

FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

BEACHHEAD



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'Probable Cause'

by Carol Fondiller

In Oriental Astrology this is the year of the rat or the gopher or some such animal. For me, this is the year of the Paranoid.

Things seem to repeat themselves in different ways. It felt as if I had come full circle, sitting in a meeting with community people, agency people such as CLARE Foundation, and other drug abuse agencies, and representatives from the police, to contend with crime and drugs in Oakwood.

Oakwood, in spite of some yuppification, is still predominantly a neighborhood of mostly black homeowners and renters.

In the late '50's and '60's the police, and especially it's elite corps, the METRO SQUAD, forerunner of the SWAT TEAM (The S.W.A.T. TEAM has many more groovy hi-tech weapons, as any loyal T.V. addict can tell you.) used to roam Oakwood and the Ocean Front Walk to "Clean out the Garbage". These semi-annual sweeps were usually done at the instigation of developers and owners of large pieces of property who were then as now interested in putting their property to the highest and best use, i.e., the most money, regardless of the effects on the nearby communities.

I remember witnessing police stopping people for no probable cause, sometimes taking them to jail and releasing them a few days later, warning them to stay away from Venice.

I was told if I wanted to stay out of jail to stay out of Venice.

I'm not saying all the people who were stopped and searched by the police were all priests and Ph.D.'s. No. But several people were arrested and had makes run on them, because they were fingered by developers and businesspeople in Venice as "trouble makers". That is people who were against the developers that would move them out, people who questioned the police's flouting of the Constitution, or people who were "weird", like long-hairs.

The METRO SQUAD would swarm through the Oakwood area rousting black men who also had nothing to do with drugs or crime.

Once, they beat up a black man in his own driveway for resisting arrest on a Grand Theft Auto charge. The car in question turned out to belong to the police victim.

So I have seen the excuse of drugs and

crime used to make the streets safe for speculation.

It fits in so nicely with this retrograde dance this administration is leading us in. Hand feeding the media, and pressuring the media not to report certain events, because they're "sensitive", red-baiting Congress to vote for money to give to the Contras to fight communism by raping nuns and putting any left over monies into Swiss or Cayman Island bank accounts.

In July, I got a letter from the Venice Town Council. "Dear folks," it started, "'Death in Venice' is not only the title of a book, it is a description of what is happening here"—Aw geeze, I thought, poor Thomas Mann. I wonder if wherever he is right now, maybe still hanging out in Pacific Palisades with the shades of Huxley, Brecht, and Feuchtwanger. I wonder, nah, he'd be amused and a little exasperated to find the title of his long short story to be used in one year as the title of a review of a rather flaccid murder mystery attempt by a beloved speculative fiction writer, and, as a scare image as to what's going on in Venice in regards to drugs. The letter went on to state "Murder, muggings and other drug-related crimes of violence", and how in particular the Oakwood Community was reacting to the appearance of a drug alley in Venice-Weeks before, the Evening Outlook ran several stories about drugs in Venice featuring visits to Venice's very own Sherm Alley by dignitaries like Councilwoman Pat Russell. She also visited a few apartment buildings where prostitution and drugs were supposed to be prevalent, but the tenants in the apartments were distressed at the allegations that they were drug dealers or prostitutes. I'm in full sympathy and I support the neighborhood people in their efforts to rid the neighborhood of "drive-by drug stores". I know what it means to have one's life disrupted by drug dealers who have no sense of community or decent business hours.

I wanted to see what suggestions the various drug agency reps. and the police had for solving the drug problem.

I was surprized that the drug problem was still around. I thought that Chief Darryl Gates had crushed the Crack beneath his "Crank Tank" when he bulldozed a few houses in South Central L. A. Some had some drugs, some had none—Chief Darryl didn't let his little errors stop him.



He just announced that he was letting the Drug Dealers know that he meant business. But when Len Bias, a young up and coming athletic star was celebrating his draft into professional basketball with his friends, he took that ol' status symbol drug, that drug that makes you feel bright alive and with it, and died. Outrage poured from every sportswriter and editorial. Was I dreaming, or didn't I remember Doctors for professional athletes giving them uppers to make them play harder and faster, steroids to make them bigger, and pain killers to mask the pain from injuries so they could play.

I settled in with about 75 other people who came to the V.T.C. yo find out about what to do about drugs. I picked up a letter addressed to the Venice Community "We encourage law-enforcement in Oakwood" it said. "We interpret Probable Cause to mean that a reasonable person would believe that there was a greater than fifty percent chance that the person being stopped was in violation of the law. In practice over fifty percent of the people stopped by the

'Cause' continued page 10.

Part Two

I am Not a Criminal



Homeless? Not me. My truck and camper are my home. There are many of us who choose this lifestyle. Everyone living in their vehicles are not destitute, alcoholics, drug addicts, mentally or emotionally sick. We are like any other culture of people. We're all different. There are no generalizations. Except perhaps that most of us no longer want to give our entire lives to accumulating rent money. Without that burden, can you imagine?

Living in a vehicle has become a viable alternative to a steadily rising economy. A lightening fast paced existence. Driving oneself into obscurity. Faster, faster to be and do and look like everyone else. Certainly an exercise in futility. The human animal wasn't meant to drive himself endlessly, mindlessly, working, working. For what?

I feel like a pioneer. Pioneering backwards. Back to God and respect for the earth. To family and friends freely helping each other. America was founded by such people. People who lived in their vehicles (wagons) and on the ground. Who

were courageous enough to go for what they believed in. Like us. But all that's gone isn't it? Doesn't the earth belong to everyone? At this time in history that's a moot point. God and love of earth are out. Money and ownership are in.

When I meet people who live in houses, I don't mention that I live in my truck. I lie and say "I'm traveling." That's acceptable. When I tell the truth, most no longer want to talk with me. They become uneasy. Natural communication ends. I become a curiosity. "There must be something wrong with her." Like I must be really weird. Slime perhaps. "Is she one of the homeless?" I used to be. Now it's a choice to live in simplicity and humility. The way I've lived has taught me humility. Humility has taught me appreciation. Appreciation has given me gratitude. To feel the joy of gratitude in every day makes the insanity in this world bearable.

My lifestyle gives me time. Time, the most precious thing we all have. Time for God, friends, music. Time for myself. Time for my dog, Porky. Time for good books. And long walks. Time to grow and be at peace. Time to write my feelings. I having time to do the things that are important to me

difficult to understand? Is it slimey and weird?

Why the problems with where we park? Can anyone tell me how it could possibly be illegal to live in a vehicle? There are some people living in their vehicles who break the law. Just like in any society. They leave their garbage everywhere. Or, they are loud and offensive, or generally disrespecting the neighborhoods they are parked in. These people make it hard for everyone and give the rest of us bad names. Many times myself and others have approached these people and asked them to please pick up their trash and take it with them. Or told them not to have their belongings strewn all over the sidewalk. Day after week after month. I don't want to live in filth and disruption either. That's why I live in my truck, instead of low cost housing.

Most of us live quite "normal" lives. We do not break the laws. We work to generate and just live. I come home at the end of my day, just like everyone else. I turn on the stereo or the TV and kick back. Why should I have to be afraid of some cranky neighbor or the police? Why should the police be able to come knocking on my

'Criminal' continued on page 10.

2 We Get Letters

Last week I picked up the Beachhead and turned to page 5 to read "Dateline Watsonville," anticipating a story about a labor struggle. What I found instead was remarkable drivel.

The author writes like someone who simultaneously just read Labor's untold story, discovered something known as class struggle and found out about the phenomenon of the labor movement in the world's most powerful and advanced capitalist country in one fell swoop. The story reads more like an excerpt from the author's diary than like any news story. As someone interested in the labor movement, I would have liked to know where this event happened—How long the strike has been going on—What started the strike and who it is against. All the article tells us is that the workers are striking against the bosses. Well, that sure is helpful. The point here is—What is the point of this story?

It is so poorly written it's pitiful. It neither informs nor inspires the reader. It does not bother to offer any political or economic analysis of the situation. Rather, the author prefers to bombard the reader with silly rhetoric. Frankly, I wouldn't ever mind the rhetoric if it were meaningful. But in fact, the article itself is silly.

Of course the Teamsters are corrupt—But again, what's the point? Tell us something we don't know. And talk about being silly, equating the Teamsters for a Democratic Union (TDU) with the Teamsters is ludicrous and irresponsible. Disagree with TDU's politics if you wish and take it on as an organization—But please, don't insult my intelligence by saying, in essence, that the TDU and the Teamster leadership are one and the same. Ms. Smith may not like the TDU, and clearly she has her own political ax, blunt as it may be, to grind—But for credibility's sake give the devil his due. TDU is the first and only organized challenge to the corruption of the Teamsters. TDU members and adherents risk their livelihood and their lives challenging the power of the union. So again I say, please don't insult my intelligence by relying on grotesque caricatures and cheap attacks.

And why does the Beachhead print this kind of nonsense? Because it wants to be an organ serving the community? The community would be far

better served by a newspaper that printed articles that stimulate, incite, intrigue and teach, rather than assault the senses and sensibilities of its

readership. If the Beachhead Collective wants to put out a newspaper that is non-sectarian and ideologically uncensored, I have no quarrel with that. But if the Collective exercises no common sense or judgement about what it prints,

it provides no benefit at all.

Signed,
Lucy Parsons

Collective Note: We do not correct the grammar or the politics of the letters and articles that we think are worth printing.



Ozone Protection Association

- Charles Itzlan

On Thursday, May 15, 1986, a group of concerned citizens from the 100 block area of Ozone/Navy and Rose Avenue met to consider various proposals to reduce the incidents of neighborhood crimes. Attending the meeting and giving a brief presentation was Hank Ferrell, local businessman and expert of citizen crime prevention.

The group outlined several methods of reducing the possibility of crime including:

1. Always double dead bolt all doors. Singles are not enough.
2. Use window locks and superglue louvered windows.
3. Try to park as close to home as possible. Carry a whistle.

4. Make sure your home or apartment area is well lit at night.
5. Make sure you know your neighbors and watch out for each other.

While all of these things help, the last is the most important. None of the above is sufficient in itself to deter a professional criminal. Knowing your neighbors and watching out for each other and each other's property is the only effective method in the long run. Introduce yourself to your neighbors. Watch out for strangers around your house/building for your neighbors. Don't be shy in asking people what they want or who they are looking for. This can be done in a polite manner that is offensive to no one. The main point is, look out for your friends and neighbors.

'Bubble Man', Ex-Beachhead Staffer, Dies

Jay Janus Jamieson, long time Venice resident, and one of the founding staffers of the Free Venice Beachhead died painlessly in his sleep on July 23.

Jay was known as the Bubble Man. He would waft his wand into a bubble mix, and create huge shimmering quivering bubbles, their euphemeral qualities adding to their beauty.

He was famous far beyond his favorite bench on Wavcrest Ave., where he and

his dog Boo (short for Martin Buber) would enthrall his audience.

He moved from Venice. Jay recently bought a house in Highland Park with his dear friend and partner, Jim Pollard.

A memorial service was held at Jay's favorite section of the beach.

Balloons, incense, memories, readings from Jay's favorite poet, Stuart Perkoff, helped Jay's friends say goodbye to him as he passed on through to the other side.

- Carol Fondiller

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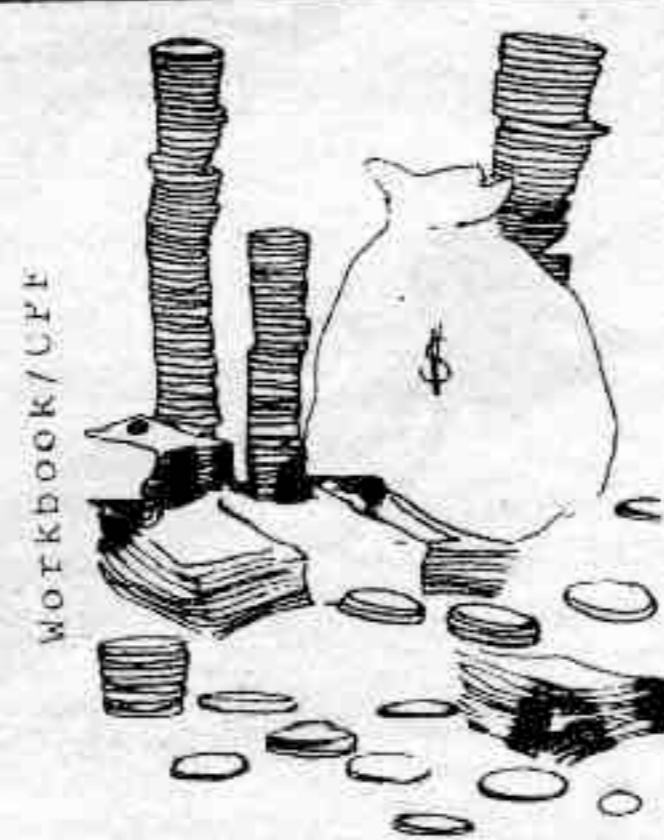
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Carcinogens at the Cleaners

by MOE STAVNEZER

How many of you have ever paid the slightest attention to the odor that usually wafts from you dry cleaning establishment? Not I. Not any of the friends I asked and not any of the folks who live on the 700 block of Sunset Ave. in Venice. Why should they, why should we?

Apparently there's damn good reason. The odor may contain a very carcinogenic substance called perchloroethylene or "perc" for short.

There are three children who live on Sunset's 700 block who have cancer, the most serious of whom is a 6 year old girl who only has 3/4 of a kidney left after 3 major surgeries to remove cancerous tissues. Yet, her mother, Elvira Linarte, only a few weeks ago learned that there might be a connection between her little girl's disease and the nearby cleaners (there are now 3 dry cleaners within 500 to 1,000 feet of the Linarte's home). Recently, her older daughter, who is 8, has been diagnosed as having an abnormal thyroid, another of perc's wonderful gifts.

Janice Yudell, who lives on Sunset but does not have a child with cancer, read David Steinman's article about perc in the "L.A. Weekly" and told the mothers of the 3 children with cancer about the possible connection. They have all become involved in the problem which includes the fact that dry cleaners are among the least regulated "industries" in the country as regards health hazards posed by the chemicals it uses. (The fact that most cleaners are small businesses and almost totally unionized contributes to this situation). Janice discovered, by talking to Pat Galarneau who has contracted a variety of illnesses which her doctors attribute to the cleaners down the street from her So. Sherbourne Dr. apartment, that a class action law suit is being filed against the manufacturers of perc. The local attorney in this action is Jay Gould but I was not able to contact him to discuss the particulars.

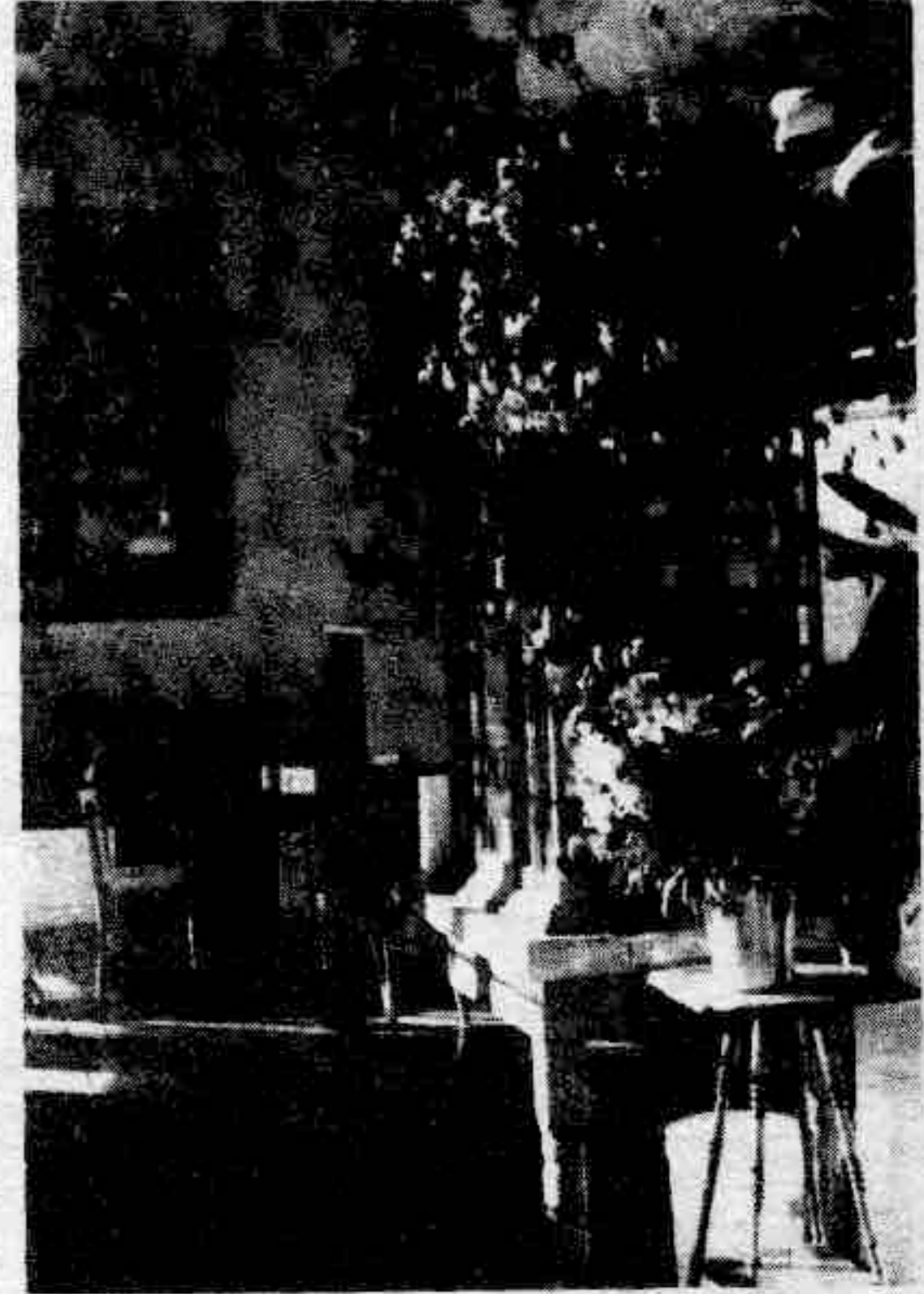
Elvira Linarte has lived in Venice most of her life. She grew up with Park Lane Cleaners, which is just behind her home. There is now a cleaners across Lincoln Bl. and a new one just opened near Vernon Ave. Even when she called the Health Dept, because she thought that it was more than a coincidence that 3 kids on the same block had cancer, she didn't suspect the cleaners. Now she knows that whenever there's an odor coming from the cleaners that they are in violation of the law. You shouldn't smell anything! So now Linarte and her neighbors, when there's an odor, will call the District Attorney (who says that until they receive more complaints the case is a health, rather than a criminal matter, ph 974-6824) and the Coalition for Clean Air (CCA). Kelly Hayes-Raitt, executive director for CCA, says that perc poisoning "is a wide ranging problem." In addition

to its carcinogenic effect, Hayes-Raitt ticks off an impressive list of perc connected illnesses: eye irritation, sore throat, skin irritation and rash, short term nervousness, headache, liver and kidney damage, and loss of balance, to name some of them. She suggested that people call the So. Coast Air Quality Management District (AQMD) to report odors coming from cleaners or health problems associated with perc if you work in or live near a dry cleaning establishment (ph818-572-6416). She also suggests calling AQMD simply to request that they pass more stringent regulations for perc (the State of Vermont allows only a concentration of 10parts-per-million, in the air from a cleaners, while we allow 100ppm). "The AQMD is currently considering stronger regulations on perc. It is critical that the AQMD hear from dry cleaners' neighbors and employees who suffer from health problems or who simply smell suspicious odors. Calls right now could make a big difference," Hayes-Raitt declared. Finally, she suggests that people call CCA for information on how to get involved, 451-0651.

All of this became public through the activity of Pat Galarneau and Steinman's article about her and the AQMD. On July 11 the AQMD considered a request by Gov. Deukmejian appointee William Smiland to relax or rescind its perc standards. Smiland is chair of AQMD's small business committee and according to CCA, has been "100 percent against tougher clean-air policies on CCA-identified votes." Galarneau and the mothers from Venice went to that meeting and made their concerns and knowledge of the problem known to the Board. AQMD delayed action on Smiland's request and asked its staff to look into loopholes in the current regulations that allow violators to go unpunished. They are also waiting for the EPA (Environmental Protection Agency) to add perc to its list of class B-2 carcinogens, thus getting AQMD off the hook. Galarneau says that since the article "many victims of perc have been calling me." "I didn't realize how big this is," she added with some amazement. Without the presence of a concerned and informed public it is likely that AQMD's decision might have been quite different.

The State Dept. of Health is not as sanguine as AQMD. It has issued a Hazard Alert to the 20,000 employees of California's 1,600+ dry cleaners warning them that prolonged exposure to perc can cause cancer, especially leukemia and cancer of the kidney which are the same forms of the disease that the kids on Sunset Ave have.

"People are not aware of what's going on," Elvira Linarte declares. She's very saddened about her daughter's illness and the fact that children seem to be the most affected by perc. ●



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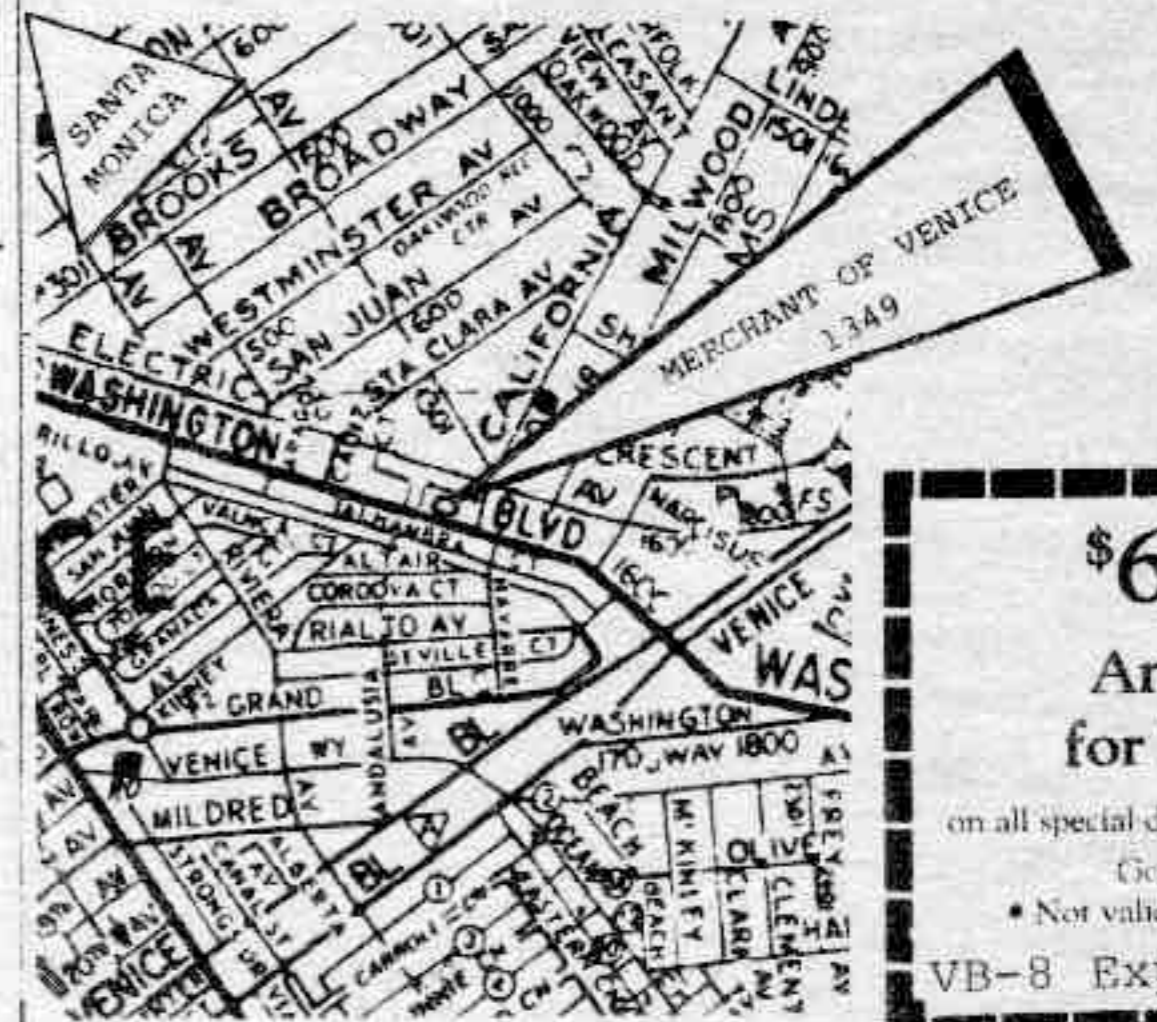
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Hair-Do Education

The Process of...



I would like to share a few observations of our LA public school "head" quarters:

City Schools:

LAUSD: At recent July budget and board meetings, the combined whining of schoolboard members (knashing their teeth at Deukmejian) was heard with regard to his vetoes of certain urban education funds. Although state lottery monies have been far greater than expected, LAUSD directors expressed overwhelmment with the anticipated increases in students that appear in the LA Times.

Meanwhile member Rita Walters, re-elected president of this "happy" board, continues her abusive and rude treatment of public speakers.

Member Jackie Goldberg continues a near investigative (& public) research into the multitude of "expelled" students along with questionable LAUSD police practices surrounding these Member Roberta Weintraub resurrects the moldy cliches of "free enterprise" and "the merit system" to denounce Paul Gann's new initiative. And member Alan Gershman passed the 'shocking' proposal that district staff develop a pilot program for spanish language immersion in elementary grades.

As usual, NO leadership on the part of the teacher's union (UTLA) or the support services union (Local 99) showed to dent the typical arrogance of this largely unchecked bureaucracy.

County Colleges:

LACCD: At recent July budget and board meetings, the combined whining of college-board trustees, (knashing their teeth at Deukmejian) was heard with regard to his vetoes of certain community college budget requests. (As for example the governor's antipathy to expanding Mission College in the valley.) Although state lottery monies have been far greater than expected, LACCD directors expressed

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Single-ing Out Good Dinners

- By Lynne Bronstein

"Just one?" says the host.

"Yes," I say, though I always want to add "Why 'just?' I'm one for dinner or breakfast. So what?"

I dine out alone all the time. I actually love to cook, but I don't feel the inclination to do so after working a full-time job. And somehow dining alone at home on a tray table with the TV or radio or a good book to make the meal less boring is not as exciting as sitting in a restaurant where even if one is alone at a table, there is the panorama of other people, different music, free publications you haven't seen yet, weird art work on the walls, possibly neighborhood friends accidentally dropping in. And no dishes to wash later! Yes, restaurants are the way to go for the single harried working person.

But before I describe some of my favorite places for dining (which are characterized by the above amenities) I'd like to talk about the problems facing women who go out alone.

With so many changing lifestyles and roles, it is less uncommon than ever for women to go places including night spots without the traditional male escort. In fact, women are beginning to realize that faced with the prospect of being single for life, they might as well enjoy and go wherever they want. It's just that many eating establishments though no longer allowed to practice outright discrimination still aren't used to the vision of a single woman enjoying her singlehood. Some places are less comfortable than others for a single woman to enter. I can tell immediately how the staff perceives me when I am passed over for a table in favor of couples who arrived later than I did (even when all the tables are empty) when hosts look at me as say, "Can I help you?" instead of "How many?", and when I am given a table in an isolated corner where I can't see the passing parade and they can't see me, the presumed leper or scarlet woman, daring to flaunt her ALONENESS in public.

Of course, the underlying reason for prejudice against single women as customers is (as almost always in cases of prejudice) economic. One seldom encounters seating arrangements for individuals (except for counter service, which I don't like because there isn't enough room for elbows, notebooks, and privacy from some sweaty, heavy tobacco chewing trucker). Two can be seated as easily as one and for twice the revenue. Furthermore, as a classic example of the oppressed contributing to each other's oppression table waiters, who are still, by and large, female and paid low wages, look to male customers as the obvious source of good tips to offset their lamentable salaries. Female customers are often low-wage earners also—having the desire and need to eat out is not precluded by having little money—but there's often a conflict between having enough for a low-priced entree and having enough for the low priced entree and a tip that will buy you service with a smile. I admit I've never been able to mathematically compute what an appropriate tip should be and I know few people who are more sure than I am. But I do realize that to the average overworked, underpaid, frequently insulted waitress, the largest tip I can come up with probably won't equal that of a well-paid, glib, middle-management type of fellow, who can throw away his spare bills with ease because he pays with his expense account or his visa card.



So yes, there are those restaurants—and it is not always such a cinch to avoid them—where, upon entering alone, I am probably suspect because I won't make them all good money and I might not help create a special clientele image with my single woman presence. Seeking certain cuisines and adventures has led me, in spite of the promised aggravation, to dress myself up as conservatively as possible and sneak into some of these places. I'll go anywhere once. In addition to feeling the subtle hostility of management, I have experienced the overt bullying of other customers. Of course, a single woman is the most obvious MEAT on the menu (another reason I don't like the counter seating provided by a few "hip" restaurants).

In my most self-conscious or nightmarish moments, I imagine couples privately laughing at me, waitresses avoiding me (most waiters, on the other hand, are polite—do waiters, by reason of the reverse, favor female customers?) and possible headlines like "HIPPIE IN YUPPIE CLOTHING ARRESTED BY UNDERCOVER AGENT AT HAPPY HOUR." But then again, I think of the hidden blessings of going it alone. I don't have to make polite conversation, hide belches, apologize for the way I spilled sauce on my dress and my escort's tie. I can leave when I want to, I can, on a Sunday afternoon at 4p.m. decide not to eat in the neighborhood, but rather trek up to Sherman Oaks to try a trendy bistro I've been curious about. There is mobility, spontaneity, and, hopefully, good food.

What advice can I offer women hoping to dine out with some security? It's probably best to start with restaurants in your immediate neighborhood, although eventually you'll want to "explore." Restaurants with moderate prices and no dress codes may be more comfortable for you than obvious snob joints, but there can be exceptions both ways. It's good to build up a steady customership with two or three places where you can "always go" in a pinch. Tell them your name, what you do, befriend the staff, and you're bound to be safer for a good table or tips on the specials and protection from mashers.



Here are a few places I feel that way about. They're all local: in Venice or in Santa Monica.

The Merchant of Venice. I still miss the inexpensive breakfasts and colorful Venice camaraderie of the late Lafayette, but the venerable Merchant is fast becoming a favorite mis-morning weekend hangout for many of us locals. It looks yuppiesque with white washed walls, old-time posters and hanging ferns, but it also has an art gallery, a wide assortment of freebie papers, and crayons and butcher paper for drawing on every table. You can't get bored and you can draw pictures of the people and the food. The breakfast omelettes are thick, stuffed to the gills with a choice of fillings, not at all stringy or watery, and accompanied by a choice of toast, biscuits, or muffin, butter, jam, fresh fruit, and a heaping mound of hash browns. Very relaxed, very yummy, but don't use the crayons to season your omelette.

Cafe 50s. A coffee shop with a 1950s theme. All is not "Happy Days" however. The Wall decor, consisting of old movie one-sheets and adverts, is an education in American sociology. Read about the 50s naivete over the A-bomb or consider the silliness of the one-sheet for "Lust for Life" while enjoying Cafe 50s French Toast (my favorite) abetted with banana slices and cream cheese, or the uniquely delicious "Big Bopper," a sort of omelette-like scramble. The jukebox is all 50s but contains a musical cross section of the era ranging from Clarence "Frogman" Henry to the wonderful Dinah Washington. At Cafe 50s I am obliged as a single to use the counter, but it's a clean counter and the lively staff always makes sure to replenish my coffee cup. Cindi and Rachel are two especially nice waitresses there.

Anne Marias La Trattoria. I've been going there for 8 years, alone, or with friends or family. It's an Italian restaurant as yet uninvaded by nouvelle notions—thankfully. The food is Neapolitan, spicy, heavy, filling, and if you feel guilty about the carbohydrates, go to a bean-sprout emporium please. Anna Maria herself waits on tables, singing along with a tape of Italian operate favorites and asking regulars about their health,

families, etc. "How are your parents?" she asks me when I come without them. I am always given a good table there (there are no bad ones) and even if I only order the same old spaghetti, I know my matronage is appreciated. Although Anna Marias is usually packed with couples and families, the single diner there will probably be just as welcome, if my experience is any indication.

The King's Head. From personal travel experience I know the cuisine of English is, well, lacking something. Like taste. But at the King's Head, English traditional foods are done as they could be, and very reasonably priced. A half order of the Fish and Chips is enough for one person (and do try the English method of sprinkling the chips with vinegar—it's different). I'm also fond of the apple pie that flouts in a sea of warm custard. There's a good selection of beers, ales, ginger beer, too. The King's Head is highly recommended for singles social ambience, although the adjoining pub is often crowded with lusty American lishes faking Cockney accents to impress women, it is also the favored headquarters of L.A.'s British immigrant population and you're likely to meet anyone from a real rock musician on tour to an aging character actor who boasts of his past successes. You can also feel sorry for all the moose and elk heads on the wall. Not only were they slaughtered by the unspeakable, they've since been pummeled by the liquor fueled unstoppable.

I can't not also include a few Mexican restaurants. **El Camino Real** on Lincoln in Venice, favorite of Beachheaders, the Azteca, also on Lincoln, less well-known but deserving to be more popular, and Guaralajara on Broadway in Santa Monica, another place where I am always welcome. Less expensive and less pretentious than the rising tide of salsa hour quasi-Mexican hang-outs, these places provide real spicy salsa, heavy, home-cooked style food and a gentle concern for the diner. **Dhaba**, almost across the street from where I live in Ocean Park, is my favorite Indian restaurant. It has a heated patio, a staff who always make me feel like one of the family, and fascinating food. (The staff is happy to explain what all the dishes are made of, and they offer a take-out menu, too.)

So, okay, I know quite a few places where I can avoid the blues of the TV tray, as well as the stare of the Free Buffet Naves. More often, I'm satisfied. And if, one of these days or evenings, the vision of Mr. Right (or something close to him) should pass by my table and ask if he can join me, I might just have to consider if he'll spoil my fun or not. I suppose I can always answer him with the retort from an old joke, which now bears some significance in these days of women finding themselves:

"Can I join you?" he says.

"What's the matter," I reply. "Am I coming apart?"

(Only at the seams - from food). ●



Mount Adams Gazette/cpf

Dueling Sprouts

by Kelly Ball and memphis slim

Living in Oakwood I'm blessed with 5 health food stores within walking distance. Recently slim and I were turned on to another establishment devoted to good eating and high living, the Oasis Restaurant in Santa Monica. Specializing in a number of non-dairy, no salt, gourmet selections this deli-style eatery is going on 3 months with Chef Jonathan at the helm. We feasted on mushrooms with olive oil and mustard, sprouted nut loaf, Greek Salad with soy cheese, Ratatoulie, and our favorite, Seaweed Salsa which was totally delish. Jonathan has developed all his own recipes and is constantly devising more, as from week to week he rotates his offerings. For dessert he served us Peach Cobbler, Carob cookies and banana bread (working for the Beachhead is not all misery and drudgery). The cobbler was made with fresh peaches and the crust crushed sunflower seeds, figs, oats and raisins-yum! He sweetens his desserts with dates and honey. Believe me-I appreciated the chance to dine here. For the nuts and bolts of the Oasis hours and catering services, I turn the article over to slim.

One of the newest and best small restaurants in the Gallerie Gourmets on the Old Santa Monica Mall is the

Oasis. This entirely vegetarian restaurant features all original recipes and does not include salt, dairy products or soy in their delicious foods.

Jonathan, the owner/operator, says his inspiration was spiritual first

and health consciousness second. These two motives led him to open his own restaurant which features regular vegetarian meals and dishes but his forte is his \$1.50 per serving of any one of 100 many dishes. With two of these \$1.50 servings you get a free salad. A \$3.00 meal is indeed a find in this day and age.

The Oasis features besides their regular menu, Catering, Vegetarian Ethnic Specialties and a rotating list of daily specials.

The Oasis does deliver in Santa Monica for a \$1.50 fee and delivery might be available in Venice if you negotiate.

Jonathan gets his produce from the Central Market and from these wonderful vegetables he makes his wonderful Ratatoulie, the Greek Salad with

soy cheese and the incomparable seaweed salsa. The salads are rotated so 8-10 are new every day.

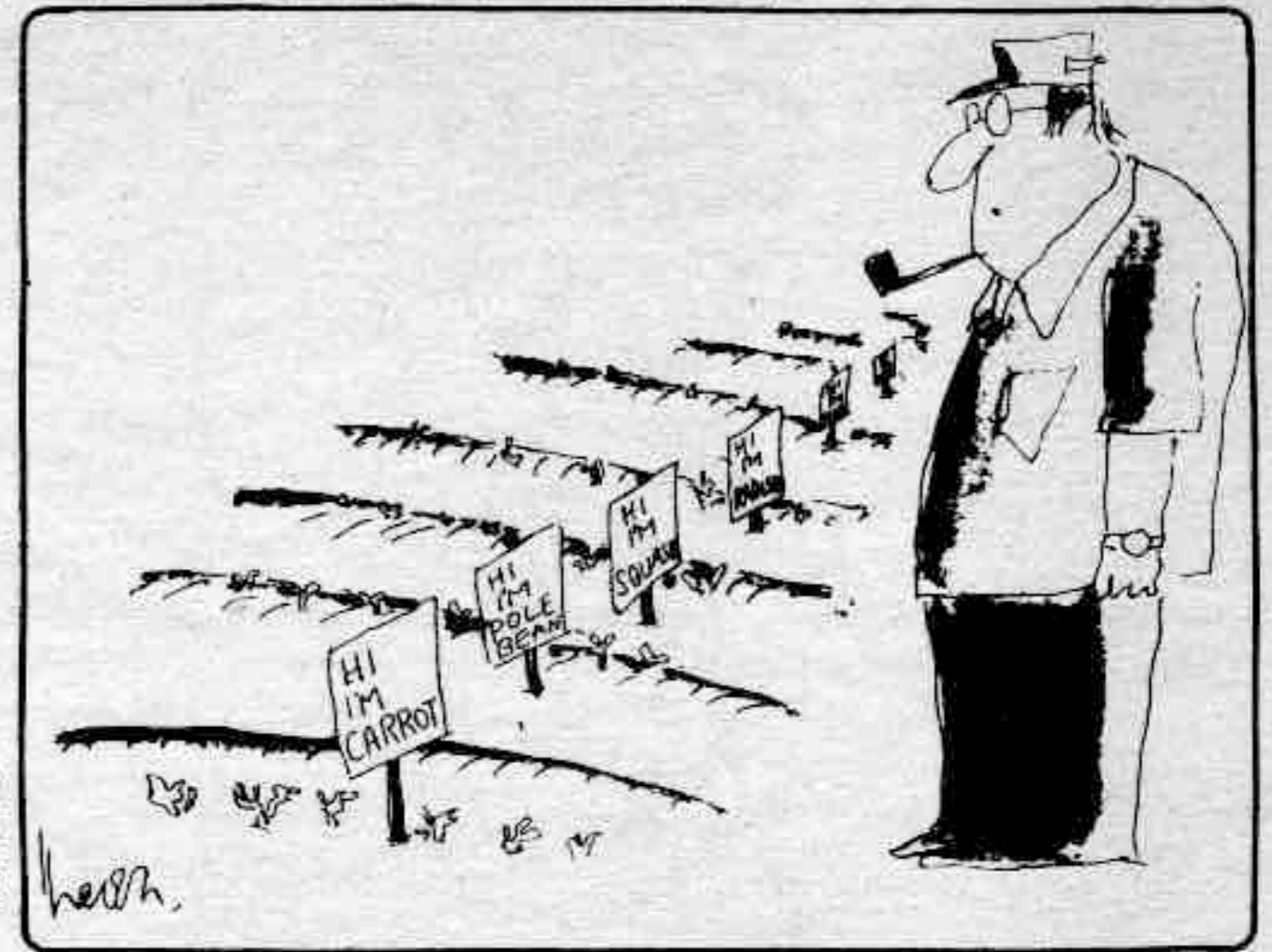
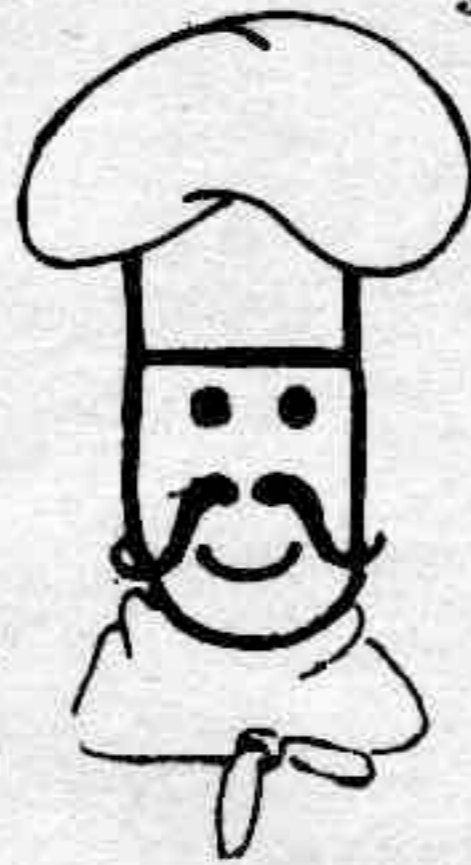
Jonathan and his staff hope to purchase a steam table soon. This will allow them to expand their already large menu.

And for you sweet freaks, they feature Peach Cobbler, banana bread and Carob cookies.

As Jonathan says, they sell the healthiest food at the least expensive prices. ●



ESHAC/cpf



Newfield News/cpf

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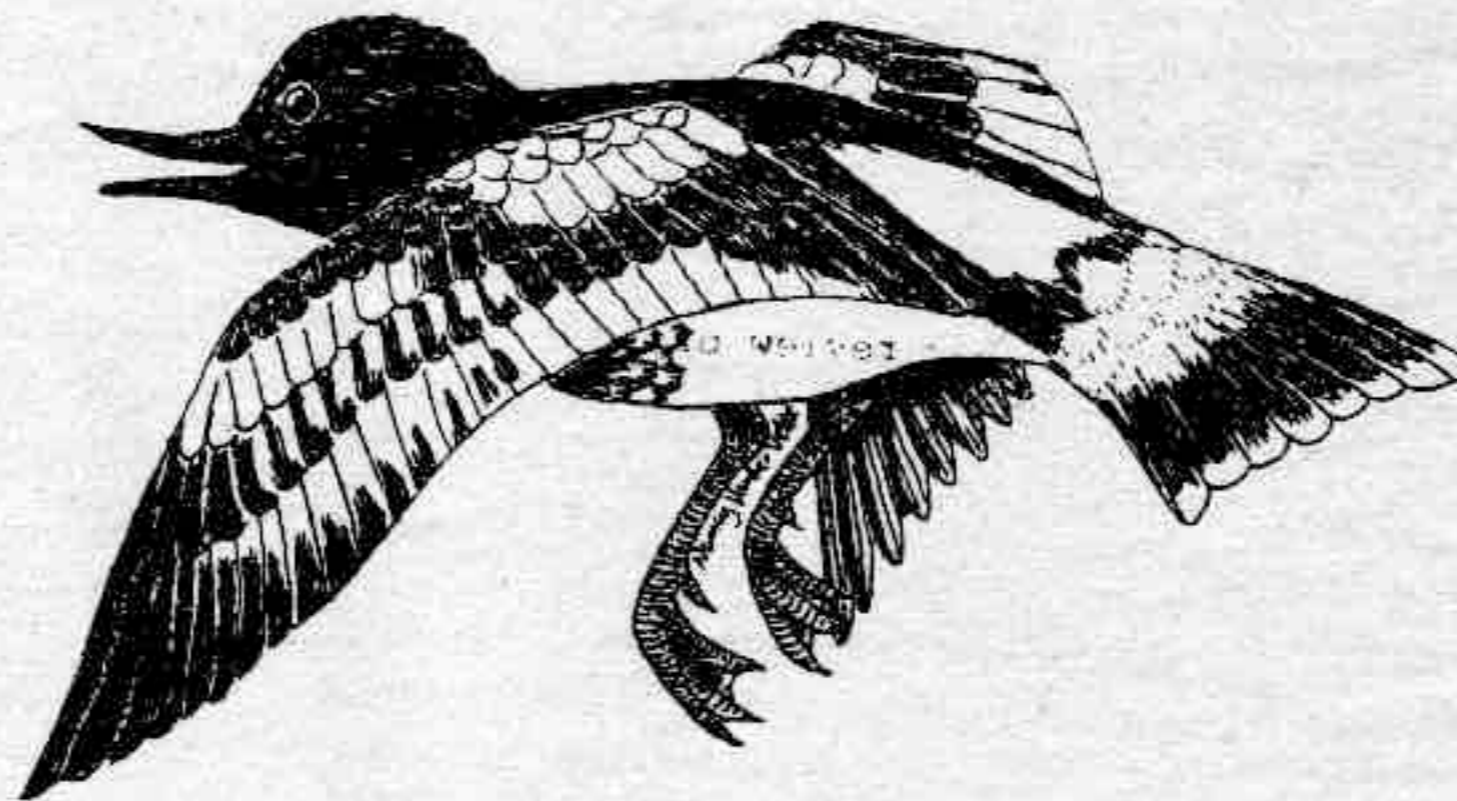
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Heil Liberty!

Alice Cramden

What's wrong with feeling good about ourselves; feeling patriotic; feeling proud? Millions of Americans did just that on Liberty weekend (fast turning into Liberty year) when they congratulated themselves for living in the land of liberty and justice for all; they listened as their ever popular bimbo president declared, "...we are the keepers of the flame of liberty; we hold it high tonite for the world to see."

But what did the world see? Basically the world saw that the Emperor had no clothes. They saw a rather ludicrous Busby Berkeley rerun of an old Hollywood movie, starring none other than the ever-popular Teflon man himself and his sidekick Nancy. As I watched the gimcrackery and pagentry on my T.V. set, the thought occurred to me -- just what does liberty and justice mean in this country today?

I suppose Liberty means the right to sleep in the street when you have no home; liberty means the right to make astronomical amounts of money and indulge in excesses while others sleep in the street and you have 2,3, or 4 homes.

I suppose Liberty means invading Granada; bombing Libya and El Salvador; messing with the Hopis and Navajos;

destroying our environment, building more nukes.

I suppose Justice means finding nuns and priests guilty of harboring and giving sanctuary to refugees fleeing from death squads in El Salvador and then not allowing the full and complete story and testimony be told at trial.

I suppose Justice means defying the World Court on the Nicaragua issue; after the Court ordered the U.S. of A. to pay sanctions to Nicaragua and to stop the Contra war.

I suppose Liberty is thumbing our nose at the rest of the world and being the pirates & money mongers we are ... for liberators and justice seekers we are not!

I suppose Liberty means not being able to pass the Equal Rights Amendment, yet celebrating the unveiling of Liberty herself ... I suppose Liberty means the right to exercise hypocrisy, bigotry and arrogance in a grand manner accompanied with fireworks and pomp.

I don't like what Liberty, Independence, and Justice have come to mean in this country today. In my opinion Liberty Weekend was a hollow, insincere mockery of the true meaning of "...give me your tired, your poor and huddled masses..." and no amount of conceited pomp and pagetry is going to convince me otherwise. ●



P&F Convention This Month!

John Haag

The State Convention of the Peace and Freedom Party will be held on August 23 and 24 at Joslyn Park in Santa Monica. At stake are the party's state officers for the next two years, platform, and, in my opinion, the future direction of the party.

The location of the convention insures maximum participation by our chapter's 14 delegates: ten women and four men. In fact, we made the Joslyn Park location more attractive by reserving the park in advance of the State Executive Committee meeting that decided where the gathering would be held, and by offering to provide meals at the convention.

Platform proposals submitted to the convention platform committee range from ultra-left to Green. The Internationalist Workers Party (IWP) proposal is full of revolutionary rhetoric, the publicizing of which is supposed to be the function of our campaigns -- not winning elections. The IWP seems to miss the point that we are not and cannot become a revolutionary party. We are, first and foremost, an electoral party, open to one and all simply by registering to vote.

Secondly, the arena in which we compete for state power is the ballot box. You don't ask people to vote for revolution. People may get pushed into rebelling, but they certainly are not going to vote for it. The IWP proposals would be a good way to scuttle the PFP.

The dogmatic, authoritarian IWP proposes that the Peace and Freedom Party become the vanguard of the social movements, telling them what to do, under the leadership of the IWP. On the contrary, the social movements constitute what "vanguard" there is, and we take guidance from them, not the other way around.

More in keeping with what people might vote for are two Green proposals, one the Statement of Principles of the Santa Monica-Venice Chapter, the second produced by members of Green Alternative, Los Angeles and compiled by John Stein, a Green from Venice, newly elected secretary of the PFP Los Angeles County Central Committee. (Kathy Sullivan of Venice was elected PFP County Treasurer.)

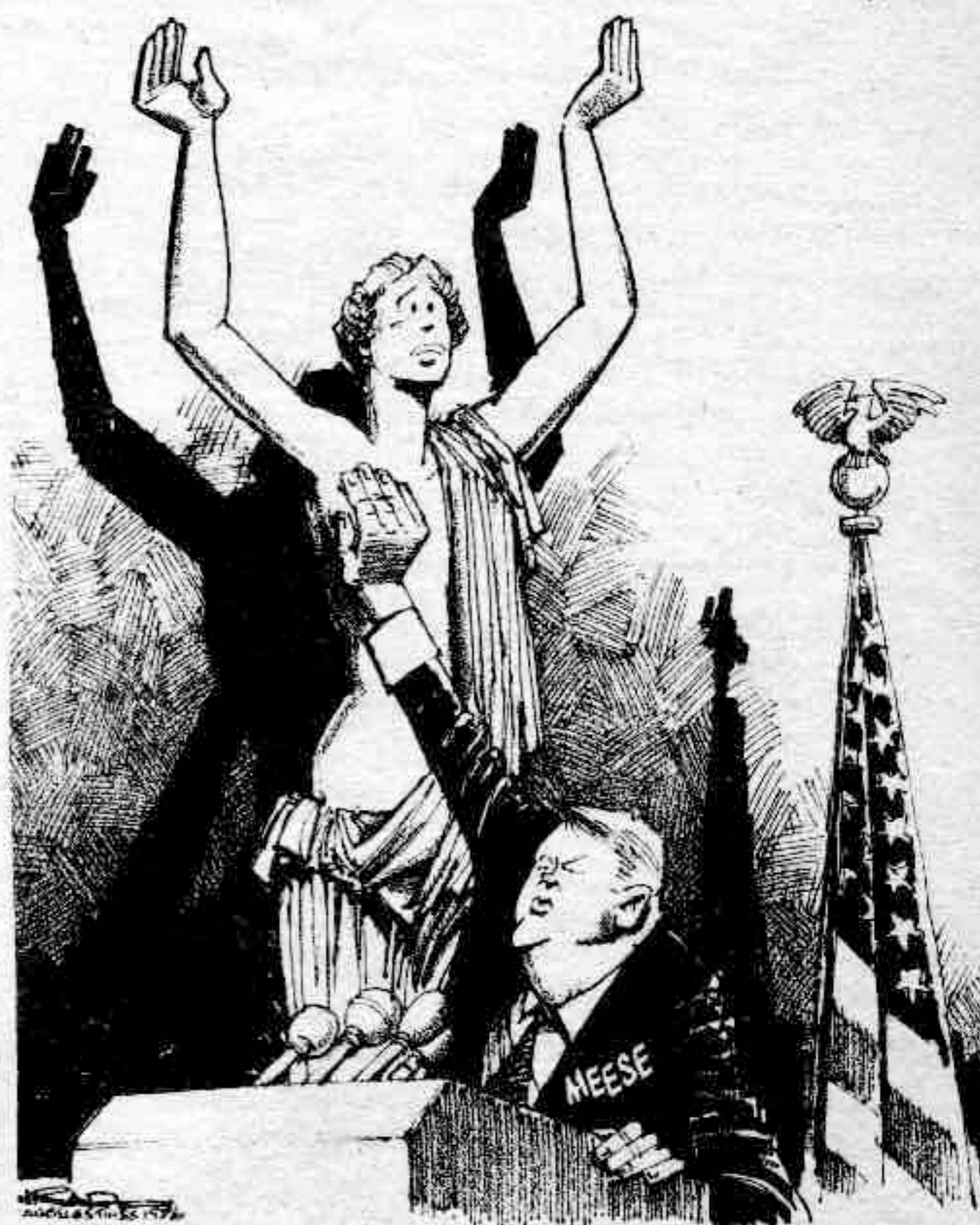
Both Green proposals describe our party's function as "organizing at every level to produce a new political alternative based on grass-roots democratic procedures, including electoral politics, counter-institutions, and nonviolent direct action."

A clear commitment to nonviolence would, in my opinion, clearly distinguish us from other parties and would make obvious our stance on disarmament, women's issues, prisons, military aid to anybody, and so on. Non-violence is the only way to proceed in this country at this time and everybody in Left politics knows it, except maybe the IWP. So why not say so? That's the kind of society we all want, isn't it?

And, to get these, we have to use the ballot process. It's the only way to change the government nonviolently. Not just influence, but change.

Both the Green proposals and a separate submission from Congressional candidate Mike Noonan would result in deletion of the word "socialism" from the party platform. We need to outline a vision of an egalitarian, cooperative society that people will be willing to vote for and work to achieve. Putting a label on it doesn't help define it, and will arouse who-knows-what kind of image in the listener.

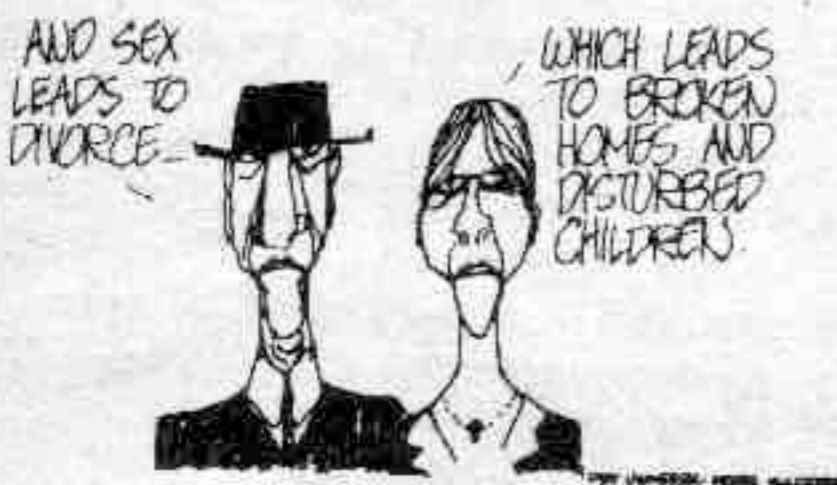
The Green Alternative proposal has been adopted by the southern platform committee as its working document for the convention. Chapter Greens, many active for several years and some candidates will be pressing the convention to adopt feminist process within the organization, or drop "feminist" to describe the party.



"The pornography commission report will not be used as a basis for censorship."

FEIFFER

by JULES FEIFFER



Who's Safe Now?

by memphis slim

As a public service, I've got to write an article I'd rather avoid. But there's a plague among us and the moralistic perverts in our national government will not fund enough research or education and the trial lawyers are not going to exempt this important research and testing from the potential multi-million dollar lawsuits. So we're stuck with IT. IT is AIDS.

AIDS. Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. A disease that attacks the cells in your body that fight disease. A sexual disease. Unfortunately it has appeared inus, the outlaw community. AIDS is killing our brothers and sisters and is increasing with little abatement. In 5 years there will be hundreds of thousands of AIDS victims, perhaps millions exposed to the HTLV III Virus (Human T-Cell Leukemia Virus III, the cause of AIDS) and millions of victims of various forms of Aids Related Complex (ARC), a medical term used to describe most HTLV III related illnesses of less severity than AIDS. ARC is not pre-AIDS; a person does not necessarily progress from ARC to AIDS but many do.

"You think you're better (or safer)?"

I use the term "Outlaw Community" because AIDS victims are mostly gay or bisexual men, IV drug users (Hey! Even you occasional chippers are potential targets), hemophiliacs and prostitutes. Hemophiliacs unfortunately are victims of genes and modern medicine but basically the rest of us are classified as illegal, at least in a majority of states.

So what do we do? This is what we do. If you use a needle, clean your works with a 10% Clorox solution. AIDS virus has been dried and with moisture added days later, the virus is contagious again. The Clorox solution kills the virus; don't expect time to kill it.

AIDS is transmitted through sexual fluids and blood. Needle work involves blood, therefore you're vulnerable there. The mama said her child got AIDS only from kissing. That's not impossible. Flossing or brushing your teeth causes trauma to your gums and some blood gets in the saliva. The saliva is not contagious but the blood is, Soooooo..... Use a mouthwash instead (Before you have sex or a date, idiot; not forever!)



Trauma to the rectum. We're back to blood and sexual fluids. Before you macho guys start giggling about trauma to the rectum let me clue you in. Like

your lady to stick her finger in your ass when you come? Or the knotted string yanked out at just that right moment? Then don't put anybody down for their use of their anal cavity. Besides, I know about your discipline. Think you're any better (or safer) doing it with a woman?

Rectal trauma often causes some internal bleeding and if the person is contagious that blood has the active virus in it. Any semen from an AIDS victim is contagious, so make sure you know that your partner is safe. Speaking of safe, please don't be like my friend who worries about AIDS but won't get tested. Run, don't walk, to the Edelman Health Center in Hollywood for your free HTLV III test, offered Tuesday and Saturday. The test has a small false positive rate and will tell you if you have ever been exposed. The test doesn't use your name, you're assigned a number. In a coupling relationship? Go together.

Oral Sex? We're back to disease carrying liquid. If it's got a condom on it, it can't hurt you, but if it doesn't, you take your chances.

Women who have been exposed to the HTLV III virus are at double risk. They run the risk of getting AIDS and simple exposure to the HTLV III virus can lead to their baby being born with AIDS. Think about it, a generation of newborn AIDS victims.

If you and your partner are clean, OK, but stay monogamous or stay careful. We must try to stop this disease before it stops us. ●

"HAIRDO" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

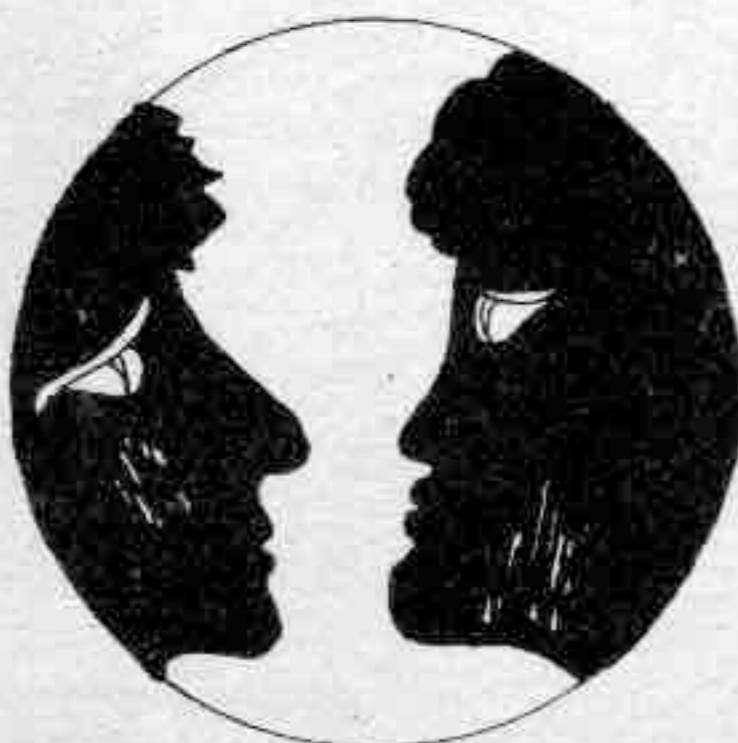
overwhelmed with the anticipated decreases in students that appear in the LA Times.

Meanwhile, the summer 'drama' surrounding whether or not LACCD trustees will double their own salaries amidst the layoff of classified, certificated (and supposedly) administrative personalities unfolds:

With the temporary abatement of humongous student protests (which occurred regularly during the winter and spring), and the calm-before-the-storm recommendations of a LA grand jury highly critical of chancellor Koltai's handling of administration, the unsigned motion to increase their own pay from \$1,000 to \$2,000 per month (for a few meetings) awaits a fully attended quorum.

Thus far, absent trustees (in mind & body) have outweighed those prepared to vote the greed. The reign of the 'pugilist' Monroe Richman (his eminence the "Doctor"), formerly renowned for punching the chancellor's 'lights' out, may be coming to an end this month. The election for the trustee's new chairperson will then take place. ●

Victor Wightman
active reporter



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 lurch by on stumbling skates
 fashion concious in designer jeans,
 with blisssed-out zombie eyes
 they prowl little sidewalk shit boutiques
 Merchants lick hungry chops;
 they know these fish will soon be biting
 The coked schlocked patrol drools!
 That charming little slum-by-the-sea,
 The Venice I once knew?
 Where have all the crafting peacenics
 gone?
 Transmogrified to Yuppies, everyone!!!

DON JOHNS

I'm still writing poems of one time kisses
 Getting up and taking monolith pisses
 On the greyhound not headed west
 Out of mescaline and my mind.
 Ah, a teen-age nymphet, is she real, can it be
 I feel like Neal Cassady
 Now I'm glad I didn't steal that car
 And I just saw a shooting star
 I just saw a shooting star.

G.S. Culliksen
 G.S. Culliksen

'Cause' continued from page 1.

police should be in fact arrested or receive some kind of citation. We fully support the presence of the LAPD in Oakwood, but unreasonable searches and seizures should be avoided."

Was the letter really putting a percentage on how many people could be unjustly searched? I hadn't noticed percentages mentioned in my last perusal of the Bill of Rights. Should we leave the judgment of what is reasonable to the police? Wasn't so long ago here in the United States in Los Angeles, that it was considered reasonable to stop and search a car if it contained an interracial couple. Or if the car had a bumper sticker that said "Hands off Cuba!", or "Dizzy Gillespie for President". Or if you were black and in Torrance after dark. If you hung an American Flag upside down in your apt. window, the police believed it was reasonable enough to kick down the door in order to search for drugs and/or paraphernalia. I can tell you how I was picked up while handing out leaflets for an anti-speculator development rally. The police claimed to have found drugs in my purse. I was booked on a felony drug charge. At my arraignment the charges were dropped "for lack of sufficient evidence." "Lack of sufficient evidence". Hell. There was no evidence because I

had nothing-not a seed, not a pill, not a piece of a pill. But I spent time in jail. So I have had personal experience with drug laws used as an excuse to harrass the-politically deviant? Yes. Politically deviant. So I sat there at the Town Council meeting listening to people talk about their drug experiences. A young man spoke of being an alcoholic at 12 and how he never drew a sober drug-free breath till he was 19. Pearl white, a Community Activist who was instrumental in closing the kitchen at Saint Joseph's Center, talked about 9 year olds selling and being hooked on drugs. Then Sgt. Mueller of the Los Angeles Police Dept. started speaking. Needed more money to do the job. How utility companies like water and power and gas and telephone were going to be the "third eye" for police. (Get rid of that roach babe, or you are under surveillance-at least.) Then Sgt. Mueller went on in his quiet soft voice about getting to Pat Russell. Sgt. Mueller anticipated our new foreign policy by a few days-bomb the Cocaine Fields in South America-Mary people applauded. I was brought back from my day dream of being an outlaw because I harbored pornography in my library, and was therefore accused of Crimes of Violence against women-may I say here and now I've read Justine, Lady Chatterly's Lover, The Olimpia Reader, to name a few choice porn books,

and I've never raped any one.

All those drug laws, all those cries for testing-no consideration that poor countries like Bolivia and Mexico are only supplying what we want-wasn't ther a guy named Harry Anslinger who was instrumental in outlawing marijuana in this country years ago? What about Prohibition? It outlawed booze and brought in bootleg. And then I thought of the Campaign to Eradicate Marijuana growing in this country. In Northern California The Feds were refining battle techniques the learned in 'Nam. The weaponry is being used for Warfare against U.S. citizens. So as Carol Berman, Candidate for 44th Assembly district, I stood up and said that obviously all the laws and the money, weren't stopping the flow of drugs, and school drug programs were not giving a truthful picture. Besides I said, looking at a very sizable portion of people in the room that I had smoked Marijuana with, I smoke Marijuana. But perhaps there were reasons why 9 year olds were hooked on drugs. Maybe they knew that all they would ever be would be cannon-fodder or minimum wage earners. I was

shouted down-"Give us solutions" they shouted-Sure, like the cops-arrest everyone- Things quieted down, and Sgt. Mueller spoke to us in his soft voice-"You wee-wee-wee'd about getting the Marijuana laws reduced 12 years ago finding a seed on a person was a felony-now you get a ticket-" Some one suggested that it was inappropriate for a Policeman to tell people how to act.

As the meeting ended, some people came up and said they felt there was a difference between Cocaine and Marijuana. Cocaine was processed-while Marijuana was a natural herb. Others said they understood about my concern but...what about the drug problem?

In the past laws and jails have not curbed drugs. Our planes in Bolivia, according to the news have hit the wrong targets, and the Bolivians who have used Coca leaves for centuries are miffed. Drug testing is being proposed for City workers.

I think that unless the quality of life gets better, less over-crowding, less pollution, a society that makes each person feel necessary and respected, we will all need something to help us get through the night. Even 9 year olds who know money is where it's at. Even the Len Biases and John Belushis who had it all and needed more.

door to tell me that I can't "camp" here? That it's illegal for me to live in my vehicle?

Why should I have to live in fear? I've worked my whole life. And now because of a physical disability, I'm unable to do the kind of work I'm skilled in. So I have to accept inferior pay. I can't pay rent with the money I make. What should I do? Just die? It's wrong that we're treated this way. It's wrong that everyone living in a vehicle is clumped together like one disease. Isn't it better that we live in vehicles and take care of ourselves than to let the government house and support us? It's you, the taxpayers, that pay for it. You complain about having to pay for welfare, and then complain about our living like this-which alleviates your burden.

I'm tired of being treated like a third rate citizen. Like a criminal. Like slime. What kind of society just turns its head away from everyone that's not exactly like the others: It's ignorance. They'll be nothing left but clones of hard young body types with computers and credit cards. It feels similar to the construction of the

perfect Aryan race. The rest will become quickly extinct.

We all have one thing in common. Sustaining the life of our earth. We are being poisoned and destroying ourselves at every level. Our air, water, food, physically and spiritually. We should be working together for peace. There's no time left for pointing pampered fingers at each other making judgement about who lives where. Or, who has what. Let's be real. It doesn't seem important in the light of our own annihilation.

Now that summer and the tourist trade are almost here, the police are making their sweeps to rid Venice of its homeless. In Therese Daniels wonderful flyer about the Venice clean sweep, she asks, "What exactly do they want to sweep?" It us they want to sweep away.

- Carol - A law-abiding citizen of the Venice community

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And They Call Us the Kooks

These thoughts are more or less in response to Jeanne Costello's letter of the last issue questioning the viability of alternative parties. Do we throw away our votes in a close contest between candidates of the major parties when we vote for an alternative of our choice? Unfortunately in the short run there seems to be a point in this. Besides the obvious need for the hard work of voter education and communication the future growth of third and fourth parties in this country will ultimately depend on their providing a clearer vision of intelligent options than our major parties now afford. Considering the massive mean spirited stupidity of the Republican Party this should not be too terribly difficult. Unfortunately apathy and not maligned vision may be our greatest enemy. Their unimaginative and brute response in Central America only points to the small ugliness of their minds and the continuing decline of any claim by America to be a moral force in this world. Sure, go ahead, spend a spare hundred million on guns and war, call it the "Blood Bowl," slip it in on the 1st of January between the Gator and the Sugar Bowls and the American public won't feel a thing. Thousands of innocent, presently living, will be needlessly slaughtered in this prime time spectacle while the religious right pants in front of a later day vision of an old Hebrew war god and America presents the world with our own version of Bonzo Beast. These idiots ought to look into their own minds, it might bring about a change in the weather.

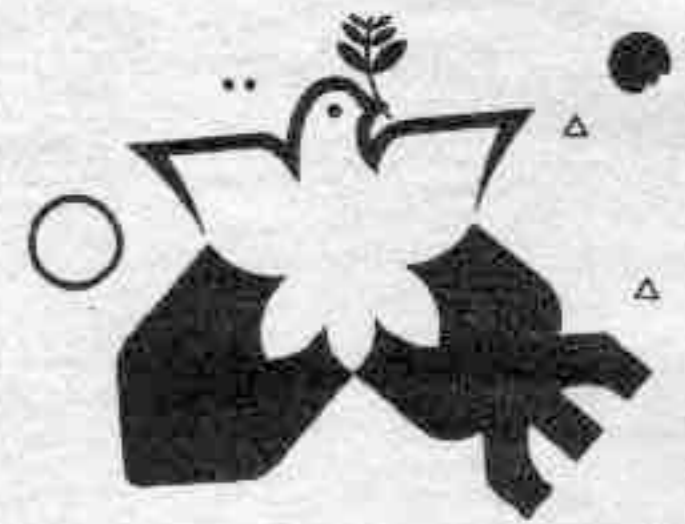
Like all good empires of the past America is showing those little tell-tell signs of decay. The hiring of mercenaries in Nicaragua at least ironically demonstrates the course of "devolution," that of an elephant turning into a spineless mollusk. Maybe this could be taught in the public schools. Meanwhile this so called party of Lincoln further demonstrates its moral bankruptcy by playing games in the House of Representatives by passing a bill on banning trade with South Africa that they know will be defeated in the Senate. Have they no feeling for the suffering in South Africa, no memory for this country's own racist history, that they throw these tawdry manipulations in our face - this so called party of the heart. Was it not Lincoln's words that cautioned politicians that the foundations of

freedom rested on letting the people find their own way, solve their own problems. That applies to the Nicaraguans as well. Sometimes you'd think that when the white man lost his pigment he lost his memory too. After years of support for Somoza and gang our own citizen tyrants are left wondering, "Oh Gosh, how ever could the Nicaraguan people ever reject our leadership and political system." Being white and still having a memory however, I suspect the Administration's short sightedness is a little more insidious than mere loss of memory. Speaking of which, perhaps someone should send the Senate a memo on the French Maginot Line in relationship to SDI, or Star Wars. Built after WWI to keep the Germans out, la belle France fell in a number of weeks at the beginning of WWII. Do you think we could learn from history that so called impenetrable barriers are indeed not, and quickly are outdated or gone around. To erect this monstrosity over our heads, to heap its burden on the backs of the people is to take the entire planet to the worst aspects of the middle ages not to mention global schizophrenia. After all, who could afford world peace after you've just spent trillions on getting your fief in order. These present day politicians sure are gutless wonders.

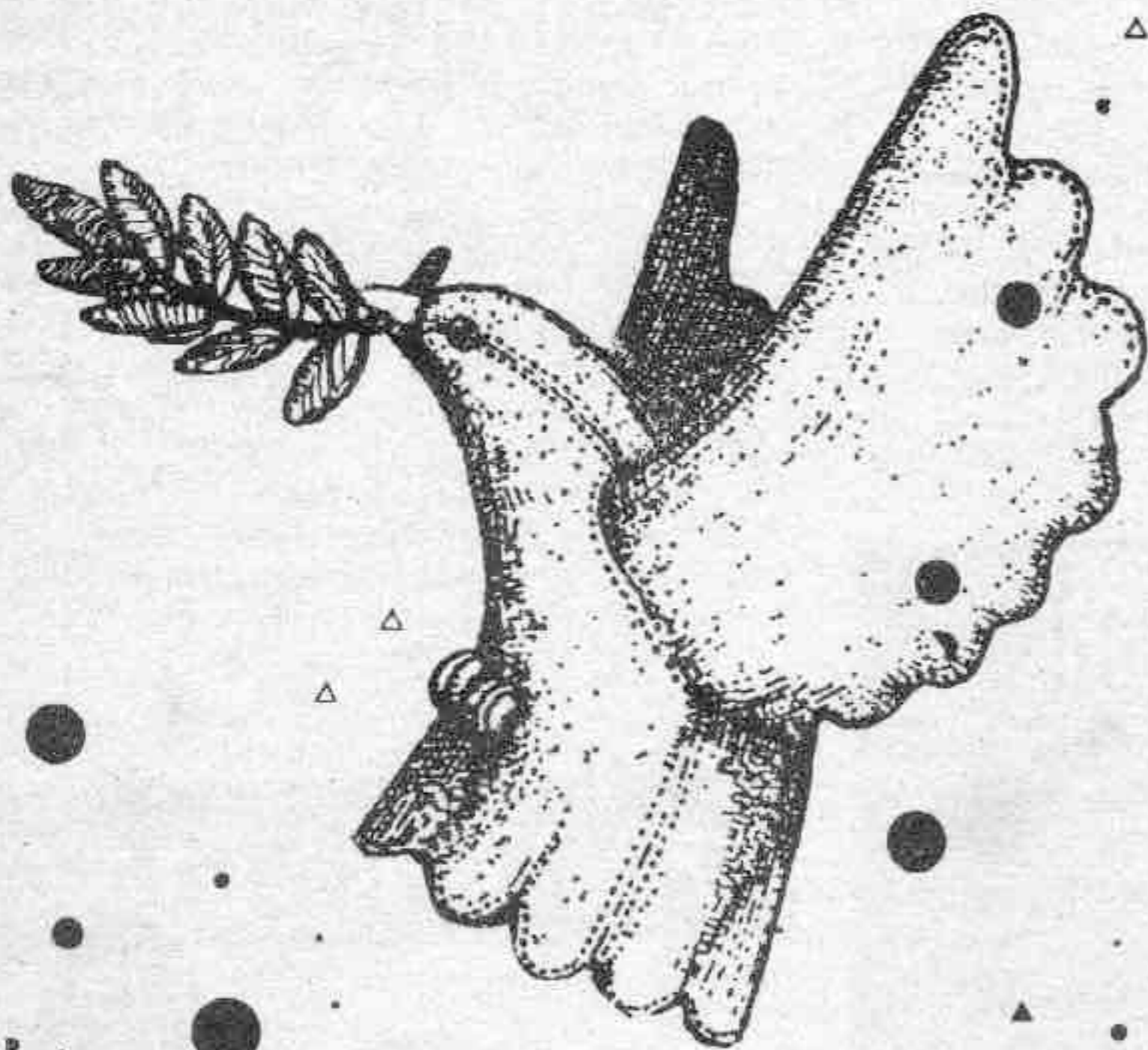
So getting back to alternative parties as I see it, they can and most definitely need to provide a better vision for the future. Conservatism and Liberalism are the two wings of the same bird, and as such are not intrinsic enemies, when one wing is sick or broken it needs to be healed. Being radical these days means only to hold to your ideals and truth beyond the morass of the cheap and the stupid. Whether our alternative parties grow to be major parties (if indeed they grow at all) or become bodies of smaller groups of people forming ideas and policies that in turn filter into the larger parties remains to be seen. Despite my own

doubts about politics being the largest word in human endeavors, I think we need to keep our alternative parties alive. Peace and Freedom headquartered in our very own "eccentric city by the bay" waits like a beautiful groom and handsome bride for some lover to come with fresh input and vision. Unless we do make ourselves heard, machine minded men and women will continue to trample the earth.

Kelly Ball



AUGUST, 1986 CALENDAR OF EVENTS



August 4, 5, 6: August Desert Witness II activities at the Nevada Nuclear Test Site. Will include vigil, meditation and prayer, and non-violent civil disobedience. For information: (213) 267-8789.

August 5: Interfaith prayer service and sendoff event for those going to Nevada. 6 AM, Dolores Mission, 1717 Gless St. (between 3rd & 4th and Mission & Boyle), Los Angeles. For information: (213) 267-8789.

August 6, 7, 8: Rev. Hiroko Sawada of Nipponzan Myohoji (a Japanese Buddhist order) will fast and pray for peace from 8 AM to 5 PM on the south lawn of the Los Angeles City Hall. She invites people of all faiths to join her for any portion of this three day vigil to commemorate the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings, and to stand for world peace. For information: (213) 732-1414.

August 6: The Nuclear Freeze Campaign and the Alliance for Survival are sponsoring a demonstration calling for a halt to nuclear testing, a comprehensive test ban treaty, and re-directing military funds to end hunger and homelessness. Noon to 2 PM at the downtown L.A. Federal Building, 300 No. Los Angeles St. For information: (213) 851-4930.

August 9: Ride for Nuclear Disarmament. Bicycle ride sponsored by the Alliance for Survival, from the Seal Beach Naval Weapons Station in Seal Beach to Mission Bay Park in San Diego. Registration and rally before beginning the ride, 6 to 7:30 AM. For information: (714) 547-2482.

August 9: 5th annual Commemorative Program organized by Asian Pacific Americans for Nuclear Awareness (APANA), and endorsed by many other peace organizations. Will include Taiko Drums, music, speakers on Hiroshima/Nagasaki and issues of the present, a candle-lighting ceremony and will conclude with a candlelit procession to City Hall with a replica of the international Peace Pagoda, and a concluding inter-faith prayer service. Little Tokyo Plaza, San Pedro St. between 2nd and 3rd, Los Angeles, beginning at 6 PM. For information: (213) 626-2249.

Also: the International Shadow Project, an artistic commemoration of Hiroshima/Nagasaki. For information: Alliance for Survival (213) 388-1824.

We hope you will attend (and perhaps assist in the preparation for) at least one of these events. Let's see to it that our Los Angeles community, where there is so much nuclear arms race production, is also an area of awareness and work for peace.

**REMEMBER THE PAST--
PROTECT THE FUTURE
Hiroshima — Nagasaki — 41 Years**

Community Events

VENICE

OUTDOOR FILM BENEFIT FOR THE BEACHHEAD:

For a mere \$2 donation, you can see some entertaining and/or informative films and socialize with demented Beach-head collectivites. Join us in the vacant lot between 440 and 450 Howland Canal Saturday August 16 at 8:00 p.m.

ANTI-NUKE

HIROSHIMA--NAGASAKI--41 YEARS

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ART

"Bauhausfotografie" (Photography) Exhibition dates: August 12 - Sept. 21, 1986. "Bauhausfotografie," an exhibition of 124 photographs, photomontages, and photocollages created by the students and faculty of the Bauhaus during the 1920s and 1930s, will open at the University Art Museum, California State University, Long Beach on August 12, 1986. The exhibition, organized by the Institute for Foreign Cultural Relations in Stuttgart, West Germany, and circulated in the U.S. by the Goethe Institute presents works by major artists of the period, including Josef Albers, Lazlo Moholy-Nagy, Andreas FEininger, and Herbert Bayer, plus photographs taken by students at the Bauhaus, most of whom were adventure-some amateur photographers.

SOCIAL POLITICS

Friday, August 1, 7:45 pm, YWCA*: Founder and Editor-in-Chief of the L.A. Weekly Jay Levin will discuss forces shaping American policies here and around the world and what we can do about them in a wide ranging program entitled: "An Alternative Vision for America." It will take place at the Westwood YWCA, 10936 Santa Monica Blvd, 4 blocks east of the San Diego Freeway. Donation \$4.00. Further info (213) 398-4141.

Friday, August 15, 7:45 pm YWCA*: Joel Taunton of the National War Tax Resistance Coordinating Committee will discuss Thoreau and the role of Civil Disobedience in accomplishing policy changes now and in times past both here and abroad in a slide and lecture program entitled: "Is is Moral to Pay Taxes to an Immoral Government?"

Friday, August 22, 7:45 PM YWCA*: Carol Moore of Green Alternative, Julia Fussell of Eco Home, and Jeff Land of the Green Education Network, will discuss the Green Movement and the Concept of Bio-regionalism in a program entitled "Green and Bioregional Visions"

Friday, August 29, 7:45 pm, YWCA*: Maureen Carney will discuss her search for the body of her brother, American

born Jesuit Priest Padre Guadalupe Carney, who was rumored to have been murdered by Honduran soldiers working with the CIA, in program entitled: "Death of an American Priest in Honduras". The BBC-produced documentary of her search will also be shown.

Friday Sept. 5, 7:45 PM, YWCA*: Psychologist Janet Rainwater, Ph.D., will give a slide presentation on her recent trip to Nicaragua, and will discuss her views on the implications of Contra funding, and the findings of Witness for Peace in a program entitled "The Coming Invasion of Nicaragua and What We Can Do to Stop It."

***The above presentations will be interspersed with social time and refreshments will be served. Childcare will be provided at no charge. It will take place at the Westwood YWCA 10936 Santa Monica Blvd., 4 blocks east of the San Diego Freeway. Donation of \$4.00. These events are sponsored by SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE SINGLES and is open to all. For other info (213) 398-4141.

HEALTH

DOLPHIN SOCIETY
"Because cultures in friendly contact tend toward similarity, contact with Dolphins could influence Human Society toward peace and sharing. Toward a dolphin-like society. Call the Dolphin Society at (213) 328-2032 for more info.

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK: FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH.



BEACHHEAD

Since 1968



VENICE TOWN COUNCIL

TOWN COUNCIL SEPT. AGENDA

Sept. 14 General Meeting
7:30 p.m.
Beyond Baroque Center
681 N. Venice Blvd.

1. Noise complaints over the flight of planes from Santa Monica airport will be aired. Guests will include the SM Airport General Manager and Sound Officer.

2. Committee Reports:
Board of Directors (305-7149),
Planning & Devel. (396-8332),
Ocean Front Walk (396-1585).

COMMUNITY

BUILDERS OF THE DAWN - this 45 minute slideshow was produced by Corine McLaughin and Gordon Davidson, founders of the Sirius Community in Massachusetts and former members of Findhorn in Scotland. "Today's communities are the mapmakers for humanity's journey into the future," state Corine and Gordon. These communities function as research and development centers for society, pioneering new solutions to old problems." This slideshow surveys 30 successful new age communities around the country and world.///At the home of the PHOENIX COMMUNITY 257 N. Wetherly Dr., Beverly Hills.. RSVP 213 738-1254 (Lois) Donation requested: members \$2, others \$4.

The 1st Unitarian Church
BEYOND WAR: A New Way of Thinking on Sunday, August 3 at 11 A.M., 2936 West 8th Street.

JOURNEY TO AZILAN: The Making of A Culture Sculpton "Growing up in the Barrios of Aztlan, Babylon and Rhythm and Blues" will be the subject of Ruben Guevara when he performs and speaks. August 10, 11 A.M. at above address. (1st Uni Church)

ARE U.S. LABOR LAWS DUE FOR RADICAL CHANGES? will be subject of Harry Bernstein when he speaks August 17, at 11 A.M. at above address (1st Uni Church)

RECON: "Who Rules America Now"? tells who pulls your strings. Send \$9.95 (includes handling) for this 230 page book to RECON, P.O. Box 14602, Philadelphia, PA 19134.

PERFORMANCE

BEYOND BAROQUE
August 1, 8:30 p.m. - Robin Carr, Poet Musician . Victor Noel, performance poet outlaw. Admission \$5 - nonmembers members \$3.
August 3, 8:00 p.m. OPEN READING. Free Sing up prior to 8 p.m.
August 8, 8:30 p.m. MEI-MEI BRUSSENBRICGE "Plus Special Guest" Admission \$5, nonmembers \$3.

BEYOND BAROQUE LITERARY/Arts Cent
681 Venice Blvd. (the old Venice Hall)
Venice . For more info. (213) 22-3006