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# FREE VENICE

# SINCE 1968

# BEACHHEAD



FREE

**OCTOBER, 1983, ISSUE # 166, PO BOX 504 VENICE, CALIFORNIA, 90294 (213) 823-5092**

## Politics in the Post Office

# KAFKA AT THE VENICEGATE

By Jack Nail

### The Crime

"Oh! the inanity of that accusation. . . And the simplicity of all these concoctions, pompous assertions in a vacuum!"  
--Emile Zola, J'ACCUSE

February, 1982. The postal workers of the Venice Post Office publish an issue of their newsletter, THE VENICE TIMES. Edited by President Mary Miles of the American Postal Workers Union, Venice Local, the newsletter is a bitter protest against conditions in the Post Office, a protest which is distributed to Locals throughout the country via a Union press association. On the cover and inside the newsletter are cartoons drawn by Miles and free-form rough satire and commentary by workers. It is not the work of professional writers or artists; but it unites workers and enrages management wherever it is seen.

### The Charge

"A search was made then; handwritings were examined. . . a traitor was to be found right under their noses, and expelled."  
--Emile Zola, J'ACCUSE

November 5, 1981 (three months earlier). President Miles empties the mail from the Union's rented post office box on her lunch break. In with the rest of the Union's mail is a newsletter from another local of the Union. The newsletter is addressed, "Postmaster, Venice, Ca 90291." It has been mailed third class and specifies "address correction requested." Assuming that the Union's newsletter is intended for the Venice Union, Miles prints the name and address of the Venice Local on the newsletter and drops it into the "out of town" mail slot in the Venice Post Office, to be returned to the sender for the requested address correction. The newsletter makes its way back to the sender via the "Marina Mail Processing Facility" where it is postmarked.

March 4, 1982. Two weeks after distribution of the "infamous" February issue of THE VENICE TIMES, Miles is issued a notice of termination for criminal "obstruction of the mail." The "evidence" cited is one half of the torn, frayed cover the newsletter Miles had returned for address correction in November, 1981. It has mysteriously found its way into the hands of Postmaster Emilio Rocha who now contends that Miles stole it from his mail. There are no other charges and no other "evidence."

### The Perpetrator

"You're not here to be happy. You're here to work." --Emilio Rocha, Postmaster

Rumor has it that Postmaster Rocha has taken to talking to the pictures on his office wall. This is the same man who recently informed each and every resident in Venice that their Zip Code was being changed. To this day few people are certain of what is the correct Zip Code for Venice or whether their mail is being delayed. A poll was recently taken among employees of the Venice Post Office as to whether Postmaster Rocha can think on his feet. The vote was unanimous.

### The Trial

"Anderson: Calling your attention to management Exhibits 2 and 3, can you tell me whether you did the cartoons in those newsletters?  
Union: I object, Mr. Arbitrator. Is this relevant to this hearing?"

Arbitrator: Were you the cartoonist?  
Miles: I did some of them."  
--Transcript, Miles v. U.S.P.S.

June 9, 1982. An arbitration hearing is scheduled before Arbitrator Joseph Gentile. Gentile, like most arbitrators, hails from the arch-conservative, anti-labor ranks of corporate attorneydom. For six months prior to the Miles hearing, Gentile has been on the payroll of the Postal Service to teach their labor-relations flunkies techniques of arbitration. Gentile has made \$3,698.66 on this endeavor, and has been flown all expenses paid by the Postal Service to Hawaii, San Francisco, Las Vegas, Reno, etc.



August 2, 1983. The EEOC renders a decision that a past action against President Miles was an act of reprisal in violation of the law, and directs the Postal Service to reconsider all subsequent actions against her (including the removal). On this same day the National Labor Relations Board acknowledges the filing of an "unfair labor practices" charge by Miles.

### Counter-Attack: Reprisal

"Rocha regards the mere voicing of complaints as an act of disloyalty. . . he personally sees to it that whoever dares to voice a problem is severely disciplined and harassed."  
--Mary Miles, Letter to a Congressman

August 4, 1983. Miles waits on a customer at the Venice Post Office window where she is a Clerk. The customer wants her to sign a receipt for an article he does not have with him. She explains she cannot do this because it would violate postal regulations. Trainee Supervisor Barbara Crosby, eager to please the Postmaster, comes to Miles' window and angrily signs the receipt for the nonexistent article herself. Ten minutes later, as Miles is waiting on another customer, Crosby loudly orders Miles to close up and leave the premises. No reasons are given.

August 5, 1983. Supervisor Crosby summons Miles and states she is issuing her an "emergency suspension." No reasons are given. Six days later Miles receives in the mail a written "Notice of Emergency Suspension." The charge is "Unacceptable Conduct--Failure

to properly secure postal funds entrusted to you despite previous supervisor's instructions." Miles is being charged with not staying and working after being ordered to leave on August 4th! This is called a "Catch-22."

August 29, 1983. Miles is issued a termination notice. The charges are: "1) Unacceptable Conduct--Failure to follow direct orders concerning completion of PS Forms 3818 and 3877; displaying rude and discourteous behavior in the Venice Main Post Office Customer Lobby resulting in a disruption of the work area, and 2) Unacceptable Conduct--Failure to properly secure postal funds entrusted to you despite repeated orders." All charges refer to the single incident of August 4, 1983. Past record cited is a 279-day suspension for "obstruction of the mail," as upheld by the Arbitrator.

### A Danger to the Postal Service

"Mr. Anderson: What is your true feeling about Rocha and Walsh at this very moment? What are you feeling?  
Miles: I believe they are people that are dishonest.  
Anderson: You don't despise them?  
Miles: No, I don't despise anybody. . . I have tried to understand their point of view, but I just can't understand why they have to lie. . . and why they did the things to me that they did. I don't understand why exercising my beliefs and principles and ideals should result in me being harassed or punished. I don't understand that. I don't think they are operating under any principle--any ideal that is honorable--in their actions."  
--Transcript, Miles v. U.S.P.S.

Writing, drawing and/or publishing the truth has always been risky. But for those who do, it is the best high.

Mary Miles has been out of work since August 4, 1983. She is awaiting arbitration hearing on her current termination. She remains in the unpaid position of President of the American Postal Workers Union, Venice Local. In this capacity she has represented four clerks who were fired by Rocha last year. As a result of the Union's actions Rocha was forced to reinstate three of them. An EEOC appeal is pending on the fourth. An estimate of the cost to the U. S. government (you and me) of Rocha's grotesque disciplinary spree is \$127,000.00. Is his attempt to squelch dissent worth it?

Treated as a non-person because of her activities on behalf of postal workers, President Miles is not allowed to enter the premises of the Venice Post Office. Postmaster Rocha has stated that she is a danger to the security of the Postal Service. What is he REALLY afraid of?

To present its case against Mary Miles and silence her for once and for all, the Postal Service flies in one of its top guns from regional headquarters in San Bruno, senior labor law attorney Larry Anderson. Anderson has attended Gentile's arbitration classes at the expense of the Postal Service, and the "teacher" and "student" make no secret of the fact that they belong to a mutual admiration society. Anderson (with the Arbitrator's assent) takes up the entire day with a repetitive parade of irrelevant, speculative testimony by "witnesses," many of whom do not even work at the Venice Post Office. The Arbitrator then declares a continuance.

July 7, 1982. Anderson again presents clowns as "witnesses" and opinions as "evidence." Among his "expert" witnesses is an old, frail and confused employee who does

con't. on pg. 10

## BEACHHEAD 15th Birthday Party - Dec. 9



# LETTERS

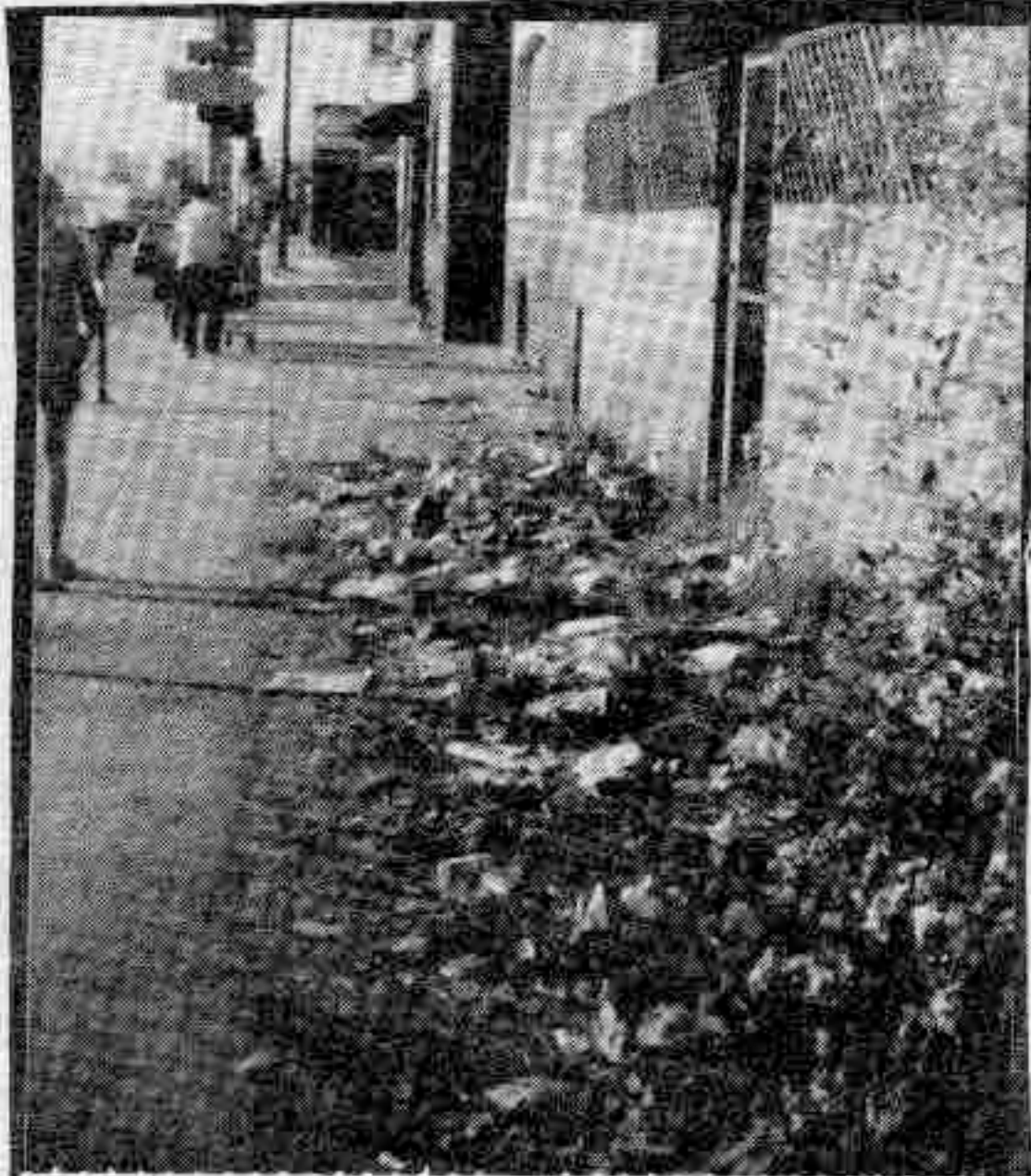
Fellow Venetians:

Recognize this corner? There are many more like it; look at your neighborhood. Sure, we have to put up with weekend tourists. We even have to clean up after them. (By the way, none of us are innocent when it comes to tossing litter on the ground)

But we also enjoy a fresh ocean breeze, beautiful sunsets, and the freedom to be who we are. We are responsible for keeping Venice lovely.

Please lend a hand--organize a pick-up party--invest in a trash container--and don't ignore open dumps like this one. Show that you care.

Mary Kelley



## FOR THE RECORD

(Note: This letter was written in response to Stan Price's letter on behalf of Tuum Est which appeared in the Sept Beachhead.)

9/15/83

Dear Stan,

I can only guess at your reaction to the letter you sent me, if it had, in the past, arrived on your desk at Venice Legal Services. But I certainly don't have to guess about my reaction, especially having heard from a number of the current tenants of the St. Charles and having seen a copy of the eviction notice they received only 15 days ago.

I erred in my article only as regards the actual legal lessee of the St. Charles. In our phone conversation you stated that the relative of a person connected with Tuum Est had leased the building for use by Tuum Est. I have now been informed that a group of people from Tuum Est "inspected" the building. You are splitting a very fine hair by stating "Tuum Est is thus not involved in the eviction from the hotel..."

Your statements concerning the letter and spirit of the Rent Control law and that neither you nor Tuum Est know anything about the future of the building are difficult for me to reconcile with the facts in this matter. The owners, or whoever is leasing the building, may be complying with the letter of the law, though even that is debatable, but the spirit is quite a different matter. We are, after all, dealing with 40 people who have been given 30 days to find new places to live at the height of the summer months in what I'm certain you know to be a very tight rental market. Given the current rental situation, where it costs a minimum of 3 times the rent simply to move into a new apartment, the offer of \$1,000 is quite minimal these days. So, neither the time allowed nor the relocation "benefits" appear to have much spirit attached to them.

As to the future use of the building you might want to look at the eviction notice, especially given your statement about having been informed of the eviction process. That notice quite frankly declares that the eviction is proceeding in order to remove the building from the residential market "to be converted to commercial use. Said conversion is to be accomplished as soon as the units have been vacated." Furthermore, if, as you contend, Tuum Est is such a good neighbor don't you feel that they ought to be concerned about the future

use of the hotel as it may affect the environment in which Tuum Est functions?

As to my single reference to Synanon, it had nothing to do with the Tuum Est drug program nor any other aspect of that organization save its current involvement at the St. Charles. It was not meant as a scare tactic, and the reference to red-baiting is patently absurd, but for many people here the analogy holds quite strongly. You, and the people at Tuum Est, are quite out of touch with reality if you do not understand that many people make a connection between the two organizations, especially considering the origin of Tuum Est. Tuum Est, by its almost total non-participation in the community, has done nothing to dispell the partially negative image it has. Having attempted on a couple of occasions to contact and involve Tuum Est in community issues some years ago and having met with great disinterest, I had little reason to feel that matters had changed presently. But now, partially due to what I wrote and certainly in no way due to Tuum Est taking the slightest initiative, the (last) Beachhead contained articles from the Hotel residents and from Tuum Est.

I understand and empathize with Tuum Est's housing problem due to the necessity to bring the building up to seismic safety standards. I have been aware of their dilemma for some time. The fact that Tuum Est has not been able, for more than a year, to find a building or a community to which to move is testimony to the unique quality of "live and let live" found in Venice people. I hope you will make your client aware of this accepting attitude and impress on them the fact that the very people who are being displaced are among the most tolerant type of Venice resident. No matter who replaces them, if the past few years are any indication, they will be more affluent and less tolerant of such things as a substance rehab program in their neighborhood. Tuum Est is, in my judgement, working against its own interest in this community by its involvement in the eviction of the 40 residents of the St. Charles Hotel.

All of the above is my personal opinion in this matter. It in no way attempts to represent any other person or party. I hope that this letter clarifies my feelings in this matter and that you understand the broader implications of the eviction of the residents of the St. Charles.

Yours truly,

Moe Stavnezer

9/30/83

Dear Moe:

(Mr. Price responds)

I appreciate your concern about the eviction of the residents of the St. Charles. However, Tuum Est is irrevocably committed to its renovation plan and cannot alter it at this point.

Tuum Est has only a short term sublease interest in the property. What the owners intend to do when Tuum Est vacates the premises is something you'll have to ask the owners about.

Sincerely yours,

Stanton J. Price

Collective Staff:

Your Beachhead paper has amazed me over the years. In contrast to the local Argonaut, etc. that gives one the plastic asshole Marina viewpoint with ads of bourgeois boutiques, ad nauseum, your paper from time to time, does have a few informative, interesting articles of foreign events and local community affairs such as those of Davidson & Stavnezer and a few others.

What is most amazing or maybe I should say annoying is the utter nonsense of (should I call them Beachnik Veneteites) other contributors. I recall that one, E. Mendelsohn during the Skokie, Ill. events a few years ago called for Federal intervention with Patton's Tanks, to run the Nazis out of town. What school was this bile learned in? Some class basis for struggle this is, to rely on the Feds

## FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

STAFF: Olga Palo, Elizabeth Elder, Emily Winters, Moe Stavnezer, Carol Fondiller, Memphis slim, Kathy Henderson and Joan Freidberg

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.

Dear Venice Beachhead,

This letter is in response to the Werner Scharff interview (Sept. 1983 Issue) where he speaks about cleaning-up Venice and getting rid of the "riff-raff." He feels it would be a much nicer, safer, pleasing place to live and asks to hear from anyone with any ideas on how to accomplish this. Well, here is my idea, but first let me say that I totally agree with you that Venice would be much nicer and cleaner if people did not have to live on the streets--but the concept of "getting rid of the alcoholics, drugs and riff-raff" bothers me. I don't believe this is something we can just rid ourselves of. There are many mentally ill, lost and hopeless people on the streets--they need our help because they cannot help themselves (at least at this point in their lives). Because you are a humanitarian Mr. Scharff and have the money and property, I suggest you build a shelter on one of your vacant lots to home the homeless. This would be a wonderful and courageous gift to the people of Venice who have given you such a prosperous life. I realize it is a huge undertaking and I won't go into the details on how it should be done - since government is not doing anything for the poor, I believe it is time for a person with the funds to step forward. We are all connected and living on this planet together--when one person suffers we all suffer.

I know from personal experience that drug-addicts, alcoholics, and the sick can be helped. I was never living on the streets but I am an ex-drug addict who was helped and "made it back." I have my dignity now and would like to see others get back theirs. These people can be helped and it is up to the stronger people to help the weaker people.

I'm sure you could get professional people & volunteers to work in the shelter. Here is your first volunteer.

Sincerely,

Karen Goldberg  
Venice

to take care of Fascist scum.

Then in the latest issue, once again the crackling wit of C. Fondiller compounds the felony. She champions the cause of mucky beachfront vendors. While most folks in Venice would not mind swap meet type sales for say a block or two square; I for one am getting damn well offended by the eyegore of junk gewgaws up and down the friggion beachfront.

That's as bad as what happened to the canal festivals. Firstly organized by locals with their local arts, crafts and foods displayed for sale or otherwise; later years feather merchants from all over the L.A. area brought in all kinds of crap and stamped a commercial hue on the whole blasted affair.

The incredible arguments continually written by the aforementioned twit becomes more laughable when she implies her "Socialist" twist. I wonder if Ms.



## Being an Activist

Just Ain't What it Used to Be . . .

by Andersen Van Hoy

I am a teacher at Venice's Westside Alternative Magnet School. On a recent Friday, September 16th, 1983, I participated in the L.A. public school teacher walk-out. It was a strange new experience. For an old political activist who hungers after this sort of thing, it was strange. It was lonely.

This is not the story of the teacher's walk-out. It is the story of being human. It is my story. Me, an old progressive, rallying to the cause one more time, only to find herself coming home, more alone than ever, questioning all that had come before.

5:00 am. I'm awake before the alarm goes off. The adrenalin's pumping. KFWB comes on with another "in depth" interview with Judy Solkovits, leader of the immobile Los Angeles teachers union, known as UTLA. Solkovits gives her usual line of meandering bull. Now, I do agree with most everything she says and I am going out on the picket line. I will shout my brains out for the cameras. I will talk calmly and intelligently with the parents of my students. I will ask them to please call the members of the school board and voice their displeasure with the ever-constant maltreatment of teachers. But I'm like most the union folk. I'm tired of Solkovits' incompetence. I'm tired of attending rallies and seeing Solkovits and her "gang of four" high up on the stage, patting each other on the back, proud of getting teachers nothing and nowhere. So I listen anxiously to Solkovits this morning, hoping for some new tidbit. Unhappily I turn her off. Jesus! When will that woman become an effective speaker? Answer? Never. Next question: when will the L.A. Unified School District administration and Board of Education treat teachers with respect and dignify their existence? Answer: never. (Just look at what Jackie Goldberg is doing to teachers, after they helped elect her with \$15,000, walked precincts phoned, etc.)

So why am I going out on the picket line? Answer: once an activist . . . always a fool. No, I thought, I will never leave the fight.

5:30 am. I sit in the bath and think of my financial situation. Damn! I haven't had a pay cheque since June 17th. I'm dead broke. I borrowed from the credit union to pay September's bills. Economically, I can no more go out on strike than the woman in the moon. I can't even afford the \$65.00 pay loss for this one day walk-out. But I'll find a way. And if the union votes a strike I'll find another.

6:00 am. My mother calls to offer words of encouragement. "You best not picket," she counsels. "You'll get into trouble with your supervisors and lose money to boot." I sigh. I tell her I love her, because that's really why she called. I hang up. So much for family support.

6:30am. I carefully study the wardrobe. Yes, jeans and an old ERA T-shirt. No, it's going to beho. I opt for comfort, shorts and a cool sturdy shirt that will withstand my favorite buttons. One says "Women do get weary" and the other says "Teachers make the best lovers, they're always getting screwed!" I'm now feeling the old progressive blood surge as I make my own picket sign. I didn't want to carry one of the union's. People read the personal signs first. I write, "If parents knew Harry, like teachers know Harry they wouldn't be paying him over \$ 93,000 a year! I also add a P.S. "Did you know that Harry sends his kid to an elite Beverly Hills private school?" Ah, if only Harry Handler, Superintendent of L.A. public schools would read this. Ah, if only parents would read this . . .

7:15 am. I get into my car to drive to my new school this year. I could take the bus or ride a bicycle. Westside Alternative is in Venice, five minutes away from my house. It's a very special school I worked hard to get transferred there. This school is very open, progressive, community-run, although completely integrated. In other words this is a school not completely owned and operated as a dictatorship of principal and administration (like all the others in this

district.) I have never taught in a school so close to where I lived. I taught in Watts the last two years and drove daily an hour each way. The name of my old school was . . . well, let's just call it "Smith". We eleven teachers on staff there used to refer to it as "Fort Smith." It's in the heart of the Imperial Gardens Projects. People there are the poorest, the hungriest, and the most frustrated (the teachers on occasion, too.)

Practically all the children there would be diagnosed as "emotionally disturbed" if they attended school in the Valley. But they don't. We teachers there had to be hearty. We joked about each of us had developed individualized pressure release mechanisms. By day's end we held the usual bitch session between cars in the Fort Smith parking lot. Then we went home to hit the aspirin bottle or maybe just the bottle. Of course, Mrs. Sanders went home to pray. But we loved each other. We stuck by each other, whether conservative or liberal.

The best thing about teaching at Fort Smith, besides the innate goodness of the children, was the team spirit of the teachers. We took care of each other. We had to. We worked for a bitch of a principal who still had a brown ring around her nose from all the "work" she did to get where she was.


So now I'm driving to Westside Alternative. Teaching there is like being in heaven compared to trying to teach in Watts. Westside has more than its share of gifted students (K-12 grades) and yes, some of them are from Watts. The major difference appears to be that these kids have parents who care. They care enough to look around and find a progressive school run by the community--parents, teachers, children and principal-- all having an equal vote, an equal say in all matters. The kids here shake your hand and get to know the new teacher--me. They've read the paper and can discuss politics despite the blotch of purple and green in their hair and maybe the earrings in their noses. (They're still kids!)

No lining up of students here. No yelling No administration constantly hovering and calling for "class control" (the favorite theme of the district). Teachers actually get to teach here most of the day instead of continually disciplining. Of course, the LAUSD only allows four of these alternative schools to exist. If they had their way, I'm sure they would wipe them from the face of the earth. How dare we allow young people to think for themselves and actually participate in decisions about their own education! Naturally, this school has a long waiting list I like the kids here. A lot. But, something's different with the faculty. Ironically, we're all on the same side of the political spectrum. Supposedly, the principal too. . . stay tuned, I'm new there. Yet there is not the same support--the same caring amongst the teaching staff that I'd known in Watts. Oh, there are some who've been more than decent to me and when the newness wears off, I know we'll be best of friends--Sally, Rochelle, Fred. And they're good feminists too! Yes, there is hope.

7:45 am. Denise, the union rep from Westside, and I are the only ones on the picket line. Very few children yet. Slowly the teachers begin showing up. We joke about how we'd like to see Hugh's (principal) lesson plans for 400 students. I add that Hugh really shouldn't mind the "extra students" in his class, not if he's really "committed" and a "professional". We talk with the parents coming up the walk. Most take their children back home. Buses pull up practically empty. One pulls up with quite a few high school students. They all get off with their sur boards, wave their support to us and head across the street to the ocean. (I told you they were gifted.)

8:30 am. Cops pull up and announce their support of all 26 teachers who walked from Westside. Not one teacher crossed over. The cops turn around their black and whites and speak over their loud speakers our chants. We yell happily back

Continued on page 10



**CHEE-WAH-WAH**  
You Are Invited to a Celebration

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BIRTHDAY  
PARTY**

**FRIDAY, DEC. 9**

**15 Years of Collective Community Effort**

Live Rhythm & Blues for DANCING with  
**"A BAND CALLED SAM"**

**\$5.00**

9:00 pm - 1:00 am **BEER and WINE**

at the **CHURCH IN OCEAN PARK, 235 Hill St., Ocean Park**



# St. Charles Blues

Andre Hall, Ex-St. Charles Tenant

Will the struggle to keep the tenants of the St. Charles Hotel on the corner of Windward Avenue and Speedway from being evicted become a rallying point of protest within the community of Venice against forced evictions, or shall it be swept aside by the profit seeking co-owners of the St. Charles Hotel, whose past and present intentions have not been in the best interests of the tenants?

The St. Charles Hotel, more than 80 years old, has been a home (roach infested, of course) for many Venetians of the avante garde persuasion. It has also been a place of residence for many people with a low income.

The forced eviction with a relocation bribe is tantamount to total disregard for the welfare of the St. Charles Hotel tenants. The co-owners (Reesy Shaw, Tom Lochtefeld & Co.) of the St. Charles and others will more than likely claim that the relocation bribe fee will suffice as being adequate compensation. What they will have failed to understand is that no price can be put on the months and years of living in a building where one has planted roots of care and love of one's surroundings and neighbor tenants.

To those who accepted the eviction bribe with or without a feeling of remorse; it can only be said that life itself is worth living if one struggles for the benefit of all against exploitation and oppression being perpetuated by the ruling rich class and not for one's individual greed and self-interest.

The letter submitted to the August '83 BEACHHEAD by the attorney for Tuum Est, Stanton J. Price, should be examined closely. It should be noted that the Tuum Est attorney's statement of finding an "empty" building such as the St. Charles Hotel is a distortion of the truth. The St. Charles is, in fact, presently housing tenants who wish to stay on in their rightful place of residence.

The point of contention is not whether or not Tuum Est has been a service to the Venice community. The line of demarcation is the rights of the people vs. business interests.

## Cadillac Hotel

by Arnold Springer

Elderly tenants living in the Cadillac Hotel, (Dudley and Ocean Front Wlk) in Venice have obtained a temporary restraining order which forbids the building's owner from evicting or harrasing them. Owner Werner Scharff denies that he intended to evict the tenants.

However tenants report that notices were posted in the building lobby informing occupants that extensive repairs and renovations to the structure would take place at some unspecified future date and encouraging those wishing to avoid the noise and inconvenience to move at their convenience.

Elderly tenants became frightened and with the aid of the Israel Levin Center contacted the Bet Tsedek legal services agency which specializes in aid to low income people. Lawyer Janna Zimmer went into Santa Monica Superior Court in Sept. and convinced conservative judge Lawrence Rittenband to issue a temporary restraining order against Scharff. Rittenband ruled that no repairs or renovations could begin prior to Scharff's obtaining all necessary permits from the City of Los Angeles and the California Coastal Commission. Pending issuance of those permits the owners were cautioned not to harrass or attempt to evict the Cadillac tenants.

News of the alleged harrassment and evictions followed publication in the Sept. Beachhead of a long interview with Mr. Scharff in which the prominent landowner announced his "return" to Venice development, acknowledged his recent purchase of the Cadillac Hotel, and pledged to build low cost senior housing near the beach in Venice, in part to house those seniors who would eventually be displaced when the Cadillac is transformed from residential apartments to a tourist hotel.

Lawyer Zimmer is presently seeking a permanent injunction against Scharff. The hearing on that request is scheduled before Judge Rittenband in Dept. C, Santa Monica Superior Court on Oct. 21. □

A question arises as to why Tuum Est would seek temporary residence at the St. Charles Hotel knowing full well that they would indirectly be accomplices to the eviction of the St. Charles tenants? Was the bid for the St. Charles lucrative in regards to the profit margin for both parties involved?



And, for what reason could the co-owners want to evict the tenants of the St. Charles for the relatively short period of eight to twelve months occupancy by Tuum Est? Are the co-owners of the St. Charles planning to turn the building into a business enterprise?

One may toss this about: the 1984 Olympics.

It has been reported in the Westside section of the L.A. TIMES (9/8/83) that the tenants of the Cadillac Hotel on Ocean Front Walk have been given eviction notices. A suit challenging the evictions of the Cadillac tenants claims that the owner, Werner Scharff, plans to convert the hotel into a restaurant, hotel or bed-and-breakfast inn for the 1984 Olympics. Could the same 1984 Olympics debacle also be in store for the St. Charles Hotel before or after the possible temporary take-over by Tuum Est? And, After Tuum Est and the Olympics...

SUPPORT THE TENANTS OF THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL TO CONTINUE THEIR TENANCY with your moral and written support at this time of need. The St. Charles Tenants Association is circulating a petition regarding their eviction. They may be contacted by writing them at 25 Windward Ave., Venice, CA 90291 or call (213) 396-6944.

### ADDENDUM

As a result of the St. Charles' Tenants Association's having challenged their evictions, the case for Unlawful Detainer was dismissed and rents were collected for September.

The tenants, represented by attorney Steve Clare, raised the defenses that they were not provided with their relocation benefits and that the purported conversion of the building for commercial use was nebulous. Further, the owners had not complied with the Municipal Code. At this point, it remains to be seen whether rents for October will be accepted or if new Notices to Vacate will be issued. PLEASE SIGN OUR PETITION!!! □

# SERFS UP!

by Larry Abrams

"God helps those who help themselves," the elderly black woman said as she joined the Los Angeles Renters' Lobby. "... and the flip side of that is He doesn't do for you what you can do for yourself."

For a canvasser going door-to-door in rental buildings, trying to sell a self-help renters' organization to Los Angeles, those were inspiring words. For rent control in Los Angeles is so weak that, according to a Rand report published in 1981, rents are only 4% lower than they would be without rent control. Most of us in Venice knew rent control was for somebody else, but 2-bedroom, cracker-box units in low-income buildings as far from the beach as Crenshaw renting for over \$500 a month. And that, under current rent-control law, goes up 7 percent each year.

This annual increase, coupled with vacancy decontrol, which allows landlords to raise the rent each time the apartment is vacated, results in "average annual increases approaching 9% or 12% in many instances", according to a 1983 study by Coldwell Banker.

After an incredibly blase City Council last year teetered on the brink of actually scuttling what rent control there is. William Barth, a lawyer, Dino Hirsch, a tenant organizer, and Parke Skelton, a direct mail specialist who helped organize Santa Monica's Renters' Rights formed L.A. Renters' Lobby as a watchdog over the endangered species. This year they launched a campaign to get City Council to reduce the annual rent increase landlords are allowed from 7 to 4 percent.

For years, owners and real estate interests have argued that rent increases should be tied to increases in the Consumer Price Index (CPI). But with deflation, if Los Angeles rent increases were tied to the L.A. area CPI, they would be held to 1.1% increases in 1983. Renters Lobbyists feel that in the light of that their proposal of a 7 to 4 reduction is not only equitable but generous. ■

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# THE CASE OF THE DISAPPEARING BENCHES

By Carol Fondille

At one time there were sixty of them. They were double benches. That is, one could sit and face the west and watch the ocean, or one could sit and face the east and watch the human parade that strolled shuffled and bumped up and down the Ocean Front Walk.

I always ended up perched on the top of the bench with my feet on the bench seat.

If one sat there long enough, and I did, friends and cronies would collect and we'd spend the day at the bench.

Sixty sturdy benches like duennas at a cotillion, strung out from Navy to 18th St. offering aid and comfort to those with blisters, broken skateboards, too many packages, too much sun and alcohol, too much time on their hands, and not enough money in their pockets. Postcards printed in the late '20's, when Venice was annexed to the City of Los Angeles showed double benches on the Ocean Front Walk.

In World War II, the Avalon Ballroom was open 24 hours a day and the little trams ran up and down the O.F.W. till 2:00 a.m., the benches with the seal of the City of Los Angeles branded on their cement haunches supported soldiers, sailors and shipyard workers as they massaged their feet, smoked, made out, and/or looked at the moon or the sun. Venice was swing-shift city.

In the late '50's, when I first visited Venice, the last Bingo parlor was being closed down.

Between Navy and Marine streets were coffee shops, souvenir shops, newspaper kiosks, bars, and lots of people day and night. My friends and I would walk and talk and sit on the benches.

Lady Chatterley's lover was not allowed to be read or published in the good and pure U.S. of A.

Herb Caen, San Francisco columnist portmanteaued the word "Beatnik" to describe the men and women who dressed in black, played guitars, listened to jazz and wrote poetry that was street language one could get arrested for. The benches were used as rallying points and meeting places after the Ocean Front Improvement Association, headed by that seeker after equality, truth and beauty, Werner Scharff, pressured landlords, the police and the Los Angeles Department of Health and Safety to bulldoze and/or close down every coffee house in Venice. They succeeded.

Curt Simon, Werner Scharff and other property owners, smaller property owners who thought they were in the same league as Werner & Co. tried to get the Ocean Front Walk closed down at 10:00 p.m. But it was pointed out that the Ocean Front Walk was a public thoroughfare and the benches and pagodas were on the public walkway, and such a curfew would be unconstitutional, or something like that. Every spring, the benches would be painted, and broken slats would be replaced.

The benches with the seal of the City of Los Angeles had withstood rain, sun, salt air, being moved, sat in, humped on and vandalized for at least 40 years. When the Roller Skating Craze literally hit Venice, the old benches were moved to the grassy area west of the walk to ease access for the skaters. They were moved carelessly and cruelly without regard for age or condition of previous servitude as they were dumped on soft uneven earth, or moved to the middle of Ocean Front Walk where they were destroyed even faster, as skaters used them for jumping off places, and people shoved them back to the cement in an effort to restore a feeling of community. No one wanted to sit in the middle of Ocean Front Walk. It had all the charm of waiting on a traffic island in the middle of Lincoln Blvd. in Marina del Rey.

With the advent of Proposition 13, the benches were no longer repaired and gussied up every spring. During the speculation boomlet of the mid-'70's, a new business organization called the Venice Beach Association was convinced that Venice would be the new Gold Coast. Some of the members who owned or leased Ocean

front businesses were appalled at the fact that people could sit on the benches for free and didn't have to buy \$3.00 drinks in order to sit down and enjoy the beach. The Venice Beach Association declared war on "the over-age hippies on Welfare" as they described the people who stared back at their customers. Some of the members of the V.B.A. boasted at meetings how they moved benches away from their establishments, how they broke the benches to prevent the undesireables from discomfiting the trendy folk who came to Venice because it was quaint and raffinee.

People saw frayed but still usable benches being hauled away by City or County trucks.

There were ten benches left between Navy and 18th St. There used to be approximately 60 benches.



Photo by Patrick K. McCarthy

Carol Berman called Councilwoman Russell's office.

How about bus benches with advertisements on them?

--Well...better than nothing, but...

She got in touch with Pam Emerson at the Coastal Commission.

Didn't the Coastal Commission mention that amenities were to be provided for the public, and shouldn't benches be considered public amenities--and since there were benches, and benches had always been used by residents and visitors, shouldn't those benches be considered essential to the welfare and enjoyment of all people including those people who couldn't afford \$2.00 cups of coffee?

Ms. Emerson said she'd look into it.

A few weeks later she called back and told Ms. Berman that the Coastal Conservancy had no money for benches. However, she came up with the idea of having someone who was building a condominium on 18th St. donate money for a bench in lieu of an extra parking space. Ms. Kelly Doyle of Sail Realty suggested the idea to her clients. They loved the concept and were willing to pay for it, but couldn't they be like the old double benches?

WHO'S IN CHARGE?

No one in the City seemed to know who was responsible for the upkeep and replacement of benches, and whether or not privately funded benches could be put on publicly owned property, and whether the property was County or City owned, and whether the County or the City would be responsible for the benches after they were installed. Ms. Emerson called Ms. Berman to inform her that watching the City and County bureaucracies trying to escape each other while entangled in each others coils was not a pretty sight.

With the help of Carol Shapiro, aide to Councilwoman Russell's office, Ms. Emerson wended her way through Recreation & Parks (City), through Street Maintenance, Bench Division (City) where she was stalled for a while in the Department of Benches & Banners (City). For awhile, the Case of the Orphan Benches was tossed between Recreation & Parks (City) and Parks & Recreation (County).

Ms. Emerson found in a contract between the County of L.A. and the City of L.A., that the County is responsible for all property west of the Ocean Front Walk, and the City of L.A. is responsible for property including the Ocean Front Walk. The benches were on No Man's Land.

A clause in the contract stated that the County was responsible for the benches.

Craig Woodell of County Department of Harbors & Beaches looked through the Bench Catalog--something approximating the old benches was found, but they cost \$500.00. Well, that's that. Scratch that idea. A few weeks later, Ms. Emerson reported that Craig Woodell found the original mold for the old benches. He'd arranged for the men at Wayside Honor Farm to manufacture 10 benches at a cost of \$125.00 each. The new benches have been placed. Most of them are on Rose Ave., north, in front of the Isreal Levin Senior Citizen Center.

Unfortunately, \$1,250.00 is all the County can afford for the benches.

However, there is an opportunity for individuals, organizations, and businesses to donate money--tax deductible--to a fund for the benches. One bench will cost \$150.00 (costs of materials are going up).

What a lovely idea if all the take-out places on the Ocean Front Walk would plow back some of the money they make from the beach back into the community and make it more comfortable for their customers.

What a lovely idea if all those people who want restaurants but have no parking could provide some benches in lieu of some parking spaces.

For more information, call Craig Woodell at Department of Beaches & Harbors at 823-4571 or 870-6782. Ask about the Viewing Beach Fund. v

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# A RUDE AWAKENING

"Get out of LA...it's illegal to live in LA...Whatever we do is legal...I'm not here to answer your questions"

These quotes from Officer Slinkard, Badge #21640 of the LA metropolitan police although stated out of context, appear to sum up the new attitude of LA City Hall towards persons living in campers.

It applies even more to the 30,000 destitute unemployed forced to sleep on beaches, in parks, under freeways and even on the streets. Despite the fact that most have lived in LA for years under happier circumstances, LA does not want them.

Social service agencies advise those unable to find housing and fortunate enough to have cars or campers to live in their vehicles. The police ticket them if they do so at night whether in public or private lots or on the streets. They are illegal.

"There are many desperate situations and we cannot do a thing. We cannot find housing for people. The situation is terrible. It is not publicized, the public does not know about it", declared a social worker from the Public Social Services Agency. "Nothing is being done."

Churches and private agencies do their best to temporarily house and feed the few they can before turning them out on the streets again. All have stated that they cannot begin to cope with the growing problem. LA plans, it is said, to "clean up the city" by removing the poor from sight before the Olympics. How they will do this without offering them some aid is a question.

All of which brings us back to Officer Slinkard, Badge #21640, and one example of how the technique of "Protect and Serve" is applied.

Of the many evicted from the Venice public parking lots at about 3 AM the morning of Monday, September 26th, two of them were Penny and Bill. Penny is a mature woman, mother of an adult daughter who lives and works in LA. Penny is a vendor on the Ocean Front Walk.

Bill, a 7-year military veteran with a bachelors degree in the arts, now works in Venice full time making and delivering buffers for metal auto parts.

Even though both are employed, they cannot afford to rent at the present high prices. So for \$3 a day, they rented a space in the public parking lot. Knowing that they would be illegal anywhere else they parked at night, they decided they had no choice but to remain on the lot.

About 3 AM they heard a terrific banging on both sides of the camper (which they discovered next day had dented it and put a hole in one screen).

"Police, come out". Penny: "Wait a minute while I get dressed".

Officer Slinkard: Come out right now as you are. You haven't got anything we haven't seen before. If you don't come out now, we'll break down the door.

Afraid they would indeed break the door, Penny and Bill emerged, Penny scantily clad in only a longish tee shirt which barely covered her hips. They emerged on the parking lot. Bill protested. He was told to shut up. Nevertheless, he asked what he could do about their parking situation.

Officer Slinkard: Get a job. Bill explained he had a job and was asked for the name and address of his employer.

Officer Slinkard did the talking. The other, a Venice policeman merely stood by. As Officer Slinkard was particularly hostile to Bill, Penny decided it would be better if she did the talking.

Penny: Where can we park legally at night?

Officer Slinkard: Park on someone's front lawn.



"This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

Abraham Lincoln  
First Inaugural Address

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This, obviously not a serious answer to a serious question, made Penny angry.

Penny: Do you like this job of moving people out of their homes?

Officer Slinkard: I like moving people out of their homes.

Penny: Since I'm taking a ticket, what would happen if we leave our vehicle here tonight?

Officer Slinkard: We will tow your vehicle with you in it.

Penny: Isn't it illegal to tow a vehicle with people in it?

Officer Slinkard: Anything we do is legal.

Penny: But where can we park if we can't park here?

Officer Slinkard: Get out of LA. It's illegal to live in LA.

Penny: (now very upset) I'm an American citizen. I pay taxes. I have rights.

Officer Slinkard: You don't have any rights!

Penny: (accepting the ticket) What would happen if I refused to sign this ticket?

Officer Slinkard: I'm not here to answer your questions. Now get out of here.

According to some ticketed that night, the procedure was more or less the same, especially the obscene opener "Don't wait to get dressed. You don't have anything we haven't seen."

The obscenity is not surprising considering other things we hear of the LA police, but is it considered proper procedure by the police department? If so, this is serious. Others can be arrested for obscenity.

As for Penny, she was upset for several days. "It was a terrible feeling to be treated like a non-person. No one knows what it's like to be treated like a non-person with no rights until it happens to him. It was like facing the Gestapo. It wasn't so much what they did, as how they did it."

"But where will we live? Bill's job is here. We can't leave LA. We don't know what to do."

And what of the homeless beach-sleepers ticketed that night? Next day a police car and the county garbage truck came to the beach, threw their sleeping bags and blankets and whatever other necessities they had into the garbage truck and drove away.

Will the Olympics bring 1984 to LA?



# POETRY

7

## LIVING IN A GLASS ASYLUM

rick davidson

one september 1983...  
pre-dawn...  
flight 007 missing,  
shot down, destroyed,  
all aboard drowned.  
drowned in the waters  
of planet earth;  
drowned in the false cries  
of politicians from all sides.  
the dead are gone,  
don't bury the living.  
truth was in the sky:  
different sides at war.

blame? blame? blame?  
excuses never solved a thing.  
who's to pass blame?  
only the dead...  
(they don't care any more).  
:::

There are different sides; different degrees of guilt. Three countries directly involved; and two individuals we can blame. Russia, Korea, and the U.S. of A plus two pilots who faced each other in the skies of hell.

In the cold aftermath scientists may consider: Russia's trigger is a dangerous game; Korea's arrogance, a fatal mistake; and the first silence of the U.S. of A. too obscure to comprehend.

The rocks are getting bigger. Remember, you shouldn't throw rocks when living in a glass asylum. It can be a costly mistake where the final price the whole world will have to pay. Who will be to blame? doesn't matter, there will be no one left to pass blame.

If only the names of our nations, Russia, Korea, and the U.S. of A. were separate from us - we, humanity - if only, then we could say it was Russia's fault, Korea's and the U.S. of A.'s. Or if you prefer a more personal, a more individual way, we might say it was the fighter who did the dastardly deed; it was the other pilot who failed to heed. If only we could say that, then we could cast blame. We always think that if we can say who's to blame then mothers, fathers, daughters sons and lovers might feel better, but blame is hollow and soothes not grief. In the end, life is left with nothing, the abstraction of loneliness, an emptiness to fill...left with but a void of unseen atoms to remind us of what was, what is and is no more.

Nuremberg has robbed us of our individual escape: "the leaders were to blame" or "just following orders" doesn't play any more. No more side stepping - the excuses are all used up. All except one: insanity; insane we are if we not share the blame. In the end, all sides are to blame...generals, captains, sergeants, and privates along with presidents, kings and leaders whatever their names; they are all but the shadows of our souls that we allow to front the blame.

We must take care of our humanity; it is time to move beyond our private egos. We must begin to realize, begin to know that plurality comes before the I. There were two before there was me. The reality is that there is no individual me, separate little I; each of us is the unity of what has preceeded us - an up todate collection of the past. While simple is the nature of our souls, when crusted over with redundancy it ways us down and casts false images in the glass asylum we try to hide in.

As the rocks begin to crack the glass shadows that we have become, we still hear the endless refrain,

who's to blame? who's to blame?  
who's to blame?

leaving us with nothing but a universe of shame...

:::



FUTILE  
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Dear Beachhead:

I'm sending you the enclosed for publication. Last week, on the morning of Rosh Hashanah, as I strolled down OFW, I observed an aggregation of louts heckling the worshipers walking to the Bay Cities Synagogue. I was appalled by their behavior, as much as I was moved by the dignity in the lack of response from thier victims.

How much longer will this go on?

Sincerely yours,

Maria Telesco

An aggregation of louts

Predatory hyenae

it's up to them (there's safety in numbers)  
to take a stand against the menace  
of those they fear because they're different...

widow wearing orthopedic shoes  
young wife in shtetl black  
yarmulke topped youth

Tallis wrapped biblical scholar.

Rabble posse of tattooed Teutonic titans

dirty, sweaty, overdressed to kill for the occasion  
100° heat

unorthodox

advertising their own self-loathing  
between Sunset and Paloma

(Paloma--white dove of peace,

symbolizing brotherhood)

Pierce Rosh Hashanah's morn with malevolent heckling

standing in the protection of the slime-green pagoda  
with catcalls of

Seig Heil, Kike

Heil Hitler, Jewboy

Hitler had the right idea, Asshole

Aryanazi blackleatherjacketed Wagnerian heroes of Neo-Hitlerianism

greasy hair the abode of uncounted lice

chipped and broken teeth unbrushed

dung-shovel boots shuffling to the venom dirge of hate

Chain wielding tormenters - nogoodniks who

challenge the God of Abraham

with bullybluster.

Is this the same God of Abraham

who once took up residence at a place called Auschwitz

in a land called Holocaust

and now reposes

mighty

impassive

in the Ark of the Covenant

in the here and now?

Never again. Never...again.

Telesco

"ZITS"

by Jerry J. Tobias

Did you ever have  
a swelling of red,  
with a white spot  
adorning its head?

These blooming blemishes  
give frustrating fits,  
and are often described  
as pimples or zits.

They always break out  
in a prominent place,  
from the tip of one's nose  
to the side of the face.

Remedies suggest a  
pinch, poke or pick,  
but zits are stubborn  
and wicked to lick.

Some say they're caused  
by bacteria or oil,  
while others blame  
emotional turmoil.

Whatever the reason  
they're truly the pits,  
and one must learn  
to live with their zits.



## Poetry Policy

Dear Poet,

Thanks for your submission. The Free Venice Beachhead reviews all poetry submitted and accepts or rejects each individual poem. Those rejected are returned to the poet via the S.A.S.E. (self addressed stamped envelope). Accepted poems are placed in our ACCEPTED POETRY FILE. Each month the coordinator, a job that rotates among members of the collective, selects the poem to be published in that issue. Once published, a poem is placed in the PUBLISHED POETRY FILE. We do not return published poems or notify the author of date of publication. Needless to say, we don't return work not accompanied by an S.A.S.E. Again, thanks for your contribution.

THE BEACHHEAD COLLECTIVE



# 8 Psychic Fair Predicted

by Arnold Springer

Hey Venutians!!!  
Into clairvoyance? Tarot? Auras?  
Runes? Psychometry????  
We just knew you would be. Cause you're  
not into revolution!!! So enjoy. Venice  
provides.

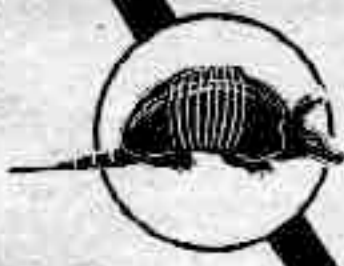
A Psychic Faire featuring 15 practi-  
tioners of the above arts and sciences  
will take place Sat. and Sun., Oct. 8&9  
from 10 - 6 at the Venice Village, Ocean  
Front Walk and Ozone in Venice. Admis-  
sion is free but there will be a \$15  
charge for readings.

The Faire is the brainchild of Marga-  
ret Rogers and her husband Stephen Van  
Coops. Rogers was born in England in  
1942 and from an early age was aware that  
she had natural psychic powers. She be-  
came a medium in 1952 and one of her fir-  
st activities was involvement in healing  
severely injured veterans from WWII. Her  
bio claims for her the following abili-  
ties: clairvoyance, clairaudience, psy-  
chometry, trance, healing, tarot, cry-  
stal ball, automatic writing, astral trav-  
el, music and color vibration.

The author of several books and arti-  
cles she has traveled widely and studied  
and taught in England, France, India, and  
Switzerland. She is the founder of the  
Sumaris Psychic Education Center and is  
presently offering classes in psychic  
phenomena at her home in Thousand Oaks.  
Her dream is to eventually establish a  
College where many types of psychic abil-  
ities can be mated with the more mundane  
sciences such as psychology, mathematics  
and economic structures of the world.  
She also works in the healing arts, mas-  
sage therapy and accupressure as well as  
radionics and radiotherapy.

Van Coops is a realitive newcomer to  
psychic practioning. His specialty is  
Spectrum Photography (not Kirilian) thru  
which he claims to be able to capture a  
person's aura on film. Both will be on  
hand at the Faire and thereafter on the  
first weekend of each month at the Venice  
Village. For further info: 492-9407 ■

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## PLANNING FOR MILLIONS The Marina Metropolis

by MOE STAVNEZER

The Coastal Commission will hold a  
public hearing on L.A. County's proposed  
coastal plan for Marina del Rey/Ballona  
Wetlands late this month. The hearing was  
on the Sept. agenda in San Diego but was  
moved to October when citizens protested  
that the San Diego site would greatly  
discourage public participation.

### MUCH BIGGER THAN A BREAD BOX

The County's plan, if adopted by the  
Coastal Commission, would result in devel-  
opment of unprecedented scope in this  
area. In fact the population involved in  
this plan would equal or surpass that of  
20-30 cities along the California coast!  
The plan calls for intense new develop-  
ment inside Marina del Rey and on the  
Summa property south of the marina. There  
will be a new, private marina with condos  
and boat slips that would be nominally  
public but actually private. Most of this  
development will be at the expense of the  
Ballona Wetlands, the last remnant of a  
huge wetland that covered more than 1500  
acres. It appears that the Coastal Com-  
mission staff report will go along with  
the Dept. of Fish & Game's recommendation  
that there exist only 163 acres of wet-  
land on Summa's land. Other estimates,  
both private & public, range from 320 to  
500 acres. You can fit a lot of 1/2 million  
dollar condos on 160 acres.

### PRIVATE GOLF COURSE ON PUBLIC LAND

The County (read Summa Corp.) also  
plan to build a private golf course for  
the residents of Playa Vista (Summa's  
name for the development). The problem is  
that much of that golf course will be on  
land that is said to fall within public  
trustlands definition and, therefore,  
not legally available for private use.  
The golf course is very symbolic of the  
entire attitude of Summa/County with  
regard to resource protection in the LCP.  
Its one big thumb of the nose to the  
public.

### WHO WANTS TO GET TO THE BEACH ANYWAY?

All of the proposed development will  
bring with it a massive increase in cars  
and traffic, especially along Lincoln Bl.

The plan has some suggestions about deal-  
ing with that traffic which includes the  
construction of the Marina Bypass. This  
road, along the railroad right-of-way  
parallel to Oxford Av., would connect  
the Marina Fwy with Washington St. It is  
supposed to be the answer to the increase  
in traffic generated by new development  
in the marina. It will, however, simply  
dumb a whole bunch of traffic onto Ven-  
ice streets instead of getting these  
cars directly into the marina. In the  
process, it will hamper the already  
difficult-to-impossible task of getting  
to the beach on a hot summer weekend. If  
you have forgotten, Washington St. often  
becomes a long, narrow parking lot on  
weekends and the Bypass will certainly  
not help that situation. Further, cars  
that use the Bypass to escape Lincoln Bl  
will be looking for routes thru Venice  
and that will lead them either to Ocean

or Pacific Aves. The pressure to improve  
(a euphemism for widen) those streets  
will only increase as more and more  
traffic uses the Bypass.

So the road is a double whammy--it  
will make access to the beaches more  
difficult and will further congest our  
already overcrowded streets as people  
serach for a way thru town.

The Commission hearing will be either  
October 27th or 28th at the Hacienda  
Hotel in El Segundo (on Rt 1 in the heart  
of town). The date and time will be firm-  
ed up in the next couple of weeks and  
you can call the commission's Long Beach  
office for that info (590-5071). For more  
on the plan and what you can do to help  
change it call me (822-4725) or the  
Friends of Ballona Wetlands (821-7695). ●



From Unger's "Babylon"

## You Only Get What You Pay For

By Bill Webb


Deputy Chief Jesse Brewer received a  
report which shows that the distribution  
of police officers in Los Angeles favors  
low-crime and affluent areas, while dis-  
criminating against areas in West Los  
Angeles. The Herald Examiner cited some  
figures that are most interesting and  
support the concept that "money talks."

In our area a total of actual workload  
hours by police officers comes to 5,178.3  
in the West Bureau, the lowest in the  
city. This figure represents a percent-  
age of the total citywide workload,  
which is again the lowest, 4.5%. Prop-  
erty loss in dollars is the highest in the  
city, \$13,178,465. Other figures as a  
result of this study indicate that we  
are indeed receiving the services allot-  
ted to "second class citizens." And al-  
though we are the highest area on the  
crime totem pole, we receive the least  
consideration. Were we residents of the  
West Valley, the story, as the figures  
indicate, would be different.

The article concludes that 1,000 addi-  
tional officers would solve the problem,  
but it is most likely they would be dis-  
tributed in the higher-paying tax locals,  
because in reality, you only get what  
you pay for. ●

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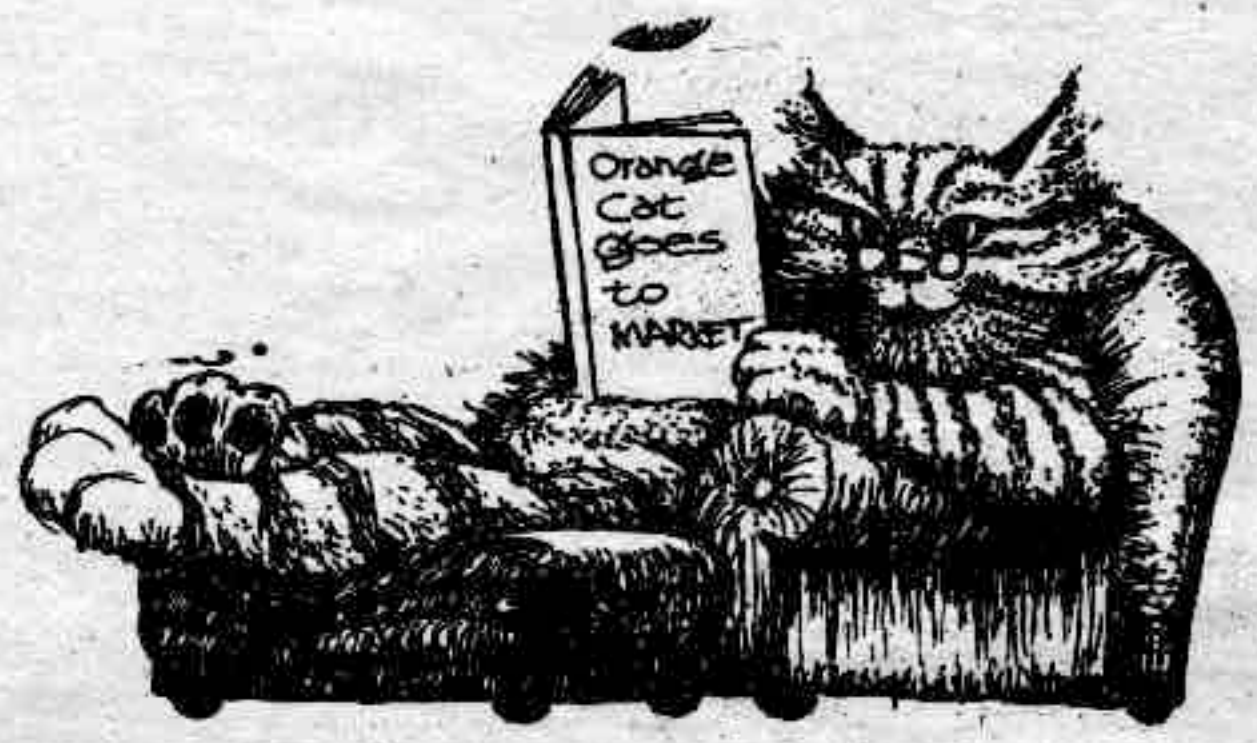
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Fondiller knows what the word means. She wouldn't even make a pimple on a crackpot agitators ass, and certainly she'll not represent any shade of Marxism, especially revolutionary. Now this same September issue #165 once again we can read that armchair gazooney name of John Haag who argues or implies covertly that we might consider voting for Democrats or other independents- Peace and Freedom jokers, in order to defeat the Reagans. How long will this prime exponent of the reformist line continue to try to blow smoke up Venitian asses? This is nothing but the old dodge of "The lesser of two evils," prated by the Social Democrat and Communist parties. An offshoot of Green and Sammy Gompers (Reward your friends and punish your enemies) it also is used to this day by most do-nothing labor fakers. Although I will continue to support P. & F.'s right to the ballot etc. I continue to remain an independent voter looking for a party of Labor, led by the working class left, with internal struggle for a revolutionary socialist program to predominate in the final analysis and thusly to challenge the power of the two Boss Parties.

Yours for keeping the Beachhead from becoming a bigger joke,  
Ed. Swabeck

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

Dear Beachhead,

Some people seem to have a lot of trouble believing that the atomic bombs were not necessary to win the war against Japan. So perhaps it is worth quoting in full from the views of Dwight D. Eisenhower, as reported in Newsweek Nov. 11, 1963, pg. 108:

"We'd had a nice evening together in Germany, nice dinner, everything was fine. Then (Secretary of War Henry L.) Stimson got to this cable saying the bomb had been perfected and was ready to be dropped. The cable was in code, you know the way they do it, 'The lamb is born' or some damn thing like that. So then he told me they were going to drop it on the Japanese. Well, I listened, and I didn't volunteer anything because, after all, my war was over in Europe and it wasn't up to me. But I was getting more and more depressed just thinking about it. Then he asked for my opinion, so I told him I was against it on two counts. First, the Japanese were ready to surrender and it wasn't necessary to hit them with that awful thing. Second, I hated to our country be the first to use such a weapon. Well...the old gentleman was furious. And I can see how he would. After all, it had been his responsibility to push far all the huge expenditure to develop the bomb, which of course he had a right to do, and was right to do. Still, it was an awful problem."

To point out the obvious, Eisenhower knew about the bomb before it was perfected, when it was still a military secret. He formed his opinion that it wasn't necessary to drop the bombs before they were dropped, and not after. The decision to drop the bombs was made in the end by civilian political leaders, who had planned to use it against Japan before the bomb was perfected.

Yours truly,  
Milton Takei

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The proposal is scheduled for a vote in City Council in November and Renters' Lobby has embarked upon an energetic grass-roots organizing campaign to ensure its adoption. Canvassers have been going door-to-door in renter-thick council districts with petitions supporting the decrease. These will be presented at City Council at the time of the vote. So far, over 20,000 signatures have been gathered. As you might imagine, almost everyone signs the petition. But there is another aspect to the organizing which is more politically potent: persons who sign the petition are given the opportunity to put some money where their mouths are: for \$15 a year (\$10 low, fixed, and student) renters can become members of L.A. Renters' Lobby.

As members of the Lobby they are entitled to consultation with a group of tenant-landlord specialists at Peoples College of Law if (and in many cases, when) they have problems with their landlords such as failure to make repairs in the unit, illegal rent increases, return of deposits, evictions, etc. If the problem should end up in court then a referral to a lawyer for representation at a nominal fee is made. Members are kept aware of the goings on around renting issues by a quarterly newsletter, and their membership contributions help to keep a lobbyist working full-time on nothing but renters issues at City Council.

Now, obviously, this kind of grass-roots participation in rent control has more potential for swaying reluctant City Council members than simple petitions. Pat Russell's district, for instance, which includes Venice, Westchester, and Crenshaw is about 60% renter, and a whopping 56% third world peoples. Ms. Russell has been slow to declare in favor of the decrease so canvassers have been making a special effort to enlist new members from her district.

They are encouraged to write a note to Pat assuring her that they are aware that the 7 to 4 proposal is coming up for a vote and that they expect her, as the 6th District representative, to vote for it, thank you. Volunteers are needed to facilitate this letter campaign, as well as perform other essential organizing tasks. LA Renters' Lobby, 440 Lincoln Blvd., Venice, 396-1966; and write to Pat Russell, c/o City Hall, Rm. 260, Los Angeles, CA.

**STRIKING** Continued from Page 3

I wonder in the back of my mind if they'd be so supportive if they'd read my article "Women and Cops" last year (L.A. Weekly, Nov'82) decrying police treatment of women both on and off the force. Oh well, you take whatever support you can get when you're a teacher.

8:45 am. We get into our cars and drive to L.A. High School, one of eight central rallying points for all those walking out. I get their first. I walk alone watching thousands of teachers hugging each other and discussing the children (we never stop) and crying out their anger inbetween gossiping and renewing old acquaintances. I talk with several teachers and parents who had not known how much they were paying Harry Handler. I look for my new fellow teaching staff (my old school is at a different location). Thank god, I finally see two familiar faces. I was feeling lonely, something I'd never felt before in any demonstration. "Hey, two people I know!" I call. They stare at me coolly. "Sally and Fred are coming up the walk," one responds. They both move on continuing their private conversation . . . sigh. Being a leftist just ain't what it used to be.

Sally and Fred are glad to see me, but they have others to talk with also. I feel welcome to tag along but I opt to go it alone. After all, I'm really here for the cause not to seek friendship. Or am I? I desperately wish I was with the old team. We'd be arm in arm right now, happily hoarse from hollering. I walk over to the park where the UTLA god, old iron-face Judy, makes a surprise visit. I take a picture of all those on the steps at the rally, including Solkovits herself. No, I don't know why. Perhaps it's a sense of history, or herstory

**VENICE GATE** con't. from pg. 1  
not even recognize the postmark of her own postal building, the "Marina Mail Processing Facility." Arbitrator Gentile is later to credit her "expert" testimony, i.e., the speculation that what Mary Miles offers as a plausible explanation could never have happened! At around 3:00 P.M. the Union is finally allowed to present its case, with an admonishment from the Arbitrator that time is short. The day is almost over.

The Verdict

"They made their decision as they would have gone into battle, heads down, without reasoning." --Emile Zola, J'ACCUSE


December 15, 1982. Arbitrator Gentile decides that President Miles is guilty of "obstruction of the mail" and that she is deserving of the severest penalty short of termination. The basis of his decision is the "credible demeanor" of management's witnesses. The Arbitrator ignores the fact that the "Marina Facility" postmark proves conclusively that Miles is telling the truth. Case closed.

January 10, 1983. Miles returns to work after a 279-day suspension without pay.

UPDATE

The Saga continues. On the day before the holiest Jewish holiday, Yom Kippor, I was told that the P.O. wouldn't let all the Jewish employees who wanted it have the day off. I called Congressman Mel Levine's office. They already knew of the situation and had been putting pressure on Rocha, thru the Postmaster General, to no avail. I told them of the above story and urged them to continue their efforts which they intended to do. Later in the day, Levine's office called to say that Mel had gotten personally involved and that the employees would be given the day off.

I am told that the atmosphere at the Venice P.O., these days, is not very pleasant. Employees are afraid of speaking out for fear of reprisals by Rocha who seems especially hard on Jewish employees. It's rather sad that a U.S. Congressman has to put pressure on a man like Rocha simply to accomplish what appears to have been a fairly simple task. Levine is to be congratulated for his concern and Rocha should be investigated for his role.  
Moe Stavnezer



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in the making. Good lord of Friday! I didn't know Solkovits could smile!

12 noon. I walk to my car alone, my hands in my pockets, picket sign folded under my arm. I see a T.V. news camera and I don't even splash my sign around for it. Woman, you must be getting old. I get into my car. I sigh and feel horribly alone. Slowly, I drive home . . . No ma'm, being an activist just ain't what it used to be.





# Community events INFORMATION

## RELIGION 11

ATHEISTS UNITED, now presents a weekly radio commentary, Atheists United Commentary each Thur. at 7:15 a.m. on KPFF 90.7 FM. For more info call 254-4914.

**STOP THE KLAN MARCH AND CROSS BURNING!** Twice in June & July, the klan has demonstrated in their robes here in LA in Sunland in the San Fernando Valley. Protest against the Klan Sat. Oct. 29th at 12:00 noon outside the Sunland City Hall. For more information and rides, call John Brown Anti-Klan Committee, 827-0505 (message).

1ST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF L.A., 2936 W. 8th St., L.A. 389-1356. Sundays, 11 A.M.  
10/2 - "The Liberation of Jesus", by Suzanne Spencer, Music by Carolyn Carlat.

10/9 - "Christopher Columbus: Myth & Reality" by Philip Zwerling. Music by the Chambers Singers.

10/16 - "The Catholic Church Acts For Peace: The Bishops Letter and Response" by Gordon Kahn

10/23 - "Scot Nearing: 100 Years a Radical" by Philip Zwerling

10/30 - "Sex and the Bible" by Gerald Larue

Church in Ocean Park, 235 Hill St. S.M. 399-1631, Sunday 10am:

10/9 - Poet and publisher Bill Mohr coordinates a reading by Ocean Park poets.

10/16 - Ted McQuary, Episcopal seminary student, activist and wild man addresses our existential dilemmas

10/23 - Nicaragua: Fresh impressions from Jim Conn, who will have just returned from Central America, with slides by Ariel Malek who visited Nicaragua in July.

10/30 - Spiritual Discipline, with Jim Conn...or How we get to the bottom of things.

## DANCE

"CHOREOGRAPHERS IN CONCERT, 1983", works by selected L.A. based choreographers, 10/8 & 9, 8:30 PM and 10/9 2:30 PM, at Academy West, 1711 Stewart, Santa Monica. Choreographers include: Carlton Johnson, Susan Inouye, Jho Jhenkins, Diane Berrier (Jazz), Charles Edmondson, Pam Halsey-Brinkler (Modern), Eva Ralk (Ballet), Sondra Lowell (Tap), and Lupe del Rio (Spanish Dance). Gen'l Adm. \$5. Info & Reservations: 828-2018 or 382-6928.

## WOMEN

ALCOHOLISM CENTER FOR WOMEN, 1147 S. Alvarado, L.A., 381-7805. Annual Therapist Training Series, "The Alcoholism Syndrome" 10AM - 4 PM, 10/26 thru 12/16.

Casting Call: Zendik Acting Co. seeks actresses for all female roles in avant garde video/Play "Oraculum Interrogations". Experience not necessary -- enthusiasm and dedication required. 455-3504.

Casting Call. Female dancers -- non-professionals who love to dance. Dance troupe forming -- combination rock, ballet, modern, disco -- Not over 5'5", call Ms. Arol. 455-3504.

## CHILDREN

STARR JOHNSON of Page Museum presents a program for children on the strange animals who lived at the La Brea Tar Pits 40,000 years ago. Fri. 10/7, 3:30 PM, Venice Library, 610 California, FREE. 821-1769.

Youth Leadership Training, sponsored by the City Office of Youth Development, will be offered Oct. 18 thru Dec. 13 Tues, 6 - 8:30pm, L.A. City Hall, Rm 350 (200 Spring St.). Topics include political process/community organizing, The courts, and public speaking. Certificates will be given to those who attend all 5 sessions. For more info call 485-3821.

VOP- COOP, 839 Lincoln Blvd., Venice 399-5623.

10/9 - 3 PM, Come celebrate our 4th Birthday. Potluck/Party at Geri, Beto, Pam & Joe's place. Call for info.

10/15 - 9 AM, Garage Sale/Co-op fundraiser. 941 Lake Street (1/2 block E. of Co-op and Lincoln Blvd.)

NOON - Orientation meeting, for new and prospective members, at the store.

10/23 - 7 PM, Annual membership meeting. Call for info.

CHRISTIANITY, SOCIAL TOLERANCE AND HOMOSEXUALITY, Sat. 10/22, 8 PM, Fiesta Hall, Plummer Park, 1200 N. Vista, W. Hollywood. An evening with Dr. John Boswell, sponsored by the Lazarus Project of West Hollywood Presbyterian Church. Donation: \$2.

SIERRA CLUB, Airport/Marina Group. Gen'l meeting, open to public. "Santa Monica Mountains", speaker: Sue Nelson. Mon. 10/10, 7:30 PM, Burton Chase Park Community Room, Marina del Rey, 822-7102.

"Peace Happenings in the Scientific Community World-Wide" is the subject of Dr. Nina Byers, Prof. of Physics at UCLA. The talk is sponsored by the Thursday Night Group which helps its members develop informed opinions on the threat of nuclear war. Thurs. Oct 20, 7:15pm, 1220 2nd St. Santa Monica (1st Presbyterian Church).

RESCUE PARTY, sponsored by "El Rescate" to benefit Central American refugees in our area. Salvadoran food, music and poetry. Sun Oct 23, 743 Palms in Venice, 4pm. \$5 Adults, \$3 Children & Seniors. RSVP by Oct 16th 450-6379 or 823-6964.

5 & 10 kilometer run and walk around the Hollywood Reservoir in opposition to the U.S. government's genocidal 2020 Plan for Puerto Rico. Sat., Nov. 5 - registration 8 a.m. at south entrance (look for banner); run starts 9 a.m. - \$7 with T-shirt, \$4 without T-shirt. Childcare provided. For directions to reservoir, call 392-8733. Sponsors: New Movement in Solidarity with Puerto Rican Independence and Socialism and People Concerned About Environmental Destruction in Puerto Rico.

## FILM

PUERTO RICO STERILIZATION DOCUMENTARY

"La Operacion" (1982, in English) is a moving documentary which explores the controversial use of surgical sterilization as a method of population control, in the context of U.S. government population policy in Puerto Rico, the nation with the highest rate of sterilizations in the world (more than 40% of women) and the youngest average age of sterilization (under 26). The film explores the significance of the medical profession in women's lives, the lack of informed consent for the operation, and the role of U.S. economic policy in Puerto Rico, which is leaving more and more islanders unemployed, thereby becoming "excess population." The film will be screened on Friday, October 28th, 7:30 p.m. at Peoples College of Law, 660 S. Bonnie Brae, L.A. There will be a \$3 donation. Sponsor: New Movement in Solidarity with Puerto Rican Independence and Socialism, (213) 392-8733.

GIL-SCOTT HERON in "BLACK WAX" - Feature length film. Hit of Filmex '83 featuring Gil-Scott Heron & the Midnight Band. Thursday, Oct. 13 - Gordon Theater, 6:15, 8:00 & 9:45, La Brea & Melrose. Friday, Oct. 14 - Marine Park Auditorium, 8:00 showing only, 16th & Marine, S.M. For more information, call John Brown Anti-Klan Committee - 827-0505 (msg.)

BRIAN ROTHSTEIN, Venice artist, 10 year retrospective of paintings, '73-'83, at Leonardo Gallery, 1318 Pacific Avenue, Venice, 10/1-31. Reception Sat. 10/1, 1 - 5 PM. Info: 396-9027.

ARTISTS TONY OURSLER & MIKE KELLEY collaborate on performance, Fri. 10/14, 8 PM, Donation \$2.

PERFORMANCE ARTIST JOHN MALPED performs Fri. 10/21, 8 PM, Donation \$2.

BIG GROUNDLING IS WATCHING, an all new comedy revue of Orwellian proportions opens 11/4 at the Groundlings Theatre, 7307 Melrose Avenue, L.A. Plays Fri. & Sat. at 8:30 PM, followed by the LATE SHOW at 10:30 PM, with different, more experimental material. For price and reservations, call 934-9700.

WANDA COLEMAN, AUSTIN STRAUS & TIMOTHY JOYCE will read their respective poetries at Al's Bar, Tues. 10/11, 8 PM, 305 S. Hewitt Street, L.A. 687-3558.

JIMMY TOWNES presents a series of baroque photographic still lifes in which he grapples with the transitory nature - the frailty - of human existence. Reception Fri. 10/7, 8 - 10 PM. Exhibition continues through Sat. 10/29. Gallery hours: Wed.-Sat. NOON - 5 PM. At CAMERAVISION. Info: call 380-4266, Larry Gruda.

BEYOND BAROQUE, 681 Venice Blvd., 822-3006. Gallery hours: T-F, 10-5, Sat. 10-1. Presenting:

AT HOME, Joan Jonas: Videotapes (Disturbances, I Want to Live in the Country (and Other Romances) and Upside Down and Backwards, Co-Sponsored with The Long Beach Museum of Art, 10/1-29/83.

ELLA AND THE BLACKS, return appearance, plus hit band ANIMAL DANCE, Sat. 10/8, 9 PM, Donation \$5. Refreshments available.

POET ARTHUR VOGELSANG reads from work Fri. 10/7, 8 PM, Donation \$2.

American Premiere of MATKA, biting satire of middle-class mediocrity, by Polish playwright Witkacy, at the C.A.S.T./Safe Harbor, 1653 South La Cienega Blvd. For tickets, call 462-0265.

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