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FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

BEACHHEAD



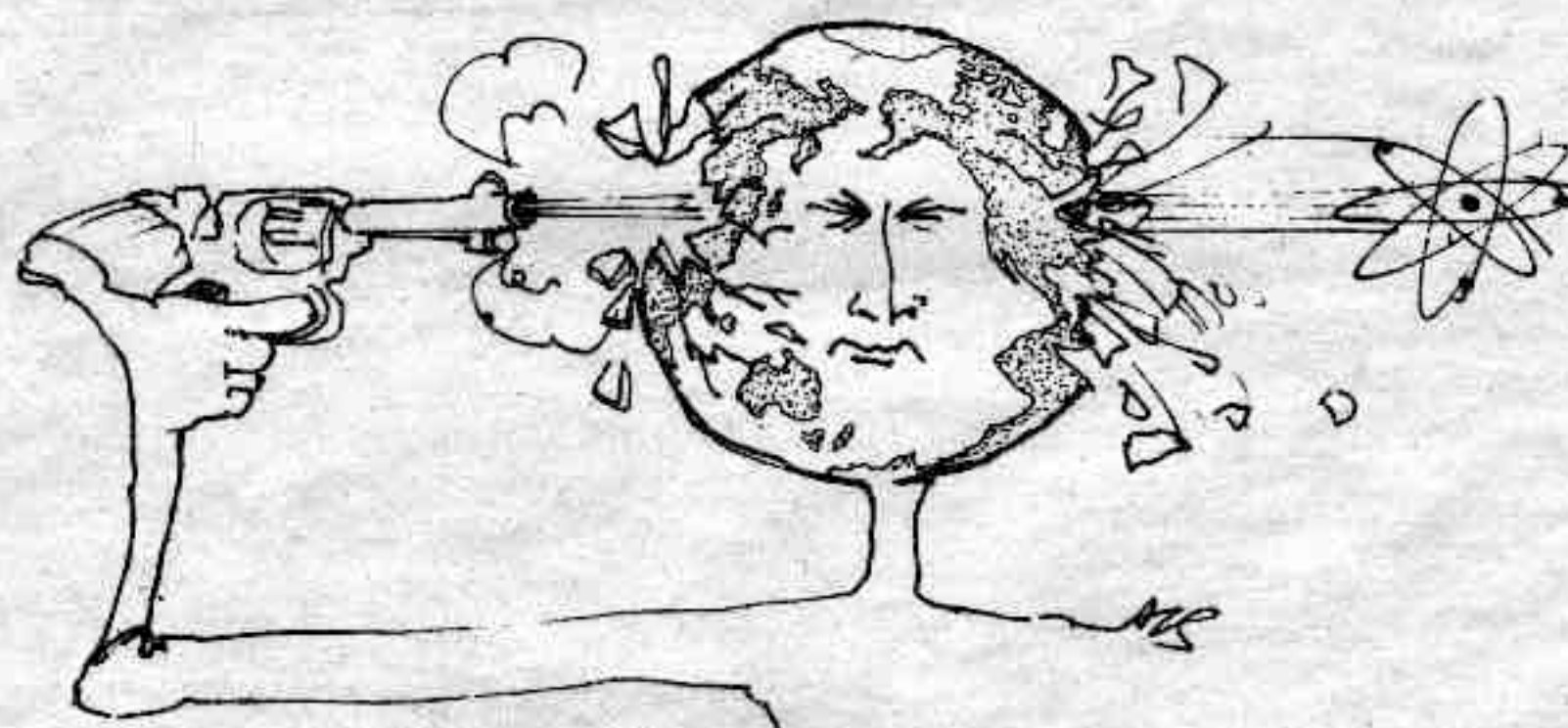
June, 1983, Issue 162. PO BOX 504, Venice, CA (213) 823-5092

A LEAK FROM THE THINK TANK

by PHIL CHAMBERLAIN

I've made a truly astounding discovery. But before I share it with you, first some background. All across the US towns are declaring themselves nuclear free zones, in which the manufacture of nuclear bomb or missile components is forbidden. There are some 30 as of latest tally. None thus far declared of which I am aware has cited in their ordinance the illegality of nuclear weapons under binding international law. All argue only on the basis of the dangers of furthering the nuclear escalation, or on the basis of immorality. Again, look at the recent Vandenberg action against the MX where 700 were arrested. Here too we find the pattern of overlooking this most logical arguement of all for nuclear disarmament: The infernal things are as criminal against civilians as Auschwitz.

Now as to my astounding discovery. While blowing dust from arcane lore in a remote bowl of the UCLA Research Library, I happened upon a 60 page pamphlet opening with these words, "Some of the basic concepts underlying the US policies for the acquisition and control of strategic nuclear arms appear to be inconsistent with international law. Most notably, the deliberate destruction of societies, as contemplated in the concepts of Assured Destruction and Mutual Assured Destruction, is unlawful under the international law of armed conflict. Furthermore, pursuit of these concepts is questionable under a Department of Defense directive requiring that all actions with respect to the acquisition and procurement of weapons, and their intended use, shall be consistent with international law." It concluded, "There is a call for defense intellectuals outside government, in universities or corporations, to appreciate the essentials, if not the details, of the international law as it applies to strategic planning.



Given such an appreciation, they may feel an obligation to ensure that the policies they advocate are consistent with the law of armed conflict."

Such policies, I mused, could only be policies of nuclear disarmament. Who wrote this fine indictment of the nuclear enterprise, anyway? What red-eyed night-writing world-aggrrieved radical? I close up and look at the cover. Its called The International Law of Armed Conflict: Implications for the Concept of Assured Destruction. By Builder and Graubard. Published in 1982 by the Rand Corporation as Rand Report #2804-FF. What? Rand? Indicting Rand? But that's the function of the campaign to nuclear free Santa Monica, or of the Women's Rand Action. What, in my amazement, was I to make of this mea culpa, or this

corporate suicide note so neatly suited to the designs of us disarmers?

Frankly I am still a little stunned by its existence, and can not at this writing explain all it portends. Is it the theoretic groundwork for shifting from MAD to star wars anti-ballistic missile capability, or to fightable nuclear doctrine? In fact, something like that is what the authors argue. But in fact, such a cynical confession of criminal involvement only plays into the same hands of us who would eliminate at its roots that evil empire. Here at a single leap my case against Rand has escalated from a smattering of well known international accords to a detailed study of derivative DOD documents and other items I might never have found. My mood is that of thanks giving. See you June 20th at the Women's Rand Action (Contact Dorothy at 222-9291) or join Citizens For a Nuclear Free Santa Monica strategy meeting(394-4054), drafting meeting(394-3583). Or help Blaise Bonpane marry Jerry Rubin with Marissa Rothberg at the Children's Tree of Life South end of Palisades Park at the gateway to the pier, June 12 at noon.

"THERE IS NO WAY TO PEACE; PEACE IS THE WAY" A.J. Muste.O

Bored

Chee-Wah-Wah

This is a help wanted ad of sorts. We are not rapidly expanding, we're not a Fortune 500 company, there is absolutely no opportunity for advancement, and the fringe benefits are few... maybe a little homemade wine once in awhile and other things we can't cop to in print. We have no medical plan, no dental (though you may run the risk of getting your teeth bashed in if we print something someone doesn't like--this hasn't happened yet, but you never know.)

On top of everything else, we don't pay you. So why would anyone want a job like that???

Well, some of us on the Beachhead Collective have been doing time here for quite a few years. We work three Saturdays a month, we get our names in print, we love what we do, and something keeps making us come back month after month for more. It's hard to define exactly, but we think that in our own unconventional way, we are making a place in history, changing the world for the better because we don't like what we see happening.

Like most progressive-thinking folks, we feel powerless. Like a gnat buzzing around an elephant, we feel that publishing The Beachhead



gives us a vehicle for change. As we like to think, we're smashing imperialism. And, who knows, maybe on occasion we've made a difference.

Our coverage helped to stop a major development at Rose & Main which we believed would be detrimental to the community.

We were publishing the truth about El Salvador a year or so before any of the other media covered it at all.

And for almost 15 years, we've given disenfranchised people a voice in the community, a chance for every viewpoint to be heard. Basically, that's why we keep doing it.

If you seriously believe you would like to get involved in this effort

WANTS YOU

with us, we are now extending an open invitation to the community to come and work on the Beachhead Collective.

We need help with every aspect: advertising sales, editorial duties (we don't edit material submitted, but we often need someone to follow up leads or compile material), production and paste-up, and distribution. No experience is necessary. Applicants should have a strong backbone and an unrestrained sense of humor. All applicants will be immediately recruited.

For further information, call 823-5092 and leave a message. Nobody will ever get back to you... we're understaffed. But try anyway. Otherwise, come to our next editorial meeting on:

JUNE 18TH

11:00 a.m.

Upstairs from the Fox Venice Theater. See you there. Chee-wah-wah!

-The Beachhead Collective





Letters

Dear Friends:

For the past 4 years, I've produced and hosted Inside L.A., a twice-monthly news/public affairs discussion program on KPFK-FM. Articles and announcements in the Beachhead have often served as my inspiration for a theme, and/or provided leads to guests. It is a paper I like very much, but, unfortunately, now see quite infrequently. In that, I feel a loss.

I realize you don't have subscriptions to the paper. Would it somehow be possible--more directly, would you be willing--to send a copy of each issue to me as a fellow journalist? I would be pleased to pay for postage and mailing, as well as any additional costs connected with this service.

Thank you for considering this request.

Robert A. Pugsley

To the Editor:

I have a problem with the neighborhood dogs. So does my dog. My dog and I spend alot of time together, especially when we are outside, for I keep him near me on a leash. I keep him on a leash for a number of reasons, to decide where he does and doesn't go; to keep him from scaring you or your child; to keep him from jumping on you, he would knock you over, or from biting you; to keep him from fighting with your dog, but most importantly, to keep him alive.

When other dog owners can't be bothered to spend this time with their dogs, I become upset. Beacuse of their laziness or irresponsibility, Tucker and I have to fight off their dogs at every step. I don't like my dog to be around these dogs, for when let to run at whim, they catch and carry worms, disease, mange and fleas. I love and care for my dog too much to let him, or want him to associate with these poor dogs. What is the solution? Should I keep my leashed dog inside?

Every morning on my walk to the bus stop, I have dogs barking and snapping at my heels. usually while an uncaring master calls to them indulgently to stop. Does it not occur to these people that I am intelligent enough to be frightened when a strange dog chases me and barks at me?

These people are destroying the pleasure of walking in Venice with their lack of consideration for the well-being of other residents. Even worse, they are frightening people, as much as the fear of crime on the streets. No one wants to go for a walk, fearful of loose dogs.

I would like to know how these pet owners can treat their pets, and their neighbors, so callously.

Randi Moffatt

To the Beachhead Staff, and any one else whom it may concern

In regard to the misstastefull publication of the Bob Alexander letter regarding prior ad for "Certificate of Art Marriage" -- the ad is clearly frivolous and directed to questions of spirituality and in lightening -- if anyone cares -- all humor is perverse in its essence-- Accusations (false) of fraud are defamatory and slanderous -- yes, the eagle is -- ill -- No -- I don't wish or intend to "beat the system", I wish to get it and my self in right relationship to it and to use it properly in cooperation on common goals -- the L.A. Times said this year that 6-months of living in common as wife and husband is a quasi-legal joining, which could be wrong, irrelevant and relavent all at once -- P.S. Nobody paid any \$ -- it works --

John Kertis, Director
The Front Porch Gallery

Dear Staff:

I guess I didn't make it clear thru my error that the John Kertis letter was intended for the eyes of the staff only. John had promised me that he saw my points clearly and had no intent of running the marriage certificate ad again, and so I owed it to him to have waited another issue of the Beachhead to see if in fact he concurred. John also has taken exception to my addressing his sense of humor as 'perverse' and his desire to beat the system! Many would like to beat the system in the colloquial and I respect John's desire to be excluded from those ranks. He also would like to be known as not perverse as he feels that the term is demeaning and that in fact most of his friends know that his sense of humor is not perverse at all. If I, thru my letter have offended John Kertis in any way, we herewith apologize forthwith. The statements of facts regarding marriage laws in the State of California, however, remain as stated in the Beachhead of May.

Thank you,
Bob Alexander

To the Editor:

On January 20, 1983, my wife, and I as her agent, appeared before Mr. Jack L. Norman concerning an unlawful detainer action against her tenant who has been living in a rental of my wife's without paying rent for over four months now.

Mr. Norman ruled in favor of the tenant to remain in the house even tho the tenant is not paying rent. My wife must once again go through the legal red tape of another unlawful detainer action because Mr. Norman found an error in the paperwork my wife was forced to prepare herself since she could not afford an attorney. He ruled to the letter of the law. If all judges ruled this way nothing would get resolved. This crazy decision will cost my wife \$1,500.00 per month, which is the monthly outlay she must pay to keep the property. My wife was a paralegal and secretary for 12 years in Los Angeles and knows how to prepare court documents. There was nothing grossly incorrect about the way the unlawful detainer complaint was prepared.

The issue at hand was not if the paperwork was correct, but if the tenant was unlawfully living at my wife's house, which he is, and will not pay rent and

FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD
SINCE 1968

STAFF: Emily Winters, memphis slim, Elizabeth Elder, Moe Stavnezer, Olga Palo, Joan Friedberg.

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. 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.

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will not move.
As a matter of fact, it was as if Mr. Norman was representing the tenant!
I have always believed small men rule by the letter of the law, while immortal men rule by the spirit of the law.
Arnie Lutz
Playa del Rey

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UNDERCOVER BUM

BY: SPARKS & UCB



FROZEN FRONTIER

ARLIS II - 89° NORTH, 178° WEST - 1963

AN ARCTIC EXPERIENCE
By Richard F. Davidson

When Rick took a plane from L.A. to the North Pole in 1963, he set out on an adventure to the last frontier. He found Indians (Eskimos), spectacular scenery, an exciting hunt, hardship and death, even a hairbreath escape from catastrophe, all the elements of the classic frontier experience. But he was also confronted with the cruelty and corruption of the frontier and, he says, "the last 20 years have been filled with acting out questions that I brought back from the arctic."

Commissioned by the University of Southern California to design and build a small research structure on an iceberg floating near the North Pole, Rick got his first intimation of what was to come in Fairbanks, Alaska, on a layover, when in the middle of the night he is awakened by gunshots "in the half-empty streets, a wild west frozen in time/ where/ a dead history struggles/ to survive..." Into such miasma it takes a stout heart and a restless mind to go and report, for in 1963 as in 1863, the frontier is a place of last hope for too many of the whites who invade it, and simultaneously is the backdrop to an incredibly rich drama of human adaptability to the deceptive graces of an extreme environment.

The book is fashioned from a log Rick kept of his adventure and is loaded with the kind of technical information a researcher would record, from the shape of his ice island (a mile square and floating in the water like an inverted pyramid) to details about arctic weather to work of a fellow-researcher on how, and why, the Eskimos migrated North, coming across the Bering Straits, based on theories of visual perception. But it is the Eskimos' magnificent and troubled experience on the frontier that is the theme of Rick's narrative.

We first meet them on the pack ice at a whaling camp where they are eating duck soup in defiance of a government hunting ban, trying to keep warm while watching the openings in the ice (the "lead") for the appearance of their whale. And while Rick says he has never enjoyed hunting, when "the lead opened, the whale came, offered and was accepted", the experience of subsistence hunting transcended the traditional values of trophy hunting. Then, in the research camp the assistant mechanic is an Eskimo whose aptitude for machinery impresses Rick while the thinly disguised racism of the white research team and the barely suppressed hostility of the Eskimo towards them sharpens Rick's social consciousness.

This slim volume teems with a sense of place and events that range from the sublime to the ridiculous, to the tragic and with fascinating frontier "characters". There is the white school teacher in one of the Eskimo villages whose pride and joy is in having the fastest dog sled team, the appearance of the Green Berets, fresh from the early days of the Vietnam War, isolated by the government and sent to Alaska to teach Eskimos how to defend their villages against invading Russians, and the heart breaking story an old Eskimo tells Rick about his son who, lost in a "white out" (a fog so thick you can't see your hand in front of your face) trudging through the snow until he drops from exhaustion and dies while circling within 50 feet of the village. "Thinking like a white man", his father says, "he should have dug in and waited out the fog."

Throughout the book there are such tales from the Eskimos, for as Rick says in "a request: native people, whoever and where ever you are, it is you who know from whence you come and how you are, who need instruct modern people; somehow show the way for we have strayed too far...."

Chock full of photographs and poems which, as they occur throughout the narrative, burst forth as Rick's inner voice, restlessly sifting the experience

SHOWDOWN AT THE O.K. CANALS

Dear Beachhead,

Several years ago while living out of state, we spent a short vacation with friends of ours who lived in the canals. We fell in love with the area. The country environment in the heart of a big city seemed a perfect arrangement for our needs as a working couple hoping to start a family. Our dream was to come back to the canals and buy a home. Some time ago this dream was realized.

Other reasons for our wanting to live here were the sense of community we had experienced, the diversity of life-styles that co-existed so amicably, the naturalness of the surroundings, and the lack of pretension and one-upness that were exhibited by the folks who lived in these modest homes. Also, the canals had a low crime incidence which belied its reputation.

What we have since experienced is quite disillusioning. Homes straight out of suburbia hogging all available space surrounded by ornamental plants proliferate. The people who live in these homes seem fearful of the general public who are drawn to the peaceful atmosphere of the canals. Law and order is the watchword. When we visited our friends, the canals had an air of sanctuary--- now it is exclusivity. The attitude of sharing has been replaced by a paranoia of "them" coming here for whatever

reason. (Unless you're a real estate person with troops of prospective clients in designer clothes stepping out of their Mercedes). Residents with living problems or parking problems are intimidated by new owners who believe that their "view" is of paramount importance. We don't understand their mentality. Using the leverage of what is legal, they have coerced the city into enforcing long-ignored prohibitions against parking in city owned lots. They have also pressured absentee owners of vacant lots to withdraw parking privileges.

Parties are given with red-coated attendants providing valet parking. Showplace homes are lit up like juke boxes intruding on the soft dark peace of themoon on the canals.

There are clean up campaigns complete with uniformed security officers and TV coverage. (Free advertising for the developers and speculators). There are neighborhood watch meetings. There are placards on homes that state "Armed Response." And there is a constantly escalating crime rate.

We are sad. This is not what we worked hard and saved for. In the words of the poet, Langston Hughes, "A dream deferred is like a raison in the sun."

We would like our names withheld because we feel that somehow we would experience some sort of retaliation.



for its meaning, for its resonance in the heart. In this new volume of the growing collection of Rick's writing, there is much to sift.

--reviewed by Larry Abrams

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Confessions of an Under Cover Bum

Funny thing happened to me while on the way to riches. I happened along a place just outside realityland. This unique setting with the ocean at my door and derelicts on my footsteps is called Venice, California. This community by the sea is full of all kinds of strange and unusual breeds...from the cosmic witches of New York to the potheads and drunks of the pagodas. And, yes, let's not forget the artists, the creators of fantasy within a place I call "The Beach Front Jungle".

I decided to leave my birthplace of Manhattan Beach, California. I felt that something important was missing from my life - I had experienced reality called "Middle America". My birthplace by the Pacific had an invisible barbed wire fence around the entire village. It kept out the so-called other sides of mediocrity.

This cozy beachfront village was not the community I had remembered from my childhood. They tore down the local movie theatre where my older sister worked as an usherette during the forties. They build an enormous shopping center across town that increased traffic and congestion. Everywhere I looked, there was concrete and plastic. They were even plastic people.

One day I attended my son's little league game. All the kids in the stands and on the field looked alike. All the parents dressed the same. My son called to me from the dugout, "Hey Dad". I looked around and couldn't spot my kid. They all looked alike.

The local high school was rated in the Top Ten - the Top Ten for drug trafficking and abuse. Of course, I discovered that fact after my teenage son was permanently expelled from school.

I was really conscientious about how much spending money I gave him. Drugs aren't cheap, particularly for an unemployed teenager. One time he ripped off a six pound marijuana plant. Plucked it right out of my neighbor's backyard... right down the street. I found out about the caper and confronted him. He drug out of the garage two large thirty gallon hefty bags of the best California home-grown that I had the opportunity to smoke in a long while. I suggested that he return the plant to the grower with the exception of a quarter pound that I kept for myself. I convinced him that stealing was bad karma. We also discussed the consequences of his actions. What could have happened if I didn't intervene. The street value of the stash was about \$4000 -- it could have been a serious drug bust!

About that time I was acutely suffering from what the books called, "Corporate Burnout", the effects of heavy stress upon the body and mind. I didn't realize at the time that I had contracted it. But I was burning myself out both mentally and physically. Toward the end of my self-inflicted demise from the corporate banking world, I was putting in maybe 10 hours a week as a Regional Account Executive. That's a big title for banking salesman. I wrote poetry when I strolled into the office. My last sales meeting at the Disneyland Hotel, I asked the group if they would like to join me in my company car and smoke a joint after lunch. I told the banking big shots that I was not attending the next day's meeting... "I was going scuba diving off Catalina".

The Hermosa Beach Police arrested me one time during this period of my life. Hermosa Beach is located directly south of Manhattan. It was 2:00 in the morning. I decided to stop in at the all night local mini-mart to buy a package of cigarettes, then take a stroll on the

beach to unclog my mind. Told the cashier that the cigarettes were over priced. Said that the store was gouging the public, mainly me. I reached over the sales counter to grab this guy by the shirt... to convince him that I was right...that the store was a rip-off. Was I surprised when he punched me in the mouth. I fell to the floor and went into immediate shock. I went berserk. Said I was going to sue the store and that I had injured my back. Must have made him more angry at me. He clutched a pipe and was just about ready to clobber me over the head with it. Luckily for me the owner had watched the whole scene. Stopped him just in time. He told me to get up and get out. "Are you kidding," I said. "Call the police, call the police, I want that animal arrested." In about five minutes the police came, handcuffed me and hauled me down to jail. First time I was ever booked, particularly for disturbing the peace. It ended up costing me \$500 for an attorney and \$70 for an outstanding jaywalking ticket. Got the ticket where I conducted my poetry writings in Beverly Hills. The mini-mart impounded my company car. That cost \$60. Yeah! They call it burnout.

It appeared that the majority of the Manhattan Beach residents were affected. Robotized I called it. Porsches, Mercedes and Cadillacs were the standard means of transportation. Before my banking days, I parked our orange Honda Civic in front of the house we rented on 31st Street, four blocks from the ocean. Thought I'd never hear the end of it. "Park that heap in the alley," one neighbor shouted. "It detracts from the image." The neighborhood held a Fourth of July block party every year. I never participated. Felt that the robots and robotettes didn't like my programming. One year, I sat in my concrete front yard and threw firecrackers into the street. It made a big bang with the neighbors.

We eventually left that cozy neighborhood and bought our first home two miles from the beach. We had moved east of the boulevard, Sepulveda Boulevard. The local shops actually sold printed tee shirts saying "There's No Life East of Sepulveda". My teenage son went bananas. He felt that he was a second-class citizen. Our American Dream was East of the Boulevard where there was no life and no surf. Everytime he visited the old neighborhood, his friends called him poor boy. He felt inferior. I couldn't understand it. We traded the Honda for a new Firebird. I told him to tell his old pals that we drove a shiny new sports car. That we had a jacuzzi in the backyard. Guess they didn't buy it; we lived where there was no life.

When we bought our home the real estate agent assured us that the new shopping center under construction across the street would appreciate our land value. It was convenient. Had several movie theaters, department stores, boutiques, and a supermarket. Everything one would want in a concrete shopping center. One day I received a telephone call from the grocery-store manager. "Come and pick up your son." He had helped himself to some donuts while enroute home from the movies. Was I embarrassed. Asked the boy why he had ripped off the pastries without paying. He told me that he saved some money to eat after the movie was over. He had stopped to play only one video game and ended up depositing \$3.00 into the electronic bandit. He was hungry and couldn't understand the hassle. I think they call it the generation gap.

I had separated from my wife that year and was smoking pot on a regular

basis. I was building up to a big fall from the burnout syndrome. You could have classified me as a pothead, I suppose. I needed it, I thought, to cope with the bureaucracies of life.

I soon discovered that my junior also engaged in the habit over the summer of '81. Me being a postwar baby and in-the-now father, I decided to allow the boy to blow his mind in the house. I deduced that if he was to partake of the week, then it would be better to scramble his brain in the confines of his own home. Not the street. My father had a rule when I was growing up. "Don't drink booze and particularly in the house." I naturally thought that he was wrong. I logically deduced that it would be OK for junior to engage in his dope smoking around the house. I even got stoned with him a few times. My first mistake. When September rolled around I told the boy to get out of the habit of clouding his mind and to get into school work. He assured me that there would be no problem. After the second encounter with the local police for various and sundries, I decided to wean my junior of the habit.

About that time I had spent over \$4,000 on my health slowly getting cured. I realized by then that I was suffering from burnout. I knew that my mental facilities weren't kicking on all eight cylinders. I stopped blowing my mind on a regular basis and thought my junior would follow my good example. My second mistake.

He was hooked, tried everything. Even went to Narcotics Anonymous. The boy told me one day that he was interested in one thing and one thing only. All he desired in life was to smoke dope, play with the girls and ride the ocean surf. I remember him saying, "Man, that surf is awesome, radical man, radical."

I finally shipped my junior to Chicago to live with his mother, my first wife, after he was expelled from school, that is. It was the best decision for all concerned. He just couldn't handle the free spirited lay back life style of the beach community and Southern California in general.

My second wife and I got back together, sold the house and moved back to the beach. We rented a small castle 4 blocks from the surf. I had quit the corporate bureaucracy several months earlier and was slowly recuperating. I had decided to get into the television world. Invested the majority of the profit from the sale of the house into a local cable television production. Incidentally, the new shopping center across the street actually ended up costing us \$15,000. It devalued the property resale value.

After we wrapped production of the show, I aired it over the local cable channel. It was magnificent, my first television show. And, I didn't even know what I was doing! It was the first time in my life that I had the unique opportunity to view my creation on television. And, in the comfort of my own viewing room. I felt inspired and proud. I was an Executive Producer. The local papers gave the show a lot of publicity. I even had a personnel profile in the beach newspaper. I was "Mr. TV of Manhattan Beach."

The show laid a big bomb and I soon discovered that I had blown the entire net profit from the house. We were about broke and living in an executive mansion. At that point, I re-evaluated my thinking process and concluded to give up marijuana smoking all together. I was not smoking it on a regular basis, but when I did indulge, it blew my mind. I calculated that I personally spent approximately \$17,000 in a relatively short time span with no apparent return on investment. I actually gave money away. To this day, I wonder WHY? Must have been a combination of two factors-- burn out and my scrambled eggs of perceived reality from smoking dope.

There is nothing I can do to change what has happened. My son is doing well in Chicago. I plan to visit him soon. We'll discuss it. I don't think there is any one book published on how to raise a Southern California beach kid. I did what I thought was right at the

Continued on Page 10

5

THOMAS'

World Famous

CHILI BURGERS

CHILI DOGS

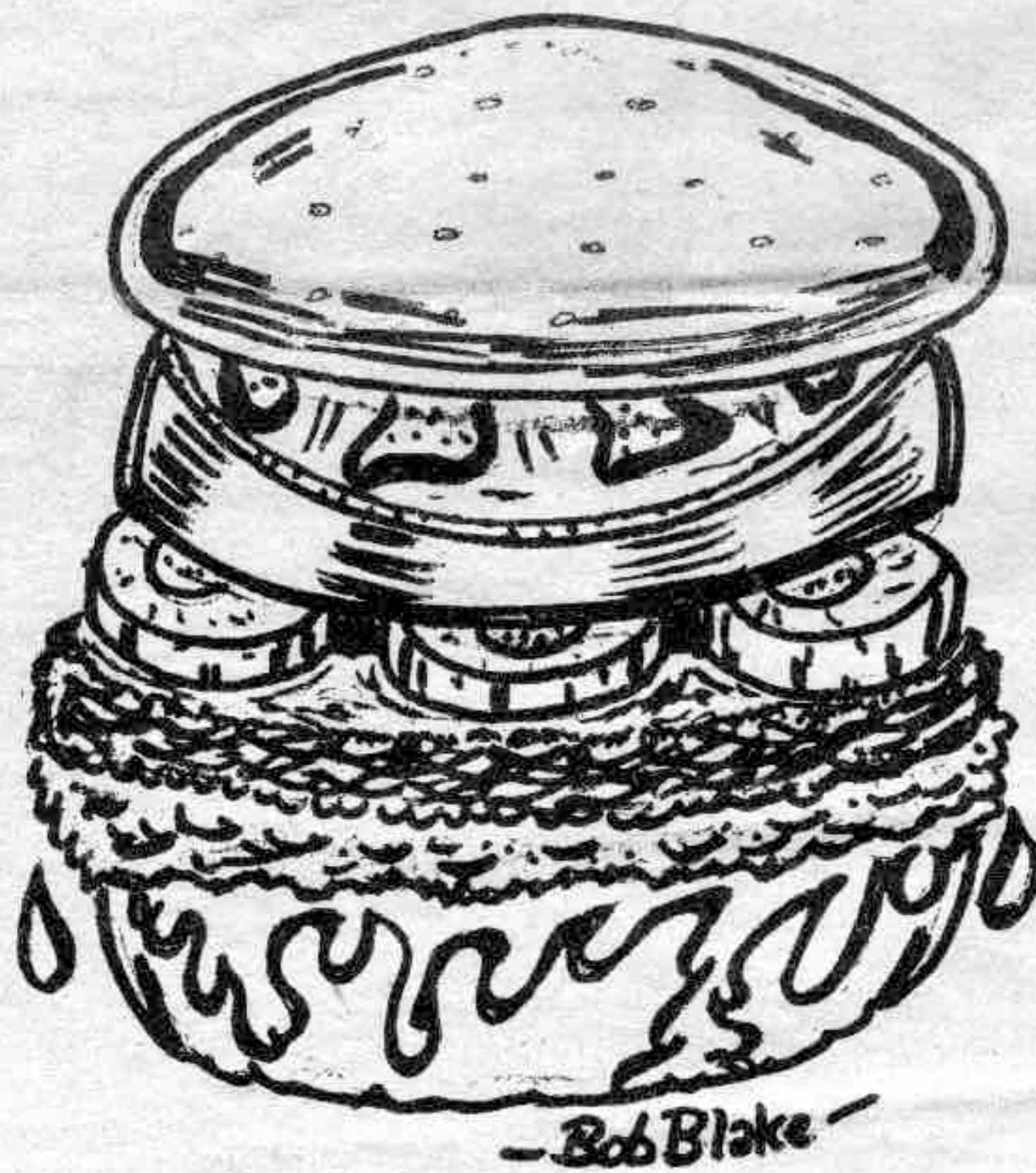
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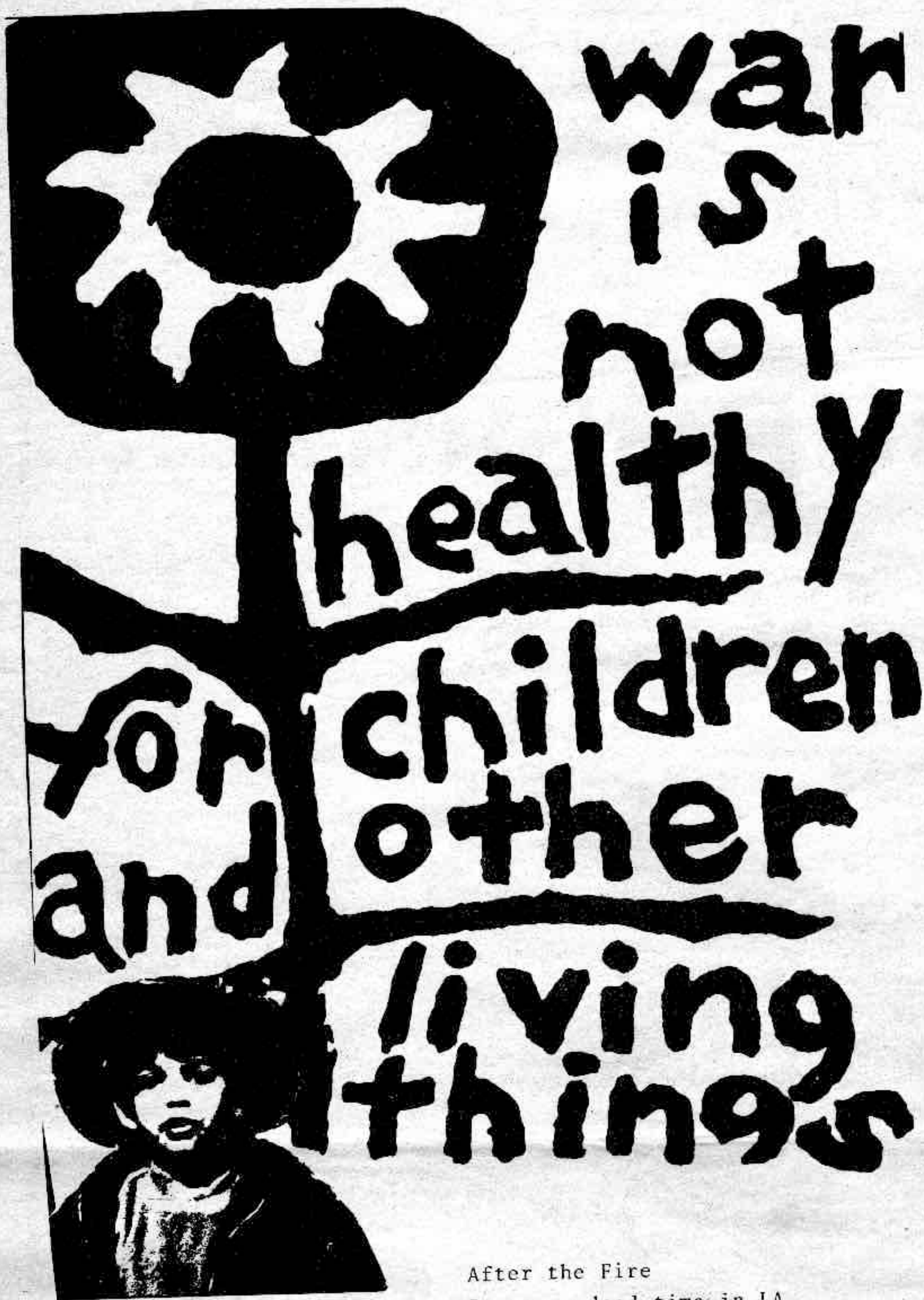
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Another Mother For Peace

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 Caring had been burned away
 like hills ravaged by fire
 until the Churchwomen linked hands
 across the road to stop
 the El Salvadoreans in vans
 from being deported to death
 and they were the first shoots
 after the fire, the beginning
 of our coming to life again
 to cover the hills and valleys.
 We will stop the deportations.
 I promise you that.

Julia Stein

choice stuff

she shuffles through
 the 8th Avenue summer's
 evening crowd
 in mismatched shoes
 swaddled legs
 and bundled
 body
 then at the 42nd Street corner
 she stops
 and like that weighted water bird
 in the Grand Canyon
 souvenir shop
 leans
 bobs
 leans into the trash can
 picking over
 pecking out the best
 to stuff into
 her bulging
 Lord & Taylor shopping
 bag

Sheryl L. Nelms

SURROGATE MAMA MADONNA

its all cash and carry
 Nyn Nifshin

Revolution in Zen

One is not violent
 but one contemplates a gun for ten years
 becomes the bullet
 that will destroy the enemy
 transcends it
 forgets it
 and writes poems instead
 as a bullet would write them--
 bam

Lynne Bronstein

The Extent of It

All
 my life trying to do good for others, trying
 to do what little I can to make bearable the
 lives of the weak, sick, and poor...and
 now I'm sick and poor myself, not
 able to do my work at the hospital any more with
 both my mind and my eyes failing, so
 I turn my caseload over to some young masters degree in
 clinical psych and
 retire on my pension to the small apt in Richmond in
 which I've lived for 20 yrs with
 my poor, black neighbors...and
 it's just at the start of Pres. Reagan's economic
 reforms, which means that many of the suffering have
 been relieved of their supports in order to starve in
 our land of milk and honey...and
 I'm walking into my doorway when I'm met by
 three young black men, all of whom I've
 known for yrs, and
 when one takes my bag of groceries, I
 thank him for the help, but
 when another takes my purse, I
 start to get wary, and
 when the third inserts his knife into me, I
 feel the full extent of Reagan's
 reforms

Fritz Hamilton

in the south of the north

fresh tracks glow in the dark.
 scars move toward their destination.
 victims gather at the scene.

falling behind the power curve
 is so easy; the names slide
 between the cracks in the position papers.

anxious with desire, miranda waits
 beside the terminal for transmission.
 late afternoon sun breaks the neighborhood

into angles of light and dark.
 a bar of gold slices at her room.
 miranda daydreams of holding her breath

until her father relents. across the street
 a cave of bats, an ivy-choked tree,
 shudders into motion. in the south

of the north, the compass needle spins
 like a mandala. miranda's fingers leap
 at the chance to judge direction.

the data flows, but around miranda.
 new scars drift in her emotions
 like seeds on the night air.

in the south of the north
 no dossier gathers dust.
 miranda's crime, a state of birth,

leaves a trail of empty destinations.
 miranda's only clue, the flutter of a heart,
 beats against the window of her ribs.

A.J. Wright

POETRY

foolish architecture

the back sides of our doors look inward-
 right through us and into our deepest secrets.
 the front sides stand clean,
 painted with some ten cent bought paint.
 and so we build
 as if someone else
 lived us.

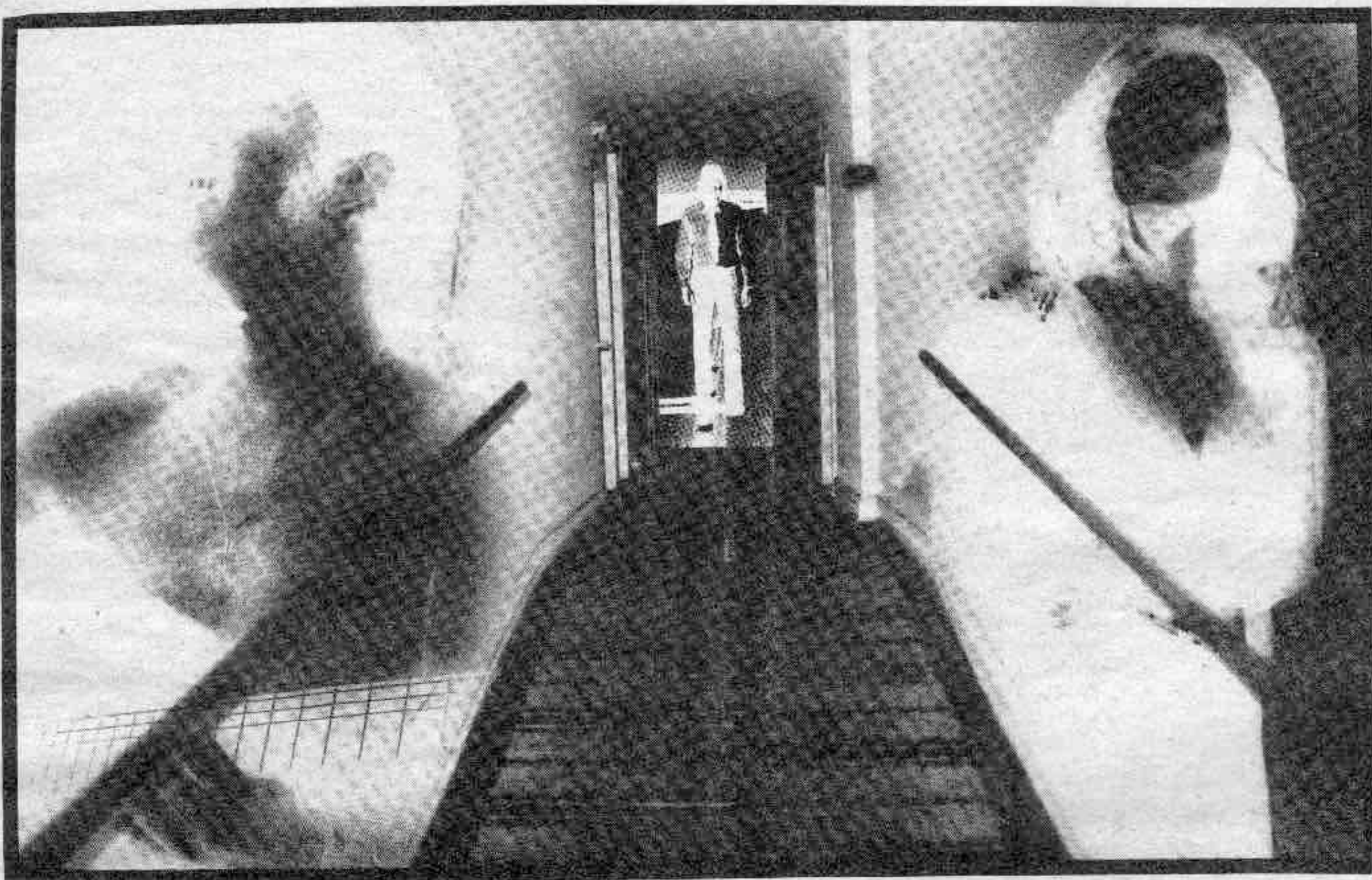
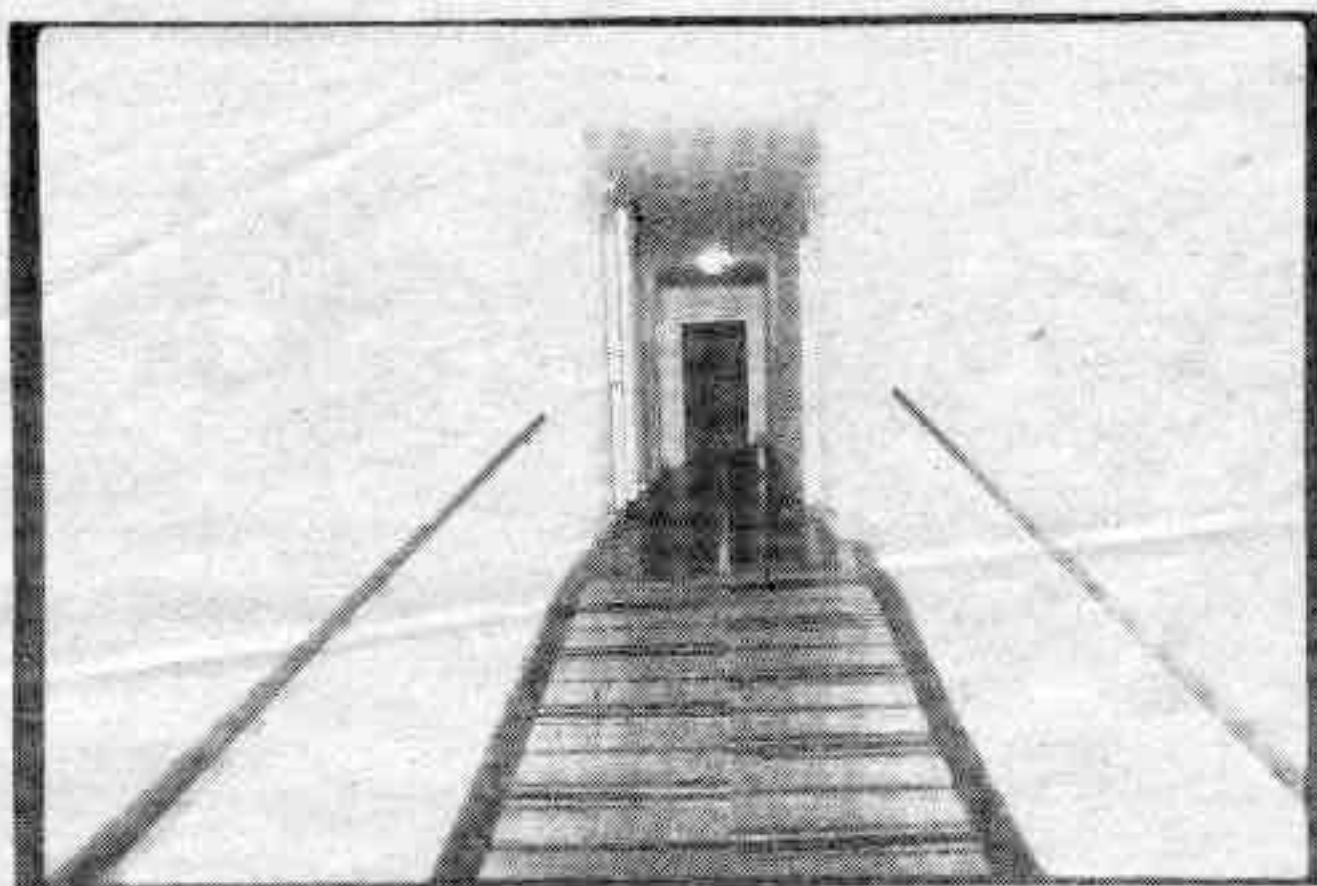
Richard Davidson

Identity Crisis

(variation on a theme by "Beat poet, Bob Kaufman)

What must my shadow think?
 I attend a masquerade
 disguised as myself,
 and I win first prize;
 no one recognizes me!

Don James



Greetings

from

the

Wasteland



by JERRY A. SIERRA



April 4, Saturday - 1:53 am
Asleep... awake... thoughts... / dreams... / Jazz... Lp to add to your collection on the steeplechase label... / it's called... we heard... / the westside colors the southside blues... / late night radio... more music less news / I take a picture in my dreams... / I develop the negative... / I take it to my exhibition / no one believes it's real... / They think it's done with mirrors... / they think it's mass hypnosis... / no one believes their eyes... or hears the music that plays late at night... on KCRW. Now it's tomorrow... but I'm in yesterday... / tomorrow might not be here for a while... if it shows up at all...

April 7, Thursday - 10:10 pm
I can't write for you tonight Caroline... your monologue will just have to wait...

April 11, Monday - 9:41 am
As of yesterday I am no longer president of Cameravision... Jah be blessed! Maybe now I can concentrate on getting my own shit together...

April 15, Friday - 9:46 am - At Sherrie's... drinking coffee
The wasteland is desolate this morning... Angels sleep late and Faust creeps up on me... from behind... when I'm not looking... he's behind me... at arms length away... hoping to catch me off guard... but I'm too smart for him... Or am I?

9:53 am - Still at Sherrie's
The hardest part about freelancing is knowing what to do when you are not working. This is a very depressing time and I feel decadent... uninspired... "Well Jerry" I say to myself, "You need a new scene... you know... maybe you should move to San Francisco... Maybe you just need to do some acid..." "But I'm much too moody to do acid..." I interrupt, "I might have a bad trip and make things worse..." "Well I just don't know what to say to you guy! What the fuck do you expect from me anyways..." "Understanding..." "Fuck You!" "But I am you..." "You're schizophrenic you know that? Now you think you're me! My God!!!" "Don't say God I'm an athiest..." End of conversation.

10:36 am - Somewhere other than here... at a different time...
Insinuations... once upon a time... a long time ago to be exact.. a very long time.
10:45 am - Here - Marley to the rescue... "Jah love... Protect us"

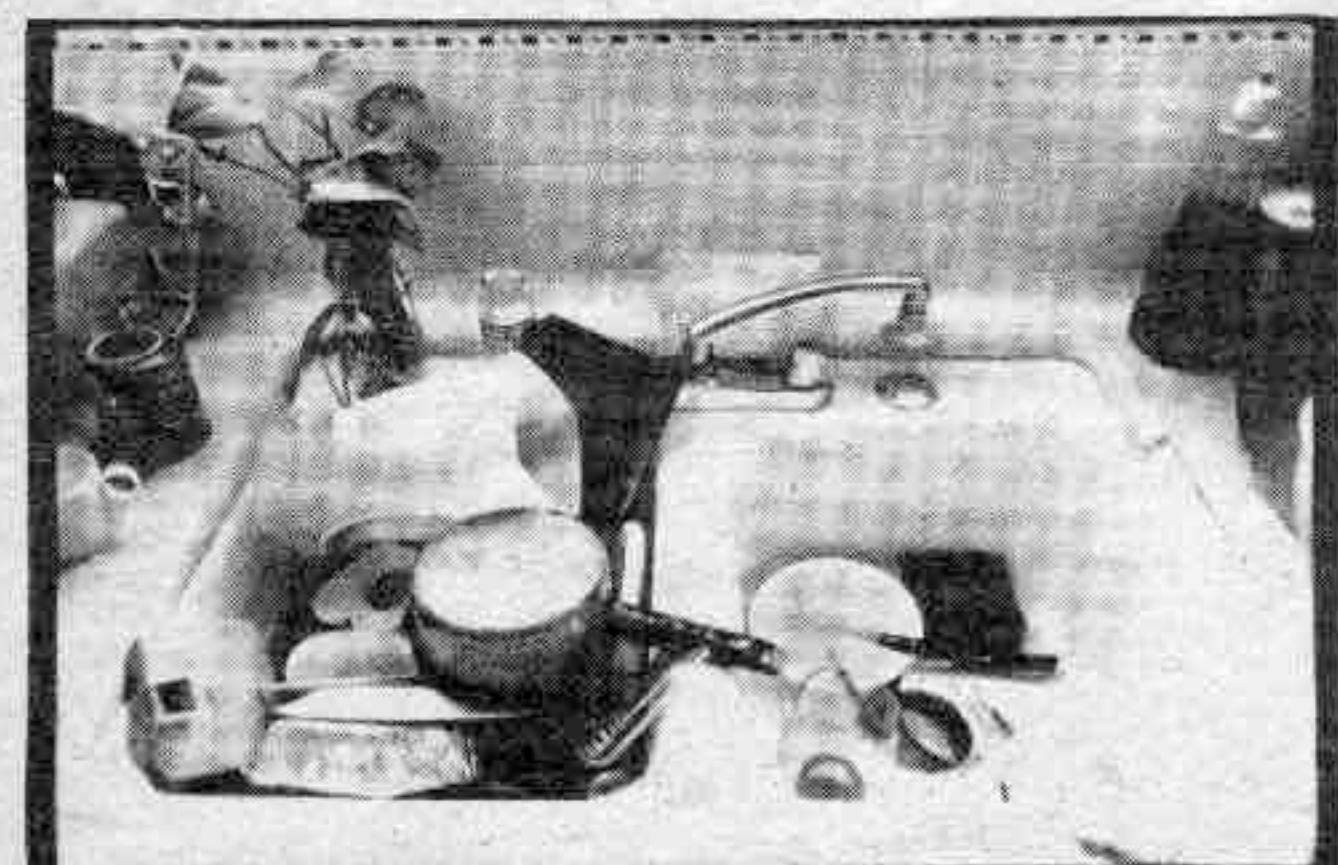
April 16, Saturday - 4:07 pm
I'm in love with Dorothy Lamour... the 1940 version... We're all in Singapore... she wears pretty dresses... GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF HER BING...

7:30 pm -
The westside at night / the wind... the sand... / footsteps doorsteps sidesteps / excuses we call reasons, the night / the beach at night, the wind / "Ten minutes later" / I look at my facecards and burn my number cards / it's tomorrow and I'm awake.

April 26, Tuesday - 11:43 pm
I'm really starting to dislike dealing with photo galleries... so much bullshit... and so few people actually see the work... I wonder if it's all worth it...

11:53 pm -
Johnny Carson is talking about the new carpet... he don't give a shit about my problems... but it's ok... i don't give a shit about his...

April 27, Wednesday, - 10:50 am
The artworld sucks big dicks in convertible imported cars at midnight on empty parking lots...





Robin Hood

NEWLY STAGED BY GLENN HOPKINS
FEATURING NARRATION BY
THE VOICE OF QUENTIN CRISP

A-PART-OF- THE-FOREST-FABLE

by
S. E. Mendelson

In THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD that The Venice Mootney Company is touring in Los Angeles this summer, the Sheriff of Nottingham and his crowd are clearly the right wing, while Robin and the rest of the boys are the "artists, fairies, teachers, poets, dancers and priests" who openly enjoy a more extended family, tribal lifestyle.

A convention is established that any modern reference is censored by a loud buzzer.

In the following excerpt, Little John is tied up after being busted while selling a valuable statue made by the most famous artist of the forest;

JOHN

Don't melt down the statue. It's so mean. Who are you to destroy someone's labor of love?

SHERIFF

I am order and peace. I am the law.

JOHN

You've sniffed out where the gold is, and where the power is and you've kissed all the right asses; and you're most dangerous because you think that you're just the star of a movie...

THE BUZZER SOUNDS...

...excuse me. You think you're the noble Sheriff and I'm a fairy in a fantasy, and the peasants can be scared into thinking they need you for protection and their poverty is their own fault. But I know you for what you are. You are naught but brittle, unbreathing, life-hating, stone-cold-strutting death!!

SHERIFF

In your case that is correct. Day after tomorrow at dawn, to be exact. And as for melting the statue...how am I to pay my soldiers? Give this one a gold arm, and that one a gold leg?

JOHN

Master Sheriff, those who are privileged to have warm fires and dry castles can...

SHERIFF

...Can keep them, my friend. That's my function, John Little: to see that those with warm fires and dry castles keep what they have in these rough times. It's time you should learn that the finer people of this land will not be pushed about by its scum..

JOHN

Scum is it? Robin is the Third Earl of Locksley, as you well know...

SHERIFF

Robert Locksley was everyone's favorite when we were children... and he took to the forest, choosing a life of thievery and the name of a bird...instead of properly working to pay his father's debts and keep his family's estate. I myself started life with considerably less in this very same shire. No. The famous bandit of Sherwood is just that: a simple, irresponsible rogue. His personal life shows his total lack of discipline, as you would certainly well know.

Robin Hood

NEWLY STAGED BY GLENN HOPKINS
FEATURING NARRATION BY
THE VOICE OF QUENTIN CRISP

LIKE IT'S BEING DONE BY THE MARK BROTHERS, BENNY HILL AND THE MONTY PYTHON CLAN AT THE SAME TIME. ---GARDEN VALLEY NEWS

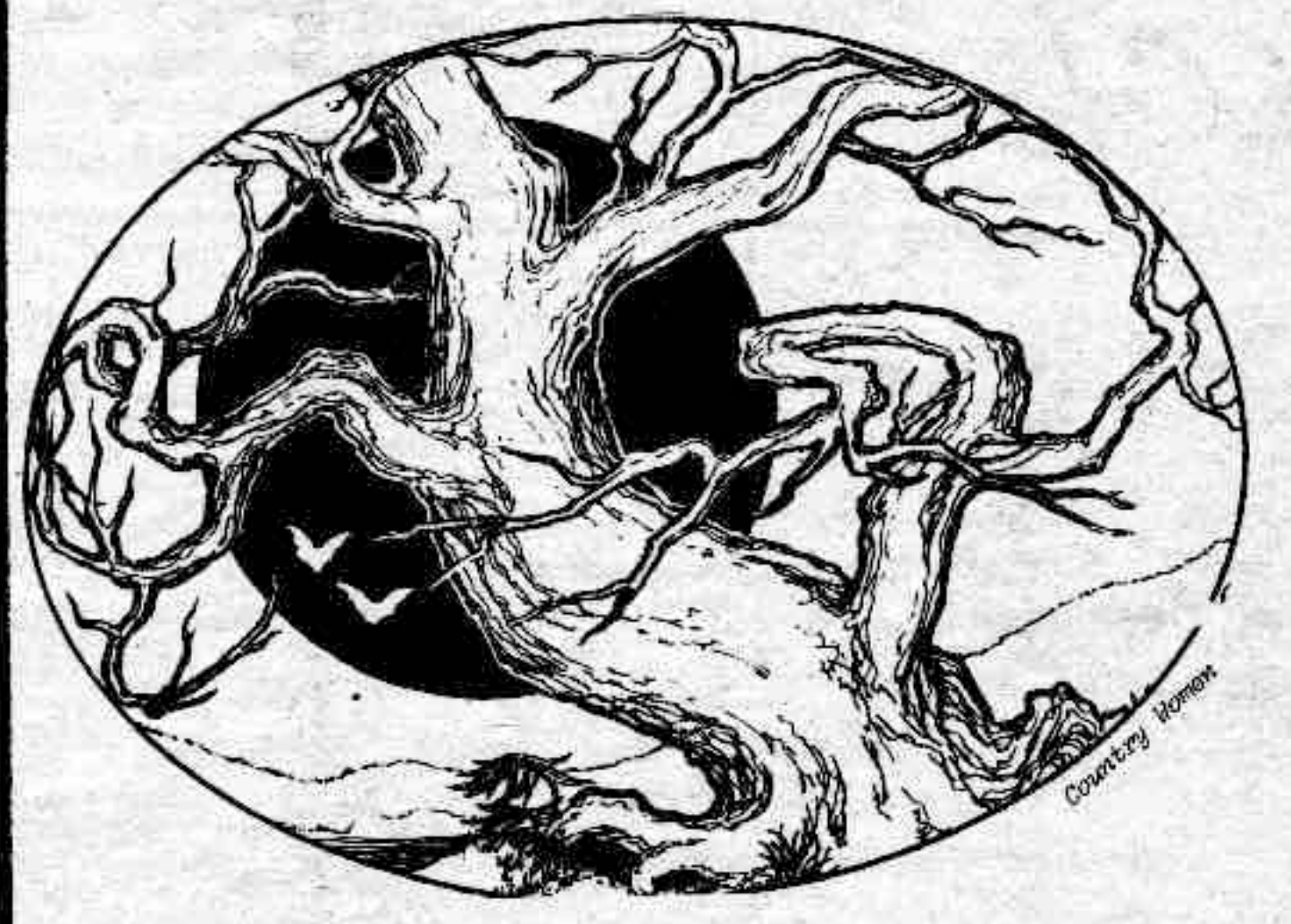
"While playwright Glenn Hopkins seems to laugh, he threads a sizzling political commentary throughout his work...pure fun at the concept of theater itself...in this pointed and lively production." ---THE READER

"IT'S INFUSED WITH LYRIC IMAGERY, HUMOR, AND HOPKINS' VISION OF THE ROBIN HOOD LEGEND AS A PARABLE FOR THE GAY COMMUNITY...THE TONE IS COMIC - NOT BLACK COMEDY AND NOT OFFENSIVE...FOLLOWING...LOVELY...LINES THAT CATCH YOUR INTEREST...MORE FUN THAN MOST PARTICIPATORY HAPPENINGS." ---THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

"What comes through over and above the gay message...is a strong sense of brotherly love and love of nature, as well as a strong spiritual appreciation of life." ---THE VENICE BEACHHEAD

L.A. SUMMER TOUR INFO: CALL 399-0011

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD, by Glenn Hopkins and featuring narration by the voice of Quentin Crisp will open this summer in Los Angeles at The Actor's Workout, First Street at Vermont, three blocks south of the Hollywood freeway. Call 399-0011 for information. It is hoped that the play can be performed on the westside in the company's 45' portable geodesic dome. Call the number above with suggestions for a possible site.



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In a part of the forest where the animals had broken away from the kingdom of the lions to form the first animal democracy, another presidential election day was approaching. An old thespian ape, who in his youth had starred in a number of melodramas about an ape who behaved like a hawk in the western, less-lived-in reaches of that democracy, ran on a platform of "A lot less trees -- Moderate pollution -- Gobs of jobs!" and won the election by a two-to-one margin.

The old ape was elated. He seemed to believe that his victory over the incumbent, a two-toed sloth (whose platform had been "Some more jobs -- A little less pollution -- A few more trees!") had been a mandate of all the registered animal voters, when, in sooth, less than half of them had ventured to the polls that gray and rainy day.

After the inauguration, the old ape president appointed his good friend, the vulture, who had worked hard in the election, to the second most important post of that land, the Secretary of the Interior.

This upset many of the forest animals. For the vulture came from the desert (the very same area the ape president had used for a backdrop in his acting days), and it was feared that this bird of carrion would favor the needs of the desert creatures, because they had done the bulk of the voting.

At a council of forest creatures, the ape president tried to ease their fears. He stood upon an old tree stump in the clearing and pointed a crooked hairy finger at his bald-headed friend who was perched on the guest tree-branch, watching everybody as quickly as he could. "Our new Secretary of the Interior...", declared the ape president in his most mellifluous actor's voice, "has taken the oath of that office upon the guest branch of the Tree of Holy Knowledge, the very one on which he is now perched...And he has solemnly vowed that he will be a champion of fairness to everyone here."

There were some sighs of relief. And the forest creatures turned their gazes toward the vulture, who assured them in a surprisingly pleasant voice that he merely planned to comply to the ape president's political promises, paying special heed to the one of "gobs of jobs".

There was a polite ripple of clapping paws and hooves, and a few clattering beaks. However, as they left the clearing after the council was over, most of the forest creatures looked puzzled and uncertain. Some were overheard asking others how there could be more jobs with less trees.

But the vulture Secretary of the Interior surprised them. He imported millions of unemployed termite workers from a neighboring land that no longer had enough wood to keep them busy, and put them to work thinning the forest of its excess trees.

This made the ape president happy, because he was certain that the excess trees of the forest were causing the blue haze surrounding the distant mountains he could see from the presidential cave on a clear day; and, too, he was happy that the termite workers were so eager to work for no remuneration -- the Treasury didn't have to put out one single brown acorn....

Yet something went wrong. Later on a coalition of radical animals, a weasel, a crow, a peccary, and a red robin, were thought responsible for stirring up the termites by telling them that they were being exploited; for they ran amok and did not stop eating trees until the entire forest was reduced to countless piles of their droppings.

The forest creatures were enraged. Now that their home resembled the desert home of the vulture Secretary of the Interior they cursed the name of that administration -- the "dribble down administration" -- under their breaths. Sullenly the animals built new dens, burrows, and nests in, under, and atop the piles of droppings, living as best they could without water until the next presidential election, which was three weeks away.

Many perished from thirst. But on that election day, 98 percent of the surviving registered animals turned out at the polls and voted the ape president (and consequently the hated vulture Secretary of the Interior) out of office in favor of a plodding camel who promised to plant date palms, and to show them how to live two weeks without a drink of water.

Moral: Maybe voting on a rainy day will help keep the desert in its place.O

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Charlie Nothing

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10 CAPTURED IN MEXICO

by Suzanne Mills

Almost exactly four years after his daring escape from Bellevue Hospital Prison Ward in New York, Puerto Rican patriot, William Guillermo Morales, was taken captive by Mexican police in the city of Puebla on May 27.

William Morales is a 33 year old independentista and a combatant in the struggle for Puerto Rican independence and socialism. Puerto Rico was invaded and colonized by the U.S. in 1898. Like so many other Puerto Ricans, his political commitment and consciousness was shaped by the devastating effects of colonialism on his nation, on the island of Puerto Rico or in the barrios of New York, Chicago, etc.: the sterilization of 45% of Puerto Rican women, 50% unemployment, 75% dependent on food stamps, whole communities burned to the ground by slum landlords, police brutality and killings, the ravages of alcohol and heroin.

Like the 11 Puerto Rican Prisoners of War, like the freedom fighters of the FALN and the armed organizations in Puerto Rico, William Morales understood that only a people's war for independence and socialism can liberate his nation from the death grip of U.S. colonialism.

Immediately after his capture in Mexico, Mexican revolutionaries attempted to free William in an armed attack on a police car. At least one revolutionary was killed along with a policeman. Now William's personal safety is in grave danger. The FBI wants to extradite him to the U.S. For the Mexican government, rather than have a politically embarrassing issue to deal with, there is the option of having him "disappear" like hundreds of Mexican political activists, whose whereabouts are unknown and are believed murdered by the police.

The U.S. government and media would have us believe that William Morales is an arch-terrorist. This comes two weeks before 5 Puerto Rican and Mexico activists are to be sentenced to as many as 15 years in prison for the supposed "crime" of refusing to give the FBI and Federal Grand Jury information about the Puerto Rican independence movement. The MLN 5 are also being labeled as terrorists. Yet these people are no more terrorists than are the freedom fighters of El Salvador or Palestine or anyone who dares to struggle against injustice and oppression. It is vital that we repudiate these lies and support William and the Puerto Rican independence movement. We urge you to send the following telegrams or letters:



Jerry Pearce/LNS

On July 13, 1978, William was seriously injured in a bomb explosion in New York, losing most of both hands and an eye. He was arrested, denied proper medical treatment, put on trial and convicted of bombing charges and given a 99 year sentence. Through this ordeal, William asserted his political strength, becoming the first Puerto Rican to take the position of Prisoner of War. He refused to participate in the sham proceedings, asserting that as a combatant for Puerto Rican independence he was entitled to protection under international law. The U.S. has no right to judge those it colonizes and who fight to end that injustice. On May 27, 1979 despite his debilitating injuries, William escaped from the third floor prison ward. His freedom has been an inspiration to the Puerto Rican movement and its supporters around the world.

President Miguel de la Madrid
Palacio Nacional
Mexico D.F., Mexico

Mr. President:

We ask that Puerto Rican patriot William Morales, recently captured in Puebla, Mexico, be given political refugee status in your country or be deported to a socialist country of his choice. As a Latin American country, Mexico should protect the life and liberty of Latin American political refugees. Viva Puerto Rico Libre!

cc: Ambassador
Mexican Embassy
2329 16th St. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20011

Continued from Page 4

time. In retrospect our lives could have walked a different road I suppose. But that's hindsight. We'll work it out. We have in the past. He was right about a lot of things. Sometimes I just didn't listen well...There is no life East of Sepulveda.

Our lease was up in October of '82. I was taking our act on the road to make some more money...to start a new life away from Manhattan Beach. I know that someday I would return. It is my birthplace. My wife and I decided to travel around the world. We were going on location. Our budget was minimal so we didn't get far...about twenty miles down the northern coast of Southern California. We moved to a small, quaint apartment overlooking the Pacific. The next episode is what I like to call, "Venice, The Beachfront Jungle" □

happy birthday!

16 years - June 23

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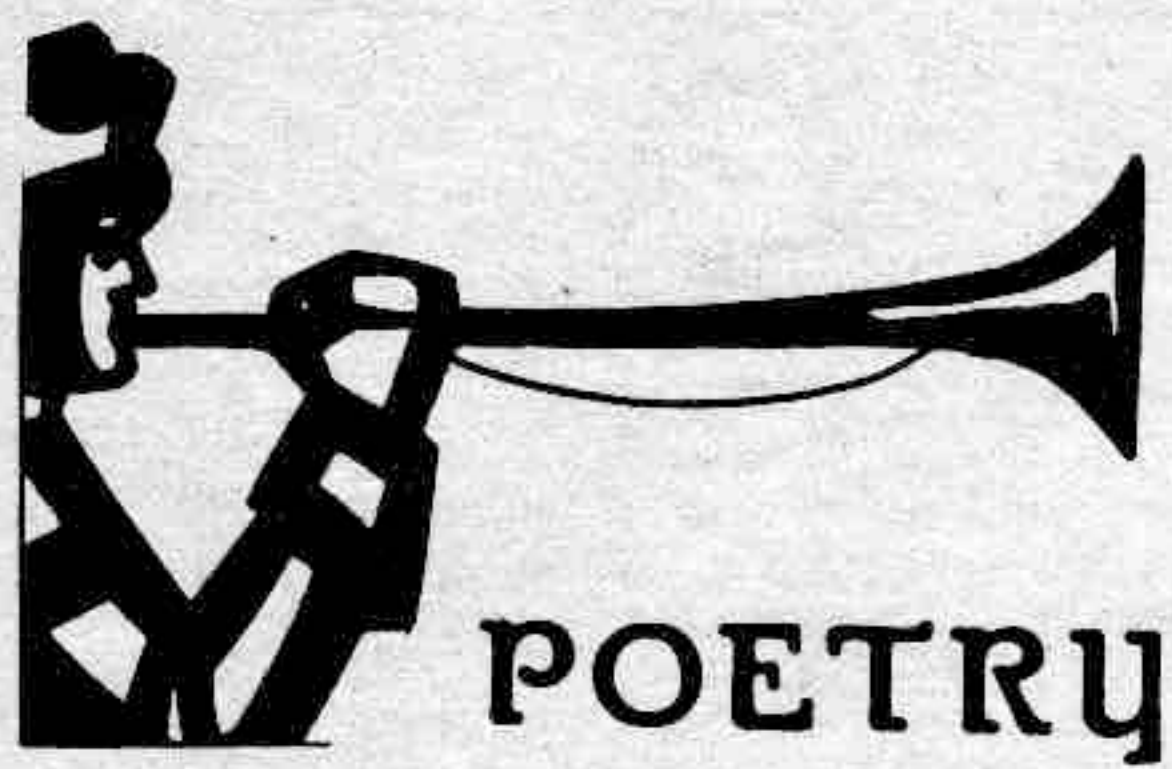
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Community events SELF HELP

POLITICS LECTURES

George Sands Books 9011 Melrose Ave.
L.A. 858-1648

Sun., Jun. 12: The Hemingway Women
Author Berniece Kert celebrates the
publication of her book. 4:30pm.
Sun., Jun. 26: Award winning poet Sherod
Santos reads his poetry; "Pacific
Review" editor Sandra Fredriksen
hosts student reading. 4:30pm.

Food For Thought 131 La Cienega Bl. at
Beverly Blvd. 854-4475
Tues., Jun. 7: John Rechy reads from his
next book, Bodies and Souls, a ser-
ies of vignettes. 9pm.

POETRY READINGS AT THE OLD VENICE JAIL
685 Venice Bl., Venice. 822-9560
Tues., Jun. 6: Luis Campos 8pm. \$2.

BEYOND BAROQUE LITERARY/ARTS CENTER
681 Venice Bl. Venice 822-3006

Richard Burgin, author, Reese Williams,
editor & publisher Fri June 10, 8pm \$2

Abandoned Latitudes, publication read-
ing Fri June 17 8 PM \$2

"The Time Machine" an exhibition curated
by Hal Glicksman Sat. June 17, 7PM Free
(opening celebrated with reading of
Stuart Perkoff's "Alphabet" by Robert
Alexander

Writers Jana Harris and Terryl Hunter
read from their work Fri June 24, 8PM \$2

COMMUNITY

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2936 W. 8th St. L.A. 389-1356

Sun., Jun 12: Activist/critic Dorothy
Healy speaks on "Karl Marx & America
Politics" 11am.

Sun., Jun 19: L.A. Times editorial writer
Frank Del Olmo will speak on "The
Latino and Anglo Los Angeles of the
Future". 11am.

Sun., Jun 26: Minister of Education, Rev.
John Marsh, will speak on "Hugh Hef-
ner, The Joint Chiefs of Staff, & My
self: American Boys at Play With Our
Toys". 11am.

Play Mountain Place Open House for edu-
cators and parents interested in alter-
natives to education. Thur. Jun 9, at
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St., L.A. 90034. 870-4381

UNitarian Community Church 1260 18th St.
S.M. 394-4318

Sun., Jun 12: Ballroom Dancing by Candle-
Light. 7pm.

Sun., Jun 19: Deepening Relationships.
8pm.

Sun., Jun. 26: Erotic Fantasies-Help or
Hindrance. 8pm.



Women Helping Women, a new call-in sup-
port center available to women 18 yrs and
older. Counselors will take calls (start-
ing June 2) Mon-Fri., 10am-1pm. 655-3807
Natl. Council of Jewish Women.

Clare Foundation, 450-5123, 844 Pico Bl.
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What's Use and Abuse? A young people's
panel discussing substance abuse. Mon.
June 6, 7:30-9:30 at the Mar Vista Center
11325 Washington Bl. Culver City.

Giant Yard Sale, Sat., June 11, 9am-3pm
behind the Clare Family Ctr. 11325 Wash.
Bl.

Success Without Stress, a 90 minute sem-
inar on "How to Feel Great Every Minute"
featuring the ideas of author Vernon
Howard. For free schedule call 936-9176

THEATER

The Groundlings 7307 Melrose Av. L.A.
934-9700

New Revue "GQ: Groundlings Quarterly"
Opens Fri., Jun. 3 and runs indefinitely
Fri. and Sat. eves.

Ocean Park Arts Group opens a summer
series featuring outstanding art ensem-
bles -- "The Ocean Park Irregulars" and
"The Public Works Improvisational Work-
shop" -- dance and theatre entertainment
based on 50's culture in America. Santa
Monica Alternative School Cafatorium,
Sat. June 11, "1959"; 9:00 PM Sharp! \$5
donation. Info: OPCO 392-8461 (Eva) or
Ruth Weisberg 399-8223.

HEALTH

Shiatsu Weekend Workshop, 2 days, 10 hours
Sat June 25, 1 pm -6pm & Sun June 26, 9am-
3pm. Practice & theory of Oriental Healing
"Tao" Healing Arts Ctr, 2309 Main St SM
396-4877

Shiatsu Orientation Workshop, June 5, 10-1,
Donations accepted. The workshop will be
the theory of the Oriental healing art:
shiatsu-acupressure. 396-4877



Airport/Marina Sierra Club 822-7102
Meeting, Mon., June 13, 7:30pm. Citizens
for Mojave Desert Park, group dedicated
to protection and preservation of Mojave
Desert as a National Park. Community Room
Chace Park, Marina del Rey 7:30pm

One-Year After the Invasion of Lebanon
Presentations and discussion. "The Fate of
the West Bank" by May Sikaly & "The Pales-
tinians Under Occupation in Southern Leb-
anon" by Michael Bogopolsky. Sponsored by
Middle East Progressive Alliance (MEPA).
Fri. June 10, 8PM, Venice United Method-
ist Church, 1020 Victoria (corner Lincoln)
Donation \$2.

MUSIC

Santa Monica Folk Music Club, an associa-
tion of people who love American and In-
ternational folk music. 1st Friday of
each month. 1440 Harvard St. S.M. 8pm to
midnight. 472-7662/390-3851. \$1.50
Sat., Jun. 4: Ray Frank at Marie's (836-
0770) U.S., British, Irish music.

Marina Del Rey/Westchester Symphony
20th Season Finale: An All Beethoven
Concert featuring So. Cal. Mormon
choir, Ninth Symphony. Sat., Jun 18
8:15 Westchester Auditorium, 7400
W. Manchester, L.A. 837-5757

A Gala Evening of Memories
sponsored by Clare Foundation and Friends
benefit Senior Citizen program. Dance
to Glen Miller style band and Kay St.
Germaine. Sun., Jun 12, 7:30pm The Inn
at Santa Monica-Penthouse, 530 Pico. S.M.
\$10. 450-5123x 212

Fathers Day Special - cultures of the Se-
phardic Jews, music, poetry, liturgy,
dance and ritual from Spain, France, Greece,
Turkey. Sun., Jun 22 2pm 6505 Wilshire
L.A. \$8.

BEYOND BAROQUE LITERARY/ARTS CENTER
681 Venice Bl., Venice 822-3006
Vinny Golia Chamber Quartet, avant-jazz
composer and wind player. Sat., Jun. 25
8pm. \$2.

ART



Selected
Blasphemy

SIXTH STREET GALLERY 376 W. 6th St.
San Pedro 831-3149
2nd Annual Art Show featuring artists
of San Pedro. June 12- July 1



ALGAE WONDER FOOD!



Cell structure of Spirulina as seen through a microscope, showing spiral nature of the vegetable plankton.

Fasting with Nature's wonder food and mixing it with fruit and vegetable juices is the fastest and most natural way to flush out your system with liquids and chlorophyll without denying the body the needed nutrients for full and active metabolism.

For those with a weight problem they can reduce to their correct body weight quickly through natural means without any special dieting. Once they attain their goal they can stay on a fruit and plankton regime which will supply all proteins and vitamins needed for health.

The use of special nutritious liquid foods or vitamins while fasting enables a clogged system to clear itself without feeling hungry or losing energy.

First we should clear the system properly through three days of pure fruit juice without taking any food except two tablets of Spirulina algae at each mealtime. The algae does not act as a solid food but actually works to purify the intestines through its chlorophyll content while supplying the full complement of amino acids necessary for healthy life.

Fasting is one of the best remedies available not only to the obese person but to anyone who has stomach troubles. It can also be used to increase our meditative and spiritual states of awareness.

Rejuvenation of body tissues and prolongation of our life was often the goal of ancient peoples through fasting. The practice was said to make the flesh of an older person as fresh and young as a child's. How does Spirulina plankton help in this process?

First we must understand that all healthy bodies create poisons in the normal process of living. These are the waste products of our cells and the unwanted parts of the foods we eat which are expelled by elimination. There are also many toxic materials in the modern foods we eat, the medicine we take, as well as the pollution in the waters and air, which pile up in the sluggish system through inactive elimination. The secret of good health is in an efficient elimination of waste.

One of the worst inhibitors of our eliminative system is our mind and its negative thoughts. A clogged mind will invariably clog the movements of the smooth muscle of the intestine just as a lazy mind will make our whole body inactive and heavy. If we do not get this under control we will not only die early but our body will be always loaded with toxic material which will affect the workings of our brain. Therefore always drink plenty of liquids not only while fasting but also as a regular practice.

Toxic blood is passed through the special cells of the liver for clearing and since blood is the carrier of nutrients to all parts of the body and brain it is important to understand that the presence of pigments such as chlorophyll and the natural chemicals in the blood do affect the correct functioning of all other organs of elimination such as the bowels, kidneys, lungs, and skin.

When all these organs are in perfect balance the person remains in perfect health. Only when toxins cannot be handled by our eliminative system do the signs of ill health occur. There are always signs which indicate the start of disease or toxemia.

There is an inner intelligence acting on its own which attempts to bring on warning signs of disease so as to get rid of poisons accumulating in the body. Colds, diarrhea, fever, etc., are Nature's ways of eliminating toxins which cannot be removed by normal elimination. Automatically we do not feel hungry when the body intelligence wants to eliminate its accumulated toxins. Animals do not eat while sick. Therefore fasting with Spirulina, while providing the essential amino acids, not only helps Nature's own process but is the most efficient method of correcting imbalance!

The ingestion of small amounts of Spirulina plankton (spray dried to remove the moisture from it) has an immediate effect on the muscle tone during periods of fasting. The following benefits show that fasting: (1) gives vital organs a complete rest; (2) stops the intake of food which may decompose in the intestines and poison the body; (3) empties the digestive tract and disposes of putrefactive bacteria; (4) gives the organs of elimination an opportunity to catch up with their work and promotes elimination; (5) re-establishes normal physiological chemistry and normal secretion; (6) promotes the breaking down and absorption of exudates, deposits, diseased tissues and abnormal growths; (7) restores a youthful condition to the cells and tissues, and rejuvenates the body; (8) permits the conservation and re-canalization of energy; (9) increases the powers of digestion and assimilation; (10) improves function throughout the body; and (11) clears and strengthens the mind.

(from the book REJUVENATING THE BODY through fasting with Spirulina Plankton, by Dr. Christopher Hills, Ph.d., D.Sc.)

Anyone interested in purchasing Spirulina for personal use or becoming a distributor for the Spirulina Light Force Company, please contact Jim Hovey at the Comeback Inn or call 396-7255 or 396-6469

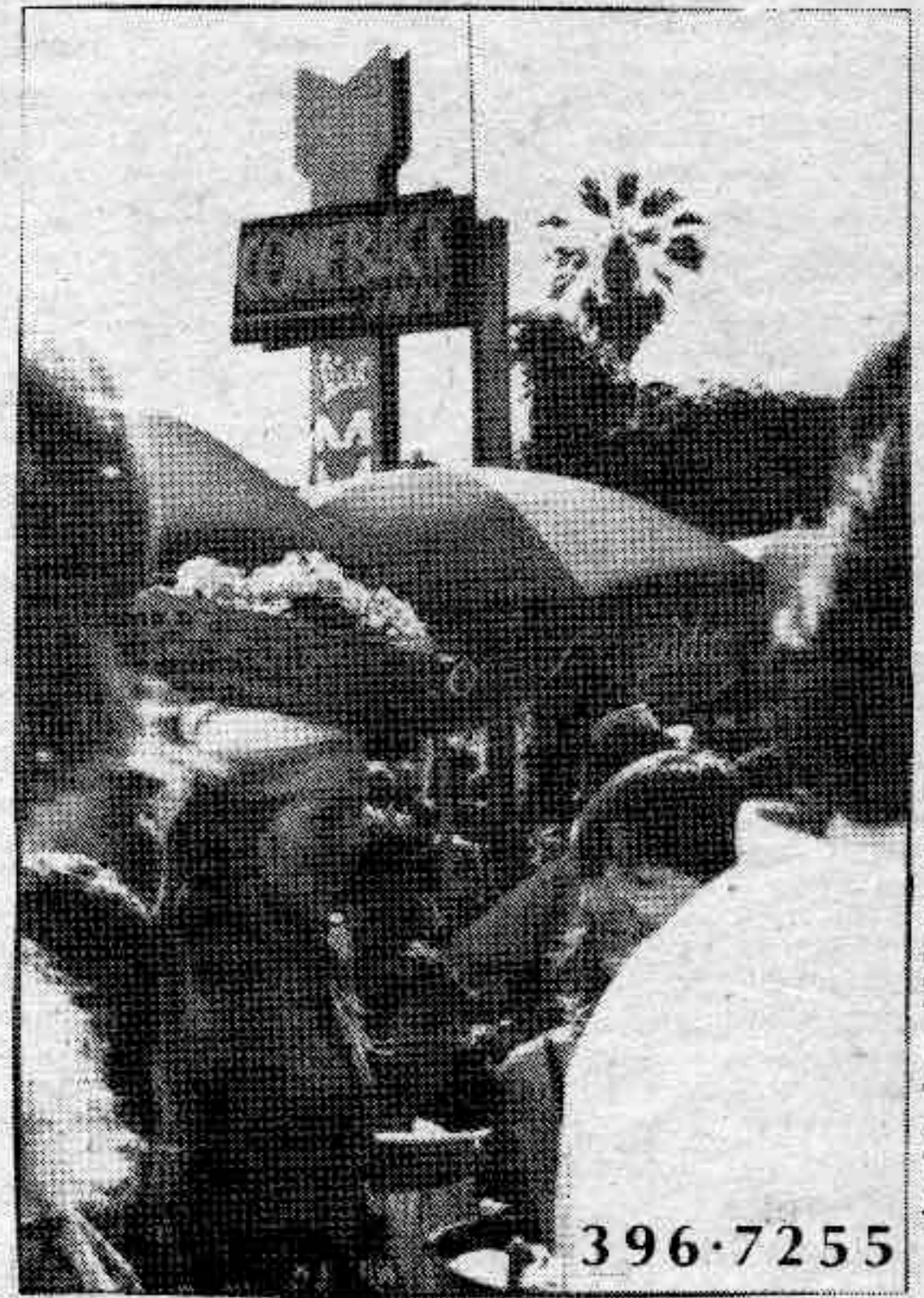


photo by Allen Stone

396-7255

GARDEN CONCERTS

every SAT. and SUN.

from 2-6 P.M.



KRISTINA OLSEN
of
THE LOOSE STRINGS BAND

FRESH VEGAN FOOD				LIVE MUSIC JUNE 83							
SUNDAY		MONDAY		FRIDAY		SATURDAY					
SPECIAL SUNDAY EVE DINNER CONCERTS 7:30 MUSIC FROM AROUND THE WORLD 9:00				OPENING FOR LUNCH SOON!							
HOURS-MON-FRI: 6:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m. SAT: 11:30 a.m. - 2:00 a.m. SUN: 11:30 a.m. - 10:30 p.m.				EVERY SAT. 7-9 p.m. SHALEV REUVENI classical piano recitals							
2 p.m. 5 SHELBY FLINT Dusan Bogdanovic		9 p.m. 6 MIRTH in MEDIA w/hosts		9 p.m. 7 ARCO AN EXCITING MUSIC JOURNEY THROUGH PERU, EQUADOR, BOLIVIA, ARGENTINA		9 p.m. 8 PANACEA CHERYL GRAINGER vocals synthesizer fusion					
2 p.m. 12 EMBRA SAMBA Brazilian Carnival 7 p.m. STEPHANIE BENNETT		"911" comedy, music, mime, visual arts, dance, audience encounters (sign-up at 8:00)		9 p.m. 9 Closed for Remodeling		9 p.m. 10 LOUIS VERDIEU EXOTIC HIGH-ENERGY RHYTHMS!					
2 p.m. 19 MOACIR SANTOS Brazilian Soul Music 7 p.m. AKEMI IWASE Japanese folk artist		2 p.m. 26 INCA Peruvian Folk 7 p.m. MOACIR SANTOS		9 p.m. 14 EMMITT CHAPMAN "The Stick"		9 p.m. 17 WAYNE JOHNSON TRIO Dynamic Fusion					
2 p.m. 20 IRIS AN EXCITING MUSIC JOURNEY THROUGH PERU, EQUADOR, BOLIVIA, ARGENTINA		9 p.m. 21 BOB RAMEY and FRIENDS percussion		9 p.m. 16 Join us for Delicious Vegetarian Specialities, fresh juices, teas and delightful desserts!		9 p.m. 18 JAH MOON 9 p.m. WAYNE JOHNSON TRIO					
2 p.m. 22 TONY JONES "concerto for the inner mind"		9 p.m. 23 KRISTINA OLSEN and THE LOOSE STRINGS BAND		9 p.m. 24 JOSE RICARDO 'LLA MARADA' salsa 9 p.m. THOMAS RONKIN 11+12:30 p.m. MILCHO LEVIEV		2 p.m. 11 PLANET "10" 9 p.m. MAYUTO Afro-Brazilian Soul					
2 p.m. 25 EMBRASAMBA Brazilian Carnival 7 p.m. STEPHANIE BENNETT				2 p.m. 27 EMMITT CHAPMAN "The Stick"				2 p.m. 28 BOB RAMEY and FRIENDS percussion			
2 p.m. 29 TONY JONES "concerto for the inner mind"				2 p.m. 30 KRISTINA OLSEN and THE LOOSE STRINGS BAND				2 p.m. 31 JOSE RICARDO 'LLA MARADA' salsa 9 p.m. THOMAS RONKIN 11+12:30 p.m. MILCHO LEVIEV			
LUNCHES AND DINNERS IN OUR DELIGHTFUL GARDEN! 396-7255 1633 WEST WASHINGTON BOULEVARD VENICE, CA 90291 one half block north of Venice Bl.											