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FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

SINCE 1968

CHEE WAAH

FREE

OCTOBER 1984, NUMBER 178, P.O. BOX 504, VENICE, CALIFORNIA 90294

(213) 823-5092

Sea Spray Shell Game *Property Condemned For Profit?*



By Arnold Springer

The Sea Spray is one of the grand old historic buildings on Ocean Front Walk. Located between Sunset and Paloma, its green tiled turrets are well known to Venetian and tourist alike. But now the building is in trouble. Purchased by a developer named Steven Blanchard for a rumoured \$1 million, it has been condemned by the Los Angeles Dept. of Building and Safety. The owner has ordered the tenants to vacate but they are refusing to do so. They believe that Blanchard plans to tear down only perhaps one of the seven structures on the property and bring the remaining six up to code.

The tenants are up in arms because they claim that the buildings on site are no worse than other pre 1936 buildings in the Venice area and that the condemnation is simply a ruse or ploy to get them out of their low rental units so that the new owner can either demolish or improve them and get out from under the L.A. rent control law. Vowing to remain on the site and to see the conflict thru, 17 tenants have retain lawyers, including local attorney Steve Clair and Gary Blaise from Los Angeles Legal Aid.

The Sea Spray was built in the 1920's and like much of Venice it has seen better times. The period 1930-50 was one of great neglect in this community and many structures were allowed to deteriorate.

In the 1940's or early 1950's Mr. Marcus Frank, who is reported to be nearing the century mark, began to buy up properties in the Santa Monica Bay area. Among his purchases was the Ocean Spray, at 517 Ocean Front Walk. About 10 or 15 years ago, having seen his properties appreciate, Frank began to sell them off, hoping to enjoy the profits he had made. He sold the Maryland Apts on Hollister and reportedly another apartment house near the Santa Monica Pier.

In 1974 Vania Tomeoni, a long time Venice resident and real estate broker entered into an agreement with Frank to purchase the property for about \$200,000. The day before escrow was to close, according to Tomeoni, Frank had second thoughts about selling and caused the escrow to be terminated. Tomeoni went to court to redress the wrong she considered

had been done her. An out of court settlement was reached in which she got a right of first refusal to purchase the property if ever it went on the market again, and Frank paid her a compensation of \$4,000.

Four or 5 years ago the property was again on the market. Iranian investors reportedly offered Frank \$450,000 cash for the Sea Spray, but no deal was concluded. After the deal with the Iranians fell thru, the building's tenants attempted to purchase it, intending to bring it up to code and establish a cooperative thru a limited housing partnership with the tenants buying their own units. Kent Foreman and Hasse Nyborg were two of the tenants who remember the negotiations with Frank. They offered to match the Iranian offer and went into escrow on the property. But a title search uncovered the right of first refusal held by Tomeoni, and that deal fell thru as well.

Werner Scharf also began buying Bay area, particularly Venice property, in the 1940's. He told the Beachhead that he had spoken to Frank on and off for the past 25 years trying to arrange a purchase but to no avail. Frank knew Scharf was interested and offered to sell him the property last year. The two men had a prolonged negotiation and at last reached an agreement with the price set at \$750,000. The terms were purportedly quite favorable to the buyer, with 7% down and interest only payments for 10 years. Scharf said he intended to bring the property up to code and to use it for senior citizen low income housing. With the deal struck, Scharf initiated a title search and uncovered the right of first refusal to Tomeoni. Scharf and Tomeoni know each other well and are on good terms, and so Scharf called her hoping to reach an accommodation. But it was too late.

With her right of first refusal running out (it was limited to 10 years) Vania was prepared to sell. Unbeknownst to Scharf a representative of Santa Monica lawyer Rosario Perry had already contacted Tomeoni and agreed to pay her \$1,200 for her soon to expire right of first refusal. Scharf called Tomeoni a day after the agreement had been concluded. "There was

Continued on Page 8

Nicaragua

Pro and Contra

On July 19, during the early morning, a small platform bus carrying nearly 20 peasant farmers and some of their families, campesinos, was stopped by more than 100 heavily armed men just outside the small Nicaraguan coffee-growing community of Waslala. Without provocation or reason, one of the armed men began to fire into the bus. A four-year old boy was struck, and flew off the platform where he had been standing, probably dying instantly. His father and mother were also hit. The father let out a short scream, then fell dead. The grandmother dropped to the ground, her right arm bloody. A 14-year-boy was wounded in the chest and thigh. Two other campesinos were killed and two others seriously wounded.

Twenty minutes after the shooting stopped the armed men commandeered a second vehicle and removed the campesinos, the standing and the wounded, perhaps two kilometers down the road where 100 additional armed men waited. Sometime within the next two hours, the armed men burned a nearby hacienda, and then left.

In the hospital at Matagalpa, where that week I interviewed several of the wounded, the grandmother said that she had been traveling to attend a funeral when the Waslala attack took place. Her arm had been amputated, and she lay in a crowded ward with her head resting on a green towel wrapped over her empty shoulder. Her daughter-in-law, the wife and mother of two of the dead, had also been in the bus; she stood to her side and filled in details of the account. Down the hall, the 14-year-old boy, a mass of tubes, said he was too tired to tell the story; he just said that they had all been shot by the contras.

Earlier in the week, I had visited other farming communities in northern Nicaragua, and had learned about similar attacks on civilian populations by the contras, the counter-revolutionary forces to the Nicaraguan government, trained and financed by the United States for an estimated \$75 million, and consisting primarily of Somocistas—the former

Continued on Page 8

Static on KPFK

by BRIAN STOKES

Recently Mollie Lowery, manager of KPFK, the alternative radio station in Los Angeles, told the media that KPFK would go on a 10 day hiatus to reorganize financially. In order to learn more about the reorganization, I got in touch with Leslie Lee at KPFK and found out the following: the total debt that KPFK is trying to pay off is \$350,000 dollars.

As regular listeners of KPFK well know, the station has been making a concerted donation drive to reduce this debt. Another way the station's management has developed to reduce the debt is to have a series of fund raising concerts the first of which was held on October 28th.

Leslie Lee tells me that all volunteers are welcome to have a part in the reorganization. Especially needed are telephone answerers in the subscription department, construction engineers, electricians, carpenters, and building materials, with special needs for carpeting and paint. All volunteers should call (818) 985-2711 from 10am to 3pm weekdays.

Miss Lee ended our conversation with a reminder that KPFK is a community supported radio station and now they need literal support from the community. A regular subscription is \$25.00/year. Send checks or money orders to Subscriber Services, KPFK-FM, 3729 Cahuenga Bl. West No. Hollywood, CA 91604. ■

letters

Miss Sandy Blixton
Beachhead
Venice, Ca.

N. Almendros
Nouvel Hotel
20, Calle Santa Ana
Barcelona - Spain

Dear Miss Blixton,

Your review in Beachhead of our film "Improper Conduct" has been sent to me by a friend from California. I am on vacation and I have now some time to write. There is misinformation in your article that I would like to clear out:

What you call "stock footage ...not in its original form but in slow motion" ... "adding eerie music" is in fact a Cuban documentary film in 35mm made by I.C.A.I.C. (the state film monopoly). We intercut this this documentary in our film intact, precisely as it was. We thought it would illustrate how the Castro government manipulates documents. In this case, as our documentary says, giving the official Cuban point of view about the Peruvian Embassy events in Havana in 1980 (eleven thousand people took refuge in its gardens in 48 hours). I would suggest that you see "Improper Conduct" again and will see that the style of this section is totally different from the rest of the film, which has no "no eerie music, no slow motion, no montage tricks," but just the poignant testimony of some 25 victims of intolerance, edited in the most simple straight forward way. It is the Castrois(sp) moviemakers not us who added these effects we abhor not only in moral terms but in asthetic grounds. You should demand I.C.A.I.C. if, as I suppose, you have contacts with them, to show you this propaganda documentary about the Peruvian Embassy in Havana and you will realize the sequences we kept in "Improper Conduct" are identical, including the enfatic(sp) speakers voice. We agree with you that its style is "self defeating" and that is the reason of this collage.

We could not go beyond two hours length in our film, which was the agreement in the contract with the French producers (Films du Losange and Antenne-2-TV). That is why some things are not developed fully (I agree with you on this). We had to cut a hell of a lot from the 40 hours

footage of the interviews. In any case, if we could not cover 25 years of Cuban history in two hours, we thought, following Amnesty International program, that the testimony of repression alone would have a value in itself. Let the other movie makers develop the subject. At least we can claim to have been first to denounce in film the shadowy part of the Cuban revolution.

Yours,
Nestor Almendros

P.S. We would have liked indeed to include - besides the footage of Castro himself which we got through French TV - some non-exile Cuban testimonies. But how could we get permission to shoot in Havana? Remember, we are only "gusanos," vermin to them. We did what we could.

Dear Sr. Almendros,

The Beachhead is reprinting your answer to my review of your film "Improper Conduct" (Beachhead Aug, 1984 #176). I am pleased that you took the time to write to the Beachhead but I insist upon making you aware that lesbian and gay Marxists are committed to struggle around the issue of homophobia. We do not use this as a reason to discredit the gains of the Cuban people working for a more just society.

We are not all Castro-apologists. The fact is, we have made a decision to change things within the system, as well as address our needs as lesbians & gay men all over the world.

Mr. Sandy Blixton

Dear Beachhead,

Re: Carol Fondiller's Article in last month's Beachhead, "Pavilion Power Play," it is amusing and amazing to consider Harry Perry attempting to define the word privacy in any context!

Privacy is, to borrow from the sixties and seventies, doin' your own thing without interruption, bein' in your space without intrusion.

Privacy can be a moment of eternity, spent alone, at one with sea and sunset, without having every Tom, Dick, and HARRY shate up, stand in your face, obliterate sea and sunset, as with his ingratiating smile, outstretched arms and cupped hands, he awaits his reward for having imposed upon you his threatening message from "another world" for the thousandth time.

I don't know and I don't care what Harry's "message from another world" is but I got a message from this world for Harry.

Buzz off, Harry

Ruth Clark

Venice Town Council

THURSDAY OCTOBER 11, 1984 7:30-10pm
Beyond Baroque 681 No. Venice

Proposed Agenda

Minutes
Announcements
Committee Reports

A. Pavilion Committee

B. Ad. Hoc Coordinating Committee including voting on recommendations for VTC structure & choosing method for determining method for choosing rotating chair
Elections: Secretary and Treasurer
Initial Meeting of Permanent Issues Committees: Law Enforcement; Human Concerns; planning & Development; Multi-cultural & Artistic; Beach-front recreation.

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Sandy Blixton, Jennifer Pirie, Bob Rivkin, Amelia Amerika, Pat McCartney, Kathy Henderson, Karin Pally, Olga Palo, Moe Stavnezer, Diane Nickerson, Carol Fondiller, Larry Abrams, Brian Stokes and memphis slim.

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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Punish The Poor

On the November California State ballot, the cruellest measure is Proposition 41. It will cut the heart out of critical programs for children, the elderly, blind & disabled, the poor and the homeless of all ages in California. The measure known as the "Punish the Poor" initiative will slash welfare payments to that of the national average plus 10%, drastically reducing the benefits received by a family of three (usually a single mother and her two children) from \$526 to \$255 a month.

Sponsored by Assemblyman Ross Johnson (R-Fullerton), Prop 41 also devastates Medi-Cal funds available for the elderly and disabled and will force many to choose between food stamps or medical care. The cuts to Medi-Cal are estimated to reach \$1 billion--25% of the entire program.

Proposition 41 would reduce or totally eliminate "state optional" services for those who remain eligible for Medi-Cal, including dental care, prescription drugs, psychological counseling, optometry, physical therapy, speech and hearing services, chiropractic care, podiatry and medical transportation.

The measure will also cut into the foster children's program. With a 50% reduction in services, few foster care families will be able to provide a home for these children. Jobs for health and service employees are also threatened with the 50% cut in these and other programs. It's estimated that funds for family planning programs will be reduced from \$50 million to \$1 million.

PROP. 41 IS FALSE ECONOMY.

Prop. 41 shifts the costs from the state to the counties which are already over-burdened. Other state laws require the counties to provide help to the indigent and incapacitated who have no other source of income.

Prop. 41 reduces by half the amount of money a county can spend on administering public assistance while doubling the demand for help.

Prop. 41 would cut California's public assistance back to the average of the other 49 states plus 10%. Today a family of three in California receives a maximum of \$525 a month, or \$6,300 a year on AFDC. This is below the federal poverty level of \$8,460 annually. Over 97% of these families are still below poverty level when income from all sources is included and work expenses are subtracted.

Mississippi gives a family of three less than \$100 a month to live on! Texas gives \$118. Let's not chain California's aged, blind and disabled to the injustices of Mississippi and Texas. VOTE NO ON PROP 41!

Sandy Blixton

PHOTOGRAPHER

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ROSIE RENTER



An American Story

You can see her, at least once a day, standing either in front of the One Life Health food store on Main St. in Ocean Park or asking for spare change near Windward Farms in Venice, or in the alleys where the spoiled and rotting (yet edible) fruit and vegetables are thrown away or where the local restaurants dump their refuse in the take-away bins. She lives on garbage, spare change and her thoughts!

She was "your typical mid-Western, seemingly happily married wife" of a small town respectable doctor. They had two children, Betty age 9 and Billy, Jr. age 13. She and Bill lasted 14 years. She couldn't take it anymore. It wasn't that she was bored with the country club life or suffered a lack of friends and social events---no, there was more than enough to content any person. It was deeper than that. It wasn't material things she wanted---nor was it that she didn't love her family, especially Bill--(although they had sex about 8 times in 14 years). Bill was "deeply religious"--- so they had sex when they were "trying to make a baby."

"No." She knew exactly what it was that could make her feel happy again, feel alive and taste life at last. She was a lesbian and without benefit of a partner. She had to leave home and find a woman she could love and with whom she could share her life. She'd miss the children, but they'd be safe with Bill. Bill would understand and even help her change. "Oh no!" The bubble burst, there was hysterical shouting and yelling--- not a quiet discussion. Bill wanted to commit her to a hospital instead where she'd be treated and made "normal" again. "God no!" She couldn't stand it anymore so she fled in the middle of the night wearing only a light wool coat. She fell asleep in the woods, then hitched a ride to the city. Somehow she travelled 1500 miles and within one week's time she was a shopping bag lady destined to live and sleep on the streets of Los Angeles.

She had gone from one horror to another. Now she wanted to go home but she couldn't remember where she came from and even now was becoming forgetful of her children's names, substituting X for Y and A for B.

One night she was raped and then after that she was raped many times more. She wasn't sure if it was the same man raping

her or if it wasn't "2 or 3 others" taking different nights with her. She couldn't resist, she never spoke anymore; she was now more withdrawn than ever. Trance-like she was making it day by day through life. Deeply wishing to be dead. To die. To be killed, even murdered. It didn't matter---what did life mean to her anyway? Some kind of dream/fantasy maybe. Who was she? What was she doing here and what was she doing? Her mind was like a computer--lights, color, words, objects, hot, cold, whatever---it was all a jumble---sort of a bunch of flashing neon signs and sirens and whistles going off like fire-works in her head. And she just lay there in her cardboard and shopping-cart shelter. Dirty infested with bugs, sores and infections, getting raped and raped and raped.

One year later I don't see her anymore and even though I know there's a shelter for battered or alcoholic or shopping-bag women, I'm really not sure if she is there, alive. I don't know whether Alice is safe and cared for or if she's lying in another alley or deserted door-way in some other part of town---or even if she's dead. And I'm very sad. I didn't lift a finger to help her but maybe some of the things that she told me that hour we spent together sitting in the alley-way around the corner from Windward Farms, maybe by sharing those things, I'll be doing something for her by telling her story.

It's mind-boggling that people I know here in Venice, especially the Demo-publicans support a government that through insidious programs of racism and sexism seeks to control not only it's own people but operates death squads in Central America and elsewhere globally in order to use that mechanism of genocide to eliminate blacks, latinos, poor people, women, lesbians and gay men in this day and age? Alice is white but for every Alice there are countless thousands upon thousands of people of color who are homeless and starving. It's statistics. Check it out!

Shopping-bag women can be found in every large city in the U.S. Since there's no female equivalent to L.A.'s skid row on downtown Main St. or New York's Bowery, these women seek areas where they feel safe and not be seen. They exist in door-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11)

Beachhead presidential preference poll

AMERIKA'S FIRST COUPLE CONTEST

Call your vote (by the number) into the Beachhead at 823-5092

COUPLE #1



COUPLE #2



COUPLE #3



No Peace in Peace and Freedom

Infighting Racks PFP

by rick davidson

This is an emotionally difficult article for me to write because it's a criticism of the Peace & Freedom Party; a party that I helped create in 1967 and have actively supported ever since. It's difficult on two levels: one relates to my subjective disappointment about the Party; the other concerns the possibility that my criticism will not be heard or taken as constructive criticism, which is the way I intend it. I am also concerned that anything I write may only fuel the anti-progressive forces in America - forces that are running rampant under the guise of being pro-American.

I need go back a few months to the organizing efforts leading up to the Democratic Convention and the phenomenon of the mass-movement known as the Rainbow Coalition. Peace and Freedom activists were divided on how to relate to Jesse Jackson and the Rainbow Coalition. Many argued that everyone should join the coalition and work for Jackson (and/or the issues he was raising); some even argued that we should continue on to support Mondale after Jackson loses at the convention . . . "anything to defeat Reagan". A key aspect to this argument was the importance of relating to a mass-movement of minorities. Others argued that we had moved beyond expecting anything out of the Democratic Party; and it was important to maintain and build a strong independent electoral force that the Rainbow people could relate to once they were shut-out by the Democrats.

True to form, the Democrats took the color out of the Rainbow; they even attempted to ease the glare of whiteness by placing a long-over-due woman on the ticket. So much for Democratic bosses.

With the Democratic Convention history, Peace and Freedom comes center stage. Peace & Freedom Party (PFP) - that 3rd party that grew out of the Civil Rights and AntiWar Movements of the 1960s. The name symbolized its purpose: Peace in Vietnam and Freedom for oppressed minorities at home.

PFP has gone through major organizational changes since its inception in 1967. Originally it was the electoral voice of the mass-movement of that era. In the late '70s various factions began to emerge. Activists were no longer just Peace & Freedom Members - they were also members of other parties, such as, the Socialist Party, the Communist Party, the Citizens Party, etc. The reality that PFP had become a coalition rather than a single party was formalized four years ago when parties on the "Left" were invited to run candidates in the Peace & Freedom presidential primary. That year four parties put forth their candidates for president: Peoples Party (PFP nationally) put forth Ben Spock; Socialist Party ran Dave McReynolds; Communist Party had Gus Hall; and Workers World Party ran Deirdre Griswold. It was an interesting primary.

This year followed the same pattern with five candidates: Tom Condit from PFP; Sonia Johnson for Citizens Party; Dennis Serrette of Alliance Party; Sonia Cruz of Internationalist Workers Party; and Gabrielle Holmes of Workers World Party. The Socialist Party and Communist Party were supporting Sonia Johnson (for very different reasons I believe)

So the stage was set for the PFP Convention, held in San Luis Obispo August 25/26. But wait! What about the Rainbow Coalition? As expected they and their issues were effectively shut-out of the Democratic Convention in San Francisco. Some did come to San Luis: two busses from Compton and Watts. The Dennis Serrette campaign had been chasing the Rainbow from the beginning knowing that the Democratic party would miss the gold. "Vote for Jesse Jackson in the primary, but support Serrette in November" was one of their slogans. And they did. Serrette organizers, 2 to 4 in the State (the Alliance party is based in the East), did their homework and brought 50 people to the convention.

Unfortunately, the glare from the white blind spot didn't allow the majority of PFP delegates to distinguish between the organizers and the people they brought. When they asked to participate a knee jerk possessiveness took over the ol' timers, i.e., fear of losing "their" power within the party to "outsiders". I say knee jerk because no one was asking for or expecting all 50 people to be seated as voting delegates. By the party's own rules that convention had the power to seat anyone it wanted to. There were also 8 unfilled delegate slots from the Compton and Watts area. PFP has usually filled vacancies by appointment, because people did not file and run for county central committee in certain areas in the primary election. We have always been so glad to have people participate, especially people of color, that that we always welcomed everyone.

Times change. The Credentials Committee said NO. The "new" people couldn't be seated because they had not been duly elected. All hell broke out from the colors of the Rainbow Black and Brown - for the Internationalist Workers Party, mostly Latin, supported the seating of the "new" delegates, even though they didn't support Serrette; and there was a sprinkling of white support from some of the non-aligned members of PFP.

When it looked like a significant number of delegates and guests might walk out, the Credentials Committee called a recess to consider the problem. They returned with a proposal; the people from Compton and Watts be given 5 delegates slots; that they only be seated for the purpose of voting for the president and vice-president; and they not be allowed to vote on the platform or for the state officers; and that there be no further disruptions.

The Rainbow Caucus caucused and returned with a counter-proposal: 8 delegate slots and full voting rights throughout the convention . . . they didn't want to be treated as half-citizens; they didn't come just to vote for Serrette, they wanted to participate in all the work of the convention. The Credentials Committee refused and the majority of the delegates voted to refuse full participation to the delegates from Compton and Watts.

Continued to page 8

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6 "When fascism comes to America it will come leading a parade on a white horse waving an American flag."

Huey Long

RESURGENCE OF THE RIGHT

By Carol Fondiller

I feel as if I'm back there again. San Pablo in Northern California in the late '40's, early '50's. I'm reading the local newspaper.

The headline is "Communist Indicted by Grand Jury". That would be great for current events in second grade, except that the Commie they were talking about was my stepfather.

The Grand Jury indicted him for theft, then extradited him to New York, where he was held for murder.

The murder he was accused of happened in the '30's, when he was organizing for the National Maritime Union, when he was most likely beating the shit out of union-busting scabs. After he was held incommunicado for six weeks, the charges were dropped.

The murder was dredged up because the Smith Committee, one of the traveling witch hunt shows of the Cold War period that was spawned by the House Un-American Activities Committee, was trying to force him to name names and paint them red.

Later I found out that some of my dead father's friends were not allowed to enlist in the armed forces because they were, get this, PREMATURE ANTI-FASCISTS. They'd fought on the side of the legitimate government in Spain against the insurgent Franco.

For six months in early 1984, it was almost chic to be a 1930's Commie. Hey, my mom lectured at Smith College about organizing unions, and the role of women in the labor movement. It was almost as if she were being vindicated for the years of harassment by various agencies of the U.S. government.

Neither my mother, father or stepfather were famous anywhere but in a small and with the passage of years, growing smaller, circle of friends.

My family had always symbolized what is best in the United States. Daring to dream of justice for all, health care for all, and really acting on the constitutional right, the pursuit of happiness. And they actively pursued that. They organized against sweatshops, for the right to organize, they organized for old-age pensions, aid to children, for rent control, and they got arrested, beaten and blacklisted.

So there I was in the San Pablo public school, day dreaming my way through arithmetic. My teacher called my name and told me to come up to the front of the class.

Two of the tallest, broadest men in the world appeared like djinns out of bottles. They identified themselves. "F.B.I. We'd like to talk to you." The room was quiet. I could feel 30 pairs of eyes on me. It was bad enough that my mother had a print of a nekkid lady in her living room, but now the F.B.I.!

I walked down the hall. One of the men's jackets was pulled back and I saw the gun in the shoulder holster.

They seated me in a small room with a desk, chairs and a lamp. They asked me questions, these men. What did my mother do in New York? I must tell them the truth. I had to help my mother. She meant well, but she was mistaken. I would be a heroine. I would be saving my mother if only I would listen to what was being said, and if only I would try to remember who visited our home. I'd be helping my country. Now I'd been told by my mother never to give information to strangers, even if they were my favorite heroes. The F.B.I. in peace and war. Bum Ba Bum Ba Bum Ba Bum Ba Bum. I was too young to realize the irony of the theme from Lt. Kiji by Shostakovitch that accompanied my favorite programs.

I didn't squeal on my family, not because I didn't want to, I was so petrified I couldn't speak. All I could do was quietly pee in my pants while the bright light shone on me.

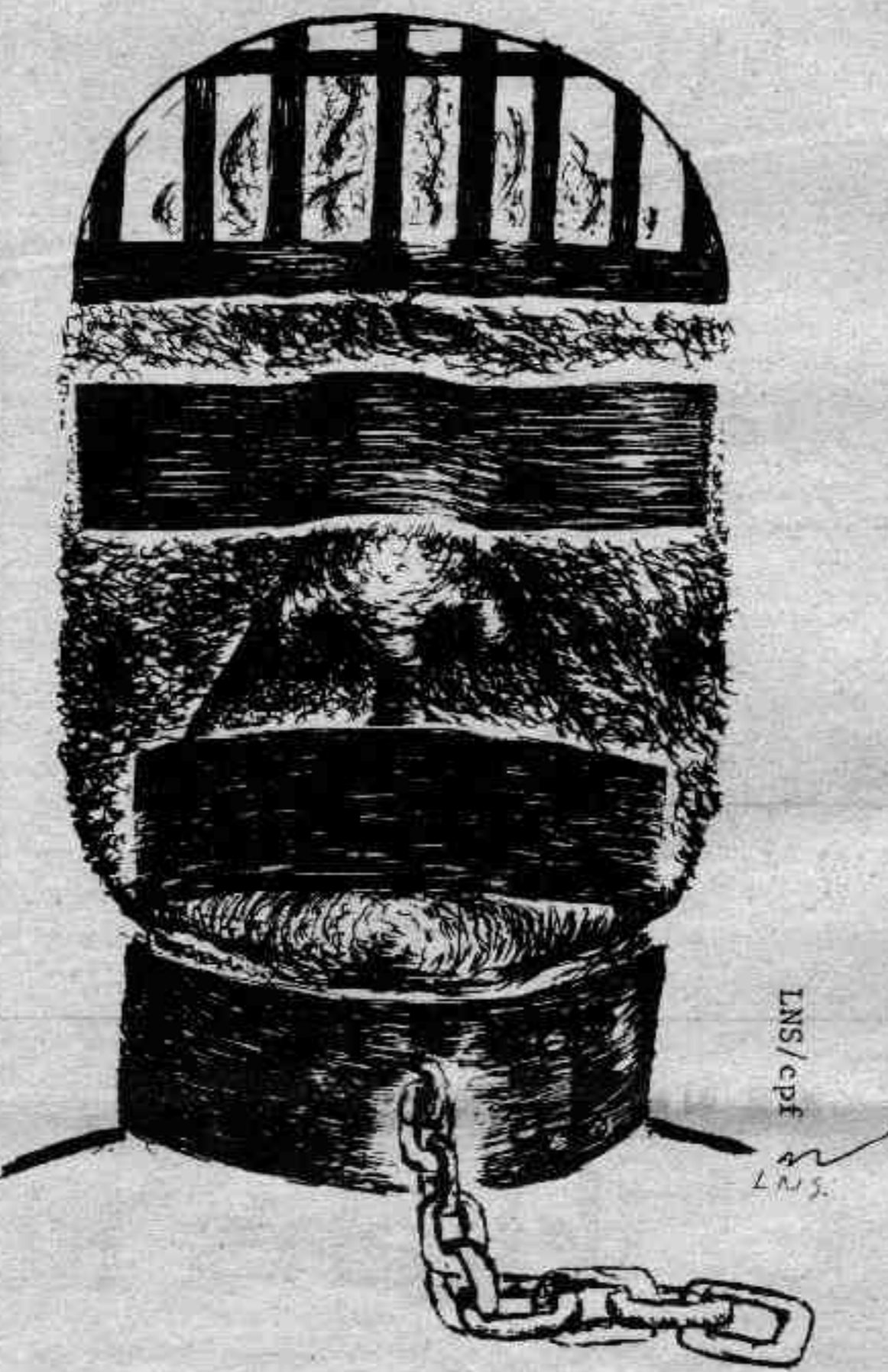
My family were not movement stars. They were not teachers or scientists in sensitive government positions. My stepfather was a merchant marine. My mother was a secretary. No benefits, marches, rallies or benefits were held in San Francisco to free my stepfather,

no funds were given to my mother to help her support the kids, even though my mother would get a job and then get fired after the F.B.I. paid her boss a visit, and my stepfather couldn't get a job on the docks much less a place on the merchant ships for years.

My family was anonymous. I'm giving you some of this history because its happening again.

As Huey Long said, "When Fascism comes to America, it will come leading a parade on a white horse, waving an American flag". How's that for prophetic imagery?

What happened to my family happened to other families. Families who



might have had a relative who was homosexual or lesbian. Or maybe someone who signed a petition to get a fair trial for Sacco and Vanzetti, or the Scottsboro boys or Joe Hill, or maybe they marched in a rally for friendship with the Soviet Union. Maybe they were under suspicion because they were Jews among the Gentiles, or refused to swear to God because it was against their religious beliefs. It happened in the '50's, the '40's, the '30's...

The "New Patriotism" as the media has dubbed Reagan's demagoguery, is not new at all. Its been around at least since the Athenes thought that the Spartans gave their women too much freedom, and that this was dangerous and should be squelched before these nefarious practices infected the rest of the Greek City States.

I mean, do we really need to invade Central America and Grenada for goodness sake for an ego boost? I don't want to stand tall on the bodies of the 258 marines who were killed in Lebanon.

I don't feel that my country is safer because, courtesy of Reagan and the Congress, it is now illegal for government employees to write their memoirs about their experiences.

I certainly don't feel optimistic about the future because T.K. Jones has said that in the event of a nuclear war all we need is a door and some earth to cover us.

Perhaps there is such a thing as too much optimism.

The narrowness of the definition of "Patriotism" is a bad omen.

Just ten years ago, President Nixon did us a favor. He caused most of us to distrust our government. Now the President of the United States is telling us to take government help out of social service programs, and to rely on the private sector. But when it comes to letting the American people know where and whom we're going to invade

next, we must trust our government. And if we disagree, our loyalty is questioned. I found it chilling when some Republican leaders implied that the Democrats were leftist and by implication, Un-American.

And if we are patriotic, loyal American citizens, we believe in God. Not just any version of a supreme being but a very narrowly defined God. A Christian God. A Protestant God. A Fundamentalist God that has more in common with the Muslim Ayatollah Khomeini's God than with the more diffuse God of the Christian Protestant Unitarians.

And if one doesn't believe that tax payers should support a so called Christian fundamentalist church that does not allow people of color on campus, one is called anti-God and again by implication, un-American. If one believes one has the right to worship or not worship, pray or not pray at a certain time set by a teacher or the Board of Education of the State, again one is dubbed un-American.

Several years ago, there was one woman who walked up and down in front of the Federal building in Westwood carrying a sign with Anti-Nuke sentiments. For many years, she was solitary, and a lot of people thought, strange. I thought she was a brave, patriotic woman.

Were the civil rights marchers and demonstrators Communist-inspired outside agitators? I don't believe we were. I believe we were patriotic American citizens doing our duty to make the government bow to its Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

Reagan, filled with Patriotism, is busy dismantling the Commission on Civil Rights. I wince when I hear people talk of the Vietnam war as a war we could have won if it weren't for the disruptive elements. According to those same people, those disruptive elements wouldn't have gotten anywhere if the media hadn't given them sympathetic coverage. And the media was manipulated by all-knowing, crafty radicals.

You'd think Watergate never happened. The Nixon administration started out piously committing itself to law and order, and got caught vandalizing the Constitution.

This administration has been giving us a heady mix of Patriotism, religion and manifest destiny. We have been fed this mix by an obliging media.

Reagan cuts Medi-Care and then forces Medi-Care to put one person back on the rolls, while blaming Medi-Care for the cuts his administration has made.

Reagan digresses from a press conference to make a plea for a liver donor for a little girl while slashing entitlement programs. Nancy Reagan brings four Korean children to America for heart operations while cutting back on non-military foreign aid, and while American children suffer from malnutrition.

And the media sinks into "Tiny Tim Journalism".

Reagan talks about freedom in other places, while making sure we get no news of adventurist wars until after they happen.

It seems that someone's being unpatriotic here, and I don't think its me. I know how lies can become facts ala Joseph McCarthy. I've been there, and this scene is becoming all too familiar.

It might be 1984 here for a very long time unless we become real patriots. ▲

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Film Review

The Gods Must Be Crazy

BY MEMPHIS SLIM

I have a confession to make. No it's not what you're thinking. I don't have a very long arrest record, I don't have personal knowledge of more than a very few venereal diseases and my accent is real. (As if anyone doubted it!)

What I did was go see a South African film, "The Gods Must Be Crazy." I have never, knowingly, witnessed any film from South Africa except the basic newsreel horror story. So it was with great trepidation that I journeyed to Beverly Hills to go see a South African comedy.

I was initially impressed by the huge crowd waiting to get in. All the reviews were favorable at least, so I guess it was to be expected that this film would be popular. What I really hadn't planned on was how much I'd enjoy this movie.

Because I am from the South and spent part of my life under segregation, I avoid even the hint of racism more than my fellows 'cause all you non-southerners "know how we are." Everyday Californians remind me at least once, they know how we are. Yeh, just like I was one of you-from Riverside or Long Beach or Bakersfield.

Anyhow, the flick starts off ala National Geographic talking about the Kalihari desert and the Bushmen. The narrative and camera focus in on one particular bushman who is to be the naive foil for "civilized" man's behavior. According to the opening narrative, the Kalihari Bushpeople are not tainted by contact with civilization. That is until a small plane's pilot throws his empty coke bottle out the window as his plane cruises over the Kalihari. Therein, lies the tale. Well, at least part of it.

The coke bottle introduces something to the desert people they've never had-Evil! So, our hero is dispatched to the edge of the world to throw this evil thing off.

On his way to purify his world again, he runs into "our" world. There he meets a young male Ph.D. candidate who "collects dung." The desert scholar has a friend/assistant/man Friday who is everything from father figure to Tonto to our white male lead.

Later in the film, the female lead is introduced. She's white of course and bored with the nonfulfillment of South African city life. She's gone to the frontier to be a school marm.

The film sprinkles in a very large dose of exaggeration and lunacy. The Rhino who stomps out campfires is hysterically funny. The so-called guerrillas fleeing from neighboring Botswana are close to racist caricature but what saves them is that the film makes the obvious point that any thieves in this part of the world are referred to as "communist guerrillas" for obvious social/political reasons. They have no crime in Southern Africa; they only have "Communist guerrillas."

The film's rapid pace and non-stop laughs bring the end to a satisfactory conclusion for all. The hero gets the girl; the sleazebag that runs the safari ranch is left for the coward that he obviously is; the guerrillas are taken captive by black school children; and our Bushman achieves his goal as the money he was given by the law is scattered across the desert by the wind.

Therein, lies my problem. This film is distributed by 20th Century Fox but it is South African. It's just not the South Africa I was expecting. Nowhere in this film is there Apartheid. The film is totally about life on the edge of the desert and as we all know, adversity makes our prejudices work against us.

Maybe this film was made just for export. The only thing I could see that was incongruous was all the villagers had brand new, bright cloth to wear; what we call "Sunday go to meetin' clothes."

But the social roles were not markedly changed from what my African history tells me and the non-white members of the cast were at least as rational, if not more so, than the whites.

I guess I just feel a little sad that such a wonderful motion picture comes from such an awful place.

Fighting the \$3.00 Clam

Cheap Eats in Venice

by Essie La Fresseur de la Yenta

There is a new three star restaurant here to improve our lot and lighten our day.

When I say three star, I don't mean three star as in Michelin, but owned by three stars Liza Minelli, Tony Bill and Dudley Moore. The name of the restaurant is it's address 72 Market St. I can't afford three dollars a clam (according to People Magazine) so I shall review the clientele as they look at me looking at them. Even more delicious than a three dollar clam could possibly be, is that this restaurant is on the very place where artrepeneur Doug Christmas carved out the first of his chain of Ace Gallery art marts in Southern Calif. and put Venice on the trendy map. Why do you think I'm here?

A wall has been replaced by a window which was opened during the recent hot spell and one could glimpse the techiest of high tech restaurants — exposed pipes, sky lights. A bit of civilized Soho come to Venice.

The customers seem to have benn imported from MTV or commercial land.

Cocaine-white women weighing 95 lbs. and video chic men in black wraparound glasses look as if they're waiting to be photographed for a Chanel ad.

Limos line Market St., while red jacketed valets talk with black uniformed chauffers.

I'll save my bubble gum money and go in there some day.

But right now, I'll talk about the places I've eaten in and therefore are the places of the true hip.

The first place isn't a restaurant at all. It's Windward Farms on Windward Ave. A produce store that delivers what Charmer's (another refuge of the desperately

trendy) doesn't. Tear yourself away from the fresh and exotic fruits and vegetables Chantrelle mushrooms at \$5.00 for a 1/4 of a pound but hey you only need a gram to brighten up your omlet. Go to the back of the store and order a sandwich and slad to go. May I recommend the chicken salad stuffed into a pita bread with lettuce and sprouts. Its simple and solid.

The chicken is home cooked not diced by some restaurant supply house, lots of mayo the kind of chicken sandwich mom would have made if she were a goy. A salad (also to go, no eating here) made of fresh veggies tomatoes zuchinnis carrots and whatever else is in season with bottled dressing-but O.K. goes for \$3.00.

A good strong fresh cup of coffee is difficult to find in Venice.

But the truly hip know that that very object can be bought for .50 at the O.D.— the Oriental Dish located at 1512 Pacific next to the Aardvark. The O.D. specializes in Philipino cooking (note cooking not cuisine) which combines Spanish Oriental and African techniques. Vegeable lumpia the Philipine equivalent of egg rolls are crisp fried and filled with crisp vegetables 2 for \$2.25, a chicken stew called chicken adobo, fried rice or noodles filled with chicken, veggies or whatever's fresh cheap and abundant. The entrees range in price from \$2.50 to \$3.00. Order a coconut ice cream \$1.50. It slides down rich and smooth with gelatinous pieces of young cocnut. They'll be out of that so settle for the custard— a square of dense rich smooth lemony flan for \$1.50.

The O.D. serves a breakfast for \$1.50. This consists of 2 eggs with a heaping order of white rice steamed with garlic. If you order coffee, breakfast will cost \$2.25 with tax.

Remember. You don't need to spend three clams for one clam, and any where you go my darlings is Truly Hip. ■

ELECTION '84

Children's Peace Ballot

Election day is rapidly approaching and its outcome will affect us all. The issues are not simple and, indeed, are extremely controversial. We will be voting, but will our children be heard? Shouldn't the under-18-year olds— still too young to go to the polls— have an opportunity to cast their votes? We feel they should. That's why the ELECTION '84: Children's Peace Ballot was created.

The Children's Peace Ballot will not only be beneficial in the area of youth education, but can also serve as a means to stimulate creative thought and active participation geared towards helping to solve these world dilemmas. Whether the ballot is circulated in schools, through churches and synagogues, at clubs and youth organizations or in the immediacy of home and family, it can be a helpful tool in achieving a better dialogue, more understanding and clearer communication.

Space is provided for written thought and art expression. A recommended appropriate age level is 11-17. Instructions are located on the ballot.

We will attempt to distribute the ballot to a wide and diverse cross-section of the community. The ballots can be mailed to


ELECTION '84: Children's Peace Ballot Project, c/o Santa Monica/Venice Alliance for Survival, 1013 6th Street, Santa Monica, CA 90403 (213-399-1000), or they can be brought to our "Election '84 Circle for Survival" which will take place Sunday, November 4 from 1-3 p.m. at the West Los Angeles Federal Building located at 11000 Wilshire Blvd. at Veteran Av. At that time we will compile all the ballots and prepare them for delivery to the White House on Election Day.

The Alliance for Survival is a southern California grassroots organization doing educational work on peace and nuclear issues. We do support a bilateral nuclear weapons freeze and other disarmament efforts, but every attempt has been made to construct the Children's Peace Ballot in a non-partisan and objective manner.



We hope you will support this project in your own manner. We thank you for taking time to read this and look forward to hearing from you soon.

In peace,
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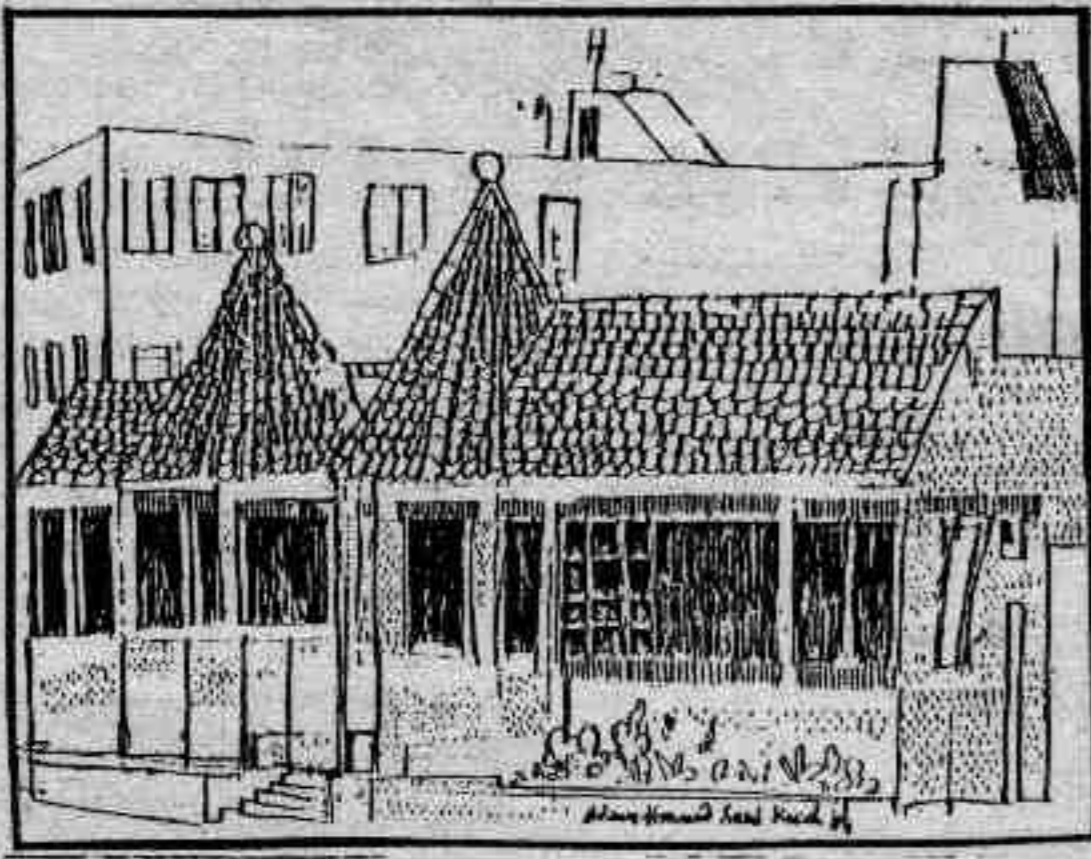
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8 Sea Spray cont.

no way I could go thru with the deal", said Scharf. It would have resulted in a suit against Frank which I didn't want to be responsible for".



(C) H. Howard Said-Kisch 1984

Tenants told this reporter that when Frank heard that the Sea Spray had been purchased by Perry that he was unhappy and wanted to somehow nix the deal. But that was apparently impossible. Again according to tenants, Perry purportedly almost immediately sold the property to a Steven Blanchard, a Woodland Hills developer, for \$1 million. Blanchard also was able to purchase the large, white, single family residence adjacent to the Sea Spray, at 521 Ocean Front Walk. A sign subsequently appeared on that house with an invitation for individuals wishing to rent commercial space to make inquiries. No permits however have yet been issued to allow a change of use from residential to commercial for that building.

(This reporter contacted the offices of Rosario Perry and asked for an interview, but Perry did not return the call. Mr Blanchard's office was called but they declined to give an interview over the phone, asking that a copy of this reporter credentials be sent to them in the mail.)

Soon after the building was transferred to Blanchard a Building and Safety inspector from the WLA office named Mr. Guzik appeared on the premises. According to tenants who were present on two occasions, Guzik made what appeared to them to be a cursory examination of the structures. Subsequently he ordered the buildings vacated because they were substandard and dangerous, presumably not fit to be occupied.

The new owner immediately issued the tenants a notice to quit. Tenants were furious because many of the structures, especially the single story structures that form the court, were habitable, and they suspected that the owner in reality had no intention of tearing them down. They suspected that he wanted to rehab them and change their use from residential to commercial.

The Sea Spray property has 7 individual structures on it, with a total of 20 units. The average rent for the units

is between \$175 and \$ 225. Each of the 7 structures appears to have some deficiencies, but it is the rear structure which contains 6 units and is two stories high, which appears to have the most serious structural and code problems. Tenants argue that all the units have been habitable up until now, and that even if one structure may be beyond repair (and they do not concede that), that is no justification for condemning each of the other 6 structures

No Peace cont.

Predictably, most of the color left the convention. After more consideration and talks with supporting PFP members, the Rainbow people returned to the hall and said that they would "eat crow" and take the proposal.

The convention went on: Sonia Johnson of Citizens Party won the nomination for President. Which was no surprise to anyone. Then the question of vice-president became very important. Everyone was talking about the need to have a mixed slate, i.e., not an all white ticket. Dennis Serrette was the logical choice; Tom Condit was white; Sonia Cruz is not a US citizen and is very sick at this time; Workers World Party had not been seriously participating in the Convention. Then the knee jerk caucus produced Emma Marr, past State Chairperson and of oriental background. She was nominated and won the vice-president spot. Many felt that this hardly spoke to the question of color or Third World representation.

The Communist Party and Socialist Party working together created a voting block that dominated the convention. Given their historical antagonism, it was a very strange relationship to say the least - some called it the unprincipled block.

With power safely in hand, the Convention moved to the election of state officers: Lou McCammon - State Chair; Maureen Smith - North Chair; Maxine Quirk - South Chair; Adele Cannon - Treasurer; Isabel Ebert - Recording Secretary; Tony Novak - Correspondence Secretary; Kevin Aitin - Parliamentarian; and three at large members: Tom Condit, Albert Gonzalez and Oneal Cannon.

It was obvious out of the power play being acted out on the floor of the convention that the Communist Party had gained control of PFP. This upset a lot of people, myself included, yet it wasn't the most important thing that had happened. A more serious problem was the attitudes and politics exposed and the mechanism that allowed a relatively small group to dominate the convention. The mechanism is WHITE SUPREMACY.

It is this mechanism that I am most concerned with. I use the term White Supremacy rather than racism because it more accurately describes the process I saw at work during the Convention. A process no different from what we witnessed at the Democratic Convention. The term racism is too often used to describe a personal prejudice: "some white people don't like black people". White Supremacy speaks to the question of power, i.e., white people are unwilling to share power with people of color even when it's only a small radical 3rd party in California. Hardly power at all. And what makes it so absurd is that even had the 8 members from Compton and Watts been seated, and had they voted the same as the Internationalist Workers Party (which wouldn't have been the case) and had the few independent members of PFP voted together... even then the knee jerk caucus still held the majority of the votes.

Tenants have asked Blanchard what his intentions are viz the buildings and he has responded by issuing them unlawful detainers and putting up a chain link fence around the property so the tenants felt, in one's words, "as if we were in a concentration camp."

Tenants speculate that the new owner, having paid too much money for the property, is feeling forced to change the use from residential to commercial. They say that commercial property on the Ocean Front Walk is renting for between \$6 and \$7 a sq. ft. and that if Blanchard turned the Sea Spray from apartments into a commercial mall, he could rent a converted and upgraded commercial bungalow of 275 sq. ft. for as much as \$2,000 per month, as compared to \$200 per month for the low income rental units.

Tenants feel that they shouldn't have to loose their homes because a real estate speculator made a bad deal. They point out that the City of Los Angeles has some legal responsibility to preserve low income housing in the Venice area, and finally, that the City has both the legal and moral responsibility to hold public hearings on this project before they are forced out of their homes and before the developer begins any work on the site. ■

Absurd? Yes, but worse, it represents the replacement of empowerment of oppressed minorities, one of the basic principles of the Party with bureaucratic pragmatism. I ask each member of PFP, wouldn't it be exciting, certainly dynamic, if the Party was equally divided between White, Black and Brown members? We would then be forced to determine what were the principles we all could agree on; and evaluate what our differences mean in the light of a Rainbow Society. Something the Democrats were unwilling to discuss. But we weren't either, were we? Since the demise of the Black Panther Party we have forgotten how to work in a coalition where the differences are real and success requires a clear agreement on principles and a flexible working relationship on non-principled differences.

As long as White Supremacy continues to rule the "Left" we will never be able to build the coalition of people - of all people - we need to transform this insane system of US Imperialism into a humanistic one capable of taking care of human needs. Not until human needs are placed before profits, can we solve our problems.

I would like to end with the following proposal: The Peace & Freedom Party, along with all parties and organizations that identify with the task of ending US Imperialism and replacing it with a positive system of government, come together to host a teach-in on the question of WHITE SUPREMACY within the "LEFT". What is the gold at the end of the Rainbow?

Also, I would offer for consideration part of the definition of White Supremacy from the Sojourner Truth Organization:

The other major aspect of white supremacy is the systematic denial of economic, political and social equality for Black people. This denial of equality is also an element of capitalist policy though for obvious political reasons its sources and motivations within the ruling class are masked to the greatest extent possible by the workings of the trade union and the parliamentary-electoral institutions. The denial of equality to people of color is equivalent to the establishment of a system of relative advantages for white people. All white people, specifically white working people, participate in this system of privileges, though clearly all do not participate in an equal manner. These relative advantages, despite their wide variations, provide all white people with a material base for white supremacist practice and outlook, which, in turn, becomes the means through which the relative advantages are rationalized. ■

Nicaragua (CONT.)

National Guard of the dictator Anastasio Somoza. The head of a self-defense cooperative near Jinotega described how the contras had murdered a French doctor working to treat leprosy, and a German doctor who had run a clinic. Burned-out sites remained where previously a school and health care center had stood.

The Instituto Historico Centro Americano in Managua, a Jesuit-based research center, has collected witness testimony concerning other similar contra assaults. In its June 11, 1984 report, for example, the Instituto documented reports of an April attack, also in Waslala. More than 1,000 contras had entered the community, kidnapping more than 200 civilian residents, before being repelled by government forces sent to the town. In retreat, the contras discovered a 24-year-old farmer and his family hiding in a ditch. The farmer pleaded that the contras spare his family. The contras then shot the farmer's wife and kidnapped his three children. When the farmer's body was recovered, the fingertips from his left hand, and his entire right hand had been sliced off; the farmer had been beheaded and a cross carved in his back.

In a recent public statement, President Reagan criticized congressional funding cut-offs to the contras, whom he collectively characterized as "freedom fighters."

Mark Rosenbaum is a staff attorney at the ACLU/SC office. Reprinted from OPEN FORUM. ■

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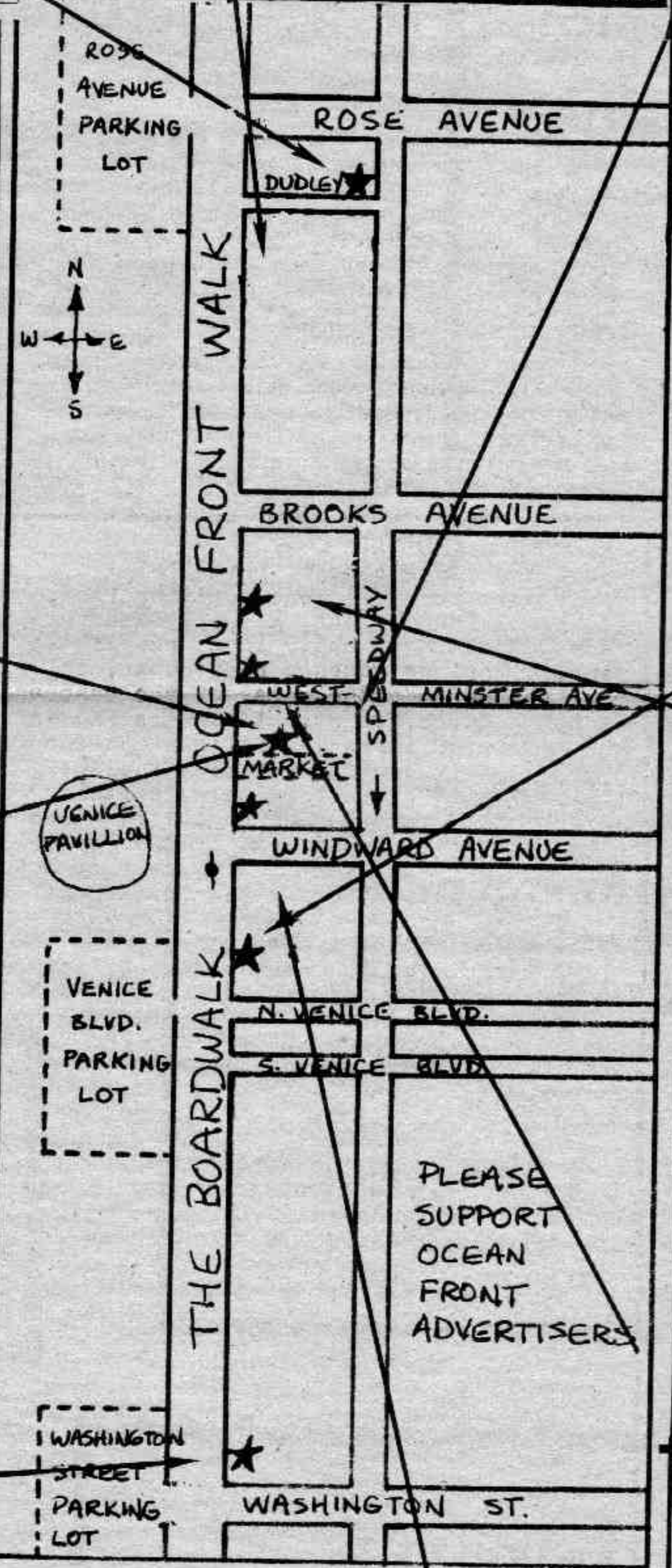
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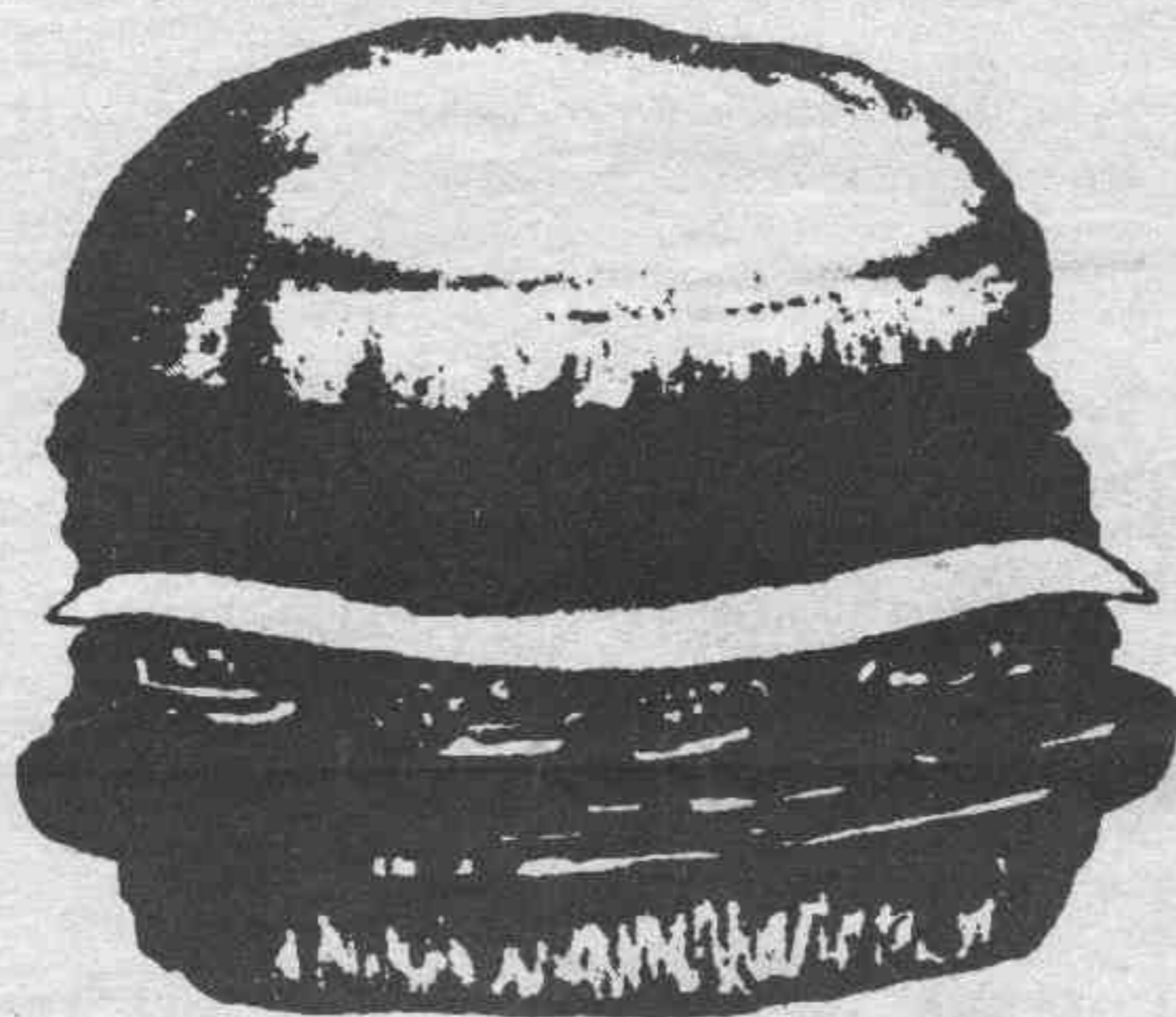
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