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# FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

# BEACHHEAD

**FREE**

August 1984, Number 176, P.O. Box 504, Venice California 90294. (213) 823-5092



## Venice Land-Rush Continues

by MOE STAVNEZER

Things are poppin' all over town!

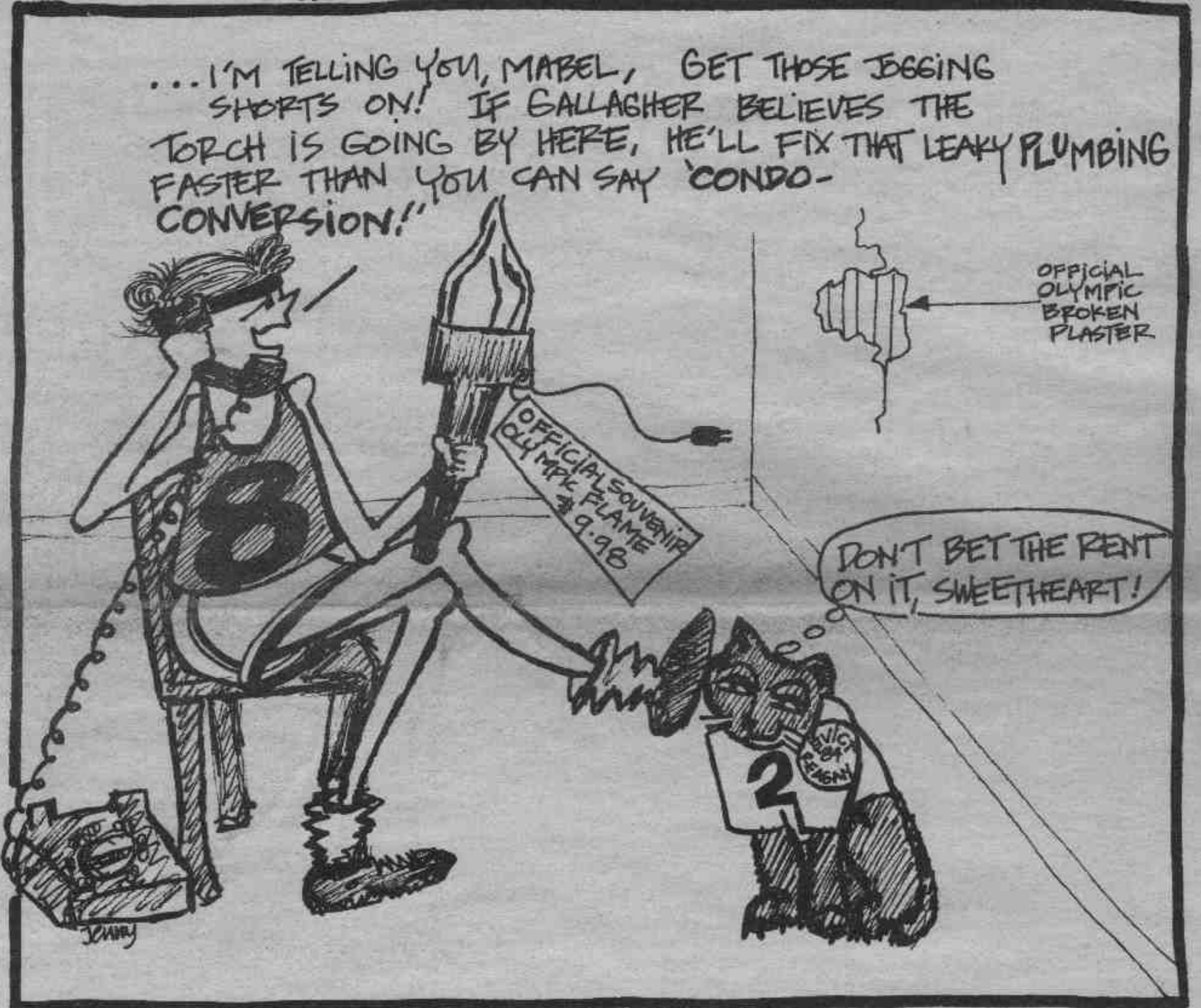
Not since the late 60's early 70's have there been so many plans for Venice coming into public view, at the same time, which will have an enormous impact on the community.

The Ocean Front Walk, which many people equate with Venice-especially media people-stands on the brink of great change: the Bath House building, at Breeze Ave., nearing completion, signals the success of developers providing virtually underwater parking for large OFW developments (water is continually pumped out from the ground under the underground parking to keep it and the foundation relatively dry); Werner Scharff's proposal to convert the Cadillac building into a bed and breakfast hotel brings to the most northern part of the Walk a far more affluent vision than its recent past; Tom Saffran's plan for a combination of residential condos (the first on a large scale on OFW) and affordable housing for seniors, possibly with some commercial space included, will take another private parking lot away and hasten the gentification of north Venice. There is also a trend toward converting marginal businesses into indoor vending stalls. In one case a restaurant and in another a former market have made this transition. Along with the general increase in vending activities, these will encourage more traffic because they are not so affected by changes in the weather. They may also prove more profitable than, say a convenience market, and play a role in forcing the few quasi-community oriented businesses off the Front.

(If all this doesn't yet stimulate your little "venice" button, consider the juicy rumor that the surveyors lately seen along Speedway are making jokes about turning our infamous alley into a freeway-gasp!).

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ROSIE RENTER



## Venice Town Council Update



The Venice Town Council promises something for everyone at its next scheduled meeting on Thursday, August 16th at Beyond Baroque. There will be guest speakers on offshore oil drilling and conditions at Venice Beach, and proposals for a working structure for the Council itself.

This meeting could prove to be one of the most crucial of any we are likely to see, since the form adopted will have a strong bearing on the membership of the Council, and may well determine whether the voice of the Town Council will be a strong, unified one heard clearly in all quarters, or if it will be an untidy chorus of many singular tongues reminiscent of of Babel? A committee has been designated to collect and propose a variety of formats from which the assembly may choose on the 16th. They will range from the most loosely organized, to more traditional, structured "governments." (One thing is sure, however, there will have to be someone to get the key...or else the group will be meeting on the front steps of Beyond Baroque as the coordinating committee was almost forced to do recently!)

CONTINUED to Page 11.

## Olympics Hurdle Venice

Kabir Carter

As the second week of July begins, the city will put the finishing touches on what is considered the "largest olympics ever." In Venice, however, those "finishing touches" will not be very enhancing.

### Case Number One: Penmar Avenue

Penmar is a well traveled, narrow street one block east of Lincoln Boulevard; it is known for a nearby golf course, a park, and three blocks of severe ecological mayhem.

During the rains of years bygone Penmar Avenue's concrete and asphalt between the streets of Victoria and Superba slowly decomposed into loose chunks. The city recently paved over the critical area with asphalt. The repair only worsened the quality of the road.

The Santa Monica Municipal Bus Company uses this strip of Penmar Avenue for their number two bus. I know little about the properties of asphalt but I would assume that rolling a small bit of it on an eroded street and unleashing the tonnage of the "Big Blue Bus" on that vulnerable roadway would not be beneficial.

Compare this description to the well maintained streets of Pacific Avenue. It was recently paved although it was already in good condition. I wonder, does Pacific Avenue's repaving have anything to do with the fact that the Olympic Marathon will go down its road?

Who knows, maybe in about another fifty years we'll have the olympics once again. Maybe if the course includes Penmar, it will finally be rebuilt.

### Case Number Two: Venice Boulevard

As I traversed through the weeds, I caught a glimpse of the sunset. The sun's dip into the sea was breathtaking, even if it was obliterated by the dust and dirt in the air.

A large cloud of dust suddenly consumed me, tainting my slightly smog infested lungs, invading my bloodshot eyes. I bolted out of the dustbowl, nearly flattened by a white monolith on wheels.

Odd as it may seem, the environment of this story is the rundown islands of Venice Boulevard.

Whilst the freeways are being covered with breathtaking murals and the colleges are being endowed with elaborate athletic complexes, the V.B. i.s (Venice Boulevard islands) are being treated to a sea of beer bottles and a large quantity of billboards (Some advertisements are for the '84 Olympics.).

I expect that at the next Venice Community meeting this issue will be brought up so I recommend that everyone think up ways to reconstruct the decrepit islands of Venice Boulevard.

CONTINUED to Page 11.



Venice, Cal.  
a form of exile

Dear Editor,

One sign of the times is the dearth of "local people" waiting for buses to somewhere. No more senior citizens that took up bench-space at the corners where the buses stopped. From Windward Ave. to Pico Blvd., more often than not, a blank. No one at all seen. On weekends, this is obvious. What is apparent is the parade of cars. It can be unsafe to wait for a bus; no passing driver will go to one's aid. The limousines go by, to make one feel even more isolated. trendy joggers, often with dogs, eye one with suspicion. How do I notice this? I am 70 years old. Been here since 1945. The scene is inescapable.

Sincerely,  
Anonymous

P.S. Need one see an omen of the future more clearly than that of the ultra-posh "SCRATCH" at Main and Marine? What comes after that? Funny... I lived high in my 20's on inherited dough. I saw a bit of that heady but shallow world. It reveals nothing new except in gadgetry. The conversation has to be trivial. Perhaps Main St. should be called "Narcissus Alley." Oh, the vanity seen! Way beyond all such puffery known. Yes, the climate helps. Can't see this in N. Dakota at 45 below. Ah, yes! The joggers. The first clue. When that burgeoned I knew what would follow. Joggers do not ride on buses.

**note:** Ordinarily, it is the policy of the Beachhead Collective to not publish unsigned letters. We will withhold a name from publication upon request, but we do like to know who you are. In the case of this letter, we've made an exception because we all felt the sentiments expressed to be important and well said.

The Collective

My first impression of the Israel Levin Center For Senior Citizens was its capacity to contain an abundance of noise and talk. I tried to pick up the essence of the talk, but go no where. There seemed to be a difference of opinion between the sane and those not so sane. It was not difficult to adjust and accept the situation.

I was attracted by the Orthodox observance of Judaism at the Center. I felt a flash-back and nostalgia of a religious environment that I had let fade away, many years ago.

This article can be dangerous to your health if you are anti-Semitic. It could give you a stroke or a choke; back to my own people.

Doctors who treat the elderly often comment that their number one ailment is depression brought on by loneliness; if so be it, Israel Levin Center is a haven for the lonely and not so lonely. Morrie Rosen recently retired Director was as good as they come for the situation. He offered no medical help or mind confusing therapy, just compassion as needed. Recently I heard a strange song about, "Everybody wants to go to Heaven, but nobody wants to die." I am rambling, back to my people again.

Besides compassion, food is basic for the elderly to survive. Viable nutrition is no problem at the Center. A nourishing complete meal is served at noon, Monday through Friday at a very reasonable price. On Friday, the members are gifted with a large bag of fresh fruit. The Sabbath is observed, but Sunday is bonus day. On the first 3 Sundays of each month a brunch is served gratis. On the 4th Sunday it is a gourmet meal, compliments of the rich and the very rich; a deal one would only expect in Heaven.

A food glutton, I am not; extra vitamins and calories, I need not; I was wanting in spiritual enlightenment. I was wanting in the manner of the Sad one, who was told to seek the Blue Bird for eternal happiness. The Sad one searched through out the world to no avail and returned home, sad as ever, until the day he gazed out his own back yard window. Lo and behold, right in front of him, perched on a tree branch, was the Blue Bird of Happiness. Lo and behold again, this one is for me. I was wanting no longer; I found it right in front of me at the Israel Levin Center.

No, I was not born again, once is enough. Here is what happened. I hear a spontaneous laughter from the disabled; I also laugh. I catch a warm smile on the face of the blind; I also smile.

I am charmed by those noble Seniors who know of many decades of Time and enjoy the Center as another home. They

are relaxed and at ease, though fully aware of the coming twilight, the sun-down and then their Sunset. It has been a full ripe life, that will never decay.

I am touched at meal time to hear confused mutterings of gratitude next to me. It is the voice of one living close to the border line of senility. I feel sad.

I was having conversation with a close friend, when he asked of me: "Would you prefer a different religion than the one you have now?" I answered that the only religion that made any sense to me was the Jewish religion.

My close friend who speaks with candor came back with, "I still think this is one hell of a world for a Jew to live in." "Not so," I told him; "I am most thankful to live and die as a Jew." My gentile friend seemed relieved that I felt that way.

As years went by, I was aware of a void in my life. I had drifted too far away and too long from the religious environment of my younger days.

What does it mean to me to be a member of the Israel Levin Center?

It means that at long last, I have come back home again to my people, for my people are the chosen of God. □

Eddie Steinberg



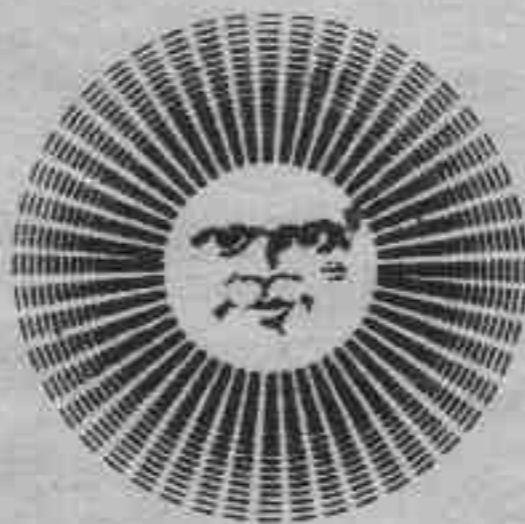
## Beachhead Expands

As a result of the 3 hour BEACHHEAD COMMUNITY MEETING held on Saturday, June 16th, the following points were established by the 8 collective members to the 28 guests:

- the FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is a vehicle for the community to express their ideas, opinions and concerns
- there is NO EDITOR on the BEACHHEAD - it is made up of volunteers and all decisions are made collectively
- the FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD began in 1968 with the helps of advocates of the Peace and Freedom Party, rising to the cause of mass-restructuring occurring in the Venice community
- that the FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD has generally maintained a progressive political perspective
- the BEACHHEAD welcomes any and all material for publication, as submitted - without change - from any one
- the FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is printed monthly, entirely from monies received from advertisers

\* \* \* \*

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The FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published monthly by the Beachhead Collective as a vehicle for the people of Venice to communicate their ideas and opinions to the community at large. We welcome and take responsibility for publishing contributions exactly as the contributors submit them, although the opinions expressed by the contributors are not necessarily endorsed by the Collective staff. The Beachhead encourages anyone to submit news stories, articles, letters, photos, poetry, graphics or other material of interest to the Venice community. We ask that writing be limited to 1200-1500 words. The volunteer staff reserves the right to make all decisions collectively on material published. There is no editor of the Beachhead. The Collective is an open group and welcomes interested Venice people's participation. Printing is financed by ad donations. To submit material, include your name & phone no. Anonymous material will not be published, but your name will be withheld on request. If return of material is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is required. No payment is made for material used.

Some of the suggestions the BEACHHEAD received from the attendees of the COMMUNITY MEETING are as follows:

- initiate a POLL within the Venice community, establishing the wants of what BEACHHEAD Readers would like to know
- ENLARGE the reading audience of the FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD through larger distribution

\* \* \* \*

Upon the suggestions presented at the BEACHHEAD COMMUNITY MEETING, the following has been initiated:

- a committee devoted to advertising and distribution has been formed and is gaining momentum
- from the above Advertising Committee, the BEACHHEAD has just acquired a full page of Ocean Front Walk Advertisers!

\* \* \* \*

What the FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD needs now is more community input and events.

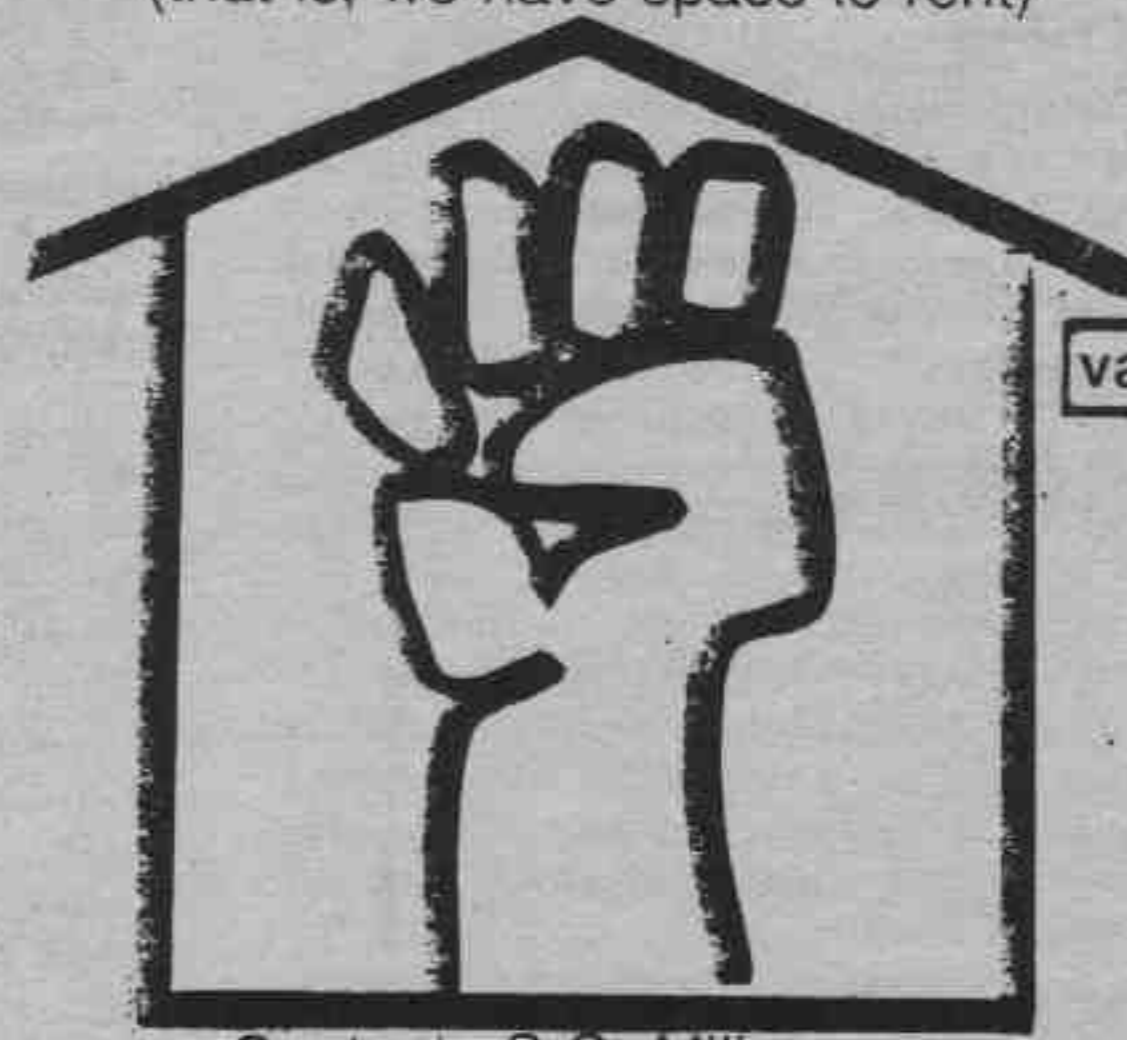
The BEACHHEAD encourages your opinion and input! ! Chee-Wah-Wah!

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# 3 Political Oilslick on Local Beaches 3

Those favoring exploitation of the coast and beaches of Los Angeles have won a major victory. On July 6, 1984 the Los Angeles City Council, by a vote of 10-4, voted to approve Occidental Petroleum Corporation's proposal to drill up to 100 wells on the coast adjacent to Pacific Coast Highway directly opposite Will Rogers State Beach.

But this victory may be overcome by citizens expressing their opposition to the project to the Mayor and individual Council members.

Council members Marvin Braude, Joy Picus, Joel Wachs and Ernani Bernardi voted to protect the beaches, the coast and the people by voting against the project. However, Councilwoman Pat Russell, together with nine other Council representatives voted in favor of Occidental. Seven of the affirmative votes were by Council members who received substantial campaign contributions from Occidental. (Council members Snyder, Bernson, Cunningham, Flores, Ferraro, Farrell and Lindsay). Zev Yaroslavsky was absent for the vote.

Occidental hired the politically powerful law firm of Manatt, Phelps, Rothenberg and Tunney to represent it in this application procedure. The firm's political clout is particularly evident this year as Charles Manatt heads the Democratic National Committee and two other partners chair the California campaigns of both Walter Mondale and Gary Hart. It also should be noted that this law firm already has been paid \$120,000 to lobby the federal government on behalf of the RTD's Metro Rail Project.

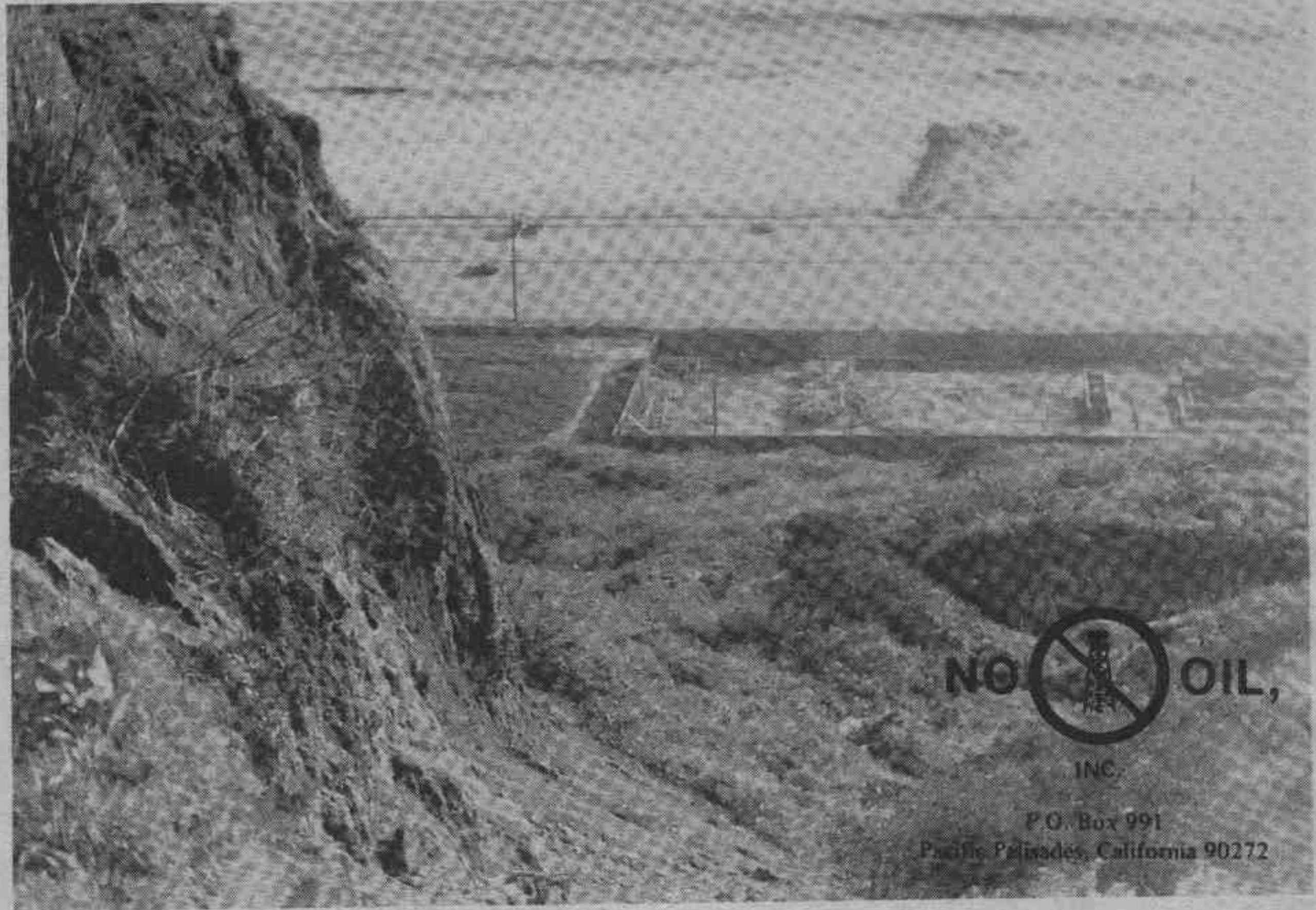
And to whom is the City Council entrusting our environment by this vote? Not just any company. Occidental Petroleum is a special company—a member of a highly selective elite. Having been elected to Ralph Nader's "Corporate Hall of Shame" in 1977, it moved into even more selective company by being named in 1982 as a member of the "Filthy Five" by Environmental Action.

This City Council vote is a disaster. Oil drilling at this coastal site will pose a major threat to the users of Will Rogers State Beach, a recreational area of major importance which is heavily populated year round with residents from the entire Los Angeles area and with tourists from all over the nation and the world. As a result of oil development this priceless public resource will suffer from many forms of blight such as the degradation of air and water quality, the discernible presence of noxious fumes, noise pollution from the oil drilling operations, pollution of the beach and ocean from drilling substances, oil spills and leaks and degradation of the area's beauty from the construction of auxiliary industrial facilities needed to separate the oil from the gas.

Oil drilling at this coastal site also will pose a major threat to the users of the already-overburdened Pacific Coast Highway. All motorists will be affected by increased traffic congestion as a result of the constant movement of heavy trucks and equipment and by the ripping up of PCH for pipeline installation.

In addition to these normally anticipated consequences of oil drilling, Occidental's proposed project could cause severe property damage and injury or death to motorists, beach users and residents as a result of land slides and subsidence caused by drilling and extraction of fluids and by fires, explosions, blow-outs and spillage caused by slides, earthquakes, pipeline rupture, mechanical failure or human error.

The potential for major damage is increased by the fact that the proposed drill site is located in a geologically unstable area with a history of frequent landslides. In 1958 two slides were so severe that they covered PCH, killed one person and required complete relocation of the highway.



On March 24, 1983 a huge slide occurred within several yards of the drill site, obscuring two lanes and requiring PCH's closure between Sunset Blvd. and Temescal Canyon Road for over 48 hours. To this date, the slide mass cannot be moved for fear of triggering further slides.

Occidental hopes to overcome the slide problem by installing a drainage system on the city-owned bluffs adjacent to the drill site. No Oil, Inc., the volunteer group which has been fighting Occidental for over 14 years, has presented expert testimony refuting the adequacy of the proposed solution.

In addition to slide potential, the proposed drill site is situated within 100 yards of the active Santa Monica fault. A major earthquake affecting the area would be disastrous in itself. However, Occidental is attempting to minimize the added impact of an earthquake on 60 to 100 oil wells in a densely populated area by relying on "fail safe" safety valves. No Oil, Inc. has raised serious questions whether such safety valves have been invented in view of the constant disasters that have been caused by mechanical failure and human error.

The Council vote in favor of Occidental is a disaster for other reasons as well. It increases the likelihood that there will be offshore drilling in Santa Monica Bay. Although Occidental claims that it will not tap State oil, it states that if in fact it does, it will make amends by paying the State a percentage and continuing to extract! In addition, when Congressional representatives in Washington D.C. learn that the City of Los Angeles is not willing to protect its own coastline and beaches, they will not be willing to extend the moratorium that is now in place against offshore drilling in Santa Monica Bay.

All other California beaches are threatened if this project goes forward. It will provide a toehold for coastal drilling, especially if Assembly Bill 3037 passes the State Senate in August. (It already has passed the Assembly.) AB 3037, sponsored by Assemblyman Hill, gives oil drilling special priority on the Coast, thereby making it more difficult for the Coastal Commission to disapprove such a project.

The 10-4 vote by the City Council, technically was to order the drafting of an ordinance establishing a two-acre drill site on PCH across from Will Rogers Beach and three drilling districts totalling 596 acres. The City Planning Commission, which had previously turned down the application by a 3-2 vote, will again consider the application in several weeks. Its reconsideration will take into account Occidental's offer to install water drains to stabilize the landslide-prone cliffs and to pay damages in the event the drains cause a slide. It is not clear as to whether the Commission also will consider local residents' offer to fund the drainage system themselves. Indeed, \$103,000 was pledged by such residents prior to the City Council's decision.

After the Planning Commission votes, the measure goes back to the City Council. The decision of the Planning Commission is important because it affects the number of Council votes required to overturn a possible veto by the Mayor. (Mayor Bradley successfully vetoed Council approval of this project in 1978). If the Planning Commission approves the application, only ten votes will be required in the Council to overturn the Mayor's veto should it occur. If the Planning Commission again votes against the drilling application, the Council will need 12 votes to override a veto.

While the City's ultimate decision is still not the final curtain, it is clearly an important one. The Coastal Commission could side-rail Occidental but it is clearly to the advantage of all of us to terminate the application as soon as possible.

Therefore, write or call the Mayor to urge him to veto the project. And write or call your Council representative, Pat Russell. Let her know how you feel about the proposed coastal oil-drilling project. Finally, support No Oil, Inc. in its battle against Occidental.

--Jeanne Calderon, Director No Oil, Inc. (phone: 454-4254.)▲

P.S. A City Planning Commission Hearing is scheduled for August 23. Call for location. Time: 9:30 a.m.

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"Now remember, if anybody asks, you're an urban displacement engineer."

# Neighbors Move on RTD

--Pat McCartney.



Photo by Judy Brill (Argonaut)

Did you ever try to see the actual motion of a clock's minute hand? Or imagine the actual velocity of the continents as they drift like rafts across the earth's surface? If your sense of time is that acute, this story is for you.

Because barring unpleasant surprises, and on a time scale that mimics the creep of a glacier down a valley, it appears that the Southern California Rapid Transit District (the RTD) is preparing to vacate its noisy, smelly, and not incidentally inadequate division yard in Venice. Keep in mind though, that whether the RTD gets the three years it says it needs to move (the equivalent to Venice of three more years of a relentless water torture) depends on its ability to remain immune--behind a defense of "sovereign immunity"--from local law.

The time frame is everything in this story. Knowing that the Real Estate Division of RTD has compiled a list of 10 alternative sites to the Venice lot is welcome--if not deliriously welcome--news to the neighbors of the Main Street yard; but those residents have had reason to mistrust RTD promises, as noted by City Council president Pat Russell herself at a meeting with residents at her Westchester office.

Residents of Venice have petitioned city officials for years to do something about the noise, fumes and parking woes associated with an intensively-used industrial site separated from residences on three sides by no more than cyclone fencing. Relocation of the lot was the runaway sentiment expressed by 3,400 Venice residents as part of the community polling conducted for the Coastal Act's local coastal plan.

In 1979 Therese Thavirat, who with her husband lives in a home on Thornton Avenue a scant 18 feet from the RTD lot, became increasingly upset with the noise and fumes from the lot. Following the birth of the couple's second child, Therese began to call and write letters. "I couldn't open the windows in my daughter's room when it was hot," Therese complained. "The children were frightened by the noise."

After deciding that her complaints were justified, the City Attorney's office arranged a meeting with two RTD lawyers, eight to ten Venice residents, and a City Attorney Hearing Officer, Sam Manley.

At the meeting irate residents--mostly neighbors of the Thavirats on Thornton--played audio tapes of the nighttime noise they had recorded. According to Thavirat, the RTD lawyers were unimpressed. "It sounds like we're not in the way; but that the residents are in the way," she remembers them saying.

Round One to the RTD. The neighbors were upset. "The RTD was rude to us," Thavirat told me. "I didn't even bring up the issue of them moving. I just wanted some relief."

The City Attorney promised the residents it would file suit against the RTD using state nuisance laws. Thavirat signed a complaint. Months later, when she had heard nothing, Thavirat called the City Attorney and was told that the case file had been misplaced during an office move. They would still pursue the case.

More months went by. Therese Thavirat went to the City Attorney's office twice by her count, called three more times, and sent a letter, but she never heard again from them. The case file--and apparently the City Attorney's intention to prosecute the RTD--had disappeared. Round Two to the RTD.

Thavirat lost hope. Even though her family had owned the home on Thornton since long before the RTD ever parked a bus next door, Thavirat grew resigned to the presence of a dirty industrial site, its noise buffered by nothing more than a cyclone fence, its diesel fumes noticeable even through sinus attacks by its insidious ability to nauseate.

Even before Thavirat's efforts met with indifference, Cheri Leslie and her three children faced the same problems. Leslie moved to a rented home on Sunset Avenue in 1974; the house sits above grade, so that the RTD lot and all its activities are in a direct line-of-sight from the living room and from all the other homes on the block.

Initially Leslie wasn't bothered by the lot. "The noise wasn't so loud--not roaring, like it is now. But, the noise built up gradually as the lot seemed to go from a holding facility to a full-blown, 24-hours-a-day maintenance facility."

Fearing that her daughter's constant headaches were being caused by diesel fumes, Leslie contacted the Air Quality Management District. After measuring the fumes one day, an AQMD technician told her that the lot's particulate emissions were within the existing standards. In a prophetic aside, however, he told her that the City of Los Angeles possessed a noise ordinance.

Prompted by the RTD nuisance, and hoping to tackle other Venice problems, Leslie organized her neighbors, forming the Little Main Committee. When Leslie met the long-suffering Thavirat while canvassing, the two women matched notes and joined forces.

When the Little Main Committee began to snipe at the RTD, the District responded by throwing Public Relations Rep Mary Lou Echternach into the breach. Rather than mollifying the feelings of the residents, Echternach steadfastly defended the RTD's operations, finally responding to the group's persistent complaints with a grim, "We do not have to conform to local zoning laws. You may as well get used to us, because we are not leaving."

Before long, the Little Main Committee learned of, and called the LAPD's Noise Enforcement Team. The Team visited Venice repeatedly to establish the area's typical, or ambient sound, and then compared that with readings near the RTD division yard.

The results showed that the RTD was in continuing violation of the City's noise ordinance, which forbids constant noise more than twice as loud as the surrounding area. The stage was set for a legal confrontation that still remains to be played out, and the real reason for the RTD's imperial indifference to its neighbors became clear.

When Ira Reiner filed criminal charges against the RTD last year, his office knew that to do so was risky. The RTD immediately filed a demurrer, claiming that as a state agency, it is immune from any local laws!

While the legal battle continues (the RTD has partly maintained its invulnerability--winning a writ in the state appellate court tossing out part of the charges), the payoff of Ira Reiner's actions have begun.

Last November the RTD Board of Directors approved a set of proposals for the Venice Division which included finding alternative sites. In meetings with Venice Councilperson Pat Russell and residents, RTD reps indicated they wanted to wait three years for funds. "Oh, you have the funds," Russell told them, visibly irked by the RTD's unique and imperial sense of time.



## School of Many Facets

Kabir Carter

Remember high school? Remember the football team, the homecoming queen? Well, things have changed.

Of course, most traditional schools such as Venice High follow the prescribed principles of education but there are alternative schools.

At an alternative school teachers, parents, students, and administration have an equal say on most issues. A true sense of school unification is apparent. Venice has such a school.

Westside Alternative is a twelve year old educational institution located on Anchorage Avenue, within walking distance to the Venice Pier.

Founded at the Venice Pavilion in 1972, W.A.S. (or Area D if you prefer) has been long recognized for its unique and intriguing characteristics. The school community shares in the structure, implementation, and maintenance of the school's welfare and efficiency as a forum for learning.

Westside Alternative offers a wide variety of classes and independent studies for a student to undertake. Afro American History, Ceramics, Psychology, and Journalism are just a few of the diverse courses a student may attend.

Furthermore, Westside Alternative is open to students from Kindergarten to the 12th Grade, whether they live in the school's district or not.

Unlike most schools, members of the W.A.S. community communicate on a first name basis; this is one of my greatest reasons for attending the school.

Twice a month (once a month in summer) Westside Alternative has a Governing Council meeting for the purpose of organizing the school as a rulemaking body. At our school all hear and can be heard.

Although W.A.S. has a vast number of educational opportunities and a true communal affinity, many people feel that W.A.S. is a school whose rights have been "thrown in the gutter" by the powers that may be.

It seems that many people of the W.A.S. community expect events to work for them without their input, insight, and support.

All one needs do at Westside Alternative is work as part of the community and their needs shall be fulfilled.

Due to the school's individuality, idiosyncracies, and character I've found Westside Alternative an ideal public school for motivated students who crave life and learning.

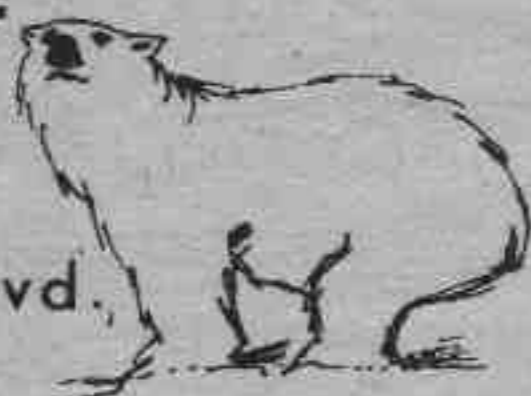
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# From Need to Greed: A Political Odyssey

Alice Cramden

It all began innocently enough. I was a single mother with two children suffering from a media labelled disease called "the feminization of poverty." While the disease got some attention from the press, it seemed that more remedies were explored for Herpies than for the plights suffered by single mothers with children. And the disease was spreading rapidly, it seemed that no one was immune--one day a wife and mother married to a professional, the next day--trying to extract child support from that same professional ex-husband. I know we've all heard it before. No more bleeding hearts please. But if you'll take a minute and read on, this story has a slightly different twist.

I paid half of my monthly paycheck to rent and had a beaten-up old volkswagen with a passenger door that wouldn't open and two kids who hadn't had their teeth cleaned in two years and from the bleak way the future looked, wouldn't have their teeth cleaned for another two years. Tartar upon tartar accumulated on our lives; bills were juggled, Peter robbed to pay Paul techniques were employed every month. Beans and burritos were the primary diet of those years. I worked for lawyers who kept giving me reasons for why they couldn't afford to pay me more money--afterall didn't I like the location of my job-close to home-and didn't I like the mellow, congenial surroundings. I tried to understand why they couldn't pay me more and even made excuses for them, but the excuses became more and more feeble as I watched them go on skiing vacations; buy new Porsches and Mercedes; and buy second homes or condos, when I couldn't even afford to take my kids to a movie. Where was the justice? Certainly not in the law profession.

I became bitter and reclusive, stopped dating men especially wealthy/professional types--they were the worst. Most were out for whatever they could get from you which is probably why they were wealthy and professional.

It was during this time that I began to seriously question the premises upon which Capitalism are built. I went to the library determined to find the reason or the madness behind this supposed great economic system which dealt such severe economic blows to those women and children who were not attached to a man; to those minorities deprived of their inalienable right to make a decent living for themselves; to those mentally handicapped incapable of comprehending the real world; and finally and most shamefully tragic of all, to those old and infirm who believed and trusted in this country. I wanted to know why it was the weak, the young, the old, the minorities, and the deranged who were the victims of this monster called Capitalism. What was their sin? Why were they denied? Survival of the fittest?

What I discovered after several days of research was rather depressing. Besides various and many elaborate dissertations on economic theory both pro and con regarding capitalism--all guaranteed to give you a migraine--the overwhelming consensus seemed to be that capitalism's roots are founded on the old Judeo-Christian and Protestant belief in the work ethic and taken to its extreme translates into rich is good and poor is bad.



Well, this was beginning to make some sense, however insane the sense was--it certainly provided a perfect alibi for the rich to ease their conscience, afterall the poor deserved their plight, deserved to be downtrodden and miserable because they were bad. And the rich deserved their wealth and opulence because they were good. Nifty little package the rich have--the rich have good Karma--poor have bad Karma--easy, simple, NO GUILT--and the church supports it and by the way, profits from it too.

So what happened to that part of Christianity which reads, "Defend the poor and fatherless, do justice to the afflicted and needy"? It fell by the wayside and since the greedy believed it was their destiny to rule and also since their particular expertise and talents lay in the areas of accumulation and hoarding, the credo flourished--"the rich are good and the poor are bad."

So, this was what our great country was founded on--Capitalism. Capitalism with a capital "C".

There seemed no way that things would change for the poor, not when such opportunistic ignorance reigned supreme. Greed was sanctioned and legalized by our Country, that was the bottom line, and nothing would change for me or my children unless we changed our values and accepted greed as a virtue instead of a vice...

And so begins the story of my fall from grace--as I said before, it began innocently enough...

As I look back in retrospect, it began when I got my income tax return. I was able to go shopping and blow a few

hundred without feeling guilty or feeling that the money should go to paying bills. All those times I had yearned and lusted for what I saw in store windows could now be partially MINE. I could actually walk in and blow some money--oh delights of delights, where would I begin? We needed new clothes certainly, but then they never do stay in style. No, a VCR is what we really needed--all those movies that awaited us, glorious visions of late night marathons with homemade buttered popcorn in front of the box danced in my head...

It's then that I really got interested in money...Money, money, money...I wanted more of it. A few hundred dollars was just not enough for all the things we needed. We needed a new car, a vacation, afterall how long had it been since we'd gone anywhere; a house, it would be nice to own a house, our own house, maybe more than one house--income property would certainly be lucrative, so I could retire early and travel around the world--yes, why shouldn't we have all the good things that life has to offer? Didn't we deserve them?

I wanted a piece of the pie and I wanted it now, and I wasn't going to feel guilty about it either, let the poor take care of themselves, they're lazy anyway. It's their fault for their predicament isn't it? The rich are good and the poor are bad--and I wanted to be good. Oh, I wanted to be good.

I became convinced that guilt about money came from one's fear that money is the root of all evil and if one could overcome this fear, then one could be as rich as one desired...the land of opportunity beckoned unto me. Desire, desire, desire filled me with more desire.

I went shopping every noon hour and began my battle plan of how I would get more money--I began watching financial reports and began reading books on commodities, securities, buying and selling, how to get rich quick books. I finally realized what a sucker I'd been, content to live a hand to mouth existence when all it took was a little greedy consciousness to upgrade my whole life. Now my life had meaning. It was just the start however. I enrolled in a business class where they confirmed my fear of money--took me firmly in hand and told me to be greedy--greedy--greedy--that our great country was built on greed and that all enlightened business people accept this basic fact thus pursue their own self-interests because as their self-interest grows, our nation grows.

This was better than I could possibly believe. It was okay to be greedy because it was good for our country. I didn't think past why they said it was good for our country because my mind was swimming and preoccupied lately with plans for investments and the importance of keeping all my receipts together and ways of trying to increase my tax deductions, and....

I guess I was temporarily crazy---now that I look back and realize how consumed I was about consuming---the whole idea of being creatively consumptive and beat the government out of money had totally consumed me---and, I had almost not been aware of it---

"Odyssey" CONTINUED on Page 13.

## No Help for Jean - life on the streets

I know a woman who lives in Ocean Park who isn't much different from the rest of us. About 5 foot 3, she's a bit overweight, but not considering her years and what she's lived through. She's white, maybe even Irish with that sort of ruddy skin that doesn't tan. She's lived here a couple of years now. She likes Ocean Park, and she knows it well.

More than that I don't know much about her. Except for one thing: she screams a lot. She just stands mid-block and screams. Sometimes she screams obscenities, but usually just a raw, high pitched screech. Sometimes she screams at particular people who don't appear to be there. Sometimes she screams at whoever walks by.

But recently she's been screaming about something very specific. She stands on the Community Center steps and screams that she has a right to a place to sleep, a right to be where she won't get beat up or raped, where she can be clean and warm and dry. Not too much to ask, even if you're out of your mind part of the time because the voices won't stop.

But no one will take her. When things used to get too rough, the Santa Monica Police would send an officer out who took her to the County facility on Euclid Street. But 24 hours later and drugged sick they put her back on the street. Now they won't even do that. Harbor General used to take her now and then. They would feed her and clean her up and get her well again, drug her real good, and set her on the street again.

But they won't do that anymore either. So even the police won't pick her up now because they have no place to take her.

She needs care because sometimes she can't care for herself. But the State facilities won't keep the semi-capable. The County doesn't have the facilities for the walking wounded. And no one pays. So the Community Center feeds her and tries to keep her alive. But when things get out of hand, there's no where to go.

Probably 10,000 people like Jean walk the streets of this state. They're there because the governor who is now President slashed programs and cut hospitals. And because Proposition 13 left no money for anything different. And because the sitting governor keeps it this way. Only the people who sit on the curb and scream their souls out want it to be different. O

Jim Conn

# “Improper Conduct”

## a film review



In 1965 Fidel Castro set up the UMAP (Unidades Militares Para el Aumento de la Produccion - Military Units to Increase Production) camps in Camaguiay province, Cuba. Their motto was "Work will make you into men." (The words over Auschwitz were "Work will make you free!") The name is high-minded enough in the context of a society trying to overcome underdevelopment and scarcity as well as the trade embargo by the United States. But in fact, the units were a species of concentration camp. In most cases, without benefit of any sort of judicial process, individuals judged to be in need of rehabilitation - because of their improper revolutionary attitudes - were taken to the camps, put to work, and offered indoctrination. The camps were set up to deal with every variety of "delinquency," i.e., with people who do not go along with the authorities in the matter of job assignment, pace of work, style of clothing; young people (and older, in certain cases performers) who showed "too much concern with their personal appearance" (long hair, afros, colorful clothing - especially tight pants, etc.). They were said to be victims of *la enfermedad* (the disease) or of cultural imperialism. Homosexuals topped the list of those targeted by the block neighborhood committees called CDR's (Committees for the Defense of the Revolution) formed after the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion. As a result of this kind of treatment, one million people, including thousands of lesbians and gay men, have left Cuba since 1969. *Gusanos* (vermin or worms) is Castro's term for 10% of the Cuban population in exile.

The question of anti-lesbian and gay oppression in Cuba consistently grates raw nerves. Writers are unwilling or unable to analyze the connection between Amerikkka's often violent, oppressive hostility to lesbians and gay men and the political and economic system under which such oppression festers, but are often quite eager to link anti-lesbian and gay oppression in Cuba to the categorical "evils of communism." Gay leftists are faced with the persistently demoralizing fact that the reorganization of society by revolutionary methods may well lead in practice to not a freer, more just society, but only to a recodifying of the same rigid, bourgeois values that made the need for revolution imperative.

*Improper Conduct*, a feature-length documentary, directed by Nestor Almendros and Orlando Jimenez-Leal, will no doubt serve to convince the anti-communists among us that they were right about the Cuban revolution all along. Almendros is one of the world's most renowned cinematographers. With over half a dozen films under his belt in Europe, he came to the U.S. and got an academy award in Cinematography for "Days of Heaven," going on to film "Kramer vs. Kramer" and "Sophie's Choice." (*Improper Conduct* opened in San Francisco, Miami and San Juan, Puerto Rico on June 29; New York City, July 6, and other major U.S. cities the end of July.)

The film consists of a series of beautifully filmed interviews with 28 Cuban exiles intercut with stock footage from the early days of the Cuban revolution, shots of crowds in Havana and on the boats from El Mariel, and, presiding ominously above it all, shots of Fidel himself. What the film does not contain, unfortunately, is an analysis of political systems, the of nature of lesbian and gay oppression, of the history of Cuba, of anything that would have made it more than just a diatribe.

Directors Almendros and Jimenez-Leal accumulated as their source of evidence the testimony of women and men who have chosen to leave Cuba and live elsewhere: a number of writers, a transvestite performer, some students, a troupe of ballet dancers, a hairdresser, a doctor, and a sociologist who offers an inflammatory indictment which feebly attempts to expose the repression of Fidel's Cuba, especially as it affects homosexuality. Now, according to those interviewed, Cuba "has become nothing more than a fascist dictatorship maintaining itself through a regime of fear, torture and imprisonment."

The rhetorical point made by this assortment of dissidents is that antipathy toward Castro crosses the lines of class, gender, sexual preference and educational background. However, the utter absence of even one person willing to defend the revolution serves to collapse the spectrum artificially into a single point of view. This is not simply an out-and-out omission. It takes an extraordinary amount of manipulation to produce a film which implies that everyone who left Cuba not only left for the same basic reasons but now also shares the same political viewpoint.

Such manipulation involves the complete evacuation of analysis from the film. Questions are never posed. For example, has the woman from Madrid, who acted as an aide to Castro before being thrown in jail, now renounced her Marxism? If so, what has she embraced? Does she agree with the writer in Paris who notes that "gays are never sad," and heterosexuals "tend to be melancholic" and therefore able to get sentimentally attached "to an old shoe," when she claims that the "primitive Cuban mind" is attracted to the image of two women in bed together? Or with Cabrera Infante, the exiled writer, who claims that everyone "who lived the *dolce vita* in Havana" was persecuted? It would have been interesting, perhaps crucial, to know why she was jailed, how she now views her own participation in the revolution, where she thinks the revolution failed, and how she would alter it to rectify the injustices she claims exist.

Almendros and Jimenez-Leal refuse to press any issue, to question any statement; they are content to let their subjects say just about anything as long as it puts Fidel's Cuba in a bad light. Their defenders, I am sure, will argue that the filmmakers' silence is deliberate, that they want merely to let their subjects speak for themselves. But the directors are far from silent. Apart from the undeniable political messages emanating from the film's organization, as well as the facts and figures they present through voice-over narration, they tip their hand when they add a menacing sound track to stock video footage of Castro - which they present not in its original form, but in slow motion. The image of Fidel is already so overloaded with the ideological residue of our country's relentless propaganda campaign that slowing it down and adding eerie music turns this sequence in a ludicrous self-parody.

There is nothing wrong with films that take ideological positions and pursue them; nor is there a rule that filmmakers must come up with answers. indeed, it is the privilege of art in a free society to avoid answering anything. It is the fault of this film, however, that so few questions are posed, so few ideas analyzed, so little light shed. ■

Sandy Blixton

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### PLANT HELL

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 especially the petunias  
 ever since I learned they can read  
 my thoughts  
 can put if I seem to give other flowers  
 more attention  
 their sensitivity has been duly tested  
 psycho-galvanic analyzers mitogenetic  
 rays  
 integratrons polygraphs magnetic fields  
 audio-oscillator electrodes

Plants shudder at a cruel intent  
 whether to rip off a leaf or cut of a  
 stem  
 I lock myself away from them  
 until I learn I can be miles away  
 and they will know my state  
 of mind  
 My tomato vines my chives carrots  
 radishes  
 such screams at uprooting they force me  
 to become  
 a meatatarian  
 What if I became tempted to enter into  
 a plant  
 for a while a forever while  
 My hostility is so obvious that my  
 plants  
 are dying in their hanging  
 baskets  
 the petunias dead in their windowboxes  
 I am replacing them with plastic roses

EMILIE GLEN

I'd Rather Be  
 Smashing Imperialism



# Commercial Art: a book review

It was the poster that first caught my eye. Bold pink letters proclaiming "ART" slicing diagonally across -- almost obscuring -- the photo; a grey, non-descript box of a building. Of course, the building does have a snazzy yellow grid-like thing distending from one side, framing what seems to be a window. And the snazzy yellow just happens to coincide with the big pink "R" in "ART." Yum. Yellow and pink. The whole thing is overlaid with a thin-lined white grid; very au courant. There's a Barry Goldwater-blue beach sky behind the house and the shadows in the photo are as cool and hard as an Edward Hopper painting. As I say, it caught my eye.

The poster, it turned out, was advertising Real Estate as Art, a slick, self-congratulatory little book that would bilk us of nine dollars and ninety-five cents while offering reverent instruction in the art of appreciating the crushing gentrification of our neighborhoods. We should pay ten dollars for this con job?

Should you, nonetheless, find yourself with the book in hand there are ways of getting at its basic truths. For example, if we begin by taking the liberty of re-working Roger Webster's quote by replacing the two words "real estate" with the single word, "ownership," we get closer to the heart of the matter. You'll notice that Webster does not say he is "into" buildings as an art form. He doesn't say that because that is not what he means. What he does mean is that he likes to make money by possessing property in buildings and land, and he prefers to call this -- feels perhaps more comfortable calling this -- art.

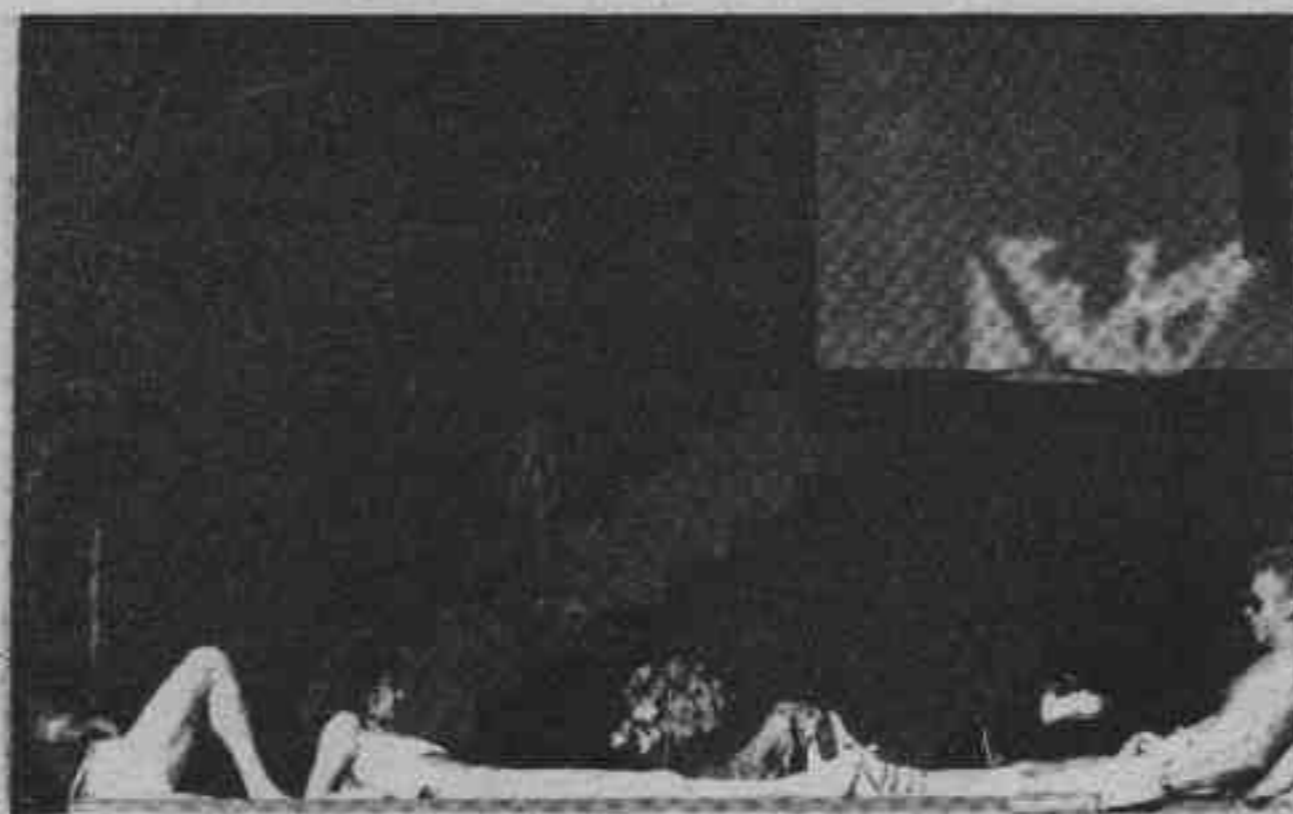
Instead of use value for the community, everything that can be packaged and sold is being packaged and sold. And the prettier the package, the higher the price. It's happening all over; it's called speculation. This is the first time I've seen it referred to as art.

"I'm into real estate as an art form."

Roger Webster

"One cannot create an art that speaks to people when one has nothing to say."

Andre Malraux



Billy Al Bengstan (right) with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Doumani

The central idea, around which this whole theory of tasteful commerce revolves, is presented to us by Tom Sewell, the book's so-called "producer." Sewell boasts that in the 1960's Venice artists began to "develop studio spaces which often became as important as their art, or more so." Well, three cheers for Venice artists. And the horse they rode to town on.

Physically, in spite of the obvious joy these "spaces" have brought to those who dwell within them, they are hardly what one might call gifts to the street; instead, they present themselves to the outside world as little more than high-tech fortresses. But then

Venice is not the sort of community where ambitious entrepreneurs can leave their consumer goods lying around with impunity. DANGER lurks in them thar walk streets! (The book quotes one architect as justifying her house's isolation from the street with the incredible statement "It is wrong to indulge with chaos." That's us, folks.) So one might say that the architecture of these skylit safe-deposit boxes simply reflects existing conditions. One might also say that the Venice "artists" to whom this book offers such breathless praise are only Venice artists because they got in early, bought cheap, sold high, made a bundle, created "spaces" that impress clients; continue to work the image; live high, and never gave a damn about the community they landed in.

Artists who lacked the taste and talent to buy when the getting was good are now probably mere Mar Vista artists, or Palms, or just plain old, lower-case, westside artists, or perhaps they live in downtown L.A. where maybe art still stands a chance of being more important than the space one "does" it in. And where the artists seem to be neither usurping affordable living space, nor drastically inflating real estate values and turning local doctors' offices into parking lots for overpriced restaurants.

Of course one could simply accept the notion of art as a commodity, traded in the futures market next to soy beans and pork bellies. No problem. No contradictions. All an artist has to do is advertise. ("Keep your eye on this kid, Clem, he's a comer. Eats at the WestBeach Cafe, drinks his capuccino at Charmer's, wears silly suspenders, and lives in a pointy tin house. Why those big canvasses -- sculptures, "spaces", etc. -- of his'll be worth thousands five years from now! Buy low; sell HIGH! If that's art then one certainly can make a case for Real Estate as Art.

Jennifer Pirie

photo from Real Estate as Art

Fox International

## African Films in Venice

by memphis slim

"The First Annual African and Black American Film Festival" begins August 16 and runs for two weeks at the newly restored Fox International Theatre at 620 Lincoln Boulevard in Venice.

The Festival opens Thursday, August 16th with Ferid Boughedir's Camera d'Afrique: Twenty Years of African Cinema, an official selection for 1984 Cannes Film Festival and Filmex. Camera d'Afrique will have its American theatrical premiere at the Fox International. The Moment of Truth, after being banned in its native Nigeria, will have its World Premiere here; West Indies, a fascinating "musical tragedy" from Mauritania will make its U.S. debut at this festival although it was highly coveted by other festivals.

An African adage says, "A people without a knowledge of their past are like a tree without roots". These films provide a rich mosaic of African cultures and traditions in the treatments of political and social issues and in the various forms of narrative strategy. The U.S. entries, "My Brother's Wedding" and "Bless Their Little Hearts", follow their selections for both Filmex and the Cannes Festivals, and "Ashes and Embers" provide an insightful perception of the new American black sensibility.

This exciting Festival ranges from Watts to the War in the West Sahara, from Africans in Paris to Africans in the Caribbean, and finally from the African experience in modern Britain to the experience of new black African city dwellers in their native countries.

See you there!  
For information call: 3969898.



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**KROMA**

# EDITORIAL

BEACHHEAD, Number 1, December 1, 1968

# DEFEND VENICE

*This paper is a poem.  
It is the first of a series.  
Your participation will decide  
how often we appear.  
This paper is a poem for the people.  
We decided not to sell it  
to some of you,  
but to give it to all of you.  
It is a poem for all the people.  
It is also a paper made by people  
who love to make poems  
and dig doing a newspaper  
which is also a poem.  
Our subject this issue is Venice.  
Our purpose is to create a community.  
We would like to give you  
a new poem every day.  
We hope to do it, for now,  
every two weeks.  
Beachhead is a non-profit enterprise  
produced entirely by volunteer workers.  
Every resident of Venice  
is invited to join our endeavor  
and help to decide the outcome  
of each issue.  
Any reader can contribute  
in some way to our next poem.  
Any Venice resident may join  
in our collective staff decisions.  
The next poem you read may be your own!*

*Free Venice!*

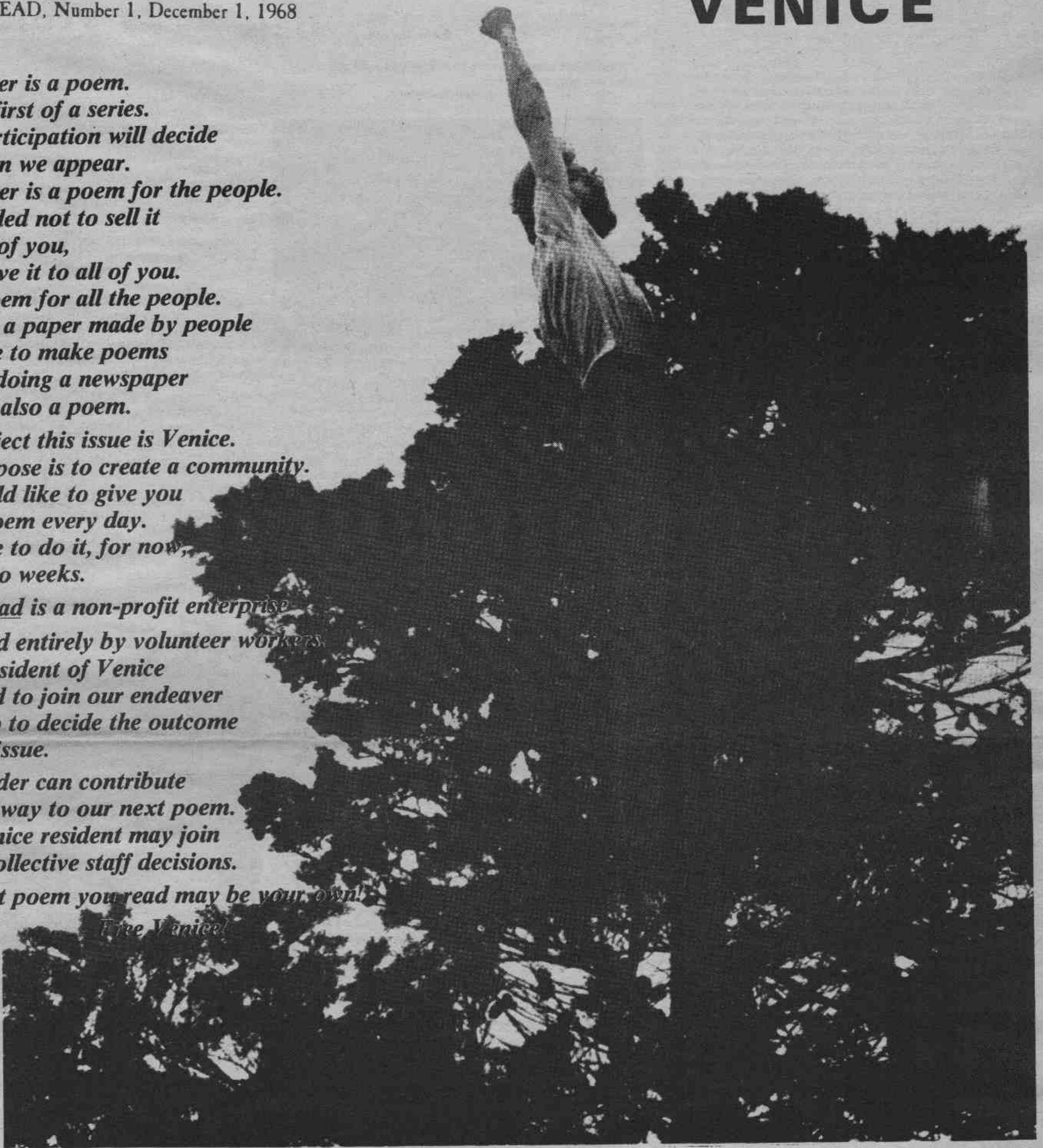


PHOTO BY: RICHARD MACKSON

## the free venice resistance

### *Activism and affirmation*

Maybe we should have said re-activism and re-affirmation. If you take a moment and look at the staff box on page 2, you'll be as amazed as we to find some 20 names. You'll also find articles with some new names attached to them and a very tangible new feel in the lay out. New people, new ideas.

But, we're not satisfied. We want more. More articles by more people about different issues. There are, amazingly, NO articles from local activists about Central America, none about rent control or the upcoming election in Santa Monica.

You can't fool us, not the Beachhead. We know you're out there just waiting to have your say in print. We want to hear from you. Information is a powerful tool. People cannot act without it and the time to act is now.

We look forward to hearing from you.

---The BEACHHEAD

## Land-rush cont.

Main St./Hampton Dr. are also poised on the edge of rapid change. Beachhead fans will remember the June issue's outline of the 3 projects, in this area, already approved at the City level (mainly office and retail), and that more are in the works. There are "ominous" signs of potentially drastic change on Hampton--the street parallel with Main, one block to the east. Buildings that until recently housed local industries (Tasty Spuds and Jason Cosmetics) are up for sale. It is unlikely, given current land prices and interest rates, that these buildings will continue to be used for manufacturing. More likely we can contemplate some type of office or retail use. The same is true of the old Hammond Lumber lot, until recently a movie studio for the Roger Corman group. Now its been sold to a group of attorneys whose plans for the site are as yet unknown. Along with the imminent departure of RTD (see story in Beachhead) these goings on portend an escalating gentrification at the eastern edge of Oakwood and the western edge of north Venice.

Continuing southeast from Hampton Dr. along Electric Ave., we can expect a number of changes on the railroad right-of-way since Southern Pacific has begun selling off parcels of that land. I suspect the new uses will be as varied as the new owners and will include parking, new buildings (commercial is most likely), and the expansion of existing businesses. On Washington St. itself, the emergence of a Merchants Assoc., which sponsored the recent street faire) appears to indicate that people doing business there are beginning to have a more unified idea about what they want to happen on the street. Indeed, the group's latest news letter broaches the idea of another event. Many merchants also want to change the name of the street to Kinney Blvd. (our "founding father") which would help end the confusion of having 4 streets named Washington in the community. Many of these same merchants have long cast envious glances toward Main St. in Santa Monica where chi-chi shops come and go with more regularity than Ex-Lax and a parking space can be more difficult to find than the pot of gold at the end of a rainbow.

Enter Venice Blvd. The City has sent out an RFP (Request for Proposal) concerning the median strip of Venice from Ocean Ave. to Lincoln Blvd. An RFP is "bureaucratic for 'make me an offer.'" The City is asking an entrepreneur to make an offer to turn the strip, from Ocean to Oakwood into a parking lot the revenue from which would go to the company that got the contract. So will responsibility for mainten-

## Olympics cont.

The previous two cases are just two of the many flaws in Venice. Others include beach traffic and parking, the Venice Pavilion, and the list continues.

Write to your elected officials about these problems; if enough of us do, something may change. ●

nothing can defeat  
the human spirit.

VENICE TOWN COUNCIL UPDATE, Continued...

The tone will be set, but not etched in stone by the structure adopted. Issues have always been the mainstay of the Venice Town Council and they are still the main attraction. A guest speaker from No Oil, Inc. will open the meeting with brief comments on offshore oil drilling recently sanctioned for Pacific Palisades and the repercussions this decision will have on Venice Beach if nothing is done to alter that decision. The final portion of the meeting will focus on conditions at Venice Beach and a panel of "experts" will be on hand to answer questions which have been raised at previous meetings.

If this sounds "tasty" to you, don't be surprised when even more unexpected, "juicy" courses are put on the table. Just bring your appetite for lively discussion! J. Solomon ●

# Venice Town Council <sup>11</sup> Meeting

Old Venice City Hall 681 Venice Bl.

### PROPOSED AGENA

1. GUEST SPEAKER: A SPEAKER FROM "NO OIL" WILL DISCUSS PLANS FOR OIL DRILLING
2. COORDINATING COMMITTEE REPORT: INCLUDING A DISCUSSION ABOUT CREATING BROAD COMMITTEE FOR ACTION WORK
3. PAVILION COMMITTEE: PROGRESS REPORT ON PLANS FOR THE PAVILION
4. STRUCTURE COMMITTEE: A DISCUSSION AND VOTE ON THE WAY IN WHICH WE SHOULD ORGANIZE OURSELVES
5. PANEL ON BEACH ISSUES: IF AVAILABLE, REPS FROM THE COUNTY, CITY AND LAPD WILL DISCUSS AND ANSWER QUESTION ABOUT BEACHFRONT CONCERNS

\*\*\*\*THE MEETING BEGINS PROMPTLY AT 7:30\*\*\*\*

## Thursday Night Aug. 16, 1984 7:30pm

ance. Given the heavy parking demand, especially during the summer, and the fact that much of the land is already, de facto, a parking lot, having it paved and landscaped seems an O.K. idea. Of course, none of the trunk/bus people living on the land will mind at all. Councilwoman Pat Russell's aid Dave Granis indicated that the parking would either be metered or attendant. If it's the later, it will be possible for businesses in the area, on both Venice and Washington Blvds. to validate parking and, therefore, satisfy some of their parking needs using this land. It seems to me that a potential conflict will exist on summer weekends when parking demand for the beach fills this stretch of land already. There haven't been any public hearing on the proposal as yet--we'll try to keep you informed.

Continuing, slightly to the west, along Ocean Ave. and taking a right at any number of streets brings us to the Canals--the land of \$400,000 homes. More than 70% of the area's property owners have voted to fund an assessment district to repair the side walks, clean the bottoms of the canals and line the banks with some kind of non-dirt like substance. An assessment district is when property owners "tax" themselves to pay for various kinds of repairs. Only property owners, not renters can initiate this mechanism. A number of tenants, especially those who've lived at the Canals are not too happy because they know that rents will be raised to pay their owners share of the assessment. Also, a number of owners, the 25%+ who did not sign the assessment petition will be forced to pay for an "improvement" that they don't approve of. The new side-walks etc. proposed will be a double edged sword--on one hand they will increase property values (gasp!) in the area on the other they will allow more visitors./tourists into the canals. They will also, at least partially, destroy the natural look of the banks and the canals themselves.

A hop, skip and a jump brings us to the Peninsula. Seems the City has chosen the "logical" time of an Olympic summer to bar parking on its vacant lots, just east of Pacific Ave, which allow some access to the Peninsula beach. One rumor is that

a land swap is in the offing. the City will trade its buildable lots, of which it has 50 on the Peninsula alone, to landowners along the western edge of the Ballona Lagoon where the lots are unbuildable. The City, the story continues, would then put strip parking on the narrow strip between, say, Lighthouse and Top-sail streets. It's a pretty good idea in order to increase use of this very under-utilized beach where lack of parking is the primary reason for the sparse crowds. One needs to question, however, if in a lot for lot trade the City isn't getting the short end of a very expensive stick.

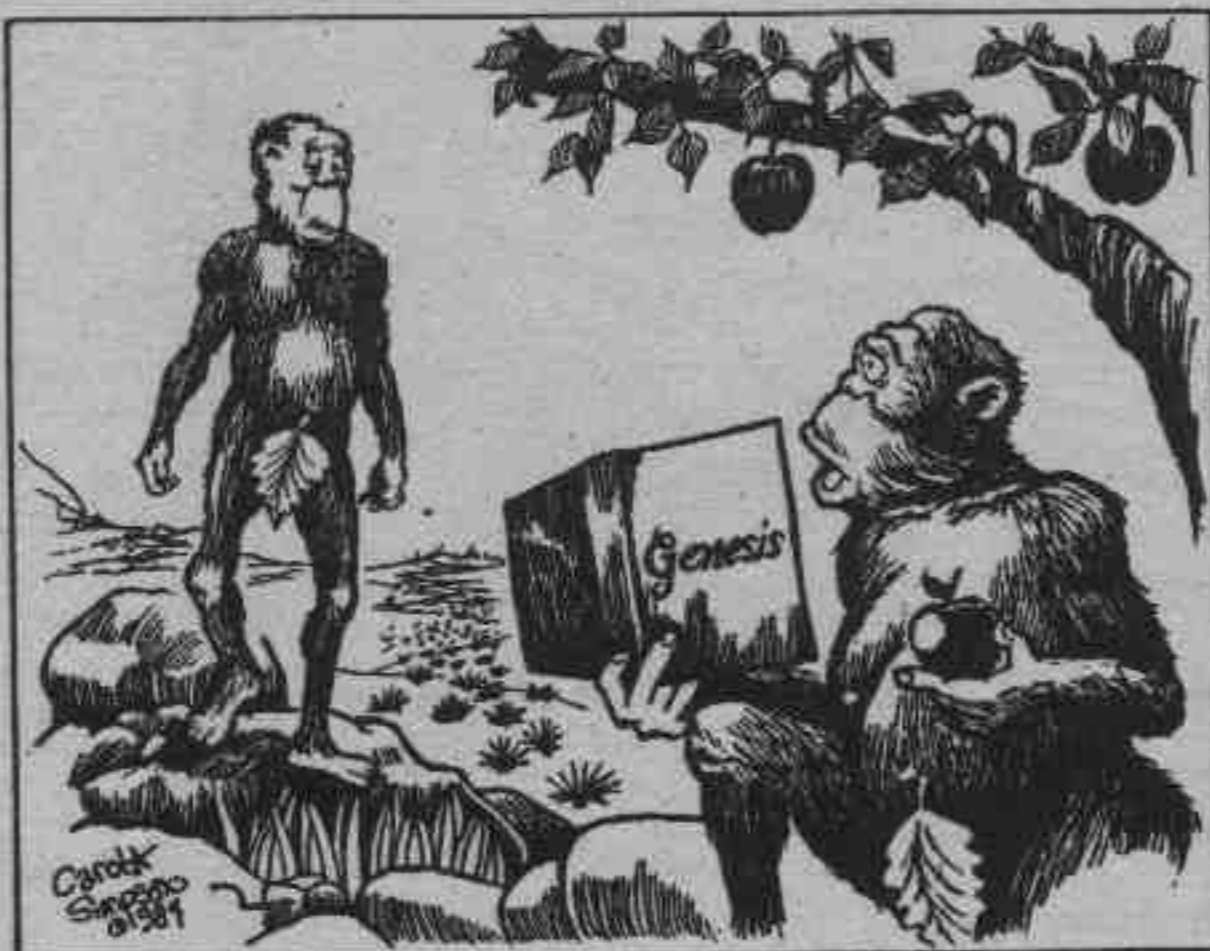
Lastly, and in general, you may have noticed that again and again I seem to mention parking in this article. Parking has become the lynchpin of development in Venice. Developers and the City have finally understood the very direct relationship between the two with a little help from community activists and the Coastal Commission. (It is a sad commentary that the center of discussion about new development in Venice used to be providing affordable housing--now its affordable parking!). Most developers now recognize that new development, especially if its commercial, will not fly lacking sufficient parking. Almost everyone also understands that private parking lots heavily used by beachgoers (almost as much a part of Venice as the residents) cannot continue to disappear under new development without having an impact on everybody. Two years ago there was a shooting over a parking space in my neighborhood. Tempers have cooled a bit since then, but if we don't pay a whole bunch of attention to the parking part of any development we will contribute to the outbreak of a full scale war!

A final tidbit. The huge lot at the corner, northwest, of Rose & Main is now for sale by the Southern Pacific. Along with the RTD land, this a crucial piece of property on Main St. It would make a wonderful site for some affordable housing and some parking. ◊

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Sounds of Summer, O.F.W.

"I wanna a choclut crowsahnt-----  
 -been to Berkeley- all stressed out"  
 "Want some good grass?-----"  
 "This lil dreus is only fower tee niun niuntee niun--  
 50 in the stowers, pure 100% polyeestur--well, up yours,  
 too, honey-----"

"---good Columbian--"  
 "Got some spare change?"  
 "BEAT IT-BEAT IT-BEAT IT"

"Arnoldi--but is it ART??"  
 "--Altoon retrospective---"  
 "---best of the Beats---"  
 "Falkenstein--strong statement--"  
 "Stockhausen's theatrics"--  
 "Baryshnikov was marvelous--"  
 "Can enybody tell me where  
 the Land's End Restaurant is?"--  
 "Was that Barbra Streisand back there?"--

"--that was some baaaad coke"--  
 "Got some spare change?"--  
 "BEAT IT-BEAT IT'BEAT IT"---

"by the Games Theory, the average Venetian  
 will step in 1,000 piles of dogshit during his  
 lifetime"-----

--"quality time with the kids, peer pressure--  
 "my shrink says----"  
 "could you tell me where the Ace Gallery is?"  
 "Want some good grass?"  
 "Got some spare change?"  
 "BEAT IT-BEAT IT'BBBBEEET IT"--

---"Hart--into his image--"  
 "--prayer in schools?"  
 "--P.L.O.----Equador-----"  
 "Hari Krisna, Hari Krisna----"  
 "Jesus Saves"-----  
 "Got some spare change?"  
 "Want some good grass?"  
 'BEAT IT-BEAT IT-BEEEEEEET IT"

"you-have-a-good-one-I'll-get-back-to-you--"

"BBBBEEEEEEEEEEET IT"

Ruth Clark

## PCV Blues

I love my car  
 my car loves me.  
 We take care of each other  
 We happy as can be.

I change the mudflap  
 and fix the inside light.  
 I take it to the garage  
 they do chicken right.

I have 'em change the oil  
 and new filter's finger tight.  
 And yes, please align the front end  
 they keep it there all night.

Rotate the tires  
 clean the battery posts  
 and by the way  
 check that little leak  
 check that little leak.  
 Probably needs a new gasket at most.

Get a phone call the next day  
 boy, you in deep shit.  
 Your pcv valve clogged up  
 you brainless little nitwit.

Every seal in every crank  
 blown clear out and gone.  
 Eevery gasket, every piece a rubber  
 timing belt, so long.

Have to pull the tranny  
 if you want to drive it again  
 Might take a week  
 Or it might take ten.

Gonna cost you plenty  
 you stupid little brat  
 didn't you know to check the pcv valve?  
 Where have you been at?

If there's a moral to this story  
 and I know quite well there is,  
 it's

check your pcv valve  
 check your pcv valve  
 check your pcv valve  
 check your pcv valve.

-Bob Rivkin

dump truck

you wheeled in  
 backed up

pulled your dead  
 man's stick

and dumped dirt  
 all over

my life

Sheryl L. Neims

remember:  
 the other side of the moon may not be there.

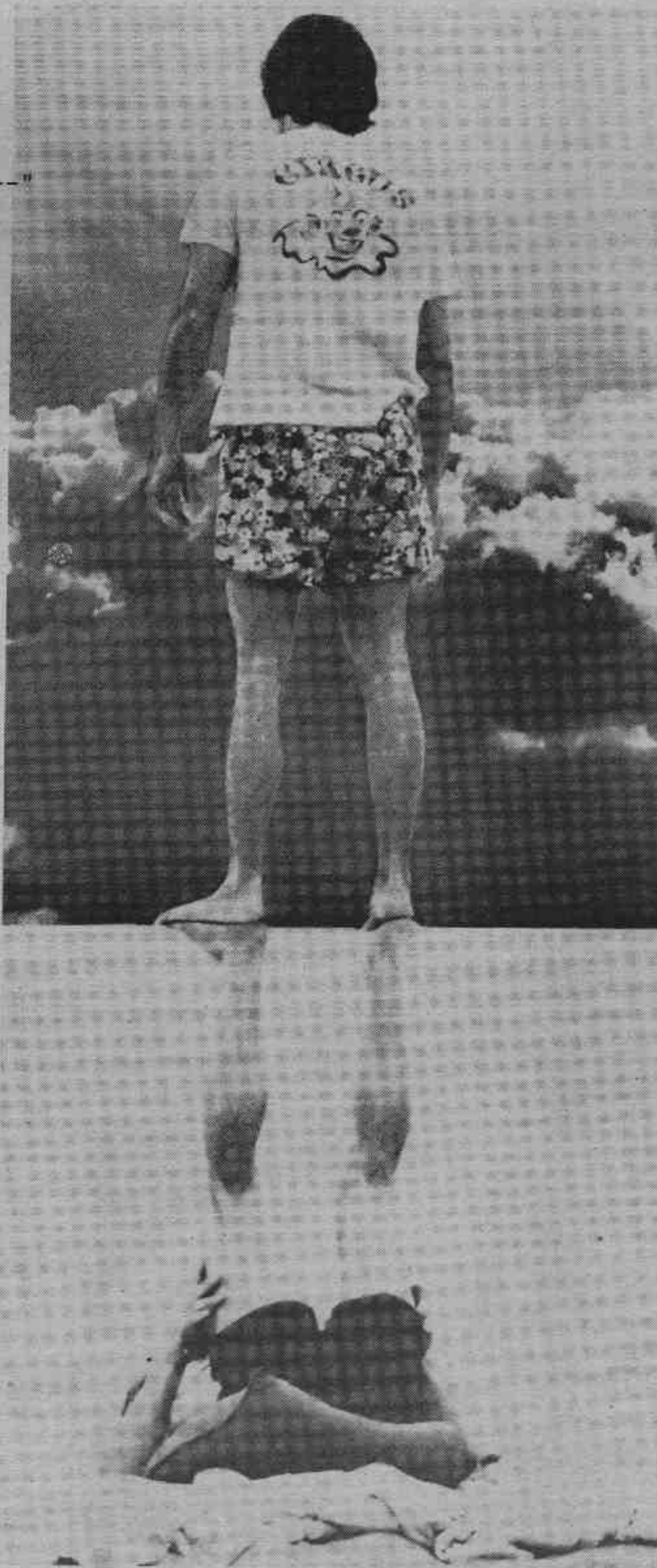
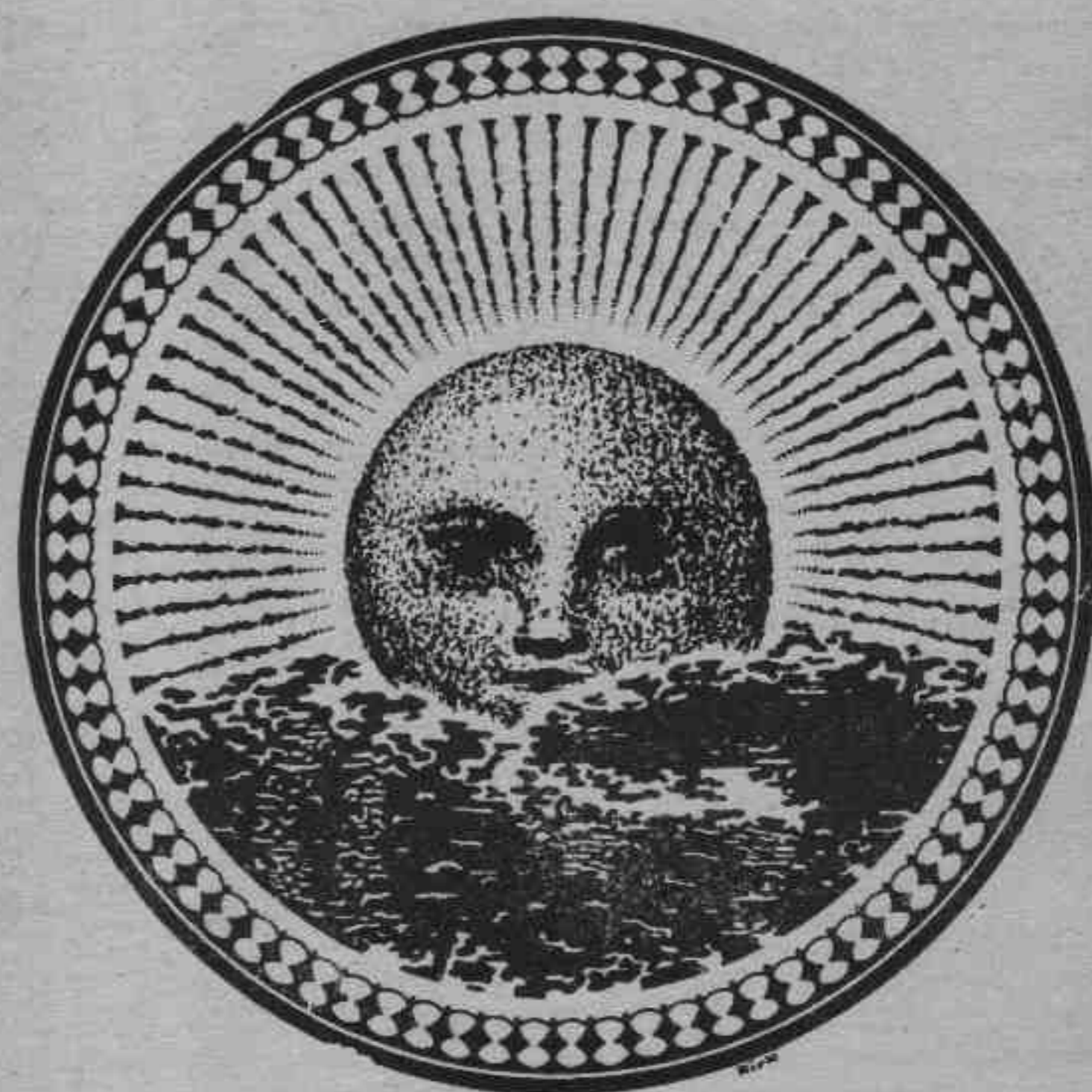


PHOTO BY RICH MANN

## THE PEACE GENERATION A Manifesto by Jeff Cohen (Apologies to Madison Avenue)

We are the peace generation..born of war.  
 We were the babies that boomed,  
 but we don't want to go boom.  
 We are the biggest generation in history,  
 so you'd better listen.

We made love and not war.  
 We planted trees and not bombs.  
 We burned draft cards and not babies.  
 We placed our bodies  
 on the gears and levers of war.  
 We made sure the whole world was watching  
 Do you think we've gone away?  
 Do you think the world's gone blind?

We are over 30 now.  
 Do you think we're too old  
 to stop the next war?

We went part of the way  
 with LBJ.  
 We went clean for Gene.  
 We got down for MayDay.  
 We shut down the ROTC.  
 We will do whatever's necessary  
 for peace.

In the 60s,  
 we were eaten up by an intensity  
 we could not name.  
 In the 80s, we live in a constant  
 state of fear.  
 Haunted by the white shadow  
 of Reagatomics.

You say we are sick  
 with Vietnam Syndrome.  
 That we've caught the Freeze disease.  
 Whatever we've got,  
 you cannot cure us.  
 Cause one out of three scientists  
 work in the labs of war.  
 They make guided missiles  
 for mis-guided men.

Half the world is starving  
 but you can't feed them.  
 You've built a one-crop economy..  
 the military.  
 We've become a colony  
 of the Pentagon.  
 We need to declare independence.

We love our country.  
 We don't like what it's doing  
 to the world.  
 We will put  
 our gentle shoulders  
 to the wheel.

That was the point---the point, the revelation, when I decided I needed help and that I better get it fast or else I would be lost-----slipping into a world of things and pleasures and becoming a slave to thinking only of money....

but wait, hadn't I gotten better-- better at making money---I felt proud of myself---why did I have these neurotic fears of money---money was good--- money built our nation---money could be used for good---I could be like Rockefeller and give to foundations---I could be a good rich person---I really could....

It wasn't long as you can see that I really had to finally take hold of myself and STOP.

Stop any thought of money---stop walking past store windows---stop going to business class---stop, stop, stop. Yes---it came to that. There was no other way...otherwise it would have destroyed me. I had to admit to myself that I was a consumer. Not so hard. The hard part was that I had to stop consuming---go cold turkey---no consumption beyond my very basic needs.

I've been that way now for a few years---and I know a whole lot more now about Capitalism. It was the root of all evil---at least for me---and I live now with the knowledge that yes, I AM A CONSUMER. ■



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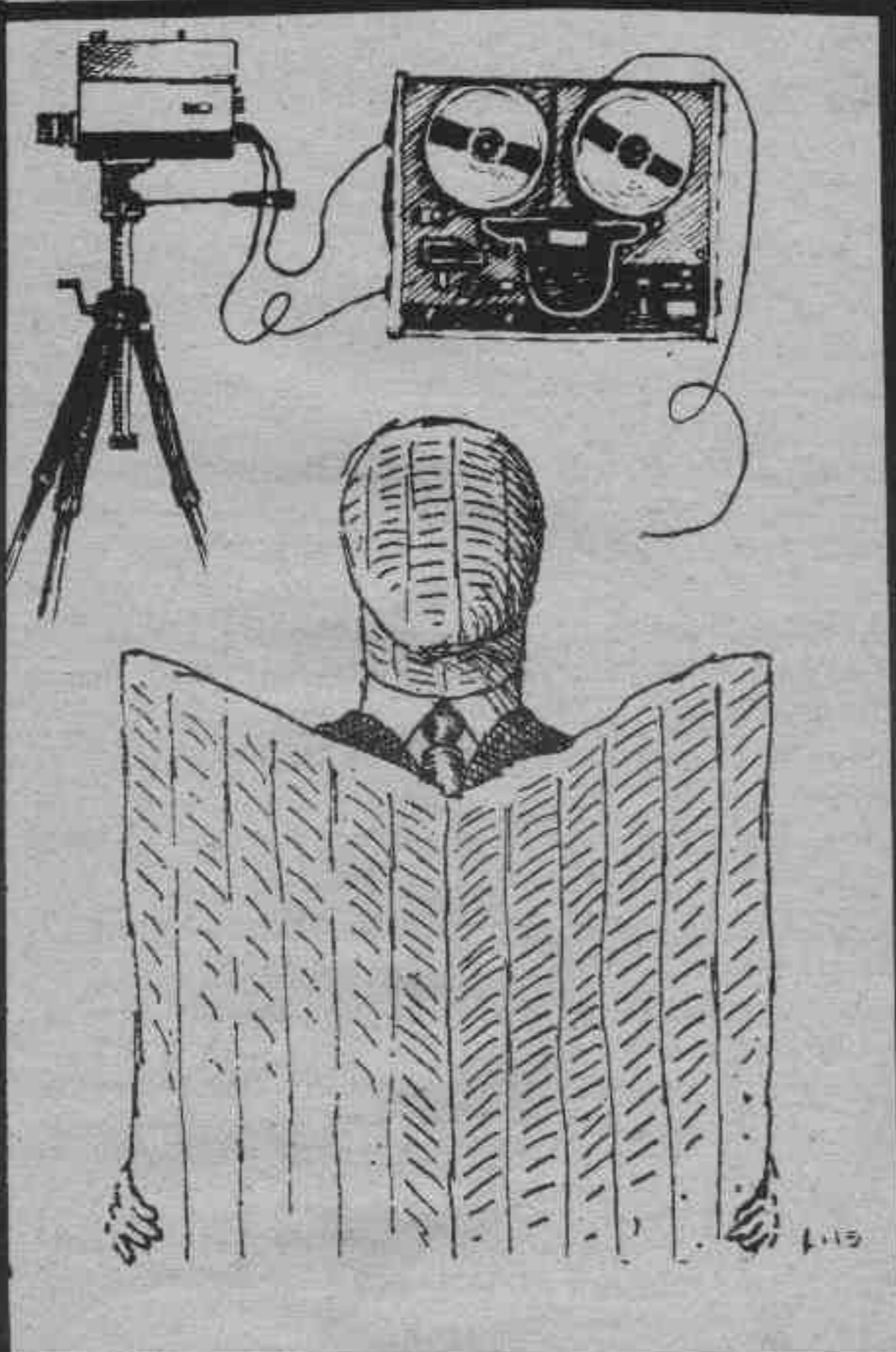
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# pacifica

The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled unconstitutional Section 399 (a) of the Communications Act, which since 1967 has prohibited noncommercial broadcasters from editorializing, but was recently amended to apply only to recipients of federal funds. The decision marks the end of a five-year struggle by Pacifica Foundation, the League of Women Voters of California, and Congressman Henry Waxman to have Section 399 (a) declared unconstitutional.

In April, 1979, Pacifica Foundation challenged the constitutionality of Section 399 (a) on First and Fifth Amendment grounds, charging the statute was in violation of their free speech and due process rights. In October, 1979, then-Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti announced that the Department of Justice would not defend the constitutionality of Section 399 (a).

However in 1981, the Department of Justice, under a new administration and new attorney general, declared that it would enforce and defend the challenged provision. This led to the reopening of the suit and the subsequent determination by the U.S. Supreme Court.

## Free Speech Question

A Revolutionary Communist Party interview on the "pre-war" Olympics has been abruptly cancelled by AM radio station KWKW. Slated by KWKW for their program "Realidades", the interview with RCP spokesman Roger Mayo was taped May 29. In early June, it was learned that the U.S. Spanish-language station could not air the segment of "Realidades" that featured the RCP interview. RCP efforts to meet with the station management have reached an impasse.

KWKW cited the "advice of our attorneys" as the reason the RCP interview was banned. The station management has refused all RCP requests to meet with them. For more information, or original Spanish transcription, call Pat Alba at (213) 739-4907.



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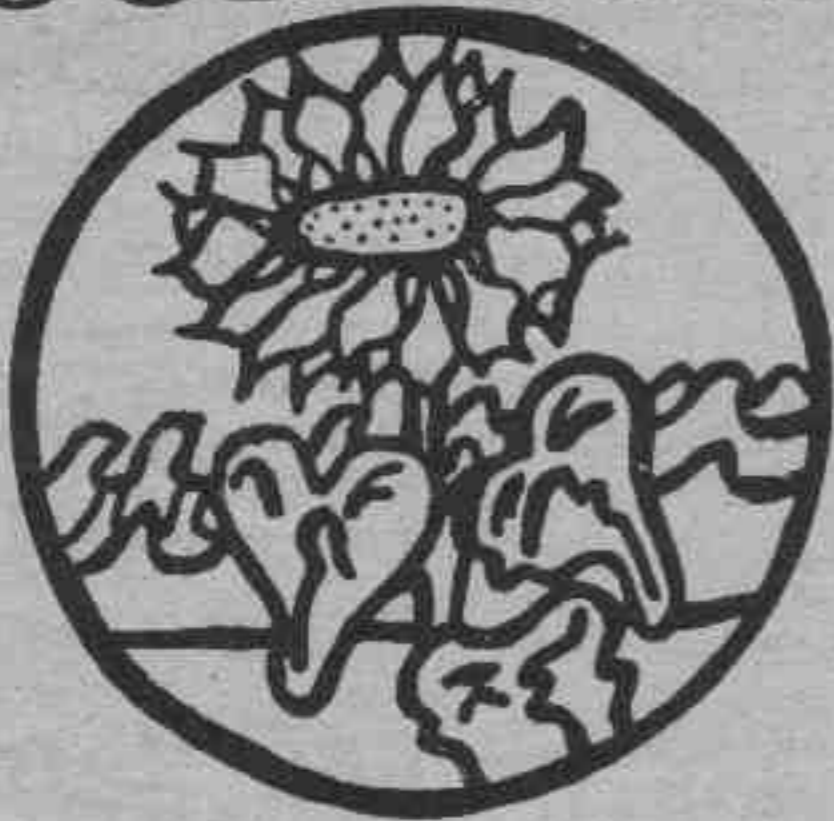
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Los Angeles, CA 90015



# Community Events

## Environment

### THURSDAY NIGHT GROUP

First Presbyterian Church of Santa Monica, on Second St., south of Wilshire. 395-4123

This group meets at the church on Thursday evenings to discuss and provide education on nuclear issues.

Thursday, Aug. 16, 7:15 p.m. - next meeting.

### SOCIAL AND PUBLIC ARTS RESOURCE CENTER (SPARC) - 685 Venice Blvd. 822-9560, 822-9783

July 27 - Sept. 1, Wed. thru Sat., 11 a.m. - 5 p.m. THE GREAT WALL OF LOS ANGELES: ANATOMY OF A MURAL. This is an exhibition of original drawings, preliminary and thumbnail sketches, blueprints, and pictures of the Great Wall of Los Angeles.

The exhibit will include a slide show and film.



### FRIENDS OF BALLONA

P.O. BOX 5159, Playa del Rey, CA 90293

Friends of Ballona is pursuing a lawsuit against the Coastal Commission decision to allow the Summa Corporation to destroy much of the Ballona Wetlands. Send donations to the FBW Legal Defense Fund at the above address.

## Politics

### OFFICE OF THE AMERICAS

1227 4th Street, Santa Monica, 90401, 451-2428

Office of The Americas attempts to inform the public about U.S policies in Central America. They can use volunteers.

Office of The Americas board member, Alisa Beaton, will be taking a delegation to Nicaragua Aug. 28 through Sept. 4. for information, call 474-3545

### SANTA MONICA DEMOCRATIC CLUB

Senior Citizens' Recreation Center, 1430 Ocean Avenue, Santa Monica. For information, call 453-5322

The Democratic Club meets the 4th Thursday of every month, except when that day conflicts with a holiday, at 7:30 pm. Visitors, new members welcome.

### COALITION FOR ECONOMIC SURVIVAL

For information, call 938-6241.

Join the campaign to incorporate West Hollywood as a separate city. Volunteers call the above number.

### LOS ANGELES ARTISTS CALL AGAINST INTERVENTION IN CENTRAL AMERICA

at Beyond Baroque, 681 Venice Blvd. (W. of Lincoln) For information, call 255-9923

There will be a general meeting of L.A. Artists Call on Saturday, Aug. 18 at 10 a.m. to discuss and make plans for October. The group has chosen October, 1984 for its second round of activities - just before the November elections. Artists will have the opportunity to express opposition to intervention in Central America. The meeting will include Latin American music, poetry, refreshments.

### EL RESCATE

1813 W. Pico Blvd., L.A. 90006. Information: 387-3284

There will be a benefit for El Rescate and for the clinic on Friday, October 12, at the Directors' Guild in Hollywood. The new film documentary, *The Good Fight*, about the Abraham Lincoln Brigade will be shown. Tickets are \$30. so start saving now!

### COMMITTEE IN SOLIDARITY WITH THE PEOPLE OF EL SALVADOR (CISPES), Los Angeles Branch

For information, call: 225-6136

Downtown CISPES is sponsoring several events:

Aug. 2, 4:30 p.m. STOP THE DEATHFLIGHTS DEMONSTRATION at TACA Airlines, Figueroa and Wilshire. This is the airline used by the INS to deport undocumented workers.

Friday, Aug. 10, 7 p.m. Video interviews with two people who subsequently gave their lives in the struggle to free El Salvador. At Casa El Salvador, 3066 W.7th., Los Angeles. No charge at door. Donations accepted.

### FEDERATION FOR PROGRESS

For information call: 746-5028

Saturday, Aug. 6, 1-6 p.m. THE DEADLY CONNECTION a forum on nuclear disarmament and non-intervention in Central America, in support of SURVIVALFEST.

Tickets: \$3. in advance, \$5. at the door.

### GUNTER'S

1009 West Washington Blvd., 399-9503

CHEESECAKE AND POLITICS, Gunter's Coffee House Salon on Sunday nights is the place for social, artistic, and political discussions.

### RAINBOW COALITION POLITICAL ACTION COMMITTEE - For information, call: 893-2601

Monday, Aug. 6; Tuesday, Aug. 7; Wednesday, Aug. 8 all at 7:30 p.m. - FILMS AND DISCUSSIONS on covert operations and abuses against Third World and progressive people. All at the PicFair Theater, 5879 W. Pico (Pico/Fairfax)

Continuing STREET THEATER DEMONSTRATIONS, on a daily basis during the Olympics. For information on locations, call 225-6139.

BUMPER STICKERING and informational teams go out into the community every Saturday morning. For information, call: 225-6136.

Westside CISPES is doing the following:

Saturday, Aug. 11 at 10 a.m. there will be a chapter meeting on the West side. For information on the location, etc., call 392-7672 (eves.) or 828-0923 (days).

Saturday, Aug. 25. 8 p.m. A DANCE PARTY/FUND-RAISER to raise money for the CISPES California Labor delegation to Nicaragua - a fact-finding tour. The party will be at 525 Georgina St., Santa Monica. Admission is \$5. No host bar. For information call the above Westside numbers.

### DEMOCRATIC SOCIALISTS OF AMERICA (DSA)

Westside - For information, call: 451-4271

Sunday, Aug. 26, 7 p.m. Westside Branch Meeting at 1050 12th St., Apt. 10., Santa Monica. The discussion topic will be: A Socialist Perspective on the November Elections, with Marshall Mayer. Visitors welcome.

Sunday, August 12, 7 p.m. DSA SUMMER THEATER PARTY, "CIRCE AND BRAVO," a play by Donald Freed, at the Met Theater, 649 Pointsettia Place. Tickets \$10. Information: 385-0650. Information on the theater: 931-2067.

### CORDELL HALL

1020 Victoria Avenue, Venice. 559-3123

ANTI-WAR ART EXHIBIT through Aug. 13 noon to 10 p.m. daily.

## Social

### MURAL

Sunday, August 5, 2 p.m.

BE IN RICH MANN'S NEXT BOARDWALK MURAL IN LIVING COLOR! Come to the Venice Boardwalk at the appointed time -- and wear bright colors.

### SINGLETARIANS

Forbes Hall, 1721 Arizona, Santa Monica, behind the Unitarian Church. 394-4318

Sunday, Aug. 5, 8 p.m. Relationship Enhancement, with Marcia Levin, MFCC. \$3.

Sunday, Aug. 12, 8 p.m. Techniques of Personal Growth, with Debbie Kinney of "Insight." \$3.

Sunday, Aug. 19, 8 p.m. Nutrition That Heals or Hurts, with Dr. Joseph Stadish. \$3.

Sunday, Aug. 26. 8 p.m. European Impressions (West and East) in an American Election Year, with "Del" Stelek, PhD., Prof. of History, Cal State Northridge. \$3.

## Children

### VENICE BRANCH PUBLIC LIBRARY

610 California, Venice. 821-1769 (Lucille Cappas)

Wednesdays, thru Aug. 29 7:30 p.m. - FREE CHILDREN'S FILMS.

Fridays, thru Aug. 24, 1:30 p.m. - FREE. Children are invited to participate in table games.



detail: Olympic Section, Great Wall of Los Angeles Mural by Judith Baca

### UNITY IN ACTION

For information, call: 733-2107

Friday, Aug. 10, 3-6 p.m. A DEMONSTRATION AGAINST APARTHEID - to demand that South Africa not be readmitted to the Olympics. outside the South African Consulate, 9107 Wilshire Blvd. (This demo is also endorsed by CISPES)

### ALLIANCE FOR SURVIVAL Information: 399-1000

Thursday, Aug. 9 7 p.m. REMEMBER NAGASAKI INTERFAITH CANDLELIGHT VIGIL. at Seal Beach Naval Weapons Station. Meet at McGaw School 1/2 mile from Pacific Coast Highway on Seal Beach Blvd. For more information on location, call (714) 547-6282

### ASIAN AND PACIFIC AMERICANS FOR NUCLEAR AWARENESS Information: 746-5028, 626-2249

Friday, August 3, 7:30 p.m. - ASIAN AND PACIFIC VOICES FOR PEACE - A reception for Japan's peace delegates at Little Tokyo Towers Social Hall, 455 E. 3rd St., L.A.



## RELIGION

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF LOS ANGELES 2936 W. 8th St. L.A. 389-1356.

Sunday, Aug 5, 10:30 a.m. - Can Humanists Have A Liberation Theology? - Suzanne Spencer. Music by Kathy Roche-Zujko, soprano.

Sunday, Aug. 12, 11 a.m. - Prospects for International Peace and Justice - Judy Chu, President of Federation for Progress and one of the organizers of SURVIVAL-FEST. Music by Marcelle Waldrop, soprano.

## Women

### COMMITTEE FOR A RESPONSIVE SCHOOL BOARD

Sunday, Aug. 5, 11 a.m. - 1 p.m. - THE WOMEN ARE RUNNING. Join Connie Jenkins and Mary Kay Kamath at a Champagne Brunch to kick off their race for the Santa Monica School Board. At 2421 Third Street, Santa Monica. \$10.

### NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR WOMEN (N.O.W.)

For information: 652-5572

Saturday, Aug. 25. WALKATHON AT GRIFFITH PARK. Raise money to help defeat Reagan. A 10 K walk as part of NOW's Operation Women Vote project. Registration: 9 a.m. Walk: 10 a.m. Rally noon-2:30.

### ALCOHOLISM CENTER FOR WOMEN

1147 S. Alvarado Street, L.A. 381-7805 (Deborah Panny - Project Coordinator)

The Center will be opening an alcohol-free living facility for recovering alcoholic women, also designed to accommodate children. The residence will be opening in December.

WHAT WE CAN'T DO ALONE WE CAN DO TOGETHER



Sunday, Aug. 19, 11 a.m. - Soapbox Sunday - selected members and friends of the church will speak on a variety of topics. Music by Waldemar Hille, organist.

Sunday, Aug. 26, 11 a.m. - Who Are These People: A Celebration of Community. Music by Jerry Atinsky, topical songwriter/singer.

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