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# FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

# BEACHHEAD



**FREE**

SEPTEMBER 1980 ISSUE NO. 129 P.O. BOX 504 VENICE, CALIFORNIA 90291 823-5092

## VENICE'S LOVE CANAL ?

BY ARNOLD SPRINGER

Ever since Love Canal in New York and the airing of "The Killing Ground" on ABC TV last year the question of toxic waste dump sites and their potential danger has been on many peoples minds. Now a recently issued Federal report has listed a potentially dangerous toxic dump site right here in Venice.

The report, entitled "Waste Disposal Site Survey" was issued in October 1979 by the Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigation, Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. It is known as the Eckhardt survey after the chairman of the subcommittee.

The site, labled "Venice Plant" is listed on page 40 and the address given is 43rd and Pacific Ave. According to the report the site was used as a disposal area from 1936 to 1960 by an unnamed chemical company. Three hundred tons of organic and inorganic waste were dumped in pits, ponds and lagoons, according to the report.

Investigation of the location reveals that it is properly designated as lying immediately to the south-east of Ballona Lagoon, across from the intersection of Jib-Ketch and Pacific Ave. on the east side of the Grand Canal. That site, as well as almost the entire Silver Strand, is now being graded in preparation for a large residential development. It is probable that the wastes disposed of in the pits and ponds of the area are now being spread over the entire Strand area.

County Assessor's records reveal that a major property owner in the vicinity is the Graner family of McAllen Texas and Long Beach, Calif. Graner Oil Co. is known to have conducted drilling and producing operations in the area. Another oil co which operated in the same general area as late as the 1950's was McFarland Oil. It is not known whether either of these two companies had anything to do with the waste disposal in the area.

The Washington D.C. office of the Environmental Protection Agency, when contacted, revealed that the information published in the Eckhardt report on Venice came from Dow Chemical. Dow is not known to have owned property or operated any chemical plant on the Silver Strand. Washington E.P.A. also revealed that the wastes materials were reported by the company as salts and oil sludges.

These wastes could be the natural by-products of oil pumping operations at the sea level site. Washington E.P.A. thought such a deduction would be logical. Los Angeles City Attorney Norman Roberts also thought that the wastes probably came from the oil drilling operations. No one however, to this date, can explain why Dow Chemical reported the waste disposal operation. The Board of Public Works reports that it issued no permits for the disposal of waste materials at that site.

--continued on page 9



## OAKWOOD

si se puede

## ARTISTS

## OVERCOME

By Lindsey R. Haley

Despite red tape, the Oakwood Beautification and Mural Project, a Summer Youth Employment Program (SYEP) at Oakwood Playground, was finally completed with not much help from City officials or from the Dept. of Parks & Recreation.

The project was completed due to the efforts of John Gonzalez, Robert Marquez and David Ramos, all native Venetians who supervised the program sponsored by New Start, a community-based drug council.

Due to what Gonzalez calls "bureaucratic red tape and lack of enthusiasm from some L.A. officials", there were several delays in getting the supplies needed to get the project started and completed.

There had been a verbal agreement with the Los Angeles S.Y.E.P. directors that as long as a budget was submitted the paint needed for the murals would be available. The budget was submitted one week prior to the kick-off ceremony, which was celebrated on July 3rd in honor of the project.

On July 7th a phone call was received from Manny Rico, an SYEP officer, telling the participants that the paint would not be coming. According to Gonzalez, "no further explanation was given". What followed was that John contacted Jane Dawson, one of the SYEP directors, and quite angrily expressed their feelings as a whole.

Feeling as if they were getting the runaround, Robert, David and John weren't going to sit idly by until SYEP decided to get off their asses, so they took matters into their own hands, asking for contributions from local hardware and paint stores, using their own gas and time, knowing they would probably never be reimbursed, but with the satisfaction of knowing that they had received some of the supplies needed to get the project started.

When David was asked if he ever got discouraged by all the running around and not seeing anything materialize, he stated "Yeah, but John kept us going by telling us that it would happen and that is really what kept up our morale and kept us going."

David and Robert are two very talented artists who did the sketches that now cover the front wall of the playground. To them, getting this project completed was more than just another summer job; it was making a dream become a reality. Finally having the opportunity to share their gift with the rest of the community. Sharing with all a vision which had only existed in their minds is a dream come true to any artist.

Hopefully with the help and support from the right people, people who want to get involved, there can be an annual mural project helping to beautify the Venice area and bring with it a sense of pride and accomplishment to its people.

Writing this article for me has been quite an experience. Getting back in touch with the people I was raised with, and along with them sharing the sense of pride we all have in our barrio-ghetto-community (whichever way you wish to define Venice) - they with a paint brush and I with pad and pencil, either way it's done we're all trying to get a message across to the people of Venice.

As I sat on a park bench looking at Robert and David work on the sketches, an old man approached John and me wanting to be informed about how the project was coming along and sharing with us later some portraits of paintings he had done. He quickly offered any artistic help he might have to give to the project.

The sense of unity that prevailed in that park was overwhelming and it gave me much pleasure to see that what had once been used for a battle ground

--continued on page 9



# LETTERS

This letter is in response to the letter of Mrs. E. Moore in the last Beachhead.

Beachhead Collective:

I would like to make a few comments about the dawn defeat column.

First, the "item" starring Rick Davidson and me never happened.

Second, I perceive a sexist attitude on the part of the collective when, in setting the scenario, words such as "powerful" are used to describe Rick and "roundly chastised" as his demeanor in relating to me with no description of my half of the "exchange."

I have been told that this item was a spoof, done in a tongue-in-cheek manner, and that I am being too sensitive. I wonder if these comments would have been made were I a Black instead of a woman.

Third, when I first made my feelings known to two of the collective members, I was told "tough shit" by one of them. This comment is a discounting of me as a person and invalidates my feelings.

Fourth, if the collective continues to publish this column, I would suggest that you be consistent and use either all initials or all full names. To pick and choose (initials for Beachhead members and potentially libelous items, full names for all others) employs a double standard.

Thank you for your attention.

Susan Baker

Dear Beachhead


Dear Fellow Upright Mammals Yet Alive On Planet Earth!

I just got June 1980 issue of Beachhead forwarded from Sharon David Bas-Hannah (who as you may know was born in a part of Santa Monica/Venice Beach community long since torn down to make way for such as Lawrence Welk). I first came to you as a indirect result of a Roger Corman, Michael Miller released "R" movie called "Street Girls" or "Angel" first made in Ken Keasy-Grateful Dead land (Eugene Oregon - Springfield). I tried very hard for what I considered the Goldie Glitters "Mystic Knights of Onigo Boingo" revolution but was sold out by such as renters league people who accepted such as "Hearts of the West" premiers along with \$200 donations from such as Tony Bill (who I wanted to replace the 16 units of housing he occupied with new, imaginative, communal film related housing) a sort of sybiotic version of what Goldie Glitters and Ms. Divine were not yet up to: I still believe in Cultural Revolution!

I wrote a very short revisionist history of Venice to George Drury Smith and the Venice Town Council over two years ago; I have a form of brain cancer-epilepsy in the area of the brain famous Russian theorist A.R. Luria attributes to stress from "overly verbal" anticipation of the future. Since estrogen is Cancer causing it works directly against my original Transsexual-Socialist (have government pay for it!) goals. I still have some of same ideas for using film-coop approach to Cultural Revolution starting from Venice. My total income is \$238 SSI of which I pay \$100 rent. I would like subscription and will pay for it when I can. I would like to correspond with old and new Venice Friends!

With Love in the Goddess

Ms. Lily-Sabina Fairweather, A.N.  
Write: Weber, Gen. Del., Montgomery West  
Virginia 25136

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

I thank Mrs. Moore for attending the public display of the Green Machine June 1, 1980 on the site at Venice Way and Venice Blvd. I regret that the large model on display was not complete enough to have sufficient detail to convey the hand and balcony railings comparable to railings found in houses and apartments. Also, the model did not represent the planting that would climb on the structural frame which would portray a pyramidal trellis covered with foliage.

Mrs. Moore felt that beach parking would be curtailed by the Green Machine. The site of the Green Machine takes up less than an acre, or approximately 7% of the median strip from Pacific to West Washington. If the land left over on the median strip was devoted to parking lots only there would be room for approximately 1,300 cars. That is over double the capacity of the existing parking lot at Venice Blvd. and the beach! It is also important to note that two-thirds of the Green Machine site is devoted to a neighborhood childrens' park and community garden.

Mrs. Moore questioned the use of steel. The selection of steel as a building material was made for a number of reasons: 1) Tubular steel used in a space frame pattern produces the maximum strength with the least amount of material; 2) The inside of the pipes are filled with water for fire protection; 3) Steel allows for in-factory mass production of high quality with precision tolerances.

Mrs. Moore compared the Green Machine to the Golden Gate bridge in terms of maintenance of the steel. The Green Machine is located about one-half mile from the ocean, whereas the Golden Gate bridge is directly over the water, and exposed to similar conditions to those of a ship. Also, the finish of the Green Machine is a combination of galvanizing and a silicized polyester coating. This is a high performance finish that can only be done in a factory. The finish has a lifespan of up to 25 years.

Mrs. Moore makes reference to not using expensive land near the beach for low income housing. Should only people with financial means live near the beach? Venice has been repeatedly urged to provide low income housing for displaced residents. The Green Machine is addressing this problem with a unique solution.

Mrs. Moore categorizes the Green Machine as providing 24 trailer pads and using solar energy. That is an extremely limited understanding of the Green Machine. It will provide spaces for 14 trailers, 8 manufactured houses, and 6 artists' studios. The Green Machine is a holistic project dealing with a variety of complex issues and experimental technologies. These issues and technologies are currently being dealt with individually in other places: low income housing, manufactured housing, trailers, membrane structures, solar energy for heating and generation of electricity, greenhouses for space heating and food production, miniparks, community gardens, recycling of sewage water, recycling garbage, lightweight structures, preservation of land, plug-in housing, elevated ground planes, natural water collection, subsurface irrigation, drip irrigation, and composting. What is unique in the Green Machine is a synthesis of all these into one whole, at the same time creating delightful spaces where people would enjoy their environment. The project pushes the normal practices throughout - not simply to be different, but to encourage fresh solutions in housing.

Glen Small  
Architect  
Green Machine

Dear Beachhead:

A very public thank you to a couple of very public-spirited citizens, Dwight and Kelly Cass. When my purse was snatched in front of their home on California Avenue last Thursday, Kelly invited me into their home, calmed my shattered nerves with a glass of ice tea and soothing words and called the police, while her husband, alone and unarmed, chased the thief and retrieved my purse intact: glasses, credit cards, photos, papers, etc. Later when the police arrived, he rode with me in the squad car. He spotted the man running down an alley and he and one of the policemen pursued him on foot while the other policeman and I circled the block in the car. Although the thief got away in the tangle of small houses, garages and shrubs that make up that part of Venice, Mr. Cas certainly deserves commendation for alertness and bravery. So, three lusty cheers for Dwight and Kelly Cass.

(Name withheld on request)

## FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

Collective Staff:

John Sprung, Tracy McKeon, Olga Palo, Hope Blacker, Emily Winters, Chuck Bloomquist, Elizabeth Elder, Phil Gillette, Joan Friedberg, Arnold Springer.

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 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 on the Beachhead. The Beachhead Collective is an open group and welcomes interested Venice people's participation.

The printing is financed by ad donations. To submit material, include your name and phone number. Anonymous material will not be printed, 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. The Beachhead subscribes to Liberation News Service (LNS) and is a member of the Alternative Press Syndicate.

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to a

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## Venice Town Council!

VENICE TOWN COUNCIL SEPTEMBER MEETING

Wednesday, September 17th at 7:30 p.m.

Venice City Hall, 681 North Venice Bl.

ALL VENICE COMMUNITY RESIDENTS ARE ALWAYS WELCOME TO PARTICIPATE.

### AGENDA:

1. "Racism in Venice" is the general theme of a VIC cosponsored conference which will also deal with housing, police & jobs. Get involved in organizing the conference.
2. A recycling system for Venice? A proposal has been made to begin one here to benefit the VIC & Beachhead. Conservation and fund raising combined.
3. Coastal Committee burn out! That dedicated band of intrepids needs HELP from new members. The committee will give a run down of its activities and what needs to be done.
4. Report from Coordinating Committee--do we need two meetings a month?
5. Emergency issues as they arise.
6. Committee Reports.

The VIC Coordinating Committee which sets the agenda, also open to all, will meet on September 24th, same time & place as the VIC.

# BOYCOTT

## Campbell's & Libby's



FARMWORKERS STRIKING SINCE 1978:  
DESPERATE FOR FUNDS

In 1978 over 2,000 Ohio farmworkers, led by the Farm Labor Organizing Committee (FLOC) walked off their jobs picking tomatoes in protest of the poverty wages and degrading living and working conditions that they have been forced to bear while harvesting this country's food.

300 migrant workers returned to Ohio to continue the strike in 1979; other farmworkers bypassed the state in support of the strike. During 1979 union members stopped a mechanical harvester from breaking the strike by conducting a sit-down act of civil disobedience. While attempting to represent the 27 workers arrested, FLOC's attorney was beaten by the county sheriff and his deputies, sustaining a fractured skull and neurological damage.

Striking farmworkers are asking the canneries of Campbell's Soup and Libby, McNeil, Libby to negotiate a three-way contract which would include canneries, growers and farmworkers as equal parties. FLOC must negotiate with the canneries because they control the prices paid for the tomatoes; the canneries, not the growers, have the economic power to offer benefits to farmworkers. Campbell's and Libby's refuse to negotiate with farmworkers.

The FLOC initiated boycott of Campbell's and Libby's products pressured Campbell's into offering a quarter of a million dollars to the Ohio Council of Churches to initiate programs contained in FLOC's demands. The Council refused to accept the money meant to quiet FLOC. The boycott continues to prove effective.

FLOC strike funds are seriously depleted entering the third year of housing, feeding and transporting farmworker families who have come from Florida and Texas to continue their struggle against Campbell's and Libby's.

Farmworkers have pledged to continue this struggle until it is won. Please help farmworkers in the following three ways:

1. Strike funds are URGENTLY needed. \$25 will support a farmworker for one week.
2. Boycott all Campbell's and Libby's products.
3. Attend mass rally and picket September 5, in Bowling Green, Ohio. Messages of support are welcomed. ■

FLOC, 714-1/2 South St. Clair, Toledo, Ohio 43609 (419) 243-3456



Akwesasne Notes/cpf

# MIKE CLARE: A Responsibility

By Rick Davidson

Cindy Conn asked me to participate with her and some others on a performance piece she is putting together regarding Mike Clare. She is creating a personal view of Mike's tragedy. After reviewing my feelings and thoughts I realized that my view is focused not on Mike, but on what he left behind: us, his community of friends and co-workers.

It is important for the Venice Movement to reflect on the meaning behind Mike Clare's final act, a suicide. I use the word "movement" in its broadest sense including people who may not consider themselves part of any movement.

Mike's suicide is so symbolic of significant failures within our community, within our society, that it should not be hidden under our pain. Of course there was a failure deep within Mike; within his family; within his living collective, the Palms Court; within his working collective, the Humanist Carpentry Cooperative; and a generalized failure within his collection of friends.

Mike's suicide is a terrible example of our failure of communication; and the final fact of alienation.

I first met Mike in the summer of 1970. He was 18. It was his first visit to Venice where he was visiting his older brother Steve.

Venice, then as now, was fighting for its life, at least that Venice of the old, young, black, brown, white, the poor, the radical...social outcasts all.

Venice was the home of many anti-war activists and those of us in the Peace & Freedom Party were trying to combine our anti-war activity with our community work. One aspect to unite our different efforts was the Community House. What became the Community House was a small beat-up house in the Canals that Free Venice was trying to save from the on-rush of the bulldozer. It was truly a community rehab effort.

Mike threw himself into the entire process Venice represented. His tremendous energy flowed out and into all who worked with him.

It was an incredible summer: crazy, a hundred levels of activity coming together around the Community House. We were fighting speculators, City Hall, police brutality; we were attempting to create an ecology movement; trying to rebuild our community; we were sending friends - comrades - off to Cuba on those first work brigades to help build socialism in this hemisphere. We were also trying to gain support for five friends - comrades - who were in jail in Tucson, Arizona, on charges of buying explosives in their fight against the war.

Through it all we were trying to build/create the communication and support that we all so desperately needed. What a summer for a wild eyed youth of 18 to visit Venice of America. Events were happening so fast we seldom had time to think, certainly, we didn't have time to analyze...understand...only react. We were always reacting. Even worse, few of us had the knowledge, experience or tools to analyze, to understand, to describe the process of which we were all a part.

In such a mad, crazy atmosphere we were not in a position to teach, direct or support a youth of eighteen who was struggling with his own personal war.

But it was more than just a community struggle, or an anti-war struggle or even a personal struggle. It was and is a revolution - a total human revolution: a "complete overthrow of an established system". And since we have not yet won our revolution, we are still in some form of transition state.

Mike Clare could not survive this transition state...a state of constant change, flux...a move from the past world of family, god, country to one of collective living and collective responsibility - our future. We are in a transition to a new world that will hopefully resolve the contradiction between the individual and the collective. A merger where each will have its place and benefit from the other. But it's important to realize that the social and political systems of the past are inadequate to serve our needs. While the future has not yet arrived and we need to create a support mechanism for this transition period. Mike, in a short period of time, touched us personally and collectively - we must not pass over the meaning of his final act as it relates to us.

I see a relationship between Mike Clare's suicide and the Jonestown absurdity. It is strange how the "left" spends so much energy on "who killed the Kennedys" and so little on trying to understand the meaning behind the Jonestown process. Perhaps we are afraid to face up to our failure to create a supportive movement and what one would demand of us that we hide behind our marches, demonstrations, legal attacks, and all the good efforts of fighting-back. We can not afford to. We must create a bridge to span the gap from our past to our future.

The age of imperialism is the age of alienation and we must actively combat both if we are to survive. I think that's what Mike Clare is telling us. ■

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# 4 BOARD ~ WALK BUMMERS!!

## A COMMUNITY PROBLEM AND A CALL TO ACTION

By Raphael

During the past few years many different weeds have been slowly growing, threatening to choke the spirit-life of our green and beautiful Venice-garden-island. In most cases the alarm has been sounded (against rent gouging, police abuse, encroachment of big-money land speculators and plastic culture, etc.) but somehow one very real and dangerous problem has been neglected, the weed allowed to grow unchecked, to the point that, in the eyes of an ever growing number of people from all quarters of our community, it is becoming a serious threat to our peace and freedom.

I am referring to the large number of half-witted, alcoholic (or over-drugged) violently anti-social sociopaths who hang out loaded in the pagodas or on benches, acting loud, profane and violent in an attempt to intimidate passers-by in particular and the whole community in general. This is not only a problem in appearance. Those of you who remember Bingo will recall that the one who, in a fit of stoned psychosis, plunged a knife into her defenseless body seventeen times was one of these. Nor is the problem of actual violence (killings, stabbings, beatings, sexual harassment, rapes, robberies) confined to isolated occurrences in our community. A woman was stabbed on August 17th near Breeze and Speedway in the evening. This problem is menacing us now.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that every impoverished soul who spends his days in the shelter of our gates, eating the crumbs that fall from our tables is a deranged killer. I am saying that certain ones among them have been doing everything in their power, as individuals and especially in groups, to make life for us in our beloved Venice a hell, and that

"Now-Is-The-Time-For-All-Good-Men-To-Come-To-The-Aid-Of-The-Party." (hmm...the typewriter works) It is time for the Peace and Freedom loving citizens of this community to act to remove this problem.

It says here in this Psychology II textbook that the first step in coping with a problem effectively is to define it. O.K. What is the problem?

1. Defecation in the doorways. Most of us have observed one or another of our "colorful" (?) derelicts relieving himself on a back door, along a wall or in our carport or garage. It smells, it's a health hazard, it is counter-productive to creative energy, it is a drag.

2. Spiritual Violence. In my opinion this is the gravest evil brought by these people. By constructing and continuously maintaining a violent "profile" on the boardwalk, a constant state of fear and tension becomes estab-

lished. We are put in the position of always being "on guard" or in defensive mode which serves to drain us of our creative energy so that ultimately we either have to leave (and way too many good people from our ranks have moved out rather than continue to put up with these denizens of drek) or like the subjects of pepperland become transformed, after repeated attacks by the Blue Meany Apple Bonkers, into lifeless grey stone.

3. Uncontrolled and viscious dogs. How many times have you seen their dogs suddenly run out and snap their teeth in the mid-section of some harmless passing skater or bike rider. This leads to falls and broken bones as well as being very frightening to kids, women and the elderly, not to mention the smaller pets of the members of our community who are subject to attack and injury from these largely uncontrolled and probably un-innoculated beasts.

4. Profanity and loud and abusive language. I don't know about some of you, but I have a mother. She lives nearby and I would like to be able to take her on a walk on the ocean front without hearing "Mother-f\*cker" thirty times. I feel certain many among you share my distaste for loud, public verbal abuse.

5. Assaultive change hustle. This is not your polite "Excuse me, can you spare some change?" This is where the hustler walks up so hard and fast that you instinctively step away to avoid being run into, where he stays one inch from your face and by his positioning impedes your progress, follows you for twenty feet and winds up hurling insults and epithets at your retreating shadow.

6. Broken glass and trash. This type of person generally feels more comfortable in apolluted environment and so will leave piles of beer cans, paper sacks, half-eaten food and cigarette butts strewn around. He delights in smashing bottles on the walk where the broken glass can puncture tires of bicycles or obstruct and injure skaters and walkers. Lately it has become fashionable for these groups to dump over trash cans as an expression of their contempt for our lives and sensitivities.

This then is the problem. What follows is one idea as to a solution. These techniques have been tried by a group of several residents in the community during the past month with surprisingly good results. It is believed that the more of us that use these techniques the swifter and the more certain will be the solution of our serious mutual problem.

DO'S AND DON'T'S  
DON'T attempt direct confrontation.  
There is nothing that these bullies

like more than ganging up on the lone individual, thereby intimidating him or her into inaction. When confronted, withdraw (speedily). Do not allow yourself to be trapped into an argument. These people, like sharks, are constantly looking for a weakness at which to strike. DON'T GIVE THEM A TARGET. Instead, if you see them doing something wrong (i.e. public drinking, a violation of city law), being drunk and/or disorderly in public ((ditto)), committing acts or threats of violence or acting in an intimidating manner, allowing their dogs to menace people, etc), quietly make your way home, close the door, draw the shades and DO call the police. (This is not 1966, they are NOT putting people in jail for ten years for a joint of weed anymore, the police are NOT automatically your enemy even given instances of police abuse). They are your watchdog. They have been getting MANY calls lately about this problem and they are now responding swiftly (in most cases) and strongly. They are NOT busting heads, they are writing public alcohol tickets and dispersing these groups before the trouble has a chance to start. They are able and willing to help but they won't come if you don't call (because the community has come down on them so much for over-doing it). If YOU give them the mandate they WILL help us rid ourselves of this menace. (A word of encouragement -- you will occasionally find an officer on the phone or on the street who just WON'T help. Don't give up. This is a case of resistance on the part of an individual, not department policy. And don't worry about creating a monster. As in the past, if the police get out of hand we can rein them in through community political action.)

If you want safe sane streets around here, you can have them, but your fingers have got to do the walking. DO form a community watch. Get together with the people in your immediate neighborhood. There is strength in unity. Pre-arrange distress and emergency signals and don't be afraid to look out the window. The police may take a half hour getting there and in the meantime the defense of a victim's life will be in the hands of the people in the neighborhood. YOU are the home guard. Find out which neighbors can be called on in a pinch. ORGANIZE. DO walk tall and hang tough. Nothing makes a bully back down faster than stepping on his toes; he has no heart for the fight unless he has overwhelming force on his side. If you fight back (psychologically) you'll win.

Remember this simple rule of thumb. Anyone who wants to be here without harming or intimidating others can. That's what Venice is about. But anyone who is here to make trouble for others, nail 'em! There's about a hundred of them and twenty thousand of us. Let's put a stop to this Mickey Mouse terrorism.

FREE VENICE!

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# BUMS, WINOS & VIGILANTES

By Joan Friedberg

I guess I don't like watching someone pee or puke in public anymore than the next guy. But one thing I've observed is that you can't make any generalizations about the kind of person who does it. Nearly every Sunday as I stood in my kitchen fixing breakfast (I've since moved) looking out over the Venice Blvd. center strip, I witnessed some guy getting out of his car, whipping down his fly, looking from left to right to see if anyone was watching, and then pissing on the weeds next to my (former) building.

Some of them drove up in fancy sports cars, and some were well dressed. And the reason I bring this rather disgusting subject up at all is that recently there have been some members of the Venice community who, in their zeal to clean up the beach, have organized vigilante committees to patrol the boardwalk and chase away "undesirable" elements, such as bums and winos, for doing the same thing.

Vigilante committee...the mere idea stirs up wonderful memories from the hours I spent as a child in front of the television set watching old Westerns. There's the John Wayne prototype, rounding up a crowd of all of the men in the small old West town. "O.K., men," he says, "Are we gonna let those varmints terrorize Liberty Gulch or are we gonna stand up like men and fight 'em?" "Yeah!" they all say in unison.

So the John Wayne prototype deputizes everyone by passing out star-shaped badges, they all get on their horses, rifles in hand, and ride off in a cloud of dust in pursuit of the villains. The next scene is usually either a shoot-out or a hanging.

There may have been some justification for vigilantes in the old West, where there wasn't any other law and order, but anyone who seriously considers this method of dealing with the crime or "undesirables" in Venice is taking the urban cowboy myth to extremes.

There are several real dangers of such a method. For one thing, just like the old West sheriff who passed out star-shaped badges from the studio prop department, those who take matters into their own hands are assuming authority

that is not rightfully theirs. They may not, and often do not, have the backing of the community they're trying to protect. I, for one, believe that the bums and winos of Venice are an integral part of what makes Venice a unique community, one which allows people who can't cope with our society to be left alone in their pathos. Besides that, they were here long before all the chic, rich people who want to clean them out came on the scene. People who can't appreciate that are like Americans who go to Mexico and love the charm...if only there weren't so many Mexicans.

If we're going to clean up the beach, we better first agree on who goes. No bum or wino has ever bothered me, and I don't find them any more offensive than roller skaters who swerve in and out of the paths of walkers or obnoxious visitors who carry their radios tuned up full blast.

A second real danger of vigilantism is that it could result in the harassment of other innocent people whose appearance bears any resemblance to our stereotypes of criminals. An untrained or overzealous street deputy may prevent a crime, but he also could hit the wrong guy over the head with a club. He may think someone looks like a criminal because he's black. Even trained police officers have been known to make that mistake. In case anyone has forgotten, a person cannot be arrested for looking suspicious. American law does not allow for "prior" arrest. A person is innocent until proven guilty. At least that's the way it's written in the law books.

Venice, 1980, is not the old West. And the idea of an untrained, self-appointed militia patrolling the beach makes me a lot more nervous than any bum or wino ever did. While I don't have any ready solutions to the crime problem, I think we ought to stop and consider the implications before we let a bunch of macho, modern-day vigilantes rush out with clubs in hand to clean up the beach. \*



# Smoke Detectors:

THE STRAIGHT SCOOP ON THE LATEST LANDLORD RIPOFF

By Hope Blacker

If you live in Los Angeles, you probably have gotten a notice from your landlord saying that s/he plans to install smoke detectors and raise your rent for them. Or you will be getting such a notice very shortly--and have wondered, what the #!%% is this? Can they do this under rent control? Do I have to have one?

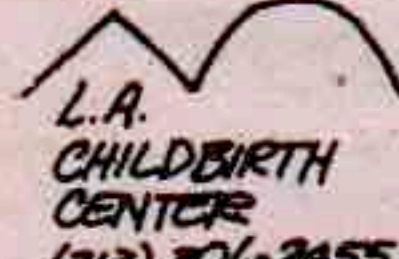
The answer is yes, they can do this under rent control and yes, you have to have one for every bedroom or hallway (but not kitchen or bath) in your apartment, under the new Los Angeles City regulations. The landlord may install either the hard line or battery operated type but if s/he installs the battery operated type s/he will have to replace them by 1982. This, we imagine, was to grant some measure of relief to poor landlords who couldn't afford the battery operated ones. Ha!

The landlord may raise the rent \$3.00 for each hard line unit and 50% for each battery operated unit. Until they are paid off or permanently? Current understanding is that, like any other charge for capital improvements, they can only charge for five years, but this legal issue will be debated five years hence if the smoke detector rent raises are still on the books then. In general terms, the answer is permanently. Isn't this a rip-off since the hard line detectors cost from \$10. to about \$21. each --only a few months each. You bet your bippy it is! They snuck that one in under the noses of the renters' lobbyists who probably thought that there was no real reason to show up at a City Council hearing on fire protection!

Is there anything you can do about it? Sure, contact your City Councilperson (Pat Russell) as well as Councilpersons who have been strong on renters rights issues (Wax and Yarislovsky) and demand that the Ordinance be amended to state that the increase is only good for six months and at that time, THE RENT MUST BE BOILED BACK. If passed at all, the amendment will probably give them the increase for a year but let's not start off asking for that. Unless we can pressure the City Council into such an amendment, we're stuck.

Other questions. You may install your own if the landlord permits but you will have to pay the increase anyways. You may not prohibit him/her from installing the device even if you think they are useless or positively dangerous.

Message: as consumers become more politically active, the pigs become more sneaky than ever!!!!



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by Peter Parks

Damn, I just don't want to forget... forget all that came down amongst all of us "survivors" out there...

Out there, on the rolling, sun-baked, buffalo-run plains of western South Dakota. There, where we all gathered together 'neath wonderfully constructed sun shelters of lodge pole pine and fur boughs, cut and transported from the nearby majestic Paha Sapa, the anciently sacred Black Hills of the Lakota Sioux Nation.

We came from all across the U.S. .... from seductive So. California to memorable Maine, from the Florida Keys to the ashy back roads of Washington state. We came from Canada, Alaska, and So. America; and we came from across the seas -- Denmark, England, Germany, France, and more.

And we came with purpose. This was to be no party, no laid back rock music -- "Yeah, I'm against nukes, but when's Bonnie Raitt gonna play?" -- anti nuke rally. We came to learn, to discuss, to organize, and to strategize our struggles against the national and multi-national corporate structures that threaten the very survival of our families, and their families upon the face of this great, giving earth.

We were 6,000 strong (10,000 registered at the gate but were not present the whole time). Some of us already deeply committed, some of us just becoming so.

For 10 days we coexisted as a small gathered nomadic community, living a simple life right down upon the land. I'm talking tents, tipis, and sleeping bags. Fortunately, we had water and some food brought in for the gathering although many of us came prepared with water and food enough for ten days.

On a number of mornings at 5 a.m., a spiritual leader of the Lakota people held a sunrise ceremony for all those who wished to attend. Friends of mine who did attend would later speak of the intimacy and sharing that went on within the ceremony.... ending with a winding line of people shaking hands and wishing each and every one of those who were there a good morning. The number would at times be up to 200 to 300 people.

For those of us who slept in a little later, our waking moments were filled with the beckoning rays of hot summer sun and the roar of nuclear bomb laden B-52H's taking off or landing over our heads.

(What did he say?) Well, friends, here's how it was: the land donated for the gathering by a very concerned and personally active white rancher, Marv Kammerer, and his brother was located right next to the Ellsworth Air Force Base. Now this base just happens to represent the largest assemblance of land based nuclear weaponry in the world. It claims 150 intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBM's) and 30 strategic bombers (the B-52H's), the most advanced type of strategic bomber "created" by man.

At first we were awed....the noise, the power, the technology. Then we were angered...by the deafening intrusion and the way we'd have to stop our speeches, and discussions. But finally we were just constantly reminded of why we were there, of what sort of life upon this great earth we earnestly did want to strive for--one of harmony with the earth our neighbors; one of sharing, not one based on fear and isolation, of escalating defense systems.

Then too, as we looked to the skies, we thought, "Just imagine if the minds hired to develop such awesome machines were drawn to and excited about creating solar power for the nation? Wow, just imagine how far along the road to a clean regenerative environment we'd be right now!"

Each day was jam-packed with workshops, speeches, films, brainstorming and appropriate technology exhibits, all of which one could partake in first hand. There was something for everyone: corporate structure analysis, uranium and coal mining in the Black Hills and other areas, nuclear power, appropriate tech (solar panels, hot water heaters, soil brick making, composting, organic farming, greenhouses, tree crops, windmills, alcohol fuel, draft horses on farms, lorena cookstoves), Indian genocide and planned extinction of the family farm, health for survival (holistic medicine, midwifery,

radiation and chemical contamination, women's health), child education, International Indian Treaty Council (a group comprising 97 Indian nations from Latin America, Canada and the U.S.), draft resistance....whew! If I could only list them all.



After full days of much activity underneath that dehydrating sun, it would finally set gloriously in the Black Hills to the west of us and we'd all feel a little cooler and rejuvenated. Down on the central stage there would be more speeches followed by music. Among the regular nightly performers were Floyd Westerman, a forceful Lakota balladeer; Jesse Colin Young; and Jim Page, and enormously clever and witty folksinger. The last weekend Jackson Browne flew in to perform, and little "heart of gold" Bonnie Raitt came to join in her efforts, along with Chris Williamson and one member of her band. The music was fantastic! The performers all wished they could have played all night for us.

Among the many speakers were Russell Means of A.I.M., and John Trudell of the Leonard Peltier Support Group. Also, a Lakota medicine man, Chief Fools Crow, spoke as interpreted by Mathew King, also a Lakota. Their words struck me to the core, calling for us to join forces and work together, Indians and non-Indians. Our job must be to protect our Mother, the earth, for she is in grave danger these days and is sending us messages to that effect in many ways (Mount St. Helen is one).

Here lies the heart of this great and inspiring 1980 Black Hills Survival Gathering: the Indian people, the Lakota, and all of their redskinned relatives throughout this land are the protectors of the land. They spoke of everyone's obligation to the earth; our responsibility to insure that we take care of her by whatever means necessary. Uranium mining, nuclear power wastes, and the water, air, and land poisoning that results from its unthoughtful and unfeeling uses, nuclear stockpiling that could result in the annihilation of the human race, separatist and solely profit minded corporations that only want to use the earth for their personal gain without replenishing and giving back to her are killing this living, conscious earth that we walk upon and derive our life from.

One of the many new words we heard at the gathering was "land based movement", and it describes exactly what the Indian people are talking about.

After spending 10 days or so living "right down" upon the land, surviving on water, food, shelter, and sleep; rising with the sun, feeling the stages of the active day pass and the cool of evening coming on, then to lie under a horizon-to-horizon sky burst full of twinkling talking stars and galaxies with the charming magnetic moon dancing amongst silver edged clouds....and finally, to sleep and to dream; and then to awaken again right down upon the land to start the cycle over. Only then could we start to understand what the Indian people were trying to instill within us by the words "land based movement".

I can only try to describe it to you at best, and hopefully I will touch you in some way with my talking leaves, written words upon this page.

The land is under everything, and no matter how we might spend our whole lives walking upon hardened asphalt, driving our rubber-wheeled metal boxes around and around from one concrete and stucco of-

fice box to another, perceiving our immediate world through the buffered glass of a Tylenol bottle---given time, the earth underneath will push up one brave little weed that will crack the sidewalk in half. And given more time, will grow to topple any goddamned super structure we care to construct -- even the new Santa Monica Mall (hooray!)

This, then, is the earth we live upon and this is her power. We are all intimately connected to and dependent upon her, so therefore this is where our final obligation lies. We're all in this together and the earth does provide for us all. We just have to remember it in our guts, and act accordingly and in sharing harmony with her. When we loose touch with this feeling, we are obligated to go regain it. Go out and stand upon the earth and quiet yourself and feel her immense, slow-moving, absorbant and reproductive power.

Then think of putting two more nuclear power plants down on the land at San Onofre and what this could do to those lands if there was radioactive leakage or worse disaster contaminating the air and water for miles around.

Think of the land you live on right now, and how rising rents and solely profit minded speculators want to move you away from it. Think of the radioactively contaminated water being channeled in

from the Colorado River wash to Los Angeles right now. Think of the herbicides sprayed out across the Central Valley and the Southland on vegetables so that they can be processed for markets cheaper and faster. Think about those pesticide residues left in that land.

This, then, is thinking and feeling... and operating out of a "land based movement awareness".

One of the main focal points of the gathering was the current threat to the Black Hills by a host of corporations who hold claims and leases to prospecting and drilling rights for uranium there and in surrounding areas. Some of the biggies are: Union Carbide Corp., Exxon Corp., Westinghouse Electric Corp., Bethlehem Steel, Chevron, Kee-McGee Resources Corp., and our old friend, The Tennessee Valley Authority, just to mention a few.

A number of white ranchers in the area (Marv Kammerer and his brother are just two) have aligned themselves with the Lakota people there to prevent these corporations from taking hold of the mineral rights on all concerned lands.

In 1868, by way of the Ft. Laramie Treaty between the U.S. government and the Lakota Nation, the Black Hills were promised to the Lakota forever.

Under international law, such a treaty is recognized as a legal document. Article 6 of our own Constitution attends to the negotiating and honoring of such treaties, calling them "the supreme law of the land". Any violation of such treaties is, therefore, in direct violation of the Constitution. John Trudell (Leonard Peltier Support Group) called for we the people to sue the U.S. government for violation of our constitutional rights.

Continued on page 10

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# OFFICIAL CIRCLES

By William K. Stuckey

**F**ew men contrast more sharply in background or appearance than Senator Mark Hatfield, the handsome Baptist college dean and Oregon Republican, and Karl Hess, the writer, welder, and supporter of the Black Panthers, Barry Goldwater, the SDS, the Birchers, Prince Piotr Kropotkin, and the right not to pay federal income taxes.

Under the surface, however, they are not only ideological brothers, but ideological Mean Little Brothers. Hatfield is about the only living politician whom the politics-hating Hess would support for the presidency, and Hatfield notes (seriously?) that he would ring doorbells for Hess. Both believe that individuals can learn and accomplish just about anything they want to and will not only lose ground but slide blissfully toward slavery if they allow any large institution—government, corporation, church, union, etc.—to do the learning and accomplishing for them. They believe, in short, in neighborhood government as a basic governing unit of the United States, and to hell with both public and private Big Brothers.

Hatfield, by far the more mainstream of the two, would pass laws to provide neighborhood independence—allowing taxpayers, for example, to retain up to 80 percent of their federal income taxes to use for local purposes. The free-wheeling Hess would have his small communities declare unilateral independence from Washington by using a combination of science, technology, and town-hall meetings.

Rather radical thinking, until you realize that politicians as diverse as Ronald Reagan and Senator Edward Kennedy—along with Tom Hayden and other elements of the old New Left—have spoken kindly of increasing a neighborhood's independence from government and from corporations by employing "community technology" to fulfill its own survival needs. Note also that a Carter-appointed Presidential Commission on Neighborhoods this past spring reported that the flourishing neighborhood-government movement came into being because of the public's

pervasive frustration with Big Brother government and that it "represents a demand for debureaucratizing America."

*Community Technology*, incidentally, is also the title of Hess's latest book (Harper & Row). Any 1980 presidential candidate who ignores it stands to lose the truly considerable vote of the "Don't Tread on Me's"; the national referendum supporters who want not only to send Washington a message but to make it binding; the 1984-is-nearly-here intellectuals; and the Karl Hessian tech-erhooders who shout, "I'd rather do it myself." There are a lot of mean little brothers out there. (Prediction: Governor Jerry Brown of California soon will imply that he was the silent coauthor of *Community Technology*. Hess, however, doesn't coauthor anything with anybody.)

Hess not only preaches what I call populist science; he also practices it. How he drifted into it, what he did with it, and what he is doing now should become one of the great American folktales.

Hess, a Filipino-German, who is as American as Plymouth Rock, was born 56 years ago in the Adams-Morgan

neighborhood of the nation's capital (now predominantly black and Hispanic). His mother taught him how to read—he doesn't believe in schools—and, in short order, he dropped out of high school at fifteen, was a Washington city editor at twenty, and began writing speeches for the Republican party. He capped that career with his 1964 speech for Barry Goldwater, and particularly with that (then) most controversial phrase: "Extremism in defense of liberty is no vice; moderation in pursuit of justice is no virtue."

(In his book *The Dosadi Experiment*, Frank Herbert—author of *Dune*—created a most Hess-like society, the Gowachins, who gave their highest honors to those lawyers who most thoroughly discredited the law.)

Goldwater lost in 1964, and Hess was out of a job. He drove trucks, learned welding, and by the late 1960s was hanging around with the Black Panthers and the Students for a Democratic Society. An astonishing change, observers noted. Not at all, as Hess told me recently over the kitchen table of his self-built solar home in West Virginia.

"The SDS was like Senator Robert A. Taft come to life, a superb organization," he remarked as my jaw unhinged. "They believed in participatory democracy—and that's my passion—and isolationism—they called it anti-imperialism—which is fine with me. As President, I would immediately break relations with all nation-states and establish ties with all neighborhoods on Earth. But I was particularly close to the Panthers, absolutely the best of the black groups. They were straight individualist Republicans in their actions, although their newspaper was bullshit."

Hess drifted back to Adams-Morgan and, with his wife and a physicist friend, began an astounding—and highly successful—experiment in little-brother self-reliance. He became frustrated with New Left partisans who would talk theory into the night but didn't know how to do anything. He wanted to prove that technology was great—not a killer—if you understood and controlled it. He wanted to



Karl Hess, author of *Community Technology*.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

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# There's no Accounting for Hayden

by Moe Stavnezer

THAT'S IT!  
I've Had it!

Once too often, finally, Tom Hayden has shot his mouth off to the detriment of others, for his own self aggrandizement and personal political ambitions. Hayden, self appointed head of CED (Campaign for Economic Democracy), is telling the building industry that building isn't profitable enough! Let's get these beneficent builders more money, says Hayden, and we'll throw in the environment, planning, community activists, tenant groups and rent control as well. What the hell, ole Tom always has had a generous streak in him.

But just who the hell are you, Mr. Hayden, who do you think you are? And who, other than a relative handful of CED members in California, do you think you're speaking for? What, other than sublime arrogance, gives you the right to speak for so many who labor in communities day after day throughout the state without even a hint of consultation? Suddenly the man who pulled CED out of the first Santa Monica rent control campaign because it wasn't a winner, is calling for a love-in with builders and developers. Again, its everyone be damned, except Tom Hayden. Let's see Tom, is it the Senate or the Governor's chair that your after now? The reactionary building trade unions AND the developers would surely contribute generously to anyone, even a "progressive", who put money in their pockets.

But it seems natural that Hayden should now join the ranks of the landlord/developer interests. It is they, after all, who have made Hayden the media superstar he has become. It is the right-wingers, through the media, who attribute to Hayden all manner of power and organization that he thankfully does not possess.

Over the years that CED has been in existence

many of its members (and I once was one) and supporters seem constantly to make excuses for Tom Hayden. Its always been "they misquoted him" or "you know how the Press is" or "that's not what he really said" or "he really isn't an opportunist, everyone is just jealous." But none of that is true enough to excuse Hayden from the plain, obvious fact that he IS an opportunist and the press and the progressives have been right all along. He heads an organization that he has created in his own image and that he feels free to make pronouncements on behalf of without prior approval or, in this instance, discussion at the local, activist level. At the time that Hayden made his speech to the Pacific Coast Builders Conference the CED housing proposal was, and still is, in draft form. Yet Hayden could tell this group that "Local government land use and zoning policies are a big problem for increased housing" without adding a word about the role the housing industry has played in jacking up the cost of housing by concentrating on constructing luxury homes and condos because that's where the big money is. Land zoned for the construction of multi-family housing is plentiful in L.A. but that has not solved the housing problem here simply because the builders, first, & government, second, have had absolutely no commitment to building affordable housing either for sale or for rent. And the idea IS to build housing that is affordable to the poorest people in L.A. and the state—the rich have always and can still take care of themselves. In L.A. it takes an income of about \$40,000 to afford the average priced home and the median income here is only \$23,000. Builders are building for the higher income people and there is not a shred of evidence that Hayden's suggestions would in any way change that trend.

In response to Hayden, the Coalition for Community Development Reform, of which the Venice

Town Council is a member, issued the following statement: "The real answer to building more lower income housing is to hold local and state government accountable to their obligations to meet housing needs...Neighborhood organizations throughout the state have been pursuing these objectives and find oversimplified solutions counterproductive, for they often sacrifice lower income neighborhoods in the name of producing needed housing." We need a strict ban on new or converted condos unless they include a significant percentage of affordable family and senior housing for the poor. We must demand that all levels of government inventory and earmark public owned land for affordable housing. Local governments must be forced to streamline the administration of federal monies meant for housing construction that now pay bureaucrats. There must be full and honest public participation in all phases of the housing construction/rehabilitation process. We must reject Hayden's statement to the builders that "I prefer that you take the lead on new housing rather than a bureaucrat."

Tom Hayden has pushed a process that entirely disregards the "economic democracy" he supposedly espouses by calling on everyone but the builders to sacrifice. No cost control or profit control here. No real consideration of who really needs the housing the most or any thought of how to involve the public in decision making. Just back-room dealing, decision making from the top and deal with the public later. Community and statewide housing advocates (including the membership of CED) must repudiate Hayden's attempt to preempt our victories and our achievements and our goals for his personal glorification!

## CIRCLES

CONTINUED

destroy the "economy of scale" arguments of the mega-industrialists by showing that small was cheaper and more efficient than big—that it just requires more of your sweat and brains.

Hess found he could supply much of the neighborhood with protein by raising rainbow trout in plywood tanks in apartment basements (for about a dollar a pound in costs). Using empty rooftops, he also raised bumper crops of hydroponically grown tomatoes. The "community technology" involved here was learning that a few cups of vacant-lot soil in the trout tanks produced bacteria that removed destructive ammonia from trout waste; that discarded washing machines provided fine water-recirculation systems; and that the calcite chips available in any garden store were perfect for filters.

"A typical basement in the neighborhood could produce about three tons annually [emphasis mine] at costs substantially below grocery store prices," Hess wrote in *Community Technology*.

Who, then, needs supermarkets or a Department of Agriculture?

His group also built solar collectors out of cat-food cans, which, mounted on rooftops, were capable of heating household air to about 49°C. Another group developed a self-contained bacterial toilet, which suggested that any neighborhood could unhook from the city sewerage system and avoid its inefficiency and pollution. Plans were begun for an electrically driven platform to handle heavy neighborhood moving tasks; a peanut-sized chemical factory to make household cleaners, disinfectants, and—get this—aspirin; and a methanol plant to convert garbage into a gasolinelike fuel.

Hess's accomplishments were cheered with "Right on!"s at Adams-Morgan's town-hall-like assembly. But no one moved to copy them or push the neighborhood toward even more imaginative forms of independence. Welfare dollars were easier and more familiar, Hess concluded bitterly (noting also that, when Chicago's Rev. Jesse Jackson went to Washington to urge Hess-like self-reliance among blacks, "he was almost chased out of town").

So Hess left Adams-Morgan and built a beautiful solar house in the side of a hill, mostly with bartered materials and services, at a total cost of \$11,000. He is helping to convert the Charlestown, West Virginia, area into one of his independent team communities through such novel schemes as convincing the local vocational school to design area-appropriate items to bring freedom from sewerage districts, utility companies, supermarkets, transportation and equipment firms. Hess remains the prototypical Little Brother by not paying the IRS and by living almost entirely by bartering his skills.

"Liberty is knowledge-intensive," he told me. "You can't get away from the bastards if you merely insist on 'rights' from above and don't use your head and the technology lying all around you to ensure your own rights and survival.

"If I were elected president, I'd close all the schools so kids could learn something," he said as I was leaving. "I'd end the licensing of all professionals, from doctors to cosmeticians, so people would learn how to solve their own problems. I would require that every American child, at birth, be given a kit composed of a three-quarter-inch drill, a complete set of screwdrivers and wrenches, the *Reader's Digest Complete Do-It-Yourself Manual*, and a thirty-eight special with ammo. Naturally, I would legalize firearms for everyone except the police."

Okay, all this is funny and colorful and clever and highly inventive, but I don't see the Pentagon/Exxon Axis and their Big Brother allies doing anything but suppress-

**● I would require that every American be given a kit composed of a three-quarter-inch drill, a complete set of screwdrivers and wrenches, a Reader's Digest Do-It-Yourself Manual, and a thirty-eight special. ●**

ing the potential tide of community utopias patterned on Hess's proposals. Nor do I see scientists surrendering federal grants or leaving International Physics in droves in order to build particle accelerators out of cattle guards in Roswell, New Mexico. Unless:

• A savvy national political figure moves quickly to weld the little brothers into a cohesive 1980 vote. The world might not yet be ready for the radical and revolutionary Hessian Way to Independence (but by 1984 it might be among the best ways to avoid centralized Orwellian institutions of control), although a continued public endorsement of something like Mark Hatfield's "Neighborhood Corporation" bill might give an imaginative presidential hopeful a solid voting bloc. Although his "liberal Republican" record is one of the most thoughtful the Senate has produced in years, Hatfield notes that "the Republican party wouldn't nominate me for sergeant-at-arms—the Helms-Reagan people seem to want to chase all the real Republicans out." Other measures he advocates will make Hatfield a principal statesman of the little brothers. He is co-

sponsor of the "National Initiative" bill, which could make the national referendum a major and lobby-crushing influence in Washington. Also, he has proposed an extremely simple income-tax form, with no loopholes. Hatfield is just too sane to be taken seriously now.

• This same savvy candidate must realize that this is not just another rinky-dink, single-issue, anti-abortionlike group, these little brothers. They represent a complete philosophy of genteel rebellion—get me out of the data banks, my social security number is none of your business, I'll take care of myself until you find a way to make government and corporations and all the other monsters efficient and nonpredatory. The many arguments against an America of technologically and governmentally independent neighborhoods—Balkanization, destruction of American influence abroad, it's back to the caves—should be thoroughly considered by the little-brother candidate and be aired publicly. Big Brother will be calling him a crank and a crackpot, so he'd better keep his arguments clear, solid—and dramatically appealing.

• If our little-brother main man is really clever, he'll seize upon that demon, that arch-handmaiden of Big Brother, that digital enemy of humanity, the cheap computer as the little brothers' best friend. Why should the agencies and the multinationals have the monopoly on bugging? With the home-computer terminal, and the appallingly cheap (and dropping) cost of microprocessors and related technologies, why shouldn't the little brothers fight for access to all those data banks—including President Carter's unclassified ones? (Official Circles will explore this further in a future column.)

• Balkanization? If America becomes a federation of 100,000 or so neighborhoods, the cheap computer gives each of them access to the information, problem-solving techniques, and helpful statistics of all the others. It could be a much more unifying instrument—of the American culture, please understand, not just the Potomac nation-state—than anything ever to hit political science.

• A proper little-brother leader would probably want to redirect much of government toward increasing the skills, general survivability, and independence of individuals and neighborhoods. Why shouldn't construction men, service workers, gardeners, and other holders of useful skills also be teachers for their fellow neighborhooders?

Ask the average congressman whether he thinks there is any science or technology issue sexy enough to influence the 1980 campaign, and he'll probably say that, besides Three Mile Island and nuclear power's future, the folks just aren't interested. Look closer. It's possible that technology and Mother Science will become the only political issues—even inflation can be blamed on misuse or mispricing of technology—of the future. ☐



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# WHO'S ON 1ST

by Rick Davidson

Not wanting to get Ed Pearl all bent out of shape, I'll begin with a statement that this article is not meant to be an objective report on the Peace & Freedom Party Convention, but a viewpoint from one individual in the Griswold Caucus.

I think that the Peace & Freedom Primary and its State Convention held in San Francisco last August 2 and 3 were part of a significant development for left forces in California.

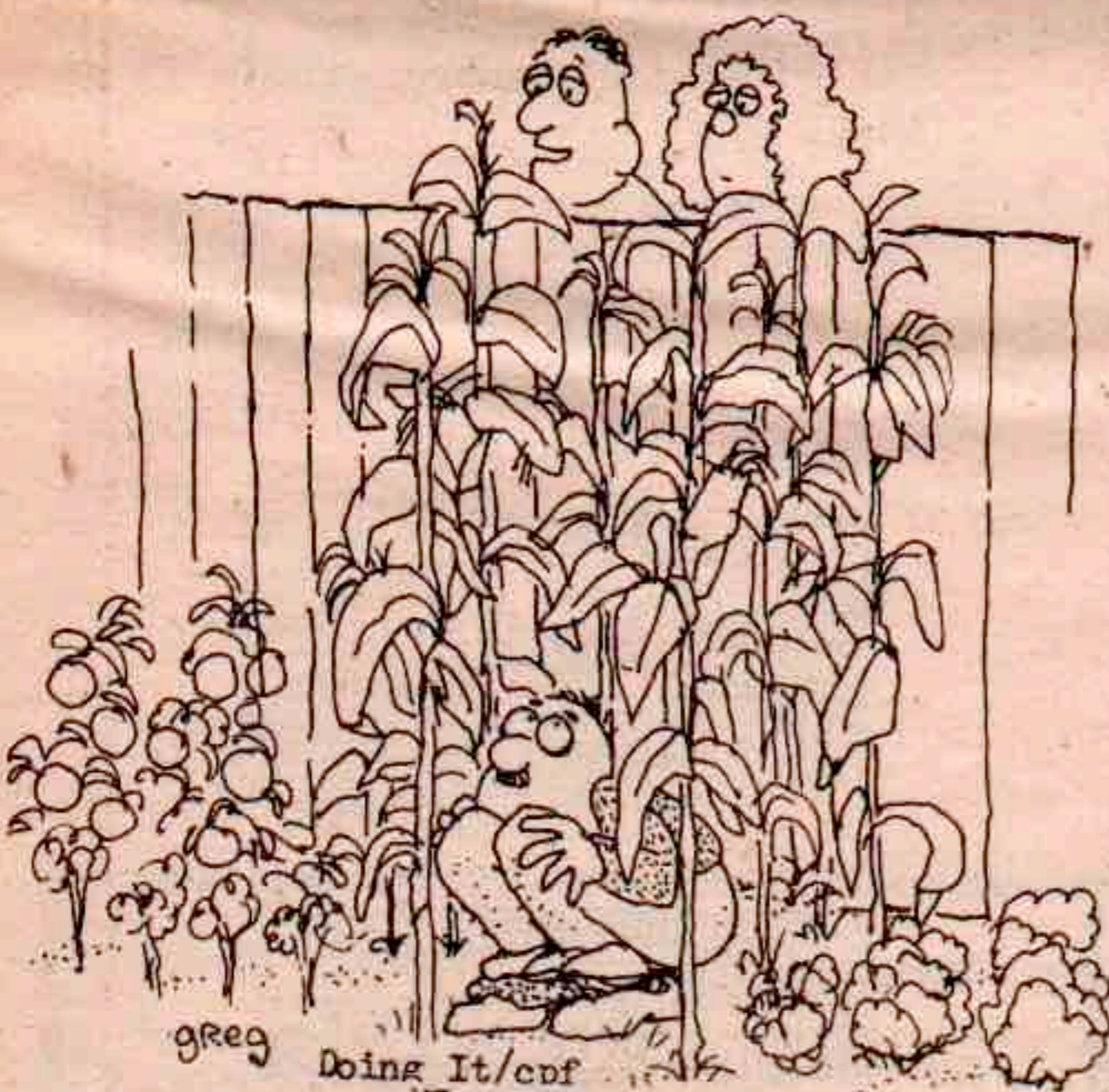
The fact that the Peace & Freedom Party opened its primary to all interested organizations on the Left is a major step toward creating the necessary forum where progressive groups can dialogue, state positions, and argue differences in a give-and-take atmosphere of being on the same side. Such communication is something many of us have wanted, but lacked the mechanism to bring about. Peace & Freedom provided it. My only complaint is that more organizations didn't join in the process.

Four candidates, representing different organizations, did participate in the P&F Primary: Ben Spock of the People's Party received 45% of the vote, although he didn't actively campaign; Gus Hall of the Communist Party received 27%; Dave McReynolds of the Socialist Party received 17%; and Deirdre Griswold of the Workers World Party received 11%.

The Citizens Party decided not to participate in the Primary. Barry Commoner would have been their candidate.

Since no one received a clear majority, and since Spock indicated that he really wouldn't be able to campaign, the State Convention was a wide open affair. Traditionally all Peace & Freedom Conventions are open to anyone, i.e., an open convention. In the past this was never an issue even though we have had contested primaries before. In 1968 Eldridge Cleaver won over Dick Gregory, but both were running as Peace & Freedom candidates.

The weeks leading up to the convention were alive with rumors of a "takeover" of the Peace & Freedom Party by "outside parties." The Communist Party and the Socialist Party ran members for and won many seats to various County Central Committees (the legal delegates to the convention) adding fuel to the rumors, but no proof. The validity of the rumors would



be played out on the floor of the convention.

There was a party for Dave Wald, PFP candidate for US Senate, on Friday, August 1 as a warm-up to the convention. It was a great party: there was good food, Dave gave a good rap, and the AD HOC SINGERS provided outstanding entertainment. The convention itself opened the next morning with registration and Convention Committee meetings, particularly the Credentials and Rules Committees. The various presidential candidate's caucuses held breakfast meetings where strategy was cooked along with the bacon and eggs.

The convention was officially opened by Maureen Smith, State Chairperson. A representative of San Francisco County gave a welcoming address and we got down to the business of electing convention chairpeople for the different sessions.

The Report from the Credentials Committee brought forth the first controversial vote of the convention: who was a legal delegate, i.e., who would be allowed voting rights. Part of the P&F tradition has been the practice of allowing local county central committees to "appoint" members and not be limited to just those "elec-

ted" in the primary. This tradition has even been written into the California election law for the Peace & Freedom Party. Yet, there were strong arguments over the question of those who were not "elected" and if they should be allowed to vote or not. After all when people put out the energy to run for and win a seat why should others just be appointed? But the weight of historical precedent held forth: both groups were seated.

The next major question and vote came with the Report from the Rules Committee. The question here was Rule 1.03 that related speaking and voting rights to one having paid their membership dues. It was decided that in order to vote a delegate must either pay his or her dues or give reasons why they couldn't.

These arguments over dues and who would be a voting delegate began to separate the different camps within the convention. Yet, many people were surprised that while each candidate had his or her caucus in place there didn't appear to be any blocks as such, at least not so far. The "outside parties" were not as monolithic as the rumors suggested. Still it would be the nomination and voting for the presidential candidates that would tell the tale.

Nominations began after lunch. Each candidate had to be nominated, seconded and provide nominating papers signed by a minimum of ten delegates. Each candidate then had twenty minutes for a presentation. After all the candidates had spoken a question and answer session followed.

Ben Spock couldn't attend; Tom Condit represented him. Gus Hall couldn't attend either and Angela Davis, his vice presidential running mate, spoke. Dave McReynolds was present and spoke. Deirdre Griswold was present and spoke. Although Barry Commoner didn't participate in the primary, he was nominated and he spoke.

The first rollcall vote was set for 6:15 pm. The rules on voting were that rollcall votes were set for definite times regardless of what was taking place on the floor. During the first four votes a candidate had to gain a majority of those voting in order to win. After the fourth vote any candidate receiving the least number of votes was automatically eliminated, and so it would go until there were only two candidates left. The first five rollcalls were as follows with 78 votes needed to win:

Candidate	Rollcall				
	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5
Spock	55	9	4	8	X
McReynolds	33	45	45	41	39
Hall	26	59	62	63	61
Griswold	21	26	29	24	30
Commoner	11	11	11	12	15
Unpledged	1	2	2	5	6
Not Voting	7	2	1	1	3

The first rollcall consolidated the different caucuses. While Spock received the largest number of votes it wasn't a majority, nor did the other votes follow the primary voting pattern. Many people were voting for Spock on the first ballot because he had received the highest vote in the primary. The first major shift occurred on the second rollcall. Spock was eliminated on the fifth rollcall in accordance with convention rules.

The time between rollcall votes was taken up with other convention business and caucus meetings. The changing vote pattern brought on all sorts of negotiations between the various caucuses. The obvious reality was the struggle be-

tween Hall and McReynolds, i.e., between the Communist Party and the Socialist Party. The Griswold Caucus began to emerge as an important swing vote.

Throughout the afternoon and evening the rumormill was working overtime. At one point we heard that "those outside parties" were bussing in more of their members to vote for their candidate. It didn't happen, but there were so many against the two candidates/parties that

many against the two candidates/parties that heat was building in the hall. While the two main forces seemed inflexible, there wasn't a feeling of a conspiracy at work. Until that is, what this delegate saw as a major misunderstanding, or just an extreme case of political naivete.

.....to be continued.....

## Love Canal

Continued from page one

The San Francisco office of E.P.A. expressed some concern that the area was being graded. The California Department of Health Services has begun an inquiry as the result of a call from San Francisco E.P.A., and the Regional Water Quality Control Board is also investigating because of possible contamination of the lagoon. Although California Fish and Game has, in the past, tested the clams in the lagoon for contamination, the tests were only designed to discover whether bacteriological, not chemical contamination of the mollusks had taken place.

Meanwhile, the grading of the site continues.

## Oakwood artists

Continued from page one

by chicano and black gang members is now a center stage, allowing them to work together and in the process, allowing them to express themselves through this multi-ethnic mural.

We as Venetians should at one point or another do something for our community, making it a better place to live, and in the long run, preparing it for the children that will follow. Let these three men set an example for the rest of us, faced with the obstacles they had to deal with and still get the job done.

Quoting Cesar Chavez, "Si se puede." It can be done, anything is and can be possible.

May Venice see much more of your work throughout the community and outside as well.

Best wishes to all of you and may many more of your dreams become realities.

Special thanks to John Gonzalez, without whose help this article would not have been as well written.

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# EL SALVADOR: the coming revolution

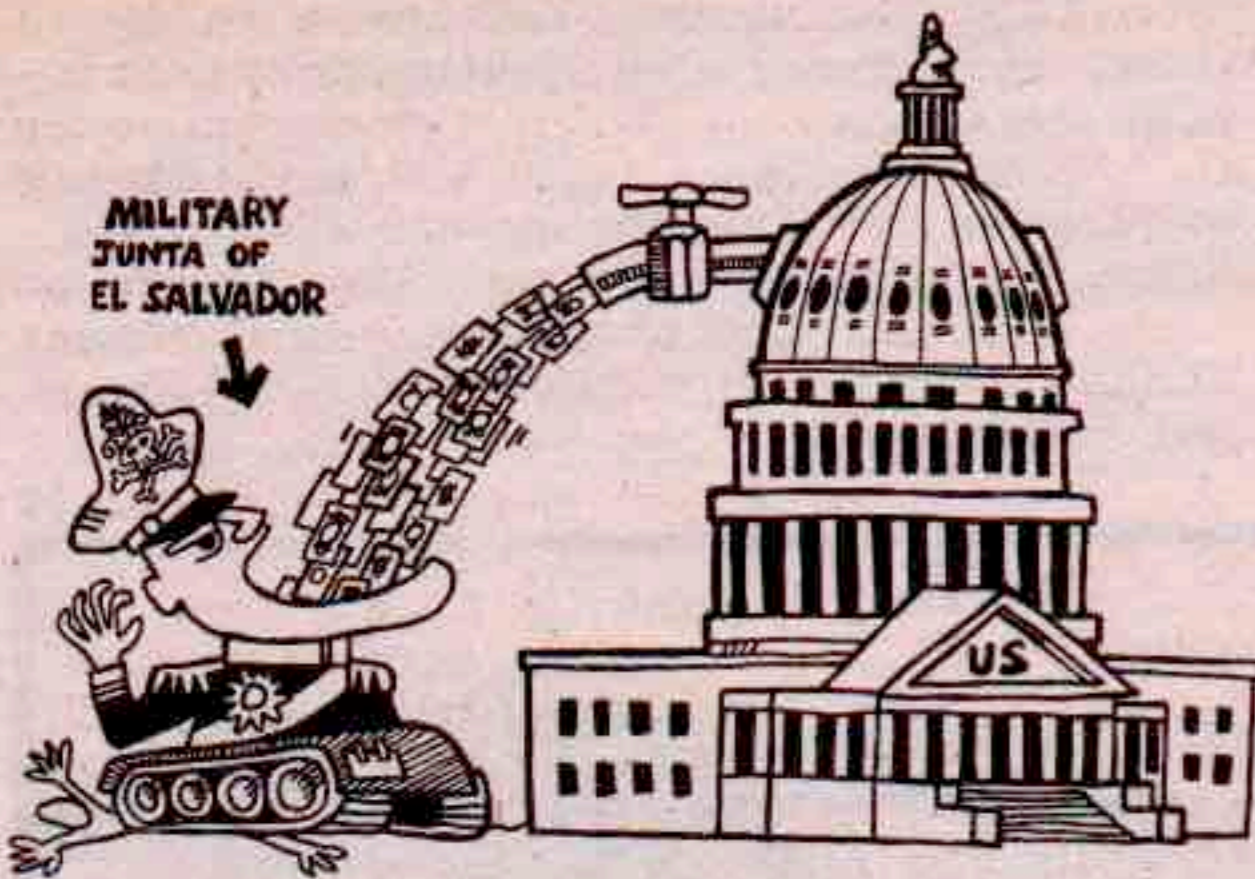
By Nora Hamilton, Mar Vista

For the second time in less than two months, opposition groups in El Salvador united in the Revolutionary Democratic Front, have called for and led a general strike. The first strike, which took place during two days at the end of June, was 95% effective. And despite repeated government threats against participants in the general strike which took place August 13 to August 15, the strike was relatively successful.

The demands were an end to repression, the elimination of martial law, and a halt to U.S. intervention in El Salvador. These issues are felt to be interrelated, since the U.S. government is providing military and moral support to the junta which presently governs. U.S. officials defend this support, alleging that the junta represents a moderate position against extremist groups of the left and right. But critics of the regime, including human rights organizations such as Amnesty International and church groups within El Salvador, have denounced the continuation of military repression under the present government which has resulted in an estimated death toll of over 4,000 people since the beginning of the year.

Military repression is not new in El Salvador. In 1932 an attempted uprising by peasants facing starvation was brutally repressed. An estimated 4,000 were killed in the initial uprising; subsequently, 30,000 peasants were rounded up and slaughtered in a systematic and temporarily successful effort to control the population through terror. For the next fifty years, El Salvador has been governed by a succession of military regimes, maintained in power through fraudulent elections. Protests continued to be brutally repressed, as in February 1977 when the military fired into a crowd of peaceful demonstrators protesting the defeat of a popular candidate and the "victory" of General Carlos Humberto Romero in a rigged election.

Military and political repression has its roots in an economic system which has benefitted a small landed oligarchy - the "fourteen families" - at the expense of the rest of the population. From the colonial period, the economy of the area which is now El Salvador (then part of the Viceroyalty of New Spain, with its center in Mexico City) was dominated by the export of agricultural products. At first the major product was indigo; European colonists took over increasing amounts of communal land belonging to the Indians, often forcing them into servitude.



After Mexico gained its independence from Spain in 1921 the Central American republics seceded from Mexico. There was some discussion of a federation of the countries of this region, but the landed oligarchy found it preferable to maintain their division into small countries in which they retained their economic and political dominance.

Coffee production was introduced in the 1850's, and coffee became the dominant export product; today El Salvador is the third major coffee exporter in the world (after Brazil and Colombia). In 1880, new legislation was passed making all communal land private property. Peasants could retain land only if they used it to produce coffee; and since coffee plants took several years to mature, few peasants could afford the investment and many were forced off their lands. Thus conditions were established for the concentration of land in the hands of the "fourteen families" - a small, highly conservative oligarchy which until recently has succeeded in blocking even moderate reform.

Economic changes in the twentieth century have had little impact on the conditions of the masses. After W.W. II, profits from a coffee boom enabled some members of the Salvadorean oligarchy - with various incentives from the government - to expand into industry. Foreign corporations also became interested in El Salvador as a source of cheap labor. There was one obstacle

to the development of industry in El Salvador: the poverty of the people meant that few could afford to buy the products manufactured there. A solution was sought in the creation of a Central American common market, which would enable Salvadorean industrialists to sell their products to all of Central America. The common market structured a division of labor between the relatively advanced Central American countries, such as Guatemala and El Salvador, which had begun to industrialize, and more backward countries such as Honduras and Nicaragua, which became suppliers of agricultural products and raw materials. [This division of labor deepened the animosity between these countries, ultimately resulting in a brief but bloody war between El Salvador and Honduras in 1969 in which 5,000 people were killed. One result was that landless Salvadorean peasants were no longer able to settle in the less densely populated Honduras, and several thousands who had already settled there were forced to leave, increasing the numbers of landless and unemployed persons in El Salvador.]

The creation of the common market and other incentives given to industrialists resulted in a form of industrial development which was heavily dependent upon imports of parts and machinery from the United States. It brought few benefits to the majority of the Salvadorans, who continued to live in conditions which can only be described as appalling. Ninety percent of the population earns less than \$100 a year. Approximately 50% of the people are unemployed or underemployed. Seventy-five percent of children under five suffer from malnutrition; in fact, El Salvador has the fifth highest rate of malnutrition in the world. Only five percent of rural homes have sanitary facilities, and rural illiteracy is nearly 75%.

People wishing to get involved in the solidarity movement should call 391-7848 or 399-2231.

## Black Hills Gathering cont.

The simple logic of that age-old domino theory applies: as we concede these rights to an ever oppressive government, where will it end? Which other of our constitutionally guaranteed freedoms will in the future be taken away?

The International Indian Treaty Council has reached out to the United Nations and other global communities for support to bring pressure upon the U.S. government to live up to its father's commitments. It appears that the government has a very short and selective memory in this regard--while the Indian peoples of this country remember.

Furthermore, if this struggle to save the Black Hills from the mining is won, its impact will be great and far-reaching. A statement will be made and all oppressed peoples looking down the hidden gun barrel of subtle genocide will have their own struggles strengthened.

The final two days of the gathering were spent in breaking down those interested (about 1,500-2,000) into sections of the country from where they had come, and an international group.

Our intentions were to discuss among ourselves all that we had heard and absorbed from the gathering, to establish a communications network among us all, and to plan short term and long-term goals.

After three or four hours of this, representatives of each group reported back to their section representatives who compiled final reports which were presented on the main stage the next morning for everyone to hear. This was the final event of the gathering. It was impressive, rewarding, and ultimately inspiring.

Everyone I talked with had been changed in some way by the gathering. There were conflicts on interpersonal levels because of the diversity of human beings gathered there, but we learned to move on to the larger issues that we had travelled so far to study.

On Monday morning, July 27, the big old schoolbuses of traveling families began to pull out of the campsites. Little VW vans and cars of all types and colors began to move back up that dusty gravel road, honking their horns and waving good-byes. It was four miles back to the asphalt and two miles from there out to main artery, U.S.A. Interstate 90.

A number of people stayed on the few days after to help tear down the shelters and stage and restore Marv Kammerer's and his brother's land back to its original state.

Yes, and when the dust finally comes to settle down upon the land and families of chipmunks and ground squirrels come out to scamper around discovering

## TOWN COUNCIL STYMIES GEHRY


by Moe Stavnezer

Remember Rose and Main? Well so did the state Coastal Commission at its August meeting here in L.A. The Commission denied an application by one of the original R & M applicants, Frank Gehry, for a miniature version of the artist-studio, retail commercial development proposed 2 years ago.

Brenda Harney (now sailing blithely thru the Panama Canal) represented the Venice Town Council in opposing the project. The same basic issues were involved--impact on neighboring Oakwood, the lack of a coastal plan for the area and the fact that the land is currently zoned for industrial use badly needed in Venice.

Well who knows, maybe we'll get some more pretty warehouses like Richlar built after the original Main & Rose denial. O.K. with me!

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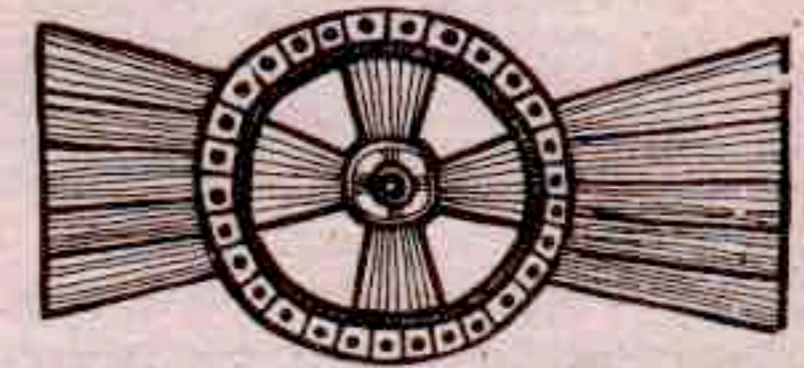
old left-behind food crumbs, and the meadow larks fill the dry air with their short crazy songs again, those hills will look as if we'd never even gathered out there. The earth will slowly reclaim itself and, in time, cover up all of our traces.

Yet, I think she will remember us. And on some level of consciousness, know that there are 6,000 strong or better of us heading back to our homes changed; revitalized and more aware of the problems that stand in the way of our survival on this planet.

We drive away...and in the quiet interludes of highway conversation we're all thinking over and pondering all that has just taken place, feeling its fullness still sinking into our bones.

There's so much to be done. And, damn, there's so many more of us now all over the country--all over the world--who are ready and anxious to get to it.

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# Elderly Jews of Venice in 'Brief Candles'

By Lance Diskan

The set was real, an accurately imagined room that spoke of ages: yellowed drawings, picture postcards tacked to the walls, shelves filled with dust and strange porcelain mementos. Several mute, costumed dummies sat motionless on the stage - static 'objects' that were somehow alive and somehow not. They made me think of aged people I know or have known who sometimes simply sit - no longer struggling against the world, no longer seeking to achieve anything in a material way, just sitting alone with unknowable thoughts.

The house-lights began to dim, a clarinet played in the darkness, and a nostalgic, bittersweet feeling came into the theater. The old Jews of Venice were about to tell some stories. The cast members took their places right next to their look-alike dummies, and the play began.

Slowly each character enacted memorable occasions from his or her past, as well as portraying present-day activities and gossip. Marriages, children, friendship, hardships, holidays, politics and religion were each passionately discussed or recalled. Leo - a political activist - came on stage in a state of pained amusement. He had just been watching the television drama "Holocaust". Mimicking the program ads he said, "You've lived through it; now see the movie!" It's lines like that that capture the dark humor of Judaism and thus breathe life into this production.

One of the most significant values of the performance was exposure to the priorities and concerns of these people who have survived so much for so long. In revealing some of the reasons how the elders have endured unimaginable suffering we get a rare chance to learn how to make our own old age a success. Despite the terrible losses of loved ones these people carry on with pride, loving sorrow, gentle foolishness, and a sense of human history that is a lesson for everyone.

Age is a place we can't ever truly imagine. Any projections we have about what it might be like for us are likely to be crude stereotypes. It's a time of life that young and middle-age people ignore. It's thought of as a time when we will feel terrible and useless, a time when we will no longer have anything meaningful or new to contribute. A time of waiting for the end.

This American Way of Dying is nothing less than a man-made cruelty inflicted upon people who are coming to terms with the decline of physical power just as their understanding increases. Just when aging gives people perspective on life we ship them off to invisible 'rest homes' totally separate from the younger people who can benefit from their knowledge.

The American society must and will learn that our elders are a resource to be protected and consulted.

While "Brief Candles" is no longer playing at The Cast Theatre, other productions will most likely be seen in Los Angeles in the future. In this play and their other work The New Artef Players carry the message of the Jewish elderly beyond Venice. In triumph over tragedy; with courage against the ravages of time; with faith in friends, family and God they call out to us.



The play's characters are part real and partly a synthesis of numerous individuals. As someone who has worked with Venice elderly for several years I was looking for something or someone I recognized, and while there were many wonderful moments that were new to me I think The New Artef Players were able to capture the spirit that unites the Israel Levin Center.

Of particular note were the talents of Devora Gold and Bill Sheppard. Their characters best carried some of the love and persistence I have sensed among the Center's members. Gail Alcalay's set design was also an asset to the show.

The play was developed with many creative techniques including written and visual research, group improvisation, and personal interaction with elderly Venice residents. Committed to the preservation of the Eastern European Jewish culture (still alive in Venice) the actors have previously produced a play entitled "Survivors", and spent nearly three years bringing "Brief Candles" to its present form.

The play's title refers to Jewish prayer, to acknowledgement of the paradoxical nature of the 'flame of destruction/flame of faith'. The still-living Jews of Eastern Europe have survived the most horrific extermination of modern time, have literally emerged from the flames of death sustained by the flame of their faith. Their very existence is a haunting confrontation. They demand we remember. They remind us there are too few tomorrows. They show that in timeless values one can discover the strength to face monstrous realities.

## NO NUKES

a healthy musical meltdown...with a positive afterglow.

IT'S BETTER TO BE ACTIVE TODAY THAN RADIOACTIVE TOMORROW, but a little passive and relaxing movie entertainment can also serve to revitalize and re-energize no-nuke activists in a very special and meaningful way. This is exactly what the film "NO NUKES" accomplishes in re-capturing last year's three-day MUSE (Musicians United for Safe Energy) anti-nuke concerts at Madison Square Garden and rally at Battery Park (over 250,000 people made that rally the largest ever). One can't help but leave the theater with a good feeling in knowing that an immense amount of love, work and dedication are constantly transpiring both individually and collectively in the ever-growing anti-nuclear movement.

With an all-star cast including Jackson Browne, Graham Nash, John Hall, James Taylor, Carly Simon, The Doobie Brothers, Bonnie Raitt, Gil Scott-Heron, Crosby, Stills & Nash, Jesse Colin Young and Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band, one can't help but regret not having been there in person with the thousands and thousands of others who helped build the dynamic concerts that raised over \$750,000 for the no-nuke movement. (And that is not yet including the proceeds from the album and film.)

The film, which is co-produced and co-directed by Julian Schlozberg and Danny Goldberg, is a sincere and timely work of art. The music is all excellent, and Haskell Wexler's skillful photography draws out every ounce of expressive sensitivity that exudes from the faces of our beloved musician-artists. No doubt each of us will have our own "high points". I personally remember Jackson Browne's classic line from "Before the Deluge". He sings "...and let the music keep our spirits high...". With the uphill struggle the Anti-Nuclear Movement faces every day, keeping our spirits high must definitely be a top priority.

The behind-the-scenes action also says much. To see our musician friends involved in a press conference and to see them working hard on the organizational logistics of planning a rally shows that their dedication does not just begin and end with a microphone and an amplifier. And to see Graham Nash's young son playing the piano with his father articulates as no other words possibly can why the anti-nuclear movement is so very important; for our children and for our children's children.

I want to close with two "wouldn't-it-be-great" comments:

1. Wouldn't-it-be-great just for once to see Ralph Nader strip off his tie and jacket and sing and dance with the musicians onstage? (I personally would love him even if he chose to wear them in the bathtub.)
2. Wouldn't it-be-great if we don't need a NO-NUKES II? Wouldn't it really?! (Rated PG, "NO NUKES!" is now showing locally at the Plitt Century Plaza in Century City in Dolby Stereo.)

--Review by Jerry Rubin (no, this is another Jerry Rubin, who has been a successful public activist living in Venice for several years).

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 Sept. 14- "Being"-Here and Now  
 Sept. 21- Emotional Aspects of Physical Illness  
 Sept. 28- Investing in Real Estate?/ Tips, Traps, & Cautions.  
 Forbes Hall, Unitarian Church, 1260 18th Santa Monica - 7:30pm, refreshments, \$2  
 For info call Marjorie R. Lang 394-4318

## COMMUNITY RALLY

Campaign for a Citizens Police Review Board  
 Sept. 13, Saturday - So. Park located at 51st and San Pedro, L.A. - 2:30 to 4:30pm  
 Featuring: speeches, entertainment and poetry.

## BENEFIT

Sept. 13, Saturday - 7:00pm to 2:00am  
 2914 S. Western Ave. - \$5 admission.  
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## UNITARIANS

Sept. 7, Sunday - "In Mid-Search For A Language of Liberation" 11am  
 Sept. 14, Sunday - Leonard Weinglass  
 Sept. 21, Sunday - 25th Anniversary Celebration 10:45am to 4pm. Lunch \$2.00  
 3744 Barrington Ave. West LA

## CONFERENCE/WORKSHOP

Sept. 13, Saturday - 9:30am to 3:30pm  
 "The State of Housing in Santa Monica: Present and Future" presented by Ocean Park Community Organization - 601 Pico  
 For info call OPCO: 392-8461.

## COMMUNITY FORUM

Sept. 10, Wednesday - 7:30pm at the Marine Park Building, 1406 E. Marine.  
 Presented by Santa Monica/Venice Alliance For Survival. Film--"Incident at Brown's Ferry". FREE.

## BENEFIT GIANT GARAGE SALE!

Help Free Puerto Rican Prisoners of War  
 Sept. 6--10am to 5pm Church in Ocean Park  
 345 Hill St., Santa Monica. Good Items.  
 For donations or info call 823-4759

## JOBS

Earn While You Learn A New Trade  
 Open entry classes with free Job Placement assistance after completion  
 APARTMENT-HOUSE MAINTENANCE -- AUTO MECHANICS -- AUTO BODY -- AUTO PAINTING -- MULTI-CLERICAL --UPHOLSTERY  
 VENICE SKILLS CENTER, 611 Fifth Avenue, Venice, Ca. 90291 / Phone 392-4153

## FREE LECTURE

"INTRODUCTION TO PAST LIFE THERAPY"  
 Every Saturday evening - call 376-4901 for location. Rev. Scott A. Mayer

WIDOW-TO-WIDOW SUPPORT GROUP PROGRAM  
 FREE - Monday, Sept. 15th at 7pm at Columbia Savings, 3021 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica. For info call Pierce Bros. Mortuaries, Culver City, 838-2512.



Community Forum /Cpf

# MUSIC

HOLLY NEAR Records and Songbooks  
 Red wood Records, P.O.Box 996, Ukia, Ca.  
 (707)462-3589 1980 Catalog

## BEYOND BAROQUE

FRANK MORGAN & FRIENDS Sunday afternoons  
 3 to 6pm  
 Sept. 7, 14, 21, 28 - 681 Venice Blvd.  
 Venice, Ca. 90291 (213)822-3006

# ART

ARTREACH: A MOVE TO IMPROVE THE STATE OF THE ARTS

Sept. 9 A day long seminar on Artists and The Law from all angles.  
 Downtown Office of the L.A. Institute of Contemporary Art, 815 Traction Ave., 11:00am to 5:00pm Registration Fee \$3  
 For info call Performing Tree, Inc. (213)482-8830/31 Robin DeBraal Coordinat

INTERNATIONALIST SHOW IN OPPOSITION TO WORLD WAR 3

Send: Xerox, posters, collages, poetry, photos, banners, cartoons, etc. on the theme.

To: Poster Brigade  
 P.O. Box 31428  
 San Francisco, California 94131 USA

Deadline: October 10, 1980  
 The show opens October 15 at Project Artaud in San Francisco, November in L.A. and December in New York.

BEYOND BAROQUE  
 Sept. 5 - An Evening with Kate Braverman 8pm.  
 Sept. 12 - To be announced.  
 Sept. 19 - F.A. Nettlebeck/Doraine Poretz  
 Sept. 20 - Chicana Women Writers 7pm  
 Sept. 26 - Eloise Klein Healy 8pm  
 Oct. 3 - John Giorno 8pm  
 In The Old Venice City Hall, 681 Venice Blvd., Venice, Ca. 90291 (213)822-3006

## VENICE JAIL READINGS

Sept. 2 - Wanda Coleman  
 Sept. 9 - Drina Turner/Carol Davis  
 Sept. 16 - Harry Northup/Joe Saffie  
 Sept. 23 - Women Writers' Workshop Reading  
 Sept. 30 - Pat Millar and Steve Martiot  
 7:30pm Tuesdays, 685 Venice Blvd., Venice

## GEORGE SAND

Sept. 7 - Kate Braverman  
 Sept. 14 - Laurel Ann Bogen  
 Sept. 21 - William Pillin  
 Sundays at 4:30pm FREE 9011 Melrose Ave.  
 Los Angeles, Ca. 90069 (213)858-1648

# THEATER

## BEYOND BAROQUE

COMMON SEA THEATRE presents three American Plays by JOE VAN RODGERS "The Water-pipe", "Phoenix in Flames", "The Lemon Tree", Sat. Midnight, Sept. 27; Thurs. Oct. 2 8pm  
 In The Old Venice City Hall, 681 Venice Blvd., Venice (213)822-3006

## THE CHURCH IN OCEAN PARK

A Traveling Jewish Theatre in "The Last Yiddish Poet". An original writing, yiddish poetry and song, clowns, masks, puppets, a night-sea journey, a dying lesson. Thurs. thru Sat. 8:30pm \$3/\$5  
 235 Hill St., Santa Monica, Ca. 650-7063 for reservations. Through Sept. 15.

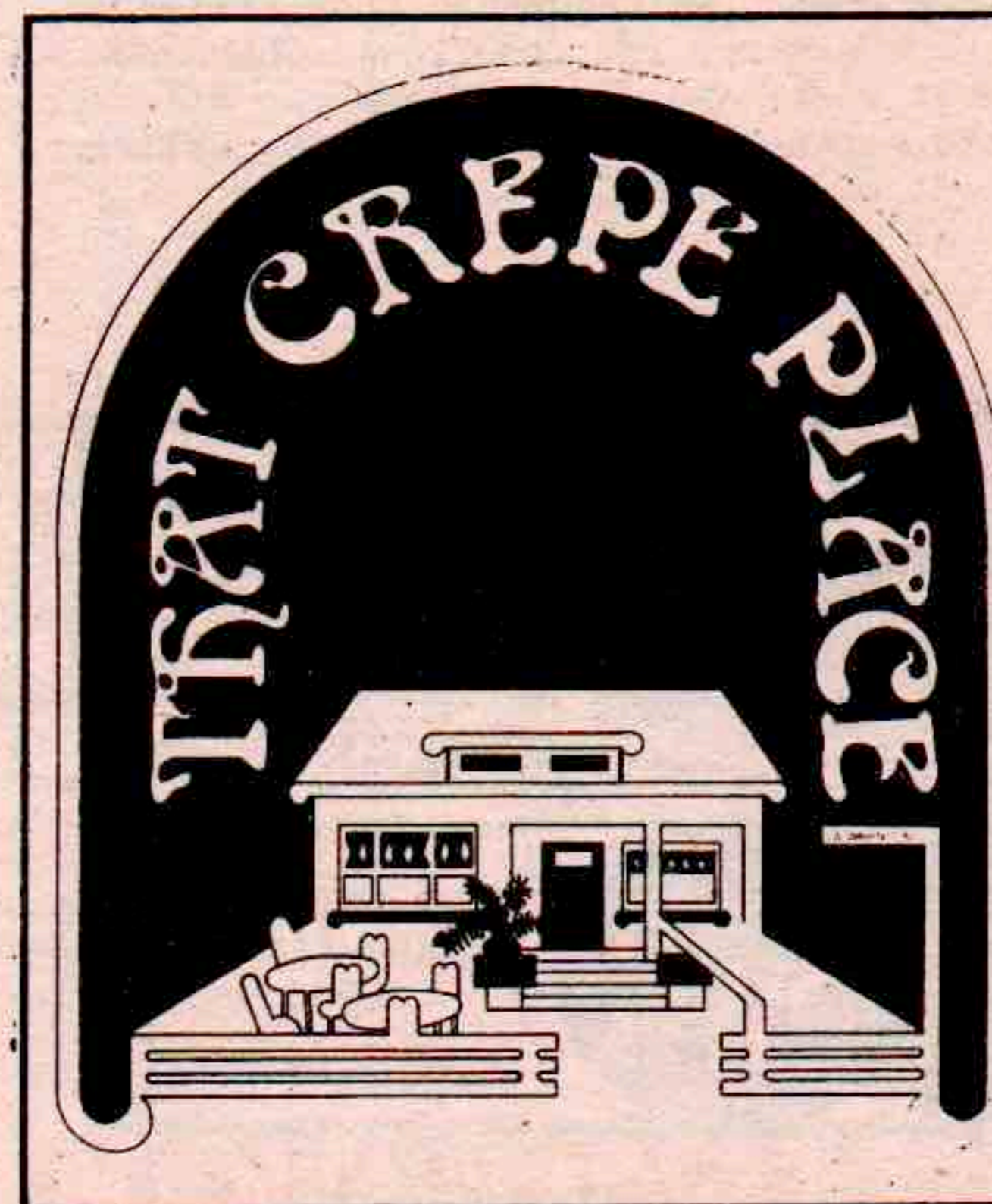
# FILM

## BEYOND BAROQUE

Sept. 13 - PEGARTE LONG, "Incisions" and short works.  
 RITA LAUNIA, "H.O.M.E."  
 KAREN GAZIOLA, "Exercise in Creativity" five shorts  
 Sept. 27 - OPEN FILM NIGHT everybody to show their 16mm and/or Super 8 work  
 In The Old Venice Hall, 681 Venice Blvd. Venice (213)822-3006 8pm



CLASSICAL FLUTE LESSONS  
 Call 399-7457



## Entree & Dessert Crepes

All coffees freshly ground right here. The "House Blend" is one special blend of Celebes Kalossi and vintage 8-year-old Colombian coffees.

We also serve expresso, QUICHE  
 Also soups & salads.

Monday-Thursday 11 - 9:30  
 Friday-Saturday 11am - 10:30  
 Sunday 9 - 9

1202 West Washington • 396-7338

