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MORE DEVELOPMENT

LESS COMMUNITY

LESS COMMUNITY IDENTITY

MORE T-SHIRTS

MORE GENTRIFICATION



MORE TRAFFIC

MORE EXPANSION

MORE TRASH

LESS SENSE OF COMMUNITY

LESS HOUSING

### ENOUGH OF PAT RUSSELL

PAT RUSSELL CONTINUES TO SUPPORT INTENSIFICATION OF COMMERCIAL AND RESIDENTIAL DEVELOPMENT IN VENICE TO THE OBVIOUS DETRIMENT OF US ALL AND TO THE SOLE BENEFIT OF A SMALL NUMBER OF DEVELOPERS.

WE MUST STOP MRS. RUSSELL ELSE OUR COMMUNITY WILL BE QUICKLY TAKEN FROM US.

WE HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO VOTE HER OUT OF OFFICE. THE APRIL 14 PRIMARY ELECTION MAY BE OUR BEST SHOT. VENICE WILL NOT SURVIVE FOUR MORE YEARS OF PAT RUSSELL POWER.

MORE SUNGLASSES, MORE TO

LESS BUSINESS

MORE CONDOS

MORE RENT, MORE NOISE

LESS HOUSING

LESS ATTENTION TO REAL PROBLEMS LESS CONTROL OF LOCAL POLITICS

# Letter to Venetians from "Abbott Kinney" —

The Venice Beachhead  
Venice, California  
1987

Dear Fellow Venetians,

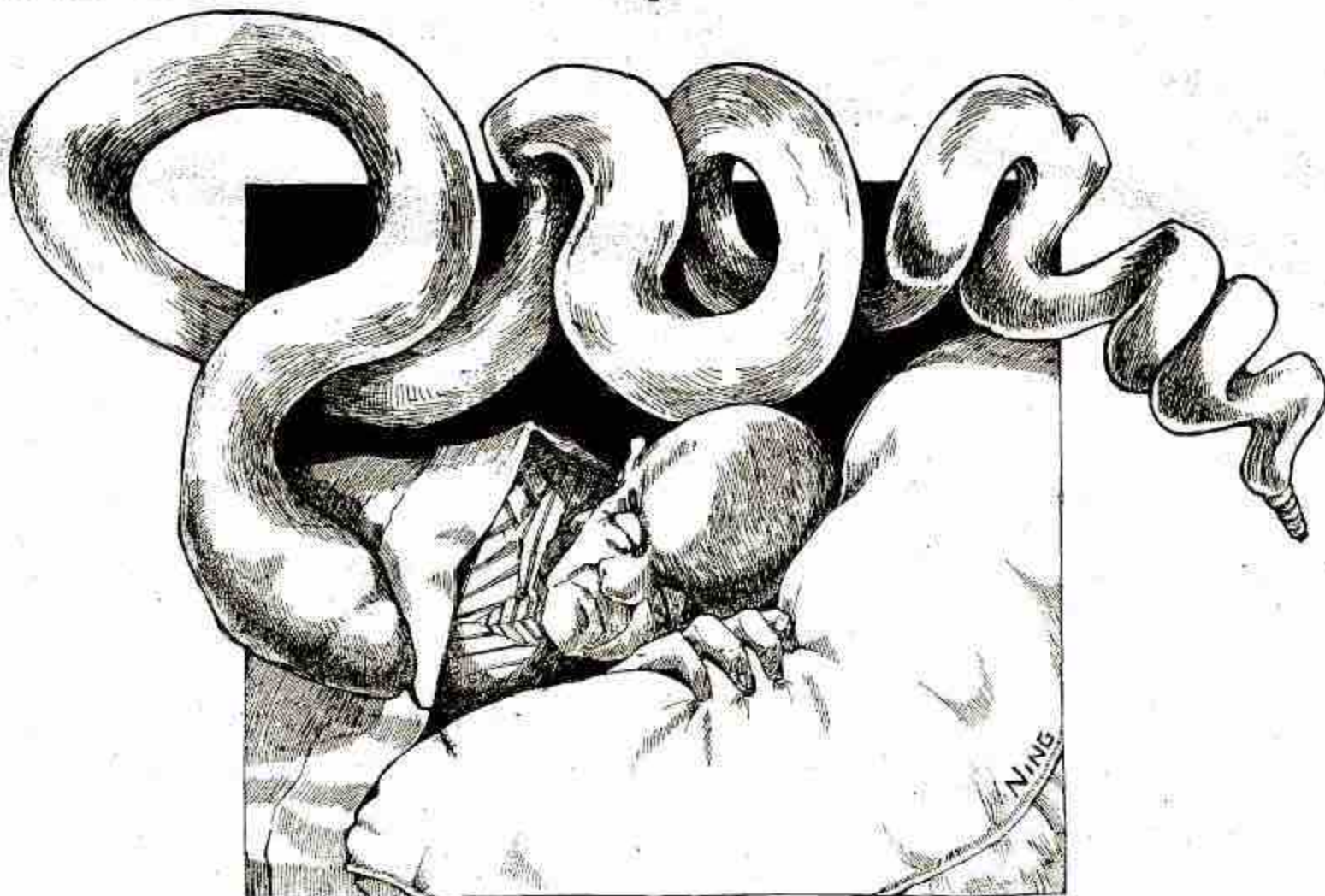
A few weeks ago I came down from my heavenly estate on Mt. Palomar to pay my respects to an old friend, Irving Tabor. Back in the early days when I was creating Venice, Irving was my associate and driver. We had alot of good times together, and he always spoke kindly of me until he recently departed from this world at age 93. I dropped by my old house that I bequeathed to Irving in 1920, and we shared some fine memories and toasted the spirit of times gone by.

While I was in town I heard that some group called the Venice Action Committee was having a fancy-dress party to raise money to buy a plan for the future of Venice. Since I have a personal, historic interest in Venice and what becomes of it, I checked out this V.A.C. organization. I found out that most folks living in Venice don't belong or can't belong because they haven't been invited to join or they can't afford to pay the membership dues - or both. I always liked to see people of all shapes and sizes and colors and degrees of wealth (as long as they had enough change to play the arcade games or buy a few Venice trinkets), so I was disappointed by the exclusive nature of this group of so-called 'planners'.

I read that a Mr. Michael Dieden had said that all the many, many Venice residents who spent decades meeting together drawing up suggestions about how Venice can be made more enjoyable for both residents and visitors had somehow managed to produce ideas that have no soul or spirit! Having watched over all those people from different Venice neighborhoods with varied lifestyles and levels of income working on plans to make Venice better for everyone, I knew for a fact that there had been alot of sweat and soul and spirit devoted to their visions for Venice. Needless-to-say, I was a bit upset about those Michael-come-lately folks and a bit suspicious about what their real motives might be.

I decided to stir up some public interest, so I got a picket sign and walked around in front of a big white tent and the expensive restaurants where this self-proclaimed 'community environmental group interested in the control of growth in Venice' was holding their party. It didn't take long to get someone's attention: in this case a man who called himself Harlan Lee. He came out from under his tent and demanded to know who I was and what I was doing. I told him my name was Abbot Kinney and that I was walking on the sidewalk. He called me a dirty name. Then he tried to get me off the street (and out of sight) by offering me some exclusive food. When I indicated that I didn't want any food and was just interested in walking on the sidewalk with my sign he demanded to know if I had a permit to picket. (None is necessary.) He then insisted on standing nose-to-nose in front of me to block my path. I waited patiently for him to move so that I could go back to my walking. I guess he finally accepted that I wasn't going to do what he wanted, so he went away - but not before calling me an "asshole" and a "prick". Such ungentlemanly language! As he went back to his tent he warned (?) / told (?) / threatened (?) me saying he wanted me to know just what kind of people I was up against.

Actually Mr. Lee demonstrated quite clearly the kind of person he is: someone used to getting exactly what he wants, exactly when he wants it; and if someone should have the audacity to have a different opinion he first tries to co-opt them and then tries to intimidate them and then curses them and then makes veiled threats. If that's the kind of person making plans for Venice, my advice to Venetians is to lock your doors. I've spent alot of times on the midway and at carnivals, and believe me: a snake-oil salesman is a snake-oil salesman - even if he wears a tuxedo..

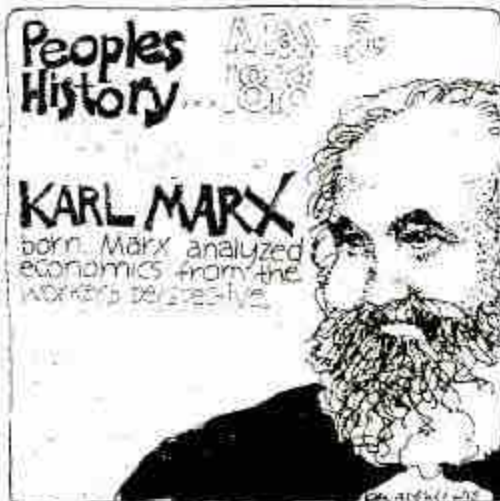
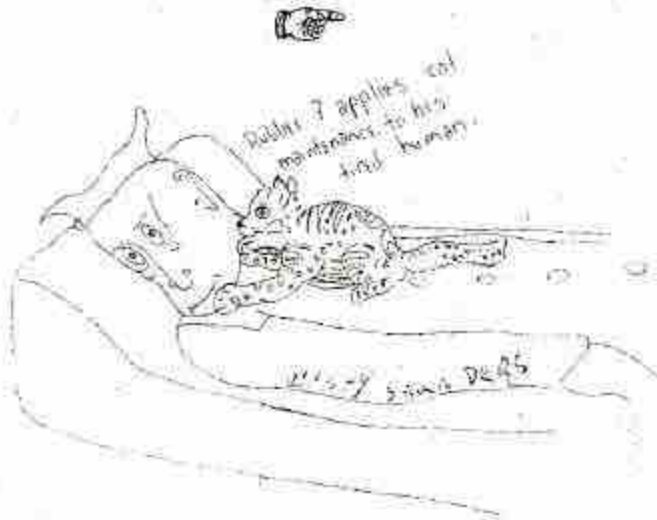


My vision for Venice has always been for a diverse, open community; a cross-cultural center where all kinds of people reside and contribute; an example of coexistence and an effort to assure the realization of public interests. Venice has always welcomed people from each of Los Angeles many neighborhoods, as well as visitors from around the world. Venice is for everyone, and that's why Venetians must view with scepticism those self-interested people who will profit by the recommendations they might make in the name of an 'improved' Venice community. Improved for whom?

And so my fellow Venetians, wake up and unite. You have nothing to lose but your homes and your community and your parking space and your clean air and your quiet nights and the walk-streets and the canals and all the color, diversity and eccentricity that make Venice of Venice take on other place on Earth. If you don't care, if you don't get involved, someone else's 'dream' will become your nightmare.

With best wishes,

Abbot Kinney  
Venice-of-the-Universe



### Inside

- Kinney ..... 2
- Boot ..... 3
- Flic ..... 5
- Commie ..... 7
- Queen ..... 8

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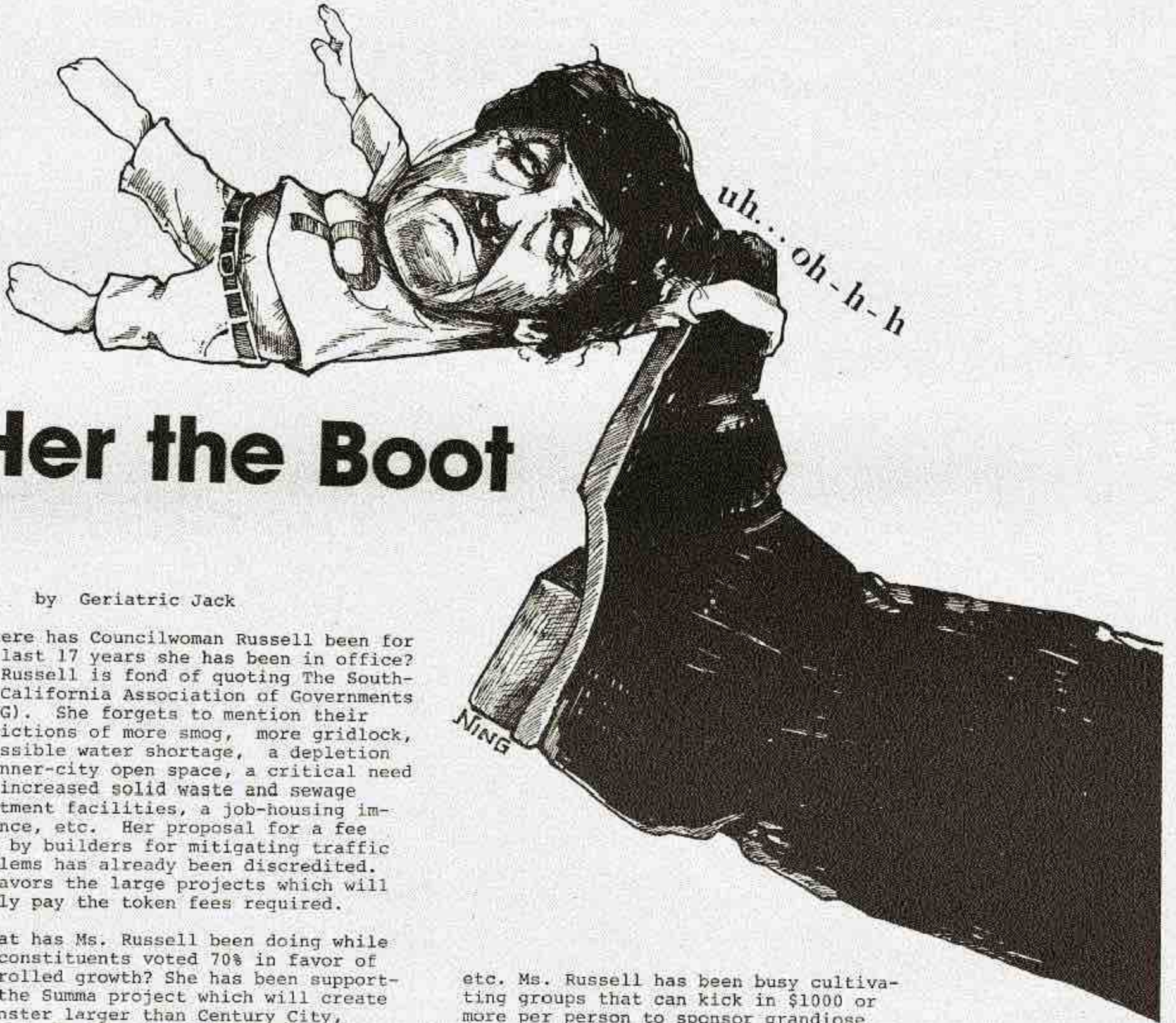
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# Give Her the Boot

by Geriatric Jack

Where has Councilwoman Russell been for the last 17 years she has been in office? Ms. Russell is fond of quoting The Southern California Association of Governments (SCAG). She forgets to mention their predictions of more smog, more gridlock, a possible water shortage, a depletion of inner-city open space, a critical need for increased solid waste and sewage treatment facilities, a job-housing imbalance, etc. Her proposal for a fee paid by builders for mitigating traffic problems has already been discredited. It favors the large projects which will gladly pay the token fees required.

What has Ms. Russell been doing while her constituents voted 70% in favor of controlled growth? She has been supporting the Summa project which will create a monster larger than Century City, probably destroy the Westchester neighborhood and exacerbate all Westside problems. At zoning hearings her staffers have supported every speculator who wants a variance despite hundreds of signatures in opposition by residents.

Ms. Russell hasn't done anything about a Local Coastal Plan to resolve the "flea market" atmosphere at the beach, as she herself called it before developers got to her, cleaning up the Venice median strip, getting Venice Blvd. paved, parking problems, pollution in Santa Monica Bay,

etc. Ms. Russell has been busy cultivating groups that can kick in \$1000 or more per person to sponsor grandiose plans. They are not the 70% who voted for controlled growth in L.A.

In 1983, a switch of only 1781 votes would have forced Ms. Russell into a runoff. An additional 3562 votes from the 74,628 who did not vote would have changed the result and relieved us of the burden of Ms. Russell.

IF Ms. Russell is reelected on April 14 you'll learn firsthand what "the arrogance of power" really means. KISS YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD GOODBYE!●

## 5 who can!

Voters are lucky this year to have five challengers to select from as a replacement for Ms. Russell. Get behind one of them!

Among the challengers are three Venice residents, and a candidate each from Mar Vista and Crenshaw.

The challengers and how to contact them:

RIMMON FAY, Marine Biologist, former regional Coastal Commissioner. Phone 822-5757.

RUTH GALANTER, Planning Consultant, former regional Coastal Commission chair. Phone: 645-9305.

SAL GRAMMATICO, Realtor and Community Activist from Mar Vista. Phone: 390-1673.

VIRGINIA TAYLOR HUGHES, Crenshaw businesswoman, Community Activist. Phone: 291-VTH6.

PATRICK McCARTNEY, writer and Community Activist. President of the Coalition of Concerned Communities. Phone: 306-7756.

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GIVE 'EM HELL!

4 Free Venice Beachhead  
 P.O. Box 504, Venice, California 90294  
 March 1987 No. 207  
 ISSN 0884-9641  
 Circulation 20,000  
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Free Venice Beachhead

# Grapes of Right

During my long lost college days I supported the UFW. Later I learned firsthand the tactics of the UFW are as repressive and Un-American as the growers'. As the UFW gained power, they made it impossible to sell grapes not stamped as picked by the UFW.

By making it impossible to sell grapes, the UFW put me out of business. I had no employees to exploit. I worked 14-16 hours/day picking a pickup truck + small trailer load of grapes + taking them to market in LA or S.F. Sound diabolical?

Farmworkers should have a decent life and the Union has made some inroads on the sins of the growers. But when a U.S. citizen's business is eliminated in this fashion (with attendant hostilities + in field sabotage) the union shines through as a mafia. The UFW is, with the growers, responsible for the destruction of the free enterprise system as relates to the fruit + vegetable business. This also eliminated low prices to the customers of stores I did business with. My avocados + grapes- 15-20¢/lb. Farmworker-picked grapes cost 40% more (wholesale) than those I handled completely on my own.

So if your heart bleeds for the UFW, give some consideration also to those whose free + independent businesses were eliminated by this would-be-monopoly.

The typical gullibility of the Opportunity board in deciding not to sell grapes is typical of the textbook socialist who run their stores like they are founding a religion.

Any tract can throw them off track because their information is not based on reality or experience. ●

Craig Heiller  
 392-5569

## FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

Kelly Ball, Memphis Slim, Kathy Sullivan, Carol Fondiller, Jim Prickett, Kate Keeling, Diane Nickerson, Patrick McCartney, Victor Wightman and Malcolm Tent.

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.

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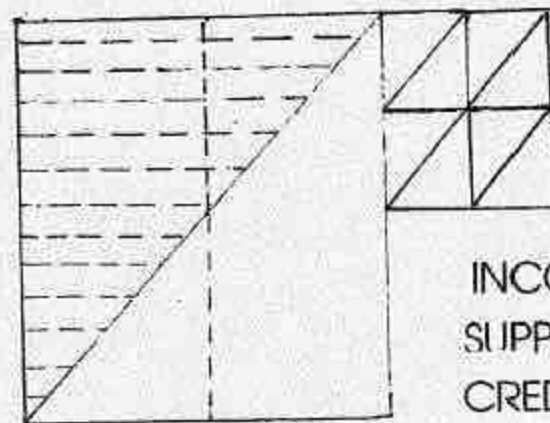
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(USB&A SURVEY OF CURRENT BUSINESS, 1969-1977)

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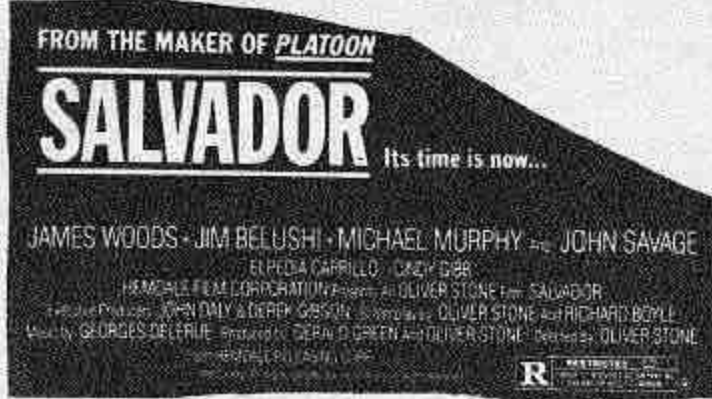
# Flic-Picking

In a recent *Village Voice*, Andrew Sarris proclaimed his displeasure with Jules Feiffer's decision to review films for NPR. Sarris complained that every semi-literate writer thinks he's qualified to do film reviews. I'm no exception. The announcement of the Academy's five nominations for Best Picture are a good excuse to give you my list of the 5 best films. (And if Sarris is annoyed, all the better: he only paid me \$50 for "A Directorial Index to the American Cinema," which made his first, and only important, book, *The American Cinema* indispensable.)

*Something Wild*, which the Academy completely ignored, is my choice for the year's best film. When I tell people what it's about, they look pretty sceptical, and I suppose I can't blame them: a woman (Melanie Griffith) seduces a yuppie (Jeff Daniels) and convinces him to pose as her husband for her high school reunion where they encounter her real and psychotic husband (Ray Liotta). The first hour is alternatively funny and sexy; the second hour is tense and menacing. It is the sort of gripping, intense, and sexy film that you (and Brian DePalma) wish that DePalma knew how to make.

What separates Demme from DePalma and other hacks is, in part, the respect that Demme has for his characters. In a performance which I earlier predicted had the best supporting actor award locked up—actually, he wasn't even nominated—Liotta is brilliant. One feels his menace, but can also see what attracted Griffith to him when they were in high school. Also appealing is the film's casual anti-racism, which I think flows from Demme's general respect for working class culture. Most Hollywood films are casually racist either explicitly (John Hughes' films, *National Lampoon's Vacation*) or by omission (Woody Allen's oddly all-white New York in *Hannah and Her Sisters*, which was an enjoyable, but grossly over-rated film.) The most obnoxious casual racism last year was Jeff Bridges playing a heroic and amiable bigot in Jane Fonda's *The Morning After*—a film about which the less said the better.

to shot. One senses, from these scenes, how fundamentally impossible it was to win the war, and how futile the effort was, but the absence of any political and historical context makes the film incomplete.



This is Oliver Stone's year: *Salvador* is an even better film than *Platoon*. Critics have pointed—only half in praise—to the pulp power of the film, as if to imply that political films need to be cerebral and distancing. *Salvador* will never get the recognition accorded *Platoon*: it is about a current struggle in which the U.S. government is once again supporting a murderous government. Sure, there were problems with this film: there were times when the film seemed to share the sexism of its major characters. One could also argue that the film is too centered on its American protagonists. That criticism is politically sound—the oppression of hundreds of thousands of peasants is more crucial than the travails of an American photojournalist—but I suspect that it may be dramatically unsound. People write much better when they write about what they know. Boyle and Stone's protagonist may not be the most important person in El Salvador, but they understand him and have made a brilliant film about him.



Curiously omitted from the Academy's list is Bertrand Tavernier's *Round Midnight*, particularly since Dexter Gordon's silky performance received surprising recognition. The lack of recognition accorded America's greatest musicians makes it not surprising that the first respectful treatment of jazz would be by a French director.

The last film on my list played only at 11:00 on weekends: it was called *Las Madres* and was about the small group of women who helped to bring down the military dictatorship in Argentina. They were not particularly astute politically, nor did they have a background of being exceptionally courageous. It was just that the government, having taken their children, had nothing more to threaten them with. They didn't have a long-term strategy: approximately 13 of them just began marching in the Plaza with posters carrying photos of their children who the military had seized. The film tells the dramatic story of how this act began the process leading to the fall of the

generals and introduces us to an extraordinary group of women. (As a historian, I found the film disturbing on another level: the names of these women are still not well known, while the generals they overthrew will be in all the history books).

- Jim Prickett

Note: Apologies to the women who directed *Las Madres*—I can't remember their names, and it is not playing anywhere now. It is not (entirely) sexism, that the only directors not named are women.

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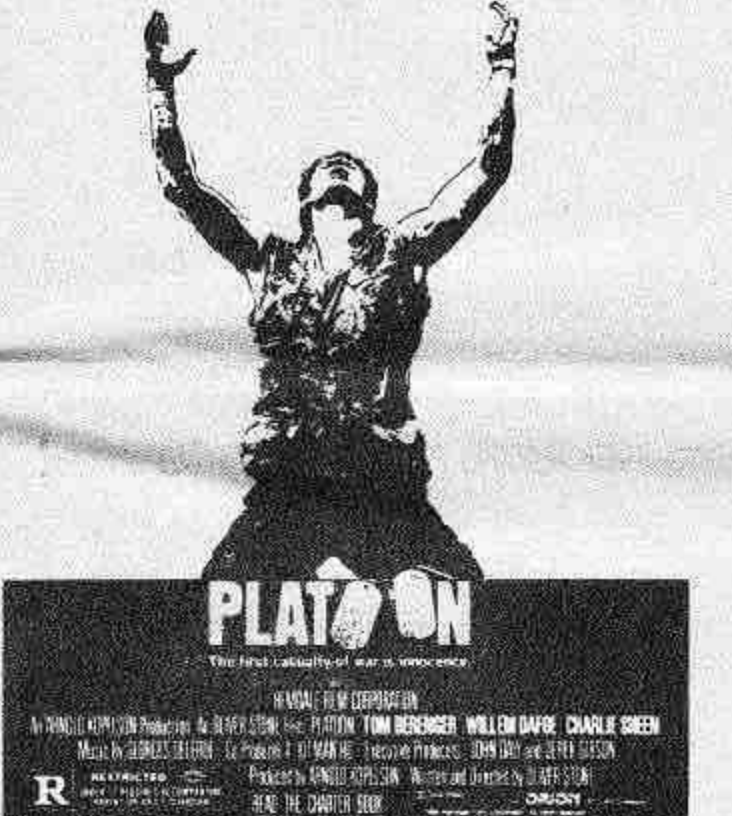
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The only film on both my list and the Academy's is Oliver Stone's *Platoon*. Stone seeks to show what a single tour of duty for a single soldier was like. This is the film's strength and its weakness. There is no historical context to the film, no sense of whether the war was right or wrong, or even what was at stake in the war. Some day, someone (probably not an American) has to make a film that shows the Vietnam's epic struggle for independence and unification against first the Japanese (1941-1945), then the French (1946-1954), and finally the Americans (1960-1975). *Platoon* makes no attempt to do that—it rigorously excludes all perspectives beyond that of the infantryman. One never gets a sense from *Platoon* that the United States dropped more bombs on the Vietnamese than were dropped by all sides during the Second World War. It appears that however devastating the bombing was for the Vietnamese, it was little help to the infantryman in the field.

And what *Platoon* does do is give one a feel for the experience in the field, particularly the pointless missions where soldiers went out in the field, waiting to be shot or looking for Vietnamese

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# mccartney for City Council

# You Can Stand this Pat

by DIANE NICKERSON

I've known Pat McCartney now for nearly three years. Our paths first crossed at a meeting of the Free Venice Beachhead collective. Unbeknownst to me, there was an "official" movement underway at the paper to try and catch the attention of local folk who might be interested in joining and/or supporting the Beachhead in whatever way possible. I showed up by what I thought was accident. However, as we all know, there are no such things as "accidents," just coincidence, and what was meant to be, was.

At first, Pat, myself, and a couple of others, were the "new kids" on the Beachhead and simultaneously became acquainted with each other and the rest of the Collective. One of my first impressions of Pat was that he seemed to be a thoughtful, creative, and supportive person. Another impression was that he seemed to have a definite, yet very different idea of some of the ways things ought to be done on the Beachhead. Not all of his suggestions were met with the most positive response, but he didn't take his toys and go home. He respects the rules as much as he persists in changing them, and says, "I've never seen anything more conservative than a roomful of progressives."

Before long, Patrick had joined the newly revived Venice Town Council as well as the Coalition of Concerned Communities, and eventually became President of both. He also became a member of Not Yet New York, an open-government group, and remains on its steering committee. Citizens for Common Sense Solutions is another reform group that gained his interest. Their aim currently is to put an initiative on the ballot to enlarge the L.A. City Council, and to limit the number of terms for its members. Here in Venice, he helped found the Venice Historical Society.

It was at this time that I became aware of Patrick's ability to seek out and express the heart of the political scene in his community. As President of the Coalition he became the most visible spokesperson for community interests in our District, as well as a leading critic of Pat Russell's special-interest politics. "By February last year I realized I would be a factor in the next District Council race," he said. McCartney officially declared his candidacy on December 2, 1986.

When asked what originally attracted him to the Venice area, McCartney, 38 and a native of the Westside, stated that "the diversity, the richness of human experience here" were major drawing factors. He currently feels that those qualities are in imminent danger of disappearing.

McCartney proposes intervention in the gentrification process. As the demand on Westside housing grows, the threat to the social fabric of the Venice community increases. Patrick believes that this needs to be recognized with a policy of assistance to renters and owners who have limited incomes. A Housing Programs Office would make funds available to protect the economic diversity of the community.

"Venice is losing its arts and crafts image as well," Patrick said, "when more people than ever are coming here to see 'artistic' Venice." Patrick feels that only by regulating vending will you give artists and craftsmen an opportunity to be seen. He frequently refers to the Ocean Front Walk as "Ocean Schlock Walk," and proposes a change in the "flea-market" environment brought on by unregulated Boardwalk vending. McCartney is currently working on a plan to propose a quarter-space allotment to local artists and craftsmen as an addendum to the conditional-use permits on three Boardwalk vending sites that are up for renewal before summer, this year. He aims to stop the sacrifice of Venice's artistic ambience just for sake of profits of absentee property owners. Venice has, after all, an image and history of artists, and Patrick feels we have an obligation to the local artists to have an opportunity to sell their work.

As we all know, the plight of the homeless in 1987 is worsening, and the situation is tragic and serious. As a



member of the Westside Coalition for the Homeless, McCartney recognizes the connection between the shortage of available housing and the growth in the number of homeless families. "There are more transients and homeless in the Venice-Santa Monica area than anywhere but Skid Row. Venice needs a daytime service center," McCartney said.

"Speaking of needs, the residents of Oakwood are not without their share. They need improved alley lighting, anti-graffiti funds, and for the City to clean up its empty lots," Patrick has told me. "The present anti-drug Task Force should be made permanent."

Patrick believes that Venice doesn't receive the public services that its population or increased popularity deserves. "Parking for both residents and visitors has been inadequate for years," Patrick has said, and has written about the problem repeatedly in the Beachhead. "The only real answer is for the City to provide more parking, and then it's an issue of who pays, and where to create it." Patrick would like to see underground lots at Rose and Ocean Front Walk, and at Brooks Avenue. He also favors an assessment district of businesses near the beach to help pay for the work.

Patrick has a commitment to reopen the Venice District Office, which was closed by Pat Russell over 10 years ago. He promises to personally oversee a program of Venice improvements.

Seeing Patrick metamorphose into a public figure while at the Beachhead has made me feel that all the energy I felt three years ago has come full circle. I wish him well and support his effort to serve the needs of Venice.

□

There are many more issues to be addressed, like the pollution of Santa Monica Bay, the deterioration of the Pavilion, Senior Transportation, unpaved alleys, Santa Monica Airport noise, historical protection, littered walkstreets, and maintenance of the Venice Blvd. median strip (after all, what's the use of landscaping without irrigation?). On Wed., March 25 there will be a City Council Candidates' Forum sponsored by the Vista del Mar Neighbors Association at the Westchester High School on Manchester. I urge you to take advantage of this opportunity to see and hear your candidates in action; participate and educate yourselves in the battle to overthrow Pat Russell from the Sixth District Council Seat. ■

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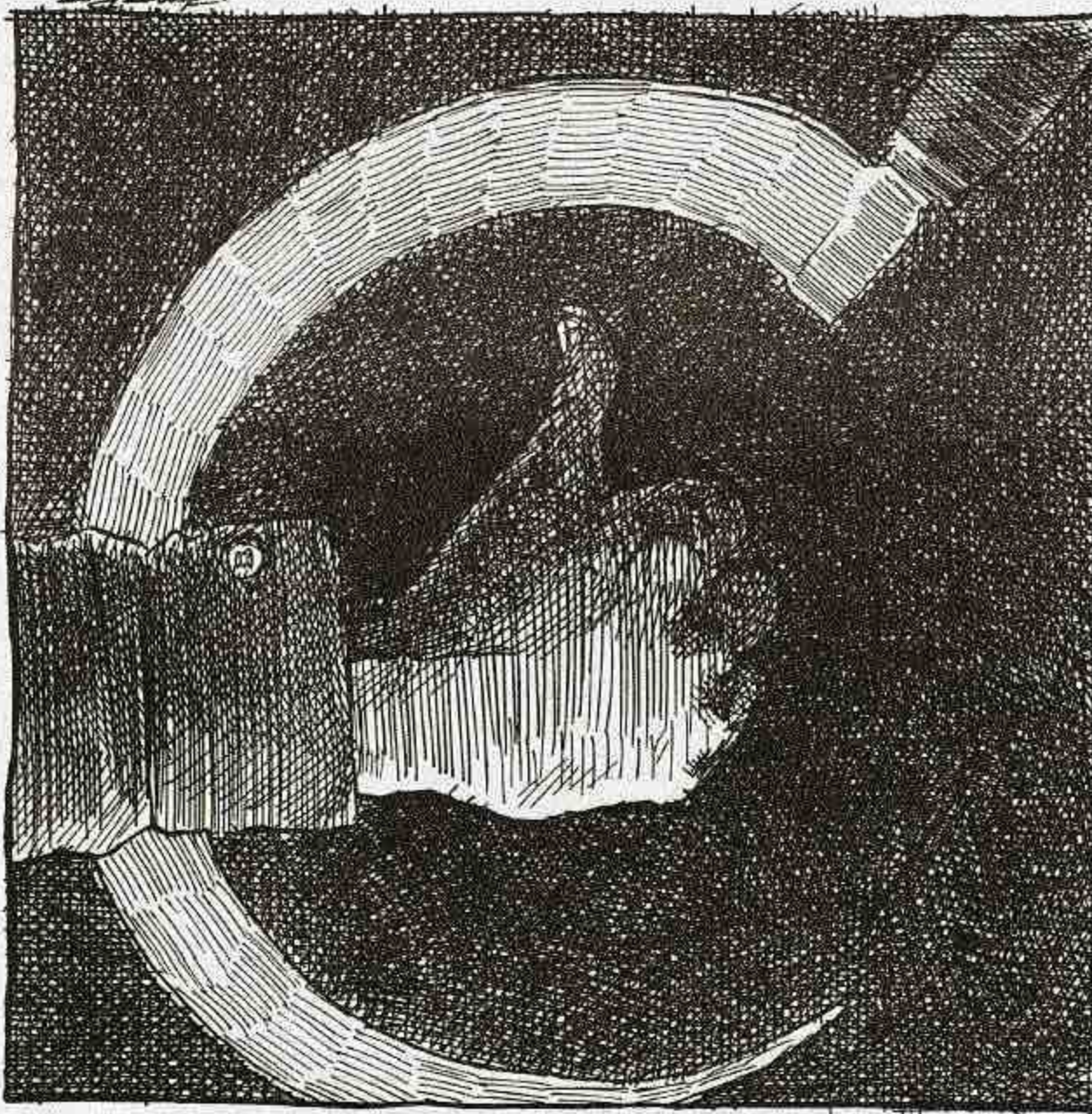
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# Excommunicated



Again I became disturbed over just how, who, and why eventual travelers were to be chosen from those who applied but wouldn't be picked. From my "perch" in the "highest" steering committee, as well as involvement in the finance committee...I began smelling a rat brewing from a closed fire. I tried too late to open the lid and find out what was stinking inside the kettle.

The first stench appeared when our "preliminary selections" were "moved back" several weeks via direction of New York "aristocrats". Acting (or not acting) on apparent information (or lack of info) supplied to them by the ubiquitous "John", the first review of festival candidates took place in my own office entirely through written (and/or recommended by John) applications. And without approval/dissapproval by the full preparatory committee, a prioritized list was presumably phoned in to New York. It was immediately sabotaged somewhere then between the combinations of John to NY, NY to John, John-blame-NY, NY-blame-John circus diarrhea. In the middle of course, several full-blooded (and ignorant) C.P.-LA members inter'jected' to "back" John, (against an uprising LA committee membership).

And once attempting to rectify miscommunications between LA and NY myself, the real smell surfaced. Apprised of the boundaries of the fracas, I then decided to tear into the procedures and principals involved.

Demanding to know why several of the most highly recommended participants had been "dropped" (including myself and Sandy), I confronted John and his most prized lackie Beatrice privately as well as publicly before committee members.

## by Young Communist League

A friend recently remarked that George Orwell had the right idea...that political "power" turns pigs of all breeds. And this is where I stepped into the Communist Party/Los Angeles-New York branch. And just so as to not whet the appetite of all you communist-loving cowboys that would twist this story...let me remind you dear readers whatever alternative "ism" exists out here in the movie capital comes across to this writer as sheer hyperbolic shit. Capitalism, anarchy, cynicism, lethargy. This is mere introduction. Get on to the trivia:

2 years ago I was invited to a cultural "Soviet/USA-peace" benefit on Wilshire Blvd. With an attractive young "date" amidst a sea of elderly, european faces, I was singled out during intermission by a dapperly young man introducing himself as "John", a "college student". He was embarking to coordinate the Los Angeles area's contingent of "young People" for an upcoming peace festival to be held in Russia.

He spoke on behalf of this international gathering aimed for the summer of 1985. Moreover (as it turned out), this man-child was the principal go-between for the organization unofficially sponsoring the event...namely the Young Communist League.

Because I worked at that time as admissions recruitment coordinator for the Peoples College of Law fulltime, I determined that it was a natural to pursue these evidently "peaceful feelers". Not only for the benefit of those many people I had routine contact with in my job...but for myself as well...especially with regard to suspicions, misgivings, ignorance or what-have-you that I felt toward involvement with the "Communist Party USA". Thus, being hesitant in requesting other's involvement into anything for which I was basically unfamiliar...I further decided to apply toward the peace trip myself.

And ironically enough, the first critics of this enterprise voiced their objections "from the left". Operating from my office at the school (a fair bastion of the "right-left"), the "marxist-Humanists", super-intellectuals renting space upstairs on Sunday evenings...chastised my naivete for dealing with the "C.P.". Spurning details, their general warning seemed to be that the (C.P.) "party line" would prove a "crippler". Disliking the ultra-theoretics of this fringe reading club, I poo-pooed the forewarnings as a lack of activity...preferring to test waters with my own shoes.

And no sooner did these "lefties" fade from memory than did I enter months of meetings, benefits, phone-calls, writing exercises

and the like to which I genuinely developed a respect for the "work" habits of certain LA "leaders" and "shakers". These were particular individuals who routinely carried their load of involvement, sacrifice of time and effort to overcome many evident hurdles which surrounded our 'peaceful objectives'. For instance one very gentle black man named Sandy, pushing himself on the roster of a well-to-do, european community center, pitching for funds from seniors for the cause of "peace", and a community of "youthful representatives" of whom none of us (officially) knew to have yet been picked. These caucasoids seemed unreachable had Richard Pryor stood in front of them burning himself on the spot. And yet Sandy appealed generously to their reason.

And so our motley crew of 'volunteers' carried on and on, reaching out, raising monies, making friends and spreading the word. Not until one American Indian organizer pulled me aside to speak plainly, did I begin to put two plus two together. Although first doubts had begun grilling my mind when I remembered how tight-lipped and enigmatic John (our coordinator) became when poked for details regarding the actual person-selecting process for the eventual trip.

Dan, my native friend asked rhetorically why our committee was raising so little money in comparison to the costs of sending 20-30 people. Aside from a few's good work, I recognized that a large majority of the anticipating (youth festival preparation) committee appeared acutely undisturbed to the issue. I realized that most probably, the "silent individuals" were worried not a bit by the lack of our common funds. In fact, these people were merely going through motions of raising money, only half-heartedly pushing for support.

And this disturbed me. For as Dan pointed out the obvious...how would less wealthy working kids, black, brown, indian, asian kids be able to afford it if group monies were not raised? Or in other terms, how would the preparatory committee's platitudes pay the bills?

And their silence was deafening. Passively allowing my wails no answer, the co-conspirators comfortably could rest and rationalize that mine was certainly no mission of "peace"...but rather of "troublemaking" and "provocation". After all, I could always throw away even more telephone dollars to have even greater New York bullshit artists refer me straight back to John and Beatrice.

The ever-present "silent majority" of traveling hopefuls (for whom I had increasingly become uncomfortable around), carried on in greater silence still...rounding up their large, private financial reserves in but final minutes and seconds. One know-nothing english blowhard stupidly jumped up to the defense of John and Beatrice by early attack and swearing and name-calling against me. He was nearly instantly rewarded with trip tickets himself.

Comrades,  
Comrades,  
There is no  
need to argue!  
Vee vill all raise moolah  
for the very brightest of  
you! Now get back to work!  
Pleasssee Darlinks!  
Allvee vant is peace! Absolute peace!





# Queen of Lies

## Look Who's Talking

when she's either done the opposite or nothing at all.

by Moe Stavnezer

My god! She's calling us liars. Pat Russell certainly has learned the power of the Big Lie and is in the process of perfecting the art in her current campaign for city council. At the first candidates forum, held in Westchester in mid-February before about 400 people, Russell distributed a press release decrying the Big Lie technique that we're using against her. Now can you beat that?

Russell claims, in a version of newspeak that would make George Orwell grin like a Cheshire cat, that she's not a supporter of big development. Oh no, friends, quite the contrary she's the champion of controlled development. Kind of like Rambo's a peacenik.

This is the same person who, at government expense, put out a mailer that pointed a snake oiled finger at a small group of people who she claimed "deliberately distorted the truth to scare local residents" about her Coastal Transportation Plan. At the time, that "small group" included the Venice Town Council, Coalition of Concerned Communities, the Chambers of Commerce in Venice and Marina del Rey and other "radical" groups.

This is the same person who has backed Summa's Playa Vista plan for a massive development (larger than over 20 cities along California's coast and equal, in square footage, to 5 Century Cities) and now claims to stand for controlled development. This is also the same person who received almost \$50,000 in campaign contributions from the Summa Corp. and was referred to as the "Councilwoman from Summa" in award winning journalist David Steinman's hard hitting *L.A. Weekly* article last year. And it's the same person who's ex-chief aid, Curtis Rossiter, acted as her campaign manager while at the same working for Summa and both adamantly claimed that there was no conflict of interest involved. I wonder why Curtis isn't her campaign manager this go

around? Especially since, in the first financial disclosure of this campaign, Russell shows paying Rossiter and David Grannis, another ex-aid who also works for Summa, more than \$56,000. Not to mention that Russell's Venice campaign office is just across the patio from Rossiter's. This is the same person who says in her "Big Lie" press statement about Playa Vista that "What I wanted-- what I wished with all my heart we could do--was turn it all into public parks." What unmitigated balderdash! What arrogance in the face of the reality of events surrounding her unbending support of every excess proposed by Summa and all the money she's gotten from Summa.

Russell's defense of her record is a convoluted argument, couched in high sounding but empty rhetoric, that she is the victim of of a group propagandists! The word "propagandists" is, of course, fought with evil intentions conjuring up a small group sitting in a secret place plotting to besmirch the real record. But she also implies that the propagandists include anyone who doesn't agree with her. And so, with smoke and mirrors, Russell eliminates all of her opposition as being no more than propagandists out to destroy her wonderful record. People who are protesting her inaction on the noise issue from Santa Monica airport, those who object to the Howard Hughes Ctr., to Playa Vista, to Marina Place, to a huge hotel in Playa del Rey, to lack of development in Crenshaw, to turning the Canals into a mini-marina, to destroying the Ballona Lagoon, to not dealing with our parking problems, all are dismissed as a group of propagandists! As Ruth Galanter, candidate for Russell's seat in the April primary says, "In Pat Russell's 6th District, citizens' concerns are tossed aside as 'big lies.'"

Russell's Big Lie defense reminds me of the Air Force general who described the crash of a cruise missile as having "impacted with the ground prematurely." She can't admit that she's crashed so she throws up a wall of words, mostly platitudes like "making the hard choices," in order to give the impression that she's actually done something

In fact, under Russell parking in Venice has gotten far worse and she hasn't added one public parking space to this community in 16 years; traffic has deteriorated throughout the community, especially at Lincoln Blvd's intersections with Venice and Washington and Russell has only offered a terribly flawed plan of street widening to cope with it; every development in Venice, no matter how big, has had her unstinting support; she opposed Prop. 65 when voters in her district, led by Venice, voting overwhelming for it; she has not even bothered to deal with the problem of the homeless in our community in anything approaching a coherent policy; she appoints citizen committees and then ignores them; she ignores calls and letters from constituents from all over the district, unless the press is around; she has all but ignored the problems in Santa Monica Bay when, as a coastal councilperson, she ought to be a leader in solving those problems.

I don't know about you, but I'm tired of being ignored. Hell, Pat Russell didn't even bother to come to the candidate's forum sponsored by the Venice Town Council and moderated by the League of Women Voters. Instead, she wrote a letter claiming that she was detained in Sacramento and wouldn't be able to attend. Meanwhile, she was the only candidate who didn't respond to the invitation to the forum and did not tell a League partyicpant that she might be out of town the day of the forum. The rumor that she wouldn't bother to show up surfaced more than a week before the forum. And she's calling us liars!

I'M TIRED OF BEING IGNORED, of being called a liar, a propagandist, a naive knownothing who just can't see the truth as Russell defines it and who's opinion is therefor worthless. I believe that Russell's time has come to an end, that she must and will be replaced as our coucil representative because she simply no longer represents us.

I've got an alternative. Ruth Galanter is an old and respected friend



# The Rendering of Venice

## V.A.C. 'Vision' for MARKET St.

by Carol Fondiller

When you go downtown to City Hall and you're on the exit ramp, buildings zoom skyward like glittering stalagmites. Reflected clouds scud by and are mirrored across the glass and steel buildings.

It all seems soaring and inspiring. You are now entering L.A., City of Dreams. This is progress, the future, these buildings seem to say. Here all is blue skies. Those glass buildings don't have windows that open to catch the Southern California climate. No, all is air conditioned. The friendly attendant will park your air-conditioned car. A person can go to a restaurant, an agent, a broker, or art gallery without having the taint of smog touch one's lungs or walk the seedy Downtown L.A. streets. I'm sure there are people in Los Angeles who breathe nothing but recycled air from the day they are born. They breathe nothing but recycled air in the buildings where they work, shop and play. These buildings shelter or shield one from the heart of Los Angeles, the gritty day-to-day business that occupies most of the people who live in L.A. The people waiting impatiently for the light to change and pedestrians or drivers, they see the ahead, great charging packs of humanity, living their lives at street level, whether it's hot, humid, or rainy.

Flinty megaliths encapsulate, isolate human beings from humanity. Usually I take the bus to go Downtown. The 33 goes straight down Venice Blvd., from the beach, through the communities, the backyards of the city, where formerly Northern-Western European neighborhoods are giving way to the colors of the people who've come here to make it in the Imperial City of the Pacific Rim. The bus is crammed with Haitians, Ethiopians, Chinese, Mexicans, Japanese, Vietnamese, Salvadorans, Lebanese, Israelis and Russians, as the 33 cuts through the garment district o Hope & Spring Streets, in front of that building that seems to be designed to represent the most significant part of a man's anatomy, at least to the architect, and to remind us of the phallosocracy that rules us all.

Westwood is full of those glorious tall buildings that seem to be the modern equivalent of the Gothic cathedral. They reflect as if in a state of narcissism other tall glass buildings.

When I go out on the Ocean Front Walk, the spontaneity, uniqueness of the human wave that crests through Venice - come on Venetians, even those among us who suffer agorophobia in varying degrees, especially on sunny weekends, you have to admit the tourists are fun to watch - the diversity of that human wave is echoed in the buildings along the Ocean Front Walk. Some of the buildings strike me as charming, some nondescript or ugly.

But there's one building that makes me laugh every time I walk by it. It used to be called the Bathhouse. It's now called the Sea-Something-or-Other. It takes itself so seriously as a building as it sits on Breeze and Ocean front Walk.

I saw the architect's rendering of that particular building. The building is a blood-brown replica a replica of a Doge's palace. There is a railing around the base of the building, and the base rises five feet off the ground. Now, that five feet of blank wall in Venice, Italy, is below water, so that in Venice, Italy, the multi-arched windows and doors seemed to float above the water, at least at

high tide, and one hitched or tied (whatever one did with a gondola) and walked in. The architect's rendering of the replica of the replica on paper showed the Bathhouse as it looks today, with some differences. Its perspective was as if one were viewing it from the sand, the ocean side of OPW. The rendering shows it rising grandly above the sand with no other buildings around it, and - surprise, surprise: no Ocean Front Walk with teeming globs of humanity. The beach seemed to start at the building, where your basic architect human models recline or stroll on the sand. The five-foot high base is nowhere in sight, because of the perspective, and as I sit on the sand across from it, it looks all right. But as I get close to it, the five-foot-high base acts as a barrier to the foot traffic on the OPW.

In the past four years of its existence, only the bottom floor of the Bathhouse has been rented out, and not to the fast-food emporiums, boutiques, or Yuppie junk-foods, but to the much-despised vendors that everyone wants to get rid of. Yet these ex-vendors on the Ocean Front Walk with their cheap sunglasses, T-shirts, and plastic sandals are the only ones who come up with the rent. The upper stories, projected as office suites for movie magnates, lawyers, or stockbrokers, remain vacant.

On the weekends, an inflatable six-foot dinosaur wearing outside sunglasses makes the Bathhouse seem more accessible. Hand-lettered signs advertising space for rent add a homey touch.

The architects and the owners tried to impose their vision, ignoring the reality of the community around them, because they really weren't interested in community; they were only interested in selling big boxes on the sand to one another in a speculation game. Venice, Italy, they seemed to think. Well, we'll make a replica of the old Bathhouse.

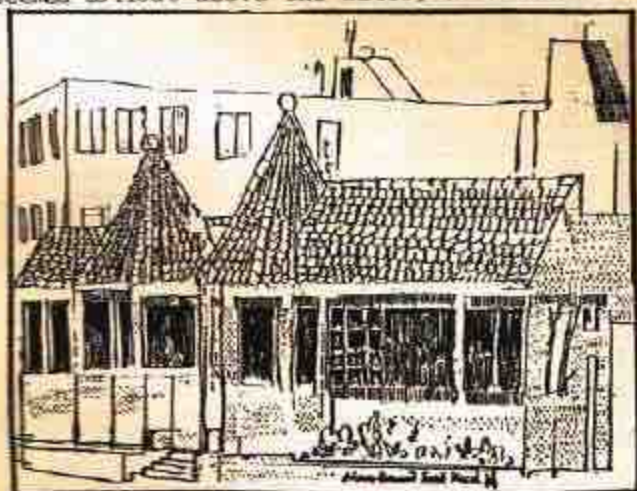
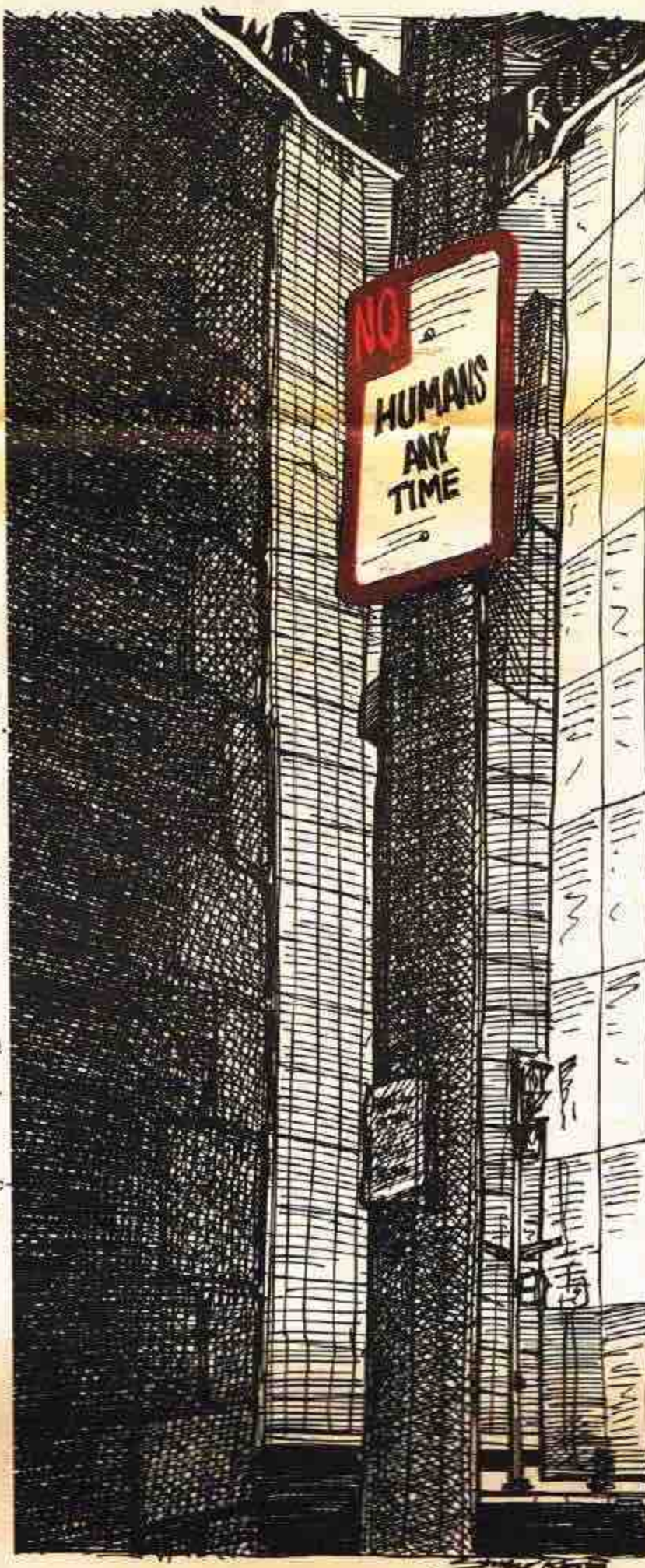
That should get the historical restoration freaks off our backs. But the "original" in Venice, California, was a replica. One can see another building on the Ocean Front Walk that is also a replica of a Doge's palace, but it has been adaptive to Venice, CA. That is the Sidewalk Cafe. It is one of the original buildings, and the arches and columns are street-level. But the architects of the Bathhouse wanted to keep out the hoi-polloi: no beerbellies encased on t-shirts that proclaim sexual preference need apply. No stick-faced children, please. No old bubbas looking for bargains will be tolerated.

I've also noticed these buildings need so much to keep them operating: water to be pumped out for parking, air conditioning because the windows won't open, etc.

Venice is a collection of neighborhoods. One section has different customs and uses and needs from the other areas. On Electric Avenue, cars park in the middle of the street, hood up, doors open, as your generic guy works on the car with assists from other guys. On Brooks Avenue, people sit on porches and the kids use Brooks Ave. to play, and neighbors congregate and cars stop as neighbor talks to neighbor. Other streets, I'm sorry to say, are taken over by drug dealers, selling their goods to the drivers of Chevy, Porsche and Rolls alike. In other areas, staccato Spanish comes out over the airwaves "och-ocho-tres-Hawthorne Boulevard..." On Crescent Place, the owners of primly kept lawns and properly painted houses seem to be running a perennial contest as to whose dog can lay the biggest, hottest turds on the street.

Market Street is another neighborhood. Craftsman's cottages, sort of an offshoot of the handcrafted movement in England, are shaded by gnarly trees that line a fairly wide street. The widow of the last Mayor of Venice lives there, as she has since she was four. Venice historian Tom Moran says that Market Street is one of the few historically intact areas in Venice. The owner of five lots on Market Street who's also lived in Venice most of her life, wants to build a sixteen-unit apartment building on her consolidated lots. This is not, as these things go, a large development. We're not talking Main & Rose, or Playa Vista. But we are talking about mostly single-family units and some fourplexes and two little cottages on one lot thrown in. But a sixteen-unit apartment house in that neighborhood does an impact make. And who's to say that some people aren't even as you read this busily buying and consolidating lots so they can do likewise?

At the hearing, Michael Diaden, founder, ex-Pres of V.A.C., Venice Action Committee, a group made up of developers, speculators, and other visionaries, spoke of the need for replenishing housing stock. He talked with the homeless and how this apartment house with two-



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# Earthquake, War and Courage



----- A member of the Comadres, the committee of mothers of the disappeared, ----- shows a thick book of photographs of the murder victims, compiled to ----- help identify their "disappeared" loved ones--PHOTO: Rich Lewis -----

On a recent fact-finding trip to El Salvador Richard Gere and Dr. Charles Clements met, amongst others, General Blandon, head of the Salvadoran Armed Forces. Richard Gere is, of course the actor, Charles Clements is a Quaker who worked as a doctor in a rebel-controlled area of El Salvador for a year. At the end of their meeting General Blandon presented them with a sword. Upon their return to the U.S. Richard Gere's delegation sent a reciprocal gift to the General, with no illusions but in the interests of diplomacy. The gift? A video of "An Officer and a Gentleman".

Meanwhile opposition to Duarte's government is growing, even though imprisonment torture and death are a constant and very real threat the notorious Decree 50 allows for 15 days incommunicado detention. In November more than 160 North Americans joined with a similar number of Salvadorans in a trade union-organised conference "In Search of Peace". This large U.S. delegation represented a wide range of union locals, from carpenters and plumbers to the U.A.W. as well as church leaders and four Congressional aides. Making the inaugural speech was Michael Urquhart, representing the 750,000 members of the American Federation of Government Employees. During one of the conference workshops there was an intense debate about the American Institute of Free Labor Development, the interventionist arm of the AFL-CIO. Urquhart pointed out that many unions do not support AIFLD and that the presidents of 24 big unions have organised the National Labor Committee in Support of Democracy and Human Rights in El Salvador.

During their visit the U.S. delegates piled into several large buses to see what life is like in a repressive, war-torn and earthquake-shattered country. They visited the headquarters of the National Union of Salvadoran Workers' (UNTS) earthquake relief and Domus Maria, a desperate little refugee camp the Catholic Church is trying to close down. Two busloads bounced over dirt roads, past army checkpoints, to the bombed-out town of Tenancingo where the inhabitants have organized to move back from refugee camps, reclaiming their homes (against government policy which is to drain the

sea from the fish). The Congressional aides met with political prisoners, their conversation with jailed human rights workers drowned occasionally by the roosters the prisoners are raising (the prison diet is totally inadequate). All the prisoners told of brutal and humiliating torture. The youngest prisoner is just 13, seized in the field where he was working for refusing to buy a soldier cigarettes.

In Ilopango women's prison the more than 70 political prisoners have their children with them, preferring to have their toddlers and babies living in prison than left to their uncertain fate outside. At present they are living in tents, sleeping together on narrow cots as the prison was damaged in the earthquake.

The conference ended with a call for a negotiated end to the conflict and an end to all military and economic aid. The US contingent left with a strong commitment to change and with a strange feeling for what it is like to live in a scene from "Casablanca"-odd-looking men stand around in the corners of your hotel lobby, listening, trying not to catch your eye, sudden changes of plan for reasons of security and a nagging awareness that someone may be seized at any moment.●

Linda Dove  
Venice-December '86

## MUSICAL DOCUMENTS THE FILMS OF JOHN COHEN

By Stephen Clare

John Cohen has been involved with folk music for nearly thirty years. He was a founding member of The New Lost City Ramblers which from 1958 to 1979 performed and recorded traditional music, including 15 albums for Folkways Records.

In the early 60s he began to make films on indigenous music, tracing its roots in ancient cultures and examining its contemporary social role. He has produced a remarkable series of films that have been acclaimed by scholars and critics as valuable records of our musical heritage and honored with major awards from film festivals as works of art in their own right.

ASH GROVE PRODUCTIONS will present two of John Cohen's films as a benefit for The Nicaragua Task Force.

MOUNTAIN MUSIC OF PERU (1984)  
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Filmed in Hazard Kentucky, THE HIGH LONESOME SOUND offers an evocative portrait of Appalachian music and its importance in the lives of the rural poor. The film focuses on Roscoe Holcomb, one of the areas most accomplished singers and banjo players. The film also features gospel singing at a Holiness Church and a public concert by Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys. Both ROLLING STONE and SING OUT! magazines claim this as one of the best music films ever made! ●

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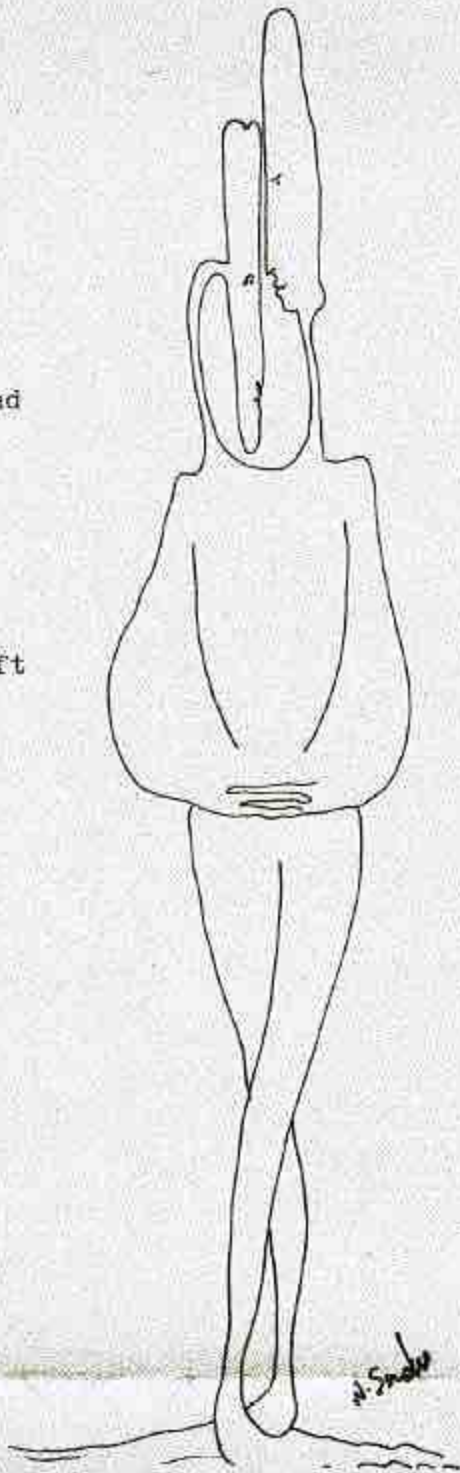
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Poetry

Venice West

Do you remember?  
the chess game in each reeling bar  
amidst the raucous noise and spinning light  
on an oceanfront walk through surreal night  
when the "gas house" was aflame  
with ideas and smoke  
from weak home-grown dope  
and poetry was chanted  
to the off-beat wail of a tenor sax  
in the beat coffee-house "venice west"  
how you would call a party in your tumbling pad  
haunted by psychedelic doges  
of the grand canal & tributaries to a fix  
and sing and party til next week's dawn  
cause neighbors never gave a shit  
and if they did they would just fall by  
and have a drink or toke  
to ease their restive souls  
or a bit of crystal to wake up  
how when properly lit some would fashion a raft  
from the front door to the pad  
that was always open  
and drunkenly float on this swamping craft  
whimsical gondoliers  
singing off-key grand opera arias  
poling up and down the slimy waterways  
where the cops rarely came  
for at least "it" was contained  
they figured  
they had "it" pent up  
in a place where the main stream didn't flow  
the infamous canals  
where bikers dopers poets drunks  
and other misfits maintained  
when venice was still  
a restless slum-by-the-sea  
no shit do you remember?

Don Johns  
Venice, California  
1/16/87



Nicaragua

From the sky I see your lush green rolling hills  
So rich and fertile, full of promise  
We land and I find your people  
Poetic, long-winded, optimistic, destitute

I meet the mothers of the fallen heroes  
Dressed in their Sunday finest, discards  
we would use for dusting  
Their sons murdered by the cruel jack-boots  
I am an American

I cross the winding dusty mountain road  
I meet the displaced, victims  
of the well-planned violence  
Farmers now, sharing land, food and cattle  
They show me where they will hide the children  
If the contras come  
I am an American

Back in the capital, we march and chant  
The target of our rage a long,  
sleek compound of glistening white  
The U.S. Embassy

We are all Americans

We are here to labor on the land, to build  
To find the truth, to tell the story  
A cluster of children, ragged and thin  
Sprung from the roots of this much-tried land  
Merge with our marching feet to sing  
The Sandinista Hymn

The words jump out at me  
Luchamos contra el Yanqui, enemigo de la humanidad  
we struggle against the Yanqui, enemy of humanity  
Together we sing

We are all Americans

Adele Wallace  
September, 1986

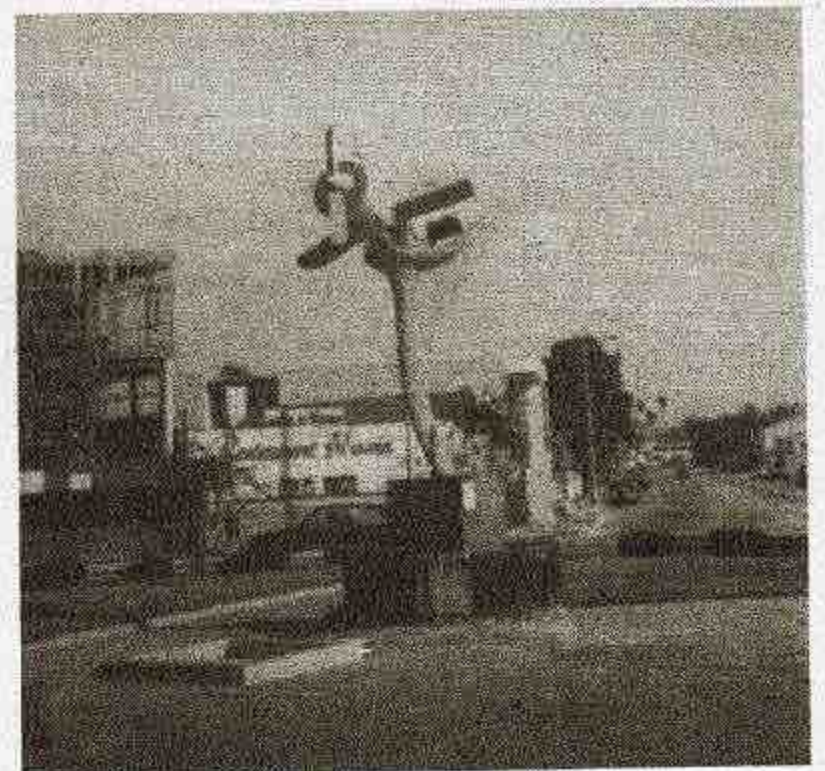
The Door

The door of doors is before me, "Thrice knock says I".  
To catch a narrow glimpse of some stately passer by.  
Whilst I stood the wind did fill me with a love so strong,  
That any time they tried to kill me somehow things went wrong...  
Glad am I, today I say, thinking back pon yesterday, when  
Freckled boy sadly played, alone he played, to some dismay...  
Courage sought now to enter this door of doors at last,  
"Come back", I hear them calling, to your rightful task.  
"Nay I say I cannot stay, whisper did the wind today, and  
Told me of my task".  
Enter in did I, my fears dispelled evermore, enter in did  
I, that I should seek nevermore...  
Beauty beyond Vision, mental parade, such a pun to think that  
Once I was Afraid.

By Daniel

Use your bayonets gentlemen  
carve out their eyes  
now the future is blind  
take their hands at the wrists  
now they hold neither pencil  
nor can they bind the corn  
from the good black land  
sever their small feet  
bloody toes stiff and mangled  
in the dust of the road  
now the walk to freedom comes  
upon elbows and knees  
in the merciless heat  
cut out their hearts  
and watch in the howling jungle  
the small muscles beating ---

Stephen Meadows



Santa Monica Airforce Spy Trapped by Statue

Photos: Rich Mann

# continueds

"RENDERED" continued from page 9

bedroom units would accommodate families who would have two and a half spaces for parking. Sure. Or five stewardesses could move in and share the rent. Six students. Or twelve actors. I looked at the architect's rendering. Steve Erlich, Venice resident, designed it. Dieden says he's sensitive. It sort of, kind of, looked like a craftsman's cottage. Of course, no other buildings were shown in the drawing for comparison. Councilwoman Russell approved of the building because of four units which would be low-income senior housing. She said she was coming up with a plan that would involve permit parking for residents. I stole another look at the architect's rendering. Yep, craftsman's cottage, all right, but a BIG craftsman's cottage. Sort of a contradiction in terms. A man who said he was a developer,

said one can build and not destroy a neighborhood, and still make a profit. My attention wandered, as it often does at these Planning Commission meetings, when density bonuses and zoning variances are being discussed. I thought of the architect renderings of the Canals, how chillingly correct and tasteful they were. Vertical banks, cement surrounding little trees, and those eight-heads long people in deck shoes leaning on the rail in front of a quaint little cottage. Except that those eight-heads-long people, or people who aspire to that look, want to live in cement bunkers with skylights. They do not want little cottages. But the draftsman for the Canals knew that cottages are in proportion to the canals, while those so-called one-family, two-story-high armories dwarf and diminish the canals. Dieden, Erlich Goulden et al., tried to come across as caring individuals who were interested in senior low-income housing, when in reality what they want is profits.

Anne Howell, the Hearing Commissioner, recommended that the building be reduced to ten units, including two low-moderate income units. But this will be appealed. What will be created here is a slum, an expensive slum. Just as those tall new buildings look so perfect and infallible, when in reality all they do is jam more people together in less space for more money, taxing already strained resources like access and parking, causing more congestion, more noise, etc., etc. Again Dieden and the people he represents have their own vision, and like the missionaries that colonized Hawaii, they are so full of their vision they don't see what's around them.

People are fighting for their neighborhoods. I don't deny that VAC and others have vision, but their vision is making money, just as their drummer is the quiet rustle of dollar bills. I've always worked and talked about the need for low-to-moderate-income housing. But four measly units is too high a price to pay for the destruction of a neighborhood.

# continueds

'QUEEN' continued from Page 8.

and I'm working to see that she gets more votes than any of Russell's other challengers. That's because I know that Ruth would be the best councilperson and because I know that she has the broadest support in- and outside the district. In order to beat Pat Russell we have to make sure that she doesn't get more than 50% of the vote in April and that one of her challengers clearly emerges as the leading contender. By fielding 3 candidates from Venice we've made that all the more difficult because of the vote splitting that will take place at the time when unity is most needed. This is a time when decisions have to be made, like it or not. No joking, it's easy to bash Pat Russell but it's much more difficult no joke to choose somebody who can replace her and back that person in a race with such far-reaching consequences as this one has for all of us. I think that Ruth Galanter is the candidate most likely to succeed who, fortunately, has the best politics and the best chance to beat Russell. So I urge all of you to vote for Ruth Galanter on April 14th. Let's retire Pat Russell and her band of Summa trainees and let's do it now!

# continueds

"EXCOMMUNICATED" CONTINUED  
FROM PAGE # 7

Through Dan's, my own, and others' constant pressures, we were able to boost the number of native americans who left for the USSR. Yet the final crew departing clearly appeared more the resemblance of cast-off, 'say-yes-massah', flunky children of a spoiled, Beverly Hills prep-school choir than a cross-section of peace-spirited, and/or principaled LA youth.

And so the children on a special mission for peace took off, returning sometime later unannounced and quietly. Banished twice from the trip myself, (I had applied separately on a companion trip shortly after learning of the first rejection...and was told no visa would be issued), I naively wished some of the younger visitors would return truly desiring to share their experiences and learned messages.

Attending an extremely boring C.P. gala-function in an expensive downtown hotel several months later, I stumbled across John, Beatrice and a few of the chosen peacecesters after dinner. John was unable to see Beatrice's glaze was more Barbie-doll plastic than ever. And only the "innocent" courtesies of one mexican cutie

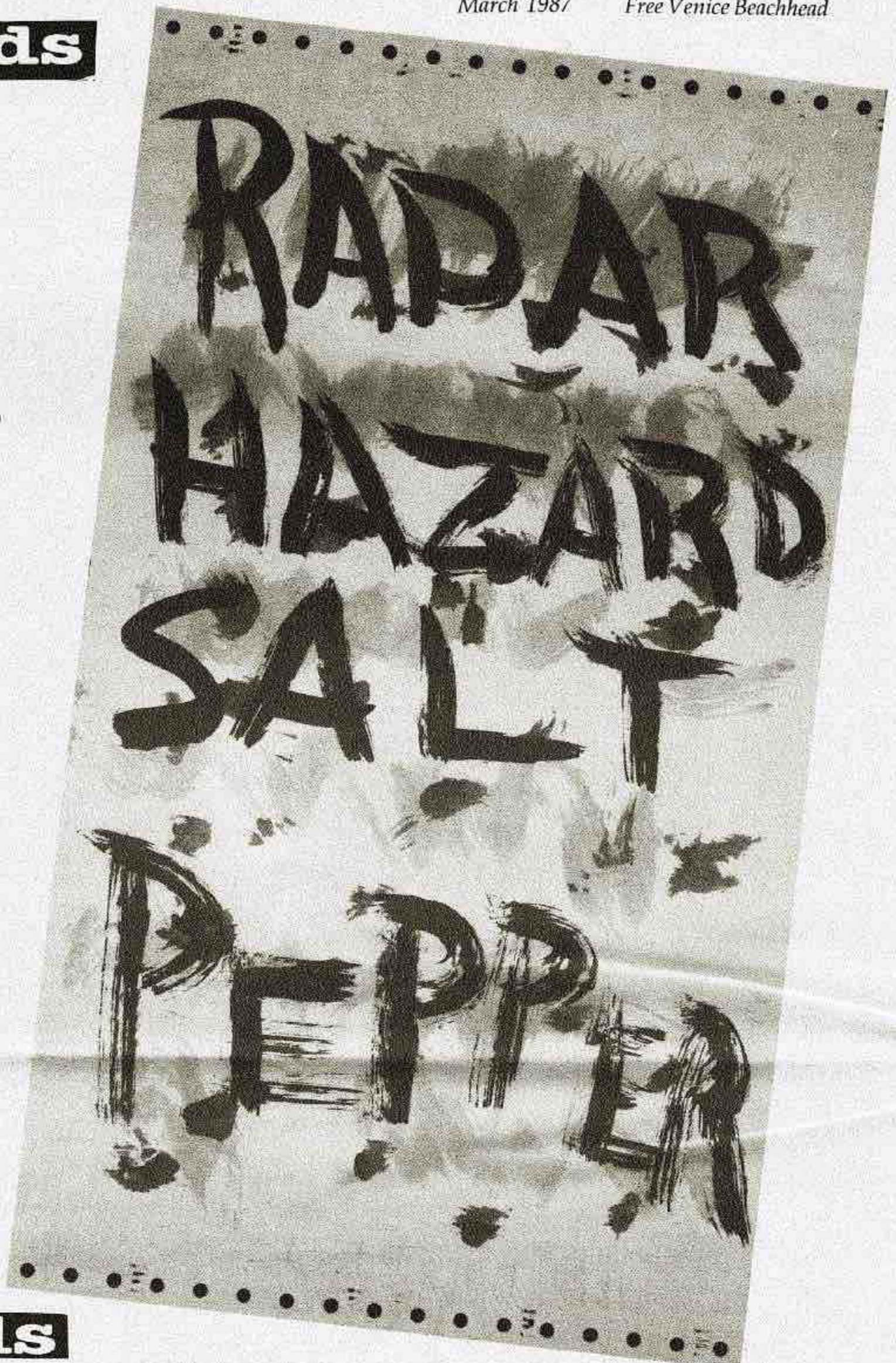
(who had missed most of the crucial infighting and argumentation) claimed mild bewilderment to the nasty group break which had occurred prior to her voyage.

Even the friendliest indian girl for whom some of us had struggled so hard to include, neglected to invite us for slideshow snapshots of her own taking.

And perhaps because I had never bothered to officially register, let alone officially kiss any young commie bureaucrat's ass, I will probably never again be eligible to be excommunicated by the Young Communist League.

the actively naive reporter:

*Victor Wightman*



# Community Events

The Beachhead welcomes notices of public meetings and entertainment for publication on the Community Events page. To have your event publicized, please mail your press release to us at P.O. Box 504, Venice 90294 by the third Sunday of the month. Late additions can be called in at 823-5092 no later than the following Wednesday.

## POLITICS

WAND/L.A. sponsors an evening with MARGARET PRESCOD speaking on THE EFFECT OF MILITARISM ON WOMEN SUNDAY, MARCH 15 7:30 P.M. ANTIOCH UNIVERSITY 300 ROSE AVE. VENICE

Peace & Freedom Party meets First and Third Sundays. For Info call: 396-3555 Office at 837 Lincoln Blvd., Nr. Co-op

## SOCIAL

### THE CHURCH IN OCEAN PARK

#### CONTINUING GROUPS

AA Monday Evenings at 8 pm  
KUNG FU with Victor Walker Monday, Tuesday & Thursday at 6 pm & Saturday at 8:30 am  
OVEREATERS ANONYMOUS Monday, Wednesday & Friday at 7:30 am & Saturday 10 am  
CISPES (Westside Chapter) 2nd Saturdays at 10 am (call 396-6557 for info)  
COCAINE ANONYMOUS Meditation workshops Thursdays at 7:30 to 8:30

235 Hill Street • Santa Monica  
Phone: (213) 399-1631

The 1st. UNITARIAN CHURCH of LOS ANGELES "THE WAR, THE CONTRAS AND REVOLUTION IN NICARAGUA" will be the subject of SISTER MARY HARTMAN, FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH of LOS ANGELES 2936 WEST 8th ST. MARCH 15 at 11A.M. The service is translated into Korean & Spanish. There is sign language for the hearing impaired.

THE SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE NETWORK SUNDAY, MARCH 1 at 7 P.M., a video of attorney DANIEL SHEEHAN'S "CONTRA" versial speech in which Mr. Sheehan implicates govt. officials and others in political assassination attempts on the lives of both foreign & U.S. officials. Sheehan accuses the C.I.A. of importing cocaine to help finance the Contra war. Discussion of starting a collective newsletter will be held. \$4.00 donation requested. Meeting will be held at the YWCA 10936 SANTA MONICA Blvd. near Veteran in Westwood. Call: 398-4141.

## Personals

SANTA MONICA DISCOVERY TOPIC: SAYING GOODBYE WITH DEGENCY FRI. MARCH 13 7:30P.M. Unitarian Church, FORBES HALL, 1721 Arizona St. Santa Monica. Donation: \$4.00 INFORMATION: 397-0028  
SANTA MONICA DISCOVERY TOPIC: "AFTER HELLO...." FRI. MARCH 27, 7:30P.M. Unitarian Church Forbes Hall, 1721 Arizona St. Donation \$4

## ENVIRONMENT

SUNDAY MARCH 22 ASSIST CREW MEMBERS !!! CRUISE ABOARD THE VANTONA & LEARN TO IDENTIFY FLORA AND FAUNA BROUGHT UP FROM THE DEEP EXPECT TO SEE PORPOISES IN ATTENDANCE! CONTACT: (818) 347-07670

RUTH GALANTER TO SPEAK FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 7:45 P.M. at the Westwood YWCA 10936 SANTA MONICA Blvd., blocks east of the San Diego Freeway The topic will be, "NEW COALITIONS MEAN

NEW HOPE for the ENVIRONMENTAL MOVEMENT" sponsored by SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE SINGLES REQUESTED DONATION: \$4.00 for more info, call, 398-4141

## POETRY

BEYOND BAROQUE PAUL BOB of BOB & BOB will read from his work at BEYOND BAROQUE MARCH 6, at 8:30 P.M., 681 Venice Blvd. ADMISSION \$3.00, members, \$5.00, NON-MEMBERS. 822-3006



Art

CAL STATE UNIVERSITY, LONG BEACH MARCH 25 "ART IN NATURE: THE CALLA LILY IN MODERN PAINTING" LECTURE by CHARLES ELDRIDGE, DIRECTOR, NATIONAL MUSEUM of AMERICAN ART, PRESENTED in cooperation with the SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION UNIVERSITY THEATRE 7:30 P.M. TICKETS: (213) 498-5761

## PERFORMANCE

CALARTS in TOWN FREE EVENT an EVENING of PERFORMANCE ART SUNDAY, SUNDAY, MARCH 8 at 8P.M. at the MORGAN WIXSON THEATRE 2627 WEST PICO Blvd.

## HOMELESS

The UNITED NATIONS has declared 1987 as "THE YEAR OF SHELTER for the HOMELESS" The U.S. MISSION to the U.N., in all it's wisdom, has persuaded the U.N. to take out any reference to the homeless in the U.S.A. in a film produced by the U.N. on the subject. (thank to the Santa Monica Democratic newsletter)

Here's a partial list of organisations that help if your down on your luck & flat on your assets:

RESOURCES INFO:  
Bible Taber nacle.....821-6116  
1761 WASHINGTON WAY, VENICE OPEN 24 hrs. (they offer shelter.....829-2911  
BURKE HEALTH SERVICES. MEDICAL 2509 PICO Blvd. Santa Monica open: 8.A.M.-4:30 P.M. MON-FRI.  
STEPPING STONE YOUTH CENTER.....450-7839 (RUNAWAY YOUTH ONLY) 24 hours  
SUNLIGHT MISSION.....450-8802 1754 14th St., SANTA MONICA OPEN 8.30 A.M.-7P.M. M-F & SUN. 8.30 A.M.-5.P.M., SAT., food, shelter  
ST. JOSEPH'S CENTER.....392-5101 9:30A.M.-12:30 P.M. & 1:30 P.M.-4:30P.M. MON.-FRI food, counseling

## THE GLOW GIRL

A Nuclear Play

WRITTEN BY ROBERT CHAMPNESS  
DIRECTED BY DANNA DOYLE  
PRODUCED BY TARI LINDEN

The Alliance For Survival and Camelot Artists Productions cordially request your presence for a special day of Anti-Nuclear Theatre. Education and Action

### Saturday March 28, 1987

MATINEE PERFORMANCE 2:00 P.M.  
EARLY EVE. PERFORMANCE 5:00 P.M.

- Also -

A 3:30-4:30 "Between Shows" PARTY and IN-THEATRE RALLY

(includes Snacks, Music and Special Guest Speakers)

### Skylight Theatre

1816 1/2 N. Vermont Ave. (3 Blks N. of Hollywood Blvd.)

### All Tickets - \$15

(Limited Space Available)

Please Reserve Early!

Call the

Alliance For Survival Hotline at (213) 399-1000



CHECKS PAYABLE TO: ALLIANCE FOR SURVIVAL 13 Sunset Ave., Venice, CA 90291

## POETRY

### POETRY ON MELROSE

MARCH 15 AT 3:00 P.M.

STEVE GOLDMAN, a spirited lyric poet, will read from his works. GOLDMAN was the founder & initial director of the VENICE READINGS in the OLD JAIL SERIES

### GASOLINE ALLEY

7219 Melrose Avenue  
Los Angeles, Ca. 90046  
(213) 937-5177

### DONATION

HARRIET WOOD'S POETRY WRITING WORK SHOP the direct art of writing the professional poem Santa Monica college Liberal Arts Bldg. 1900 Pico Blvd. Registration \$35 INFO: 452-9214 LOS ANGELES OCEANIC SOCIETY



VENICE TOWN COUNCIL

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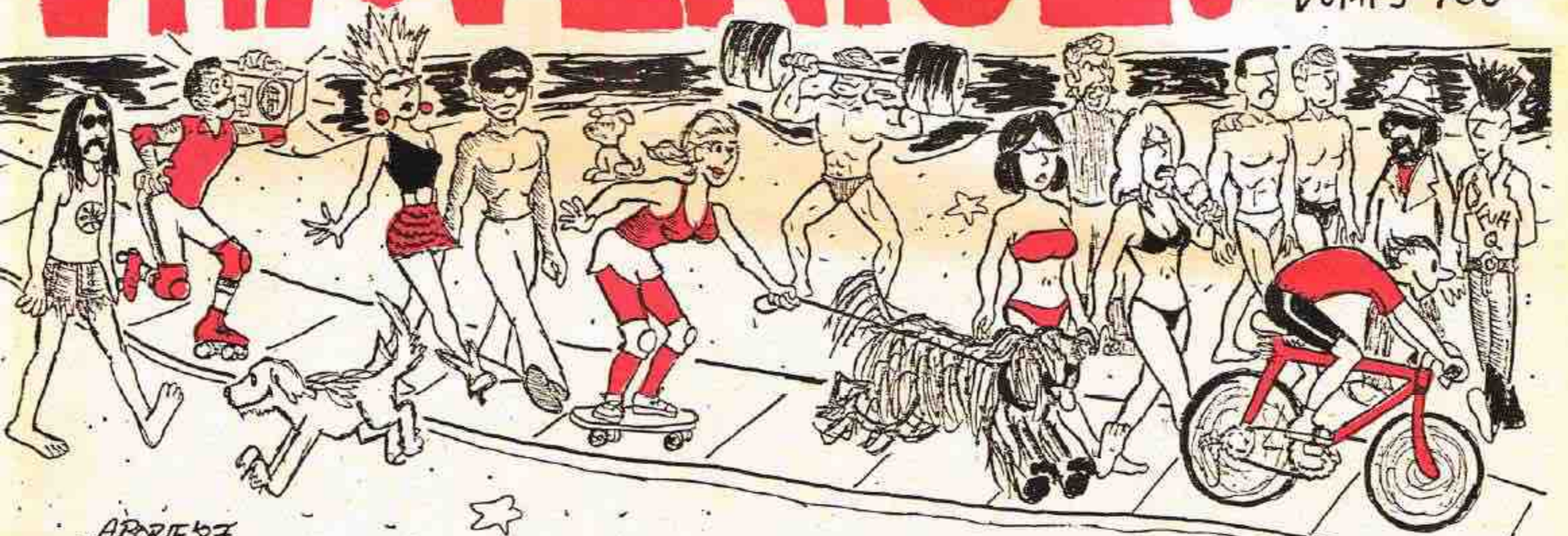
TOWN COUNCIL MEETING  
7:30pm Thur., March 12  
Beyond Baroque Center  
681 N. Venice Blvd.

AGENDA

1. Los Angeles waste problems-- solid and liquid-- will be discussed at the March meeting. L.A. is considering building giant incinerators for the solid trash, and the sewage system continues to dump untreated sewage into Santa Monica Bay.
2. COMMITTEE REPORTS:  
Board of Directors (305-7149), Planning & Devel. (399-3921), Ocean Front Walk (396-1585), Airport Task Force (396-6774).

# VIVA VENICE!

VOTE  
APRIL 14  
DUMP PAT RUSSELL  
BEFORE SHE  
DUMPS YOU



ABORIE '87



Illustrations clockwise from top: Alan Borie, Kurt Behnenek, Danny Green, Rick Swing, Ben Ferrer. Layout by Ian Horie.

VOTE 'TIL YUH DROP!

Vote April 14th!



DON'T RE-ELECT RUSSELL