

# FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

# BEACHHEAD



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January 1985, Number 181, P.O. Box 504, Venice, California 90291, (213) 823-5092

## Prudential Plans Shady Affair

by MOE STAVNEZER

Ah, it would be nice if we could ring in the new year and ring out some of the developments proposed for Venice-burg. Unfortunately, that's not the way it works so I'm left merely having to report on them.

There are at least three important hearings planned for January, the most important of which is not in Los Angeles.

On January 9th, the Culver City Planning Commission will hold a public hearing on the Marina Place development, proposed by Prudential Life Insurance Co. Marina Place is a 5-building, multi-story affair near the corner of Lincoln and Washington Boulevards. Prudential wants to build two 17-story, two 15-story and one 12-story office buildings plus 15,000 square feet of restaurants and a 4-story parking structure (more than 1.3 million square feet of construction).

The site is on a thin finger of land along Washington Bl. that belongs to Culver City and is surrounded by Venice. The hearing will center on a Draft Environmental Impact Report (DEIR) which supposedly considered the major negative and positive impacts of this precedent setting development. The Planning and Development Committee of the Venice Town Council states, in its rather detailed written response to the DEIR, "the report is seriously deficient in virtually every aspect in which it attempts to provide a positive environmental response to the proposal..."

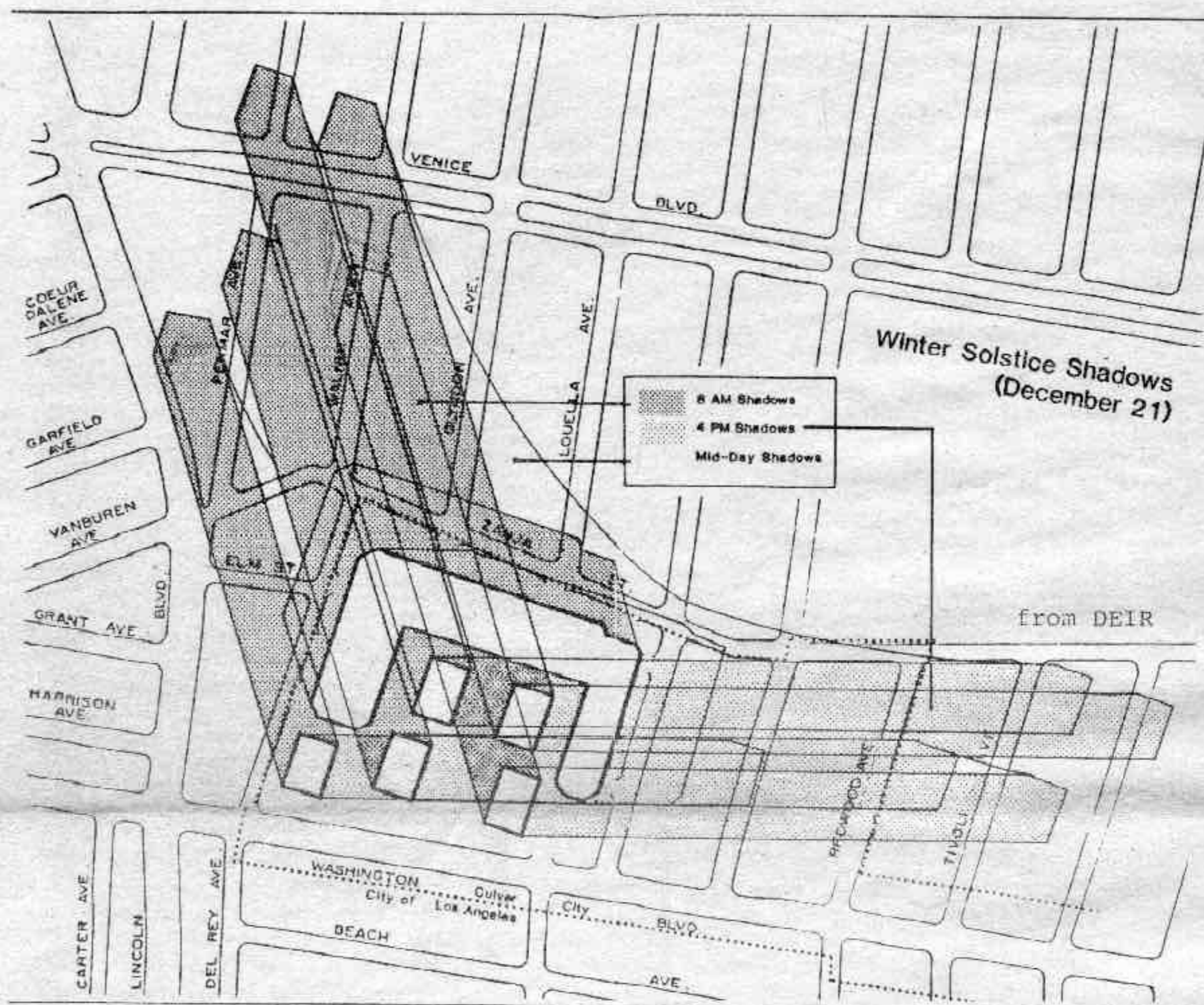
To give you some idea about how far the DEIR is reaching to find something good about this project, consider the section dealing with the shadows that these buildings will cast (shown in the drawing accompanying this article). Starlightfaced, the authors claim that such shadows will allow neighbors of the project to grow exotic plants as a trade-off for the sunshine they will no longer get! Hey now, wouldn't you just love to grow some exotic plants?

The report deals with traffic congestion in a similarly blase manner blithely concluding that the addition of more than 10,000 cars generated by the project will improve the traffic situation in the

area. It deals with noise, air quality and parking in much the same way. Most importantly, the DEIR fails to make the case that the positive impacts of this development will outweigh the negative ones. The DEIR hardly mentions the fact that approval of such a high-rise, high-density development will make it difficult for the City to deny similar projects in the future.

The location for the hearing has not yet been finalized but you can get that info by calling Culver City associate planner Charles Perego at 202-5777.

Then there's Tom Safran's proposal to build a 46 ft., mixed commercial/residential development at 151-187 Ocean Front Walk, next to the Israel Levin Center. I've lost track of how many proposals Safran has submitted for this land but he's been working on it for at least 7 years. (The City of L.A. lent Safran almost a million dollars to keep the financial wolves from his door--so maybe ol' Tom has something going for him this time around).



## Neighbor Reacts to Market St. Fire

By Diane Nickerson

It was a brisk Sunday afternoon in November, so blessedly quiet I was actually beginning to think the summers plethora of tourists, "in-landers", etc. had finally understood that, Thanksgiving having passed, maybe summer was over and they'd like to stay home for a while. Peace. This Sunday was particularly pleasant, if I could overlook the extra spread in my waist and hips, thanks to that turkey that I baked last Thursday and ate and ate and ate. Pleasant, if I could just keep making myself believe that the check I sent to Ethiopian relief was enough done on my part to help ease some pain in that piece of this planet. That, of course, is a story of its own. Here, in Venice, in my piece of the planet, most everything seemed just fine. We were pleasantly ensconced in our home, having tea and reading the various Sunday periodicals for which we reserve the better part of that day. The fireplace wasn't roaring, just providing a decent amount of warmth and looking pretty. (God, according to this, if I only had 2.5 children I could pass for middle class!) What a nice, post-Thanksgiving, pre-Christmas day. However, as I sat reading, I felt something was wrong. Shook it off and went on with the Times. No, there it is again. I looked up and my eyes connected with my boyfriends, who, it turned out was thinking the same thing. It occurred to me something was burning-- but, not to panic, as the mother of a small child I'm always warming "something" and occasionally "something" boils dry or whatever. I always "catch it in time." We checked our kitch-

en. Everything was O.K. The eyes connect again and we both think of Flo, the elderly lady next door, 2 feet from our livingroom. She lives alone, and, as is the custom of many Venice residents, we try to look out for the safety and wellbeing of our neighbors, particularly the elderly or less mobile. By now we were concerned, but not overly so. Jim pulled on a sweatshirt and went next door to investigate. I stayed home and continued my Sunday rituals. Basically the same peaceful picture as before, yet I was unable to shake that almost imperceptible feeling

of "impending doom." What could it be? I knew something terrible was going to happen. Yet I didn't want to acknowledge that feeling. When I'm afraid, I tend to cling desperately to some semblance of normalcy. Keep reading that book it'll go away. Change those diapers, see, everything's O.K. Go in the kitchen where the stew is still stewing, phew we're gonna be alright.

"Normalcy," a semblance thereof, or anything else was not destined to reign that Sunday. Even as I was struggling with my uneasy feelings the front door of the apartment burst open, Jim's words rushing and crashing through the room. "Market St.", "fire", "Jesus", "houses". While checking on the woman next door, he'd noticed what looked like thick fog rolling in from the middle of the next block. Heading to the corner to investigate further, he had discovered the "fog" was in reality smoke! At least 1 house appeared to be burning.

Continued to page 10

continued to page 11





Write To Us...  
we'd like to hear from you!

Dear Beachhead,

I wish to address an unfortunate oversight of dear Essie, in her recent article, "Caffeine Junkies Unite."

Within the second block from Main St. of West Washington Blvd. at Brooks, is a new coffee-house; calling itself the "Venice Place Sculpture Gardens Coffee-House." Enter at a huge wrought-iron gate, and channel back through a passage to the garden.

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As a caffeine-junkie, I must dutifully "network" this find!

Yours,  
James Kendall

Essie replys: Dear James (If I may call you by your first name).

Essie does plan a jaunt up or down West Wash. and judge for herself. Your opinion will be taken into account.

Thank you,  
Essie

Dear Editor,

I was informed that you give out free samples of your publication--is that true? If it is I would be very interested in seeing one. Thanks for your time and understanding!

Hope the coming holiday seasons are happy ones for you and that 1985 is the best yet!

Peace,  
S. Mary Ann Henn

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Beachhead Staff,

The enclosed clipping (too long to include, b'head) reveals that State Senator Alan Robbins is a general partner in "Marina Properties" and former County District Attorney Robert Philbosian, now in private practice, represents Robbin's partnerships.

At the present time, leases are up for renewal and tenants are very afraid of huge raises in rents.

I believe it would be interesting to look into this politician's interests in Marina Property and what has gone on with our County Supervisors regarding Robbins getting his lease.

I think no politician should own an interest in the marina!

This whole thing stinks!!

G.R. Wells

Dear Beachhead,

Beachhead is a good paper and as such manages to survive. I like it and have contributed a few articles to it.

One question in my mind: why must the print be so faint? I find it hard to read and sometimes do not read it because of the effort plus the fact that other material around does not pose a visual problem. There is an unevenness in darkness of print--sparse use of ink? Poor press? I think this is not a small point. Legibility is important. I hope the problem can be overcome.

Loise Neville.

P.S. Got it! You need new typewriter ribbons.

We are concerned with our legibility and recognize it as a problem. Beginning with this issue, we are using new paste-up boards. The recycled boards we were using were dirty and the printer had to correct for this causing a sometimes faint reproduction. Additionally, certain typewriters do not reproduce well and we are trying not to use them when typing the articles. Hopefully, these measures will increase our readability.

Editor:

"Finger lickin' Good Chicken" has taken on a new meaning in a local pet store.

They are selling live baby chicks as food for snakes.

This is the ultimate example of cruelty to animals. In the past, the practice of coloring baby chicks and selling them as toys at Easter was stopped.

The authorities haven't gone far enough in stopping this.

We need tougher laws and penalties. There are enough rodents available, all you need is a trap. The old argument "They won't eat anything dead" is rubbish.

This is the first step toward larger animals.

Call and write your elected officials. These defenseless creatures need our help.

Who knows, even the San Diego chicken may be next?

Barbara Jean Hayes  
Animal Protectors

# FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

Carol Fondiller, Memphis Slim, Diane Nickerson, Moe Stavnezer, Kathy Henderson, Patrick McCartney, Jennifer Pirie, Bob Rivkin, Kate Keeling, Sandy Blixton. With thanx to Pim, Liza Womack & Melanie Lewis

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.



## Venice Town Council

TOWN COUNCIL GENERAL MEETING  
Thursday, January 10, 1985

### Proposed Agenda

1. Announcements, Minutes.
2. Presentation of proposed Charter and By-Laws. Half-hour discussion.
3. Committee Reports
  - Human Needs Committee will distribute list of available services for the homeless in the Venice area.
  - Planning and Development will read a draft letter requesting the City to conduct a study of the parking crisis.

\*Copies of the Venice Town Council's proposed Charter and By-Laws will be distributed at the January meeting. Members will have a month to reflect on the document before voting in Feb.

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# Homeless: Helped or Hyped?

by Patrick McCartney

Estimates for the number of homeless persons in Los Angeles are easy to come by these days. You can choose from figures that new experts have compiled which suggest that some 30,000 or more hapless souls live in Los Angeles with no more shelter than a cardboard box or warm doorway.

According to a recent article in the Los Angeles Times, the Westside has more of the destitute than any other area outside Downtown's Skid Row--5,000 individuals. "The biggest difference between the plight of the homeless now, and during the Depression, is that now the poor are surrounded by affluence," the Times quoted one of the new experts.

At a congressional subcommittee hearing in Los Angeles last month, one witness testified that "more homeless people are dying of exposure to the elements in balmy Southern California than in the colder climates of New York or Wash. D.C. Since one advocate for the homeless--Mitch Snyder--almost starved himself in D.C. to catch the eye of the Reagan administration, the issue of the homeless has become a sexy subject, the cause of the moment. The homeless are becoming a popular topic of conversation. As such, like with the weather, talk is way ahead of action.

In Santa Monica, the recent mayoral race was run partly on the issue of the homeless. But the tenor of the political debate sounded more like a Reagan kitchen cabinet than the preppie Westside liberalism that earned the town its nickname of Santa Moscow.

After a merry round of bumbaiting, newly elected Santa Monica officials took a cram course in sensitivity, and learned that throwing the book at the homeless did little to solve the problem. "You can't arrest people for being ugly," Santa Monica Police Chief James F. Keane explained to the Times.

To his credit, Santa Monica City Attorney, Robert Myers, resisted the pressures placed on his office by the All Santa Monica Coalition to prosecute the destitute until they either got out of town or faded into invisibility. "The law will not sanction municipalities which attempt to banish the poor from their environs," Myers wrote in an 83-page report to the city council.

While Santa Monica is left to ponder its dilemma, the County of Los Angeles has begun to move towards increased services for the homeless. As the provider of last resort, it is the County's responsibility to provide housing, medical care, and general relief (welfare) to those in need.

The present conservative majority on the five-man Board of Supervisors has attempted to cut back on health costs by excluding the undocumented from medical care.

The County's efforts at housing for the street poor has been focused in downtown, where most of the 30-or-so "voucher" hotels are located. Those are low-rent, generally older hotels that are willing to accept the \$4 or \$8 vouchers the County distributes to the neediest.

Several months ago, public aid lawyers won a suit in which they claimed that the County was supporting flop-houses, and subsidizing hotels in which the owners failed to supply the basic services like heating and running water.



Reacting to the court decision, the Board of Supervisors voted to study ways to improve services to the deserving. One of the ideas that the Supervisors encouraged was the use of dorm-style housing, similar to that already used by the private charities on Skid Row.

That opening has given room to a number of private organizations to plan additional care for the homeless. One group, a coalition of Westside churches called P.A.T.H. (for People Assisting The Homeless) has been searching for a site in this area where they can create a dormitory-style shelter.

The coalition, consisting of 25 churches on the Westside and in Beverly Hills, has been hoping to squeeze an abandoned building out of any public agency. The search has included looks at the Venice Pavilion and the St. Charles Hotel, but problems exist with each. PATH's site selection chairman is John Lumbleau, a 30-year veteran of California real estate sales, and he describes getting one building out of the county "is like getting the first olive out of the bottle."

Lumbleau happens to be a legend in his field and is chairman of his own real estate school. His presence in PATH indicates that the Westside group potentially has the clout to realize its goals. I believed him when he told the Venice Town Council Human Needs Committee that Beverly Hills actors were ready to donate money.

A few members of the Town Council expressed resentment that outsiders would come to Venice to do their good works. Understandably, some worried about the loss of the Pavilion to the community for other purposes. And still others resisted the scale of PATH's plans--bed spaces for 180 persons--and pushed for fewer beds, or use of the Pavilion for day services only, hot lunches and showers.

Lumbleau told the Town Council that the only reason that PATH had come to Venice, and asked the City for use of the Pavilion, was because it was the only public building on the Westside suitable for use. "And that means, it's not adjacent to residences."

That seems to be the bottom line, in a sense. Everyone wants to help the homeless, until it means having a building filled with the unfortunate, the fragile, and the rootless next door to them.

PATH recently received a polite response from Pat Russell, in which she firmly discouraged the group from pursuing the Pavilion. Into the round file went Venice architect Frank Gehry's donated plans to raise the Pavilion stage and convert the cold, disphonious space into a dormitory.

Instead of focusing on building in Venice, PATH now seems to want to lobby for an increase in the voucher system for Westside hotels. They believe they have found four local motels that are willing to accept the County's liberalized \$16 voucher, but they need to find more.

In the end, private charity--contrary to our president's belief--can accomplish only a little. The presence of the destitute on our streets, in our parks, backyards, empty lots, alleys, dumpsters, beaches, and tossed-aside cars has become a public shame that challenges our good will and the abilities of our institutions.

January 22 the County Board of Supervisors Task Force on the Homeless will hold a public meeting to take testimony. PATH will attend, and possibly ask for public land on which they will build "modular housing." Lumbleau asked me the last time we talked to request new ideas from the residents of Venice. "The homeless are becoming an 'in' charity right now. It's the right time to get something done." ■

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1985 NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

- Work harder and smoke less pot. (This is a resolution I can depend on; I've been making it for 10 years;
- To vote for Jesse Jackson again, even if the Senate forces Reagan to run for a third term;
- Stop asking out beautiful women who dislike me.
- Quit being rude to tourists;
- And most importantly, get Beachhead articles finished on time, like this one wasn't.

--Patrick McCartney.

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# TALKING ABOUT ISRAEL

by  
JENNIFER PIRIE

Last summer I was looking for work. A good friend had offered me an introduction to a possible job contact. Several days after she made the offer, I came home to a message on my phone answering machine; "I just did a weird thing. I told (Mr. Job Prospect) about your politics on Israel. But don't worry - I don't think it'll be a problem."

We live in unusual times. American politicians get themselves arrested protesting South Africa's racist apartheid policies; mainstream ministers return from jaunts to Marxist Nicaragua with glowing reports of grassroots democracy in action; Catholic bishops take a firm stand against nuclear weapons, but in the midst of all this public discussion one subject remains effectively taboo: have you tried talking about Israel lately? People who have been outspoken in their criticism of Israeli government policies toward the Palestinians are facing a well-financed and highly organized effort to silence them. And the opposition to open debate on the subject comes not only from the right-wing, fundamentalist lunatic fringe but also from some of the most respected and established organizations in the country, organizations that were founded to protect individual freedoms.

In my own life, awareness of the extent and depth of the effort to silence public discussion on Israel has come gradually. The first time I encountered it I was ready to dismiss it as an isolated event. In early 1982 I began trying to learn more about the middle east - particularly what was happening to the Palestinians in Israeli occupied territories. When Vanessa Redgrave's documentary, *The Palestinian*, came to town it seemed a logical step to go and see it. My husband and I arrived at the theater only to run the gauntlet of a large picket line. People carried signs containing angry and often vulgar and sexist messages ("Vanessa Redgrave is Aryfart's whore," was one.) and a red-faced man shouted furiously at us through a megaphone. Someone in the crowd recognized my husband and soon the whole group, led by the megaphone man, was screaming threats at us - "We're gonna get you!" - over and over. They seemed to mean it, which was unnerving but also just crazy enough to disregard - a band of loonies who didn't want anyone talking about Israel.

Then the invasion happened - Israel started bombing Beirut and the next resistance I experienced to public discussion about Israel came from an unexpected quarter - a very unexpected quarter: The Democratic Socialists of America (DSA) - a so-called progressive organization. Because of the pro-Israel drum-beatings that were reverberating through the press at that time a group of us in DSA's west side branch decided to hold a public forum in which the full range of issues leading up to the invasion of Beirut could be brought out and discussed. Dorothy Healey, KPFK commentator and a respected leader in DSA agreed to participate, as did Susie Mordeehay, an Israeli graduate student at UCLA, and Osama Hamed, a Palestinian graduate student. It seemed like a good balance - an American, an Israeli Jew, and a Palestinian. Two weeks before the forum date, a phone call from Dorothy Healey cancelled the event, in her words, "until the elections are over." Why? Because Tom Hayden was running to capture Mel Levine's recently vacated State Assembly seat. As part of his campaign, Hayden and his wife had openly supported the Israeli invasion of Lebanon, going so far as to have their pictures taken with victorious Israeli troops on the outskirts of a devastated Beirut. A UCLA campus organization, the Committee in Solidarity with the Palestinian People (CSPP), had held a peaceful picket outside Hayden's campaign headquarters protesting his actions. Our two other forum speakers were associated with CSPP, therefore, according to Dorothy Healey, the forum had to be cancelled. Or, at best, put off until after the elections to avoid doing Hayden any political harm. In this case, public scrutiny of Israel was to be sacrificed to Mr. Hayden's political ambitions. The whole discussion was expendable. It just wasn't important enough compared to the need to get Tom Hayden elected to the Assembly.

During that same period, the Santa Monica City Council demonstrated that not only was the discussion expendable, it was simply verboten. Off the record, the story goes like this: members of a local conservative synagogue (actually based in Venice) submitted a resolution to the Council supporting the Israeli action in Lebanon. Hayden's people got wind of this and applied pressure to members of the Council's progressive majority to pass the resolution without public discussion. Ruth Goldway, then the mayor, changed some of the more rabid language of the resolution, but left its message clearly intact. The resolution passed and the rest is Santa Monica history. Only after the resolution was voted in was some public comment allowed at subsequent Council meetings. The mayor made her boredom, indifference, and, at times, contempt of those who spoke in protest quite plain. Speakers were only allowed a very short time to express their views and were forced to do this through a chorus of abusive language from various members of the group that had proposed the resolution. "Kurveh," the Hebrew word for whore, was at least one of the insults offered an Israeli dissident as she

spoke - this from a prominent member of the beachfront synagogue. The public version of this story includes everything but the involvement of the Hayden people. I'm betting on the private version.

Months later, when Ruth Goldway lost her re-election bid by a mere 500 votes, word had it that her high-handed refusal to reconsider the resolution had caused more than one west side activist to sit out her campaign.

The next attempt to stifle discussion came even closer to home. Shortly after the massacres at the Sabra and Chatilla "refugee camps," a flyer appeared in our neighborhood. The Committee in Solidarity with the Palestinian People had been attempting to inform the public about what was happening to Palestinians in Beirut. They had set up tables on the boardwalk, with a photo and map display as well as written reports, booklets, flyers, etc., much as other groups have done down here for years. Pro-Israel hooligans had broken their display, knocked down their tables and chased them off the boardwalk with the very real threat of physical violence. The CSPP was asking the neighborhood to come down to the boardwalk the following weekend and provide a community presence as protection against such violent attacks. Several of us came and were privileged to experience attempts to physically intimidate the public away from discussion of the issue.

This time, it wasn't the Left sticking it to the Left, it was the Jewish Defense League, in the person of Irv Rubin and a couple of henchmen. The main focus of their rage seemed to be on the Jewish members of the tabling group. Rubin repeatedly shouldered his way through the group behind the tables, bumping aggressively against anyone he could in apparent hope of starting a fight. He got no satisfaction. His sidekicks even bestowed their attentions on me, suggesting that I was an "ugly dyke" and that my dog was better looking than I was (such a low blow!). What was striking about this was that I wasn't even there as a tabler, just as a person who was curious, interested, trying to get information. This clearly was not to be permitted.

But what appears at first to be pressure from a small lunatic fringe is in fact part of a wide-ranging effort to stifle discussion of US/Israeli policies in the middle east and, in many cases, to influence the content of teaching and research in middle eastern studies. The experience of the Committee in Solidarity with the Palestinian People on the UCLA campus is one example.

The CSPP is a heterogeneous, UCLA-based group that counts among its members Americans, Israelis, Palestinians and Lebanese, most of them graduate students. For about the last three years they've been working to educate and inform people on issues in the middle east. They have brought speakers to the campus, including MIT linguistics professor, Noam Chomsky, Israeli chemistry professor and dissident, Israel Shahak, and French journalist, Eric Rouleau, from the respected journal *Le Monde*. The group has also shown films and set up informational tables on campus (the site of several physical attacks during which tables were overturned and people spat on). Their point of view is definitely sympathetic to those who suffer under US/Israeli government policies. It may or may not be a popular point of view, but there's certainly nothing illegal, or dangerous to you or me, about expressing it. For the friends of Begin's Israel, however, this kind of free discussion is too much of a threat - and the CSPP has experienced various kinds of harassment. Particular members have been singled out, for example, as in the case of Professor Ed Keenan.

Keenan is a tenured professor of linguistics at UCLA and a supporter of CSPP. In early 1984, when he was in Europe, members of the Jewish Defense Organization contacted the UCLA Linguistics Department and accused Keenan of anti-semitism. It was not argued that he was critical of Israel, but simply that he was an anti-semitite and thus had no right to be heard, or to maintain his teaching position at UCLA. The Linguistics Department, although it successfully supported Keenan's right to freedom of speech, did not challenge the charge of anti-semitism, thus implicitly accepting the view that to criticize Israel was to automatically be an anti-semitite.

The charges were reported in the Daily Bruin and picked up by the LA Times, without any attempt to get hold of Keenan in Europe for a statement of his position (in fact, he'd long been a supporter of the state of Israel). He was simply presented to the world as an anti-semitite because of his public criticism of recent Israeli policies and actions.

Another more clumsy attempt to equate criticism of Israel with anti-semitism was a bogus flyer which appeared on campus last fall in the name of CSPP. It was a blatant attempt to smear the Committee. "Just look at the last names of the Faculty and Administration members;" it read. "Note the preponderance of Zionists. Using their well-known connections and influence in finance, the media, and elsewhere, the Zionists seek to control the Free World and force it to support Israeli racist oppression."

Apart from these kinds of attempts to discredit CSPP, the main attack on the group has been an ongoing effort to deny it the status of "affiliation" with the

University. The main advantage of affiliation is that it gives a group access to student organization funds; and availability of funds is of crucial importance for an organization like CSPP, whose main educational function is to bring speakers onto campus. This costs money. If a group is determined to be "political," it's not eligible for affiliation. People who want CSPP silenced have put a lot of effort into trying to prove its "political" nature.

I don't intend to get into a discussion of the meaning of "political" here. Let's leave that to the philosophers and linguists, what's important is that a rule of the university was being used as a possible weapon for shutting up the CSPP.

One recent series of events illustrates the strategy. In early October of 1984, CSPP brought Professor Albert Aghazarian of Bir Zeit University to speak on campus. Bir Zeit is located on Israel's West Bank - land populated largely by Palestinians and occupied by the Israeli army since 1967. Most of Bir Zeit's population is Palestinian, and the Palestinians are not happy about Israeli occupation and confiscation of their land. But that's another article. It is enough at this point to say that Bir Zeit University has been closed down regularly, sometimes for months at a time, by the Israeli armed forces that occupy and run the West Bank. Charges usually have something to do with the so-called "political" nature of campus activities. So, logically, as Bir Zeit's Director of Public Relations, Aghazarian was invited to speak on the crisis in academic freedom on the West Bank. He turned out to be an eloquent spokesman for the Palestinian point of view. While declining to offer political solutions, he described the current problems and their historical roots with passion and clarity.

Soon after he began his talk, a couple of young men entered the room, seated themselves noisily and brought out a small tape recorder. When the question period began they didn't hesitate to present their own political views, the range and subtlety of which can be summed up in their first belligerent question: "Why don't you just admit that what you call Palestine has always belonged to the Jews!"

Before the day was over, a letter had been dashed off to the Director of the Center of Student Programming complaining about the "political" nature of Aghazarian's talk, and demanding that the CSPP be denied university affiliation. The letter was signed by two of the young men who'd spoken at the meeting. One of these young men, a Jerry Abeles, signed himself simply a "concerned student." He might have added, "and Managing Editor of the UCLA Daily Bruin." Aghazarian's talk had been on October 4; the October 10 issue of the Bruin just happened to feature Jerry Abeles' protest against Aghazarian's talk as a front page story, with the headline "Students Claim University-Affiliated Group Held Political Rather Than Educational Event." And the "students" to whom the newspaper referred were, oddly enough, the paper's own managing editor and one other student. Hardly a mass movement. And hardly a news story, unless one has a particular axe to grind. Of course, any good city editor will tell you that some sense of journalistic ethics and fair play requires one to grind one's axes in editorials and to leave managing editors out of news stories unless they do something truly remarkable (like dying or running for public office).

(A friend of mine, attending graduate school at UCLA was so incensed at this unethical behavior that she mentioned in conversation with a fellow student her intention to write a letter to the Bruin. She was cautioned to forget it. Why make trouble for herself? This was not an issue on which to take a public stand.)

So far, the CSPP has managed to withstand these kinds of attacks and maintain its credibility on campus. It has been asked to change its name from Committee in Solidarity - to Committee for the Survival of the Palestinian People, which it agreed to do. It continues to be affiliated with the university, and although affiliation comes up for renewal this month, no problems are anticipated.

Who is most zealous in the effort to stifle public debate on Israel's present-day policies toward the Palestinians? Apart from the Jewish Defense League and members of the new, ultra-conservative synagogues - like the people who shouted insults at the Israeli dissident as she spoke before the Santa Monica City Council - two organizations stand out: the Anti-Defamation League of the B'Nai B'Rith (ADL); and Israel's registered lobby in Washington, the "American Israel Public Affairs Council."

The Anti-Defamation League, established for the express purpose of fighting bigotry (anti-semitism), has become one of the main pillars of Israeli government propaganda in the United States; and it specializes in trying to prevent critical discussion of Israeli policies. A cheery letter from the student coordinator of the ADL's New England Regional Office tells of an upcoming program ("Dear Zionist/Activist Student - Hi! - How is your fall semester going?") designed to "help Jewish students deal with anti-zionist and anti-semitic activities on the college campuses." The automatic linking of the terms "anti-zionist" and "anti-semitic" is a standard ADL tactic. And the letter goes on to describe the ADL campus "Hasbara Network." "Hasbara" is a Hebrew word that in current usage means propaganda. The fact is, the ADL has as much right to propagandize as anyone; what's disturbing is that along with their cheery propaganda directive, they also send a booklet - stamped CONFIDENTIAL on every page - identifying what the ADL feels are the "leading individuals and organizations which

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.



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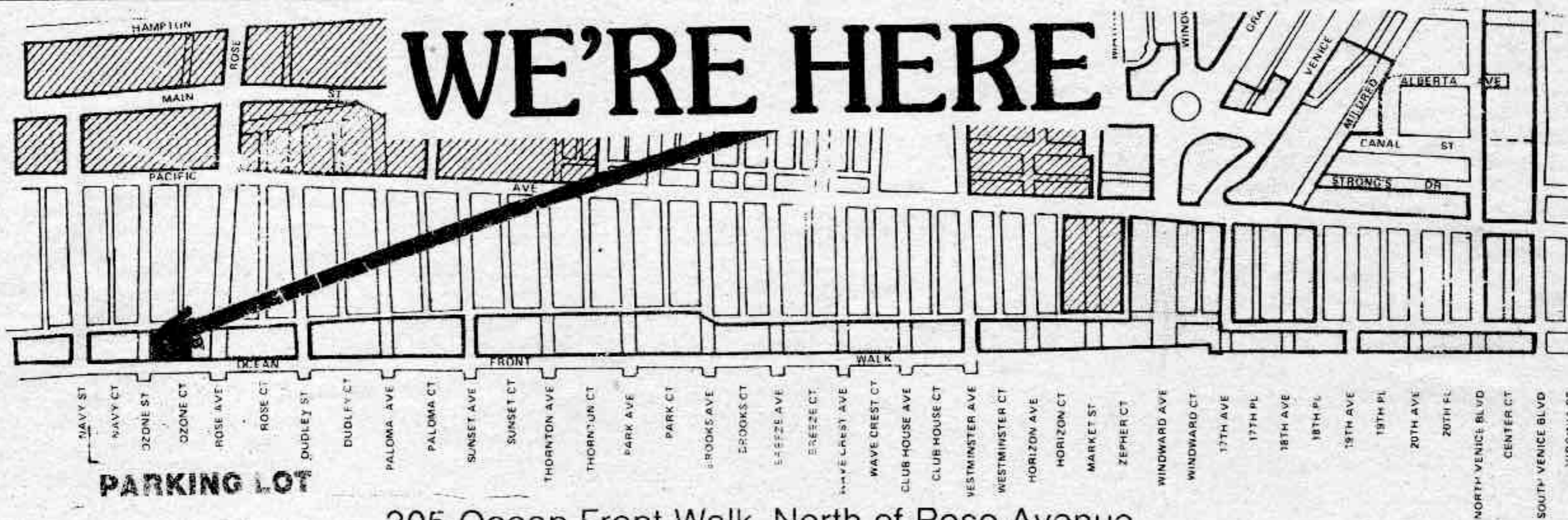
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# Venice Bars Quest for the Cosmic Quaff

by memphis slim

Since my friend, Essie the Fressie has been writing about where the best food and coffee are in Venice, I figured I'd do the community a service. The following is a subjective view of Venice's Bars. Boy, do I have a hangover!

The L.A. Weekly said Leroy at the Crabshell was the best bartender in L.A. Well, I like Leroy but Steve is my man. Maybe, I dig Eastern Europeans. Anyway, the best bar in Venice is the Crabshell. It's on Washington Street upstairs over the restaurant. It's a complete bar with a patio offering a 270° view of the Venice Pier and ocean. During the summer the body watching is top notch. The prices are reasonable and you can get seafood from downstairs. They also take plastic money.

My favorite beer bar is diagonally across the street from the Crabshell. Hinano's is a Venice institution. Some of the Old Venice Town Council used to adjourn meetings and go there. If you've never been there, maybe you saw it in the China Syndrome. Hinano's has great burgers, the best bar maids in the business and you can cop just about anything you want. The crowd is very mixed and there's two pool tables. Be warned--Hinano bar maids tend to be better than you are at pool. Remember, I warned you. The popcorn's also the best and freshest in town.

If you cruise down Washington from the square, you next hit the Baja Cantina. Here you start hitting Marinoids pretty heavy. The Cantina has good drinks, medium prices and lots of white Yuppies. Plastic money? Of course!

Next on the bar crawl and if you've been with me, we're now crawling to the Sea Lodge. This is a hotel bar. There's no entertainment and there are too many tables. There are two color TVs but one of them is hooked into the hotel cable system. That means more channels but the barmaid has to decipher the program. They have free munchies at happy hour. My man and I had 3 plates apiece. That's the good part. The bad part is this is a Valley bar with lots of white males in suits around the bar. Boring. They've had a different management every year since I can remember. No wonder.

Let's hang a left and go down West Washington. Near the corner of Venice Blvd. and West Washington Blvd. is Harry's Barbeque. This isn't a bar, it's a beer joint. Mediocre barbeque, cheap pitchers (\$1.33 a pitcher--I'm talking cheap) and a giant T.V. screen. Lots of young red necks hang out here for Monday Night Football. If you can last an entire Monday Night football game, you'll love Memphis...or Bakersfield.

Further down West Washington is Brandelli's Brig. Brandelli's is named after the owner, a former prize fighter. Violence is not foreign to Brandelli's. At closing time some of the bad boys come around and play kick the honkey as you stagger home. Brandelli's has the most mixed crowd in Venice. Don't go there if you have any attitudes. They have two pool tables, two T.V.s and a satellite dish. If you're my age you're

# Slurp, slurp, Chomp,

gonna see what you and your liver look like in 30 years.

As I get closer and closer to the beach on West Washington, I come to the Roosterfish. No pun intended! The bartender's name is Ronnie, he's from Memphis and he's a friendly, cute blond hunk. They have a pool table, plenty of room for dancing and videogames. There is no draft beer but a complete bar. The walls are covered with prints of muscular, circumcised men. Enough said.

Now you may think I'm a sleazebag but I've been to the ritzy places also. Let's start near the beach on Venice Blvd. The West Beach Cafe is disgusting. It's not disgusting because all the patrons are rich or at least pretending to be. The West Beach Cafe is full of snotty, obnoxious people who don't even deserve a trip to the re-education camp. I mean, the firing squads have to work too! The patrons and the customers are alike in their incredibly boorish attitudes and the liquor is too expensive. My wife started to make a scene as soon as we walked in. Talking very loudly about pipe bombs, dynamite sticks and nails taped together, etc. I calmed her down or maybe shouted her down but anyway before my glass of wine was half empty, I'm making a scene. This place is as big a waste of money as buying battery corrosion for cocaine. Probably do you about as much good also.

Just to show I'm not prejudiced though, we went to 72 Market Street. They have two small bars and the place is packed with the Mercedes crowd. People (staff and customers) are friendly and courteous. The seafood munchies are great, expensive of course. A good time is had by all. If you want to piss-away a lot of money here in Venice and you want to have a good time, go there. Just don't expect to see anyone you know.

There's not a black bar in Venice but there are lots of Latino places. You wanna' lose your teeth, Anglo? Go to Jalo's Pool Hall on Rose Avenue. There are a million signs in the place and none in English. There's always a domino game going in the corner and there's pool (2 tables) and a pinball machine. The waitron is friendly but some of the customers ain't. I always speak Spanish in places like this but it don't help. Best drink and leave quickly!

At the corner of Rose and Lincoln is Casablanca. Most of their expansive bar is used by customers waiting for a table but it is a Marinoid pick-up bar if you're interested. Last time I sat there, the blond was trying to pick up the bartender cause he was the only one available.

Down Lincoln Blvd. is the Azteca. The bar is in the center of the restaurant. It serves the best margaritas in Venice. By the big glass or by the pitcher. If you're a margarita lover, this is your place. They open early on Sunday morning for that hangover you've gonna' be nursing.

Right across from the Fox International is the NOA NOA Club. Why a Latino bar is named after Paul Gauguin's Tahitian diary is beyond me. This is basically a dance club (Baile!) with a few bar fly regulars. It has a separate pool room with only

one way to get out. Not unfriendly to Anglos. This is a beer bar only though.

A real nice bar on Rose Ave. is Bunz. Tad, the manager/cook/part-owner, describes Bunz as a gay restaurant. It has a very nice bar, not quite elegant but nice. The staff is friendly and the prices are great (bottled beer 75¢ apiece during happy hour). What's interesting about Bunz is that they don't serve Stolichnaya Vodka as a political statement. This is not a pick-up place, everyone is part of a couple. But it's a nice place and friendly to outsiders i.e., straights.

At the corner of Lincoln Blvd. and Washington is the Lair. This is the bar Bill Murray made infamous in his Vinyl Lounge routines. It is the Vinyl Lounge. Can these people really be having a good time? It stays open till 2 A.M. and the drinks are strong. It is as bizarre as Venice but near as much fun.

The bikers need a place to hang out so there's the Venice Saloon formerly known as the 2-5-7 Club. The cops busted the 2-5-7 for drugs and weapons (supposedly one of the Heathens motorcycle gang was selling a Sherman Tank) so it got a new name. The name changed but nothing else did. It is a complete bar (with Rock and Rye which is very unusual) and has sawdust on the floor and lots of pool cues and only one pool table. Pool cues feel the same way police trancheons feel when you get hit upside the head, if you catch my drift.

If the Venice Saloon is not your style, try the Sunset Saloon. This is a small but complete bar with three T.V. sets and live music on the week-ends. Slavin' David, the Canaligators and others you been missin' are playin' there sometimes. The problem is sometimes the biker chicks feel ignored by their old man and they come on to some other guy. Please see pool cues in the last paragraph.

A local bar that's open all the time it seems and yet is never full is the Townhouse on Windward. The one pool table is almost always free. It is a complete bar and has everything but no customers. Wanna' see what bars look like after everyone believes in Jerry Falwell? Go into the Townhouse.

Now you've been reading this whole article and can't believe I've failed to mention the Sidewalk Cafe. That's because I don't like it. The Cafe has two opposing bars in the building and the restaurant part is next to the Ocean Front Walk. The drinks are fair; the food is terrible and overpriced. Some of the regular barflies were 86'd from Hinano's years ago. The Cafe's best part is Jack's band at Ocean Avenue, playing every Wednesday night. Check 'em out!

The last bar I've got on my list is El Topo. This is a Latino beer bar on Lincoln Blvd. They don't have draft beer and the Waitron speaks no English. They're not unfriendly to Anglos however.

I didn't make it of Los Amigos, the Impulse or Land's End. Maybe I missed others but my liver can't take any more.

Enjoy! ▲

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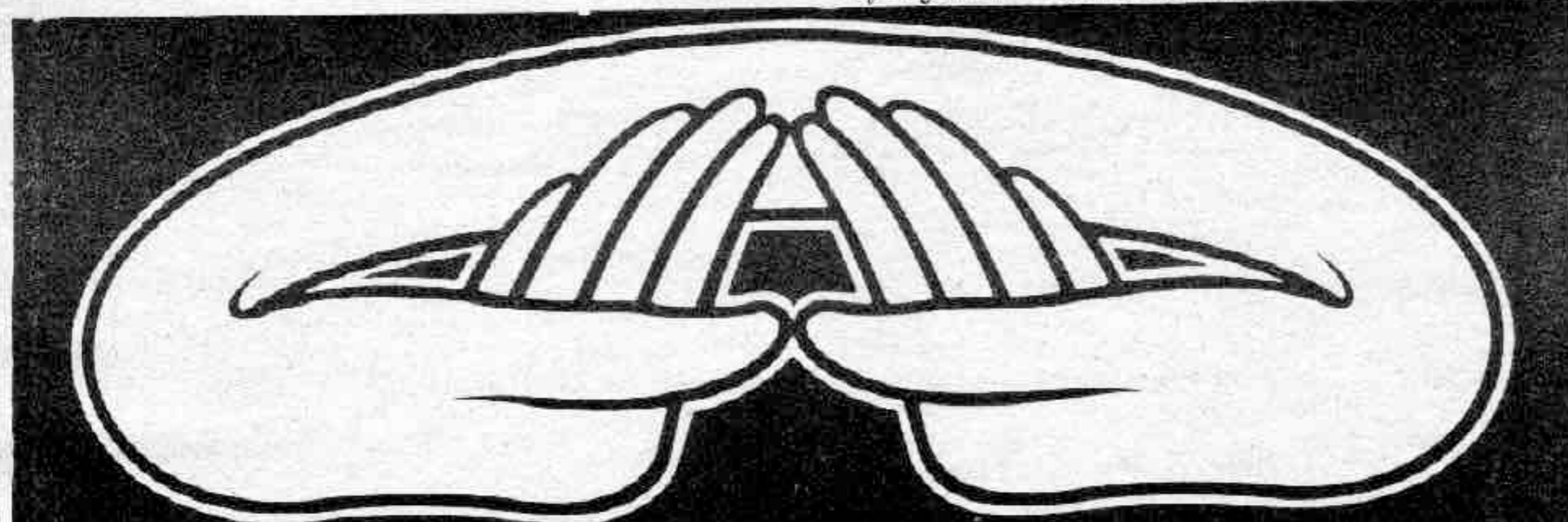
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# Eating Out Chomp, Burp, Burp ...

By Essie La Fresseur de La Yenta

Here it is January and Essie, like most people, has some loose ends that will probably drag on 'till March. For instance, people have been asking Essie, "Why write about food, you silly irresistibly beautiful person, why not politics?"

"Ah", Essie replies, "food is politics, politics is food, food is love, love is..." For instance, there're the class divisions of food--croissants at the Rose, crescents at Jack-in-the-Box. Of course, in the case of croissants, upwardly mobile singles grab a frozen pack of Chef Richard from the ol' freezer section of their supermarket, while theoretically, mid-proles will take theirs from the Van de Kamp section. Essie apologizes for this broad generalization--what she's trying to say is that croissants have reached all levels of society. Croissants have become democratized, therefore, they are losing status. Rumor has it that day-old croissants can be purchased at certain outlets. No, Essie will not tell, too many people know already. Essie's seen sleek-haired YUMPIES fill their Datsuns with bags of croissants to be put in their freezers. Yes, she has. And probably the orange juice that they served with the reconstituted croissants contained Maison Blanc champagne. Shudder. No. What Essie wants to do is point out places in the Venice area that give good food for decent prices. If one is concerned with "Chic" or "Hip", then one will never be chic or hip, one will be like one of those poor lost souls who write into Playboy magazine Advisor to find out what position one should use on the first date. For instance, Essie has always loved stuffed grape leaves. She knows that stuffed grape leaves were used for economy's sake, and if one were from an Armenian or Greek family, one ate that until one got absorbed into the main culture of Velveeta cheese sandwiches with mayo. Does anyone remember the horror expressed by the media when it was learned that Americans who were taken prisoner by the Vietnamese were fed raw fish and rice? Essie remembers. She used to laugh because she used to go to Sawtelle Boulevard and eat raw fish and rice, usually tuna, with some raw squid for the same amount of money it now costs to park one's car at Venice Beach. In other words, the food of the poor, such

as gastropods and raw fish and rice, known as sushi, or raw fish straight, known as sashimi, have now become the fad foods of the upper middle class. Essie believes that the really rich do not pay attention to food because its always been there, and someone always cooks it for them. Thus, meatloaf, mashed potatoes and cold cuts are probably the food of the very rich and very poor. It is the upwardly mobile, those searchers for the arbiter elegantum, that drive up the prices of certain foods and turn them into status foods, whereupon, the media seizes upon it and General Foods comes out with redi-mix, fast-frozen sushi sticks...well, look at health foods! Essie remembers when one had to grow one's own sprouts and there was only one brand of granola that was sold in the murky esoterica of your basic health-food store. Now, one can buy carob-covered granola bars dipped in honey or so called raw sugar, or granola cereal with just a tinge of BHT. One can buy sprouts at the supermarket, too--all packaged and about five days old.

At this juncture, Essie asks "What is the point of eating processed health foods when they taste like, well, health food with all the nutritional value of a Pez?"

Essie is in mourning. Pick's, a really good restaurant with all the chicken and/or cole slaw one could eat on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, has closed down. As far from Nouvelle Cuisine as Venice is from Newport Beach, Pick's chicken was crisp on the outside, moist on the inside. The cole slaw was homemade, and the french fries thick, hot and crisp, as were the homemade biscuits and corn muffins. The surroundings were comfortable, the waitresses fast, friendly, without being obsequious. And the other diners were just out to have a good dinner with family and/or friends. Pick's had a fireplace and a bar. The drinks were good.

Alas, Pick's on Santa Monica Boulevard is being demolished to make way for an office building to house YUPPIES.

Essie has heard that the Cricket, an antique shop owned by Werner Scharf is going out of business and in it's place a restaurant featuring Mexican Nouvelle Cuisine. "No wall-to-wall cheese and beans served here", said Essie's informant. Essie envisions undercooked fish (that's all the rage in

certain areas) slivers and medallions of beef, maybe pork, probably goat cheese. Well, Essie likes wall-to-wall cheese and big, heavy Cal-Mex-Tex burritos. Essie has hesitated about mentioning this place because it's an advertiser in the BEACHHEAD and because it is in general a favorable review. Essie might be accused of puffery--no, Essie speaks of the Camino Real at 1519 Lincoln Boulevard. The burritos range from \$2.00 to \$5.00 and they weigh from 8 oz. to 1 pound, at least. The food is not overly spiced, enough for Essie, but there's always the hot Salsa...Essie means Picante, homemade to "doctor" with. The burritos are a great buy if you're hungry and have only a few bucks. The tostadas have great chunks of beef or pork or chicken or veggies. Sour cream. Wall-to-wall beans and cheese. The service is leisurely, but it's a family business and whoever's there pitches in. But the surprise, the serendipity award goes to the seafood section. Oh, chickamangos are good, the tacos satisfying, but whoever prepares the food puts his heart (no, not literally) into the seafood area. Seafood cocktails, ceviche, tostadas, broiled, baked, fried fish with garlic sauce at 1/3 of what one would pay at, say, the Casa Blanca. The fish is fresh and plentiful and yes, wall-to-wall beans and rice. The coffee is terrible. Its served in plastic cups, usually lukewarm. Its bitter, weak and awful. Its sad, because all of the food is so nicely and simply done and coffee is so easy to make well. But, hey, the beer is cold, most of the time, the nachos are fine and I like the comfortable booths.

Again, as long as Lincoln Boulevard is mentioned, one cannot forget the Samurai Sushi on Rose and Lincoln. All you can eat at lunch for \$4.00 and at dinner for \$7.00 or \$8.00, the prices go up and down. At last count, it was around \$7.00, not including beverage. Essie goes in, takes her plate, cold salad American style, your basic lettuce and such like, but there's a very good potato salad and tuna salad (made from canned tuna. Very Occidental.) Hmm. Also white steamed rice, fried rice, mysterious brown lumps that turn out to be tuna or mackerel coated in soy and roasted. Oh, lookit there--vegetables cut up into another soy-laced sauce--mm ooh. Over there, sushi--yellow roe and seaweed rolled into vinegar rice.

Oh my, pink slices of raw tuna, sometimes octopus. Oh yes, and fried chicken, roast pork or beef, with fresh fruit to finish off. Any or all you can eat for, like Essie says, \$7 or \$8 bucks. Essie would like more of a variety of sashimi, but the miso soup is lovely, all velvety and thick but not with cornstarch. Good plain Japanese cooking, not served by oship so-called sushi masters with gold coke spoons dangling on chains around their throats.

When Essie came in for lunch or dinner, Samurai Sushi has been pleasantly full, not jammed, so there isn't any danger of food turning to mush in the steam table, and you're not paying for a fancy address. (How fancy can you get when you're next to the Food Barn?)

Essie wishes you the best of everything without getting ripped off, or ripping anyone else off. To paraphrase what they said in the Sixties, Piece. A piece of this and a piece of that.▲

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# POETRY

Selected by B.R.

**-The Drooling Dervish-**

When I tell people  
the enemy is  
boredom and loneliness  
they move away convinced  
I have no inner resources  
so be it  
all my failed overtures  
for something I believe in  
the central core  
of the human condition  
is boredom  
and we flee from it  
in order to preserve  
our masks

**-Grey Panther**

**TRICKED**

At the bar we talked excitedly.  
Like a bird flapping its wings in descent  
to perch calmly.  
I tried to ease my pace.  
Then we exchanged numbers.  
At home I wrote a note while in bed.  
I called.  
Disconnected.

-John J. Soldo 1981 ●

**-Sadist-**

MacArthur Park Pigeons  
pecking crumbs and seeds

I circle to avoid  
the feeding congregation

Comes along a mean-eyed youth  
who's marked my circumambulation

I sense what's next  
suspect him capable of worse

Up go his arms, scattering  
the frightened birds  
who rise and fall  
like dust

Pitiful exercise! Terror  
of the drifting mind  
faced with blatant peace

A chance to hurt the helpless  
helplessly seized

The weakness of the weak  
for power

-Austin Straus ●

**REDEMPTION A LA LAFITTE**

A single thing gone wrong can start  
a stampede of mischance, like  
one man panicking in a theatre fire,  
so when I lose the first half of  
the daily double by a neck, then scratch  
off a long shot in the third race  
and watch him win at 13 - 1, I know  
it's because I betrayed a woman  
who loved me.  
I am branded for treachery.  
Other bettors scorn my attempts  
to chat. I am an outcast among  
my own kind, the handicappers.  
Like Socrates, I'd prefer herlock.  
But then Lafitte Pincay, the great,  
my savior, brought home the Roan  
in a driving finish. For my five buck  
ticket they hand me me 52.60 and the  
Truth dawns:  
She was lucky to have me.

-Tom Massey ●

**THE PARTY**

like the dip  
I made ruined  
when I added  
sour heavy cream  
because something  
seemed to  
be missing

-lyn lifshin ●



**No Worry**  
(for Terry)

Well, babe, me  
I  
drink all afternoon and  
night at the Stop and Drink then

get down to the docks in  
time to load newspapers on the trucks and  
when I get my night's pay I  
don't got to blow it on  
some room or nothin' cause

I just find a spot on  
the edge of the docks beneath them  
lights made to keep you  
warm and

wrap up in old newspapers with  
my bottle of wine and  
sleep until the Clark St. bars  
open/ right

up until the power failure in  
the Winter of '72 when  
I wake up freeezin' with-  
out the warmin' light on  
over me and

they get me to County to  
amputate my frozen feet and  
all the fingers of my  
right hand then

ship me to the Chicago State Hosp. where  
I live and  
sit at an information desk for  
the visitors of madmen and

I guess I'm here for  
the rest of my life/ but  
that's all right cause still

I don't got to pay no  
rent for no

damn room  
!

-Fritz Hamilton Chicago 1974 ●

**-Playing Daddy (for Ian)**

Me tossing a plastic ball and Ian  
slugging it and passersby  
applauding.

I recall my father  
equating fatherhood with baseball  
and football and handball and  
sweat.

Swing that bat, baby, c'mon and kill it,  
knock it over my head!

This is the soft part of playing papa,  
this is the fun part, without tears.

Choke up on the bat, kid, now kill it!  
Whatta slugger!

The tough part's later, avoids cuteness and  
superficiality, mean sacrifice, guts and  
selfless giving. The tough part's not worrying  
about getting anything back, except maybe a  
smile.

C'mon and kill it kiddo!  
But know this: I love you  
even when you miss the ball.

-Austin Straus ●

**-The Teacher-Disciple-**

High forehead,  
glasses,  
thin, drawn face  
with small features.  
elongated neck,  
ectomorphic build,  
reedy, delicate,  
a large brain  
underneath a bony cranium,  
nerves as sensitive  
as exposed wires,  
emitting tingling, hot sensations  
when touched.

Reading all the time.  
An intellectual, a teacher.  
A disciple of two of the world's  
best-known figures:  
Adolph Hitler and Charles Manson.  
Swastikas covering his body like skin,  
enclosing his mind.  
Rifles cleaned and ready,  
bought with Social Security checks.  
Hate plastered on his lips  
beneath a smug, self assured smirk.  
Thumbs pointed up in victory signs,  
or advice to "stuff it."  
Notebooks full of plans  
for past and future executions,  
Blacks and Jews extinguished  
by the so-distinguished looking  
California resident  
now wearing prison gray,  
grinning at photographers,  
still teaching.

-Susan Packie ●

**He-e-e-r's Johnny**

eyes twinkling blue icicle,  
he's on  
ramrod back chin tucked in  
a kingsize ventriloquist dummy  
on a high wire without a net  
still hitting bulls eyes  
without taking aim  
zen in the art of monologue  
but he's slippin'  
the bombs are exploding  
(musta fired his best writers)  
as they die on the vine  
the icy twinkle vanishes  
a vindictive gleam appears  
in he-e-e-r's Johnny's eyes.

-Ridley ●

**HOLOCAUST**

Our  
vigilant  
sun turns  
tired  
bored

yawning  
sighs.

-Ronald Edward Kittell ●

mind expanding

that was what he said

going to do drugs  
acid  
and pot  
and coke

going to sniff  
and snort  
and smoke  
and shoot up

got to try  
everything

expand  
his mind

and he did

spread himself out  
over it all

into a transparent sheet  
of Saran Wrap  
nerved thin  
til some  
thing  
spiked shives  
through the touchhole  
of his brain

exploded him

body  
from selves  
into more slivers  
than Humpty's  
shell

-Sheryl L. Nelms ●

this moment

is a  
perfectly  
ripe

strawberry

that I dip  
in plexiglass

to preserve

-Sheryl L. Nelms ●



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# KROMA





# Eco-Los Angeles

by Pim

Anyone getting struck by a fit of city-phobia, so strong that one would want to call on a headshrink, might as well save some money and pick up a portion of this soothing medicine that's packed into the pamphlet before me. When I walk around the city of Santa Monica, north to Malibu, south to into Venice Beach and east as far as East Los Angeles, I find myself back wandering in cities like London, Amsterdam, New York, Istanbul, Ankara, Paris, The Hague, San Francisco, Las Vegas, in fact wherever I've walked around cities as the inescapable product of human endeavor and drive towards consumption.

Whatever the name of the city or country, the same question applies, that Paul Glover raises in his pamphlet "Los Angeles: A history of the future", Is it possible to make Los Angeles into a city with a wholistic, harmonious natural flow? The answer is naturally yes and no, whilst we can rejoice here in about an hours' worth of reading about such optimistic whole hearted Yes answers, that it works as a balm on the sore fibers of my tender brain who also are walking all those cities. An analogy with "tenderfoot" of long times past, walking the presumably hostile unknown forrest and deal with it by transforming it, so can "tenderbrain" approach the presumably-hostile, unknown city by transforming it in turn.

A 20 page photo-printed pamphlet sketches a rough scenario as to how this answer YES is the only logical consequence to what the inescapable eternal city is all about: a habitat for human beings primarily in the same natural interlinking ecology as the forrest, planes, rivers, mountains were once a habitat for our primitive predecessors. With a natural functioning of technological skills and tools that a city like L.A. has at the base of its existence, combined with the spaciousness and the sprawling character of the urban mass on fertile land and lots of sunshine, as the basic tools, we are presented with an image of how all the sordid details of declining city life are simply rejections of another choice that we can make: "Los Angeles a city of safe and friendly neighborhoods, full employment, easy transit, solar power, orchards, pure water, clean air and natural beauty.

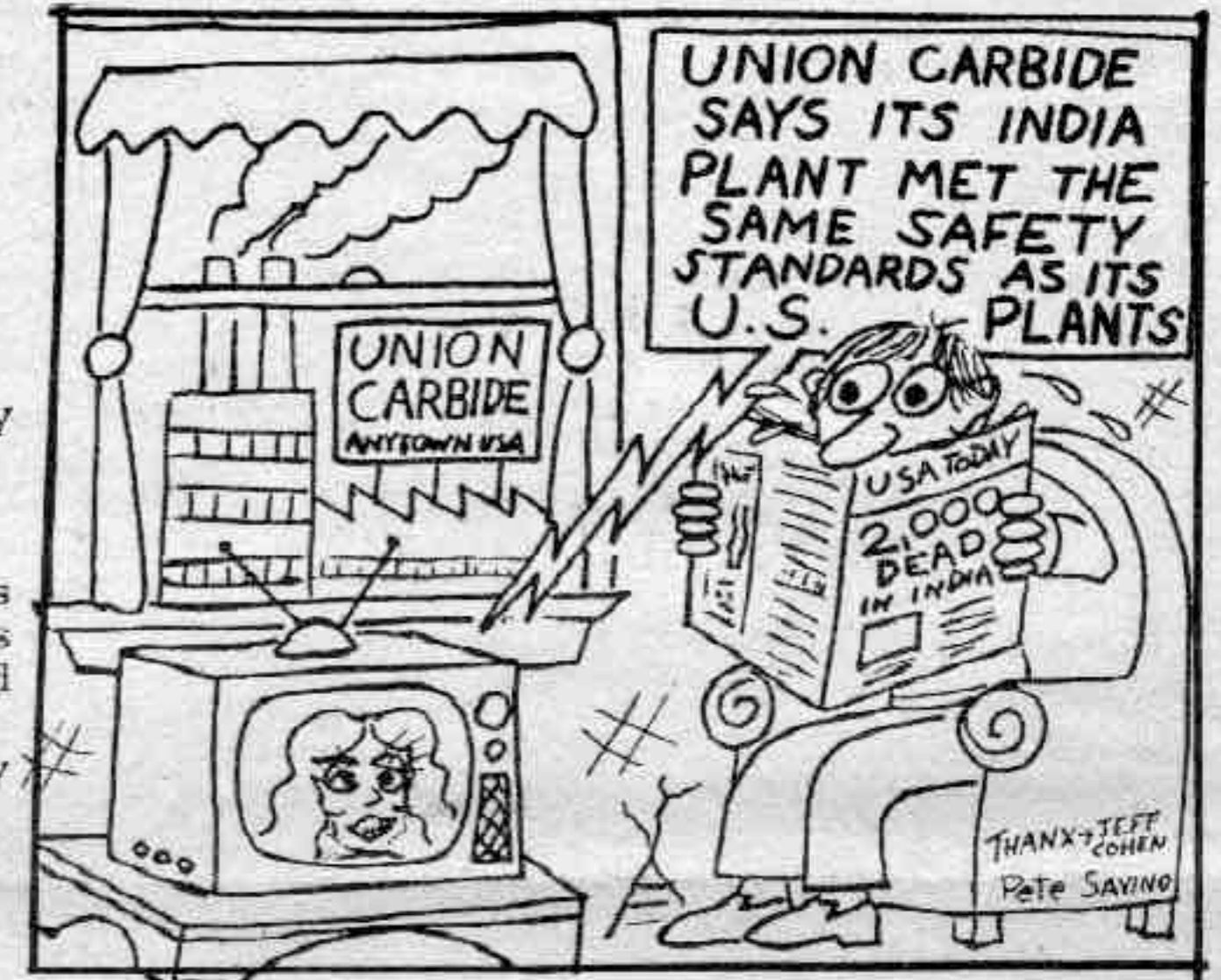
The Citizen Planners present themselves as a group of wholistic designers- "to prove we need not just endure what must instead be changed"- and are thus "inventing practical transitions, designs and scenario for an 'Eco-Los Angeles'." It is rather like an illustrated "plan de campagne" of a rescue operation. "Los Angeles as an Army camped far from its sources of supply, using distant resources faster than nature renews them." "Another transformation is due" they state and gradually through the pages of this obviously home spun product of modern age graphics layout and photoprinting we are dished up a sketch of how a S.M. neighborhood looked like on the map in 1932 with a few houses on a bean field; the present with 65% of the surface paved or built on; and over the next pages is shown how this neighborhood over 20 to 25 years in eight stages is gradually evolving towards an environment where self-sufficiency and nature are the cohesion and ultimate law and order; where our shelters and amenities are called "ecolonies" surrounded by gardens, orchards and home industrial type of activities; with solar rail pedestrian transport.

Perhaps we're not all doomed in this "American metropolis supreme, where water is imported across hundreds of miles of dry land in the world's largest, longest aqueduct; fuel thru the world's largest, longest electric wires sparks 1500 square miles of humans; food trucked daily hundreds of miles to America's largest wholesale market, on Central Ave., serves our appetite larger than most world nations', metal extracted worldwide forges products for consumers consuming for the pleasure of consumption." is a summing up of Paul Glover and the Citizen Planners whose "first work would be to redesign Los Angeles as boldly as government and industry do." Also we find a detailed descriptions of how they "would plan broadly enough to coordinate regional use of our resources, and flexible enough to rely on initiatives by individuals and neighborhoods." Here is an unbeatable optimism at work that should cure any case of "city phobia" when we arrive at the conclusion of this extremely concise and readable account of the past, present, and future of perhaps any megamopolis anywhere in the world; "Weaving nature into L.A. will be a tremendous

enterprise, encouraging millions to push past the fear and cynicism of the times towards lives we deserve. In this decade citizen planners will prompt a more durable and more loving refashioning of our city, using simpler technologies. It is not a return to the past, but a return to the future. Do I hear an echo of the "new Babylon Manifesto" written by COBRA-artist consultant in the late forties and republished in the early sixties by another group of urban reformers in their magazine "Provo"?

Since then many experiments have been undertaken to allow the human individual to create one's own environment without interference of developers, architects, contractors, governments and what have you; with the only result that housing policies intrinsically have carried on as usual and society keeps producing cheap labour surpluses who then periodically end up as hobos, crashed out on the beaches. Could we perhaps muster up the boldness and take this optimistic approach of Citizen Planners to an entirely fresh situation; a human habitat floating on concrete modules in the ocean where hobo and enjoys "Full employment, ecology and neighborhood power" as Citizen Planners would have it for eternal future city of L.A.

L.A. History of the Future, booklet and poster available for \$3.00 from 737 Sunset Ave., Venice 90291.●



ISRAEL Cont. from Page 4.

have mounted campaigns against Israel." Then comes the kicker: "Many of these . . . use their anti-zionism merely as a guise for their deeply felt anti-semitism." What the ADL is offering its adherents is, in fact, an enemies list, including organizations that range from Palestinian student groups to the American Friends Service Committee, to the American Council for Judaism (which dares to emphasize, "the universal values of Judaism and stands resolutely against Zionism."). The list of individuals targeted by the ADL is equally varied: Mark Lane is there ("was Jim Jones' attorney"), as well as Edward Said (an historian and member of the Palestine National Council); Israel Shahak, the Israeli dissident is listed; and former Congressman Pete McClosky's name also appears. And for each person and organization, a brief informational paragraph is offered, with frequent reference to the "leftist" leanings of the individual or group and their criticism of "supposed" mistreatment of Palestinian Arabs or their "allegations" of Israeli mistreatment of prisoners. Of course, it's no secret that an enemies list is not very different from a politi-

cal hit list: once these "anti-semites" have been identified, the task simply becomes neutralizing their "anti-semitic" propaganda by any means possible (Maligning them and distributing alleged "information" about them, often in unsigned pamphlets, are only two of the techniques used.)

But there is an even more insidious opposition to any open discussion that might be critical of Israel. How many Americans have ever heard of Israel's official lobby, duly registered in Washington, the

American Israel Public Affairs Council (AIPAC)? Their chosen task is to spread the pro-Israel gospel; and in the process, to find ways to politically injure or discredit their opponents. Dialogue, as a means of approaching the middle east conflict, is to be avoided at all costs. They have close links with the Christian fundamentalist Right and participate actively in campaigns against any politician who does not support current Israeli policies. AIPAC-trained cadres joined in the successful campaign against the liberal Charles Percy in Illinois, to mention only one example. Their pro-Israeli efforts on American campuses are prodigious,

and very often carried out through the auspices of the Hillel organization, or other officially "non-political" campus groups. Since they are a registered lobby of a foreign government, they must work indirectly, building coalitions with other organizations or finding their way onto the staffs of campus newspapers. And, like the ADL, they are developing an enemies list. In 1983, 100 faculty members around the country received an AIPAC "questionnaire" which sought to identify "anti-Israeli" professors and to monitor middle east Studies Centers. Question #27, for example, asks "PLEASE NAME ANY INDIVIDUAL FACULTY WHO ASSIST ANTI-ISRAELI GROUPS. HOW IS THIS ASSISTANCE OFFERED? (If there is a Middle East Studies Center, please elaborate its impact on campus.)" It's only a short step from a question like this to the kind of attack mounted against faculty members like Ed Keenan, who, rather than being "anti-Israeli," are simply critics of US/Israeli government policies in the Middle East.●

Look to future issues for Part II: The Dissidents - who they are, and what they want us to know.

SHADY AFFAIR Cont. from Page 1.

The project would have 68 residential units, 21 of which would be rental units for seniors or handicapped people while the remaining 46 would be condos, the first along OFW in many, many years. The building would be taller and larger than the almost completed Bath House building on OFW at Breeze Ave.

Safran's initial bid was denied by the hearing examiner after many residents testified against the project last spring. Now Safran has appealed that decision and will get a hearing in front of the Board of Zoning Appeals January 8th at 12:30PM, downtown in City Hall, room 350. Be there or be square!

Then there are two proposals by a new kid in town, Mr. Eric Liner of Los Angeles.

The first will be addressed in a public hearing also on January the 8th. Liner proposes to construct a 3-story, 9,000

square foot office building (what in the world are all these office buildings to be used for?) with 36 parking spaces at 1728 Washington Blvd. In the benign words of the public notice, "Site preparation will require the demolition of an abandoned motel in the C2-1-0 (commercial) zone." That's about all the info I had as of the writing of this article so I suggest that you call the L.A. Office of Zoning Administration for more details (485-3851). Use the appropriate jargon by citing the case number, CDP 84-023, when you call. The hearing is scheduled for 11AM at the West L.A. City Hall at 1645 Corinth Ave.

Finally, thank goodness, is a decision by the Planning Commission on January 17th regarding Liner's request to build a mixed use commercial/residential building in the Venice Bl. median strip at Dell Ave.

The public hearing on this project, held some months ago, resulted in a staff

recommendation of denial of the project as proposed by the applicant. The staff concluded that the request to change the current residential zone to a commercial one did not jibe with the Venice Community Plan adopted in 1980. The staff is recommending an alternative which the commission will consider on the 17th. It would allow the proposed demolition and then the construction of a 13-condo development with a certain number of units retained for "affordable" housing. If the units are within the project, then 15% (2-units) will be offered for sale as "affordable" (meaning about \$90,000). If the developer prefers, then 25% (3-units) will be offered as rental units for 10 years to low/moderate income households. These must be within 3 miles of the proposed project and cannot be already existing rental units. This is not a public hearing but comments can be sent to the planning commission before the decision date.●



# Community events

## RELIGION

SINGLETARIANS-UNITARIAN COMMUNITY CHURCH 1260 18th St. Santa Monica Sunday, Jan. 6th at 8PM-LOVE FOOD by Golda Sirota. Forbes Hall, 1721 Arizona near 18th. Donation \$3 Info, 394-4318

Sunday, Jan. 13th at 8PM Peter Pan meets Wendy Woman. Forbes Hall, 1721 Arizona \$3 394-4318

Sunday, Jan. 20th at 8PM AH MEN, AH WOMEN Forbes Hall, etc. Same time, place, price

Sunday Jan. 27th at 8PM NEW BEGINNINGS FOR THE NEW YEAR STARTING OFF ON THE RIGHT FOOT. (Got that?) Same as above.

The 1st Unitarian Church of Los Angeles 2936 West 8th St., Los Angeles (213) 389-1356

"FAITH IN THE NUCLEAR AGE" Sunday, Jan. 6th at 11AM Rev. Anne Hines. Music by The 1st Unitarian Choir

"The Emerging Elders: Successful Aging" Group presentation by several older people. Sunday, Jan. 13th at 11AM Music by THE EMERGING ELDERS

"RONALD REAGAN: WHO ELECTED HIM AND WHAT DOES HE HAVE IN STORE FOR US?" Midge Costanza. Sunday, Jan. 20th at 11AM. Music by the 1st Unitarian Choir.

"When bad things happen to Good People" Rev. Philip Zwerling. Sunday, Jan. 27th at 11AM. Music by Joanna Cazden.

All services translated into Spanish, Korean and sign for the hearing impaired. Child care available. These people are just too hip.

continued from page 1

Hearing all this, I picked up the phone and called the Fire Dept. Just in case. I mean, if everybody left it up to the other guy, etc. etc. I was relieved when the man at the other end of the phone was already familiar with the situation and location. After all, the distance between the Fire station and Market St. is not very great.

I finished lacing my tennies, got my sweater and look off behind Jim back toward Market.

Sight, sound smells! As I emerged from the alley, I was joined by several other people, rushing thru clouds of increasingly thick, billowing smoke. We all followed the smoke and each other to what was rapidly becoming a full-fledged house fire in the 200 block of Market St. People everywhere. Then near silence, followed by a dull roar, accompanied by pink and blue flames! Flames and intense heat. Neighbors were calling out, trying to piece things together, find out if everything was safe. I learned that one of our neighbors had alerted the owner of the burning house and helped her out. This house had been her home for the last 40 years or so. I saw another friend

getting right to work, trying to hose down one of the neighboring houses (with what later turned out to be a good deal of success!). I tried to work my way over to him, to find out more detailed information concerning the fire and offer any help I could. At this point he was joined by a couple of other men and my efforts to move thru the crowd came to a halt. The crowd had about tripled from the original group of neighbors and freinds! Looking around, I realized that, for some, the tragedy unfolding was just a more urgent form of entertainment than whatever was happening that Sunday on the Ocean Front Walk.

The heat was intense, almost unbearable, yet I was shivering. I could only imagine what wonderful treasures were going up in flames before my eyes. And I don't mean TV's, stereos and toaster-

## WOMEN

Saturday, January 19th at 8PM Performance Artist Terry Wolverton 238 Junaita Avenue in Hollywood Free-Sponsored by the Gay and Lesbian Community Services Center

The Gay and Lesbian Community Services Center announces acting classes taught by Justin Smith. Monday nite and Weds. nite classes available. Begins Jan. 7th Call (213) 464-7400 ext. 491. Evidently free.



RECON's winter issue includes: 60% Increase in Military Construction, Top 10 Military Contractors, Disarm Rock Island Arsenal, and much more. Subscribe for \$10.00/year (4 issues) to RECON, P.O. Box 14602, Philadelphia 19134.

## Shows

The First LUNAR COLONY Remembers the Mother Planet Re-Opens Jan. 19th and runs to Feb. 3rd at the Venice Pavilion. Admission \$2.50 and \$1 for kids. Info: 261-1836.

The Burbage Theatre opens at 2330 Sawtelle Blvd. with LIVINGSTON AND SECHELE. Thurs.-Sun. through March 3rd 8PM Info, call (213) 478-0897

ovens. I mean the photos, journals, and family mementos. Treasured gifts from a husband now deceased. From now grown grandchildren, or friends far away and long ago. Forty years in one house. A lifetime of belongings and memories just disappearing before us. My own grandparents have lived in Venice for the last 60 years, in the same house they built back in 1924. The house I've been visiting regularly for over 30 years. And on days when I visit and take the time to slow down a bit, I realize it's almost as magical a place to visit now as it was when I was a little girl going to grandma's house. How I would hate to lose that! Especially to the fate that was now claiming the lovely old house here on Market St.

By now the fire was really blazing, shooting flames higher and higher, beginning to spread to the house next door. The smell of burning wood was everywhere, with smoke so thick I could taste it, and the back of my throat was already noticeably irritated. The crowd was still growing. The only things missing were the firemen! I personally don't spend a great deal of time going to fires or following the LAFD around, but it seemed to me an inordinate amount of time had passed since called the fire in. Of course, so much was happening, "time warp effect" on my part was possible. Whatever the case, when they finally did

show up they made up for possible lost time with the most fire fighting vehicles I've ever seen in one place at one time. While the firemen were scurrying about trying to hook up their hoses, the first pumper truck emptied its tank onto the burning houses. At this point, the house neighboring on the west was also on fire, the flames rapidly engulfing the entire structure. Within minutes a second pumper had also shot its entire load into the blaze with seemingly very little effect. A couple thousand gallons of water don't make too much difference on a fire this size.

# POETRY<sup>11</sup>

BEYOND BAROQUE Literary/Arts Center Old Venice City Hall 681 Venice Blvd. (213) 822-3006

Poets, Robert Duncan and Brad Gooch Friday, January 4th at 8PM \$6

Sunday, January 6, 1985 8PM FREE OPEN READING Sign up prior to 8 PM

ROOM POEM #1: A site-specific installation by Amy White. Opening reception Friday, Jan. 11th 6-8PM FREE

Friday, January 18th Herbert Gold and Christopher Williams \$5 8PM

Friday, January 25th 8PM Native American Poets William Oandasam and Geraldine Keams \$5

## MUSIC

GRUSHA AND HER CONTINENTAL GYPSIES Wilshire Ebell Theatre-Sunday, Jan. 20th at 2:30 PM. Fund Raiser for Westside Jewish Community Center, Friends of the Southern California Counseling Center, Pioneer Women-Beverly Hills Council, Brentwood Symphony Women's Guild, The McDowell Club and others. \$7 or \$5. Info: 939-1128

## healthline

The Women Helping Women Career Guidance Service is now accepting applicants for its 12 week training of paraprofessional counselors. January 24-April 11 from 9:45 a.m. to 1 p.m. at the Women's Center at Council House. To apply, call (213) 651-2930.

FRIENDS OF ALCOHOLICS GROUP-8 week series for those relating to a drinking or sober alcoholic. For info, etc. Call Pam Miller, Directory-Recovery Services, Alcoholism Center for Women (213) 381-7805. No one turned away for lack of funds.

ANGER AND CONFRONTATION-Alice Eldred, licensed counselor will discuss ways to deal with anger. "One of these days Alice!" Monday, Jan. 7 at 7PM. Info: 821-1769. Venice Public Library, 610 California Ave. FREE

At last things started coming together. Several hoses started pumping water onto the burning homes. The flames began changing colors again. Firemen were moving around the building securing different parts for the water blast and chopping away at others. Part of the porch roof of one house crashed down on one of the men. He was quickly rescued by his peers and the fire fight continued. Before it was over, 2 homes had been virtually destroyed and 2 others damaged. Everybody went thru their own personal changes. More than one person contemplated looting; more than one cop anticipated said looters. To the best of my knowledge, nothing serious in that vein came down.

The crowd had begun to disperse even before the mop up procedure began. Tired looking firemen were everywhere. So too were their fulfilled-looking tourists, winding their way back toward the beach and their cars, content after another exciting weekend day at notorious Venice Beach. In my cynicism, I wondered if they really chocked all this off to another "happening" day down at the beach? Something to share at the office on Monday, or group on Wednesday. I hope not, but I don't count on it.

The charred remains of the 2 devastated houses are still there. The woman who lost her home happens to have owned the second house that burned. But, fortunately for her, all was not lost. I understand she owns the third house, one that was also threatened, but remains largely undamaged. She has a home and many friends in the community standing by. And she still has something that cannot be taken

from her, fire or not. Forty some odd years of life in that lovely red house on Market St. ■



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