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# Ocean Shlock Walk

by Patrick McCartney

Welcome to Shlock City, U.S.A. Welcome to the sunglass, the T-shirt, cheap shoe and earring capital of the world--otherwise known as Venice.

Outdoor vending has swept the length of Ocean Front Walk during Venice's present incarnation as Los Angeles' Bohemia-by-the-Bay on the tourist circuit. And I hate to break the news to you, but they're out there seven days a week, all year long now. Even on a rainy Tuesday or Wednesday in February--the vendors are there. No longer are we just a weekend attraction. We've become a full-time flea market, a lesson in the iron law of development.

Trying to chart the trajectory of the current Boardwalk boom takes you back at least ten years. Then it was the locals who hauled out their worldly possessions to sell to the increasing trickle of the Polyester Majority to visit our scruffy seashore. Throughout the seventies you tended to find Country Joe records, Marcuse paperbacks, Levi jackets embroidered with paisley and mystical symbols.

A lot of this second-hand selling was illegal, mind you. It was simply a matter of hauling out a milk crate or two of surplus goods or real, actual handcrafts, and claiming a portion of dirt on one of the Ocean Front Walk's many "empty" lots. Those were the days of sand candles and macrame. Fledgling artisans rented stalls from licensed and unlicensed lot owners to sell to the weekend-beach crowd. As more visitors swelled the milling Boardwalk scene, additional artisans and low-rent retailers looked to Ocean Front Walk as the bank robber Willie Sutton looked at banks--as the place where the money is.

Since then Venice has secured a place in the public consciousness as a West Coast Greenwich Village. As Judith Coburn wrote, Venice is to Los Angeles what Los Angeles is to the rest of the country.

And, as a public freak show with palms, sand and the Pacific, Venice is rediscovering its carnival roots, reliving a little bit of its original reputation as a necessary Los Angeles experience to the tourist. The Gray Tour buses park on Windward.

With the increased numbers of visitors, the pressure to go commercial has reached critical mass, and vending has gone big time. Without the niceties of rent control on commercial rents, the owners of Boardwalk properties have awakened to the potential of unres-trained merchandising.

The center of the vending universe is a twenty-foot swath of Boardwalk frontage that begins south of Venice Boulevard and butts up against the Santa Monica City parking lots north of Rose Avenue. The open spaces are filled now in the off-hours with a warren of metal tubing that defines the semi-permanent vending stalls.

"Indoors is death for vending," says Elaine, who sells flowers from a stall near Windward. "You have to be out here to capture the public."

Elaine pays more than six hundred dollars a month for a ten-by-twenty foot space, and she has room behind it to park the van she and her partner use to pick up flowers from the downtown flower market. A boardwalk flower vendor for years, Elaine figures she'll be gone by summer.

"Rent will be going up to \$800 in a month and then to \$1200 by summer," Elaine says. "As it is, I'm paying \$3.00 a square foot--and I won't be able to afford space that costs \$6.00 a foot."

There is an unforgiving logic underlying the explosion of shlock on the Boardwalk. The higher the landowners raise the monthly rent, the greater the chance for only sellers of cheap manufactured goods to survive. The custom air-spray painter of T-shirts, say, or the one-at-a-time dress designer is squeezed out, or relegated to fighting a defensive battle to keep the landlord from tossing them out. Remember the Lafayette Cafe? They went belly up when their rent was tripled.

I heard the term "affordable vending" from a young designer, Melissa, who sells her and a young partner's whimsically painted T-shirts from a precarious perch near Park Place. They learned too late that along with the



low rent came a status as a Building and Safety outlaw. And they can't afford the going rate in the legal lots. Melissa and her partner Vax are in a bind.

On one side they're vulnerable to the Building and Safety inspectors who occasionally patrol the Ocean Front for violations. The tickets have recently increased to \$1,000 for the first offense or six months in jail.

The T-shirt artists are caught by the other side, because the building that's harbored them in the past sees a brighter future. They plan to add a food vendor to the ground floor of the synagogue-turned-chic-office. On the permit application the owner says the food is just for the office's own employees, that the thousands of passing tourists won't be allowed to order. We'll see.

Right next to that office is another lot where the builder of the sepulchral Bathhouse (excuse me, the Sea Spray) plans to build--taadaa!--indoor vending spaces.

The T-shirt painting Melissa doesn't see a future for artists and craft-makers in Venice without a special effort to create a zone for them, affordable vending, in her words.

It's too late for many of the vendors of one-of-a-kind, or perishable goods, like Elaine the flower seller. She has her eyes on a storefront not far from the Boardwalk where the lease would cost her only a fraction per foot of what she pays now--of course, like a real store it's seven times larger than her little patch of asphalt and has no sunshine and Pacific breezes.

Dionne, another T-shirt artisan--someone who spray paints animals and faces and almost hippie-like dream images on them--doesn't hold out much hope for his kind. He talks about the day when Venice will see nothing but "wealthy lot owners and a population of slaves working for them." Welcome to Shlock City. ●

# An Encounter with the Thought Police

- By Jim Prickett

On a recent afternoon, the telephone rang, and a soft-spoken man asked, "Is this Professor Prickett?" He apologized for calling me at home, identified himself as Les Corba of the Campus Report, and stated that he had received a letter from "one of your students." He just wanted to make sure that the letter was accurate. Had I told my students that the "Afghan revolution is financed largely through cocaine smuggling," and did I say that "I personally don't support the Afghan rebels, because I am against drug smuggling, Islamic fundamentalism, discrimination against women, and CIA adventurism?"

There was a long pause. "I just wanted to make sure that the quotation is accurate," Corba repeated politely. "We may be doing a story on you and we want to be fair."

Then I realized that he was calling from Accuracy in Academia, a far-right organization that monitors what it considers left-wing college teachers. Their most publicized attack so far has been on a political science prof at Arizona State who devoted class time to discussing the threat of nuclear war. He unduly emphasized the negative aspects of nuclear war, while ignoring all of its positive benefits.

I knew I should hang up, but I was curious and irritated. "What I said was that the Long Beach Press Telegram has carried reports that the Afghan rebels were involved in cocaine smuggling. That was a mistake; the article actually said that it was heroine smuggling. Otherwise the quotation is accurate, although it was not made in class, but in a letter to the student newspaper. The point I was making was that even if one opposes the politics of the Afghan rebels, one should still support their right to self-determination. In other words, the whole thrust of my argument was that the Soviet Union had no right to intervene in Afghanistan."

At this point I began to feel uneasy. Was I trying to curry favor with this fellow by convincing him that I hate the Soviet Union also? "I would make the same point about Nicaragua, you know. Just because a country is located near a super-power does not mean that it loses its right to self-determination."

We then argued amiably about Nicaragua for a while. Soon the uneasy feeling returned: why was I having a friendly conversation with a man who, although he did not know me, wanted to have me fired? Was I the sort of idiot who would have a friendly political argument with my S.S. guard on the way to the concentration camp? I ended the conversation and sat down and tried to sort out my reactions to the call.

"Thought Police" continued on Page 10.



Here are the latest requests for to the feds. Find out whether your friends on the people and if you don't start them!



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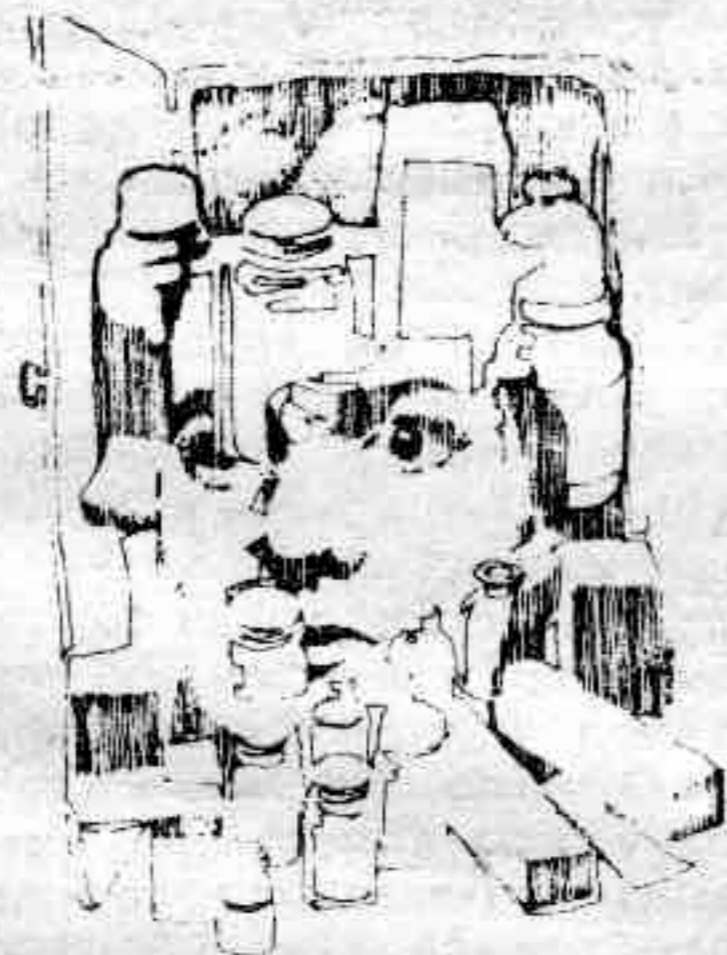
love  
Birda Blue

Dear Beachhead:

You are invited to send your sports section writer to cover the first game in June/July between the USC Trojans and NICA. (Sandinistas). You the Beachhead will receive top priority—the Times may have to wait in the wings—not in the left field bleachers, either.

- Andy Liberman  
facilitator

Collective Note: For more information about the planned USC-Nicaragua game, write "Bats Not Bombs," c/o 10920 National Blvd. #2, Los Angeles, CA 90064.



Bird/cf

## Swim Club Takes Plunge

The Santa Monica and Marina Masters Swim Club, coached by Clay Evans and Bonnie Durdy, is the latest in a long line of swimming clubs that have earned Venice a reputation as a city that has produced great swimmers.

Presently the Club has over 100 adult swimmers participating: some for fitness, some for health, some for competition. It numbers six ex-Olympians and a group of seniors in the 70+ range. Many compete in Masters meets, ocean swims and triathlons. The Club hold 19 Masters World records and over 40 National Masters records. The team placed second in the nation in the last championships held in San Diego in 1984. The Club trains at the Venice High School pool, site of some great moments in the historical culture of Venice swimming. For more info, call 391-0094. ●



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Diane Nickerson, Kathy Sullivan, Jim Prickett, Kate Keeling, Patrick McCartney, Carol Fondiller and Memphis Slim.

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# CHROMA





# Spaceship Earth

By Alice Cramden

T minus ten...nine...eight...seven...six...five...four...three...two...one...lift off.

Welcome to Spaceship Earth. We are a spherical body hurtling through space at a speed of about 18 1/2 miles per second, revolving around the sun in an elliptical orbit, and rotating about its axis. Our crew consists of 3.8 billion people, men, women and children of all creeds and race. Our cargo consists of food, supplies and all amenities necessary to maintain life. The cargo is capable of replenishing itself in a complex atmospheric condition known as the "greenhouse effect" which is an invisible and vital shell completely encircling Earth. While also supplier of all earthly needs, this atmosphere is vital to the existence and continuation of life on Earth.

Our cargo also consists of thousands of multi-megaton nuclear weapons capable of destroying Earth many times over. These weapons are produced by the crew members.

At this writing, the crew has sequestered themselves off into nation states and look upon one another with suspicion. It is unknown at this time what has caused this self-destructive behaviour among the crew; they have come to view their paranoia as normal and it serves their purpose. Many theories have circulated among us about this potential self-destructiveness but very little changes. I have thought about it myself and have come to the conclusion that we are a deathship heading toward unknown destination. However, not all crew members are as cynical as I. Many believe that these nuclear weapons can be controlled and used as "Peace-keepers." The thought gives me chills, but then who am I to say...for I am only a lesser crew member coming from the crew species...female. While the female crew members are, for the most part, the champions of peace and understanding on Spaceship Earth; they are considered too passive and emotional to handle the matters of state and are generally regimented, except in certain token cases, to the positions of support crew. While I am deeply saddened by this unegalitarian attitude, I have come to accept it as most of my female counterparts have also. Somewhere in the primordial recesses of my mind, I have known that I am man's companion, not his slave...so much for primordial recesses!

Love relationships on Spaceship Earth, whether within or without the institution of marriage tend to rarely be based on true love, or as the Greeks called it...Agape. Rather, they are Eros...possessive sadomasochistic bonds whereby the female is usually the willing slave/servant of the male. All interactions of this type are encouraged and validated by the status quo. The males form fraternities and foster aggressive, posturing behaviours among themselves.

The females are discouraged from doing likewise and are urged to assume the role of selfless, loyal and attentive handmaiden. Those females who refuse their designated roles are humiliated, scoffed at and only marginally tolerated. Thus a great portion of the female is silenced or repressed to the state of gossip wherein the females content themselves in being mother goddesses to their forever infantile boy/men.

Those females given a voice in crew society are, invariably co-conspirators in furthering Man's ambitions; co-conspirators in the Fall; the Eve's enticing the Adams's to rape; to pillage; to consume the earth. They are appropriately rewarded; a bauble here, a bauble there. And so this parasitic male/female alliance flourishes, but true love? True love is rare and many of us don't even know its true nature.

In crew society, our children are their parents. The future of our space mission lies in their hands, but I see little hope in them doing anything different from their parents. You see, they are corrupted at an early age; indoctrinated and educated with useless rhymes and memorizations to occupy their unused, creative minds. All this waste of human potential done in the name of posterity; posterity of one nation state's survival over another. History is changed to suit the occupying government; science is used to hold us hostage to its hunger for power. While some good has been done in the name of education, the overwhelming judgment of education must be that it has been shortsighted and has failed in comprehending the true value of life.

The work force on Earthship Earth is made up of an elite class and a slave class. The elite class does not labor; they direct, they supervise, they negotiate, they generally enjoy their work. On the other hand, the slave class does not like their work; probably because their work is hard labor or else tedious, monotonous drudgery. They watch the clock, their work is not inspiring; is not exhilarating; the minutes tick slowly...life becomes hell.

While there is some outside chance for the slave to move into the elite, this rarely happens without first giving up everything to achieve the wished-for status.

While we have many forms of government here on Earth, they all seem to be aligning themselves into two separate spheres...one called capitalism, the other communism. While the former's virtue is avaricious greed, the latter's is a celebration of mediocrity. I am constantly amazed at the patriotic zealotry of the crew members. They form secret societies and then go about spying on each other. This peculiar behaviour is wide-spread and the cause for much conflict and misunderstanding.

As I write, I am becoming more afraid for the sanity of the crew. It is as if they have a common bond in their madness. Our psychologists, therapists and analysts generally are not free thinkers; they are influenced by archaic thought and phallic symbolism. They are not treating the root causes. They treat the individual; showing him that through capitulation and acceptance he can thrive in a sick society.

If all of the crew is mad, then also am I. I write today in my journal, not for posterity but for sanity; I have need to record my thoughts; my cynicism aside, I need to find a little light.

Our crew is restless, edgy and antagonized at every turn. Our leaders are hoarding, murdering and power hungry.

We are depleting our protective environment without thought for future generations.

One-third of our crew is hungry and millions are starving, yet we have the food to feed them all.

Our most affluent crew members are entertaining themselves with idle pastimes and perversions using up the resources thoughtlessly.

The most heinous crimes occur regularly... at this very moment, blood is shed, bodies are torn to pieces, rapes and thrashings and humiliations abound. Nightly we view these disturbances on our late news programs and scarcely miss a morsel from our sumptuous dinners.

We deal with crime the same way we deal with other matters we can't bear to face. We institutionalize, we maim, we murder, we agree on a status quo which absolves the individual of any wrong doing. We take an eye for an eye; we seek revenge. We become the criminal we despise.

Whether the crimes committed are among nation states or crimes of Man against Man, the results are the same. We are armed to the hilt and coughing and gagging on our own toxic wastes. Our prisons are overcrowded with human dignity gone wrong; our soils are oozing with poisonous

chemicals. Our solution to these problems is to build more prisons and more weapons and so we continue gagging and coughing; imprisoning and murdering because we are afraid to again look at the truth, the root cause of why these things occur. We are afraid and afraid to acknowledge our fear.

There have been those who have tried throughout recorded history to open our eyes; to set us again on the right track. We sought hope from these individuals, but in most cases, their vision was not our vision as a whole people. Their light was like a shooting star which we soon doused with our ignorance and shortsightedness. We assassinated them; crucified them; burned them at the stake of Man's intolerance to Man. It was as if we couldn't stand the light--we wanted darkness, it was something we understood; as if we had not yet been born; our universal souls still in the cosmic womb; not yet knowing our true identity.

And so it was or is with any truth trying to seep our of the fabric of crew society. It is as if the crew has agreed beforehand collectively to close their eyes to any stark realities or controversial truths..."the Blind leading the Blind."

The media, the caretaker of truth on Spaceship Earth is usually involved in an incestuous relationship with the powers that be. The true reporting of news is rare. More likely, the news is biased and distorted reflecting government and administrative policies of any particular nation state. The media has not yet been weaned from the nipple of commerce; they still yearn for mother's milk.

We are an outwardly looking people, we look to the cosmos...to the stars...we call out to those who would hear us...for we are lost in the sea of space, knowing not whence we go or whence we came. We call out to somebody, anybody out there who would hear us. We have named the many stars; moons and galaxies; we have been mesmerized by the swirling colors and lights of the heavens; we have sent explorers on missions so they might touch the hand of God...some have not returned. We wonder about life and about death. We venture beyond the boundaries of the known to the unknown; we reach out to the heavens for an answer; the heavens respond with a quiet, weightless eternity of patience and tolerance--we look outwardly. We need to look inwardly--to see the nebulas and lights of our own minds--to expand our horizons and venture into the unknown realms of our own conscienceness; to awaken to the beauty of justice which is just; truth which is true and love which is love and to know that the most exciting and rewarding journey still awaits us. ●

## Rain or Shine

## Women Will Decide Their Fate

by Diane Nickerson

It's been two weeks since I woke up that Sunday morning full of anticipation, excitement and butterflies in my stomach. March 16, 1986 was the day the National Organization of Women called on us, the West Coasters; feminists, pro-choicers, et al, to rally in support of the "March for Women's Lives". We had a challenge to meet. The weekend before, March 9, in Washington, D.C., numbers of us surpassing 100,000 rallied in support of pro-choice. We met that challenge, and more; some 25,000 of us came together in Century City and gave new meaning to the phrase "come rain or come shine"! We showed, and it rained. And woman, did it rain. It thundered, lighteninged, just plain poured. But we were there.

A friend and I carpooled. Actually we had breakfast together, organized our "belongings" and took off, stashing our homemade burritos in our pockets, ready, we hoped, to face the day. What "reality" had in store for us was something else. On our trek up Olympic Blvd., my friend and I conjured up visions of us "Dorothys" winding our way up the Yellow Brick Road to the Emerald City. That conjecture came quick, though, and left fast. As we got closer to Century City, we started seeing real proof of the adventure. Buses from Orange County to Northern California lined the side-streets, friendly monitors



everywhere, willing to help. We parked, as if by magic, in the last spot open on the first lot we were directed to! In what seemed like seconds, my friend and I were out of that car, alive with anticipation, "armed" with umbrellas and optimism - off to seek our friends and compadres!

Once we'd made our way to the demonstration we found out that, in order to reach the Peace and Freedom delegation, we had to walk the length of the demo. to nearly the other end! I'm so glad! We got to see everyone - sisters, mothers, brothers, fathers; all friends. Oh, except, of course, the necessary protagonists, succeeding only in taking our cause even further. They moaned and groaned, but

we responded with unity, dignity, and clarity. As we waited for the beginning of the march to reach us, the skies opened up first, with what I've heard described as everything from a "light rain" (real optimism), to a "deluge" (much more accurate!).

All my positive-thinking regarding the weather gave way to...rain. And more rain. At first we couldn't believe it. At the end we couldn't believe it. As the thunder rumbled through the great canyons of glass and steel, we in the valley rumbled back. For every bolt of lightning, every crash of thunder, we responded, shaking umbrellas to the sky, chanting back.

There were lots of umbrellas. We all wondered what would happen with the rain. You know what happened? Sure, we got wet. We got real wet. But wet ceased to matter. Solidarity triumphed. We bonded together under a ceiling of umbrellas in a river of rain. One could think of how "nice" it might have been in the sunshine, going for a "walk", sitting in a park. But then, what is "nice" about indifference, injustice, bloody, illegal abortions?

The rain was not a curse, but a unifying factor. We became exuberant, more determined than ever. If this was a test, I'd say we passed with flying colors. •

NOTE: I'd like to take this opportunity to thank the male members of the BEACH-HEAD Collective for carrying on in our absence. Thank you. And to Jim, for keeping the homefires burning and watching the baby. •

## Walkstreet Chronicles

By Laura Stewart

"Walk right in, take your shoes off, pull up a chair, turn on the T.V., and I'll pour you a cup of coffee." The Orphans of the Storm arrive in droves at our house because we have SPACE - we offer warmth, herb tea, relaxation, football, some philosophy from the walkstreet - down the boardwalk - by way of the trash-laden alley, the Three Stooges, a cold plain-wrap beer, a wry comment, a laugh, a home.

I've pulled in a lot of folks out of the alley or the neighborhood and so has my housemate John, in the same way that he pulls used television sets in or the old car radiator we STILL have sitting above the stereo - some attempt at 'found' art. Some of these folks deal in substances, some live in vans, a couple even make a 'good' living in three-piece suits.

When Ralph moved in mid-September, I liked him right off, but I was a little concerned. He had a lot of very big ideas. Early on he and Elise (another recent arrival to our Venetian cooperative household), became a team staying up late, painting, cleaning, rearranging, laughing, changing, exchanging, and working on the house to 'realize its potential.' It was cute, almost romantic, and grated only in the sense that I was mildly jealous. They were, after all, taking over MY house.

STOP. Right here. There are five of us all together, and we live in a cooperative. No one but no one rules the household. When my friends would hear of changes taking place that I didn't like they would say "but you've lived there the longest." A senior member of the Senate has more or less vote than a newcomer. They can only hope to sway neophytes with their eloquent arguments based on experience. And I could only hope that by calmly explaining the history of the house other new housemates would help us all make decisions based on a past.

On Saturday mornings while I'm cleaning the kitchen, Eliot usually comes by for coffee. He has always been almost a part of the house. On Sunday he watches sports games with John, or sometimes he just comes over to shoot the breeze with whoever is here. He has lived next door to us for four years. Rich is another who, likewise, 'drops by.' And then there's Don, Roger, Mike, Alice, Albert, Dean, Anna and more. They feel welcome. They are appreciated and they are company.

But it seems the way these days that he who hath the loudest voice prevails. Ralph and Elise have loud voices and united they're thunderous. "WE don't understand all of these



people just 'walking in.' And just what is Eliot's RELATIONSHIP to the house anyway?"

"Well, yeah, gee - uh - I guess Eliot did just walk in to the kitchen the other day without knocking to read the newspaper which he's been doing for years and stopped asking about three years ago because we always said 'yes' anyway. And I guess Don may have - sort of - kind of - overstepped himself because he knows where the key to the door is since he lived here about eight months, and came in to check his mail when no one was home. And I guess, well, gee, uh, yeah, maybe kind of you're sort of right. Like, maybe everything I've ever known IS wrong and setting a limit should be the way." I shuffled my feet, and gee-goshed a mumble.

Vidal is a 'nice guy.' He used to live in the back of us and fell on bad times about six months ago so he moved back in with his mother. He left at a crawl, broken, embarrassed, unable to handle his life with the confidence that he once had, and a lot of his belongings remained behind in our courtyard. He promised that someday he would reclaim them. Albert, another neighborhood guy, asked us months ago if he could store his extra motorcycle in our front yard. he lives in a one-room single apartment and needed some storage space. We agreed to indefinitely oblige him.

"You know the thing about 'nice guys'?" Ralph submitted to me one afternoon. "They take advantage." The motorcycle and other possessions of our neighbors, who after all, DIDN'T PAY RENT would have to go. "Because it's not like Vidal lives here. And what obligation do we have to Albert? Maybe - you know what? He should pay us \$15/month to store his motorcycle here," Elise and Ralph thundered. Lisa conceded. John nodded.

"Well, gee, uh, maybe you're right." I hee-hawed. Why, after all, am I giving something for nothing? Why are we being TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF??? Hey - this is our property, buddy, so pay your respect, pay your dues, give me something FIRST, and then I'll give something to you - maybe - if the stuff you wanna store here is clean-looking enough. Not an eyesore, mind you. Couldn't have that. It would embarrass me in front of my friends. So fork over the dough, bud. Kindness is out. We need bucks.

My confusion railroaded, I copped out. Nobody had ever questioned the neighborliness I extended before. Ralph, my devil conscience, whispered in my ear, "Maybe you're doing that sort of thing so that people will LIKE you." Even my motivation questioned, I lost it and submitted to the brand of yup-yup-yuppie-like fascism going around.

So Ralph is gone now and Eliot from next door has started drifting in more frequently without asking (he knows we'll say yes anyway). But Albert is waging a mild boycott against the house, as is Vidal, and others aren't coming around so frequently anymore. "Word is out," John pronounced solemnly at a house meeting. We're not as cool as we used to be. We've joined the ranks of jerks who move to Venice for the community charm, yet are still afraid to say hello to their neighbors because nobody ever taught them how.

The other evening Don dropped by. I made him dinner, and as we talked he told me he's moving back to Texas after a year and a half in L.A. because he just can't make it here anymore. I'll miss him coming up to my balcony while I'm playing guitar and offering me one of his raspy french cigarettes - a sentimental promise to himself that someday he'll get to Paris. He gave me a big box of books before he left which he couldn't take with him. I told him I'd sell them for him and send him the money. "Well, if you want," he said. "But it's okay if you just keep them. I want to make sure someone uses them." I'm lucky to live in Venice and to have made the acquaintance of such a nice guy. •

PHOTOGRAPHER

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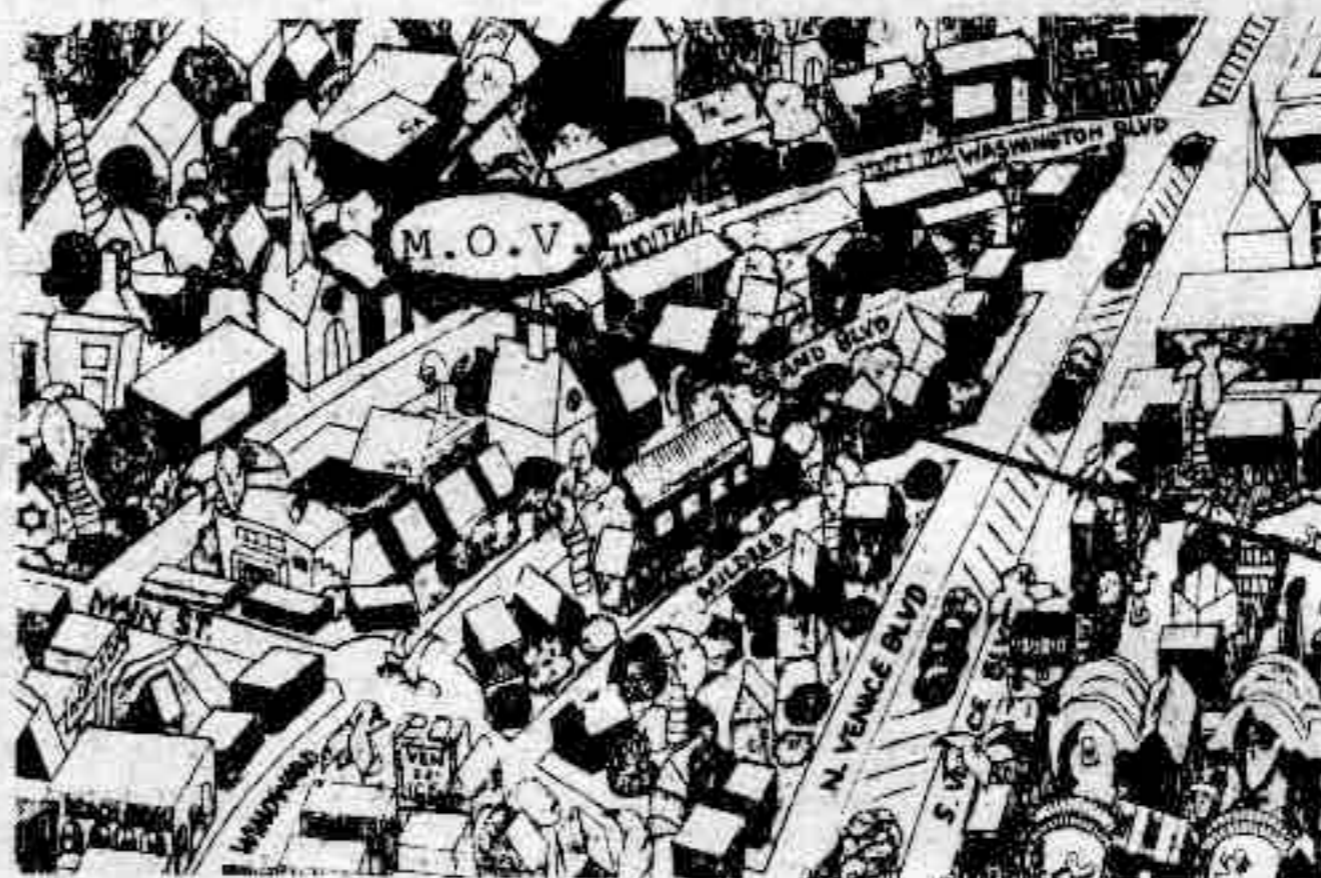
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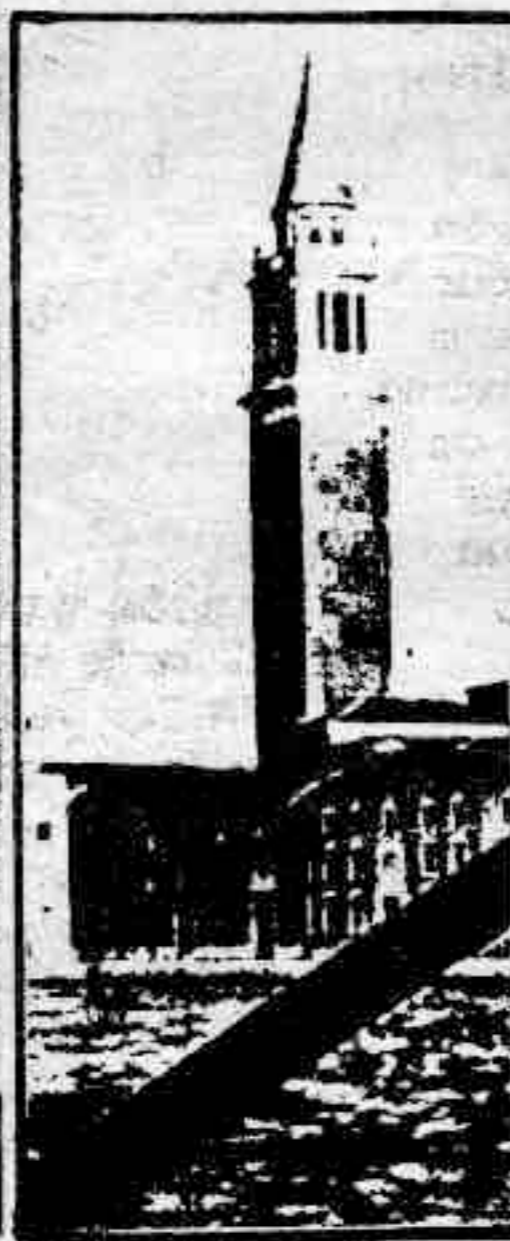
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# Help Build, Not Destroy

Rick Davidson

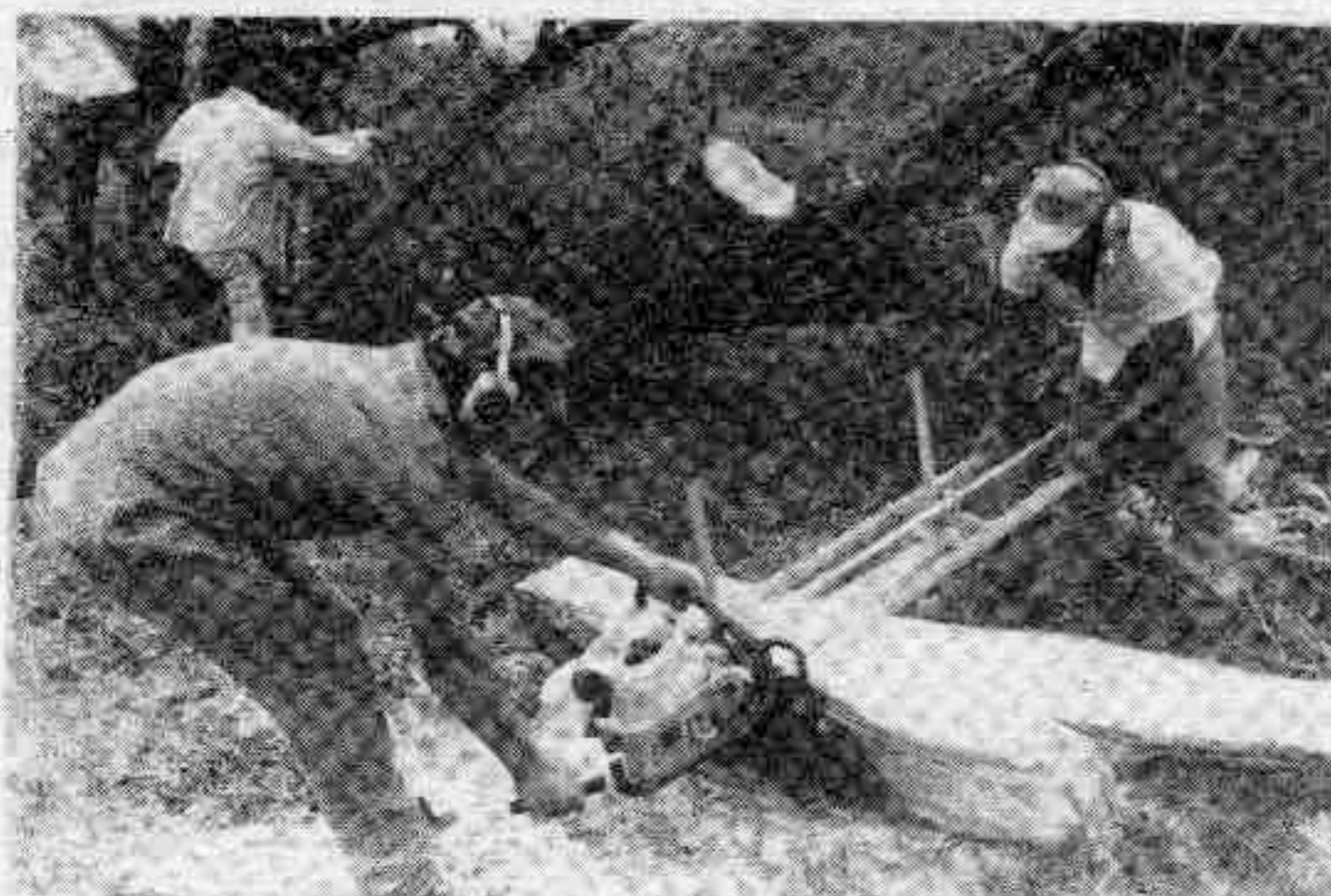
The title of this article is the slogan of a group that I work with, Architects And Planners In Support Of Nicaragua. We were formed in 1984 after our first visit to Nicaragua. Since then we have become involved in a variety of projects, such as, taking delegations down (the next delegation is going June 4 to the 14th), supplying protective gear for workers, developing a sister school, and the most ambitious is building much needed housing.

Last year I wrote an article about our second trip and the destruction we witnessed perpetrated by the "contras", Somoza's old National Guard, who are being supported by our government. But the main purpose of our trip was to visit proposed building sites and meet with the people at a production center built by Italians where housing parts could be fabricated. The actual sites are in the countryside and vulnerable to "contra" attacks; so we want to do as much building as possible at the production center which is near the town of Matiquas east of Matagalpa.

The general area we are building in is known as Pancasan; the particular site now under construction is a cattle raising cooperative called Venezia (Venice). The houses are 600 square feet built of concrete slab, masonry wainscott (protection against small arms fire), wood framing and siding, and corrugated zinc roofing. Our group raises funds, purchases and ships material from Canada, and has formed a work brigade to help build the houses. Brigade members volunteer for different periods of time. A core group has gone down for six months to a year, while others commit for a month or two.



Today eight houses and a school have been completed; eight others are framed and ready for siding; and another eight slabs are poured and ready for framing. The next brigade will be going May 1st to June 12th; followed by another group from June 19th to July 13th.



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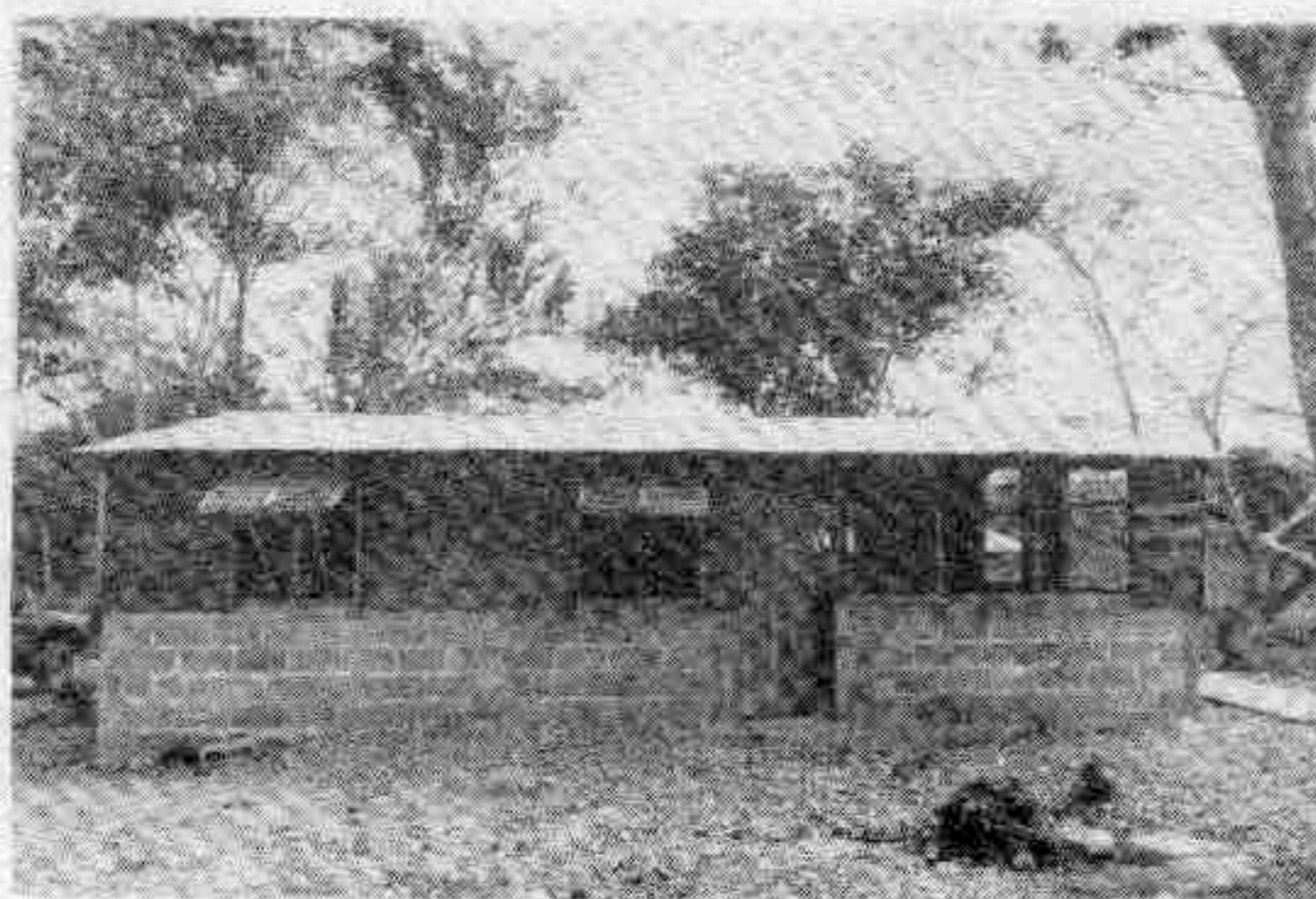
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In order to raise funds we have house meetings where we give a slide presentation and talk about the projects. Since the present site is Venezia I would like to see my community, Venice, California raise enough funds to at least build one house in Venezia, Nicaragua. Material for one house costs \$1000. Building houses can never make up for the murder our country is supporting in Nicaragua, but it goes a little way toward countering the destruction being funded by our tax dollars. Please make your tax deductible checks payable to Peoples Center for Housing Change-Pancasan and send them to me at 226 San Juan Avenue, Venice, California 90291. For additional information call 396-6876 or 455-1348

**HELP BUILD NOT DESTROY IN NICARAGUA!**



**WOMENS  
LIBERATION**



Geert Burger/jopf

## U.S. Out of Central America

I managed to stay calm through President Reagan's speech on the threat of Nicaragua Sunday night. It was not until the Democratic "response" that I exploded. All Americans, Senator Sasser stated, agree with Reagan's goals, but we Democrats don't think that his tactics can achieve those goals.

One organization that does not agree with Reagan's goals or tactics is the newly formed Santa Monica College Committee of Concern (SMCCC). SMCCC is an organization of students, faculty, and staff at Santa Monica College committed to the expansion of political debate and opposed to "political and economic oppression" and discrimination "based on race, nationality, religion, gender, or sexual preference."

Recently, SMCCC voted to make Central America a major focus of the semester's work. A petition was drafted which will ultimately be presented to a referendum vote by both faculty and students. The petition opposes military aid to the government of El Salvador, support for the Contra terrorists in Nicaragua, and the forcible return of Salvadoran immigrants to imprisonment and death in El Salvador. -J.P.

As part of this campaign, we have scheduled the following events:

- KICKOFF RALLY - APRIL 6, 11:00 AM - FREE SPEECH AREA - SANTA MONICA COLLEGE
- APRIL 9 - CARPOOL TO NOAM CHOMSKY TALK AT UCLA - CALL 306-3065 OR 396-8376
- APRIL 15 - SIST'R PAT KROMER - 11:00 AM
- APRIL 22 - PHIL SWERLING - 11:00 A.M.
- APRIL 22 - BLASE BONPANE - 11:00 A.M.

SMCCC HAS GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETINGS ON APRIL 2, 1986 AND APRIL 22, 1986 AT 11:00 IN LA 204.

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# No Guts on the Left

by memphis slim

The Great Peace March isn't dead; it just smells funny. So the march that was tied (for better or worse) to the reputation of Hollywood liberals ran out of gas in the desert. The organization is swamped in debt, the sole organizer is full of Mea Culpas and many of the marches feel betrayed. I read in the paper the other day that some marchers felt "We" weren't supportive enough. Well, I didn't ask 'em to go in the first place. I didn't ask them to wrap their organizing up entirely with liberal types such as Jody Foster et.al. I didn't ask for the organization to be run from the top down. The only real community organizing was done by individual marchers. The March organization was a PR campaign. And as any of us real anti-war, anti-nuke veterans can tell you, PR is for selling. That's why I stayed away like the plague when I saw PEOPLE magazine run an article on the GREAT PEACE MARCH (read Jody Foster and friends) a year before the March died.

But before you flip your top, let me make one thing perfectly clear. I am entirely in favor of a nuclear free world. I also don't think marches are entirely worthless. The Poor Peoples' March in 1968 and the recent Native American walk across the United States are both long marches that said something about and for America. They also were grass roots expressions of America's unfulfilled promises. What these marches weren't is the activities of a few rich liberals.

So basically there you have it. Some rich liberals promote an idea and a significant segment of the left support the idea. When the rich liberals support, time and money run out, guess who gets stuck in the desert. This incident has happened numerous times in the history of the left. Just change the dates, names and issues and you get the same result.

All the money spent on the March could have been used to fight Reagan and the Contras. But a liberal is someone who believes in equal rights at home and America first abroad. That's why so many liberals voted for Contra aid.

Speaking of the Contras; Our own south Venice Billboard Correction Com-

mittee (so named by this paper) liberated another billboard. This one, in the Venice Blvd. median strip at West Washington was originally a Winston's Ad. It got corrected to read: Contras, America's Beast. Hope you got to see it.

No Virginia, it isn't me and Walter but boy do I dig whoever it is! This is their first correction in close to 2 years. I hope they keep it up!

Earlier this month I got back from a 14 day stint as a Disaster Relief Worker in the Northern California floods. I was amazed at the dearth of lefties involved in any of the rescue or rebuilding operations. When I got back, besides feeling burnt out and tired, I felt like I had been through a struggle that was somehow not socially acceptable. Most people I've spoken with have been polite and at least superficially interested but the experience showed me that most political people are into the "broader issues".

I guess a nuclear free world is worth working for but helping your fellow person is a little beneath us. When I expounded on this to a close friend, she seemed more interested in talking about how I'd gotten paid for my work and how she as a woman was oppressed. Having been raised by a female single parent, I'm well aware that women are oppressed but a red herring is still a red herring.

Yes, I got paid for my work and eventually I'll get paid overtime for those 11 straight 10 hour days I put in. But I worked my way through school and I went into a profession where I'd help people rather than make a good salary. I made my choices like everyone else, but I chose to put my politics into daily practice as well as "issue politics". And if I sound a little holier than thou right now, it's because the Left deserves to be criticized. When's the last time you helped a real person with a real need. I don't give to the United Way for political reasons but I do take clothes and food to Las Familias del Pueblo in downtown LA. You can volunteer your time or organize your life so that you help others as well as yourself. So don't think you're really helping the world by being an arm-chair Politico.

And as for the criticism that I got paid to help people - Do you have to get paid to care? ●

# Authoritarianism Si; Totalitarianism No

By Alice Cranden

March 23, 1986 - I am mad as hell this morning as I read the front page of the Times. I read that we, the U.S. have broken the three-month moratorium banning nuclear testing. I read that a group of 63 Congressmen called on President Reagan to cancel the test and that there were moves in both Houses to bar funds for U.S. testing as long as the Soviet maintained their moratorium.

Why then were we the first to break the moratorium? Couldn't this have been a wonderful opportunity to see just how committed we were to world peace. The Soviets vowed that they would not be the first to break the moratorium and if we hadn't broken it, couldn't it have been possible for the ban to continue for eons and couldn't it have been possible for the Soviet Union and the United States to prove an example for the rest of the world; that if they, the world powers could resolve their conflicts, then maybe, just maybe, the world would join the moratorium and nukes would stay untested and inoperable and rust in their silos. Couldn't this have been a great opportunity? And why wasn't it?

Reagan supposedly had continually rejected the Soviets proposals for a testing pause citing various reasons: that the Soviets had already completed a series of test shots before the moratorium; that such a ban cannot effectively be verified and that anyway tests are required to assure reliability and safety.

Safety, ha, who is he kidding. Here was a wonderful opportunity for furthering world peace; an opportunity for one country to join another rival country in a demonstration and inspirational escalation of world peace, not war.

I am really saddened that it is our country, the country I live in and pledge allegiance to that has been the first to break this moratorium. I see America rising as the big bully of the world; exercising its tremendous military dominance over smaller nations. I see America shocked by terrorism, yet what recourse does she give smaller nations who are fed up with imperialism and mindless consumerism. America, you will remember is now the pig of the world, eating up and using 60% of the world's resources while only being a very small percentage of the world's population. What do we expect Third World countries to do when their children are hungry? America the Great expects them to continue to bow down, to continue to allow themselves to be exploited and invaded. America is like the South before the Civil War, wanting to keep her huge plantations and have those who she considers less than human serve her.

The conscienceness of the Third World will not accept slavery and abuse anymore. She has grown-up and wants self-determination. It would seem that America could understand this, once being a nation herself who seeked after self-determination.

From the news, and from the polls taken from the American people, I see that Americans, the majority of them do not want another Vietnam in Nicaragua; they do not want aid to the Contras and they do not want an escalation in defense. Those same Congressmen who represent the American people in Congress have been accused of being soft on communism. Does this mean that the majority of the American people are soft on communism?

Oh please, Mr. Reagan, enough is enough. Enough manipulation, enough propaganda, enough bullying and enough lies. After your defeat in the House on the Contra issue, Mr. President you have been quoted as saying, "I have only just begun to fight." Does this mean, Mr. President that the American people will be forced to fight also; forced to succumb to the stubborn will of an American President who is out of step with his time?

I hope not. May God give you the courage to serve the American people and not your own will. ●



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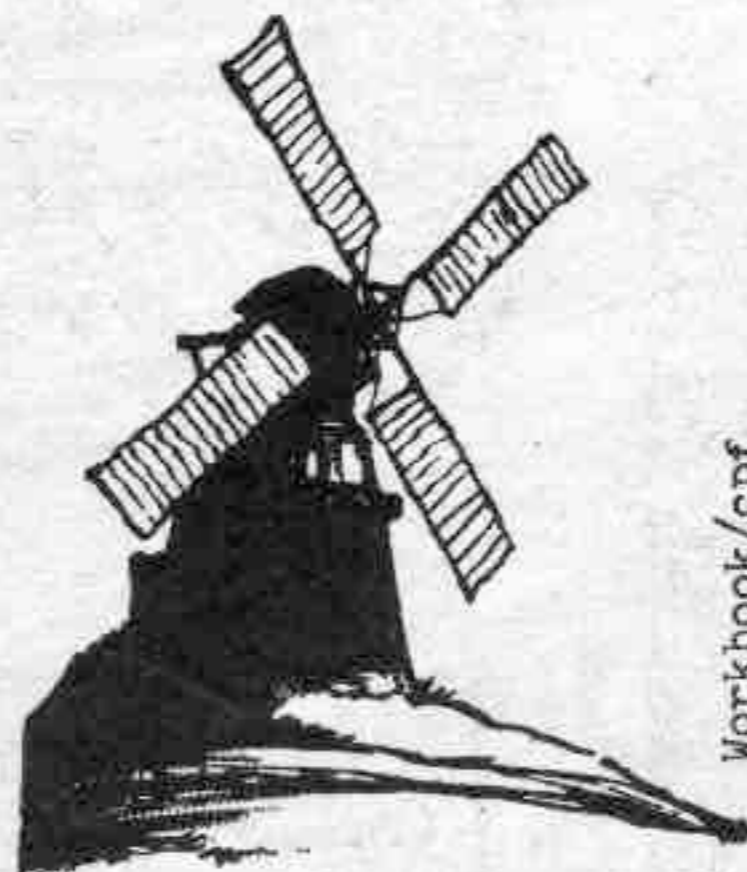


# Propeller

by Joan del Monte

"Somebody had dumped some abandoned circus wagons in one of the canals." Ray Bradbury stopped. The audience at the Venice Library overflowed on every chair, the floor, the tables, the librarian's desk. "You've got to save that kind of image when you see it, put it in your subconscious and just let it stew until you need it as a metaphor. It took me 20 years, but I knew I'd use it someday, and there it is in Death is a Lonely Business".

Well, I was tempted to tell him about the propellers; I knew he'd love them. The propellers began appearing on the telephone poles in Venice about 2 months ago, made of wood, 2 feet long, beautifully balanced so that they turned freely in the early fall winds. They were placed at a 10 foot height, apparently to elude would-be collectors. Some telephone poles, like the bridge at Howland and Dell, got 2 propellers, although nobody explained why these poles were especially favored. There are no names on the propellers; there are no names near them, and nobody I spoke to can remember seeing one being put up so that questions could be asked.



I don't really want to know what they are. There's probably some mundane explanation, whereas the answers I get as I walk around asking have been prime, really whacko Venice. I have been told that they were anemometers for airborne extraterrestrials. I have been told they are an experimental program by the DWP to discourage squirrels from running on the wires. My favorite explanation was that they are the masters thesis of an extremely thin art student. Nobody's ever seen one being put up because he's thin enough for the telephone pole to hide him.

Now there's news. Somebody told me this week he's seen some downtown in Central Los Angeles.

Bradbury would be delighted. They're working their way inland.

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## AMERICAN DRUID MONITOR

Now that the Comet is back in the Morning Sky, the Pagans are Out of the Woodwork Again.

This Cycle they are calling for the Treaty on the Seas to be ratified by the Senate; Throwing Nuclear Weapons away, in the Sun; and for Ex-Senator Hayakawa to either learn a few Words of Japanese, or Else to admit the Prison Camps of California were Both Illegal and Immoral.

According to a Local Archdruid, Tim O'Moody of Venice, the Senile ExSenator is Now doomed to Hell in the History Books, unless he repents in Print for his stupid English Campaign. Tim says that Most Druids gave up Human Sacrifices 8,000 Years Ago, but Some Folks still have not heard the Good News.

The Good News got to the Jews in 6 AD, and the Romans Later. When Saint Timothy came to Ireland, in 63AD, the Current Arch-Druid of the Irish Isles (Including England) said: "Hi .Welcome to Ireland, Brother."

The Venice Sect is called the American Reformed\* Irish Druidics and the Asterics(\*) is always "No human sacrifices!"

The Archdruid says they still sacrifice Beer, Whisky and occasionally Flowers.

Timothy O'Moody

## Charity Begins

### at Home

by: James Riley

35,000 people are homeless here in Los Angeles County. 21% of all the children in this country are considered "poor". Yet our Congress has discharged their duty to Graham-Rudman. I must call this a crime.

What is happening to our country when our officials won't make the choices they are paid to make? I'm not saying that it's easy, but although they complain; to us working people, they are paid well. They could be out on the streets without a job. They could be young working people unable to buy a house. Maybe we the people should just elect all the newest challengers and not reelect the incumbants who refuse to fulfill their duties.

Regardless of what Congress says... We the people are over taxed! We don't want more taxes and refuse to accept these lies! When Senator Cranston says he's concerned about the poor, concerned about the working people, concerned about our vets, I must ask: "Why does he waste millions of dollars on essentially campaign literature?"

Our Congressmen send our hard earned dollars to other nations in which only the leaders benefit. From facists to communists it seems we support them all. Yet most of the time these very governments are unpopular with the people we are supposedly concerned with. Yet we have far too many homeless, far too many jobless, far too many problems here.

In some cases we may indeed have to send some support to some places, yet if we bothered to review our priorities I'm sure we could save billions to help those less fortunate. Save billions to help ease our national debt. Congress wants to raise our taxes because it's easy, because we don't complain enough. And because

it only hurts the working people who aren't organized enough to fight back. It's also easy enough to cut services to the poor, the homeless because they don't vote. They don't raise million dollar war chests.

We need to get involved but I must warn you it's not easy. Most of the politicians are too buisy or too important to see regular people. From Senators, to Congressmen, to even local officials like City Councilmen. I urge you to try and see your local representatives. At least write them and let them know how you feel before we lose our freedom, before we lose our economic strength, before you end up on the streets... Let our "leaders" know how you feel, what you want, and that they can't take you for granted. Even if you disagree with me, remember that you're the boss in our magnificent nation.

Finally, I personally have just been elected as an Alternate Poverty Sector Representative on the City of Los Angeles' Community Action Board. I am serving as a volunteer for the West Los Angeles Area. I am looking forward to working in the area, helping our people. If when you write our elected officials you'd like to mention this article, please feel free to use my name.

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'Thought Police' continued from Page 1.

My first response—although I tried to suppress it—was a wave of sadness that one of my students would have written to Accuracy in Academia. My classes are relaxed and informal, and I doubt that anyone would be intimidated into not expressing their point of view. The idea that someone would sit in silence for a semester, never voicing a complaint, and then write a letter denouncing me to a right-wing group was—I can think of no other word for it—creepy. I realized that the next time a student asked to tape my lecture—a frequent request which I always grant—I would have a nagging suspicion that the student was taping me for Accuracy in Academia.

When Accuracy in Academia called me a second time, I asked if my accuser claimed to be one of my students. Csorba replied smoothly that on re-reading the letter he noted that there was no reference to my classes and that the complaint referred only to my letter to the student newspaper. Csorba said that the Campus Report would be printing the letter complaining about me, but that there would probably be no further investigation.

When Csorba said that there would be no further investigation, I felt an odd disappointment. Once I knew that I had been attacked by a right-wing activist rather than one of my students, I understood what an honor it was to be singled out by Accuracy in Academia. Like most writers and teachers, my biggest fear is being ignored, not being attacked or denounced. An investigation by Accuracy in Academia would allow me to defend my positions, clarify my arguments, bring in the documentation that often has to be cut because of space limitations, and make my ideas better known among faculty and students.

This, of course, is not what Accuracy in Academia intends. Their purpose is not to broaden debate, but to limit it. They claim that there are 10,000 Marxist professors currently teaching in U.S. colleges, and that they are only trying to bring "balance" to higher education. Leaving their broad definition of Marxist aside, their own figures indicate that 98% of college teachers are not Marxists. Apparently, a 50 to 1 ratio of non-Marxists to Marxists is not enough; one can only achieve "balance" by getting rid of the 2% of instructors deemed left-wing or Marxist by Accuracy in Academia.

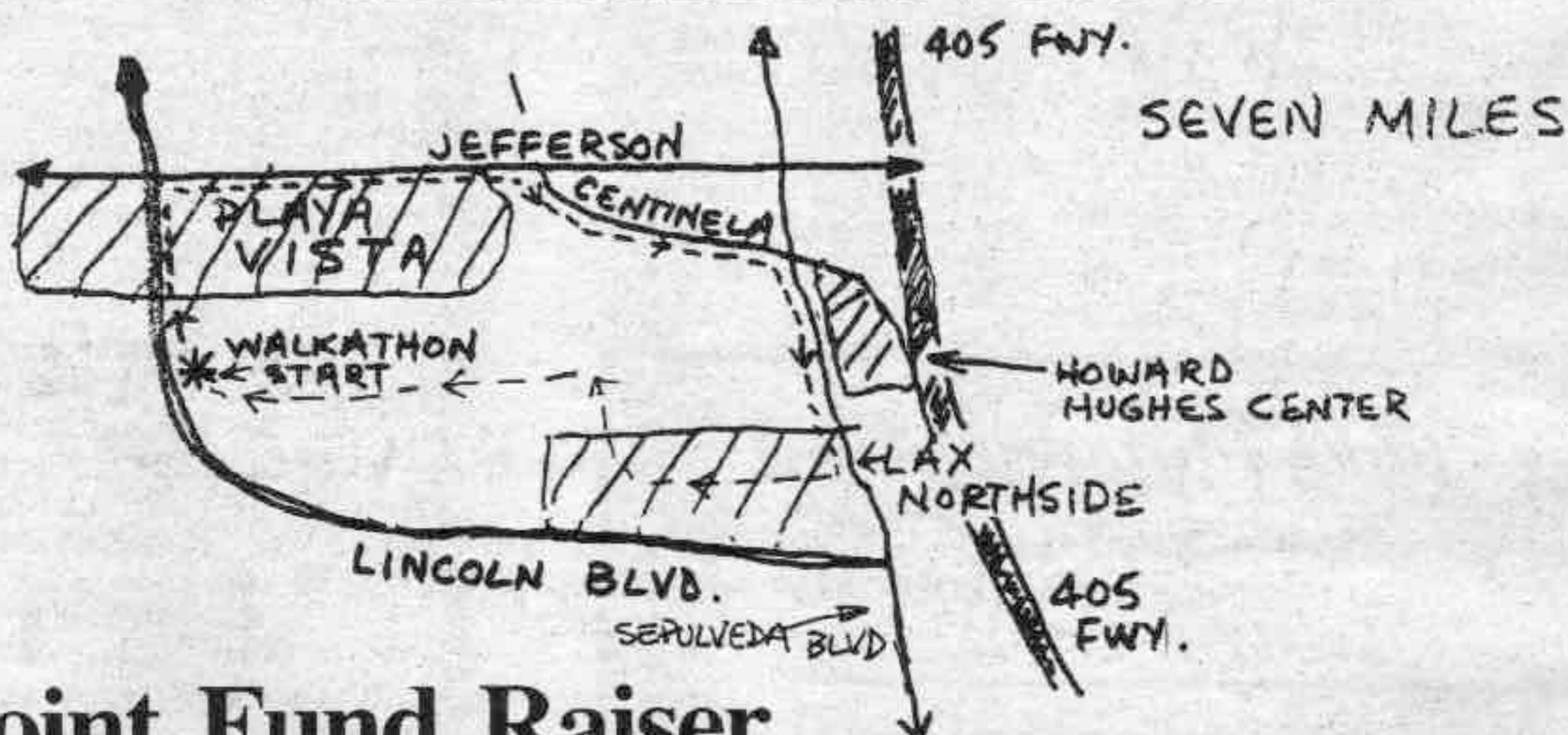
It is interesting to contrast their approach with the approach of left-wing students in the 1960s. Faced with conservative and liberal professors, we radical students leafletted classes, challenged our teachers' statements, and suggested alternative readings and interpretations. We may have been obnoxious, contentious, even occasionally disruptive, but we never ran to the administration to try to get teachers fired. We wanted to broaden political debate by injecting our ideas into the class; Accuracy in Academia wants to stifle political debate by branding certain positions as unacceptable. I suppose the main difference is that we saw ourselves as citizens and scholars, and wanted to have our say; they see themselves as cops and are not so much interested in expressing their own point of view as in stopping their opponents from saying anything.

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**pizza**

5-11 p.m. 392-4687

# Peace and Freedom Party Off To a Good Start

Dr. Benjamin Spock, world-renowned baby doctor and peace activist, will appear in Venice on April 12 to support the candidates of the Santa Monica-Venice Chapter of the Peace and Freedom Party. Spock, who was the Peace and Freedom Party's Presidential candidate in 1972, will join the local candidates at a press conference to be held at the chapter office, followed by a meeting with the chapter's most active supporters.

Spock, the only U.S. Presidential candidate to campaign in Venice in 1972, will be returning to encourage this year's candidates and activists to greater efforts at a time of opportunity for the Peace and Freedom Party. Our candidates are: Carol Berman for Assembly in the 44th District, John Haag for the statewide office of Controller, Abby Kirk for the State Senate in the 22nd District, Roberto Lovato for State Board of Equalization in the 2nd District, Thomas L. O'Connor, Jr. for U.S. Congress in the 27th District.

These five plus our seven candidates for Central Committee, including one too young to register who will have to be appointed after the June election, form the nucleus of our campaign organization which we hope will eventually involve many of you who are reading this article.

One reason that I call this a time of opportunity for the PFP is the fact that we have this year 53 candidates throughout the state, significantly more than in any previous election. For instance, there are five candidates in San Diego County, which has not seen a single PFP candidate for fifteen years. There was so much interest in our state wide races that we will have contested primaries for three of the seven offices. All this indicates an increased energy within the party to campaign, to involve new people, and ultimately to gain more votes.

Another indication is the ease with which we have been able to register people P&F in order to sign our candidates' petitions. Candidate petition drives around the state resulted in an estimated two thousand new registrants. In my own experience, people registered PFP more readily this year than ever before since our original registration drive in 1967.



I think people are beginning to see more clearly that Democrats are no protection from Republicans; that both are part of the anti-human system whose stock market soars while it produces genocidal weapons, pollution, homelessness, and a ravaged earth. Democrats and Republicans can't solve those problems precisely because they profit and prosper from them.

Who can solve them? The people as a whole, including the people who suffer most, organized by ourselves into political, economic and cultural groupings that are not part of the system, not paid for by corporations, not deceived by the myth that profit is good regardless of consequences. The Peace and Freedom Party is one step in that direction.

As the campaigns develop, our candidates will be offering proposals to solve existing problems and holding out visions of the future in which society is structured so that war, poverty, discrimination, oppression, and destruction of the environment need not exist. Different candidates may offer somewhat different visions, but we will be letting people know that alternatives do exist and asking voters to vote for them. I'll be writing more about this another time.

We are off to a good start: good candidates and lots of them. Now we need to build up the momentum that will carry our candidates to the best vote totals ever. Of course, it will have to be done by labor rather than money. Leaflets rather than TV spots. Door-to-door canvassing rather than mass mailings. Lots of work, but in a good cause. If you'd like to help, please call us at 396-3555.

# Bits and Pieces

## Geriatric Jack

General Dynamics began building submarines for the Navy in 1971. After concealing cost overruns for years, they filed a claim for \$844 million over and above what they had bid for the contract, and threatened to stop building the ships unless the claims were paid. In 1978 the Navy coughed up \$642 million despite allegations that the claims were fraudulent.

Edward Hidalgo, the Navy Secretary who had negotiated the 1978 settlement became a paid legal consultant to General Dynamics.

George Sawyer, the Navy official who approved \$5 billion in contracts to General Dynamics became a vice president of General Dynamics.

Dale Burr, a 63-year-old farmer in Hills, Iowa, whose financial difficulties threatened to take his land, livestock, machinery and his grain, which had been "sealed" or put up as collateral for a Government loan, went on a rampage Monday killing his wife, a bank president and a neighbor before committing suicide on a lonely road near his home.

Too bad he didn't have a job to offer someone like Hidalgo and Sawyer. Maybe they would have given him an extension on his loan.



"See--all you needed was the real estate section!"

A coalition of legal-advocacy groups is suing Los Angeles County on behalf of the homeless. The county relief grant pays \$143 a month for shelter. The county's own figures indicate that the minimum amount required for shelter in the area is \$196 per month. The resulting disparity puts a lot of people on the streets.

The homeless population is estimated at between 35,000 and 50,000 people. For \$2,650,000 we can bring 50,000 people up to the minimum. If you subtract that from the \$642 million that General Dynamics ripped us off you still have over \$639 million.

A helluva lot of human beings would also be given shelter.

**KID!**

Luke 13:25-30



**THE WORLD IS  
WAITING FOR YOU!**

**YEAH!**

**Boss Phil Says So**

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# Community Events

## POLITICS

ORGANIZER'S HANDBOOK, 63 pages on strategy, tactics, and how to put it together. Send \$4.95 (includes handling) for PLOTTING DIRECTIONS: AN ACTIVIST'S GUIDE to Recon, P.O. Box 14602, Philadelphia, PA. 19134.



PEACE AND FREEDOM PARTY meets 1st & 3rd Sunday of the month (Apr 6th & 20th) at 7:30pm at the NEW office, 837 Lincoln Blvd. For info call 396-3555

BIG MOUNTAIN SUPPORT GROUP - Save traditional Navaho culture in Arizona - needs people and supplies. For info - 450-4084

### SUPPORT THE FARMWORKERS-BOYCOTT CAMPBELLS

The Marina-Mar Vista Venice Democratic Club meets the fourth Thursday of the month at 1349 Washington Blvd., Venice. No-host dinners, 6PM, No-host bar 7PM. Occasional speakers, club business, 7:30 PM. Dues \$10, Newsletter, THE VIEW.

NOAM CHOMSKY: Turning the Tide: U.S. intervention in Central America and the struggle for peace. UCLA Ackerman Ballroom. April 9th at 7:30 P.M.

SANTA MONICA DEMOCRATIC CLUB (CDC AFFILIATE) meets the 3rd Thursday of the month at the SENIOR CITIZENS RECREATION CENTER, 1450 Ocean Ave. at 7:30 PM. Info: 453-5322.

### DIE GRUNEN

#### GREEN POSTER ART

an exhibition April 1-20

UCLA Graduate School of Architecture and Urban Planning

### INTERNATIONAL GREEN MOVEMENTS AND THE PROSPECTS FOR A NEW ENVIRONMENTAL/INDUSTRIAL POLITICS IN THE US

The Natural Environment and Resources area of the Graduate School of Architecture and Urban Planning at UCLA is planning a conference on International Green Movements and the Prospects for a New Environmental/Industrial Politics in the U.S. This conference will directly address the impact of industrial society on people's lives and the natural environment. The Conference will take place at UCLA between April 17 and 19. Registration will begin Thursday, April 17, at 5 pm at the Graduate School of Architecture and Urban Planning, U.C.L.A.

For further information contact: Margaret FitzSimmons 825-1446, Valerie Strauss 825-1067, or Robert Gottlieb 825-1446.

Cal State Long Beach presents American Student Union and Students for a Democratic Society on the CSLB campus, April 4th and 5th. Info: 3769077.  
RADICAL REUNION From the 30's & 60's

## RELIGION

SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE SINGLES: Friday, April 4 at 7:30 P.M. Donna Wright on HUNGER IN THE LAND OF PLENTY. Westwood YMCA, 10936 Santa Monica Blvd. \$3 Info: 398-4141.

THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH 2936 West 8th St. Los Angeles. Info: 389-1356.  
SUNDAY, APRIL 6th at 11 A.M. "John Dewey: The Evolution of his Religious Thought" Rev. Hyun Kim. African Dancer-Linda Fay Johnson. Childcare available, wheelchair accessible, sign language interpretation, and translation into Korean and Spanish.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12 at 6:30 P.M. Dr. Benjamin Spock, Jackson Browne, and others for Dinner and Dancing. \$30. Info: 389-1356.  
SUNDAY, APRIL 13 at 11 A.M. "After Marcos: Building Democracy in the Phillipines" Leonard Weinglass and special presentation by SPECTRUM V.  
SUNDAY, APRIL 20 at 11 A.M. "And Muhammad is his messenger" Rev. Philip Zwerling Music by First Church Choir.

## WOMEN

PRO CHOICE BENEFIT for CLINICA EVA Defense Committee. Sunday, April 13 at Helen's Place, 4658 Melrose Avenue. Open at 5PM. \$5, \$3.50 for seniors. Info: 935-8638 or 467-8071.

ALCOHOLISM CENTER FOR WOMEN 1147 South Alvarado Street, Los Angeles. 381-7805.  
"Celebrate Being Alive" Yoga Workshop by Louis Diana. Sunday, April 6th. Noon to 3 P.M. \$10.  
Saturday, April 19th at 8 P.M. Brown Bag Reader's Theater-6000 W. Pico Blvd. FREE.  
Sunday, April 27 at 10 A.M. "Making Feelings Real for Myself and My Child" Ruth Beaglehole. M.A. \$15. Info: 381-7805.  
"BEHIND MY OWN DISGUISE" 5 week workshop on Mondays beginning April 21st 7-9 P.M. \$35. Call 381-7805

## Environment

FRIENDS OF BALLONA WETLANDS present Guided walks. FREE. Sunday, April 20th 9-11 AM. Walks leave every 15 minutes. Meet on North Pacific in Marina/Playa area. Info: 821-7695.

HALLEY's Comet Viewing. Contact the Bureau of Land Management, Barstow Way Station, 831 Barstow Road, Barstow, CA. 92311 or call (619) 256-3591.

AIRPORT-MARINA GROUP of the Sierra Club Monday, April 14th at 7:45 P.M. Community Room of Burton Chace Park, Marina del Rey.

## POETRY

BEYOND BAROQUE FOUNDATION 681 Venice Blvd. 822-3006.

Friday, April 4th at 8:30 PM Writer Bob Perelman and Writer/Performer Dorit Cypis. \$3 for members, \$5 for non-members  
Sunday, April 6th at 4 PM. Mexicans in L.A.: The postWar Period by Rudy Acuna. Same price as above.

Sunday, April 6 at 8 P.M. OPEN READING. FREE!!!!

Friday, April 11 at 8:30 P.M. Readings by Eileen Myles and Amy Gerstler. Same \$\$\$,  
Sunday, April 13 at 4 P.M. Classical and Jazz Guitar by Warren Haskell. \$3 & \$5.  
Friday, April 18 at 8:30 P.M. Readings by poets and fiction writers. Same \$\$\$\$

Sunday, April 20 at 4 P.M. Police Practices and Protest: From the Watts Riots to 1980 by Professor Martin Schiesl, CSLA. \$3 members & \$5 for non-members.  
Sunday, April 20 at 8:00 P.M. Chamber Music Concert featuring oboist Libby Van Cle. Same Price as above.  
Friday, April 25 at 8:30 P.M. Readings by Bruce Andrews and Bill Mohr. \$3 & \$5.



## VENICE



VENICE  
TOWN  
COUNCIL

THURSDAY, APRIL 10  
General Membership Meeting  
7:30pm  
Beyond Baroque Center  
681 N. Venice Blvd.

### APRIL AGENDA

1. A report on the state of vending on Ocean Front Walk, including a discussion of possible violations.
2. An update on the Town Council's lawsuit on Playa Vista. The litigation team will inform members about the pre-settlement negotiations, the setting of a hearing date, and the status of acquiring additional legal help.

## HEALTH

FREE HTLV-III Antibody Testing at the Edmund D. Edelman Health Center, 1213 North Highland Ave., Hollywood. Tuesday thru Saturday, 10AM-Noon. Take the worry out of being close. Call for an appointment today. 464-7276.

COOKBOOK: An Ounce of Prevention. 75 recipes by the American Institute for Cancer Research. \$6 donation includes shipping and handling. Check or money order to "AICR". American Institute for Cancer Research, Aicr Cookbook, Dept. CB1, Washington, D.C. 20069.

## Neighborhood

Too dumb to come. Learn skills at Venice Skills Center, 611 5th Ave. 392-4153



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