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FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968



September 1985, No. 189, P.O. Box 504, Venice, California 90294 (213) 823-5092, Circulation 10,000

Poverty Solution L.A. Style: Durban Removal

by CAROL FONDILLER

Even the efforts of Police Chief Darryl Gates and his battering ram has proved ineffective against the Pockets of Poverty that infest Los Angeles and are as hard to get rid of as a nest of cockroaches.

The U.S. Government (that's us folks) is evicting Navajos from their homes so that business interests can strip mine.

In a move that reflects the contemptuous attitude they've always had towards renters, the Los Angeles City Council voted 9-4 on an ordinance to start eviction proceedings against 3,000 low income, mostly Latino tenants from their apartments in the Vanalden Bryant section in Northridge, so that the owner of the 650 apartment units can turn the neighborhood into a middle class gated community.

The City Council has directed the City Attorney to draft an exemption to the City's rent control law to make it easier for apartment owners to evict the tenants from their apartments. It seems that the tenants are a low income, third world blot in otherwise white, middle class Northridge.



I didn't make this up and it might be "old news", but its definitely something that should start all you renters thinking.

It should be clear that the majority of local officials look upon renters as second-class citizens. Only four Councilpeople voted against the move 'em out ordinance--Ernani Bernardi, Joy Picus, Joel Wachs and Mike Woo.

I want to talk to you renters out there. Most of you homeowners, even some of the so-called progressives have as a matter of course changed in your attitude towards renters.

About 15 years ago, the City Council, led by our then Councilman Rundberg wanted to clean out the riff-raff in Venice (Riff means people who rent and Raff means people who want rent control).

The whole thing clicked for me when the property owners were allowed to speak at City Hall and the renters were not allowed inside the chambers.

Now what should give you pause is that nine Councilpeople, nine ELECTED "public servants" really think of renters as something to be scraped off the bottom of their shoes.

These nine Councilpeople including L.A. Council President- our own Councilperson, Pat Russell, voted yes on an ordinance that would uproot whole neighborhoods.

Oh, and for you people who only think this is a one-shot deal for Northridge, forget it. Councilman Howard Finn has said that if the plan works it could be extended to other parts of the City. Think how wonderful that would be to use in certain 'trouble areas' like Venice. Just move the troublemakers out.

These same councilpeople who voted for divestiture of all funds from South African entanglements have voted on a plan to Sowetize low income neighborhoods.

“Durban” continued to page 10

“Dramatic need” proclaimed

Homeless

Yuppies

by MOE STAVNEZER

“Mr. Lee, Mr. Lee, Oh Mr. Lee...”

That lament from a 50's rock song is the only line I remember but it's taken on new meaning ever since I heard about Harlan Lee's proposed "Venice Renaissance." God, even the name is pretentious! Lee has purchased or leased, at a price he refused to disclose, the large vacant lot at the corner of Main St. and Rose Av. that formerly belonged to the Southern Pacific Railroad.

In late July Lee invited members of the Venice Town Council Planning & Development Committee to his Washington Square office for a briefing on his proposal. The walls of the office suite, tastefully decorated with Laddi Dill and other fine artists, bespoke muted opulence. We were fed cold-cuts and soda pop and, after some casual conversation, led to the conference room. Lee's staff, I'm sorry to say, outnumbered the Town Council people but they had far fewer answers than we had questions.

Harlan Lee is a sincere man --but so are most of the developers who come down the pike to Venice. He began with a testimony to his work that is, by this time, so familiar to those of us used to dealing with developers that he may as well have mailed it in. "I'm not a cookie-cutter developer," "just ask anyone about my reputation as a quality builder," "I love Venice and want to add something that will improve it," etc. etc.



“Oh, my little heart palpitates for those homeless yuppies longing to live by the sea”

Lee, wants to construct a mixed use, residential & commercial, block-long building with 84 condos (9 of which are called artist studios) and 34,000 square feet of commercial/retail space. Lee says the project will cost in the neighborhood of \$16 million and will satisfy the "dramatic need" for upper middle class housing near the beach. Oh, my heart just palpitates for those homeless yuppies longing to live by the sea.

But sincerity does not alter that fact that Lee wants to put a 123,000 square foot building on that lot next to an intersection that seems to get busier every day. The North Venice draft specific plan calls for a 30 ft. height limit here yet Lee's building will measure 38 feet from Rose and 45 feet on the Pacific Av. side (since there is a 5-10 foot grade increase from Main to Pacific the building will appear 50-55 feet from Main St).

YUPIES CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

Letters

Dear Beachhead,

In the July article "An Off-Color Map," Moe Stavnezer makes several untenable assumptions.

1. That Oakwood is a Black Ghetto. When we lived at 6th & Vernon our immediate neighbors included Orientals, Hispanics (natives, naturalized and undocumented); WASPs; Jews; Anglos who had been born and raised in Oakwood; and of course Blacks.

2. That the little cartoon figures are meant to represent Blacks, which the visual evidence confounds, and which is contrary to the artist's published word.

3. That the merchants who backed the project are entitled to control the content of what is essentially a work of art. Does Stavnezer advocate censorship via economic sanctions? Who are the "we" he would like to have spend Saturday afternoons trotting around asking business people to return the maps for revision? Let the Society of Hysterical Liberals do it; people who are serious about social change surely have more relevant ways to occupy their time.

When the original version of the map was introduced, we bought the poster and several post cards. We would have bought more of both, were it possible to locate our block on it. But in that version, as in the new, the heart of Oakwood is obliterated by the legend. As far as we're concerned, that's the map's only fault.

Let's face it, the area is pretty near devoid of culture, except for the murals. The charm of Oakwood consists of things that can't easily be portrayed garphically, little things like the front porch inlaid with mosaics, or the neighbor who fixes your car for free. Or the general air of tolerance for lifestyles that may be treated as extremely deviant elsewhere.

Pretending that Oakwood doesn't have crime is like asserting that the Pope is Presbyterian or that bears in the wild use Porta-Johns. Having lived there for six years we can assure you that fights, fires, and ripoffs are commonplace. In time we became so jaded that the sound of gunshots would elicit a reponse scarcely more emotional than a raised eyebrow. Let us also assure you that the local con men and bandits not only come in all colors but do not limit their victims to any particular race either. To deny that there is mega-crime in Oakwood is either the height of cynical hypocrisy or an astonishing show of naivete from one who has reported on the Venice scene for so long.

To admit there is a crime problem in Oakwood is no more a racial slur than to say that women earn less than men is an anti-feminist slur. In either case, one merely states an observable fact. As for Jeff Stanton and "people like him" (whatever that means: artists? entrepreneurs? cartographers?) being made aware of the unacceptability of "this kind of behavior", well that's just plain silly. Equating it with apartheid is a severe of overreaction.

We believe that a couple things ought to be done about Moe Stavnezer. First, give him a Valium. Second, ask the San Francisco Mime Troupe to send Factwino here on an emergency mission: help Mr. Stavnezer find his way back to reality.

Pat Robinson
Dale Hartman

Stavnezer responds: I confess that I had to re-read my article because it didn't sound like Robinson & Hartman really read what I wrote. About my untenable assumptions; 1) Oakwood's population is, according to the census rather than eyeballing, 30-35% Black, 45% Hispanic and 20% everyone else. The only other significant number of Blacks in the rest of Venice, 9%, lives in North Beach. I didn't call Oakwood a ghetto but it is undeniably the major concentration of Blacks in the community and is recognized as such by everyone with the possible exception of Pat & Dale. 2) I can't tell what race the people in the drawing really are - they look just as easily Black as White. But come on folks, if you can talk about rampant crime in Oakwood and then attribute the major perpetrators as white (quite contrary to what Stanton said to me before he began talking to the media) then you also probably believe in the tooth fairy. 3) As I said in the article, the merchants bought ads when they gave Stanton the money he requested. Are you suggesting that an advertiser has no control over his/her ad? Stanton can't have it both ways saying its art to the media and an ad when he's looking for money.

If you mean by culture such physical places as art galleries etc. then almost all of Venice is devoid of culture (the exception being the Ocean Front area which attracts tourists who support this aspect of "culture"). The kind of culture I mean is quite nicely described in your letter and is what I think of as "culture" in our community. It would have been just as easy for Stanton to show people playing ball or enjoying the ongoing Bar-B-Q's & picnics in Oakwood Park as it was to show a gang fight.

No where in my article did I pretend that there isn't crime in Oakwood, or anyplace in Venice. I objected to describing the community mainly from that point of view (Carol Fondiller's article in this issue makes the point that there is crime everywhere in Venice, a fact ignored in Stanton's map). I don't live in Oakwood and have been burglarized 3 times and mugged once so I'm quite aware of the crime problem and the fact that Oakwood hasn't got the market cornered.

Finally, I took careful pains not to equate Stanton's map with apartheid. What I tried to connect was different types of irrational racial discrimination no matter what form it took. I stand by that position no matter how cleverly and snidely a defense of racism is presented.

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

12 August 1985

Beachhead,

Just a note to say how much I enjoyed the August issue, especially Pat McCartney's article on the St. Joseph Center and Rick Davidson's report from Nicaragua. I am also, of course, looking forward to the September issue wherein rumor has it I will be named Historian Laureate, having prevailed over a crowded field in Moe's 59 question marathon.

The enclosed article was published 20 years ago and written by our now Senator, then State Controller, Big Al Cranston. It gave me a couple of chuckles - I hope it does the same for you.

If you decide to run it, the citation is FRONTIER, Vol. 16, No. 10, August 1965, pp 7,8.

Figs and olives,

Charles E. Bloomquist
STAFF NOTE: We enjoyed the letter and are holding it for ransom possible publication.



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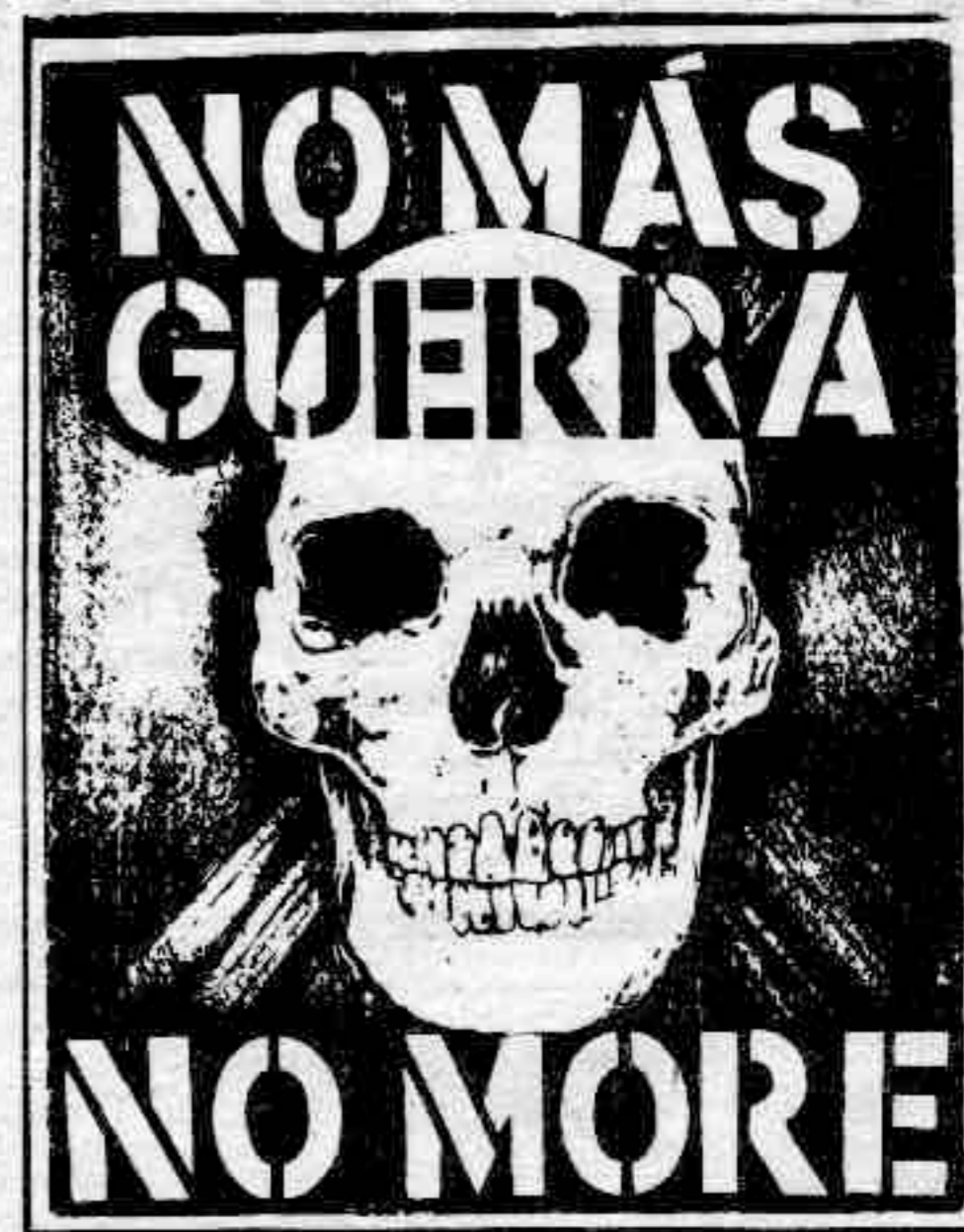
FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

memphis slim, Moe Stavnezer, Carol Fondiller, Kate Keeling, Patrick McCartney, Kathy Sullivan, Jim Prickett and Diane Nickerson. Thanks to Pete Savino and Andy Liberman.

The FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published monthly by the Beachhead Collective as a vehicle for the people of Venice to communicate their ideas and opinions to the community at large. We welcome and take responsibility for publishing contributions exactly as the contributors submit them, although the opinions expressed by the contributors are not necessarily endorsed by the Collective staff. The Beachhead encourages anyone to submit news stories, articles, letters, photos, poetry, graphics or other material of interest to the Venice community. We ask that writing be limited to 1200-1500 words. The volunteer staff reserves the right to make all decisions collectively on material published. There is no editor of the Beachhead. The Collective is an open group and welcomes interested Venice people's participation. Printing is financed by ad donations. To submit material, include your name & phone no. Anonymous material will not be published, but your name will be withheld on request. If return of material is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is required. No payment is made for material used.

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Our Dinner with Ronnie

By Diane Nickerson

JOIN A PEACEFUL, LEGAL DEMONSTRATION AT THE \$1000 A PLATE REPUBLICAN PARTY FUNDRAISING DINNER, HOSTED BY RONALD REAGAN by Andrew Liberman

It was a lovely Thursday afternoon in August. The 32nd to be exact, and a small group of us congregated at the Peace and Freedom Party Headquarters. We were on our way to dinner with the President. Specifically, to join the peaceful demonstration at the \$1000 a plate Republican Party Fundraising Dinner, hosted by none other than Ronald Reagan himself. My friends and I were driving over to Century City a little early to attend a briefing, as we were going to be security monitors.

After parking at the shopping mall, we made our way over Constellation to the Avenue of the Stars. From there we spotted our destination. A smallish, but growing, crowd was gathering in front of the Shubert Theater, directly across the street from the Century Plaza Hotel. We joined up with the group just in time to hear Brian Hudson, the chief security organizer, running down instructions and advising us of the security plans. The emphasis was on organization and peaceful coexistence (counter-demonstrators were expected). Space-wise we were to stick to the sidewalk and the first traffic lane. Should the need arise, (and it did) we would be allowed another lane. We were given light blue arm-bands, assigned positions and dispersed.

My friend and I were assigned to the north end of the demonstration. When we started heading in that direction I was happy and encouraged to see the crowd had grown quite a bit since our arrival. Up to that point I'd been concerned about turn-out. The advance publicity had seemed to be somewhat lacking. Very few people I spoke to even knew of the event, but, happily, I was off-base and needed not worry.

LAPD was very much in evidence, of course. On horseback, they fronted and faced us at the limit-line of our traffic lane space. Just as the demonstration was about to really get under way I looked out to the street and saw the "paddy-wagon". How clever, I thought. Some things never change and LAPD does like that little show of intimidation, just to let us know they're there and READY. (As if we could forget!)

Suddenly, at about 5:45 a large, chanting group burst around the corner and made its way to the heart of the demonstration. The group was made up of several organizations but was

under the banner of the larger Reagan Protest Coalition. Now the picket line really started to move and things were then in full swing.

The Coalition for a Nuclear-Free Harbor, Long Beach, was there with a blown-up Balloon type replica of the nuclear sea-launched cruise missile. According to Paul Haak, of the Long Beach Area Peace Network, 32 of these are based on the newly refurbished (to the tune of \$400 million) USS New Jersey. It only takes 25 of these things to give us the equivalent of 16 Hiroshimas but, what the heck, why skimp?! The bogus missile was inscribed with the sayings Abolish Nuclear Weapons and Tomahawk Go Home, (Tomahawk being the name of the missile) in Japanese.

A young man and woman, painted as corpses and carrying what I called a "nuclear-war platter" caught my eye. I made my way over to them and observed that their "dinner-tray" consisted of a miniature world globe as the centerpiece with a toy missile jutting out of it. The two dinner plates on each end were representative of the two "super-powers", covered with "dead" toy soldiers and splattered with catsup. When I asked them if they were affiliated with and specific organizations, the young man replied with a slow smile, "No, not really. Just free-thinking." Good answer, good answer!

Among the crowd of about 3,000, many, many groups were represented. I personally saw people from the Peace and Freedom Party, Alliance for Survival,

Free South Africa Movement, Jobs with Peace, Americans for Democratic Action, and many, many more.

I can't wrap this article up without mentioning the Soup Line! Yes, there really was one, and thanks to Norman of the Unitarian Church (who, I'm told, is known far and wide for his culinary talents, or at least for seven or eight blocks!), it was delicious. Richard Musgrave, of the Americans for Democratic Action told me the soup line was to symbolize that the cost of people's hunger is being caused by the Administrations policies, and the styrofoam cups were there for us to use as we really didn't have any Nancy Reagan-style china to eat from.

In my opinion, it was a successful demonstration, yes even more than a bit reminiscent of the "old days" of the Sixties. We still have far to travel, there's much to be done, but to quote another placard, "The People United Shall Never Be Defeated." ●

It is apparent that The Media is not going to end the arms race. Thus that reduces our proverbial options.

With only about three weeks of actual planning and execution, and virtually no pre-publicity from any press, the Reagan Protest Coalition, a group independent of any one organization put together what one LAPD spokesperson characterized on KABC-TV as a "well in advance planned orderly demonstration," Thursday, Aug. 22, in front of the Century Plaza Hotel, in Century City.

Inside was Ronald McPresident munching with his entourage of rich Republicans on something called veal medallions Montecito and raspberry coulis.

Outside some 3,000 (Beachhead estimates 250,000) dined on the First Unitarian's special split pea soup, and for three hours railed the vicious Presidential policies.

A single Buddhist drummer tapped out the beat as walkers circulated in front of the chauffeur area about the Shubert Theater Complex. In addition to the Reagan puppet we see on tv, the New Movement brought their own prop, this one of non-carcinogenic paper mache biology.

The distribution of some 20,000 leaflets prior to the action, paid for from the pockets of most of the 35 participating organizations, constituted the publicity.

Neither the LA Reader nor the LA Weekly lifted a pen in support. The Yuppie Weekly did bury on page 113 of an earlier issue a thirty-six word blurb. But after receiving an angry response on their paucity of coverage, actually pulled the story set for the day of the event (and pulled the blurb on 113 as well well). So much for the "progressive" papers.

"Much to my surprise," the Santa Monica Evening Outlook, was hardly the Outrage of the past (of the Copley chain, the journal is not known for undertaking radical causes). The paper was the only one in town to give any prior play to the Reagan action. With a positive story the day before and a prediction of 1,000, on the Friday after the Outlook led with a front page story and generous supportive remarks, plus a huge photo of one of our ranks petting a gentle LAPD pony.

KFFK came through, but did have the propensity to keep calling the coalition by another name.

Another problem facing organizers besides the lack of media attention was the reputation of presidential protests in Century City itself. History reflects more of a heritage like Czech-ago-'68 than like the tranquility '85, on Aug. 22 at this scene.

I was present in the Windy City nearly two decades ago when the peace officers went off and decorated Michigan Avenue and Grant Park with the blood of our numbers. I didn't and don't especially want to visit that type of a scene again.

DINNER continued to page 10

Rand-dom Arrests

No Buisness As Usual

By Carol Fondiller

It seems in Santa Monica they're trying to relive the '60's era of "excessive force" on demonstrators.

On August the 9th, the 40th anniversary of the atom bomb drop on Nagasaki, about 75 people demonstrated against the Rand Corporation.

Chief among the demonstrators was a group called No Business as Usual.

They dropped silver-painted water-melons and tossed dust to symbolize the radiation and then "died" in front of Rand, the thinking man's nuke tank.

The Santa Monica Police came and according to witnesses, did not give sufficient time to clear the area. In another echo of the '60's, there was an undercover policeman. When this was discovered, people began to chant "Pig! Pig! Pig!" People were arrested on charges of conspiracy to riot and/or blocking the sidewalk. A husband and wife were arrested, though all they did was stand on the sidewalk. When one of the policemen put a chokehold on one of the demonstrators, the husband started to chant, "The whole world is watching!" Husband and wife were both arrested and let off on their own recognition.



Merry Ann Dolbecasoco

L.A. WEEKLY

Another participant (all participants asked that their names not be used because some of the cases haven't been filed) noted that the police seemed to use more force on people who wore "punker" type hairdos and clothing.

One young woman noted, "the cops started a riot, we didn't".

Someone who identified himself as "more than a spectator, less than a participant", noted a "lot of exuberant punk-type kids who started to run, and then

would stop and let the cops catch them and the cops threw them around as they handcuffed them--the kids were playing a game, the cops weren't".

Some people, under the impression that Santa Monica City Council san liberal, wanted to be put on the City Council agenda which was to be held Tuesday, the 13th of August. They wanted an investigation into what they considered excessive force by the Santa Monica Police.

They asked Jim Conn and Dennis Zane to put them on the agenda. They were told that Items must be on the agenda two weeks prior to the City Council meeting. Actually any Councilperson can declare an item an "emergency" and put it on the agenda, but Zane and Conn seemed unaware of that. The story was ignored by most

of the media, and coupled with the reluctance of the two liberal Councilpersons to investigate the charges of excessive force, it seems that Rand must have a longer arm than even the law.

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A Swift Solution

Geriatric Jack

The Beachhead is sometimes criticized for not offering solutions to the problems they raise hell about. This article will respond to that criticism by offering solutions to the problem of hunger in America.

Ever since President Reagan's policies cut the various programs which deal with hunger, the studies show that at least one of four children is hungry in the United States. I won't bother with hungry adults. They can fend for themselves.

With apologies to Jonathan Swift who once suggested eating the children as a solution to the Irish famine I offer the following choices.

Have half the children eat the other half.

Have the parents on food stamps eat their excess children and we can cut their food stamp budget.

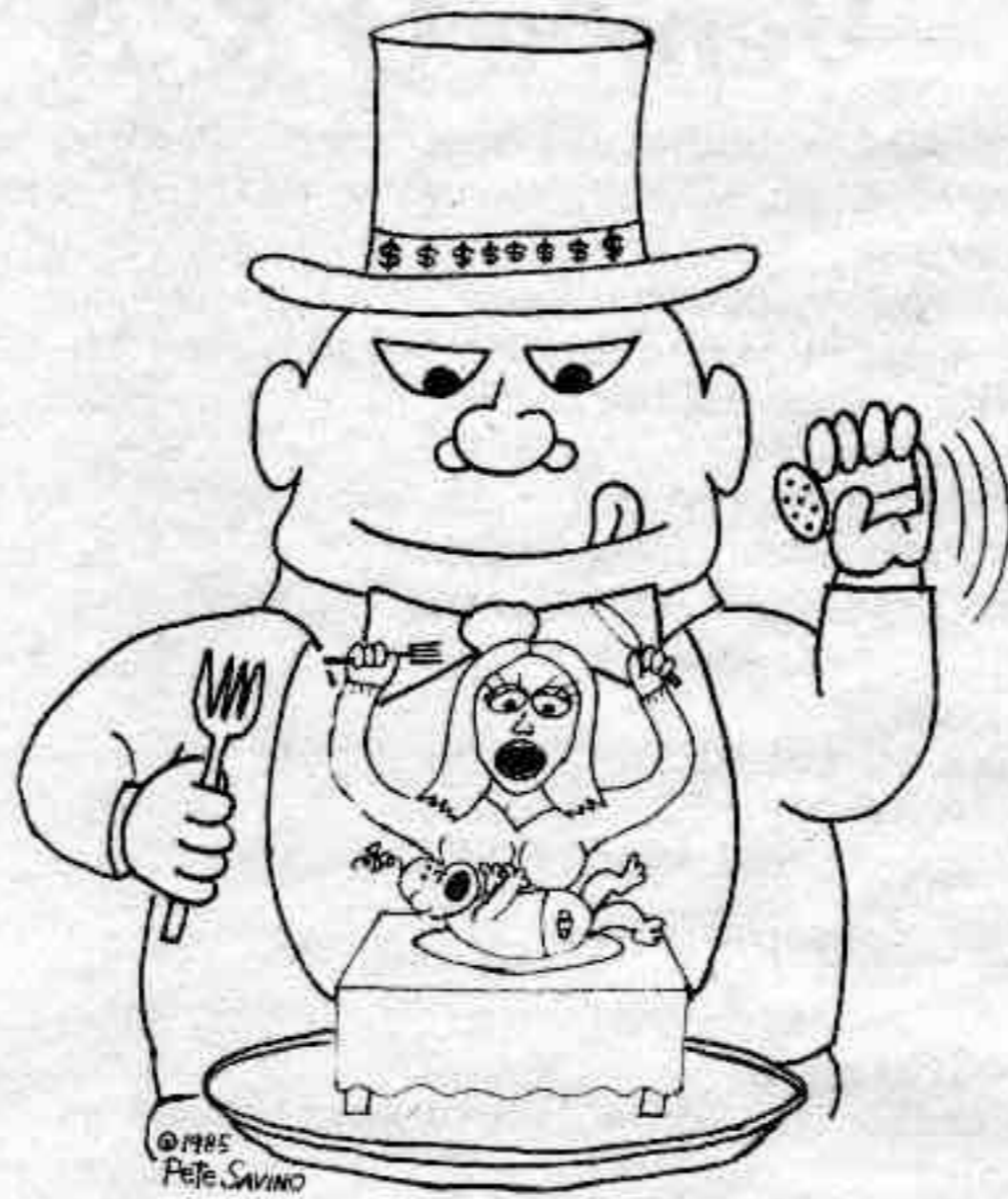
Have the children eat their parents. After all the parents put them here.

Science has made a great deal of "progress" since Swift's time. With that in mind we might solve the whole problem with the following. With the proper chemicals we could find a way to make all the parents and children palatable. Madison Avenue could tout it as the new health food and we wouldn't have to be bothered with all those hungry people any more.

Of course the American farmer is going to be stuck with a lot more surplus food. Sorry, but I can't please everyone.

Nixon couldn't sell this politically but Sailing Ron could. Ammunition for the anti-abortion people because abortion would be interfering with the food supply. The anti-abortion people and the supply siders could see the cost effectiveness of eating children.

We won't have the expense of dealing with the long range effect of these undernourished children. ●



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Entrant Wins!!!

As the headline indicates, response to the Venice Quiz, in the June Beachhead, was underwhelming. Chuck Bloomquist, bonvivant, astronomer par excellence and ex-collective member wins a lifetime subscription to the Beachhead and a city-of-Venice tee-shirt. Congrats from the collective, Chuckie!

Here's Bloomquist's letter that accompanied his answers and some of his more interesting responses.

"Moe honey,

You swine! I've spent so much time on your stinking quiz that I've probably disqualified myself for the prize. Nevertheless, here are my answers. Wrestling with the quiz did remind me one again of what a special place it is in which we live -- thanks.

Hasta la vista,
Chuck B"

1. Q. Who was the founder of Venice?
A. Abbot Kinney
2. Q. Name all the streets that begin with Z.
A. Zanja, Zeno & Zephyr
3. Q. In what year did the Ku Klux Klan list Venice as its headquarters?
A. 1924
4. Q. Where was the original office of Venice Neighborhood Legal Service?
A. Pacific Ave above what was most recently the Conolier restaurant.
5. Q. Name all the streets named after US Presidents.
A. Lincoln, Washington, Garfield, Harrison, Van Buren, McKinley.
6. Q. Where is Park Row?
A. Between Pacific & Main next to Windward Farms.
7. In what year did Venice become part of L.A.?
A. 1925
8. Q. Name the existing canals.
A. Linnie, Carroll, Howland, Sherman, Grand & Eastern.
9. Q. Who built the existing canals?
A. Strong & Dickerson
10. Q. Name all the original canals.
A. Altair, Cabrillo, Lion, Alderbaran, Venus, Corral, Grand.
11. Q. Name all the streets named after the Kinney family.
A. Thornton, Innes & Dudley
12. Q. Where was the St. Marks hotel?
A. Ocean Front Walk and Windward.
13. Q. What well-known Venice poet appeared on Groucho Marx's old TV show "You Bet Your Life"?
A. Stuart Perkoff
14. Q. Name all the walk streets.
A. Ozone, Dudley, Paloma, Sunset, Vista, Thornton, Park, Breeze, Wavcrest, Clubhouse, 19, 20, 23-30, Anchorage, Buchan-
eer, Catamaran, Eastwind, Fleet, Galleon, Ironsides, Jib, Ketch, Mast, Northstar, Outrigger, Privateer, Quarterdeck, Reef, Spinaker, Unionjack, Voyage, Westwind, Yawl, Nowita, Marco, Amoroso, Crescent.



NAVY ST. ELEVATION

LIP meets 'Heads

Recently, several members of the Lancaster Independent Press (LIP), an alternative newspaper in Pennsylvania, visited Southern California. Through the miracle of mass communications we were able to rendezvous LIP members and numerous Beachheaders, past and present, at Arnold Springer's house for one glorious night of revelry and the sharing of ideas. We found that both papers are similar yet dissimilar in what their process and organization are like. Yet both papers share common goals and ideals. Those shared common goals and ideals keep LIP and the Beachhead going year after year. We of the Beachhead Collective salute LIP, extend our appreciation to those that visited us here and hope LIP, the Beachhead and all our sister publications live long and prosper. ▲

THE FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD COLLECTIVE



Venice Q & A

15. Q. What Venice cause was supported by (among others) Stan Laurel, Margaret Whiting, Igor Stravinsky, and Mort Sahl?
A. Save the GasHouse.
16. Q. The fastest woman in the world lives in Venice. What is her name?
A. Evelyn Ashford
Chuck: Terry Bloomquist--she once made it to San Francisco in 93 minutes.
17. Q. What street is named after the Mexican family that once owned all of Venice?
A. Machado
18. Q. Where is the Abbot Kinney mural?
A. The Post Office (inside)
19. Q. How many Canal Festivals were there?
A. 7
20. Q. Name Abbot Kinney's chauffeur.
A. Irvin Tabor
Chuck: Rochester
21. Q. When did the "code enforcement" program occur?
A. 1961
22. Q. Who opened and ran the Venice West Cafe?
A. Stuart Perkoff opened it without permits, was closed down and bought out by John Kenevan who ran the place til Anna and John Haag bought it.
23. Q. Name two famous rock stars who lived and performed in Venice.
A. Janis Joplin & Ricki Lee Jones
Chuck: The Lennon Sisters
24. Q. When was oil discovered in Venice?
A. 1929
25. Q. What is the oldest Pharmacy in Venice?
A. Val's Pharmacy.
26. Q. Name the streets or physical boundaries of Venice.
A. Pacific Ocean, Santa Monica, Walgrove, Marina del Rey, Del Rey St.
27. Q. Where is the Venice in the Snow mural?
A. On the side of a building opposite the paddle tennis courts partially obscured.
28. Q. What's the name of the member of the Venice Band Severance who went on to star in Sophisticated Ladies and Cotton Club?
A. Gregory Hines
Chuck: Muskellunge
29. Q. Where was Beyond Baroque located prior to its current location in the Old Venice City Hall?
A. Next door to the Comeback Inn
30. Q. The first office of the Peace & Freedom Party was in Venice. On what street?
A. W. Washington Bl.



MAIN STREET BUILDING ELEVATION

Vendors Sold out

by Boston Blackie

Twenty years ago the building inspectors tore down the buildings on Ocean Front Walk. Ten years ago Pat Russell said O.K. to sell T-shirts and stuff on the ground where the buildings used to be. Today the building inspectors are back saying I can't sell T-shirts without a building (for them to inspect).

For ten years the building inspectors felt unwanted and insecure because we didn't need no stinking building to earn our survival bucks.

Today I have reapplied for the welfare I was getting in '75 only now I'll just kick back on the sandy side of the boardwalk and drink beer while the city thinks about the convoluted logic of their actions.

The new vendors will continue paying the extortion because they never question authority--but in the end they will eat each other up, competing for enough sales.

31. Q. In 1969 the Free Venice movement tried to have a parade, but it was stopped by hundreds of police. On what holiday was that parade to take place?
A. Independence Day (July 4th)
32. Q. What artist painted the mural on the St. Charles Building (Windward Av)?
A. Terry Schoonhoven
33. Q. What was the name of the Ballroom on the Venice Pier circa 1945?
A. Roosevelt Ballroom
34. Q. What was the name of the Ballroom on the Lick Pier circa 1945? 1960
A. The Aragon Ballroom. The Cheetah
35. Q. What was the exact location of the Gas House?
A. Ocean Front Walk and Horizon
36. Q. When was the Venice Town Council created?
A. 1973
37. Q. Where is USA Island?
A. Bounded by Windward, Cabrillo & Altair.
38. Q. In what year were Kinney's canals filled?
A. 1929
39. Q. What was the name of the famous 5-story bamboo slide on the old Venice pier?
A. The Dragon Slide
40. Q. Who painted the Brooks Av. mural?
A. The Fine Arts Squad
41. Q. The first of a series of pictorial histories of Venice was published in 1973. What was its title and who was the author?
A. Venice, California: An Urban Fantasy by Horst Schmidt-Brunner
42. Q. How long has the Beachhead been publishing?
A. 16 1/2 years
43. Q. In what year did Sarah Bernhardt perform in Venice for the first time?
A. 1906
44. Q. In what year did Abbot Kinney die?
A. 1920
45. Q. In what year did the original Venice Pier burn?
A. 1920
46. Q. In what year did famous evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson disappear from Venice beach?
A. 1926
47. Q. Name 3 very famous performers who lived in Venice at any time during the 1920's and/or 1930's.
A. Fatty Arbuckle, Charlie Chaplin, Isadora Duncan
48. Q. Name 2 alleys not named after streets.
A. Toledo and Valencia.
49. Q. What areas of Venice did the Waterways project directly affect?
A. The Canals and Peninsula (Silver Strand)
50. Q. Name 3 famous beat poets who lived in Venice.
A. Lawrence Lipton, Frankie Rios, Stuart Perkoff.
51. Q. What was the Venice Assembly, by who was it instituted?
A. A series of educational & cultural presentations held in the Venice Auditorium instituted by Abbot Kinney.
52. Q. Name Venice's first local newspaper.
A. The Vanguard
53. Q. What Venice resident served on the California Coastal Commission?
A. Dr. Rimmon C. Fay
54. Q. Who painted the mural at Dell Ave. and Venice Bl?
A. Jaya & Emily Winters
55. Q. Where was the "Venture Inn"?
A. Where the West Beach Cafe is now.
56. Q. As a way of taking care of the poor, what Venice landowner advocated "Feeding the Sparrows by Feeding the Horses"?
A. Kurt Simon
57. Q. Who formerly occupied the Antioch College building?
A. The Southern California Gas Co.
58. Q. What name did Abbot Kinney give to Venice originally, what name did he settle on?
A. St. Marks, Venice of America.
59. Q. Which L.A. City Councilperson accused Venice activists of getting "Moscow Gold"?
A. Art Snyder

Scholar Bloomquist got 36 correct answers. Not bad for an amateur. --Moe Stavnezer ▲



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Life On A Leash

by Koko's Libre Leibchin as told to his human, Memphis Slim.

Hi! I just got back from roller skating with my human. He roller skate; I don't. I pull him around for a coupla' miles and then he skates while I trot along. He likes the pullin' part; he ain't much for the trotin' part. You've probably seen us on the Ocean Front Walk or on the bikepath. I'm the handsome red Doberman pulling the tall pencil-neck geek. Actually, he's OK for a Yahoo.

But roller skating isn't my first love in Venice. What I really like is running around the empty lots and the Beach. (Please see my first article, PISS ON VENICE, 1983) Herein lies my story.

For 4½ years my human and I have been taking a certain walk on week-ends and holidays. This walk is us going south down the beach to the Marina Channel and then come back on the east side of the Ballona Lagoon/Esplanade.

When we started this walk years ago; (you gotta' remember years mean a lot more to me than they do to you!) things then were a lot different along the Esplanade. I could run almost non-stop from the Marina Channel to Washington Square. There were less than a dozen geek condos along that whole stretch.

Well, the old folks apartments were built which is cool although I've seen a lot of less than old humans seemingly living there. These are the apartments just south of Washington Square. Everyone there is cool except for this red "rat-dog" and his hideous old human. Red's a terrier or some sort of midget dog and he has the Napoleon complex. I mean I can eat him but what's the percentage? I get branded a killer Doberman and my human pays out the Wazoo. And if you know my human--he don't like to pay out the Wazoo! Anyway, this sucker comes over to me, barkin' to beat 60 and starts biting me on my toes. The whole time his human is yellin' at my human about me bein' off the leash. You wouldn't believe what my human called her. We dogs don't have concepts like that.

Anyway, the old folks home is cool. The ducks that live there, I don't bother. Well, not much anyway. The problem has been the Development of the Summa property on the Esplanade. (Libre, you ignorant slut, only 1 lot was owned by Summa) They're building over 100 big geek homes out on the only undeveloped section of the peninsula area. Plus, these homes are sometimes 5 feet apart. Can you dig that? Pay up to a million dollars to live in a 3 story house less than 1 pile of dog shit away from your neighbors.

So over the last 2 years especially, me and my human have had to adjust to increasing contact with the flotsam and jetsam of the upper crust. There's this one dog. He thinks he's hot shit. Some kinda' Japanese fighting dog. He's almost the size of a Great Dane but he's built like a Husky. Usually if I can't whip a dog, I can scam but this sucker's human let him have too much leash and well... Let me just say I was glad to get away unscarred. So anyway, this fat heek human of the fighting dog gets into it with my human. God it's so embarrassing with my human sometimes. He's got the Billy Martin syndrome. But it was nice seein' it after the hassle I got from the dog. These are the kinda' creatures that are movin' into this area.

Oh, I forgot to mention that the fighting dog is so deranged he's got an electric zapper on his collar. Even his human has to be able to shoot 'im the juice sometimes. He's also stuck up about how much he costs. I mean his human paid big bucks to have to haul this killer on a leash around the peninsula.

Incidentally, I've only seen the dog pound ghouls 3 times on the Silver Strand in 4 years

I, on the other hand, was as my name Libre means, free. My father had my human's mother as a human so, well, we just sorta' kept it in the family. But my human doesn't keep me chained up like most other dogs. Maybe I am free. I bark at people when they come by our house and pull him on roller skates so maybe it's a fair trade.

Anyway, the other morning we're coming back like we have zillions of times and I come over the hill and a black and white is protecting and serving my human. They had him spread legged with his hands over his head. I guess they didn't believe he was on his walk. They said he was a burglary suspect. Do all burglary suspects wear overalls and flip-flops like my human? Anyway, it musta' been a big deal 'cause all the Marina folks came out on their porches to watch. The white policeman had stripes on his uniform. He gave the orders. He said not to chain me up just let me run around. The black policeman sweated a lot as I sniffed his crotch. Humans are so wierd.

I guess we don't fit on the peninsula anymore.

P.S. Since my last article most of the places I used to roam have been asphalted or built on. Concrete makes ya crazy!

approved lot for vending. And you're not, Jeff. You vend on the Ocean Front Walk from a pushcart. You'll never get busted. You and the other 100 or so illegal vendors don't have to worry because the City looks on Venice the way the French used to view the Casbah.

Which brings me to another publication purportedly about Venice, "Venice Beach", by Claudio Edinger.

About a year ago Claudio called me on the phone. Some people had suggested that if he were doing a book on Venice, I should be one of the people he talked to. We had a few conversations, Claudio and I, where he suggested I even do some writing for the book. When I vulgarly mentioned money, he veered away from that subject. After talking with him a few times, I realized he and I did not have

the same view of Venice, and I would have hostile feelings towards Claudio if I allowed myself to be used, exploited and/or taken out of context, especially to line someone else's pocket. Claudio had done one of New York's hotels, the Chelsea I think, in portrait style of the "picturesque" hotel residents. Question: If one takes a picture of something/someone picturesque, isn't that sort of a redundancy? Claudio told me he was from Brazil and he saw Venice as a carnival, not exactly an original metaphor. I mean, big deal, so's New Orleans and on certain days, so's Castroville. I didn't want to be photographed by someone who thought I was "picturesque", like a goddamn view or something. I'm a human. So I dismissed Claudio as a lightweight.

When I saw the book, I was impressed. The photographs--portraits, these are not snapshots. These are fine portraits that have the quality of Flemish light around the subjects.

There's Bob Alexander at his old desk, looking more patriarchal than ever I have seen him--but what's that text--something, the only thing, that's quoted from the Reverend Bob, about "Vibrations, crazy vibrations". I've never heard Bob Alexander say anything that fatuous. Bob Alexander is one of the people in Venice that knows of "beat" poets, and the history of Pacific Ocean Park, and being a carny and a minister, and the quote Edinger gets is "Vibrations...". Well, hold on, Claudio has a right to fantasize about his Ilyria, even if it's cliché. Get a grip. O.K. Oh, here's Chuck Arnoldi, famous artist-parking lot king, and one of the people who have the double standard that any junk sold on anyone else's property is junk, but the junk sold on his property's money for great artist Chuck Arnoldi. He wanted Rose and Main to be turned into a series of lofts for rich artists, or rich people who wanted to live like rich artists. Oh, he's blaming community activists for lack of parking, not the speculators who got away with as little parking as possible when they built their high-priced, thin-walled shanties.

Goldie Glitters.

Yeah, there he is-- absolutely one of the best portraits I've seen of Goldie; gives the impression of a rare, predacious delicate being, like a vampire who can only subsist on blue blood. Good shot. Uh, oh, had to make the mistake of reading the text--damn! I've been trying really hard not to impose my sense of point-of-view.

but dammit, this is too much! I have restrained myself from hebrephonic ravings and sputters... But Goldie was never elected Queen of Venice!! In a coup that can only be equalled by the U.S. putting the last shah on the peacock throne, or the U.S. overthrowing the last democratically elected government in Chile, certain self-styled community activists, supposedly dedicated to democracy, among them Bob Wells and Barbara Avedon (who apologized to me later, but told me she couldn't stop the flow of history) with the help of Ruby of the Lafayette Cafe, proclaimed Goldie Queen of Venice.

So what, that Santa Monica College didn't give Goldie the tiara he

Welcome to Ilyria

By Carol Fondiller

Whether the long-term Venice residents like it or not, "the subliminal 'they'..." as Jack Smith puts it, who want to keep things from running over one another, and I consider myself one of the "they", who has kept Venice from being just a playground for the rich and tasteful, like it or not, Venice has become a PLACE.

Venice is there, along with the Casbah, Paris, Crete, Marrakesh, the Cote d'Azur, the Court of Miracles. It's a PLACE, like Shakespeare's Ilyria.

The real Ilyria was this little area where Yugoslavia is now. But to Shakespeare in the 16th Century it was King Arthur's Court--another galaxy.

Everyone wanted a ticket to Ilyria.

It was a place where things could be said and done that could not be said or even thought of at home.

In Ilyria, all things are possible. Venice has become a PLACE in today's mythology. It is a place where people come to see what they want to see...the snake charmers, 6-foot tall rollerskaters, they are not interested in people mowing their lawns or washing their cars. The hordes of marks come to Venice to do their thing and fantasize about Ilyria. This feeling crystallized then controversy hit Jeff Stanton's Map of Venice and Claudio Edinger's book called "Venice Beach".

I bought the second map, the present one, and I was impressed by the amount of

historical and architectural info Jeff had put into this new map. Then the gangs on Broadway and Westminster were pointed out to me along with the hold-ups on San Juan, etc., not to mention the fornicating doggies.

Several years ago, the vendors on the Ocean Front Walk were hysterical and were trying to drum up lynch mobs when they started talking about platoons of mostly Black, mostly young people roving up and down the Ocean Front Walk. According to the vendors and merchants (i.e., vendors vend outside, merchant's sell inside), these groups of children threatened, stole and harrassed visitors, merchants, etc., and I saw some of that.

So my quibble with Jeff is not that he's racist, but that his map of where things happen is inaccurate, incomplete and maybe just a little biased. I've seen the spraying of V-13's on the traffic circle. Certainly that doesn't happen just in Oakwood. I have been held up at gun-point just outside Hama Sushi

It's true, one didn't get a feeling of criminals being loose on the Ocean Front Walk. And believe me they are! And Jeff, you're one of 'em! That is, unless you've got your vending permit, which you don't, because you can't get a vending permit unless you're on a City-

Our Final Report Citizen Bertolini

by ETHEL S. BERTOLINI

OUR FINAL REPORT to relatives and friends, some of whom stood by us nearly 30 years is a desperate fight to remove a deportation order against Ethel and to obtain her citizenship.

My Citizenship Day (July 15, 1985)

The day began with a deliberate pretense to calmness, as if this were just another morning until it was time to go to Los Angeles to be sworn in as an American citizen. Yet, during all those strained early hours I was aware that on this particular Monday my status as an undesirable alien would end, and that at last I would return home as CITIZEN BERTOLINI.

We ate our meal without exchanging serious comments; I read the morning headlines and weather report while Angelo wrote his weekly soccer column to meet today's deadline. I re-wrote and corrected my last short story. We left our home allowing an extra half hour to get to L.A.

Traveling in total silence on the speedy freeway, checking our watches, feeling secure that all was well, Angelo noticed smoke coming from the hood of our car, four miles from home. We looked at each other in disbelief. Would there now be another postponement in obtaining my citizenship? Quickly we got off the freeway to the closest gasoline station. Angelo opened the hood while I rushed over to the only available phone, which was occupied. Two people, from different cars, also rushed to the phone ahead of me. I begged both of them: "Allow me just a couple of seconds to catch my attorney before he leaves his office. If I miss him I won't be able to contact with him for an appointment in court."

"and at last I would return home as Citizen Bertolini"

But the man who was next for the phone paid no attention to me, instead he became very busy telling the strange woman behind him about a place in the valley that he'd like to show her. She responded favorably. I stood there somewhat bewildered; both treated me as if I were out of my mind and ignored me. I touched the woman's arm and pleaded again: "I've waited almost thirty years for this moment and I'll be losing it again if I fail to inform my attorney that our car broke down." She smiled to her new acquaintance, winked at him, and said condescendingly: "Go ahead."

"Gary Silbiger just left, he's getting into his car..." his secretary informed me. I screamed into the phone: "Please stop him, I must tell him where I am." She did. An eternity later Gary was on the phone. "Where are you?" he asked calmly. I explained the situation and informed him that we were still a great distance from the U.S. District Court, and that there was no bus going down from here. Gary replied soothingly:

"Would you want me to pick you up?" "Oh, Gary!" was all I could answer. I shouted to Angelo way across the sprawling lot: "Quick, Angelo, tell Gary where we are and how to get here." He ran to the phone and spoke softly to Gary as if both men were making a dinner appointment.

In the meantime an enterprising young man, who gave me his card, asked politely: "Are you having trouble, Ma'm?" I explained our problem. "If you pull your car across the street, we'll fix it for you while you wait," he said. "But we can't do that. We have to leave our car here and come back later by bus," I answered. I saw him handing out his card to other troubled drivers while we were waiting to be picked up by Gary.

Gary arrived tooting his horn loudly, waving to us and with a warm smile opened the door: "Get in, we'll try to make it for the swearing in." He told us that we will all be late but that the proceedings take a long time. "When we get to the building you two run up to room 329 and check in while I park." At the check-in window we found Gary's wife, Attorney Barbara Honig, and a photographer who was to catch this historic moment for a video program. He was not allowed, however, to bring in his camera.

Barbara was reporting for me. But my name was not on the clerk's list. I had no identifying letter for this important appointment, or any other specified identification requested by the clerk. "There's a mistake somewhere," the clerk announced and motioned to the woman behind me: "Next, next!" Barbara was calm and confident: "Ethel was told verbally to appear today, and that she'd be called for the swearing in for her citizenship. Her attorney is parking his car and will explain more." But all we heard was the clerk's "Next, next!" just as Gary appeared and took over.

"The head of INS assured me personally on the phone, late Friday, that Ethel would be sworn in today." The Clerk was impressed, she left and checked other windows as we followed her. She found a "SPECIAL CASES" list on which she moved her index finger down the page, all our eyes following her finger; looking up she asked: "Bertolini, Ethel?" "Yes," we all shouted. "Wait

over there, you'll be called in with the others," she said with a friendly smile. And our eyes were smiling to everybody in front and in back of us, as if to tell the world: "Yes, it's happening at last." We were all directed to room 22 and as we approached its front door, Angelo whispered to me: "It's like Catch 22." I whispered back: "But I'm getting out of a Catch 22 existence."

Minutes later I raised my hand together with the others when the oath was read to us, and we answered "So help me God!" On the way out I said to Angelo, "So help me Goddess!"

But there was no citizenship certificate for me or the others on the "Special List." We all had to march across the street to another building, where soon we were crowded into a small space, and four or five of us moved up to the front Dutch door, half-door with a narrow counter top. The others waited patiently in the corridor. A tired, irritated, haggard-looking clerk, annoyed by the noise and commotion among the waiting future citizens, pushed roughly through the crowd on his way to his cubicle. "A lot of hangers-on today," he complained to a fellow clerk and slammed the door in disgust. I felt he was insulting us all, who had been waiting for many hours, no! many years, for this moment in our life. "You can treat the hangers-on like human beings, you need not push us in this small space," I said raising my voice in anger. The people behind me laughed as Angelo's voice rose above all others: "That's my wife, up there, my American wife, who told him off. Whether a citizen or not my wife knows how to act like a good American." Again everybody laughed with relief.

My certificate was handed to me for my signature; it was placed on top of that narrow counter of the Dutch door; someone swung his way into the place through that door and my signature became illegible, as if I had just learned to write the alphabet. And that is how my name appears on that precious citizenship certificate.

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Safran Rising

by Jim Bickhart

It's been almost exactly six years since Westside developer/former HUD staffer Thomas Safran first called a community meeting to introduce his plan to construct senior citizen housing on the Navy St./Ocean Front Walk location currently occupied by a private parking lot. Those six years have seen a lot of bureaucratic, financial and political activity take place over the fate of Mr. Safran's proposal, and a lot of building permits have come and gone too. With its action of this past July 24th, however, the Los Angeles City Council may finally have approved a permit that will stick.

The approved permit calls for a 56' high building covering most of the ten contiguous lots on the site. It will contain two levels of parking garages, one floor of commercial/retail space and three levels of residential units (including 27 "market rate" condominiums, 9 regulated condominiums and 22 regulated senior rental units).

Important for the Venice North Beach community is the fact that the permit meets Coastal Commission guideline requirements for parking (a rarity in City-approved permits, since City requirements are less stringent), including 34-48 on-site spaces to be available to neighborhood parkers as replacement for the current lot. Additionally, the permit requires that the senior units and the regulated "affordable" condos remain regulated (and affordable) for an extended period of time (the exact length of which is yet to be determined, but certainly more than ten years). These programs will be administered under contract by the City's Community Development Department. Also significant for certain neighbors of the site is the provision for a unique view corridor preserving part of their ocean view.

(One of the many issues left unaddressed by the permit is what will happen to current lessees of parking spaces on the lot during the construction of the project.)

While any 56 foot-high building on Ocean Front Walk containing potentially expensive condos is certain to be viewed by some as a threat to community preservation, the long series of battles and negotiations leading up to the Council's approval of this permit suggests that the community didn't do so badly after all. This is especially true in light of the unusual 1984 City Council decision to loan Mr. Safran \$800,000.00 with the proviso that he build at least 22 senior units. Once they were in a virtual partnership with the developer, it's hard to conceive of them not issuing a permit of some kind. Better that it offers some concessions to community needs than none.

Past Beachheads have chronicled the various and sordid stages of evolution Mr. Safran's proposal has gone through since its original, all-senior configuration. While that plan, dependent on the availability of federal HUD subsidies, enjoyed considerable community support, it ran afoul of Washington, D.C. politics (discontinuation of funding for new construction). Mr. Safran subsequently sought to finance the creation of some senior housing through a variety of mixed-use schemes, most of which received permit approval but none of which ever finally passed muster with the financial community. Mr. Safran, to his credit, only begrudgingly surrendered his goal of providing some senior units and accepted approval in 1983 for a commercial retail and office proposal. Then the "experts" told him such a building wouldn't be marketable at his location.

Mr. Safran's odyssey then brought him back to square one with another mixed-use project including senior units which would be financed by the inclusion of market-rate condos.

At this point it should be noted that Mr. Safran's whole adventure has been marred every bit as much by his own stubbornness, indecisiveness and lack of credibility with planners, designers, financiers, regulatory agencies and, last but not least, the community, as it has been by the bureaucratic process,

Despite his and other pro-development interests' continued assertions that Venice opposition and Coastal Commission interference has cost Mr. Safran millions of dollars, it needs to be said that Mr. Safran himself has filed appeals on decisions affecting his permits as often as have organizations such as the Venice Town Council and the Navy Street Estates Homeowner's Association. This is a matter of public record. He would most often do this upon deciding to revise his proposal either just before a hearing or just after receiving a permit. His decisions to alter the proposals and either appeal his permit or apply for an amendment to it never stemmed from community pressure. Rather, they derived from a turbulent real estate and financial marketplace and from his own waverings.

Whether the current permit, which is yet to be approved by the State Coastal Commission (it lies within the dual permit zone and thus requires both local and state approvals), will hold remains to be seen. The community groups (mentioned above) who hammered out the crucial mitigating conditions with Mr. Safran and the City Council have agreed to continue to support the permit only as it passed the Council. If it changes again, it's back to the drawing boards again.

The parking and housing provisions which led to the VTC and the Navy Estates support include some important details. In his efforts to provide Coastal guideline-meeting replacement parking, Mr. Safran received permission to use tandem and attended aisle parking. He is also trying to convince the City to allow him to use mechanical parking lifts to achieve the full 48-space quota.

The nine affordable condos have been assigned to what is called the "first-time buyer bond program," which requires that the units be sold to buyers who earn no more than 120% of the median income level. When the units are sold, subsequent buyers must

also meet that criteria. The price of the unit will also be determined using a formula involving that 120% figure. It is thought that this will keep the units affordable to people who can't manage to purchase homes in the inflated open market while at the same time preventing the original buyers from receiving an unwarranted "windfall" profit from selling their previously regulated units at full market prices.

This resale control provision was opposed by Mr. Safran, who claimed the financial community would object. Since it is the City's bond program that will cover the difference between the prices of these condos and their supposed market value, it's hard to see what the problem will be. On the other hand, there's no telling what those cheeky lenders will do these days. The concept, by the way, as well as the language spelling it out were proposed and supported by both the Community Development Department and City Council president Pat Russell, respectively.

Yet another result of long negotiations and the developer's own deliberations is the size of the condos in this project. They range between 800 and about 1,000 square feet per unit. In previous Safran configurations they've been as large as 1,500 square feet and as small as 600 square feet. The current size seems fairly realistic for young potential buyers. The newly-proposed Harlan Lee project at Main and Navy (two blocks east of Safran), by way of comparison, proposes condos ranging from 1,200 to 1,500 square feet per unit.

Finally, the senior units have been designated "lower" and "very low" income units, requiring a formula based on 80% of the median income level to determine tenant eligibility and rental rates. This condition arose from suggestions offered by the Town Council during negotiations with Mr. Safran regarding the level of affordability. Mr. Safran then provided the wording.

Watch the Beachhead for news of any further activity regarding this long-suffering project. Δ

THE Burger tree
on Venice Beach

ocean front walk at westminster
(213) 392-8154

JOIN THE CROWD



'YUPPIES' Continued from Page 1.

The plan does allow for height increases in exchange for benefits to the community. For instance a height "bonus" of up to 20 feet is allowed in exchange for a substantial amount (25%) of affordable housing in the project, about 20 units in this case. Mr. Lee proposes 5 such units which would be for sale to seniors, a gratuitous insult to the community. Height bonuses are also allowed if parking for the community is provided (the plan calls for 50% of the number of spaces that could be fit onto the property for public use). None of the project's 327 spaces is for community use or for use by the beach-going public. But the cars in those spaces will further congest the Main & Rose intersection and cause brand new problems at Navy Street's intersections with Main & Pacific. That's because the entrance and exit for the complex will be on Navy St. Compare these circumstances with the agreement reached on Tom Safran's project, only 2 blocks away, described in Jim Bickhart's article elsewhere in the Beachhead.

Harlan Lee says he likes the pedestrian orientation along Main St. in Ocean Park and wants to continue it into Venice. I suggest that his project will accomplish the opposite -- making it difficult to cross streets now easily crossed, and putting an imposing wall of building, no matter how nicely designed, in a rather low-profile area. It all reminds me of Westwood on a smaller scale.

I like the concept of mixed-use buildings, especially ones that include affordable housing (preferably for rent) and some neighborhood oriented businesses. But this one goes too far -- too much building with too many problems and far too little in return. Far from being a renaissance, this complex represents a modern trendiness moving into the neighborhood just as Main St. and the Sea Colony did in Ocean Park. The greatest impact will be on the lower income people, who are already being slowly squeezed out of town, by making Venice safe for yuppie-dom.

"Mr. Lee, Mr. Lee, Oh Mr. Lee..."

(NOTES: The City has scheduled its initial hearing on the development for Mon. Sept 9th, 9:30am, 1645 Corinth in W.L.A. Unfortunately this will precede September's Venice Town Council meeting when Lee's staff will make a presentation about the project. The VIC meets the 2nd Thurs of each month at the Old Venice City Hall)

"Ilyria" Continued from Page 7

rightfully deserved because he was legitimately elected Homecoming Queen of Santa Monica College, what did that have to do with Venice? Why should the anarchists of Venice declare any one person to be the Queen or King? And shouldn't people who might be interested in having royalty proclaimed, especially people who so professed to be interested in the democratic process, shouldn't there have been some sort of public meeting beforehand? You see, the thing is about Ilyrias, all the Ilyrias, including Venice, is that the fantasies and qualities that one puts on one's Ilyria mask or point up such hidden truths, and truths like dreams.

I'm angry at those who take my rainbow to make money off of it, exploiting my dream for their profit. But to get the facts wrong is even worse. To perpetuate a lie to cover up an action that reeks of Draconian, dictatorial methods and never to publicly acknowledge as Bob Wells and Barbara Avedon have

called on so many others to do, that they were politically incorrect--sticks in my Ilyrian craw. It's all wrong! Here in the Anarchate of Venice, we are all kings and Queens, we are all royalty in exile and to have one person even "playfully" called Queen for benefit of someone's pocketbook or vanity is to cut at the heart of Ilyria, because it cuts at my dreams which to me are more real than rhinestones, and, Bob, Barbara, Goldie and Claudio and Jeff, in our dreams we reveal our true selves. But other than that, Claudio is so stylish a photographer, so in the school of fashion and portrait photography, never did I ever get a sense of place, of locale, of air! I saw no carnival, only picturesque people stuffed and mounted like extinct butterflies. Dead for all time, but saved for posterity.

"Durban from page 1

But here's more juicy stuff. The owner of the apartments in Northridge is Lance Robbins. He is a speculator-slumlord who even as I write is being prosecuted by the City for violations of health and building codes in other parts of the City.

Hal Bernson is trying to weaken the rent control law in other ways also. In order to legally evict a tenant for rehabilitation of an apartment unit, the law currently states that the landlord must spend at least \$10,000 per unit. Bernson is trying to get the figure down to \$7,500 per unit. Bernson is also trying to get council approval for a \$40-million tax-exempt bond issue to assist the apartment owners in financing renovations for the 650 units in the area. That's a bond issue that all the taxpayers in Los Angeles will be hit on for. In other words, we renters are expected to ante up bucks for speculators and slumlords to "improve" their property, that they've let go for tax write-offs. This does not sit well with me. One of the reasons given for the uprooting of this neighborhood was that there was a high crime rate. According to Councilman Ernani Bernardi there are 348 precincts with more crime than the Vanalden Bryant area. But let's acknowledge that there's some crime there. Surely not all the 3,000 people are criminals. Does that mean if J. Gordon Liddy or Richard M. Nixon moves into my apartment house and starts dealing government secrets, that I and everyone else in the apartment complex will be evicted?

I remember how at every hearing for rent control, we tenants had to sit through hours of insults, accusations and red-baiting by landlords and members of

the apartment house owners association, and by some of the Councilpeople--notably Bernson and Art Snyder.

I remember how some landlords would act as if they were performing acts of

charity to be renting to such feckless people as renters. As a matter of fact most people including most renters think there's something wrong with someone who hasn't got it together to buy their own house.

I remember some apartment house owner squalling that they would go bankrupt, that it was un-American and implying that renters should be grateful to the landlords.

But just remember, fellow renters, we pay their dues to the Apartment Owners Association. We pay their property taxes. We pay their campaign donations to Councilpersons Bernson, Finn, Snyder, Russell, etc. We pay for their lobbyist in Sacramento who is trying to get Assembly Bill 483 out of committee. This bill would negate the rent control laws of Santa Monica, West Hollywood and even the weak Los Angeles rent control.

The minute we turn our backs, Councilman Snyder, Bernson and Finn will be attempting to sabotage rent control. Now the Vanalden Bryant neighborhood elimination project might fail because of the harsh light of publicity. But the sentiment's still there. And remember just a few years ago, Mayor Tom Bradley nearly slipped one over on the renters by an amendment to the rent control ordinance that would have emasculated it. Keep an eye out--further hearings on the Uproot the Neighborhood for Profit Ordinance should be on the way in September.

So, fellow renters, don't let 'em grind you down...

Remember, rust never sleeps.

DINNER WITH RONNIE from page 3

In '67 one might recall a police riot scattered the 30,000 peaceful protesters and hundreds were seriously injured. Some Angelino cohorts won't even venture into the environs of the Ave. of the Stars these days for that reason let alone shop in that decadent place.

John Haag, an "ageing hippie for a nuke test ban," as his poster said, remarked "I've never seen so much color, and you can take that any way you want." He meant the bright banners and posters, but his message truly reflected the multi-ethnicity of the evening. South Africa supporters stood with Central American activists, and feminist joined no-nukers to project the messages to the hotel and passers by.

The surprisingly peaceful semblance of it all allowed for praise in many cases, but the Daily News chimed in, among other oddities, that the protest "lacked the violence and a

unified cause," of the 60's.

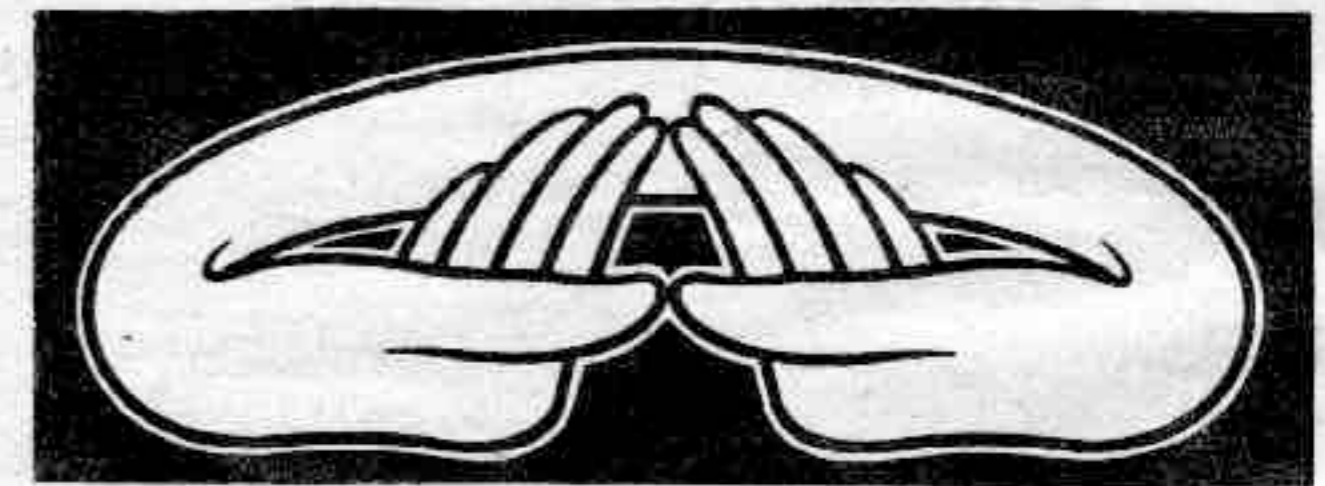
A discouraging element perhaps is that despite the vigorous planning and effort put into Aug. 22 by the forces of peace, the arms race spirals unchecked. The 40,000 homeless, without medical care and food grow in ranks every moment. And while Reagan tries to ignore our voices, he turns the blind eye to Botha's slaughters in South Africa. And he tightens a noose around one of the few existing democracies in our hemisphere--Nicaragua.

The program by the Reagan Protest Coalition did however prove that one need not rely on the media, certainly the mainstream media to get out the message (for, remember the Freeze and The Day After and how the day after the media dropped it that movement bit the dust?).

The August 22 action proved that an independent project started without the initial backing of any traditional left group can evolve. And it proved that creative, persistent use of a peoples media and outreach in these less than animated times is an encouraging footnote.

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community events

ART POETRY MUSIC

BEYOND BAROQUE LITERARY ARTS CENTER
Old Venice City Hall
681 Venice Boulevard
(213) 822-3006

Sunday, September 8, 4 PM - Chamber Music **EMILY HAY & FRIENDS**
Admission: \$5 nonmembers; \$3 members

Friday, September 13, 8 PM - Los Angeles Writer; **JACK SKELLEY** Plus, from the Bay Area, Writer **CARLA HARRYMAN**
Admission: \$5 nonmembers; \$3 members

Sunday, September 15, 8 PM **OPEN READING**
Free. Sign-up prior to 8 PM

Friday, September 20, 8 PM - Poet **NATHANIAL MACKEY**, Plus Poet and Critic **JED RASULA**
Admission: \$5 nonmembers; \$3 members

Friday, September 27, 8 PM - Poet **MARTY NAKELL**, Plus Poet **RALPH ANGEL**
Admission: \$5 nonmembers; \$3 members

SANTA MONICA SINGLES DISCOVERY.
Informal get-together for singles. Age 30-50's. Stimulating discussion, dancing, refreshments. Every second and fourth Friday evening, 7 PM at the Unitarian Community Church, **FORBES HALL**, 1721 Arizona Avenue., Santa Monica. Donation \$3. Call (213) 829-5436 for further info.

SYMPHONIES BY THE SEA - Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's comic opera "Cosi Fan Tutte", (School for Lovers), will be the final event of the 48th season of Santa Monica's Symphonies-by-the-Sea. This fully staged production will take place Saturday evening, Aug. 31, at 8:30 PM in the Open-Air Theatre of Santa Monica College, 1900 Pico Blvd, Santa Monica. Admission is free. For more info, call Gary Ferguson (13) 451-1578.

SPARC MURAL TRAINING PROGRAM

The fall term begins Oct. 5, with day-long Saturday classes concluding December 7. Prospective students should call (213) 822-9560 and request application materials.

RUTH WEISBERG Drawings and Prints, 357 N. La Brea Avenue, L. A. (213) 938-5222. Opening reception Sept. 7 3-6 PM. For info call (213) 938-5222.

SOCIAL

SINGLETARIANS - Unitarian Community Church, 1260 - 18th Street, Santa Monica. Most events occur at Forbes Hall, 1721 Arizona near 18th, behind church. For info call (213) 394-4318.

Sunday, Sept. 1 8 PM - **CANDLELIGHT PARTY** with dancing and refreshments. To be held at Forbes Hall, 1721 Arizona nr. 18th behind church. Donation \$3.

Sunday, Sept. 8, 8 PM - **ALTERNATIVE LIVING FOR OLDER PEOPLE.** Janet Witkin, M.Ed., Sociologist. To be held at Forbes Hall. Donation \$3.

Sunday, Sept. 15, 8 PM - **HOW DO YOU MAKE "MEANING" IN YOUR LIFE.** A Round Robin Discussion with Mark Alder as Moderator. To be held at Forbes Hall. Donation \$3.

Sunday, Sept. 22, 8 PM - **CHINA - ANCIENT AND PRESENT.** Martha Gordon, World Traveler and lecturer. To be held at Forbes Hall. Donation \$3.

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RELIGION

UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY - LA WEST
3744 S. Barrington 398-0637
(1/2 block north of Venice Blvd.)

- 11 AM CELEBRATION
11:30 COMMUNICATION
12:30 COFFEE
- Sept.1 "What Makes a City Great?"
sharing thoughts, talents, materials at a birthday party for LA
Music: Bach by guest musicians
- Sept.8 "Singing for our Lives"
Folksong - Apple Communion
"Universalists are Gentle, Loving - Angry People" by Bernie Krueger
- Sept.15 "Days of Awe"
Purposes & Programs - speakers,
The New Jewish Agenda
Music for Rosh Hoshannah/Yom Kippur
- Sept.22 "Brahma Samaj - Indian Progressivism"
interchange with Lolita Das
Poetry of Rabidranath Tagore
- Sept.29 "Humanism in America"
speaker Dr. Edwin Wilson is a signer of the 1933 Humanist Manifesto

POLITICS

RECON ANNOUNCEMENT

SOUTH AFRICA could not stop revolutionary John Ya-Otto. Read his biography, **BATTLEFRONT NAMIBIA**, 151 pages. Send \$7.95 (includes handling) to RECON, P.O. Box 14602, Philadelphia, PA. 19134.

MEXICO: 515 DISAPPEARED - Delegation of mothers of disappeared, also Comite de Defensa Popular; Sat. Sept. 14, 7:00 PM; Our Lady Queen of Angeles, La Placita/Olvera St., Los Angeles. For more info, call New Movement, (213) 392-8733.

PEACE AND FREEDOM PARTY - meets (September only) 2nd and 4th Sunday of month at 7:30 PM, 1354 W. Washington Blvd. On September 8th Suzanne Thompson will discuss her recent visit to Nicaragua, illustrated with slides. For info, call (213) 396-3555.

BIG MOUNTAIN SUPPORT GROUP - to save traditional Navajo culture in Arizona...needs people and supplies. For info, call (213) 396-3555.

THE MAR VISTA--VENICE--MARINA DEMOCRATS ARE HAVING A PICNIC!
3744 S. Barrington, Mar Vista, Ca. September 22, 3 PM until closing. Donation \$5, no-host bar. For more info, call (213) 397-9876 or 392-5075.

WOMEN HELPING WOMEN (NCJW)

A support and resource center for women which provides telephone talkline, career counseling, support groups and educational programs is seeking bi-lingual volunteer counselors fluent in Spanish and English. A ten-week training program will begin Sept. 5. For info, call Illene Blaisch (213) 651-2930.

RED CROSS FAMINE RELIEF - Dial (213) 976-2GIV on your telephone and automatically you will be making a \$2 contribution to the American Red Cross African Famine Relief Campaign. The donation will appear as a charge on your next month's billing.

Sept. 23, Symbolic action/Legal vigil, Stop the air war-Halt All Economic Aid--Meet Human Needs: Westwood Federal Bldg. 4-7 pm Pledg. of Resistance & Catholic Worker.

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COMMUNITY



Venice Town Council

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

Meeting of the general members and public at the Beyond Baroque building, 681 N. Venice. Meeting time: 7:30p.m.

Harlan Lee will be the guest of the Town Council at the September meeting of the membership. Lee's development that he plans for Main Street north of Rose will be open for public discussion.

September committee meetings:

- 1) Human Needs at the Westminster Senior Center, 7pm, Thursday, Sept. 26.
- 2) Planning and Development at 1407 Cabrillo Ave., 7:30pm, Wednesday, Sept. 25. (Chair: Joan Cory, 396-3332).
- 3) Coordinating Board at Westminster Seniors, 7pm, Thurs. Sept. 19.

WELCOME TO VENICE WALKING TOUR

introduces visitors and residents to local history, culture, plants and architecture along our path streets, canals and beachfront. Begins 10 AM Wednesdays and Saturdays, by the flower shop at the corner of Lincoln and Venice Blvd. Recommended hat and soft shoes. \$10 per person. A project of Citizen Planners. (213) 821-1478.

PUBLIC HEARING ON ANNEXATION OF SUMMA EIR: The L.A. City Planning Commission will hold a public hearing on the Environmental Impact Report dealing with the annexation of the Summa property, 803 acres of land south of Marina del Rey. Included in the hearing are specific plans for the future development of the area calling for 7,611 new housing units, almost 1 million square feet of retail, 600 hotel rooms, and 6 million square feet of office/business park area. Thurs. Sept 19 after 1:00pm at Room 350, City Hall, 200 Spring St. Los Angeles. For more info call Herb Glasgow at 485-3744. Due to several requests the City has extended the time for written comments to the EIR to Sept. 27, 1985.

VENICE SKILLS CENTER LAUNCHES STUDENT EMPLOYMENT CAMPAIGN

Openings are now available for persons who desire to learn a skill.

LECTURES

ALCOHOL ACTION PROGRAM

Two workshops to learn the process of recovery. The Alcohol Action Program of Jewish Family Service of Los Angeles will present "The Search for Peace of Mind" on two Thursdays at 8:00 PM. September 5 and September 19, at the Westside Jewish Community Center, Berch Lounge, 5870 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles. Workshop and parking are free. For more info, call Gloria Fenster (213) 478-0488.

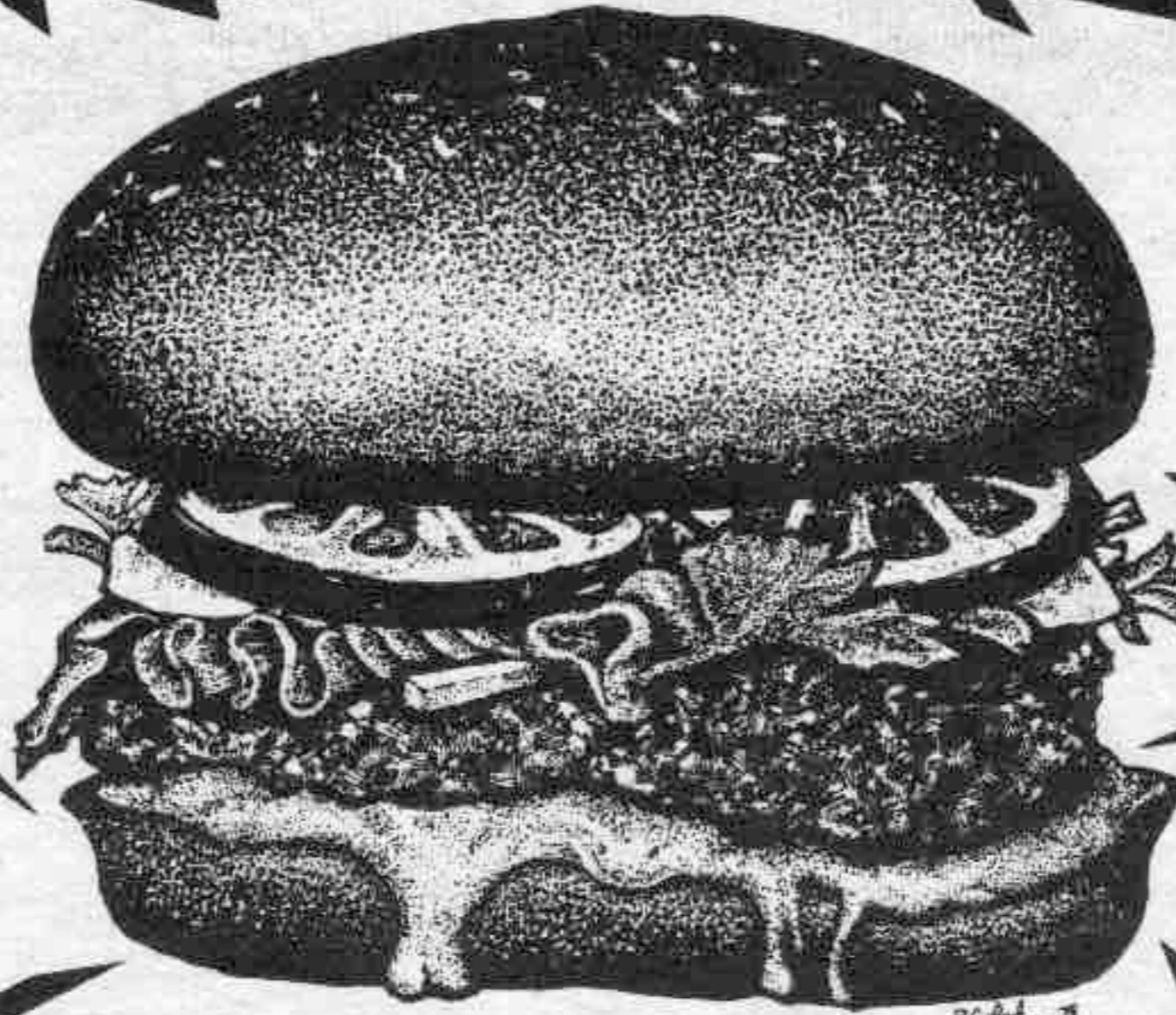


Come, hear, see:
SUZANNE THOMPSON
describe her recent visit to NICARAGUA, with slides, SUNDAY, SEPT. 8, 7:30 p.m. 1354 W. Washington Blvd. (213) 396-3555

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BEST IN TOWN!

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Mayo on Pita Bread**

3 Eggs, Potatoes, Toast & Jelly



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249 Lincoln Blvd. at Rose • Venice • 7 AM-3 AM