

## INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

BEACHHEAD FIFTIES BENEFIT BASH.....p. 8
Venetian in Supervisors race...p. 2
Post-Feminist Re-entry.....p. 3
Film-Flam Videowatch.....p. 4
Women on Stage.....p. 5

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April, 1976 Number 76

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# Save the Coast (again)

By Moe Stavnezer

For those who thought that Proposition 20 had already saved the coast let me remind you that Proposition 20, and the Coastal Commissions it created, was only for a four-year period. The four years ends when 1976 ends and unless the state legislature acts in this session there will be no Coastal Commission or Coastal Plan. Three years of hard, productive work will go down the drain and with it the coast of California.

Proposition 20, besides giving the Coastal Commission permit authority in a 1000 yard strip along the coast, also called for the creation of a coastal plan. After three years of work and hundreds of public hearings, the Coastal Plan was submitted to the governor and the legislature last December. Based on the Coastal Plan, Senator Anthony Beilenson, who represents Venice, has introduced a bill, SB 1579, which would allow the continuation of the work begun under Proposition 20. SB 1579 is probably the most important, controversial and comprehensive piece of environmental legislation to come before the California legislature. Its opponents are vocal, powerful and rich. They represent private interests such as big developers, financial institutions, property rights groups and city governments such as that of Los Angeles.

SB 1579 is a massive bill and is aimed enhancing, protecting and restoring the coast for all the people of California. Among other things it would provide for the following:

- A continuation of the Coastal Commission including permit authority.
- Make it mandatory for local communities along the coast to prepare coastal programs (as part of a general plan) to conform to the bill and the Coastal Plan.
- The protection and enhancement of special coastal communities (Venice is designated as such a community in the Coastal Plan).
- Protection and restoration of estuaries and wetlands (which would include the Ballona Lagoon and Ballona Creek areas).
- Input regarding the location of power plants and other energy facilities.
- Gives priority for lower cost visitor facilities along the coast.
- Calls for a significant percentage of new housing in the near-coast area for low and moderate income people.

There are many other positive aspects of the bill dealing with the coastal environment, development, recreation, energy and transportation. For copies of the bill please contact Senator Beilenson's office in L.A. at 479-3969. There are also two other bills which have been introduced which will supplement SB 1579. AB 2940, introduced by Assemblyman Gary Hart, is meant to set up a bond issue to finance the purchase of coastal lands as specified by the Coastal Plan. AB 3544, introduced by Assemblyman Michael Wornum, is aimed at assuring orderly development of coastal land. A ballot initiative to fund a Housing and Home Finance Agency which would fund low income housing is also in the works. But right now the coastal bill, SB 1579, is the most important and needs the most support.

At present the bill has been introduced in the Senate and is undergoing its first set of public hearings in the Natural Resources Committee. If it gets through that committee, and that's far from a sure bet, it goes on to the Finance Committee where the going will be even rougher. It was in that committee where previous coastal legislation was killed making Proposition 20 necessary. What we have to

do is let the Senators know that we want this bill to be passed. There are a number of Senators from L.A. who are considered to be key votes. They are: Senators Garcia, Holden, Robbins, Roberti, Song, and Wedworth. Write them, visit them and if you know people from their districts ask them to do the same. It would also be a good idea to get as many letters as possible to Senator Nejedly of the Resources Committee by April 27th, the Finance Committee by June 11th and the full Senate by June 18th. Then it goes to the Assembly



photo by Bill Weiner

where it must be out by August. Time is short and massive support is a must. For more information contact Moe Stavnezer, 251 Rennie Ave., Venice, 396-6025.

There are groups in the state which are actively supporting coastal legislation. One of them, PACE, began less than a year ago and is becoming a strong voice for both environmental and social considerations in coastal legislation. PACE, which stands for People, Access, Coastal, Environment, is a coalition of community action groups and environmental groups all over California. The Venice Town Council was one of the first to affiliate with PACE. The principle idea behind PACE is that the coastal zone, be it Big Sur, Mendocino, Route 1, San Diego or Venice, is a distinct and valuable resource belonging to ALL the people. PACE is dedicated to saving wetlands as much as it is concerned with making certain that the coast is accessible to people of all incomes. Those of us in Venice have a special obligation. Because many of us are poor, or black, or elderly we must fight to preserve not only our right to remain here but the rights of those who live all over L.A. to come to this beach and every beach in the area. PACE is dedicated to those rights. Anyone interested in actively working with or affiliating with PACE please contact Moe Stavnezer, Allan Emkin (392-4177) or write PACE, P.O. Box 5511 Santa Monica 90405.

Jean Chamberlin, 59, died Wednesday March 24 in Westwood. Jean was a staff member of the Regional Coastal Commission. She worked closely with Venice people to get Venice officially labeled unique and worthy of preserving, and to get not displacing poor people to be a conservation issue in Los Angeles.



## Venice residents protest taxes

by Susan Scott

Friday, the 5th of March was a sunny day, and inside the Hall of Administration downtown L.A., it became heated at times when Venice homeowners and renters protested their rising taxes to the Board of Supervisors. Also present were some legislators from Sacramento.

There was a crowd of about 200 people, mostly from Venice, but also from neighboring bay communities. All felt strongly about their tax increases and the methods of assessment which seem to benefit the rich only.

Dorothy Weisser, from Venice, representing Homeowners and Renters Against Unfair Taxes, delivered a proposal to reform the existing tax laws. On the top of the proposal's suggestions was a request to increase the homeowners exemption from \$7,500 to \$25,000. Assemblyman Rosenthal said that after both Mrs. Weisser and Supervisor Kenneth Hahn had advocated the exemption, that he "is prepared" to pick up on the issue in terms of a bill. Different speakers attacked the issue from many points including the closing of tax loopholes, calling for an end to unchecked land speculation and the abandonment of the "the highest and best use" of land in assessment. This theory benefits developers for instance, because it places value on how land can be used rather than how it is currently being used. For example, one man owns a home in Venice which he paid \$8000 when he was 50 years old, now that he is 71 and can no longer work, the house is worth essentially the same, but the property it sits on is worth more, so the house is valued at \$28,000 because of land speculation. He can't leave because he has no where to go, and he can't afford to pay the taxes. It's a situation that is springing up all over Venice. It seems to be the old problem of taxation without representation. Linda Beck presented an articulate and forceful request to form a citizens committee to meet with the supervisors regularly to discuss taxes as they were determined by the legislators, so the people in the community can have a say in the amount and use of their taxes. Baxter Ward, Chairman of the Board, responded by expressing his opinion that it was a good idea and he said he would propose the formation of a 50 member citizens tax advisory board. Ms. Beck then requested that the committee include poor to middle income residents from Venice; not just people who own \$100,000 homes. I didn't hear a reply from the supervisors or Mr. Ward.

Next a few homeowners and renters gave a short account of the personal tax plight they're in, due to, in some cases, up to 100% tax increase over last year. Bob Castile, director of Venice's Oakwood Wesley House, a youth and counseling center, aroused some of the committee members when he delivered his story. He started out by admitting that it was "...hard to read the words on the page in front of me, because of the anger choked

(Continued on back page)

Dear Beachhead,

Please cut this out and send it to your councilperson or drop it by the Feminist Wicca, 442 Lincoln Blvd., and we will send it. If you sent a dollar to us, we can do a more successful lobbying job. Please help. Goddess Bless,

Z. Budapest

We, the undersigned, protest the growing numbers of arrests of witches, spiritualists, psychic advisors, fortunetellers and other pagan group members. This harassment is possible because of a hundred-year-old local ordinance, Los Angeles Municipal Code 43.30. We protest this ordinance because it is overly broad, vague, and uncertain; it is in conflict with California State Penal Code 332 which, though similar, includes an "intent to defraud" clause which we are in agreement with. The pre-emption of the state code by the city municipal code is unconstitutional. We demand that L.A.M.C. 43.50 either be removed from the book, or be amended to include the same defraud clause as the state penal code.

Under existing local ordinances, quacks and respected psychics suffer alike, discouraging the legitimate psychic community and forcing them underground while the charlatans prosper in spite of the law by paying their fines and going back to their business the next day. The psychic community has several cases in the courts where respected members and religious leaders are persecuted in the growing witch-hunts of the city police vice squads. We protest the unfair use of unfair laws as a means to increase the city's coffers at the expense of poor people whose only crime is in offering genuine talent in an attempt to help others.

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# BOB WELLS IN SUPERVISORS RACE

Bob Wells of the Venice Town Council has filed as a candidate for the 4th District L.A. County Supervisor's seat. The 4th District covers the entire L.A. County coastline from Malibu to Long Beach plus a number of cities inland along the Orange County line. The office is nonpartisan, so Bob's name will appear on everyone's primary ballot June 8th.

The campaign was officially kicked off March 5th at an early-morning press conference on the steps of the County Hall of Administration. An hour later, Bob was inside before the Board of Supervisors testifying with the Town Council Homeowners and Renters Committee about the devastating effects of the recent property assessments on the stability of Venice neighborhoods. Bob said that the Tax Assessor's option of interpreting "fair market value" of a home as its "highest and best use" (i.e., as if it were a high-rise or a condominium) puts an unfair burden on working class and retired homeowners and tenants. He calls instead for "fair market value" to be interpreted as the price actually paid by the present owner. "Highest and best use of people's homes," he said, "is for people to continue living in them."

Bob's candidacy was endorsed unanimously by the Venice Town Council at the Council's third anniversary meeting March 3rd. This was the first time the Council had ever endorsed a candidate for public office.

"Saving Venice is what the Town Council's all about," says Bob. "stopping the freeway bypass from cutting Venice in half, keeping the City from breaking through our walkstreets, preserving the character of the canals against superdevelopment, running tax appeal clinics for homeowners, getting the crossing guard at Westminster School, keeping the helicopter landing pad away from Anchorage School, and saving Venice seems to be the one thing everybody in Venice agrees about, whether they're Democrats or Republicans, radicals or conservatives."

"That's what this campaign is all about. I expect that on June 8th we'll get a significant vote of confidence in all of our 48 precincts west of Walgrove Ave. Once we're able to do that, Venice will be a voting bloc. That will be Venice's own declaration of independence for the People's bicentennial. And because every resident of Venice 18 and over is automatically a voting member of the Town Council, we will have acquired a certain amount of actual

self-determination, instead of the one-part-per-million "democracy" that is all the present system has to offer."

This February the Los Angeles County Bar Association published a year-long study which was highly critical of L.A. County Government. Among the "symptoms of infirmity" in the current structure of County government, the report listed the following: "Public knowledge of and confidence in County Government are low. Citizens participate very little in decision-making, and the structure is not built to respond when citizen opinion is formed and presented. The real negotiating and decision-making within the central structure occur out of public view. There is relatively little capacity for self-analysis and correction."

"The remoteness and unaccountability of government have always been the issue in Venice," says Bob. "It's nice after all these years to have the County Bar Association prove we've been right."

"My campaign offers a corrective to that. If everyone in Venice, or even a significant chunk of us, vote for my name on June 8th, that will send a message down town that will rattle the windows on City Hall. After that they'll listen to us with a lot more respect when we go down to talk to them about unfair tax assessments, or bulldozing our streets and houses, or police harassment, or getting summer jobs for kids. And this is something we people of Venice can do for ourselves by voting my name on June 8th. It doesn't depend on the promises of any politician after he gets elected."



photography by Bill Weiner

WE WILL ONLY CONSIDER ARTICLES FROM POLITICAL CANDIDATES WHO ADDRESS THEMSELVES SPECIFICALLY TO VENICE COMMUNITY ISSUES.  
Beachhead Collective

The FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published once a month by the Beachhead Collective as a community information service. It is distributed free, but if you wish to be placed on the mailing list for a year, please make a contribution of \$5.00 or more. The volunteer staff reserves the right to make decisions collectively on material published and is independent of all political and community organizations. The printing is financed by the ad donations. The Beachhead encourages anyone to submit news stories, articles, letters, photos, poetry, artwork, short fiction, or other contributions of interest to the Venice community (send them to P.O. Box 504, Free Venice, California 90291). If return of the material is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelop must accompany it. No payment is made for material used. The Beachhead collective subscribes to Liberation New Service (LNS) and is a member of the Alternative Press Syndicate (APS). For information on deadlines, call 396-9325, 396-1941.

BEACHHEAD COLLECTIVE: Carol Fondiller  
Sue Scott, David Kasper, Linda Lucks  
Mailing: Olga Pale

Somewhere between the high-rises is a canal,  
Ducks were  
Free Venice was.  
Scrape off a layer of paint,  
Find a Venice face,  
Smiling,  
A winter street most had forgotten.  
Take a few photographs,  
But hurry,  
It doesn't take long to mix concrete.  
They didn't win,  
They raped our bare fingers

Julio  
Venice, 76

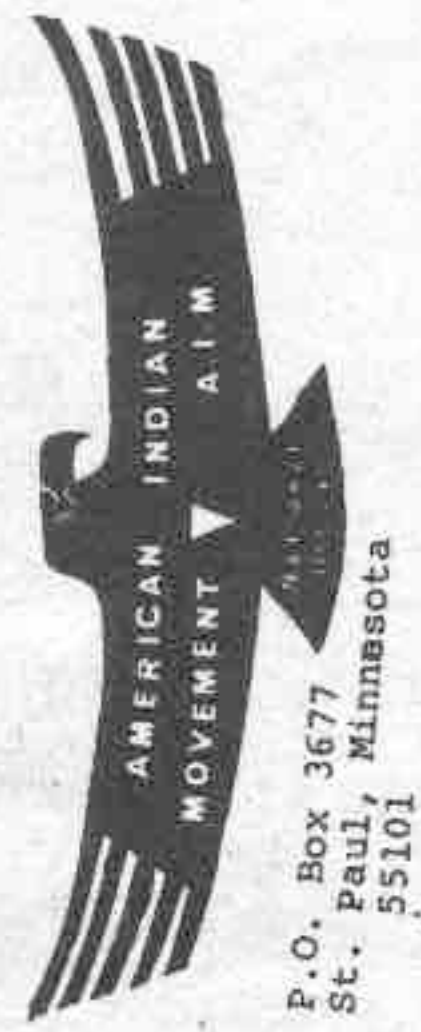
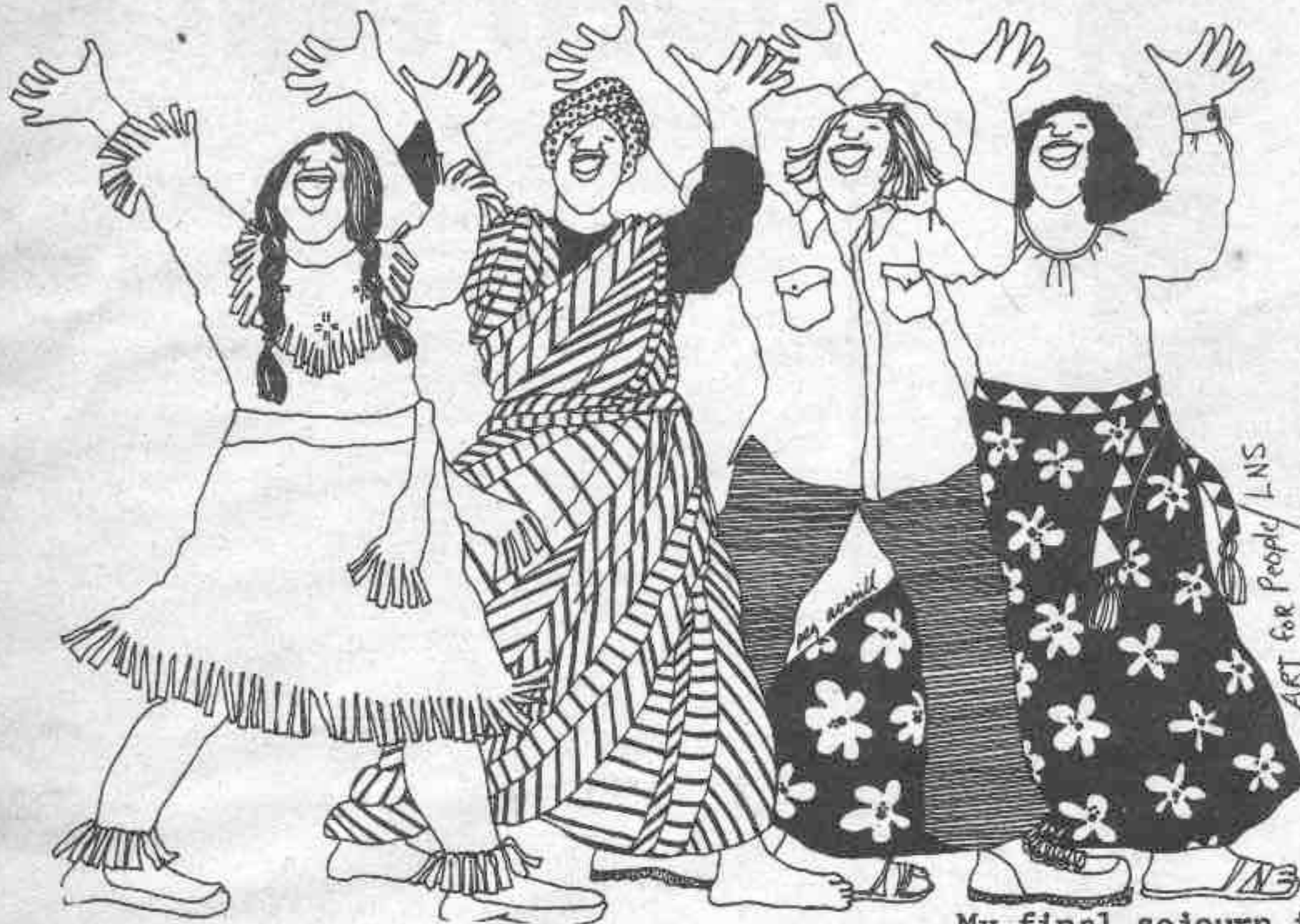
Bob Wells has lived in Venice for 10 years, and has been active in the community movement most of that time. He is a writer and works as a freelance textbook editor. Bob grew up in New York City, and in 1959, after a hitch in the U.S. Navy that took him to the Caribbean and Vietnam he graduated from Rutgers University with a degree in English. He put in a year at Rutgers Law School on the G.I. Bill before starting a career in journalism. He worked five years as a development editor with the Macmillan Publishing Co. in Los Angeles, and briefly as a resident consultant at the RAND Corporation in Santa Monica. His investigative reporting, has appeared in The Nation and in major newspapers in the U.S., Canada, and Europe. Bob's three sons, David 9, Josh 12, and Michael 14, live in Venice with his ex-wife Sydell and her husband Cody Connor. "To pull this thing off on June 8th," says Bob, "we not only need people to vote my name -- we need people to help get the word to every block and neighborhood in Venice. If you can help -- for two months or twenty minutes -- please call the campaign at 392-4747, 392-3030, or 392-1594."

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"Man is a god clothed in rags, he is a master of the universe going about begging a crust of bread. He is a king prostrated before his own servants, a prisoner walled in by his own ignorance. He could be free He has only to walk out of his self-constructed prison, for none holds him there but himself."



By Judy Graybill (formerly Solo)

Dropping out of the Women's Movement is like returning from a war... going AWOL is better than not returning at all and I'm ecstatic merely to have survived. Nightmares are fewer now that I no longer tread that minefield of rabid feminist hostility. (Yeah, Gloria, you can bet your buns--sisterhood IS powerful! Infighting has so paralyzed the troops that outfighting is damn near nonexistent. And, true to feminist form, the madness of massacre is non-hierarchical. Enlisted women are not zapping the lieutenants...the lieutenants are zapping each other.)

Things have changed a bit here at home. On the boardwalk, men no longer tackle me in pursuit of tryst. (Neither do women.) No more diatribes about being regarded as a sex object, I'm now invisible. The only enduring residue behind Womens Cold War II is sixty additional pounds distributed evenly over my luscious body. Yeah, for twelve consecutive months, as regularly as my period, I gained five pounds per month. (AND, my period was regular! No tacky IUD for me...as any rabid feminist will leap to tell you, fucking isn't "politically correct". Neither is laughter. And, you guessed it, dope is suspect. The revolution is SERIOUS, you know...so I attended meetings and masturbated a lot.)

Alternatives crunched, I fell in love with my refrigerator. Before meetings, during meetings and between meetings, I ate myself into a coma. Sensuality was replaced by a Danish. Touching was a bagel and cream cheese. My upright phallus... a frigidaire. My body was bloating but that was okay...an entire contingent of Fat Liberation was waiting in the wings for support. Besides, fat oppression merited one more stripe, right?

It was easier as a white in the black movement than as a woman in the Womens Movement. In the former, we were somehow able to transcend glaring differences and accept each other as comrades involved in a planetary melodrama and sharing a common enemy. Not so in the Womens Movement... one either succumbs to the insulated, exclusionary pocket of the world or is treated as a long-tailed cat in a roomful of rocking chairs. I sat in many a cold meeting room and identified with Michael Valentine...grokking in fullness Heinlen's STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. Each time I attempted a little taste of woman's wisdom that was counter to the consensus of the moment, I felt like a closet martian.

The last meeting I made was a collage of movement biggies gathered together to determine if some kind of coalition was possible around much of anything. (Negative on most counts.) Women introduced themselves behind labels--Radical Feminist Anarchist, Lesbian Feminist Separatist, Socialist Feminist (Humanist). The words popped out like defenses as women effectively demonstrated one more way of not getting close. Each spoke rampantly of which external evil (rapism, racism, classism, etc.) she was attempting to decimate. Meanwhile, back at the adobe, the collective sisterhood in the room could have filled a pillbox with space to spare. Couldn't help but think of Marge Piercy's "...if what we change doesn't change us, then we're playing with blocks." When it was my turn, I was in tears (one more time) behind the pervasive internalized oppression of women oppressing women.

My final sojourn into alientation was a New Years Dance at the Womens Building... which was no place to be on acid! The collective body language was pathos. Rhythmic desperation...stick figures in slow motion with a forgotten reference frame of what a good time is all about. I sat on the floor and mouthed in wonder... "Holy shit, it's the Land of the Frozen Cunts." Sadness overwhelmed my body. Compassion couched in the reality that humans experiencing an occasional joint or laughter or orgasm do not relate in such a rigid manner.

One L-O-N-G year of having been judged more critically by my "sisters" than by Calvinist parents had taken its toll. I decided to cold-turkey the Womens Movement. Addiction to female approval felt no better than addiction to male approval. A lobotomy is a lobotomy... doesn't make much difference whether male or female wield the knife.

Feminism may well survive - not because of the Womens Movement - but in spite of it. Feminism is a collage of sacred self-awareness that spherically extends outward to include all women...touching on the spiritual nuances of a oneness space called sisterhood. Gut-caring about that sister from Norwalk, buried behind a stack of dishes with a kid on each arm, who doesn't quite understand why she hit the psychic skids so soon after the wedding flicks. Feminism is about how we love and respect ourselves and other women...a pure gift of unconditional one-to-one sympatico with everywoman's struggle. Feminism is not an identity or a credential. It is a psychic union that includes men and little people...a different way of looking at the world that, with practice, might well save the planet.

Feminism is non-judgemental and has nothing to do with whether or not a woman relates to men, spouts "politically correct" (that excludes 99 plus percent of the world population) or wears the latest dyke uniform. (How many times did I bang my head against invisible walls of polemic before I discovered that the bulk of what I was about in the Womens Movement was extraneous. Don't have to leave home to be feminist...)

Ladies, I tried. Hera KNOWS I tried! How many times did I sit through intense meetings scribbling my own hidden agendas? How many times did I wish that you would throw off your combat boots and tapdance on the moon with me. With each other, somehow, we never seized the license to be that free. We never were children together. We didn't do the soft-shoe nude together behind "Bojangles" at four in the morning. We never once laughed until we cried or chased each other into the bedroom on our knees. No water fights. You never dropped your pants long enough to jump center-stage in the middle of the bed and recite spontaneous or forgotten verse. When I tried to give you that slice of myself, you walked from the rooms. Women! Women! Can you understand? We never sweated together or rolled or thrashed or transcended earth planes behind our mantra. Instead, we wrote proposals and chaired meetings and talked of Jill, the CIA and all enemies in terms of MALK...and I suffered for the lack of balance.

You feel betrayed 'cause I'm Jumping the rain and making the transition back to yin and yang and the whole damn thing. But I keep hearing the call of the canal ducks and a sunset. I want to feel a long skirt swirling about my legs once more and I think I'll curl my hair.

By Red Bird

Anna May Aquash, 31 year old Indian activist and veteran of Wounded Knee, was found dead in a ravine on the Pine Ridge Reservation a few weeks ago. There had been a severe snowstorm in the area and the government pathologist found it convenient to claim that Anna May died of overexposure.

The report excited both the anger and the curiosity of the Indian people of Wanblee. They knew Anna May was a Canadian Indian who knew how to survive in the extreme cold. And they also knew she was an activist who had been risking her life helping her people fight the terror on the reservation. The Wounded Knee Legal Committee hired their own pathologist. He found a bullet lodged in Anna May's head. He said she was killed at close range.

The Indian people know now as they knew before why Anna May was murdered. But they ask white people whether they are aware of what is going on. Why did the government pathologist have to lie? Why did they have to kill Anna May Aquash in the first place?

Anna May Aquash will be buried in the common grave alongside of Joe Stuntz, the young Indian who was gunned down at the time the FBI agents came to Pine Ridge and had a shoot out last June. The press hardly mentioned the death of the Indian while they screeched holy hell about the deaths of the two FBI's.



Medicine Man Leonard Crowdog is in the Lewisburg Federal Pen serving a ten year sentence for assault which the Dick Wilson goon squad initiated in order to put another outspoken Indian fighter behind bars. \$25,000 bail is needed to get him out and the movement has not been able to raise that kind of money. He has been sent from prison to prison since his arrest and conviction last September. He has lost fifty pounds during the time of his incarceration. Each place wants to cut his long hair and he has to fight. The Man is not just happy that Crowdog is locked up; he needs to be tortured.

The four Sioux indicted for the deaths of the two FBI's go on trial soon. The government is spending millions of dollars to put Indians behind bars. Unfortunately the defense committee must fight back and plead with all those concerned with social justice to pitch in. Send donations to:

Wounded Knee Legal Defense Committee  
Box 2307  
Rapid City, South Dakota 57701



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# FILM - FLAM

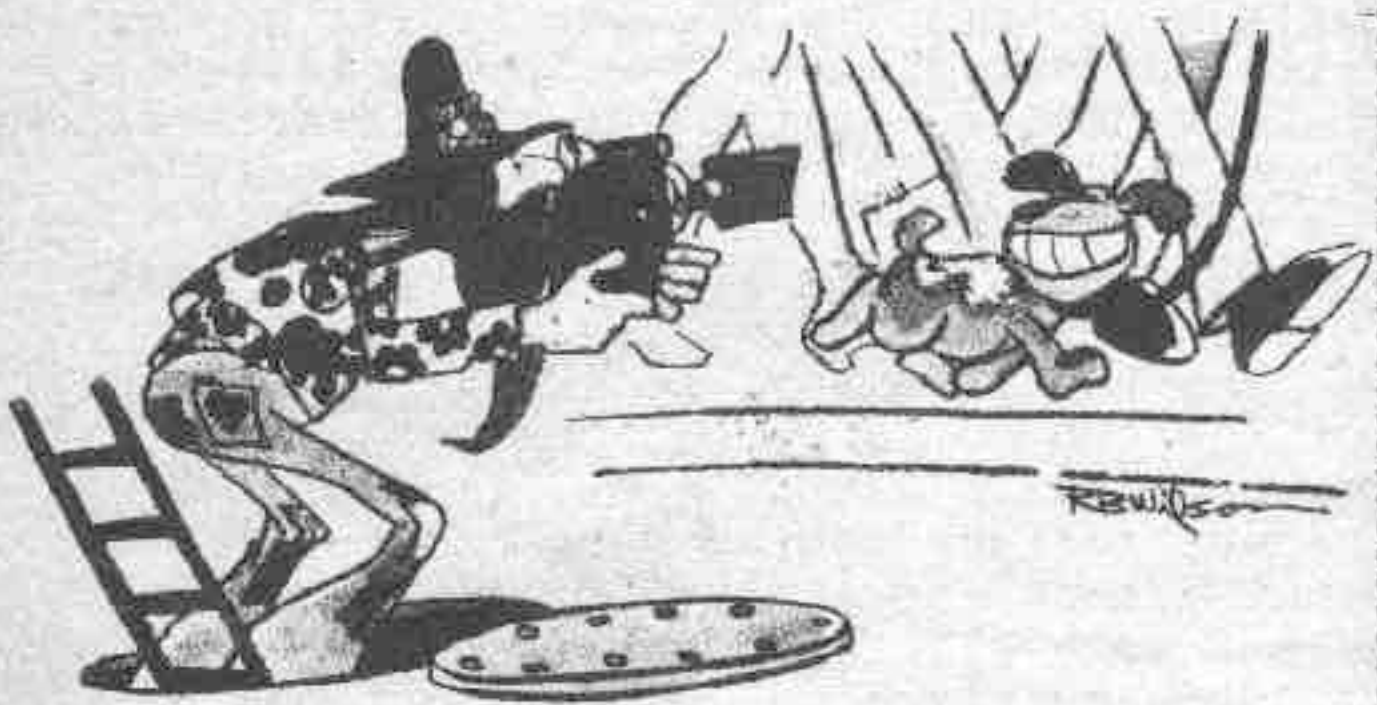
By Carol Fondiller

I sometimes think I'm the only one in Venice who admits to watching television, but I certainly know I'm not the only one in Venice who has been affected by T.V. and movie filming in Venice.

Starsky and Hutch, Baretta, Cannon, The Rookies and S.W.A.T. have all had chase scenes on Windward, West Washington Blvd., Speedway and Dell Ave.

I have seen Baretta bust a junkie on West Washington and Venice Blvd. I have seen the Ken Dolls on S.W.A.T. surround some little house on Market Street to get the Doity Crooks. Angie Dickinsen on Policewoman has had her blouse torn off at famous landmarks from Rose to Fiji Way.

It's rather sad, that the only authenticity and realities on some of these shows are the backdrops. The streets and alleys of Los Angeles. And, when the script gets boring, they throw in shots of quaint ol' funky ol' slummy ol' architecturally interesting Venice. "We had that chase scene before B.J." "Yeah, well this time we'll do it over in the canals" "But B.J. we're not supposed to go over 20 miles an hour in the canals" "Look, we do it, it's too late to stop us! They can't nail us, there are no penalties if we break our word on the permits" "Oh great, B.J. Then let's have a head-on collision right by Anchorage School." The above bad dialogue I'm sorry to say, is my own invention. I should have been a scriptwriter. However, it is true that when a permit is issued by the Board of Public Works for commercial T.V. and movies to shoot on location, there is usually a prohibition against doing anything that would endanger property or people. However, there are no penalties if one violates the permit. And if that isn't frustrating enough, the attitudes of some of the film crew are like cossacks towards the residents of the area. It's bad enough that traffic is blocked, that those huge vans are taking up your parking space, but someone in a cop suit tells you curtly to get out of the way. Sometimes someone dressed in a tailored khaki jump suit and clip board will order you out of the way with a Louis the Fourteenth flick of his pinkie ring. Now it's true most of us enjoy Venice because it is so photogenic. Of course this is changing because of the incursions of the glitter stuccoed Condo-Monsters but it hasn't reached the bland beige vulgar high Renaissance Las Vegas Hotel style that characterizes the speculators version of the swinging resort look that is blotching the face of Southern California beach towns. It's still unique. Venice rises to great heights of giddy obstreperous bad taste (a friend of mine has defined "good taste as having no taste-as in eating puffed rice straight from the box").



Naturally, anyone involved with pictures, still or filmed, will gravitate towards the interesting, the real, the startling, and I for one appreciate the reality of on location filming - I just don't appreciate the attitudes of the filmers. They condescend. They make gratuitous judgemental and insulting remarks about some of the people. They act "creative" i.e. overbearing, temperamental and just too hurried by the important business of turning out another simplistic script filled with eccentricities - people with habits, i.e. lollipop sucking and bird training - instead of people with character, to sell love and acceptance from a toothpaste, to answer a question from a side walk gawker politely. (Though they'll take the time to answer rudely.)

What's even more unfortunate, the hand held set - that is student filmmakers if they are nothing else, are just as rude and nasty as the commercial set. "Would you look at her - my God, that is so, oh my

God, so tacky I can't bear it! See if you can get her in the shot. She's marvelous!" Isn't it fun being an object? Sometime ago, I was strolling on the Ocean Front Walk. A motorcycle was going up and down the front. "Aw, come on, get that thing off the front will ya?" I said. "Keep on trippin', you drunk ol' Bitch." I turned and there it was, a young man with a Sears special hand-held. The young whipper snapper thought he could squelch me, did he? I hailed a car going down the front with L.A.P.D. traffic Dept. written on it. Two uniformed officers with traffic patches on their shoulders listened with courteous good humour to the now obsequious young man, who was probably telling them that I was angry because they wouldn't give me a drink. I demanded that the officers give them a ticket. They whizzed by. A few "hah hah's and Bronx cheers from the young cineasts. As luck would have it, the ticket cop came by on his three wheeler. I hailed him and he listened unwillingly. "They've been driving that thing up and down the front endangering people." I yelled, getting into my outraged yenta act. "I will not be insulted by young men who walk around with their lenses uncovered!" I'll show those little buggers some real theater. They were in my movie now. By this time a beefy neatly bearded young man came trundlin over. "we'll only be a few minutes..." The cop rolled his eyes towards me, God lady, I don't wanna mess with this. "They said a few minutes 15 minutes ago to the traffic cops," I bellowed. "I'm calling the watch commander and then Chief Davis. If you can ticket bicycles you can ticket that motorcycle..." Chief Davis must have rung a bell. He shrugged his shoulders and hefted off his bike to the man on the motorcycle. Mr. hand held was giving me the finger. Mr. Beard was yelling at me "I'm a student film maker. You've ruined it!" Tears were in his eyes. There I was Ms. Phillistine crunching creativity. It was a nasty moment. Most gratifying. "I don't like being called names by some creep who thinks he's God, because holding a camera!" They got into their truck. They learned I wasn't an object. I was important. I was important to them. I am a human being. Human beings are something to be reckoned with. Human beings should be treated civilly. That drunk ol' bitch, might be a real spoil sport if riled.

Bye the way, the crew came back the next day and finished. I have no desire to trample on the creative dreams of filmers. I just remember when I was in the Girl Scouts, we were told about the earth. "Use it, don't abuse it." I'm sure Boy Scouts learned about using and abusing too. It hurts me to see these people taking Venice out of context, treating people in a cavalier manner, in such a way that you know they can't see anything but surface. Arty ain't art.

So film makers, photographers, remember Venice is an endangered species. We're fighting to stay here. We're not just a chorus line of quaints. We live here. Some of us even understand your language. The next time a film crew, student or otherwise comes down to film in Venice, they might donate to the Venice Tenants League, or write to their congressman and Senators about saving Venice and other areas like Venice for the people who live here. They might even be courteous. They might learn to use people and places without exploiting them. The filmers need us more than we need them. If they didn't have us and our homes as background, they might have to hire script writers, instead of piece workers.



# VIDEO WATCH

By Lance Diskan

First of all I hope there can be a mutual understanding that video is a new form of communication that has not existed before. It is not what we know as television, nor is it film. It is obviously not lines of print, nor pure sound as in music or radio. The experience to which it might most often be compared is seeing yourself in a mirror. It shows us us. Good video allows and encourages people to be themselves - whether that means producing a program about someone else, advocating an idea(l), or dancing alone in front of the camera.

The relative inexpense of video communication provides several new opportunities, including democratization of the media, documentation of process, and glorification of the mundane.

Video inexpense has meant that for the first time a powerful medium is available to 'ordinary' people. It is no longer necessary to control a tv network, or be President, Howard Hughes or Elton John in order to affect what and how other people think. Anyone can mouth off at anyone! Most people can learn basic video operation, gain access to portable equipment, and make a tape to send to friends, foes, politicians, business associates, or even someone they don't know. This democratization is new and still largely underutilized, but its growth is inevitable.

In our mass, consumer society the PRODUCT is critical, and how products come into being has been considered unimportant. Method is forgotten, although since all products pass away it is of great significance what PROCESS people invent/discover to generate an idea or transfer information. In the hands of conscious people video often shows us the way people think and do, rather than just focusing on what people make. All products have limited audiences, any successful process is generically applicable.



Another part of video's value is its ability to retain and share the mundane. It is the ordinary minutes of our lives, the silences within conversation in which much of our true self is revealed. Film is too expensive to be 'wasted' on doing dishes, unproven ideas, combing our hair or unspectacular events. Yet these times contain real human innovation and sensitivity. Life is not usually a chorus line with Sonny & Cher or a touchdown pass at the Super Bowl.

People who accurately perceive video have come to realize that content is of paramount importance. While dazzling technological effects can be beautiful (and pure visual beauty is legitimate and necessary) what matters most, it seems to me, is essence, not form. Television has spent decades perfecting form - and we all know how illuminating and satisfying television is. In video, as in life, the future will not be ensured or enriched by technology alone. Survival depends on the consciousness of the people who design the machines and the people who use them - and that's us.

Many people in Venice have already tried video expression. Some of us are exploring how to use this tool; I'm sure lots of you beachheads would love to do a little video yourselves; and hundreds more would like to see other people's attempts.

If there is any response to this article, in the future I can try to inform you of video available for viewing, introduce readers to local video artists, perhaps give an opinion on video I see around town, and in general transmit news from videoland. Keep those cards and letters coming.

"I'll let you be in my dream if I can be in yours." -Bob Dylan-

# REVIEW:

## WOMEN TAKE THE STAGE FOR



Photo by Matt Kramer

by Susan Scott

I sat down with my knees buckled up behind rows of packed in folding chairs. I was inside McCabes back room and the seating discomfort was worth it to see the one night show of women's music and variety acts. The talent benefited me, the others present and also One-Parent Family Education, who the show raised money for. It was enlightening to find out about Bread and Roses, a chapter of the L.A. Women's Liberation Union, and a team of 12 women, from all walks of life, including truck driving, designing, woodworking, to name a few. They write and perform satirical skits based on feminist issues or as they put it "the living theatre of our lives". They sing too--their theme song and name came out of a 1912 women's factory strike; emphasizing that as women, they want bread and they want roses too. Not like Joni Mitchell's song "Shades of Scarlet Conquering" where she says "a woman must have everything", or maybe it is like that. For the most part, their skits were well conceived and hit the core of women's plight in society. Some of the dialogue suffered from a case of heavy handed pacing, but the total act remained fun and poignant anyway. My favorite skit title was "San Fernando Valium."



Photo by Matt Kramer

The second half of the show was all music and it was all fine. It was: the piano, guitar playing and singing of Chris Williamson, a multi talented woman with an incredible voice. Much of the material was written by her and she was accompanied by two women--June Millington on the drums, electric guitar, synthesizer and 12 string acoustic guitar. The lead guitarist, Jacqueline Robbins, also played the base fiddle. The voice harmonies between the three were delectable to the ear and had some of the flavor or Toni Brown and Terry Garthwaite of the old Joy of Cooking, with their own brand of smooth-as-creme harmonic blends. Most of the music Chris sang was for women, about women and to women and it was and is very, very nice. A good show altogether.

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# POETRY

NOTES ON 29

by Michael Vargas

29 anytime  
9 is one of my numbers  
Maya revival time  
The nine lords of day and night  
guardians, originators, members  
of the inner circle pre-ozone tiempos

que bien dia mi cumpleaños  
uan Guapa japonesa  
en la manana  
regalos y saludos de senoritas  
que me quieren  
y yo nos quiere tambien

brother Joe with the Zodiac rundown  
buck knife amulet and the clue to  
"hit the ivories"  
yes but the beach for algunas horas  
son familias  
chicanitas  
chinamen rapping  
nudes and ouds  
belly dance flash at Amoon's Cafe  
conga vibes later  
out of the valley of the ATDs  
adios to junky and sugar daddy sundaes  
black boxes that transgress the satellites  
from Venus to Bombay

a dosed-down brownie here and there  
brief interlude with miniature ladies  
stroll thru 1920s palm grove bungalow streets  
a quick deal at Horizon of old  
a hug from Frita and a session with a  
mad alligator  
that is up for grabs  
a session with Dr. "O"  
a maestro of papaver somniferum  
beyond an electric chair  
that could possibly send me to Kasmir  
or Minali in a titanium boat?  
an exchange of firewater for precious  
parrot feathers  
to ward off demos and trick ladies  
from an Indian-brother, the Redman  
in his bluegrass logcabin above  
and beyond the doldrums-pit

back to hit the ivories  
get going Gemini  
type us some scams & earn us some Sams  
SS Grants will do  
if you keep them for you  
resolutionspossible:  
kick a jones of carcinogenic magic tobac  
used to throw off childhood nerviosas  
for excess energy outlets  
i already forgot  
phone calls from the favorite women  
Cid del Frisco  
with a sexy birthday wish  
sweet brown sugar from one who knows  
the score  
Catanya the charming who I saw  
dance twice with the Rosa Tattoo  
sweet Shiva kundalini, Kali's got  
a new pair of shoes  
a story of an actual dance orgasm  
in the shadow of a dun Conga player  
a black velvet dress that falls  
up and down on and off cue  
a buzz from Jane Sweet Jane  
earth-mother and a date  
for anytime-where-place  
but don't flatter yourself  
you're getting older  
and this is the year to do it  
no reason to blow it away or shovel  
shit into the tide  
work and pleasure hand and hand  
over produce and defuse  
9 is the time

my Mayan chuj-kaja mother/father told me  
it could be the One  
to the ivories  
ivories bring pesos bring freedom from care  
the gig is on, dude  
Niponesa returning for another session  
goodbye ivories it's been nice really  
i hope to return  
soon  
again  
365 mas=30  
good numbers, progressions I can follow  
and bet on without an abacus  
or pocket calculator, just  
fingers on dem bones.

Happy birghday mothafucka  
Michael, Mick, Miguel, Mickey Rat,  
whoever the moniker lands on  
wherever the bank-rolls fly  
whosoever the horsecock points to  
I'm wet from blessing myself.

LOVE IN THE CUPBOARD

5

by Bob Greenfield

love in the cupboard, old love,  
i think of you every time i scrape my  
teeth with a brush  
every time i hear a small dog bark  
i feel your breath riding over my bed  
sheets  
every time i climb into a car i see your  
hand stretch out  
and kiss me on a dark sidewalk  
you are bright warm in acold-cage rib  
when poached eggs bounce in a midnite kettle  
your eyes are stars made of fire  
when you settle in my lap in the big chair  
i hear the sound of one heart thumping  
you have a throat of whie milk sky  
i don't think i'll ever get over the  
way you walk  
into a room with your face on my hand  
the way you lean against the side of the  
bookcase with your luxury  
love in the cupboard  
at midnite the golden slipper  
we wash our lips with kisses  
you slip the key under my robe  
blow on my heart, love in the cupboard  
it's rib-stuck quick-sand  
you wear such beautiful skin  
let me see if you've grown an inch  
can i feel the color of your hair in  
the dark  
did you bring me any presents  
love in the cupboard, i'm sorry i was late



HOPT'S DANCE

by Murray Barnett

Marlon Brando, don't you know  
Rattle-snakes in Arizona used to talk to  
the Gods  
when Kopi Indians kissed them and danced  
for rain,  
And thunder would answer from distant  
storm clouds  
and send rain to cleanse the village?  
Don't you know the house lights came up  
yesterday?  
They stood still then, Naked Indians, con-  
fused by clapping hands,  
And we showed them their New York Times  
review,  
And the rains stopped falling on the  
third mesa forever,  
And its too late now to cry foul,  
And you are not to blame?  
And neither am I?

THE SWIMMER INSIDE MY BLOOD


by Bob Greenfield

Every day for the past ten days at  
approximately sunset  
I begin screaming inside  
Your name comes pouring out of me  
Today it started earlier, in the afternoon  
Swelling like fire through the gut  
You rise cracking thought-traps  
Voluminous in my blood you are a swimmer  
surfacing:  
A diver, arms straight forward, you swim  
up through my legs  
through my groin and stomach and come  
beautifully, flat-bellied through my mouth  
Then you sit there in sweet white skin  
and your fingers slide into my chest  
as you unwrap one by one the paper thin  
tissues of my heart.

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Volunteers are needed for the Didi Hirsch Community Mental Health Center's new Emergency Service Program. This program will provide Culver City, Venice, Marina Del Rey, Mar Vista, Palms, Blacwin Hills, and Ladera Heights communities within a 24 hour emergency/crisis phone service. Volunteers will be utilized to answer telephones and do telephone counseling under the direct supervision of staff members. People wishing to volunteer five hours a week to Emergency Service's are asked to contact the center at 390-6684 ext. 252. The Didi Hirsch Community Mental Health Center is located at 4760 South Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City.

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An introduction to your Real self through AVATAR MEHER BABA. Films and introductory talk on the Silent Master by Filis Frederick, longtime lover of Meher Baba. The Church in Ocean Park, 235 Hill Street Thursday, April 15 8 p.m., Admission Free

"Do you think Congress will vote for S-1?" I asked. "Why not? If they're dumb enough to propose it, they're dumb enough to pass it." ---- Art Buchwald (Recon)

## VENICE 5th AVENUE MUSIC WORKSHOP & JAZZ ENSEMBLE

A new music workshop free of charge to participants is being organized in the Venice community. The objective of the workshop is to provide a learning environment where different styles of music can be studied and played without regard to the normal economic and performance demands associated with a public playing situation. The workshop will be held Monday evenings at the studio of keyboard player A.J. Pascone. All reed, brass, and rhythm section players are invited to participate. The workshop is free, however, moderate sight reading ability and a serious attitude to improve your musicianship are prerequisite. For more information contact A.J. Pascone at 392-4077 after 6 p.m. or all day weekends.

## WESTSIDE WOMEN'S CLINIC

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## MEN'S GAY RAP ORGANIZATION

The Men's Gay Rap Organization meets Thursday nights at 7:30 in the basement of the Church in Ocean Park, 235 Hill St., S.M.

THE FREE VENICE ARK - is to be a completely self contained floating community of T.V. and Radio technicians plus a full crew of everything from cooks to entertainers. We are now seeking office space and helpers to conduct the work of getting people and money possible to make this dream real. Contact Richard Roller by calling 213 392-5880 or mail inquiries to US in Venice (Heaven) 517 Ocean Front Walk #20, Venice, Calif. 90291.

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## Beyond Baroque

Saturday, April 3, 7-10 p.m.  
Opening reception, exhibition  
Bruce Brown; continues through April.  
Friday, April 2, 8 p.m.  
Publication party- Eloise Healy:  
Building Some Changes; all invited  
Friday, April 9, 8 p.m. sharp  
Czechoslovakian Poets: poetry mime & music  
Friday, April 23, 8 p.m. sharp  
Henri Coulette and John Weston read their works

## OPEN WORKSHOPS CONTINUING WEEKLY

Autobiographical Fiction directed by Liza Williams every Monday, 7-9 p.m.  
Venice Poetry Workshop, directed by John Harris, Frances Smith and James Krusoe every Wednesday, 8 p.m.  
WORKSHOP SERIES BY APPLICATION  
Experimental Writing Workshop, led by George Drury Smith, April 6-May 25

## VENICE LIBRARY - Senior Adults Club

Beginning January 15, 1976, the Venice Library announces the opening of its Senior Adults Club. Seniors are invited to join in games, films and friendly conversation. Meetings will be held every Thursday from 1:30 to 3:30 in the afternoon, admission is free. For further information please contact Maria Acosta, at the Venice Branch Library, 821-1769  
The Venice Library, which is located at 610 California Avenue, is open daily from 1:00 to 9:00 p.m., and on Saturday from 9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.

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Call 457-7086; 781-6611.



## UNEMPLOYMENT CLUB HELPS YOU COPE

A free club for unemployed persons with problems has been organized and will meet every two weeks at the Didi Hirsch Center, 4760 South Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City. It will deal with problems of how working wives of unemployed men can cope with the stress of role-reversal, loss of medical insurance, dealing with unemployment depression and how to face the reality of unemployment without giving up hope of finding a job. For further information, call May Hartman, 390-6684 or 870-2946.

