catch Greenie in the act. With much difficulty, time, energy, etc. I manage to move.

Then I spoke one day with Probation Review Officer Garnett Brown, who I felt understood this matter perhaps better than anyone so far, even myself. Here is the substance of our conversation, from notes made at the time:

"I am going to recommend the maximum sentence in this case--6 months. I've read this whole file, and it's incredible. Some of these letters are enough to turn my stomach. Because the system has kept dropping the ball, you've been under all this stress and strain. It's ridiculous that's he's never been put on formal probation; it's ridiculous that you should be forced to move. He's been treated with kid gloves and you've had to wear him around your neck like an albatross for four years. By now he's invested so much energy in this it's his whole life --but he doesn't like jail [i.e. Wayside Security Farm] and that's the only way to break him of this," plus much else in a similar vein.

I believe Officer Brown is right; and in support of this is the fact that he did leave me alone for relatively long periods after the

two longest stretches in custody which resulted from Judge Perez's sentence.

Nevertheless Commissioner Carstairs ignored P.O. Brown's thorough review and recommendations and saw fit to release Greenfield on the day of his hearing, after 30 days in custody.

ONE OF THE "LUCKY" ONES

MAKE NO MISTAKE: IN MANY WAYS I AM ONE OF the "lucky" psychological rape victims.

For Greenie was not a calculating sadist. Though his behavior had sadistic effects on me, I believe it wasn't really under his control and that he usually acted without premeditation. He just "went crazy" when he saw me, the object of all his obsessive fantasies. Strategically he made many ludicrous moves, such as calling the hotel manager to leave his address and phone number (so that I would "come visit him"), just when I wanted to serve him with papers; and so on.

I can't help wondering what the story might have been. What is it like for the victim who is inarticulate, has no man-friend, has a "sexy" figure and manner? Who never gets a sentencing official like Judge Perez? Who is being persecuted by a truly calculating person or one who retaliates with false-arrest suits and other legal counter-moves (as happened in the Morton-Wagner case)? What if the harasser is an ex-lover or husband, or even just someone the woman went out with once or twice? The thought makes me shudder.

We must make the point--everywhere, in all the media, over and over--that this kind of intimidation is NOT related to sexual attraction. Psychologist Lillian Grayson of Simmons College puts it bluntly: "It's a form of hostility, like rape." In the *New West* article already cited, the author writes: "What fulfills their needs is knowing they have power over you and that you can do little about it."

D. L. Tillar, in an article on sexual harassment in employment (*Equal Opportunity Forum*, 5/79) adds, "...like rape, it is a tactic of insecure men." From the same source: "The assertion that targets of sexual harassment invite such treatment by their behavior and dress is refuted by the range of women victimized."

WHAT YOU CAN DO

THIS MAN IS NOW AT LARGE IN THE VENICE community; There is a warrant out for his arrest.

At press time he is still bothering my parents (a misdemeanor); still phoning the manager of the St. Charles trying to reach me (ditto) and has on one occasion woken her up at 6 AM saying "I have to fuck Wendy," and other obscenities. He walks up and down Ocean Front Walk asking all and sundry if they know where I am, how can he reach me, etc. Since his release, he has found out where I've been working this past year, asking for me and saying, "Don't worry, I'll find her." Each of these attempts to contact me is technically a misdemeanor punishable by six months in jail (less "good time," about 4½).

Since his release I have nightmares that he will find me here and it will start all over again. I cannot visit my parents or many friends in Venice; he ruined our Thanksgiving; I must finish out my last month at my old job (editing copy) by mail.

Greenfield will undoubtedly read this article and may go about saying "I'm sorry, I never meant to hurt Wendy, I love her..." Don't fall for this and please don't listen to it. To hear him tell it he has been sorry every day for four years. "Sorry" has no meaning until and unless he ceases his unrelenting harassment of me, my family, my workplace, my friends, the manager and tenants of the St. Charles; and until he stops looking for me. Then I can start to live normally again.

I could certainly use some money, to pull myself out of debts this matter has sunk me into, and to hire an attorney to represent me. It's been suggested that this story would make a good "documentary" and I definitely think the issue needs media attention. Anyone interested in buying the rights to this tale, or having me on a talkshow in support of anti-harassment legislation, etc., may write to the P.O. Box given below... naturally this box is far from the neighborhood I am actually living in, and naturally I won't be able to pick up the mail in person.

I would also be interested in hearing from other victims of psychological rape, especially any others who have suffered at the hands of Greenie.

Please circulate this article to anyone you know who might be in a position to help me personally and/or the anti-harassment cause: feminist attorneys, legislators, city councilpeople, ACLU people, and so on.

Throughout this long ordeal, many many people including one of Bob's own public defenders, have said, "The bottom line is this: you'll have to move or kill him."

I think women in such circumstances deserve a better set of alternatives.

Don't you?

MORE ...can't from Pg 14

Venice and you get more noise and the danger of your rents going up.

Because the Sidewalk Cafe and other Ocean Front businesses are going to clean up the area in other ways. They've already begun. Public benches have been removed from the area west of the Sidewalk Cafe and the Meatless Coney Island Cafe. Yes folks, that same restaurant that took over a public street. That's right, a whole public street for their own use, and taken away parking space to put in a patio for their customers. The public benches that used to be west of their restaurant are gone also. It has been rumored that the removal of the benches has been brought about by pressure from certain businesspeople who want to discourage those who can't afford to get drunk in public behind iron work railings, from annoying those who can.

Of course, one of the consequences is that the tenants of 1415 OFW don't have their benches to sit on. This was upsetting to some of your apartment neighbors. Well, that's progress.

The Sidewalk Cafe was ordered by the City to get a revokable permit and pay the City rent on the public land they encroached on. According to reliable sources, Mr. Christmas has leased the Sidewalk Cafe's parking lot that was being used for parking and vending. Mr. "Poor Doug" Christmas is paying \$8,000 a month for that lot.

I like the Small World Bookstore, and I enjoy the Sidewalk's ability to stay funky despite it's attempt at chic. When the bartender's right on, the drinks are good, and after a few of them the music is as good as any of the music we used to get for free at 3 AM before the Ocean Front was cleaned up so that the kids from the Valley and Beverly Hills could come down to skate, snort, and take their drugs in an atmosphere of good clean expensive fun.

My suggestion to you, that is, the one that's printable, is why don't you call the police, Councilwoman Russell's office, the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board, with your complaints. The only trouble is, you might have to give your name and if you are afraid of me, just wait till you get mixed up with the various bureaucracies.

As to your defense of Christmas, he is not bringing art to the community, he is selling art to buy the community.

The only thing artistic about the artrepreneurs that are hyping their way into Venice is their ability to build paper empires on economic sand.

That Christmas is ignorant of the laws and ordinances that govern the community to make Venice accessible to all the taxpayers who make possible the upkeep of the beaches, restrooms, benches, lifeguard salaries, etc., is surprising especially after his little oversight regarding the Bank of America building on Windward and Pacific.

Everyone who has defended Doug Christmas has told me how poor he is.

HEY. I'm poor. I don't have any extra money to put down on a building in Venice so I can use it as collateral to put down on another building in Venice ad infinitum, like the Dutch Girl Cleanser label.

It's not my fault that poor Doug bought a building and now finds that he'll end up owing money on it. As to the speculation game he is playing in Venice, don't blame me for Poor Doug's defects in mathematical abilities.

You're poor. If your rent goes up you won't be able to afford to live in Venice, much less your apartment.

Nor only am I poor, I must be stupid, because whoever you are, the fact that you won't be able to live in a place that you've lived in longer than I have been in Venice because of economics forced on you by artistic speculation concerns me. It hurts me and I feel powerless and angry when I hear of a woman who has lived in her apartment for years, and was finally forced to move because she couldn't afford the rent. She couldn't find anywhere else to live in the area that she could afford, so she moved into a borrowed trailer on a parking lot. The lot was sold and she was forced to move. I don't know where she is now or what she's doing, but her small one room apartment is now renting for \$280 a month. A divorced woman who works as a waitress to help support her 2 small children has been asking me if I know of a one

bedroom apartment for \$240 a month. She used to live in the same building I did, with her husband and child and another on the way in a one bedroom apartment for \$115 a month. This was 4 years ago. That place now rents for \$450 a month.

At the hearing for the Zone Variance for Charmer's Tea House, not once did I hear E. Jane Erickson mention low-income housing as a part of the Charmer's package.

Just remember that. Remember I told you so.

As part of my Judaic-Ethos upbringing, I revere the elderly for their experience, cherish them for their wisdom, and to yell at them when they yell at me. The elderly are elderly because they're tough. And the elderly are what I will become.

However, age is no excuse for the unsigned malicious untruths with which you smear people and their organizations.

If not childish, your letter reeks of that senility of mind that occurs when the arteries that lead to the brain begin to harden. This can happen at the age of 15, and is unfairly blamed on age.

I am in accord with you in your distaste for raw pornography. I prefer my sauteed.

SIGNED:
CAROL FONDILLER



RISTORANTE PALADINO RESTAURANT
C/O DOUGLAS CHRISTMAS AND JANE ERICKSON
1815 OCEAN FRONT WALK, VENICE (18th AVE.)

This Restaurant, owned by Christmas and to be managed by Jane Erickson, has had both City and Coastal Commission permits for some time. Plans to start construction were postponed when the parties learned that they had to have a variance, a conditional use permit from the City to sell alcohol in a C-1 zone. They applied for this variance and a hearing was held before a Zoning Administrator on August 28. A ruling has been issued as of Oct. 17. In the course of the hearing it was discovered by the hearing officer thru examination of Ms. Erickson that there had been some misunderstanding by the Coastal Commission of the extent of the restaurant being proposed. Apparently the applicants had represented that there would be no dining on the large open deck area fronting on the Ocean Front Walk. When, in the course of his discussion with Ms. Erickson, she rather haltingly agreed that in fact not only beer and wine but food as well would be consumed on the deck, and that in fact tables would be set on the deck, the hearing officer became upset and asked whether the plans he was reviewing were the same plans that the applicants had submitted to the Coastal Commission. He was assured that they were.

The conditional use was approved with the following conditions: 1) That the sale or dispensing of beer and wine on the premises shall be conducted only in conjunction with the food served from the restaurant facility located at that address; 2) That no food take-out window shall be maintained nor shall the large deck in front be used for dining purposes; 3) That the small bar in the restaurant, indicated on the plan as espresso and juice bar, shall not be used as a patron's alcoholic beverage consumption bar; 4) shall not operate past 1:30 am. "This conditional use shall be subject to revocation...if the conditions imposed are not strictly observed."

In what the L.A. Times called "the biggest industrial real estate transaction in Venice", the 4 building complex on Third St. south of Rose Ave. has been leased for \$2,375,000. Length of the lease was not mentioned. The new leasee is LouverDrape Inc. Total square footage is 67,570. Something called The Rader Co represented LouverDrape in dealings with the former holders, Rose Milk.

Meanwhile, in Vancouver Canada, the strike against the Muckamuck restaurant, operated by Jane Erickson and Doug Christmas, continues. The Vancouver paper, "The West Ender," on Oct. 25, called it the longest and most bitterly contested restaurant strike in B.C. history. The


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Christmas in the News

strike, waged by the Service, Office, and Retail Workers Union of Canada (SORWUC) has gone on for 17 months.

In an attempt to end the strike, management asked the Labour Relations Board of B.C. to decertify the union, that is to remove it as the bargaining agent for the restaurant workers. The LRB refused to grant this request in June. Management appealed, supported by the present employees, but this appeal was rejected by a second LRB panel in August. According to the LRB decertification of SORWUC "would grant the employer a victory which he had not attained in collective bargaining."

Apparently as a result of these reverses Muckamuck management's policy has begun to change. Jane Erickson and manager Sussy Selbst arranged to meet and confer with SORWUC representatives in order to "explore the possibilities" of renewing negotiations. No meetings between management and SORWUC have taken place since July 1978. But strikebreaking workers at the Muckamuck found out about the meeting and picketed it. They labeled Erickson and Selbst "traitors" and "turncoats" for talking to the union and chanted "Jane Go Home" outside the union offices. The Vancouver Sun of Oct. 23 called the entire incident bizarre. Erickson called it "a hideous experience" but Union representatives claimed that the entire event was staged, a "cheap publicity gimmick" that was "setup" by restaurant management. Erickson denied the change. Television cameras recorded the event.

Later that day, at the Muckamuck itself, scabbing workers "threatened to quit and began arguing with the manager in front of customers" about the aborted meeting.

Then, later that same week, an hour long T.V. debate was held between Jane Erickson and Mugs Sigurgeirson, SORWUC representative. During that media event, according to Sigurgeirson, Ms. Erickson said that the Muckamuck was \$350,000.00 in debt due to the strike.

James Barber, Vancouver restaurant writer and broadcaster, who tried to set up the meeting said "It's a sad situation. All they need to do is just get together and talk. What will probably happen now is that the restaurant will go into bankruptcy." "The only reason they are operating now is that they are paying their staff double wages." Erickson, when contacted by The West Ender, said that that was not true.

The latest word we have is that of Oct 30 SORWUC has filed a very long, 30 page unfair labour practices complaint against Muckamuck. The LRB was attempting to set up another meeting between union and management.

**NEGATIVES-STATS
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them fly over there before the situation got entirely out of hand. All he finally did was order two ships to go cruise around their waters. These are the type that must be re-fueled at least every five days in order to run. S.A.C. could have bombed their oil fields and created a diversion while paratroopers landed inside the Embassy Compound.

Oh no! Carter went to church and prayed. Then froze Iranian assets in our banks. What a brave man he was. We are the laughing stock of the entire Islamic world.

When will we Americans stop appeasement and start acting like red-blooded people again? We give other countries arms and ammunition - food and money. We educate their youths and take in the people they conquer, who flee the scorched lands. All the recipients do is spit in our face - even then, we just turn the other cheek.

It is high time we get a real Leader in the Oval Office of The White House - an acting and forceful leader who the rest of the world will respect and look up to.

My favorite passage in our Christian Bible state "God Helps he who Helps His Self."

So don't expect to pray for God to rectify the mistakes we make and things we should do. Just get up on our feet and help our selves for a change.

Mrs. G.R. Wells
Venice

RUTH CLARK

Goldie Glitters and a handful of other aspiring young hopefuls have had their free promo day in Venice, and Kelly Brooks is our new queen, having succeeded to the throne by acclamation of the people; the party's over, and another "blot on the escutcheon" has been added to the passing charade on Ocean Front Walk.

And speaking as the person who vowed that if we were to have a queen, we must have a vote, I'm glad, glad, glad, it's over, for I found it embarrassing and distasteful. What with all the hype and the promo and the games that people do play, darlings, my dream of simply bringing together the energetic and creative gay community got lost somewhere between the rehearsed cheers and "take twos" coming from within the Lafayette, as they crowned their self-appointed queen inside and I crowned the people's choice outside...and I'd still like to know what that there "Servir al Pueblo" means on Goldie's crown.

My Chicano friends insist it means "to serve the town"; however, when we invited Goldie to put his name on the ballot, that we were putting the queenship to a popular vote, that he shit or get off the throne, as it were, he demurred; "I'm too busy promoting my book to take on the responsibilities of being queen of a town."

This flimsy bit of whimsy passed further through the looking glass, when the town crier arrived announcing, "Goldie Glitter's book is to be made into a film by Barbara Avedon but Barbara Avedon's film must be completed before they can bring out Goldie Glitter's book"...and things got curiously and curiously.

Not until Nov. 19th, the entry deadline, had passed and all our local queens verified by their silence that they didn't give a damn about becoming a real royal-type queen, did I return to my own particular brand of reality, realizing that at last we have a bona fide queen, the paper crown queen, the people's choice, Queen of Venice, Her Highness Kelly Brooks..... and the rest is up to God and the Ocean Front Weekly.

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VENICE



396-3546

DUMPING ABROAD

by Moe Stavnezer

A few months ago I did some articles on corporate irresponsibility in manufacture and pollution. The current issue of Mother Jones (Nov 79) takes the issue a step further with a series of articles on "dumping". They define dumping as the export of banned and hazardous products mostly to third world countries.

The articles are important because they document the integral role played by our government in the dumping process - all, of course, in the name of aid to the underdeveloped.

Dumping Drugs Abroad

The largest portion of Mother Jones research concerns drugs developed by US Drug companies which are proven too dangerous for use by Americans and are then dumped on other countries - mainly in Asia, Africa, and Latin America. The majority of these are birth control pills or devices and antibiotics. Especially with regard to birth control, the role played by the US Agency for International Development (AID) appears essential to the dumping process. This agency has arranged for or approved the dumping of the Dalkon Shield (an IUD deemed unsafe for American women after hundreds of thousands of adverse reactions to it, some resulting in death) throughout the 3rd world. AID has also helped US companies get rid of or use birth control pills and/or injections that cannot be used in the country. Much of what AID does in this field is hidden because actual purchase and/or distribution are carried out by private or international organizations largely funded by AID. For example AID has provided these amounts to these agencies:

- U.N. Fund for Population Activities; \$204 million dollars or 35% of its budget
- International Planned Parenthood; \$126 million dollars or 40% of its budget
- Family Planning International Assistance; 95% of its budget

Under the rubric of controlling population for the benefit of the 3rd world, it is US policy to dump dangerous drugs into the bodies of 3rd world women. In most cases neither the doctors administering these killers nor, certainly, the women

who get them, are informed of their danger

Some Dumps Come Back

Another kind of dump involves pesticides found to be lethal for use in this country. Many of these, like DBCP, DDT, aldrin, Phosvel etc., are manufactured here and, though banned from use here, are exported to countries all over the world. In fact 40% of the 1.6 billion pounds of pesticides sold annually in this country is sold to export buyers, according to Mother Jones.

In many cases these pesticides are sold to US food producers in other countries who grow products which are eventually sent back to this country for our consumption. So we are really not protected from ingesting these dangerous drug even though they cannot be used here.

Worse of course is the fact that most underdeveloped countries are taught by us to rely on these drugs and their populations, including the farm workers who are constantly sprayed by or work with these very dangerous pesticides, are not protected at all from ingesting these killers. The average DDT content in the blood of Guatemalans or Nicaraguans is 30 times the US average.

Mother Jones labels this travesty the corporate crime of the century and, given the number of people affected, may be understating the case. For those who want more information, I urge you to read the Nov. issue of Mother Jones.



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LA NOPALERA

16

LA NOPALERA, a group of young Mexican musicians from San Luis Potosi, have been performing for the last four years, throughout Mexico, Latin America, Europe and the United States. What began as a group accompanying the famous Chilean folksinger, Angel Parra, in 1975 has developed into the most dynamic representative of the Mexican New Song Movement.

Drawing on traditional musical forms of Latin America such as the huapango, son, calypso, cumbia, tango, merengue and samba, the group has created a new musical phenomena by combining the traditional with the contemporary influences of Milton Nascimento, Chico Buarque, Sylvio Rodriguez, Pablo Milanes, as well as jazz contemporary Chick Corea and rock artist Stevie Wonder.

LA NOPALERA has been warmly received in 28 states of Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Venezuela, Brazil, Peru, the Dominican Republic and Europe. Among the many events in which the group has participated are: the Festival of Folklore in the National Auditorium, Mexico City, 1975; Festival of Song, Finland, 1975; Festival of Popular Song, Morelia, 1976; Celebration of Uruguayan Culture in Exile, 1977.

In addition to the numerous albums recorded with Angel Parra, LA NOPALERA has produced three albums of its own, and will soon release a fourth for worldwide distribution with POLYGRAM Records.

The Westside Tenant Action Center is honored to introduce LA NOPALERA to the people of Venice. Join us at the Come Back Inn, Saturday, December 8th, 1:00 pm.

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L.A.P.D. "RED SQUAD" BLUES

by Jeff Cohen

In 1975, I was active in the Campaign for Democratic Freedoms, a short-lived group which organized teach-ins on campuses around L.A. on Watergate, assassinations and other CIA/FBI atrocities. We were purely a "consciousness-raising" group: we appeared on talkshows, published articles, held peaceful picketlines, and never were we involved in anything close to a public disturbance. Our rhetoric got no more inflammatory than accusing the CIA of responsibility for more LSD burners than Timothy Leary or charging the FBI with spreading more fatal gossip than Rona Barrett. In short, we were as close to a terrorist group as the Mah-jong Society of Beverly Hills.

In the summer of '75, our group focused its attention on a big brother agency closer to home, devoting a one-day conference exclusively to LAPD abuse. One of our veteran activists, Connie, took the lead in designing a provocative leaflet for the event which contained a menacingly pointed police pistol below the bold-faced heading "LAPD: The Truth About The New Centurions."

It was our best and most eye-catching leaflet. That's why it was so disturbing to learn years later that our artist-in-residence, Connie Milazzo, had been a full-time, full-paid LAPD undercover officer.

Ours was not the only lawful political group infiltrated or surveilled that year by LAPD's political unit, the Public Disorder Intelligence Division (PDID). In fact, PDID's 1975 spy-list reads like an honor roll of the civil rights and peace movements: S.C.L.C., Jesse Jackson's P.U.S.H., Black Social Workers Union, Hayden & Fonda's Indochina Peace Campaign, United Farm Workers, Mexican-American Political Association, National Council of Churches, National Organization of Women (NOW), Feminist Women's Health Center, Gay Community Services Center, and so on. Councilman Yaroslavsky, whose Southern California Council for Soviet Jews was one of the nearly 200 groups on the list, noted that the vast majority were merely left-of-center and called it "nothing more than an Ed Davis hit-list."

There is another way of looking at the list. The fact that more than half of the LAPD's surveillance targets were minority and civil rights groups can be explained in a word. I spell it: R-A-C-I-S-M.

GANG OF FIVE

The LAPD's spying did not end in 1975. Since then, five police infiltrators in lawful political organizations have been exposed:

--The first was CONNIE MILAZZO, who left the Campaign for Democratic Freedoms to participate in more progressive groups in a two year period than Tom Hayden has in the last two decades. Officer Milazzo's left credentials include the LA Vanguard newspaper, the L.A. Women's Union and the Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee.

--Milazzo's activist boyfriend JON DIAL was soon exposed as Sergeant Dial. Immediately after their covers were blown, the cohabitants decided to get married--the proper thing to do. Dial's seven-year pose as a peace activist began when he infiltrated a Venice collective that was writing a book, The Glasshouse Tapes, about LAPD spies and agent-provocateurs. Dial was a security specialist for countless progressive events throughout the 70's, and did some advance work on anti-war speaking tours for Hayden and Fonda.

--GEORGIA ODOM infiltrated the Coalition Against Police Abuse (CAPA)--which took the lead in mobilizing against police killings--from 1976 to 1978, and became its recording secretary. She began her infiltration of CAPA after having joined the Anthony Brown Defense Committee, which was composed largely of bereaved family members of Brown, a victim of a very questionable police killing. On more than one occasion, Officer Odom proposed illegal or ultra-militant tactics, which were rejected by CAPA activists.

--EDDIE SOLOMON infiltrated CAPA in 1976 before moving on to another group critical of LAPD, the National Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression, where he became the office manager. In 1977, Officer Solomon drove with Alliance activists to North Carolina to demonstrate in support of the Wilmington 10. He still owes money for gas.

--CHERYL BELL was exposed in January 1979 after having infiltrated the anti-nuclear Alliance for Survival for a year. She had become the president of the Committee on Nuclear Information at California State University-L.A.

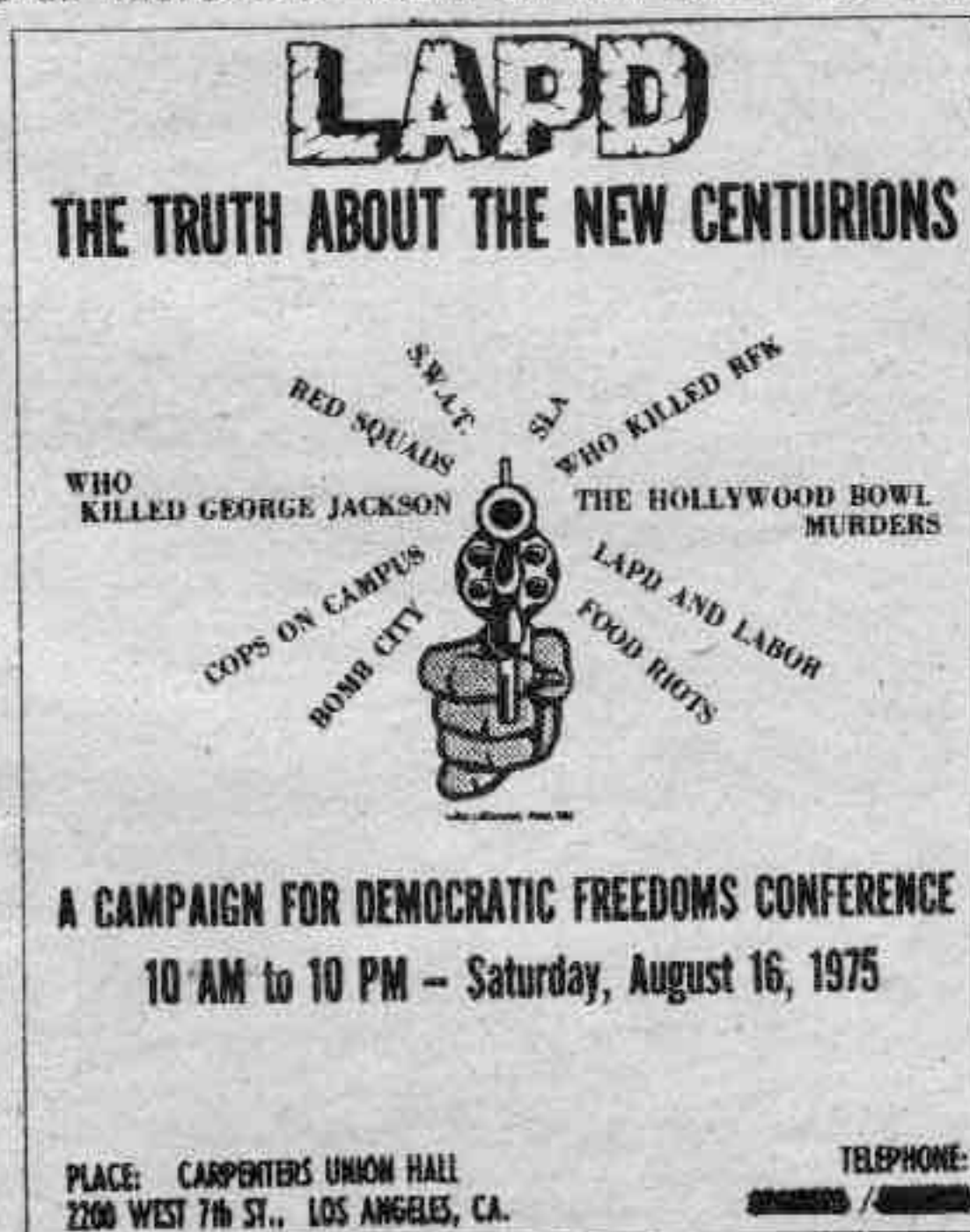
A review of this gang of five reveals an alarming pattern as to who the LAPD targets for surveillance. Except for no-nuker Bell,

all were assigned to infiltrate groups whose main reason for coming into existence was to monitor and oppose police abuse. The LAPD has elevated its own critics to the top of its surveillance hit-list. The Department outlook seems to be, "You criticize us; we surveil you."

SPY WASTE

Public Disorder Intelligence Division has a budget of \$2.5 million for this kind of political spying. In the wake of Proposition 13, can we afford such government waste? Can we afford to have Officer Solomon on payroll while he marches in North Carolina? Can we afford to have Officer Odom on payroll while she proposes illegal tactics to a group committed to legality and non-violence?

Even more than the money, can we afford the threat to our personal freedoms represented by the dossier system? My FBI file from 1975 (acquired through a federal Freedom of Information request) attests not only to an incredible waste of tax money, but also



Leaflet designed by
L.A.P.D. undercover officer

to the harm threatened by libelous distortions that have a habit of accumulating in a political dossier. One of my colleagues is called an ex-dope addict; another is termed an organizer for "a communist union"--both outlandish falsehoods.

The FBI admits to having 90 pages concerning me; the LAPD could have 900. I'll never know until we have a local Freedom of Information Act. The main argument of city and police officials against a local act is that it would be too costly to administer. These officials know the argument is fraudulent. They are as aware as anyone that soon after allowing citizens access to their files --with all the waste, inaccuracy and prying contained in the typical dossier--there will be a popular clamor against PDID.

Ultimately, Freedom of Information will save the taxpayers money, thanks to cuts that will be demanded in PDID. In fact, abolishing PDID altogether would save us \$2.5 million per year. I'd sleep easier, too--and not just because of the tax cut.

Jeff Cohen is the Research Assoc. of the Citizen's Commission on Police Repression, which has led the fight for a local Freedom of Information Act giving citizens access to their own LAPD intelligence files.

In July 1978, Councilman Zev Yaroslavsky proposed such an act. On Sept. 28, 1979, after sitting on the issue for 14 months, the City Council passed the buck to the Board of Police Commissioners--instructing the Board to develop an access procedure. In January, 1980, the Board will hold a public hearing on the matter.

To join in the effort for Freedom of Information or to receive the monthly newsletter of the Citizen's Commission, write 633 S. Shatto Pl., Ste. 200, L.A. 90005; or call 387-3937.

-Reprinted from the L.A. Weekly 10-5-79



Film Review:

17

"STARTING OVER"

by Linda Burdick

Anyone who has attempted to recuperate from a love affair that was never intended to end can identify with this film. And if this romantic schizm occurred in the dead of winter and in the East, beware unless that desolation you worked so hard to lose comes momentarily creeping back.

The story opens as Phil (Burt Reynolds) is thrust into the world of singularity. His psychiatrist brother and sister-in-law try to persuade Burt (in jargon laden terms) that his separation from his narcissistic singer wife, Jessie (Candice Bergen) is a golden opportunity for growth. Burt is not convinced.

Pretty soon, however, boy meets girl and the aura of depression starts to dissipate. Jill Clayburgh (as the new girlfriend of Phil's) all set to play house finds herself in the awkward position of playing hostess to a scantily dressed Jessie instead. What with the propitious return of the estranged wife, life is a little less secure in the Reynolds household or you might say Phil and Jill come tumbling down. At this point anything might set Phil wondering if he has made the right choice. The stirring event is the purchasing of a couch in a Boston department store. Phil has a bona fide anxiety attack to which his brother and Valiums from a dozen or so onlookers come to the rescue---pretty good commentary on modern times.

Well, anyway, everyone knows that the best way to get over a dead affair is to relive it and that's just what Phil does to recover from his wife. But what do we do to get over a film heavy with the ambience of depression without any sense of feeling from Burt? Try as I may I can't decide if the lack lies in a vacuous characterization in the script or in Burt.

Fortunately, all is well that ends well and you can go home smiling while you hum "breaking up is hard to do".



MAS FLORES PARA NICARAGUA

NICASO, the Nicaraguan Solidarity Organization, will be part of this year's KPFK Winterfaire, Dec 20th thru 23rd at S.M. Civic Auditorium. They will occupy half of the front lobby, a prime location. The selling booth will feature a first for the Faire: handcrafts from the many cultures of Latin American (Chilean, Nicaraguan, Chicano, Mexican, et. al.); the stage will present almost continual music and teatro (Mañana es Hoy, Urura, Los Perros, and many more); there will be a photo & slide display of the struggle, victory, & today's reconstruction plus batiks, posters & other art-forms speaking to the great human victory in Nicaragua. Also, an experiment in involvement: Fairegoers to be asked to construct a day-care center using basic mat'l's, broken toys, etc., much as the process is going on in Nicaragua today. This will also serve as meaningful child-care for the Faire. Volunteers & repairable toys & building mat'l's are needed; bring to the Faire. Info: 3926226.



Fairegoer delights children and others on Ocean Front Walk. Photo: W. Reeves

18 WOMEN'S CLINIC cont.

from Pg. 5

have now been hired and oriented.

Weak points, such as the role of different staff in emergency procedures, have been corrected by extensive staff training in the past few months. Even at the worst period, the doctors we interviewed felt that the Clinic had continued to maintain a high medical standard.

No medical setting can be perfect. A major problem with the medical establishment is not that it makes mistakes, but that it covers up its mistakes. The Women's Clinic is not defensive in this way; this is an important and valuable attitude in an alternative health care setting. The blowing up of a few "incidents" to use as ammunition in an internal political struggle could have the unfortunate effect of discouraging the Clinic's open self-criticism.

My analysis indicated that the major financial problems of the Clinic were not caused by financial mismanagement, although a certain amount of financial mismanagement (e.g., bouncing paychecks) resulted from them. The basic problem was underfunding.

In terms of the pattern of services existing over the past years, gynecology services are provided at a loss, which is balanced by the income stemming from abortions. Overall solvency depends on having birth control, the third major program, break even. This is theoretically possible because birth control is the one program that is supported by outside funding from government money. In this context it became clear that the most fundamental cause of financial problems had been chronic underfunding of family planning by our funding agency, based on unrealistic assessment of cost per patient visit. This analysis agreed with that of the agency auditors. In recognition of these facts, the agency granted the Clinic a \$60,000 loan, which may become an outright grant, and augmented the current year's funding level by \$12,000.

However, there is a political side to the money issue. In the past, many workers at the Clinic had thought it politically undesirable to take money from the government (as well as from private foundations); yet these are the major sources of health care funding. Reluctance to seek such money also means the Clinic would have to charge much higher prices for services, or grossly underpay its own workers. It is my view that it is good politics to expect the government to pay for health care and that the ultimate political goal for health care in this country should be socialized medicine. One of my major recommendations was therefore to go after adequate funding from our funding agency. There has been agreement with this approach and steps have been taken to carry it out.

New Directions

The Clinic has adopted a committee structure as a possible resolution of the tension between hierarchy and collectivity; this structure maintains group decision-making, but in a more efficient and therefore less frustrating manner.

An important new direction is toward adding new services. In addition to chiropractic service, the Clinic will soon be able to provide acupuncture. This is a pioneering effort to integrate nontraditional holistic health services into a medical setting. In addition, the Clinic will soon begin teaching natural family planning, the least oppressive method of birth control available to women. It is a new, more advanced "rhythm" method which incorporates observation of vaginal mucous with other physiological indices of the fertility cycle.

Another conflict area at the Clinic has been the care of children of staff members. For the first time, the Clinic has explicitly voiced its feminist responsibility for child care. For practical reasons, mainly the small number of staff women with children and the amount of available space, it was not feasible to set up a child care center. The board did,

however, pass a recommendation that a child care allowance be added to the pay of a worker with child care responsibilities. Because of the fact that medical workers receive much higher pay than other workers, they will not be eligible for this child care allowance.

This brings up an area of conflict that has not been resolved. One might call it the conflict between professional and nonprofessional orientations. The Clinic has always encouraged the development of lay participation in health care and started out with an egalitarian philosophy with regard to pay. However, over the years, it became impossible to find medical people who would work for around five dollars an hour, the current rate of pay for other workers at the Clinic. Hence, it became necessary to pay nurse practitioners and other health care professionals much more. This discrepancy has caused a lot of tension at the Clinic and resentment that the only skills which receive financial reward are medical ones. This is an area that is going to receive attention over the coming months.

I feel excited about the Clinic's future--the care it provides, its plans for new programs, the direction of its internal politics--and I would like to invite as many women as possible to participate and support the Clinic as clients, board members, and community people. I welcome responses to my article and hope that it will open up the public dialogue that is so important to the development of women's health care, as well as to the Clinic as a community institution.

Keep up with what's on around town.

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WOMEN

Westside Women's Clinic

Mon. & Dec. 10, 7:30 pm. Alliance for Survival Film presentation of Dr. Helen Caldicott speaking on "Medical Implications of Nuclear Energy." 1705 Ocean Park Blvd. Ocean Park 450-4922

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DECEMBER

Every Monday
3-6 p.m.

Battered Women's Legal Counseling Clinic. Legal information concerning criminal, family and related law. 392-8383
At Womonspace.

7-10 p.m.

Volleyball, sponsored by Womonspace, at Culver West Park, 4162 Wade Ave., Culver City.

Alternative to A.A. Not for those who need detoxification or therapy. A creative dialogue/feminist support on the part alcohol plays in our lives. Open to all women. Facilitated by Betty Shoemaker (484-9988)
At Womonspace. 7:30 p.m.

Battered Women's Legal Counseling Clinic. At Womonspace. 392-8383 Every Tuesday
Every Wednesday 6-9 p.m.
7-10 p.m.

Volleyball at Culver West Park, 4162 Wade Ave. Culver City.

Women's Group "Searching for Self". A work space for learning about ourselves. All women who want to experience and to contribute to such an atmosphere are welcome. Facilitated by Lynn Boylan 7:30-9 p.m.
At Womonspace. \$1 donation.

Every Thursday
7 p.m.

Radical Feminist Open Drop-In Rap Group. A safe, supportive environment where women can grow and share skills. The goal of Radical Feminists is personal and political change. At Womonspace.
\$2 unemployed/ \$5 employed donation.

Friday
Dec. 7
7:30 p.m.

Jewish Feminist Drop-In Group.
Meets the 1st Friday of each month.

Dec. 21

Potluck and Open Stage 7 p.m.
Open Stage is a space for women to share other women's material in a safe atmosphere. \$1 donation. At Womonspace.

ART

Cameravision

Dec. 7 - Jan 13. Photography of Harlan Goldberg, Don Van Amerongen, Harout Kazanjian. 4121 Wilshire Blvd. LA 380-4266 8 pm.

Creative Art for Adults and Children \$5 per hour. M. Herzog 399-0685

DANCE

Pacific Motion Dance

Fri, Sat., Dec. 14, 15 8 pm.
Jeff Slayton, modern dance will present two evenings of his works. Formerly with Merce Cunningham Dance Company.
1621 W. Washington Blvd. Ven. Info 392-3921

SENSOR AWARDED PLAYBOY FOUNDATION GRANT

Sensor, the Women's Media Resource Center, received a grant from Playboy. The grant will fund a special tv program on juvenile prostitution, Children of the Night, to be aired on Theta Cable this December. Sensor is the only organization to receive a Media Project Grant from Playboy in Los Angeles. Sensor operates out of Box 5595, Santa Monica, CA.

MUSIC

Unitarian Society WLA

Dec. 16, 11 am. Songs and Poetry of Sophie Moore. Music both social and personal.
3744 S. Barrington Mar Vista 391-9135

Foundation for Art Resources

Dec. 16, 8 pm. Tom Johnson will present his composition Nine Bells, in which he walks continuously, playing on nine fire alarm bells suspended from the ceiling. The piece is about three miles long. No lie. His best know work is The Four Note Opera.
522 Santa Monica Blvd. SM \$3 395-0456

Go For Baroque Ensemble

Sat. Dec. 15, 16, 22, 23. Free concerts; music of Telemann, and Michael Corrette. Featured players Valerie King, Leslie Woodbury, Leslie Lashinsky and Janet Davis. FREE
2827 Main St. Santa Monica 1-3 pm.

Free Symphony Concert

Sund. Dec. 9 7:30 pm. Marina del Rey-Westchester Symphony, conducted by Frank Fetta, will play Christmas Concerto by Corelli, New World by Dvorak, Triple Concerto by Beethoven. Featuring Armen Guzelimian Piano, John Walz Cello and Endre Balogh Violin. info. -
Wilshire Ebell Theater 4401 W 8th St. L.A.

Idea Co.

Dec. 30, Sun. 8 pm. Alex Cline- wolo performance. Rites and Rising, \$4. Creative jazz.
522 Santa Monica Blvd. 395-0456

Rock Against Racism

Organization of musicians and rock fans who are tired of social injustice and inequality. If you want to help put on free concerts, write us at PO Box 242, Pomona, 91766 or call: 213-466-8732 or 714-623-3050.

Front Porch Tea House

Every Thurs Even. Private jamm sessions. Info 399-9977. Reservatio W. Wash Blvd.

POETRY

Temple of Man Poetry

Sat. Dec. 15 8 pm. Bruce Kijewski and the poetry songs and guitar of Bruce Glazer. 1439 Cabrillo Ave., Venice 399-9747.

Writer's Cramp West

Tired of Reading your finest work to the walls? Non-profit workshop of poets, screenwriters, novelists, journalists is accepting new members now. Info. 821-7061 920 Venice Blvd. #220

Fifth Street Studio Theater

Poets reading works in their native languages, with English translations.

Dec. 2	Arthur Pfister	American
	G. Femi Sampson	Songstress
Dec. 9	Luis Comabella	Cuban
Dec. 16	Dora Bayrock	Yiddish
Dec. 30	Tran Bich Lan	Vietnamese
Jan 6	James Krusoe	American

Patricia Behr Witten
Free Sunday Afternoons at 3:30. 4157 West 5th St. Los Angeles. Info 383-7177

Venice Jail Readings
685 Venice Blvd.

Tuesdays, 7:30 pm.
December 11--Open Reading
December 18--Songwriter's Night
January 8--Introductory Readings

Intellectuals and Liars

Dec. 9, Sun, 8 pm. Poetry and Faction reading by Leslie Scalapino and Barbara Einzig.
Jan 6, 8 pm Sun. Poetry reading by Lyn Lifshin
1028 Wilshire Blvd. S.M. 451-1842

George Sand Books

Sundays at 4:40 pm
Dec. 9 Poetry reading by Morgan Alexander
Dec. 16 Prose Reading by John Rechy, reading from his novel Rushes. Author of Sexual Outlaw.
9011 Melrose Ave. Los Angeles 858-1648

Beyond Baroque

Fri. Dec. 7, 8 pm. Poetry of David Ossman
Fri. Dec. 14, 8 pm. Poetry of Elliot Fried
681 Venice Blvd, Venice 822-3006

COMMUNITY

Attendants Wanted

To assist disabled people in cooking, driving, dressing, and other daily living tasks. \$2.90 per hour or \$620.00 per month live-in. Westside Community for Independent Living, Inc (non-profit). Call 473-8421 for info.

Hanukkah Torch Run

Dec. 20, 6 p.m. Beverly Hills City Hall to Hollywood Temple Beth El 8 km. Call 271-4171

Help Homeless Youngsters

Bring Christmas presents to put under a Sugar Plum Tree for L.A. County foster children. Tree located at Fox Hills Mall, near entrance to the Broadway. Thru Dec. 18. Sponsored by CATHY 478-5511 ex 222.

Introduction to Oceanography

Sponsored by Oceanic Society. Sun. Dec. 16, 4 hr cruise on 85 foot research vessel Vantuna. From San Pedro. \$9 members, \$11 others. Call Mike Durkin 396-1383

Unitarian Community Church - Singletarians

Dec. 9 8 pm \$2 Donation. "Liberation Theology and the New Nicaragua". Blase Bonpane, professor of Poli sci and sociology at CSU Northridge.
Dec. 16 8 pm \$2. Reality and Illusion. Harry Seagal, MD and Psychiatrist.
Dec. 23 same. "Scared Straight" The film version of the controversial Rahway program. Reality of prison life. SM police officer to speak.
Dec. 30 same. Big Party to end up the year. Unitarian Community Church 1260 18th St. S.M.

Ocean Park Neighborhood Congress

"Solving Neighborhood Problems"

Dec. 8 Sat. noon to 4:30 pm at Santa Monica Civic Aud., East Room. Neighbors will adopt an organizational structure, elect officers, and vote on resolutions. Keynote speaker Gloria Chavez, president of United Neighborhoods Organization (UNO) of ELA, will speak on the importance of neighborhood organizations. Congress is sponsored by Communitas. \$1 reg. info 394-282

Pottery

Pottery exhibit of Nancy Swanson and Victoria Norton. Thru December.
Earthforms. 1507 W. Washington, V. 399-8062

Alliance for Survival

Dec. 11, Tues, 7:30 Film. Danger: Radio Active Waste. 3647 Watseka, Palms area 399-2844

Homosexuality

Dec. 9 11 am. Lecture on Homosexuality - How it affects families of Homosexuals by Charlotte Spitzer from project Straight Talk.
Unitarian Society. 3744 S. Barrington LA
Phone 391-9135

Holistic Arts Festival

Dec. 9 10 am -10 pm. "Creating Our Life". Music, dancing, gifts for sale, demonstrations of holistic practices, natural foods.
11827 Venice Blvd. 397-9692

FILM

Cameravision

Fri., Dec. 7 7 pm. Opening and reception. Exhibit thru Jan. 13. December exhibit features. Harlan Goldberg photos. multiple printing in dye transfer. Harout Kazanjian. SX-70 polaroids dealing with displacement of time. Don Van Amerongen - black and white silver photography.

Male Nude Photography Group Show, from an open juried competition. Deadline to inter Feb9.

Dec. 14, 7:30 pm. Robbert Flick- will lecture and discuss "Photography and Personal Process. For Info call Jody Lozon 849-4425

Free Films at S.M. Public Library

Dec. 13, 3 and 7:30 pm. Travelogues: South Pacific. End of Eden? The Last Tribes of Mindanao. 26 and 51 minutes color.
Dec. 20 3 and 7:30 pm. Auntie Mame 143 min color. Staring Rosalind Russell, Forest Tucker.

Santa Monica Public Library Main Branch