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## FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968



JANUARY 1979 ISSUE #109 P. O. BOX 504 VENICE, CA, 90291 823-5092



### OLD WESTMINSTER SCHOOL AUDITORIUM TO BE BULLDOZED 'LATE THIS SPRING'—says the L.A. school district School Building Planning Department

Despite nine months of "negotiations" to lease the Old Westminster School Auditorium Building at 1010 W. Washington Blvd. in Venice to Beyond Baroque Foundation to be rehabilitated as a new community center for the creative arts, Director of School Building Planning Ted Kimbrough's staff reversed itself December 14th, in an unexpected report to the L.A. City Unified School District Board of Education Building Committee, saying they planned a "green planted area" to replace the old building.

By Tuesday, December 18th, in the school district's final effort to bulldoze the historic auditorium, they were talking, not about a "green planted area" but about moving portable classrooms on for a "gifted" school. The fact is there is no plan for this, and no funding—it's just talk—but they do have funding to tear the auditorium down, according to the School Building Planning Department.

Can this needless loss to our community be stopped?

### WILL OLD WESTMINSTER AUDITORIUM BE SAVED?

by George Drury Smith

President, Beyond Baroque Foundation

I have long been interested in the preservation of the Old Westminster School Auditorium at 1010 W. Washington Blvd. Built around 1910, it was designated a historical landmark by the Los Angeles Cultural Heritage Board in 1972. The building has an exquisitely beautiful auditorium that might seat as many as 500 people. Old Westminster has been in peril of demolition for the past six or seven years, and has been saved so far because the people of Venice and some of the community leaders have not wanted it torn down.

Beyond Baroque Foundation has been officially negotiating with the Los Angeles City Unified School District since March 9th to lease Old Westminster for a new community center. On May 23rd, John Cohagan of the school district wrote me that "the Real Estate Branch is prepared to recommend that the Board of Education enter into a long-term lease with your organization for the use of the old auditorium.... We anticipate being able to forward to you a draft of this agreement within the near future."

In November Beyond Baroque learned a federal grant it had requested for Old Westminster had been recommended, and that it would probably have to accept or turn down the grant by January, so we pressed the school district for a decision. The grant would fund the studies and final architectural drawings necessary for final renovation of the auditorium.

The project calls for a series of community meetings for input into final planning, and establishment of a community advisory board for Beyond Baroque's use of the building.

When the lease proposal by Beyond Baroque finally came before the School Board Planning Committee December 7th for the first time it appeared there was a good chance we might get approval. The committee asked the Department of School Building Planning and the Real Estate Branch to report back in a week with information on which the committee could base a decision.

When the committee met again December 14th, the staff had prepared a memorandum recommending that the lease not be granted, and indicating that "The building has been slated for demolition and scheduled for a green planted area." This memorandum cited several "standing" and "longstanding" policies which had never been brought up before, and did not take into account what Beyond Baroque was actually proposing. At no time during the week when this report was prepared did the staff contact Beyond Baroque to determine whether their assumptions about our proposal were correct.

The Building Committee approved the report and passed it on to the full Board of Education, which was to have dealt with the matter—and dealt the final death blow to Old Westminster—December 18th. At my request, however, Board Members Phillip Bardos and Howard Miller agreed to postpone the question until Monday, January 8th, when the School Board meets at 3 p.m. Mr. Bardos told me there were "four votes against" saving Old Westminster.

If you want to save Old Westminster Auditorium for the community then—whether or not you support Beyond Baroque's leasing of the facility—you need to get into action right now. It is to be taken up in the School Board "Committee of the Whole" at 3 p.m., Monday, January 8th, and then the final formal decision would probably be made in the regular School Board meeting Monday, January 15th—but if their past actions are any indication, there's no telling how they might handle it to get it over with.

#### What you can do:

- sign a petition
- circulate petitions
- go to the School Board meeting January 8th
- write letters to School Board members:

The address is: Los Angeles City Unified School District  
450 N. Grand Ave.

Los Angeles, CA 90012

Board Members: Howard Miller (president); Kathleen Brown Rice, Bobbi Fiedler, Julian Nava, Phillip Bardos, Richard Ferraro.

Phone Beyond Baroque, 392-5763, or stop by at 1639 W. Washington Blvd., for information, to help, etc.



## Haag Predicts New Parties

FORECAST 1979

by John Haag

During my ten or so years as a political activist, I was not given much to public predictions, except about the times and places of meetings and demonstrations. I got out of politics over three years ago and have spent my past two years in Venice in a form of contemplation. I have, therefore, observed some trends in our community which I shall put here in the form of a forecast for the coming year.

#### FORECAST

1. There will be a Venice Independence Day Parade this year on Wednesday, July 4th. It will follow the traditional route from Venice City Hall to the Pavilion. If you'd like to be in the parade, it's not too soon to begin thinking about costumes, floats and whatever other delights occur.

2. There will be renewed interest this year in restoring independence to the City of Venice, which had self-government until 1925, when our town was absorbed into the L. A. megalopolis. Results: miles of canals filled in to become auto streets, the most dramatic of Venice's buildings destroyed by orders of L. A. to make way for condos and other rapacious birds.

Until about three years ago there was a committee of the Venice Town Council to investigate the possibility and problems associated with secession. The renewed interest in secession this year will not be under the aegis of the Town Council, but will attract a wide spectrum of Venice residents and the support of many former residents.

3. 1979 will become known as the Year of the Poet, as the past year might be known as the Year of the Muralist. Poets reading their own work will become an almost daily (or nightly) occurrence. There may even be readings on the Ocean Front Walk to complement the musicians, bubble-makers and other entertainers.

4. There will be a resurgence of all the arts in Venice during 1979 and closer harmony between the artists and other residents.

5. We will see in 1979 the beginning of a trend toward the formation of non-profit corporations for the purpose of buying and preserving residential buildings in Venice.

6. There will be more parties and other celebrations during 1979.

7. 1979 will generally be a mellow and creative year for us all.

8. Little green day-glo buttons will sprout on shirts and blouses and jackets like dragon's teeth. FREE VENICE!

## Happy New Year



Postoffice mural (partial)



The Los Angeles Planning Department has issued its final versions of the following documents: 1) Proposed Venice Community Plan; 2) Planning Department North Beach Specific Plan 3) CAC Task Force North Beach Specific Plan 5) Implementation Report for the Venice Community Plan; 6) Environmental Impact Report for the Venice Plan. Some of these documents are available on request from Richard Gervaise, Community Planning Section, Planning Dept. 485-5386

A meeting of the Venice CAC was called for January 4, and a meeting for North Beach Property Owners only was called for January 3. Only one weeks notice was given the community.

The next chance any interested people will have to voice their sentiments about any or all of these planning documents will be on February 6, Venice High School, 8 pm before the Los Angeles Planning Commission. For info, call Moe Stavnezer at 822-4725.





(The following is a copy of a letter sent to Mrs. June Rose of Playa del Rey. Its author sent us a copy with a request to print)

Dear Mrs Rose;

I appreciated your motherly advice to me in your letter of some weeks back, though I appreciated the \$45 security refund much more. You do, in fact, owe me five more dollars, as I deposited \$50 with you against cleaning, did my cleaning, and had every right to expect the full \$50 returned. That you kept \$5 which was legitimately mine illustrates how ruthless you are, and how intent you are upon manipulating the landlord-tenant relationship in your favor.

You wrote to me: "You would have better communication with people if you were more tactful in your business dealings." I'm not a businessman, I'm a writer, and my ability to communicate is not based upon my ability to swing a deal. You might look to your own house to find the bad businessperson, as well as the reason why I kept losing my temper with you or your husband: I rented the property at 236 Market for the inflated price of \$275 a month because I wanted quiet, privacy, and a well-lighted place to finish up my novel. Your husband promised me that the exterior painting to be done would be completed within the first week of my tenancy and I would forever more be left in peace. (I will overlook the fact that the roof leaked all over my private papers during the first week of tenancy).

Four weekends after I moved in, your husband and son were still outside my windows on ladders scraping, painting, arguing, shouting, listening to the radion, and taking the most extraordinarily long period of time to paint. After four weeks they were only half completed with the job! My privacy was violated consistently. Do the job and get out, I say.

Now, you want to talk about business? As the paying tenant of the property I had rented with your assurance that it would be quiet, I told your husband one day during my writing that his conversations on the ladder outside of my window were disturbing my concentration. I told him that I thought the job was taking much longer than he promised me, and asked him how much longer he thought it would take him to complete the job.

He said: "Do you want to do it yourself?"

I said: "No, that's your job. I have better things to do. I'm just asking you for some quiet." He said: "If you don't like it, you can get out of here."

Now, is that your idea of good businesslike conduct? His arrogance and disdain towards me as a tenant was so pronounced that I immediately gave him my 30 days notice, thinking I wanted nothing to do with a man who hides behind his power as a landlord with no thought to the wishes of the tenant.

Sure, I yelled at him. And sure I yelled at you when you threatened to keep my \$50 security deposit because I was one hour late cleaning the apartment. And I'll keep on yelling as long as the law allows landlords to threaten, harass, or evict the tenants who are trying to make a peaceful and secure home in Los Angeles.

I understand that your husband wants to retire on the money that you two are making from rental properties in Venice and Marine del Rey. I understand that you raised the rent of the one bedroom apartment where I lived to \$300 a month after I left. I want you to know that I consider this rent to be excessive and unjust, and that I see no reason under the sun why a tenant should pay for your life in the sun. Doesn't your husband get a pension when he retires? Social security? If he doesn't, then we have to look at the system which uses the labor of a man and then provides him with inadequate compensation after he's unable to produce. I have every respect for your husband's desire to retire at the age of 56, but none whatsoever for his plan to finance it from the pocketbooks of his tenants.

There will come a day when we all have enough, when we all pay equally for the necessities of life and share them magnanimously. Until then I hope to never again run across the likes of landlords like you, who are so fat and arrogant that they can even miss the point when someone is yelling right in their faces. You people are ruining Venice, you who are renting at inflated prices and retiring to other communities. Venice is my home, and I'm damned sick and tired of paying the likes of you for the right to live here. You could charge a fair and decent rent of your tenants and retire perhaps less opulently, but with a better conscience.

Sincerely,  
Jeffrey Gillenkirk

Dear Beachhead:

I'm not fat and I'm not thin --  
I'm just in the shape I'm in.  
Ugly? Pretty? Don't deceive me.  
I look the way that I perceive me.  
Compliments can't make me beam  
If I am low on self-esteem --  
But if I like the way I am  
I couldn't really give a damn  
About the names you might let rip.  
How you judge me is your own trip.  
I'm me, and it is not bizarre  
That you are just the way you are.  
My point is simple though not dull:  
To be one's self is beautiful.

Regards from,  
Meliora

The Beachhead:

Although I'm very late complimenting you on your November issue, you were on my list to write and write you I shall.

I took a bike ride all the way on the bike path last week, and several things struck me. While getting some sunshine and a little exercise, I was at the same time enjoying something I suddenly realized had been lacking for a long time. It was a little like when I was a kid back east and we would go for Sunday walks -- promenading, if you will. Here, on the bike path, was the modern equivalent of a Promenade. I suppose I smiled at more strangers, and got smiled back, than in the entire past month. There is a camaraderie with everybody else who is on the path, good natured good will. It caused me to think some deep thoughts, like: if everybody were to go get out of their cars and ride bikes and feel that camaraderie, maybe half the tension and violence in the city would diminish. Maybe the coming energy crunch and gas shortage and/or rationing could accomplish something like that -- if the people could be persuaded about what a pleasant experience this is.

Your Obscure News Roundup is fascinating. I appreciate the difficulty of compiling such a column. As long as it contains 7 out of 10 items I hope everybody will get in the habit of reading it.

Danielson's article on being gay sounded pretty timid. I wore my No on 6 bumper sticker and got only compliments on it. Being afraid of what "people" might say only invites it. Of course I recognize that possibly it didn't take as much gumption for me to do it as for a person coming out, but surely L.A. is the one place in the U.S. where acceptance is now good.

Stavnezer's piece on the Coastal Commission is grim and gloomy, and I, too, am discouraged at the hold the Developers seem to have on all kinds of government. Even saving the Ballona wetlands is going to be a very uphill fight, but I'm in it just the same.....

I was enormously touched by Frances's ad hoping to start an animal shelter for the lovely creatures doomed by the pound unless we try to save them. I called her and she said she had only one other call. Now that surprises me---f Beachhead readers? She said she'd try again after the holidays. Hope we can get it going. I think animals get a very raw deal from the establishment. Happy Holidays!

Elaine Stansfield

#### HOW TO ORGANIZE A NEIGHBORHOOD??? NEWS FROM COMMUNITAS

Communitas, the Ocean Park neighborhood organizing and anti-crime program, has initiated its first action. The consequences of that action raise questions about where the heads, collectively, of Communitas are situated.

A Communitas news-release of December proudly trumpets.... "Abandoned House in Ocean park to be demolished."

A neighborhood block club organized by the organization got together and decided that an abandoned house in the 700 block of Navy street was "being used as a hide out for burglars." The neighbors got together and remonstrated with the buildings owner about his place. He didn't do anything, so Communitas sicked the L.A. County Health Dept., and Santa Monica Building and Safety on him. "Within a week", concludes the news-release, "the house was torn down, and the ground was cleared of all trash".

With the shortage of low cost housing in the area, it's difficult to understand why a community based organization wouldn't struggle to preserve such housing. Destroying such housing stock seems like the last thing the community of Ocean Park needs. We hear that a Coastal Permit was not obtained for the demolition.

## FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

COLLECTIVE STAFF: Joan Friedberg, Dave Tappan, Emily Winters, Gerry Goldstein, Olga Palo, Arnold Springer, Chuck Bloomquist, Brenda Harney, John Haag.  
Special thanks to Wendy Reeves & Doug Smith.

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Dear Beachhead:

I just read your December issue and I was excited to see a paper such as yours survive for so long. I have just recently moved to So. Calif. and Venice from Ohio (the cold) and am just getting into the life here. There's a lot to experience. I noticed a page of poetry in your paper and would like to know if they are/written by/staff writers or just everyday people like me - cause I like to write and would really appreciate your consideration on a few of my poems. If you don't like - just send them back - no hard feelings.

Thanks  
Tony Kulesar

P.S. If you got any openings for editor, look me up.

Collective Note: Dear Tony. Thanks for your interest and your poetry. In general, the Staff does not publish its own poetry. Almost everything we print is sent to us by people in the community like yourself, so send us what you like. The entire staff hears the work and decides whether it is accepted or not. If you send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope, we can tell you if the work has been accepted, but not when it will be published. Could be a month or a year. As for your second question - We don't have any editors but a collective staff and all decisions are made collectively. Our staff is open, so if you want to join us, call.

Beachhead Editors; Dec. 11, 1978

Your publication of "Thin One's" hateful/disgusting letter causes me to wonder about your own judgements on fat people. We were appalled by your lack of concern for Sharon Bas Hannah's feelings and for the oppression that fat people suffer daily in this society. We would like to believe that there is room for all bodies in Venice regardless of size or shape.

To "Thin One" (as s/he gutlessly signed)-- why are you so threatened by Sharon's good feelings for herself? Free your mind and your ass will follow.

D. E. Zambo  
L. D. Haddad

COLLECTIVE NOTE: It is our policy to print all responses to articles, both positive and negative, without censorship. An author is one who 'goes public' with her/his opinions, and who has already therefore chosen to take the risk of negative reactions -- in person or mailed to the BEACHHEAD. We don't feel it is our place to try and guess what will hurt an author's feelings or to try and protect those feelings.

We regret that you took our publishing of T.O.'s letter as a "lack of concern" for Sharon and fat people. We certainly do not condone oppression, stereotyping, prejudices, etc., of anyone, fat or otherwise. We have published 3 of Sharon's articles so far on this subject.

Publishing negative responses as well as positive ones helps keep us all in touch with reality, helps keep the BEACHHEAD a forum where differing views are expressed, and stimulates responses such as yours in counter-support of the original view -- involving more people in the process of speaking out through OUR newspaper.



# BANA STRIKES BACK!

Local Neighborhood Group Sues Coastal Commission to STOP Beachfront Condos

BY BANA

In a legal attempt to stop condo development from destroying low and moderate income housing in North Venice Beach, the Breeze Avenue Neighborhood Association (BANA) has filed suit against the State Coastal Commission. BANA is requesting the L.A. Municipal Court to order a full public hearing on the condo appeal.

The law suit was initiated after the state commissioners refused to allow BANA members to speak in opposition to the condo project at 911 Ocean Front Walk. Instead, the commissioners ruled that the beachfront condos raised "no substantial issues," and a full public hearing was denied.

Several issues supporting a finding for substantial issue are being raised by BANA in this legal action.

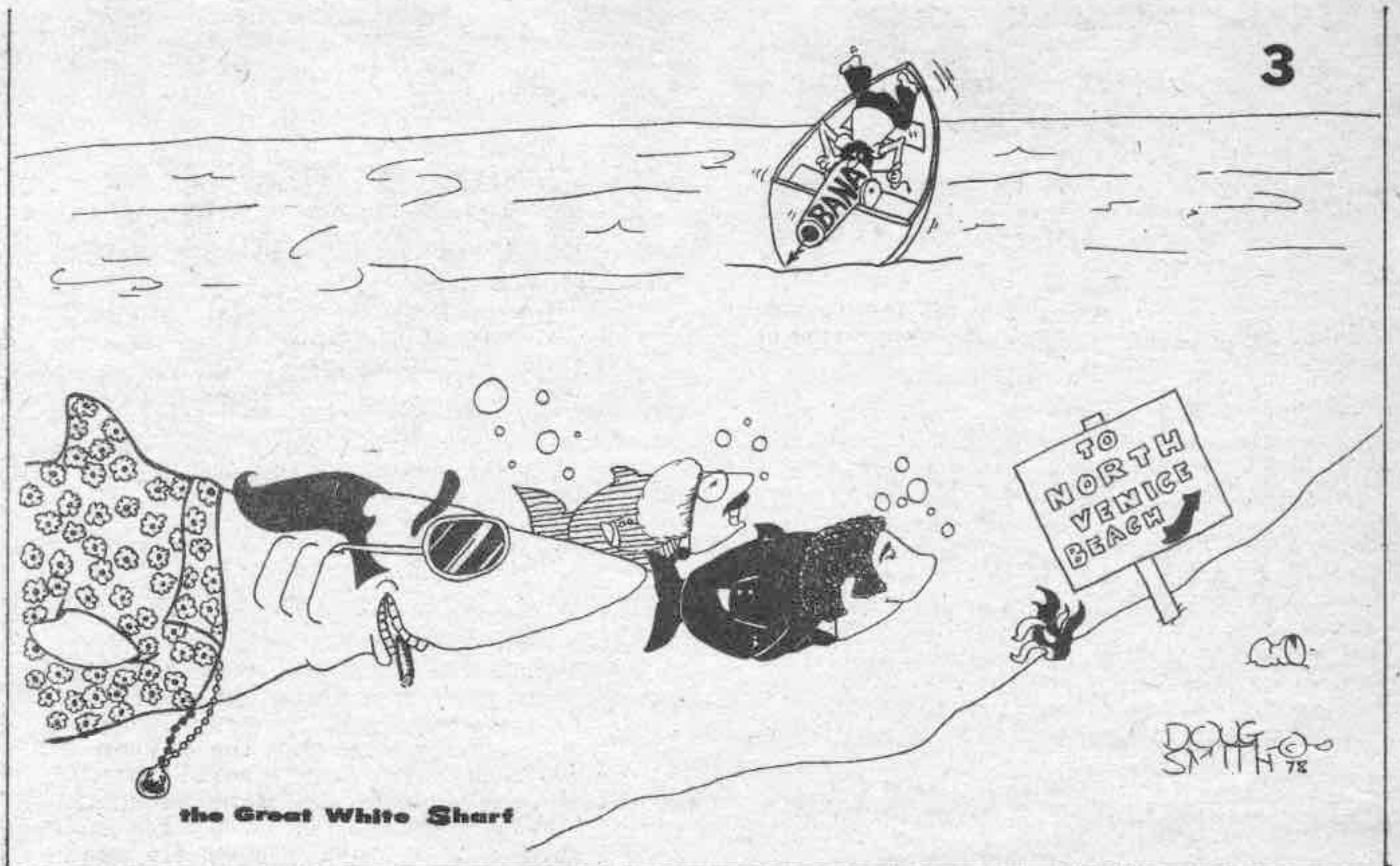
1. The Coastal Act requires low and moderate income housing to be protected in the coastal zone. Beachfront condo development will cause current housing costs to skyrocket, obliterating low and moderate income housing in our community.
2. Vacant beachfront lots will be developed into high priced condos, and apartments will be converted into condos. North Venice Beach will become an exclusive enclave for the rich.
3. The Coastal Act requires replacement parking for spaces lost due to construction. The leased spaces lost because of this project will compound the existing parking fiasco throughout North Venice Beach.

The court must determine if there is a substantial issue. If the court rules in favor of BANA, then BANA members will finally be able to speak against the condos at a full public hearing of the State Coastal Commission. Meanwhile, developers Haskins and Sloan who leased the lot from Werner Scharf, will not be able to begin construction until the case is decided.

You can help support BANA's struggle against beachfront condominiums by:

1. Donating any size contribution to BANA to pay for legal costs including attorney's fees. Please make checks payable to BANA. Send checks to BANA, 31 Breeze Ave., Venice 90291.
2. Attending the Municipal Court hearing which will be announced at a later date.
3. Attending the State Coastal Commission hearing or writing the State Commission if we win the legal battle.

If you have any questions, please call BANA at 396-1007.



## AN OPEN LETTER TO GOVERNOR BROWN

1411 1/2 Cabrillo  
Venice, California 90291

December 15, 1978

Dear Governor Brown:

I appreciated speaking to you at the conclusion of the CED Tenant's Town Hall in Plummer Park last night. I pointed out that the coastal L. A. communities (Pacific Palisades, Venice, Playa del Rey, and San Pedro) are in special need of your help right now. You assured me that you would look into it -- and I am certain that you will. Nonetheless, I would like to expand on the issues that I raised.

These four coastal communities are getting caught in a crunch between the City of Los Angeles and the South Coast Regional Coastal Commission. The City is proposing that these areas be excluded from existing Coastal Commission protection. The City has already taken over the permit process from the Commission and now wishes to define these coastal areas as "categories" exempt from the jurisdiction of the South Coast Regional Commission. This would allow development in these coastal communities to proceed with only city zoning regulations as controls. What is worse, such an "exclusion" would prevent citizens in these areas from having any input into such development -- because there would cease to be any public hearings on proposed development.

Communities which have allowed such an exclusion (Huntington Beach, Hermosa Beach, San Clemente and others) are already far more developed and far less heterogeneous than the coastal communities of Los Angeles. Venice and San Pedro in particular are racially and ethnically mixed areas with large numbers of low income and fixed income families, many of whom are renters. Because coastal property has become profitable to develop, it is in ever-diminishing supply -- and these people are literally being driven from their homes. The developers are convinced that "big is beautiful" and are anxious to tear down single family dwellings and older less expensive buildings and erect condominiums at every turn.

The Coastal Commission has been of great value to these areas in Los Angeles, affording individuals the increasingly rare opportunity to affect their own destiny, to protect their homes from destruction and their communities from being developed out of recognition. I personally have been grateful for your personal support of the Coastal Commission and was shocked to realize that you have begun to favor the Commission becoming less involved with protection of urban coastal areas (such as in Los Angeles) and more involved with protection of rural coastal areas (such as north of San Francisco). We need your help down here -- and desperately -- for there is less left to save and that makes it all the more crucial to those of us who live here.

Having lived on the Mendocino Coast for three years, I know how great the struggle is to protect that beautiful area. Having lived in Venice for six years, I also know that these urban coastal communities need all the protection they can get.

We desperately need your support, and now. The exclusion will be proposed within a matter of months, and in Venice for example, the Local Coastal Plan is still in the drafting stages -- more than two years from completion! What this means is that if Venice is excluded from the protection of the South Coast Commission, the people in Venice will be unable to have any voice whatsoever in their own destiny. You can help us by pointing out to the Commissioners that the exclusion will be a danger to our communities by encouraging greater development and by denying citizens the right to speak in the defense of their community. We do need your influence in this regard. We do need you to look into this matter carefully and deeply.

When I lived in Mendocino County, the slogan was "Don't Carmel-ize Mendocino." Here in Los Angeles there is no such catch phrase, for the City is incredibly biased about maintaining the integrity of its coastal communities. At the edge of our megalopolis, we coastal residents have depended on the State -- and on you -- to keep us alive.

Some folks among us gave your (campaign) people a place to stay somewhere in Venice last summer. We need a place to stay in Venice now, and in the future. And we would greatly appreciate the opportunity to meet with you regarding this complex and crucial problem facing us. There are countless grass-roots organizations along the coast here working for the survival of these four communities: Pacific Palisades, Venice, Playa del Rey, and San Pedro. We invite you to meet with us and discuss how the State can help us survive. Your influence is our greatest hope at this point.

Think about it. There is a great deal at stake. We ask your support. Thank you for your consideration.

Sincerely,

Brenda Harney

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# VENICE TOWN COUNCIL

## V. T. C. December Report

by Kate Keeling

The Venice Town Council held its monthly meeting on December 20th in Venice City Hall. The three main topics were the proposed demolition of the Westminster School Auditorium, the proposed exclusion of Venice from the Coastal Permit process and lastly, possible action to help further rent control in Santa Monica.

The subject that caused the most discussion was that relating to the City Council attempts to exclude Venice from the present coastal permit process. As you will have read in the last Beachhead edition, the City Council unanimously voted on November 21st, to seek approval from the Coastal Commission of a "categorical exclusion" of Venice from the coastal permit process.

Prior to the meeting on December 20th, the Town Council's Coastal Commission Committee had considered possible alternatives for action the Town Council could take. That Committee outlined three possibilities: one: a flat rejection of any exclusion,

two: pressure the City to specify types of development they want excluded such as all single family dwellings, duplexes, etc...

three: Venice Community to make specific proposals to the Coastal Commission regarding categories and areas of development that would be acceptable for exclusion.

The first suggestion, a flat rejection, was based on the fact that the exclusion proposal is based on the Preliminary Plan which has no legal status, and doesn't have any new zoning ordinances attached. If this suggestion were approved by the V.T.C., several lines of action would need to be taken to make our opposition felt: get as many people as possible to write letters of dissent to members of the Coastal Commission both at Regional and State level. The V.T.C. would have to organize leafletting and a petition drive, and also mobilize a turnout at Coastal Commission hearings.

The second suggestion, pressuring the City Council to specify certain categories, or types of development they want excluded, arose from the fact that the Preliminary Plan, including all types of development within the Venice community, can scarcely be called a single category of development. If this suggestion were adopted, members of the V.T.C. would need to organize methods of putting pressure on the City Planning process.

The third suggestion, for the community to come up with acceptable types of development that could be excluded from the Coastal Permit process, was aimed at trying to get some community control in the exclusion process. This proposal would involve meetings in all areas of the community to discover people's wishes regarding the future development of Venice. From all these meetings an overall plan could be put to the Coastal Commission.

From the lengthy discussion there appeared to emerge two main opinions. On the one hand some people felt that the Town Council should adopt the first position of total rejection as a principled expression of our opposition to the City's proposal. On the other hand, some people considered that some form of exclusion relating to Venice is an inevitability, and thus the Town Council should, in some way, put forward proposals to the Coastal Commission.

In the end, a motion was proposed by Bob Alexander stating: The Venice Town

*continued on page 15...*

## WHEN THE WHIP COMES DOWN

by Brenda Harney

### What Happened

Out of 40,000 people in Venice, 35 attended the Town Council meeting on December 20. Perhaps 12 energetic (or masochistic) folks stayed on the end and only 17 saw fit to vote on a course of action proposed to deal with the exclusion. (explanatory information on the exclusion first appeared in the August Beachhead and appears elsewhere in this issue.)

Discussion preceding the vote was passionate, but no less heated than that which occurred after the vote. What in fact was voted on? Two motions were proposed: 1) full rejection of any exclusion at this time, and 2) rejection of this exclusion pending development of a community plan.

The first motion received 10 votes, the second 7. And afterward, there was considerable talk that the Council had copped out, choosing to do nothing other than play paper tiger to both the City and the Coastal Commission.

### Why It Happened

Feelings were strong that NO exclusion from Coastal Commission jurisdiction should occur. This was not surprising, considering that the Commission has become the last stop-gap against rampant development in Venice. Bear in mind that each application to the Commission has already been approved by the City-- so that most development we have stopped via the Coastal Commission would have been allowed under City regulation.

Still and all, the Coastal Act is written to allow any city to take over the permit process and to declare certain categories to be excluded from coastal permit applications. We might well wish it were not so, but it is. We cannot (unfortunately) opt for no exclusion whatsoever. There will be exclusions made--sometime, somehow, by someone.

### What Options are Left

At this meeting, the Council voted to oppose this exclusion at this time. To my mind, that phraseology does not preclude accepting or even proposing certain exclusions at some other time.

Folks in Venice are not much for trusting the City. Still, opposing the exclusion at this time does mean that Venice residents will have to take responsibility for attending City hearings on coastal permits, as nothing will be excluded from the necessity to apply for such permits.

Allowing the City to define types of development to be excluded from such permits would place Venetians in a reactive position -- that is, we would have the City move first and we would then react to that move. Interestingly, no one proposed such a stance and no one had much of an argument with that.

Mandating the community of Venice to come up with specific categories satisfactory for exclusion from coastal permits received some support prior to the vote, 7 votes by actual count, and a great deal of vociferous support after the fact. There were strong statements made that this option was not adopted because

no one wanted to do any work.

### What Needs to be Done

In fact, enormous amounts of work would be required to make this option viable, and until that work was completed, no one could really know where the community as a whole might stand.

Not being an elected body representative of the whole of Venice, the Town Council speaks for itself and that segment of the community which turns out for the meetings. Unfortunately, that is not good enough -- it doesn't include everybody -- it didn't include you on Wednesday. To speak for the whole of the community and make specific recommendations for exclusion is outside the purview of the Town Council at this time, and will remain so until people decide to invest a great deal of time and energy to decide

where in fact the community stands on the critical issue of exclusion.

### What Does it Mean to You

Because only 35 people were at the meeting, chances are that the Town Council did not find out where YOU, or your organization, or your neighborhood stand. Your presence was sorely missed, in case you didn't know it. And there were some people who felt justified in not being able to speak for you.

All is not lost, however. (Believe it or not, that's true) No bridges were burned, no options rejected outright.

The Town Council is going to mount a letter-writing campaign, a petition drive, a leaflet distribution -- in the community, in your part of the community. The Council is going to oppose the exclusion at this time, and there is some kind of chance that if you are prepared to get involved, there will be some kind of community proposal at some time in the future.

That's what this is all about: the future, and getting involved in shaping it.

There was a lot of talk Wednesday night about optimism and pessimism. What it boils down to is this. The developers have had their way with the Peninsula, and the Canals. They are now hot for North Beach, and when that is done they'll be ready to rape Oakwood and Milwood.

You who are elderly or poor or Black, or Brown are going to feel them breathing down your necks just as surely as we who simply like to live here have. You stand to be pushed out of your homes just as surely as we have been pushed out of ours. It is no longer just our struggle, and we can no longer do this planning thing alone.

### How We Can Help Each Other

What we are trying to say to the Commission and the City is this: Hey wait, not this kind of exclusion, not now. We need your help to say that effectively. What we would like to be able to say is this: Look here, Commission, the community of Venice is prepared to speak for itself -- everybody finally got together and decided on these things.

And you know what? We can't say that alone. We need your help, your energy, your input -- and desperately. For truly, without you, we can only speak for ourselves.

On Wednesday night, that's all we did. But it ain't going to be enough much longer. And that's a fact.

Find out how we can help each other. Set up a meeting in your area. Call the Coastal Committee of the Town Council at 399-5983 or 399-3591.

City of



Venice

### VENICE TOWN COUNCIL: January Agenda

1. announcements: V-OF Coop.
2. main topic: Educational forum on housing.
3. guest organization/speaker: Communists.
4. updates: a) Fox-Venice community night.  
b) Coastal Commission/exclusion.

Full Community Meetings: 3rd Wednesday of month.

Coordinating meetings: 4th Wednesday of month

### Midnight Special Books

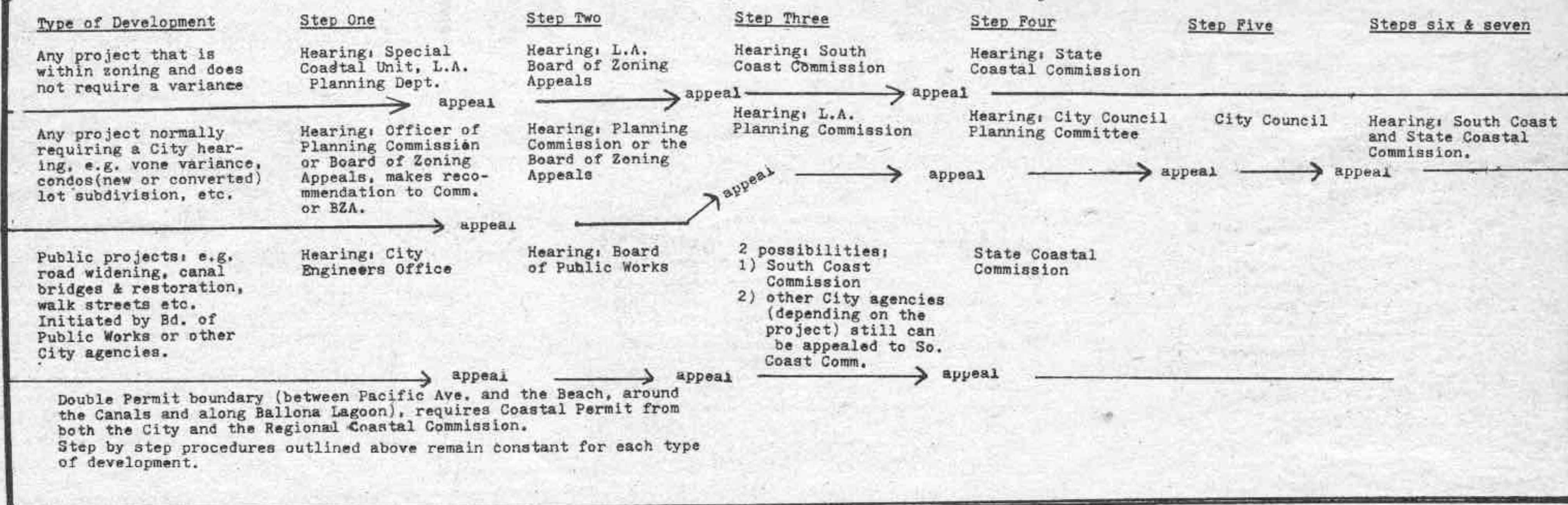
Books for Jobs, Peace, Equality  
and Socialism

Libros en Español - Books in Persian - Marxism - Leninism  
World, U.S., Labor History - Literature - Records  
1335 1/2 W. Washington Blvd., Venice, Calif. 90291  
(213) 392-7412 - Hours Tuesday-Sunday 12-5



# FLOW CHART ————— La. coastal permits

5



## MORE RED TAPE coastal permits via the CITY

By Moe Stavnezer

On November 27th the City took over the Coastal permit process from the So. Coast Commission (applications submitted to the Commission before that day continue to be processed by the Commission). For those interested in following the process, I suggest that you write to the Dept. of City Planning, Special Coastal Unit, Rm. 655, City Hall, 200 N. Spring St., L.A. 90012, to request notification of all coastal permit hearings. The City claims that all notification will be mailed at least 10 days prior to public hearings.

Aside from the fact that all these hearings will be at L.A. City Hall where parking is difficult and expensive, the City process presents us with other difficulties as shown in the flow chart on this page. First the City requires that persons opposing a permit must exhaust all appeals within the City before an appeal can be made to the So. Coast Comm. (all decisions made at the City level can be appealed to the Comm.). This will require far more diligence in keeping up with decisions of various City agencies and lots more paperwork since written appeals are required at each level.

Second, an applicant can choose any point in a normal city permit (2nd type of development on chart) to interject consideration of the coastal permit. Understand? Well if you don't (which means you're perfectly normal) let me try to explain. Applications which must undergo City hearings e.g. new or converted condos, zone variances go through a certain process in the City. That process will remain the same except that at any point in the process the applicant can apply for a coastal permit as well. Logically this should be required at the beginning of the process and just serves to complicate matters.

Third, there is now a "double permit" area within which applicants must get a coastal permit from the City and the So. Coast Commission. This applies to all types of development between the beach & Pacific Ave. (from the S.M. border to the Marina channel), around the Canals and along Ballona Lagoon.

So the City, in its wisdom, has forced developers to apply for two permits instead of one and to pay 2 permit fees instead of one. A coastal permit for a single family house costs \$50 dollars in fees to the Commission and \$250 to the City. And most developers supported this bit of stupidity!

What the folks in City Hall have done is to introduce a number of extra steps to hassle applicants and opponents alike.

For more information I suggest that you call the City's Coastal Permit Unit at 485-4365 or 485-3443 (ask for Chick Montgomery).



## MARXIST MUSINGS OF A WISE SAGE

By Joan Friedberg

I never really understood what the term "dialectical materialism" meant, although any good Marxist could probably set me straight. First I thought it meant someone like Jimmy Carter who says, "you all" and owns lots of peanuts. Or perhaps, I speculated, it's just the opposite. Someone like Governor Jerry Brown who is always creating a dialogue on how we should all spend less and not live in the governor's mansion. I immediately turned down all offers to live in governor's mansions.

Finally, one day I was sitting in a cafe and it suddenly came to me! It was really supposed to be "materialistic dialogue," such as the conversations going on around me. In the corner booth, a woman was describing in minute detail a dress that another woman had been wearing at some event.

"It was all white, and it was open all the way down to here!" she said, rolling her eyes.

At the table on my right, I overheard: "You mean all this time I always thought mink was worth more than fox, and actually fox is worth more than mink?"

Without waiting to hear the answer, I eavesdropped at the table on my left. "So, how's your condominium in Palm Springs doing? Well, I wouldn't sell it yet. I'd wait until it appreciates to about double what you got it for and then get rid of it."

That same day at work, my boss came into my office to discuss some business. As usual, he was wearing three large gold rings on his fingers and several gold chains around his neck. He paused to look at me for a minute, devoid of jewelry, and then he said, "What's the matter, don't you like gold?"

"No," I told him, "I feel about gold the same way I do about governors' mansions—I can take it or leave it."

He looked at me slyly, with newly aroused suspicion and walked out. People like me were not to be trusted.

Then one day I met a sage, and I asked him, "Oh wise sage, please tell me what is meant by the term 'dialecti-

cal materialism.'" And I told him some of my theories.

"You have been wrong in your theories, he said finally, "but you are not far wrong. Let me explain. You see, there are the "haves" and the "have-nots," and the "have-nots" would like to change this situation, but the "haves" want only to have more. If the "haves" keep at it like this, eventually we'll have a revolution, and everything will be distributed equally to everybody. Then the process will start all over again."

"Then that is what is meant by dialectical materialism?" I asked. But the wise sage had disappeared. And I thought I saw the flick of his cape as he dashed behind a pagoda, but I couldn't be sure.

(Oh, where are you Bob Wells?) ■

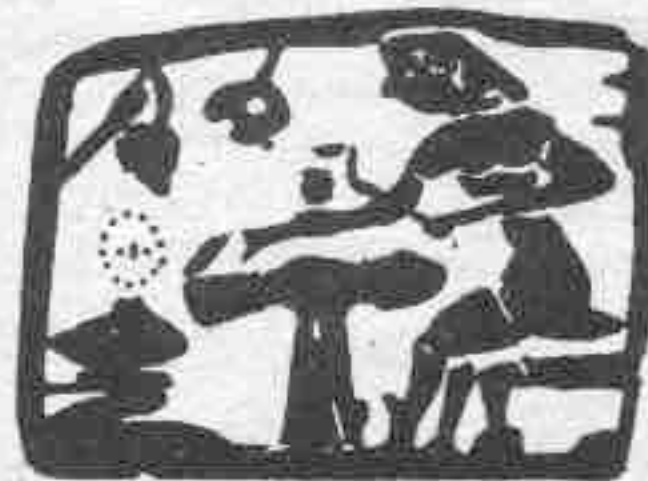
### VENICE-OCEAN PARK FOOD COOP SEEKS STOREFRONT

V-OP Coop is about to open! We're looking for a store 1400 to 2000 sq. ft. in size roughly at 30¢ to 60¢ a square foot. We want to locate somewhere inside of Ocean Park, Lincoln, or Venice Boulevards, preferably near public transit lines.

If you know of a possible site, or would like to help, call Kurt Busar at 399-4304.

We still have some memberships available. If you're interested, call Kurt. Join us while it's happening now!

## the pot shop



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## WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

BY CAROL FONDILLER

First off, I'd like to thank the Fox Venice folks, especially Lance Diskan, for giving me the opportunity to say hello to friends who I haven't seen for awhile. And, I'd like to say that the P. O. P. time lapse show of the destruction of the pier was lovely, and the Moran-Sewell production of Venice history - Canals, Chaos, and Calliopes - was charming even after the third time.

But as for the heart of the evening and most of the other films and tapes, the word is flaccid.

Like a jellyfish out of water, most of the films lay there inert with no innards or spine to speak of.

Oh, there she goes again, being negative, people will grumble.

No. There I go again being surprised at the vacuity and lack of viewpoint of some of the cinemaphiles and the lack of sensitivity and lack of history, i.e. what went on before they were born.

Oh yes, Venice Night.

The audience was predominantly college educated hip white 20-45.

The first little slap in the face came in the form of a dance group on Roller skates. They looked as if they were trying out to be fashion lay-outs for New West Magazine. Tres chic les rollerskaters - Tres drole les winos on the Ocean Front Walk.

The first little kick in the gut came when a film "Hey Mamma" was shown. Made in 1968 by Vaughn Obern, it showed a young black man's preoccupation with straightening his hair and shaping it into an edifice held together by pomade and hot irons, known as a "Konk". This was intercut with young black kids, their hair cut in naturals, drilling and chanting "Black is Beautiful", and Mrs. Levertice Lewis telling about her family and going through her daily chores.

The trouble was, that at no time did the film show Mrs. Lewis as the political force in Oakwood that she was. Aside from having enough family to make up a precinct of her own, she worked like a horse to get Oakwood recognized by politicians as having political clout. The film managed to show her as bungling, inept and stupid. The hip white audiences giggled at the strange by-ways and customs of the quaint blacks of the Oakwood section of Venice.

Brucemas (Dan McLaughlin 1968) promulgated the peace, love, and acid rock myth of the 60's with fast zooms and jarring intercuts, it showed a lot of kids dancing, grinding, and tossing their empty little heads topped with shiny long hair a la Clairol, on Venice beach. Included in the close-up shots were some plainclothesmen who were not there to partake in the experience of the Free Press sponsored Lenny Bruce Birthday Bash.

Then there was a descent into mawkish wistfulness as someone left the canals to the accompaniment of classical guitar, with everyone waving bye bye to the backend of a camper or trailer.

Somewhere there was an intermission. And there were videotapes being shown. Unfortunately the monitors were placed where traffic flow was heaviest and there was too much light for the tapes to be seen clearly.

I have seen some of the John Hunt tapes on Venice before, and I know they were interesting and disturbing.

Now for a digression:

Several years ago, The Free Venice Organizing Committee and The Venice Survival Committee decided to organize a 4th of July Parade.

It was to include any or all groups or individuals who wanted to march through Venice.

The police had decided since The Venice Survival Committee was at odds with the Los Angeles City Council and the Venice Civic Union, that the V. S. C. was subversive. They were convinced that the V. S. C. and The Free Venice Organizing Committee were using the parade to foment political unrest by force and violence.

It was discovered that the police had set up portable booking stations. They had also set up road blocks, and had augmented the Venice Police by 1,000 uniformed and plainclothes policemen riding on motorcycles and in squad cars loaded with riot equipment, i.e., rifles, gas masks, and other accoutrements to soothe the surly masses.

We (I was a member of both groups) had worked long and hard, trying to get the parade together. It was going to be such fun! But after taking a look at the police reception plan-

ned for us, the children, old people and other unarmed groups and individuals who planned to march in our community based parade, we spent the next twenty four hours prior to the parade calling people and getting out leaflets announcing the cancellation of the parade.

At this time a radical film group that had come to Venice during the Sock it to 'em 60's became interested in filming us. This group, Newsreel, was part of a film collective that had bases in Berkley, Isla Vista, and other buzz symbols of "in" militant movement vs. establishment capitals. I had the feeling that that group looked upon this location as a disciplinary action, much like a cop who would be transferred from Hollywood to a desk job in Traffic.

"You called it off! They yelled,

"You shouldn't have called it off!"

"But we'd be leading unarmed people into a trap!" We yelled back.

"So what!" Yelled our allies, "We could have filmed a real confrontation!"

No matter about the confrontations at City Hall, city planning meetings, picketing, all accomplished without bloodshed or public reprisal. No. These radical filmmakers thought those actions were boring. No bloodshed. No Eisenstein-like shots of baby carriages bumping down the steps. Just people confronting a confusing and hostile bureaucracy.

Despite their passionate avowals of dedication to a new order, a new left, they were appallingly like their Establishment cameramen brethren when it came to the definition of action and conflict. Nothing less than an armed revolt or in this case, a slaughter of the innocents.

The above story establishes the origins of my jaundiced view of media people. And I haven't been wrong about expecting the tritest very often.

After the intermission, the films slid one into the other like greasy spaghetti down the throat. Impossible to tell one from the other. The same shots of roller skaters, the same shots of the same roller skaters, the same quaint street musicians. I believe I even saw the same shot twice of Swami X saying "God, you mother fucker, you promised me paradise and you sent me to Venice." Oh, come on, Swami, if you were in paradise, it wouldn't be paradise - "Oh don't the days seem lank and long, when all goes right and nothing goes wrong." Anyway, the eyes glazed.

Then came the Biggie. The World Premier of "Feeding the Sparrows by Feeding the Horses by Moritz Borman.

A little history, Abbott Kinney, the Canals, the effect of the Marina, the Ocean Front Walk, Roller Skaters, street musicians, Kurt Simon and Richard Gervais speaking for the speculators side as if they'd stepped out of a play by Bertolt Brecht.

Then, for the side of the pro-lifers, i.e., those who wished to see low income and public access preserved and expanded in Venice, we had the usual spokespeople.

Now, I know Arnold Springer, Moe Stavnezer, and Rick Davidson. They've certainly earned the right to speak about Venice. But they a'int the only ones. And with the exception of Bee Free in a supporting role, one got the impression that very few women were involved with Venice's destiny.

Moritz Borman for all his experience directing at the American Film Institute and on Hamburg T. V. managed to turn out a film that was as shallow as the more inexperienced filmmakers view of Venice. He had the same perceptions that Venice stopped at the Ocean Front Walk and the Canals, and that the end all, the height of all human experience was disco rollerskating.

The film was dull, because it didn't go beneath the surface. I understand he did two years of research. Well, it didn't show. Where were the Women? The fight to save Venice seemed to be predominantly white and male. Wasn't that to me. Where was Mary Jane Kwan, Vera Davis, Mary Lou Johnson, Nancy McCulloch, Anna Haag, Arlene Hendler, Joy McNeil, Daisy Smith, Linda Lucks, and yes, Carol Fondiller, Prudy Passman, Pearl White, Flora Chavez and other women who I know have been involved with the business of saving this community.

The camera is involved with action. It is beguiled by it. It is easy to be ensnared by the action of roller skating, fist fights, etc., and to forget the pauses in between. Sure Venice is Carney and Blarney. Always has been. But it's also the home of people whose families have been here for generations.

It's been home for some unpleasant people who do anti-social things. Moritz Borman has portrayed Venice as a "Set" or "Scene", an antiseptic Disneyland of quaint characters from

Central Casting.

Somehow, I had the impression that when poor people were spoken of, they were envisioned as Hobbits or Hippies - something dear, quaint, and a little fey.

Venice has been flattened out and mass produced. It seemed that the Chamber of Commerce couldn't have made a better pitch to sell Venice. I can almost see the invasion of lederhosen clad Germans looking for a piece of land to buy at any price.

I looked at the audience so smug in it's hipness as it hissed the real estate developers and the cops. So hip in it's suede Adidas and gold coke spoons.

The audience and the movie deserved one another. They were made for one another.

They want the elephants but they can't stand the shit. ♦♦♦

## Will The Real Venice Please Rise!

By Joan Friedberg

Nearly 1,000 people packed themselves into the Fox Venice Theater, which has an 800-person capacity, and another 100 to 200 people were turned away for the premier of German filmmaker Moritz Borman's "Feeding the Sparrows by Feeding the Horses" Sunday night, December 17.

They stood in a line more typical of a Westwood premier than a Venice one to watch the preview showing of the film, which was the highlight of the multimedia event put together by Lance Diskan.

Venice people are notorious for speaking out, and the Fox audience on this particular night was no exception. They clapped for the show to begin, they yelled "focus" when the focus was fuzzy, and they shouted for the sound when it was too low. They booed and hissed, wise-cracked and clapped to show their approval and disapproval of each part of the films and slides.

The Moritz film used a "60 minutes" format, alternating interview segments from the pro-development contingent and Venice activists for an effective running debate presentation. Though some parts were obviously given a sentimental treatment, making the filmmaker's pro-Venice bias apparent, the opponents of a Free Venice clearly exposed themselves without any help from Moritz. And through it all there could be no doubt in anyone's mind which side the audience was on: it was a Free Venice audience.

We were introduced to developer Kurt Simon, who sat proudly behind a large scale model of the "Master Plan." "Our plan is to beautify Venice and turn it into a nice place for people to live in," said Simon.

"It already is!" shouted someone from the audience.

We saw community activists Moe Stavnezer, Arnold Springer, Rick Davidson and Bee Free talk about the uniqueness of the Venice community, its diversity and community spirit. Applause.

Back to our hero, Simon, with his plan to save us all from ourselves.

"We're trying to beautify Venice, but we've been pestered by a small group of activists who don't really represent the community. They supposedly speak for the entire community, but actually they probably have only a handful of dues-paying members," he said, apparently referring to the Venice Town Council as if it were the local 4-H club.

"They were strong enough to stop you!" shouted someone from the audience.

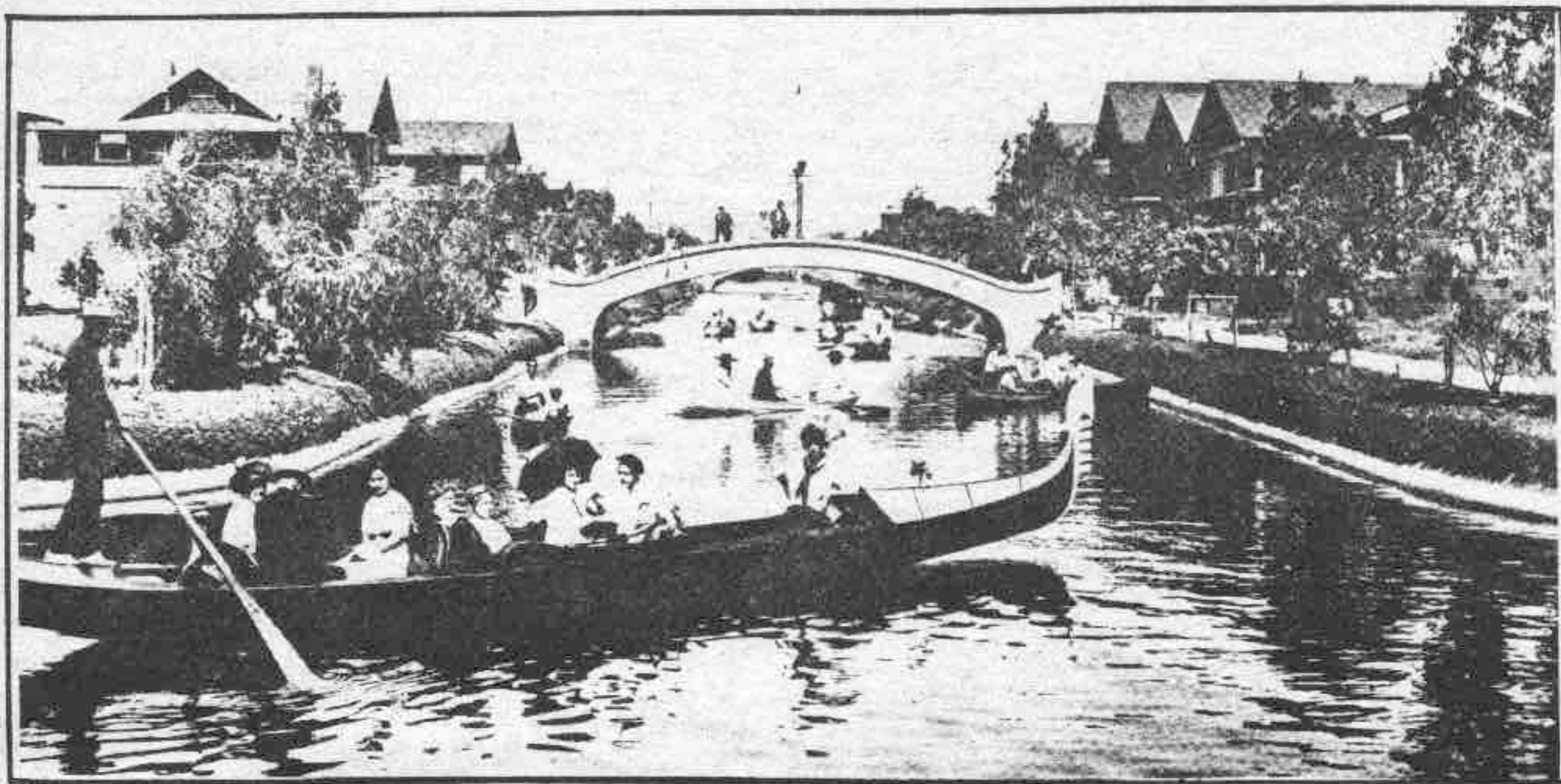
Next we met Los Angeles City Planning Department spokesman, Richard Gervais, who started off sounding as if he understood Venice.

"Other communities come up with alternative plans," he said, "but the Venice community has come up with 11 or 12 alternative plans."

The camera then intermixed Gervais' comments with those of Venice residents. We saw Sweet William in an idyllic canal scene, rowing along while Moritz questioned him about the Venice lifestyle.

— continued next page —





Gondoliers along Alterbarren Canal, now Market Street, 1908.

In perhaps the most poignant part of the film, we heard an elderly woman describe the hardships of living on a fixed income in the face of rising rents and of being evicted and forced to move at the age of 85, after living in Venice for 40 some years.

Then we saw scenes of apartments on the peninsula which rent for \$900 and up...a rent that would turn away all but the very rich.

When the camera returned to Gervais, it became apparent that his understanding of the community was superficial and narrow.

"There are a few dissidents in the community who are trying to preserve the status quo," he said, explaining that his department was concerned only with problems of density.

The "few" dissidents in the full-packed house booed loudly once again, and I could imagine Gervais turning his own mother out into the streets.

Unlike the audience response to Simon and Gervais, the audience response was heard by Moe Stavnezer and Arnie Springer, who were both in the film and in the audience. In a way it seemed to be the community's way of showing its appreciation to them for the work they've done to save Venice while some of the rest of us have stayed in the background, content to pursue our own personal goals.

In the end, the message of the film's esoteric title became clear: sparrows sometimes feed on horse's droppings, and in the case of Venice locals, we get the crumbs left over after the wealthy developers take what they want. In other words, "let them eat shit."

Perhaps the best response to the entire conflict came at the end of the film, when Arnie Springer summed up his own personal feelings about the struggle.

"We're not going to lay down and roll over," said Springer. "We're not going to quit fighting simply because we think we might lose. We're not going to be able to stop Venice from changing, but in the end we'll be the winners, because in the struggle we've grown to love each other and build up friendships and a close community spirit that we'll look back on in years to come and always remember as special years in our lives."

The film was not accepted without some criticism. There was a large gap of time...between the Venice of Abbot Kinney and the Venice of today...the entire era of the 50's, that was completely ignored by Moritz's film and not represented in any of the other presentations. There were several Venice activists who were not seen in the film, although the ones who did appear spoke articulately for all of us. Pat Russell, our city councilwoman, was not heard and should have been. But the consensus of the people I spoke to after the film was that it was good, and that it should be seen somewhere where it would do us more good than it will when it's seen on German television.

Proceeds from the benefit will be designated to community groups on the basis of a vote taken from each person who attended the film. Lance Diskan, organizer of the event, revealed recent-

ly that the results of the voting placed the Town Council in first place, with The Beachhead trailing by only 4 or 5 votes. In addition, one third of the proceeds have previously been designated to the Venice Playgroup.

With the success of Venice night, Diskan has been swamped with requests to present more Venice nights. While still only in the planning stages at this time, a "Child of Venice Night" may materialize, according to Diskan, "sometime in the spring," and may deal exclusively with Venice in the 50's. However, Lance says he's still recovering from this event.

"People say to me, 'hey, that was great--do it again in two weeks. People don't realize that it took me 10 years to do this one,'" he says.

## RENEWED COMMUNITY ENERGY?

By Dave Tappan

Venice Night (Dec. 17, 1978) was a spirited celebration thanks to the help of The Fox Venice, the energy of dedicated community folk and groups, and the effort of the evening's coordinator Lance Diskan. The occasion was the premiere showing of filmmaker Moritz Borman's 90 minute documentary about Venice "Feeding The Sparrows By Feeding The Horses."

Proceeds from the event were to be distributed among various community groups. In a democratic Free Venice manner, ballots were passed out so that the audience could vote its preference as to which community activity would receive a one-third portion of the proceeds. Latest word is that The Venice Town Council was the audience's preference. Another third will go to The Venice Community Playgroup (a parent-run community day-care center). The final third will be distributed according to the preference of those people and groups who were directly active in promoting and presenting the evening's activities.

The Fox was easily sold out for the "happening" (900+) and as one intermingled in the line outside, there was no mistaking the ambience which was Free Venice past, present, and future: a Community of creative and diverse peoples united in a common resolve to both survive and grow in dignity.

Perhaps a dozen short films were screened and in general, they were interesting and enlightening. Of particular note in my view, were "Canals, Calliopes, and Chaos" an historical look at Abbot Kinney's Venice, "Hey, Mama" a very poor attempt at understanding the lifestyle of Venice's black residents, "L.A. Backwater" which focused on the frustration which results when neighbor-friends are

forced to leave Venice due to spiraling rents and needless development, and "P.O.P. Time Lapse" which visually made candid the message, "You don't know what you had until it's gone."

Now it was intermission time and the audience was invited to socialize and enjoy and that is what we did. Stageside, yummy refreshments were offered by The Venice Community Playgroup. Stageside, also, "T" shirts with the inscription "It's Not Nice To Fool Venice Locals" were on sale and paintings by Bob Farrington were on display.

After a Dance Mexicana by Madres Unidas and a classic "Venice Slide Retrospective" (which was accompanied in part-I might add, by Barron Stewart's recording of "Venice, It's Good To See You" and which struck a jamming down at Sweet Pea's memory amongst some in the audience), "Feeding The Sparrows By Feeding The Horses" was screened. The film began with an introduction of Venice as a vibrant melting pot of all human types (colors, creeds, ethnic backgrounds, occupations, interests) living side by side in tolerance and even happiness. But just as some ideals are almost too good to be true, Venice struggles against extinction and faces severe threats from its larger milieu of Los Angeles proper and its unsympathetic city officials, its near-sighted public and private planners, and it's greedy real estate speculators and egotistical private developers, all of whom would destroy the essence of Free Venice. What they envision as a necessary transformation is a Venice as an extension of the already sterile, plastic Marina Del Rey.

Quilted with film footage of Venice (mostly Oceanfront Walk turf and activities) were interviews with familiar Venetian locals: Arnold Springer, Moe Stavnezer, Sweet William, Olga Ramirez, Bob Castille, Ed Gilliam, Bea Free, Rick Davidson, Swami X, a potter-artisan, and Morris Rosen and friends of the Israel Levin Center, who offered their views as to the essence of Venice and of how to cope with the struggles it faces. Arnold Springer's comment to the effect that even if the worst happens and Venice continues to be whittled away at by L.A. proper, the residents will still be the winners because of the carrying with us of the Venetian Spirit of caring, sharing and growing received hearty applause.

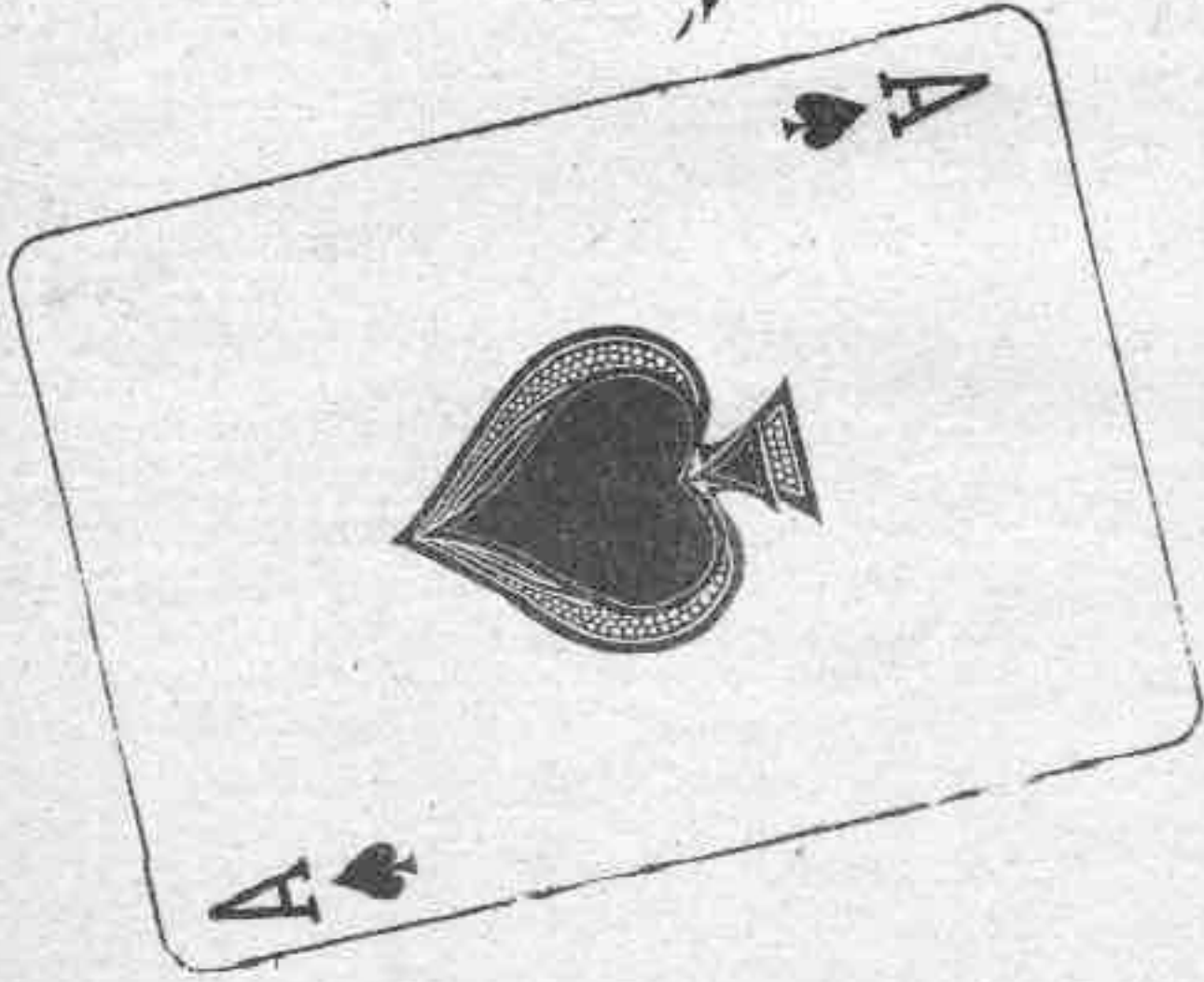
The energy-sapping battles which Venice faces were made blatant as the documentary team conducted interviews with the likes of L.A. City Planning Dept. member Richard Gervais, private developer with city hall connections, Kurt Simon, and Rose and Main commercial development advocate Frank Gehry. Gervais-in fact, was bold enough to suggest that Free Venice activists were trying to protect a unique Venice which no longer exists. And Mr. Simon proudly presented his scale model of what he would like to see Venice become: a hybrid of Century City and Marina Del Rey and one more dehumanized link in the world as an enormous global shopping center.

The film closed with footage of a sparrow in the form of a tired, weathered human being who is staring at the ocean seemingly wondering, "If I cannot be a sparrow in Venice, where can I be a sparrow?"

Valid criticisms of the documentary, in my view, were that it focused too much attention on the Oceanfront Walk domain at the exclusion of the rest of Venice and that women were not accorded an equal share of commentary. A criticism I heard of Venice night in general, was that it did not have enough input from Oakwood and Chicano activists.

Unmistakably, however, it was community night and the evening was a success. Venice's diversity and tolerance and unity were reaffirmed. At bottom, it was both nostalgia and continuity night and the loudest applause during the film was a response to graffiti scrawled on a humble wall which stated, "Venice, Your Spirit Is Free." I left thinking that it would be super if the whole world would be watching the American Dream in the form of Venice, U.S.A., 44,000 diverse but commonly concerned human beings. Later, I spoke with many locals whose hope is that Venice night will result in renewed Venetian energy and a fruitful 1979.





#### NOTHING MOVES, BUT DIES

the rules are  
get born, learn  
to see, walk thru it  
and accept

the end.  
this many years  
I have lived with it  
yet can't believe.

why should I, or anyone?  
cut on stone, trees, the nite  
anything will serve  
for texts. this is the all

& the will to continue.  
among it there is her grace,  
that a slight hand  
thru the dark a gift

to these eyes. lines  
in my acts the face is evidence.  
are drawn. the face on the teeth.  
hands broken, decay on the teeth.

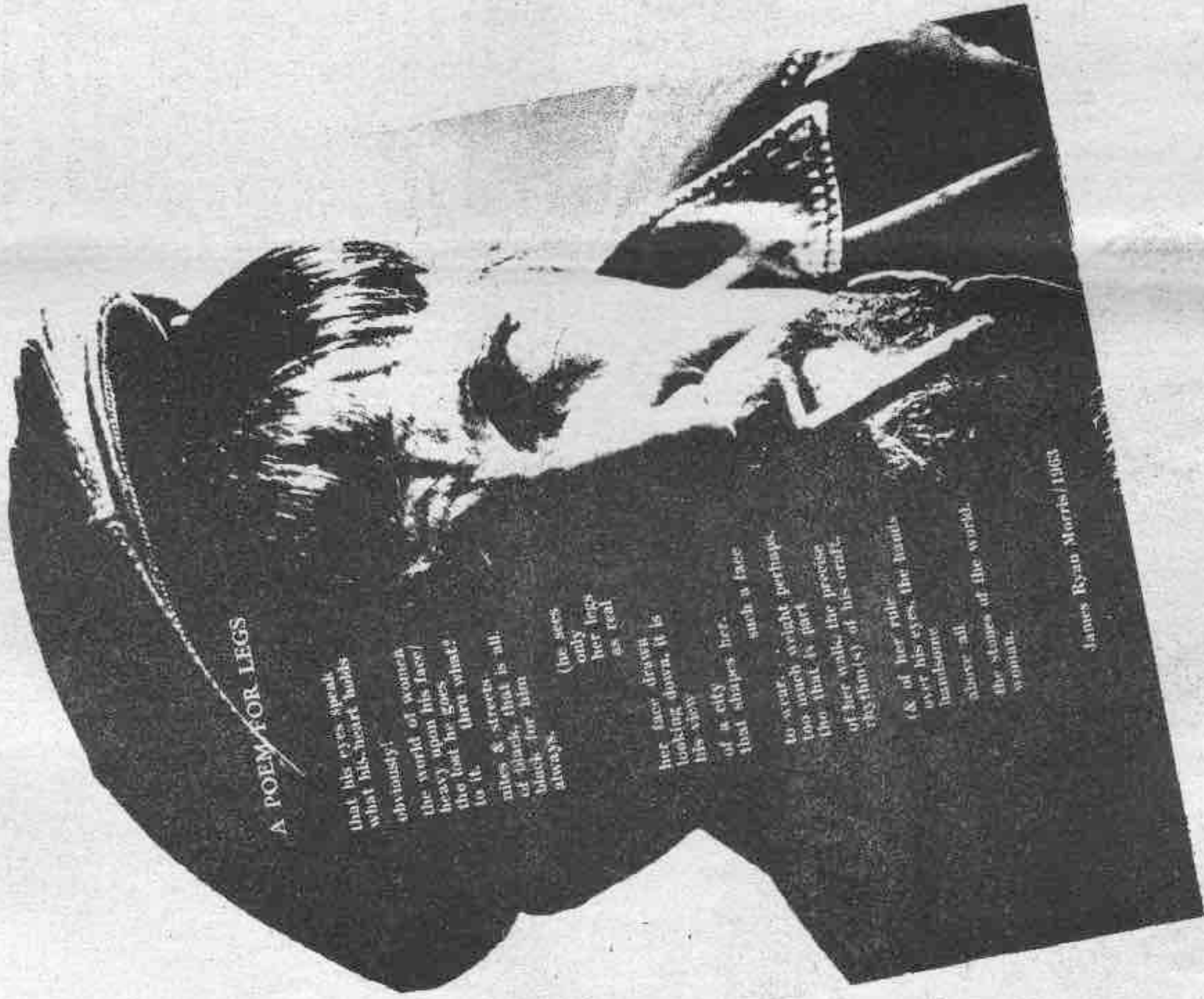
love is not preventive  
against time. the high place  
perhaps, no. both fall in front  
of the fact, the condition.

write some words & hold  
off the cold real thing  
that is death. a sort of lie  
the poet said. true, but

death. even the word has weight,  
and that weight is outside of rules,  
of texts, anything known.  
and outside of that  
there is nothing.

1964

# JAMES RYAN MORRIS



#### A POEM FOR LEGS

that his eyes speak  
what his heart holds  
obviously!

the world of women  
heavy upon his face/  
the fact he goes  
to it. that's what  
is it.

of streets  
of hands, that is all.  
black for him  
always.

(he sees  
only  
her legs  
as real)

her face drawn  
looking down. it is  
his story  
of a city  
that shapes her.

to walk  
too much weight perhaps.  
the fact he goes  
of her walk, the precise  
of him(s) of his craft.

(& of her rule  
over his eyes, the hands  
handmade  
above all  
the shapes of the world.  
woman.)

James Ryan Morris 1963

# A REQUIEM FOR A DEAD

## PEOPLE

better without  
them,  
I shot once....  
surrounded by assassins  
was the common reference.  
& so leaving  
all of it behind.

I went away to here, this  
place  
isolation & study  
the intention  
complete. but the nite falls  
across the empty speech  
& one wishes for hackneyed

no matter how stupid or hackneyed  
just that warmth  
which human exchange provides  
(from the mountains  
looking down.  
the lites prominent

its understood why  
man built cities, came in from the cold  
settled next to another tongue  
James Ryan Morris

## THE STRANGER

Now I live  
here  
in trench coat city  
which I've invented...  
the partial sun  
fights the fog  
horn cadence of  
my Flying Dutchman  
steps. Its all some  
game in which I seek  
to find myself  
whole  
and tag death  
the loser.

1964

## I THINK OF MAYAKOVSKY

tonite. I have this  
thing to say, it comes  
hard. . . cracked my tongue  
is alone with it.  
Surely it can't survive,  
nor will it die.  
But the words are  
such as to be put down  
& not picked up  
again by anyone. Not  
even her who controls  
the pattern, that very  
thing I cannot say. Is  
all the world stained  
by it, or does my heart  
alone solo with death.  
That is not a question  
but a recurrent nite-that  
and tonite is it. . .  
he sd something just  
before the thing broke, &  
if it were like this

## 7th Sound For John Garfield

O how long have I lived  
the image of John Garfield. . .

John Garfield with Jennifer Jones  
machine guns blazing as Cubans  
climbed all over the house he held up in. . .

"In 1933  
Tony Fenner said to me -Gilbert Roland  
let's strike a blow for liberty!"

Long after the theatre lights went on  
I sat in my seat feeling my image of self  
change, walking New York streets with him  
which changed always after watching him  
cigarettes constantly lit, dangling from the corners  
of my Garfield mouth.

And always, a fist-fight/ street rumble  
within a few hours after a Garfield movie...  
John Garfield you were a strong influence upon me

The day I heard you died while fucking  
i got drunk and scored my 5th piece of ass  
in my youthful hunger.

Now I am older and you are younger in yr. Death  
and I wonder just which one of us made out the best

& Cuba, you'd never recognize it, John, yet I'm  
sure there are many who wish your cinematic machine  
gun  
would return... it would be great, John.

You and I and Fidel  
smoking big cigars, drinking large glasses of rum  
all of us practicing our aim  
on a picture of John F. Kennedy.

John Garfield: know that my generation still  
holds onto your image & that your  
cigarette smolders in my mouth

day in/day out.

James Ryan Morris



jimmy morris.  
jimmy beard in venice

(little annie hung a tag  
on everyone to differentiate:  
bicycle bob-barefoot bobby  
mad marge-babyhuay marge  
paranoid jimmy-jimmy the beard

jimmy beard to his friends. short g i bill  
haircut a great face (the brow) w/blond blossoming  
beard spread on chest & it was no ezy task  
wearing no beard in 5 9 - incredible rednecked  
hulks appeared on sunday promenades sproutin  
beatinic kill & ice jacket jimmy loved it givin  
back double-barrel motherfuckers bronx jingo  
hipster jive & no one wanted to test his brograms  
his 170 lbs his eyes. ah, albert cannus it wuz in  
them days. a shot & a beer was his style  
bennies by the cup full conversations, discussions  
arguments in bars coffee house just like u regd  
abt in a beatnic novel. stuart & jimmy  
handled the heavy work: existentialism, cantos,  
the prose line in the canopy of kennet, patches  
blah blah i didnt know what they were talking abt -  
me and franky cut peoples pictures up & pasted  
them in pictures. around them candle light tables  
magic happened that summer on the beach before  
the people came. jimmy stoppin in the doorway  
to the black room in the grand hotel where we're  
listening to 45's & passes in some records:  
lennie tristiano miles davis boplicity bopology  
bopsandwich we talked & we were friends & we  
were four. o we walked that summer from hollister  
to windward & back & to the canals over the bridges  
warriors drumming mountain red & reefer  
dancing girls & poetry. to try to say what makes a  
time in a life important: i cant say  
four poets were born that summer on that beach nell:  
stuart started writing at 7 jimmy at 11  
franky when he finally learned to write & me when i  
finally learned to speak - its more like a poet  
squad was born. a dedication. we enlisted.  
stuart saw the lady in the sky that summer.  
franky talked w/her. jimmy & i fell in love w/her.  
we were hooked to the bone. & its lasted.  
these years. & i'd want to say something abt  
truth & verse, honesty & the word but my two brain  
men are gone to the big pome machine &  
there's only me & frank now & glad that jimmy  
rode into town that year to open our brains w/  
alley shivness. pour in his dreams & visions.  
angry poems that were so touching. brute-tender:  
both are things in all of men & friends u see  
them how u want to. i love my friend jimmy  
see. he insisted: no bullshit no deceit in the poem.  
u dont lie or the lady will take it away  
stuart said that year in venice & we learned its  
true & didnt ever forget it.  
jimmy lad: after 10,000 shots of bad bar whiskey  
they told u yr liver was done & no more drinkin  
& u didn't listen & after the denver bar room  
odyssey eyebone cheekbone bone face broken by a  
pool ball they told u stop shootin dope & u didn't  
listen & u sd u was goin & its done & now its  
windward avenue some where u & stuart goin to  
bozo's to meet the benny man & more drinks to  
drink & talking black turtleneck the way u sd  
jean paul whatever i smelled paris & wax  
drippin wine bottle table on the wall is written  
"art is love is god" & we're frein gulls & speak of  
so: heres to u jimbo, goddamn it.  
up the irish!



you taught us how  
poets shoot from the hip, jim.  
We gonna love you until time dies.

baza

Jimmy-  
Our paths crossed  
killer summer in Venice  
you northward i south  
but from each  
always the words shered  
bright sparks of yr eyes  
you were hers  
& now will be always.

Love, Bill M.

sun dog's today Doc/  
they say.  
a clear day in L.A. ?  
but i'm here & yr not anymore  
so my life has changed some more  
and i won't hear you say yr words  
about life & love, pain, truth, beauty.  
but its cool jim, with yr hand in  
the lady's walkin away the last time.  
thank you brother for what you gave me  
i will never forget  
i will carry you with me forever  
in my heart...

Love, Bill

POET 1935 ♠ 1978

#### Rider of the Ready Road/

James Ryan Morris has  
passed under Her window the last time. D'Artagnan  
is down, dead & buried. No heat from a single sur-  
viving ash to warm winter dope score walks in Den-  
ver a.m. snowy nite streets wearing clyboy street-  
shoes winter after winter. to warm the all nite ses-  
sions' angry beat of Johnny Staccato tongues on  
flashing typewriters. to flame the lok, another  
come-on, of "the famed blue-eyed mortal". The  
summer day of his first Denver bust - "Beatinic  
Editor Jailed". & me in the mountains to cool out  
w/pretty picnic face, to walk & wonder, well, now,  
just. just what is a poet these days, America? Yes  
i remember Marlowe, Arnold, Housman.. But who  
are these Venice West wordworkers of the vernacu-  
lar i am reading via JRM? (he at least has some  
corner on tradition: does sport three names). ther  
suddenly it's Patchen, Miller, Olson, the Allen  
Anthology & we talk the Lady's echo. This from a  
man who might have sd, as E.P. sd: i shall endeavor  
or to make my hate serve as much purpose as my  
interest. Jimmy's total theatre concept of the Art-  
ist(from? Artaud, Camus, Sartre -?), that the many  
masks of the Muse in all her crafts were what the  
poet must evolve from: his attention to any form &  
& manifestation thereof, & that if nothing else "play  
it by ear, man!" - mean, simply: dig it! as much  
of it as you can get to before the time is NOW!...  
going out like the Prez/Yarbird character in John  
Clellon Holmes THE HORN; to some Lalo Schiffrin  
"New Fantasy" cut in Doc Holliday Colorado coun-  
try & put under in Blackhawk by Stuart's words:  
"Peace, Peace/ we too shall rest". Rest: Croupier  
Press: Rest: Croupier Art Gallery. Rest: The  
SMITH Bookstore. Rest: Denver. No more Garfield  
violin hands fighting in another fabled "Denver War"  
No more American-Irish Catholic IRA Rebel poet  
who found his cause & ritual & like he sd, he did:  
"write a few poems". & so rite his last book, the  
signifier, 13 SOUNDS shd be a selected works. of  
21 years. Playing The Shadow in Perkoff's "Radio  
Interlude", when he gave out that trade-mark laugh,  
you knew he knew. He knew his need of the poem/  
Hers.

dark side of the spoon  
&/  
then there is the shadow God shrug off  
intention given so long as the sun last.

love to you Jimbo,  
Larry



A Poet is dead  
he lies between  
the mountains  
of Colorado

He was a Venice Poet  
reelved the poem here  
with us, he was part of a  
force that moved Venice  
in the late Fifties & early Sixties

The poem aloud  
straight to the people  
from the Lady  
Our Muse.

We keep losing our men  
Patchen, i think would say,  
thinking of Stuart-  
i know its history  
& the laying to rest  
a dear friend  
& fine Poet

Love, Frankie



# 10 VENICE STUDIO: TECHNIQUES OF THE MASTERS

By Gloria Jean-Leader

What's happening in art in 1979? At the Venice Studio the focus is on craftsmanship. The studio is alive with the activity of artists and models working to a background of Beethoven or Brahms. Life size sculpture stand like clay people and easels are set up with paintings in progress.

Professional artists work and teach alongside students, and more than 24 classes a week are held in painting, sculpting and drawing. The painting department has classes ranging from the methods and techniques of the masters of the renaissance taught by Jan Saether, to the realism of Jill Gibson, and the expressionism of Bonnie Helmer. There are classes in air brush and color theory taught by a very able Jack Reilly, and various drawing and life drawing classes and workshops. The sculpture department has casting facilities for bronze casting as well as the very fine instruction in life modelling by Martine Vaugel and Jan Saether. In all, the studio has a wealth of knowledge and craft available to the beginning or advanced student of art, and whatever the artist's perspective, goals, or ultimate desire for expression, a foundation in the principles that made all masters masters could be gleaned from those at the Venice Studio.

Whether or not the work expresses your particular sense of life, it is easy to see that these artists/instructors know their craft well. Jan Saether wields his paint brush like a master, and he teaches his students the art of grinding their own pigments, preparing mediums and oils, and in general, knowing the materials as well as the techniques. The options open to an artist with this kind of foundation are those that allow

to all people, and in particular to the creative success of an artist, who, by the nature of the work, makes a statement. Whether that statement is meaningful or not is, in part, dependent upon that artist's ability to see and to pass on what he/she sees.

Self-motivation is a factor every artist must confront, and the most valuable time to learn that is while learning one's trade. To learn alongside professionals, and to deal with these issues together with and throughout the process of acquiring the skills, allows one a more ample opportunity to be productive at a time that it is most desirable.

Although the Venice Studio is still rather new as a 3-year old organization, it offers the local artist a community where mutual support can be generated. The world will always confer its standards upon anything produced, and the artist has the obligation to seek out his/her own standards; to discover his/her own language in communicating an internal experience.

In an area where we are separated by such distance and joined by the isolation of freeways, it is good to know that the Venice Studio is alive and well and giving birth to a new generation of young artists.

In that same spirit, just down the street from the Venice Studio on Venice Boulevard is a frame shop known as Artist's Only. It has recently changed management and is promising exciting benefits for its clientele. The original purpose was to support the needs of the Southern California artist where support often seems the most relevant and the most difficult - by offering low prices that will enable an artist to get supplies and framing so work can be shown and sold. Salvatore Orlando, the new owner, says he intends to maintain the integrity of that purpose. He is expanding his services to better meet the artist's needs in both quantity and quality. He is offering an annual membership to professionals and students in the arts that will enable them to get even lower discounts. An artist himself, he says he appreciates the circumstances of his

## Stuart Perkoff Remembered

BY JOE MAIZLISH

I have been invited to write a few recollections about Stuart Perkoff, Venice poet who died at a young age a few years ago. I do this in an attempt to convey something of his person and wit to the members of the community he loved so much, and in hopes of perhaps leading others who knew him much better than I to write of him.

We met while prisoners at the federal prison in San Pedro harbor. Some visitors of mine had met one of his, and suggested I seek him out. I discovered we had something of a similar criminal history! When I introduced myself and told him of my crime--draft "unregistration"--he excitedly asked for the details "How did you do it?" and told me he had done something similar twenty years before (and done a few months in jail on it then). In 1948, when the draft registration requirement was revived he concluded that since he wasn't going into the military and since registration was the first step toward going he would refuse that too. He went to a draft board and told the clerk "I'd like to report a non-registrant." He imitated the clerk's swift grab of a pencil and question "Who?" "Me." Stuart added that now he probably wouldn't do it in the same rash way, but would just ignore the system completely.

Stuart spent much of his prison time reading, and some visiting with a small number of friends among the prisoner population. He had become rather efficient at his prison work assignment, clerk to the food service supervisor, and so had still more time "free". Seeking privacy, he had managed to be assigned to a cell rather than the dormitory quarters most of us had.

All his life he was possessed by writing. He said that when he was fifteen years old he knew that "The Muse had taken hold of me." But he was finding writing difficult to do in prison. He did write one long and moving poem about prison life itself; here are the first few lines (all I can remember):

No one knows who invented this machine,  
The origins of its rituals are obscure.

Even the priests and lackeys who maintain it  
Do not know the meaning of its functions.

The poem then identifies the eating of human beings as the chief function of the machine, and tells of the effects of the system on the people in it. I hope someone in the Beachhead readership can send a copy of the whole poem to the paper so we can see all of it.

In the prison at that time the "underground" press really was forbidden, but Stuart managed to have the L.A. Free Press sneaked to him weekly, and passed it around. We also shared the peace movement newsletters which I

was sometimes allowed to receive. One of these once printed a letter which derided prison reform efforts, calling them "carpeting the out-house". I asked Stuart what he thought of the criticism. With no hesitation whatsoever he remarked with a smile: "Your toes don't get so cold!", a line which comes to mind whenever I hear the value of reform efforts in whatever field devalued too harshly.

The authorities were deficient in recognizing the man's humanism and wit. Or perhaps they recognized it and didn't care. Or didn't like it. After one of his parole hearings Stuart quoted to me the shout of the hearing officer: "Look at this! Draft-dodger, communist, beatnik, poet, dope pusher--we can't let you out on the streets, where all those children are!" Aside from the dim relationship of some of those "charges" to fact--"dope pusher" was a rather wild misstatement--the whole matter was made even more senseless because for Stuart parole from his federal sentence meant commencement of his state sentence! I was soon deported to other federal prisons, and Stuart was taken to Calif. state prison at Soledad, where I believe he was during the death of George Jackson.

We both made it to the "outside", and I visited him several times in his bookstore in Larkspur, in Marin county, where he was thriving among the books. (In case the parole hearing officer is reading this, perhaps I should add that Stuart was getting along fine with some of the local kids, who visited the store and enjoyed the comic book rack he maintained for their interest. No "dope" was evident.) And then he moved back to Venice for what became the last year of his life.

When I had asked him how he had gotten by financially in past years he answered simply "My community supported me." I find it impossible to think of Stuart's name without adding the words "Venice poet".



one to paint from choice and not from the limitation of an undeveloped craft.

The studio operates on a month-to-month basis similar to The Art Student's League in New York, although classes are smaller and individual attention is easier to come by. There is a limited membership which is available to 15 artists who may or may not take classes, but who have access to the studio to work.

Several students have received degrees through Antioch University incorporating their Venice Studio studies into their independent study degree plans.

What seems so attractive about the Venice Studio is that classes are available in a professional environment and the artists/students determine their own purpose and goals, pace of development, and methods of fulfilling these within the context of a school interested in the fundamental principles of traditional craftsmanship. It seems unreasonable to assume that a student spend x number of years taking required classes they hold no real interest in, being led by the nose, in essence, through their education, and then to graduate with an expectation of expertise and efficacy in the world market. The Venice Studio recognizes this double bind and is set-up in such a way as to encourage and support self-determination and individuality and for students to discover and seek out what interests them, what is most relevant to their particular expression, and how to make that happen. This is essential

fellow artists and is committed to give support in the best way he can, through offering high quality work at substantial savings. He says, "when an artist takes the care and pride to produce some part of him or herself on paper or canvas and is willing to share that with the world, it is only right that that work be shown to its best possible advantage."

So again, we have a consciousness toward craftsmanship and quality with a community spirit - people taking pride in their work and sharing it.

Not a bad start for 1979.

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# some thoughts from a feminist-egalitarianist-flu bearing insomniac

by Howard Ryan

I should have called in... I could have said... I would have said... I should have said... damn, I could have been the first caller on the show... I would have said... too late now... wow, a quarter to four in the morning and I don't feel sleepy at all... can't believe it... wish I could sleep... can't breathe through my nose... damn headache won't stop... heart's just pumpin' away... energy! energy!... gotta get to sleep... pump, pump... energy! energy!... I should have said... I could have said... I... well, no use fighting it. If I can't sleep, I can't sleep. Maybe if I start writing I'll bore myself to sleep.

At midnight I had the good fortune of listening in on a KPFFK talk show featuring two men from the L. A. Men's Collective. In the last couple of months I've gotten active with the collective -- going to some pot lunks, joining a men's consciousness-raising group, helping to plan the coming Men's Conference. It's too early to talk about any personal change or growth in me because of these activities, but I am really excited about coming into contact with all these non-macho men who are serious about wanting to overcome their sexism and become more sensitive, loving beings. The radio show was very good. The interview and the comments made by people who called in were really insightful and for me it was an interesting, learning experience.

My present thoughts and "I should have said" were ticked off by a comment from one of the interviewees about his theory of the historical roots of sexism, after which he mentioned that he is neither a socialist nor a communist. This was reflected in his theory on sexism, and seeing as he chose not to identify himself with some other alternative to our present system, it's clear that the man feels that free enterprise is basically groovy. I was angry. I mean here's a man who, for some years, has been playing a leading role in the building of a men's movement -- a political movement with feminist goals -- and he has yet to see, or has yet to acknowledge, the important and increasingly blatant connections between our social system of sexist male domination (patriarchy, for short) and our economic system which is based on private property and competition (capitalism). A few moments earlier he had spoken admirably on the need for men to become less competitive and more cooperative, and mutually supporting in their relationships with women and with other men. Then he infers that our economic system needn't also become cooperative and supportive, but should remain capitalistic in nature (with strong reforms, of course).

Brother (... I would have said...), how can a cooperative social system stay intact -- or even come about -- when combined with an economic system based on competition and individual self-interest? The two systems are so heavily interconnected. Where would you draw the line between them? On the job and off? In the store and out of the store? Capitalism breeds a lot of economic inequality. Consider, in your visional society, the relations between a rich, white, male executive and an impoverished Mexican immigrant woman who works in the packing department. Between her miserably boring job, her under-fed family at home and his much more interesting job, his lavish abode, how easy would it be for these two to leave work and relate to each other supportively and as equals?

My Changing Brother, among other things feminism has taught me that the personal is political.

"What?! OK, tell me about the political implications of the way I brush my teeth."

"Well, the way you brush could be your own individual thing, or could reflect your social

conditioning, or a little of both. But look at the label on your toothbrush, 'Made in Taiwan.' Are you familiar with the working conditions..."

And interesting area where I've found the personal to be political is in vegetarianism. When I started to cut out eating meat a couple of years ago, it was a very strong personal change for me. It took a long time and a lot of commitment to adjust to my new way of relating to food and to my body. I didn't think about it politically. It was strictly for health reasons. But even if I wasn't aware of it, I was making a strong political statement by affirming my power to control my own life. To make my own decisions about what I put in my body instead of allowing myself to be manipulated by mass media mind control. Another political aspect of vegetarianism is that it takes five pounds of grain to produce one pound of meat. Since the average American eats 116 pounds of meat each year, much of the world is forced to go hungry because of grain shortages. As vegetarians we have something that's generally viewed as personal, individual change, but which has the potential to become a powerful political force. Imagine all the vegies in the country, and the semi-vegies too, organizing a mass movement around these issues, recruiting by the thousands, and making demands for change. Safeway execs would be scared shitless. McDonalds would start selling Soyburgers. Who knows what else?

The women's movement is a prime illustration of the connectedness between the personal and the political. From the pain and shock women feel when they first get disillusioned about society's lies to the difficulties of changing and becoming strong and whole, many women consider their becoming feminists to be the most important personal change in their lives. Also, political connections are frequently made and acted upon. Examples are the ERA struggle, abortion rights, and support for rape and battery victims. Working on these issues is so important because it meets the immediate needs of countless women. At the same time it's important to look for broader, more fundamental connections which help to focus on long-range goals for social change. A small number of women in the movement have asserted such a fundamental political connection, that between patriarchy and capitalism. It has not been welcomed by the majority. Women who hold this position have been told to hush up for the sake of the movement and it's immediate goals. Or worse, they've been accused of plotting a "red takeover," or have been asked to leave groups, and the leadership has rarely recognized this political connection. Needless to say, their point of view has gotten virtually no coverage in the mass media.

Although most women in the movement failed to recognize how patriarchy and capitalism are connected, our capitalist friends saw things much more clearly. The infiltration and spying of the women's movement by the FBI has been well-documented and was present from the beginning of the movement in the sixties. Leave it to a capitalist to know when her/his interests are threatened.

"What? Break up the nuclear family? Live cooperatively? Why, they'd all be sharing things. The loss in washing machine sales alone could strangle us."

"What? A woman's major purpose is not to find a husband and settle down to a life of good homemaking? What about my multi-billion dollar wedding supplies industry? And how can they find out about all our wonderful new cleaning products if they're not sitting home watching our TV ads all day?"

"What? Women should have control over their own bodies? Can't let it happen. We haven't learned how to manufacture our own consumers yet."

The women's movement is a powerful move-

--- continued on page 14 ---

## Label, Label...

by Brenda Harney

This long-going dialogue in the Beachhead, involving Bob Wells, Karen Manov, et al, is finally getting down to the nitty gritty. Or I am finally getting uncomfortable enough to write. Maybe both. At any rate, before I make my response, I want to comment on the commentary.

It's more than merely interesting that this "dialogue" has been going on for so long -- it's just plain amazing. A lot of the "responses" have been stimulated by the first response (from Bob Wells, August Beachhead) to "One Woman's Perspective," an article Karen Manov wrote for the 100th anniversary issue (April 1978) -- now nearly a year ago! The longevity of the dialogue may have surprised everyone, including Karen, but it says a lot about the depth of assorted feelings on the issues raised. Not many discussions, conversations, or commentaries have such staying power. That's what makes this exercise a unique one, and one which seems particularly well suited to the Beachhead as a forum for community ideas.

The fact that the dialogue has moved away from its starting point doesn't bother me at all. To the contrary -- the widening circle of ideas is what makes the whole thing interesting, even exciting. And the fact that so many individuals have illuminated such diverse points of view has ultimately given us an ever-widening circle of vision. The dialogue has been mind-expanding in the very best sense of the term.

What brings me into it now is the continuing even escalating, use of labels. The dialogue has frequently had little to do with real equality amongst ourselves and a lot to do with the labelling of each other: as men, women, socialists, imperialists, blacks, whites, whatever.

I'm not so naive as to suggest that we can discuss interpersonal relationship or even participate in them without the use of adjectives to describe what we are doing. The limits of language are such that we have to use words -- labels, even -- to keep things clear. But the danger in all this politico-sexist jargon being so easily bandied about is that the LABEL has gradually become more important than either the person of the action involved. When that happens, when we fail to perceive the person first, it is an easy step to what we are supposedly trying to avoid: prejudice, whether as sexism or racism or whatever. Labels are too easy. We should use them only after all else fails, not before we try to figure out what is going on.

Lane Valentine, in "Separatism: A Stage of Growth" (October Beachhead) understands this, describing her involvement after a time of self-renewal and self-examination as becoming "non-racial, non-sexual, but more whole -- universal -- more Venice Community if you will." That analysis sees through the labelling game to the humanness in each of us.

Moe Staynezer, in "Women, Men, and Equality" (November Beachhead) expresses the same sort of humanism when he concludes that "sexism and racism are two symptoms of the same disease, and the body will remain sick until both are cured." He speaks of the body of humankind, a body we wound too easily when we toss about the weapons known as labels.

In "A Dialogue on Women's Separatism" (December Beachhead), Bob Wells claims that "the basic flaw in Moe's article is that he seems to have no other standard of political priority than moralizing and individualism." Well, who in the end is responsible -- for politics, for behavior, for morality even -- if not the individual? That is the danger in all this lingo and all this labelling: it removes the responsibility for interpersonal relationships from the individual. We are then able to deal with de-personalized labels rather than actual human beings. It's the same psychology that gets soldiers in basic training to yell, "Kill that (what-

--- continued on page 14 ---

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# 12 OBSCURE news ROUNDUP

by Lance Diskan

## YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK DEPARTMENT

The Law Enforcement Assistance Administration has spent two million dollars developing a new police car; and \$26,000 to determine why inmates want to escape. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare has spent 46 million dollars to determine how long it takes to cook breakfast. The Department of Transportation spent \$250,000 for a forecast of transportation needs in the year 2025 in four potential American societies: the U.S. in an Ice Age, an American dictatorship, a "hippy culture", and a nation in which "the American dream" has been achieved. The National Institute of Alcohol Abuse has completed a \$102,000 study to find out if drunk fish are more aggressive than sober fish. Ford Motor Company has been given \$4,000 for not planting wheat. \$37,000 has been spent on a new type of potato chip machine. The National Science Foundation is spending \$6,000 to study Polish bisexual frogs. A new \$5,000 study is under way to discover the secrets of violin varnish. The Pentagon spent \$18,799 to buy sand for the traps at Lackland Air Force Base's golf course. And \$71,000 is invested in a history or comic books. Last but not least we report that the 1978 Federal Register compilation of government rules and regulations runs 66,958 pages.

\* The Santa Cruz, California, Board of Supervisors recently voted to establish special salamander protection districts for the local endangered amphibian. Considerations include making building sites passable for crawling salamanders, and the crations of "gently sloping salamander ramps" on city streets.

\* More police officers kill themselves each year than are killed in the line of duty.

\* Pepsi Cola has begun marketing its products in Brazil utilizing the concept of revolution. The Pepsi slogan has been changed from "Join the Pepsi generation", to "Join the Pepsi Revolution". Says Pepsi Advertising Coordinator Robert Orsi: "In Brazil the young don't have protest channels, so we are providing them with a mechanism. Its protest through consumption."

\* Remember "Manna from Heaven"? It's been widely reported that the ancient Middle Eastern bread was a miraculous gift from God. Now, after centuries of misunderstanding, the facts have been revealed. According to Author Eric Von Daniken (Chariots of the Gods) the bread was actually made with a manna machine brought by beings from outer space.

\* Vice-Principal William Brokowsky of New Milford Connecticut High School has finally found a successful way to encourage attendance -- he gives students money.

\* Inflation has raised the value of human body chemicals to an all time high price of \$5.60.

\* Rand Corporation Physicist Robert Salter has proposed a 250 billion dollar transit system that could move people at 14,000 miles per hour. A New York to Los Angeles trip would take 21 minutes as Planetran vehicles ride magnetic waves in underground vacuum tubes. Even at "slower speeds" (to avoid passenger damage from high acceleration effects) the trip would take only 54 minutes, and with estimated costs at \$1.00 per minute the fare would be 75% less than current air fare and even less than current bus fare.

\* Allan Funt's Candid Camera has some accidental footage of Senator Barry Goldwater shoplifting in an Arizona department store.

\* **BUMPER STICKERS**  
"Free the L.A. 12 Million" and "Support Your Right to Arm Bears".

\* And finally...The New York Department of Mental Health (who else?) has just circulated a three page illustrated instruction sheet giving the state-approved method of splitting an English Muffin. ★★

## Monday Night Thermo Nuclear War

Doug Smith

DON PARDO:

And now, from deep inside the Pentagon, SAC presents, live, in gamma-color, Monday Night Thermo Nuclear War! Tonight, it's the big one, the Super Bowl between the Super Powers, the Reds and the Yankees, Russia and the U.S.A.. We take you now to the Pentagon War Room, and Howard Cossell.

COSSELL:

Thank you Don. I'm Howard Cossell, and here in the War Room the atmosphere is strained and tense. Even after last week's upset game at the Salt Bowl, where the Reds picked up extra spies. The American team still seems to be relying on their shaky post-detente strategies. For more on this, let's talk for a minute to the grinner himself, U.S. quarterback, Jimmy Carter. Jimmy, the polls say that the team lacks morale and belief in their leader, could you comment on this?

CARTER:

Now, Howard, you know as well as I that those figures are just slightly out of date. It's true that after the Burt Lance deal, morale did slip a tad, and yes, I did make a mistake, but it wasn't my judgement that was wrong. Actually, it was more of a typographical error than a tactical one. You see, I thought we were getting a first round draft pick, but all we wound up with was a first-class over-draft. Since then, the team and I have been training hard at Camp David, morale is up, and I know we can go out there and win one for Mom and Apple Pie.

COSSELL:

Thank you Jimmy. We'll let you go back to the locker room for that all-important pre-game pep conference, and turn the mike over to Don Meredith at the Kremlin. Don?

MEREDITH:

Right here Howard. I'm standing here in the Kremlin with Soviet Chief-of-Staff Leonid Breshmey. Leo, we've all heard about Carter's radical human rights offense. Do you think this will spell the difference today?

BRESHMEY:

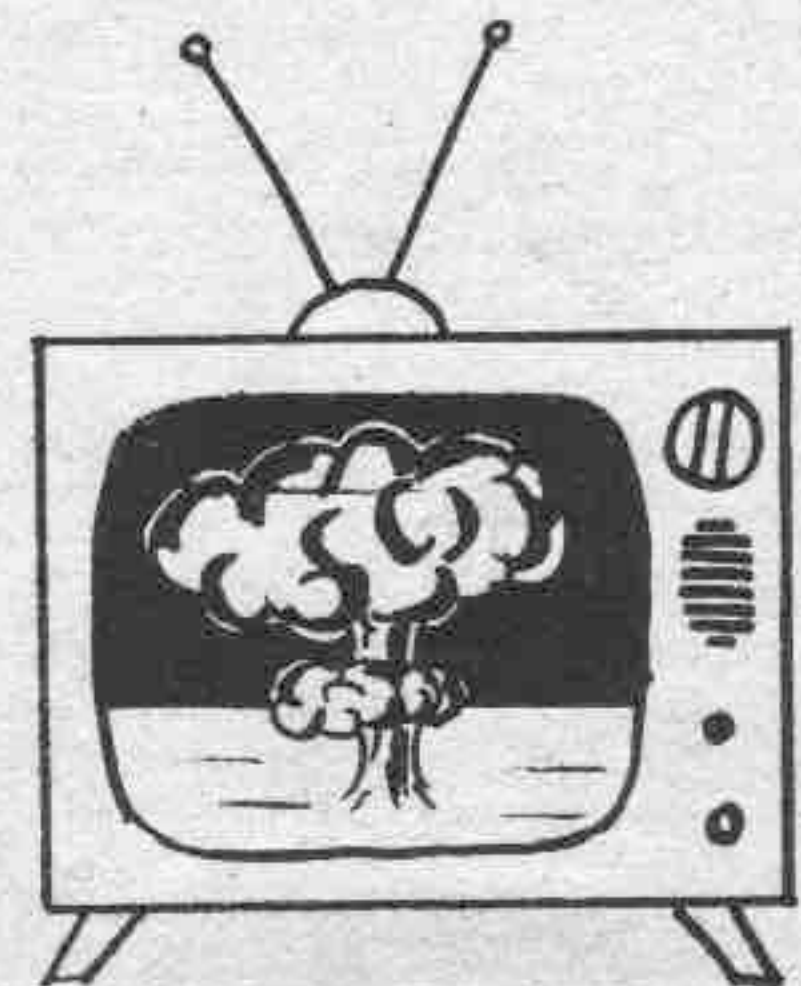
Comrade Don, the human rights offense is a miserable play. All we've had to do to counter it was bench a few dissidents and send a couple of reporters to the showers. So I think the Yankees will loose today because of it. We have the missiles, we have the people, and we have the tractors. That's all we need to win. And they don't call us the Kushin' Russians for nothing, you know.

MEREDITH:

Well, there you have it, fans. The Russians are confident of victory, particularly of their strong civil defense. Let's go now to Frank Gifford at U.N. headquarters, where referee, Dag Hammershold is about to toss the Kruggerrand.

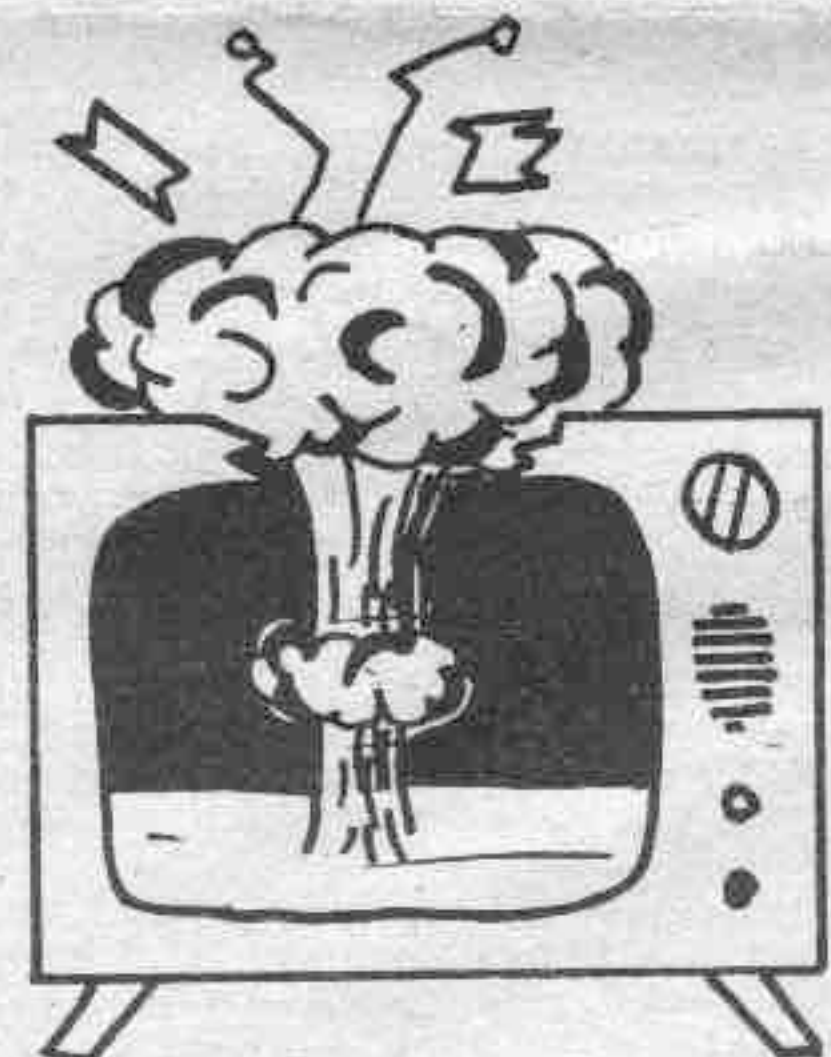
GIFFORD:

Don, it's a clear, chilly day in New York, perfect weather for a war. Hammershold flips the coin, and it's going to be the Yankees kicking off to the Reds. Field Marshall Tito picks it up at the 20, for a first down in Yugoslavia. But three plays later, Russia is in trouble! They're going to send in their Cuban kicker, and it looks like... yes! It's a direct hit on Angola! So the score stands at Reds 3, Yankees, 0. America sets up a cruise missile play, but it's not enough for the first down. And now they're trying the controversial B-1 strategy. Oh-oh! The Reds have blocked the B-1, so Carter will have to pass. It's third and five, and Carter throws the bomb!



COSSELL:

Let's see how that looks on instant replay.



GIFFORD:

And as the smoke clears, it looks like there's not much left on the surface of the planet. I'm afraid there's not going to be a winner today, Howard.

COSSELL:

Well, Frank, it's not whether you win or lose, it's how you play the game. I'm Howard Cossell, and this has been a presentation of SAC Sports. ♦♦♦ Copyright 1978

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# Deck The Halls With All Our Follies

By David Danielson

I AM A TRUE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA KID. There's a simple way to tell. When I was little, only two events got me so speedy with excitement that I couldn't sleep the night before them: Christmas morning and going to Disneyland.

I took more than an ordinary fancy to Disneyland; it wasn't enough to visit it. I designed my own amusement park on the back of my huge Disneyland map, imitating and modifying the attractions (Disneyland, with its usual snottiness, refused to call them "rides"). My nightmares even reflected my preoccupation: I'd dream I'd be going to Disneyland, but one thing or another would thwart my getting in.

## THE TABLES ARE TURNED

But I grew up. Eventually I had every corner memorized (I can still show you the shortcut to Frontierland from Fantasyland). Disneyland got boring. My blueprints were never completed. Yet Disneyland had a good grip on my subconscious and hasn't let go yet. I still have nightmares about it—only now it's not that I can't get in.

It's that I can't get out. The Disneyland of my dreams is as vividly colored and well-run as ever, but its elaborate oiled and lubed fantasies have become sinister at best. Just when I am about to connect up with friends, some rollercoaster device will suck me up, drag me upside down, and plunge me underwater until I'm drowning. After I pined for years for Disneyland to take me to its heart, it has done so, and what looked to be near-heaven turns out to be more like hell.

And so it is with Christmas. This last one which just wrestled us to the floor confirmed it: I don't like it much anymore. As a child, Christmas seemed to open up my family and society with great good will and tinsel; nowadays it's the only time of year when my life seems to slip from my control.

I'm not just humbugging the superficial wrappings. You know, plastic wreaths and badly-painted windows and if that Muzak plays "Silent Night" one more time, I swear I'll punch out half-a-dozen of these rude-tempered shoppers or at least smash Snoopy to smithereens where he stands dressed like Santa in that window display. That silliness annoys me no more than the way this culture desperately toys with price-tagged objects the rest of the year. I don't like it, but since it hasn't taken over my own life, I don't despair.

## FAMILIAR MELODRAMA

What truly troubles me is that my family once used the holiday to 'whoop it up' with the relatives. My aunt and uncle and their four sons have always been a riotous bunch, the parents given to overindulgence in liquor, the children likewise in other miscellaneous drugs, and all of them in frothy soap-operatics far more enduring than "All my Children" or "The Guiding Light". They have, after all, been on the air longer.

All the way through my adolescence, we celebrated Christ's birthday by a non-stop

party and general debacle. Some of it wasn't all that cheery, but all of it was cathartic. The catch with relatives is that you're stuck with them, but we used to make the best of it: "Since we're stuck, we might as well be who we really are and fight about it."

Certainly we haven't gone deadly dull in the last five years. This Christmas revealed new installments. My aunt and uncle don't squabble the way they used to, but that's partly because they drink themselves quickly into sedation. The cousin that used to beat me up has lost his sixth or seventh live-in love of his life. The cousin I'm closest to enlisted himself as a devout Christian a few years back; now he seems uncomfortably close to realizing he's gay.

Last Christmas I discovered that a more distant relative, reknown for her conceit, had borne a child by one fellow while married to another. This Christmas, I found out she had divorced, taken on a new lover, and was pregnant again. Everybody wondered to each other if the lover was the co-author of the new pregnancy or not. This woman's grandmother soundly condemned her—and most everything else—between numerous slugs of vodka. And just as I departed, our host conducted a screaming argument with his son over playing Linda Ronstadt on the stereo. The son concluded this discussion by advising his father to "stick Governor Brown up your ass sideways" and then wishing me a fond and cordial farewell.

I, too, had my bit of melodrama to add to the stew, though no one got wind of it. Traveling to the festivities with my parents, I was informed the relatives have begun to wonder about me: newly 26 and—"All I ever see David with are fellows," my mother quoted an aunt. I'm not even living with a woman: my grandmother had asked discretely, "Is David still living alone?" Better to be living in sin than living gay, apparently: times change, but then again they don't.

My uncle was worried about his son, the Christian cousin, too, Mom told me. (If he really is his son, but that's another story.) He interrogated him about his lack of dates and finally demanded, "Are you a homosexual?" My cousin answered, "I don't know," and then, haltingly: "All I can do is to rely on the Lord." My uncle told my parents about this in a black-and-blue mood, and neither told him that I had come out with them years ago. "They'll figure it out eventually," my mother always says.

Eventually. I can't deny that this Christmas I gave no clues. I had no good opportunity to do so, except perhaps with my Christian cousin. And I simply was unwilling to risk his shock and the possible loss of his friendship. Certainly it would be good for him to know someone else understands—but what if he doesn't understand himself? Sometimes the hardest persons to deal with when you're in the closet are those already out.

## IT'S NOT WHAT'S SAID

So I kept my mouth shut, and perhaps a lot of other words went unsaid as well. For the intrigues remained footnotes to two slow and strenuous evenings. Everyone drank and smoked and talked, but despite the huffing and puffing, we were all in bed by midnight both nights. Sometimes our efforts collapsed from the dead-

weight, and the always-reliable television set would be switched on. Even unwrapping the presents, the high point of my childhood's Christmas fever, became an endless chore, what with twenty-five of us on board.

So: quick! Call in *Time* and *Newsweek* and CBS news! I can see the network commentator being given one minute in which to sound profound, and he's saying (while my relatives stand bereft behind him), "And so the Christmas tradition dissolves right along with the rest of the fabric of our society. The family is the backbone of this nation, and it's got ricketts. Life is complex and technological society massive and these are the times that try men's souls." (Never mind the women—they'll get included next time there's a Women's Lib story.)

Which leaves my relatives and I no wiser, although it may be comforting to find out we're a cog in some machine-tooled generalization, while all along we thought we were just individuals drifting apart. But I suspect the latter's closer to the bone. We simply don't know each other that well anymore.

My being gay and our not talking about it is just one example, but it is a good one. There is no way I can feel comfortable with people who don't understand that important part of me. It's hard to talk about sex or politics without that understanding, which I have with friends and coworkers. Of course relatives don't share the same world the way the extended family used to: that's a platitude by now. But the point is that unless we're willing to sit down and learn a lot anew about each other, we won't be having grand old times anymore.

## CHRISTMAS HALLUCINATION

Last Christmas I got high within plain view of my parents and the other "adults" who once feared the weed would corrupt their children. This isn't much of a milestone nowadays, but I was astonished by what I noticed after I got ripped. Twenty people or more stood around me, all talking frantically at each other, all at once. Whadda ya doin? Howzit goin? Howzabout the job? Soon partners grew uneasy and switched to others: a sort of hideous barn dance. Uh-hum, uh-hum (my drink needs a refill), uh-hum (hurry up, it's time to move on).

And finally I discovered one little girl bouncing up and down in an armchair, looking up at the desperate adults surrounding her like trees. She was shouting into the din: "This is my chair! My chair! My chair!" Making her bid: kids learn fast.

It seemed to me they were trying to be television sets for each other: lots of entertainment and not a thought gained. It seemed they wanted badly to touch each other, but they were only willing to brush up against each other like they had against other shoppers a few days before in department stores.

And now that dreadful barn dance in my mind's eye blends in with my dreams of Disneyland. That soulless enormous machine that grinds on and on. We came in for more than bright colors and packaging, but now that we're in, it's hard to get out. It's hard to teach each other and to truly connect. As that machine, heedless of our needs, grinds mindlessly and mindlessly on.

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# FEMINIST-EGALITARIANIST-FLU BEARING .. continued from page 11

ment because it recognizes that the personal is political. One of its strongest shortcomings, however, is that many of its participants haven't tried to apply this connectedness to all the other areas of their lives. Thus, one can find some devout feminists who smoke, drink expensive wines, eat filet mignon, and live in middle-class affluence because they never made the connection between simple living, the welfare of other peoples, and the well-being of the planet. Such affluence, of course, is only enjoyed by a small number of feminists, but that striving for upward mobility -- making the big buck -- can be found among those who haven't "made it" yet. Also, one can see feminist women using their newly discovered assertiveness and independence to become players in the capitalist game of big business. They too have failed to see important connections.

The men's movement is a newly-born outgrowth of the women's movement with basically the same ideals. It's a beautiful thing. I'm so glad that such a movement now exists and that I have the opportunity to participate in it. There is so much for men to learn from feminist women and from each other. The men I've met, especially the ones who have been active feminists for some time, are super people, supportive and loving. But when the paintings that hang on their living room walls shout at me, "Middle-Class Values Here!", I know that my work helping people see all the connections is cut out for me.

Lest I sound terribly self-righteous in some of my accusations, I haven't sold my car, I still play with expensive toys like my electric guitar and my stereo, and I'm still far from being the feminist, people-loving person I would like to be.

And now, on the political implications of insomnia, I've always felt that...

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## LABEL, LABEL ... continued from page 11

ever the disparaging term is for the current enemy!" rather than, "Kill that fellow human being!"

I was surprised, even shocked, to hear that Moe was reluctant to submit his article because he is a man. And surprised that Bob ended his article rather apologetically, "even if by a man." What the hell is wrong with being a man? Men are people too, after all. That's what really bothers me about the use of so much rhetoric: it confuses the simple fact that all of us are people.

We make a lot of problems for ourselves while rushing about concocting labels to point out differences between us. If we would bother to look at what unifies us in all our struggles, the truth (so simple and so huge) would be obvious: that we are all just human beings passing this time here together. Evidently there are a lot of folks who enjoy passing their time by passing out labels.

I think that is a cop-out, an easy way to keep us all divided up and in a frenzy of name-calling. And it doesn't seem to make a lot of sense to operate like that now, here in Venice, where God knows we already have enough causes to divide us up. What we need are some causes to bring us together, and name-calling isn't going to help much in that undertaking.

Before we give in to a quick label-strewn analysis of what happened (or what is happening) we owe it to the humanity in ourselves to look for the humanity in each other. If we choose to label Karen Manov a "feminist separatist," we are not trying hard enough, not looking far enough to discover what Karen Manov, person, is about. Or are we so addicted to labels that we cannot deal with real live people?

Surely we Venetians have better things to do with our collective time than to spend it figuring out how to label this one or that one among us. Think of it. If we could translate the energies being spent to keep us apart into an energy determined to bring us together, we could do anything. Maybe everything. All it takes is the belief that we are all people in the race of humankind.

Or would you label that too idealistic?



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VTC Report... *continued from page 4*

Council fully rejects the City Council's proposal at this time, to exclude Venice from the Coastal Permit Process based on the fact that the Preliminary Plan has no legal status. This motion was seconded and carried by a small majority.

The other main topic of the evening concerned possible Rent Control measures. Denny Zane, from Santa Monica's Renters Rights Initiative, told the V.T.C. of progress within Santa Monica. The initiative proposing Rent Control has gained sufficient signatures to go on the April municipal ballot, and the Renters Rights Initiative is actively campaigning to insure success this time. From a recent telephone survey within Santa Monica, 70% of renters are now in favor of some form of rent control. Many members of the VTC felt that Venice should ally itself with the struggle for rent control in Santa Monica both because of its geographical proximity and historical ties, and because victory in Santa Monica would set a statewide precedent which could later be used as a lever in the fight for rent control in L.A. A motion was passed suggesting that V.T.C. should approach the Fox Venice about V.T.C. organizing a benefit there for the Rent Control campaign.

Secondly, Richard Purdy of the California Housing and Information Network (CHAIN), described his group's campaign to act as a lobby group countering the real estate/landlord lobby in Sacramento. Locally, CHAIN is pressuring the L.A. City Council to put forward a rent control ordinance when the present rent freeze runs out on March 31st, 1979. Two of the three members of the City Council Housing Committee Wachs and Bernardi, favor some kind of rent control but would be in a minority amongst a full line up of City Council members. (surprise, surprise)

At a request for V.T.C. support, a motion was carried that the Town Council officially endorse the principle of rent control that CHAIN is organizing. Beyond this support, the feeling of the meeting appeared to be that the Town Council must concentrate its energies and participate more effectively in the Santa Monica campaign.

The last topic of mention was an emergency issue put forward by George Smith of Beyond Baroque. Just in the previous week Beyond Baroque had been informed that the L.A. School Board Staff are advocating the demolition of Westminster School Auditorium. This had come as a bomb shell to Beyond Baroque, who were in the midst of negotiations for a 10 year lease of the Auditorium and other buildings at the Westminster School. The VTC unanimously agreed to write to the School Board expressing our adamant opposition to the plans to demolish the Auditorium, a building listed as a recognized historical landmark by L.A. City's Cultural Heritage Board. Secondly, that the Town Council recommend that a non-profit, community oriented organization with an advisory board composed of local residents, such as Beyond Baroque, be granted a lease on the building.

The next meeting of the Venice Town Council is on January 17, 1979. We encourage you to attend these meetings. Anyone who lives in Venice is entitled to vote. If you want to feel part of Venice, if you want to protect Venice as we know it, get involved. Attending V.T.C. is a good way to start. ♦

## Bob Goldman

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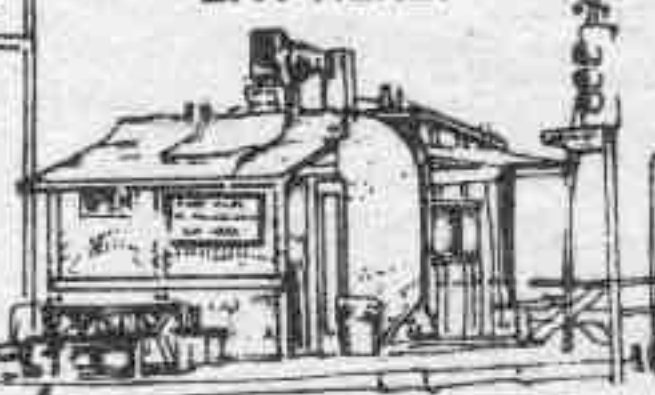
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Thurs Jan 18, 8 pm.

Poetry of L. Spingarn and B. Galtman.

Sat. Jan 20 2-4 pm. Author reception for Lesley Saar who will discuss her book *Yolanda and the Strange Objects*.

Thurs Jan 25 8 pm. R. Blasing will read from new works in progress as well as from works of Nazim Hikmet, the great Turkish poet. Also Patricia Giggans will read.

Thurs Feb 1 8 pm.

Russian poet Lev Mak will read for first time on West coast.

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Sat. Jan 6 1-4 Gallery opening, reception, work by Richard Lubrich. Paintings, serigraphs, and mixed media. Thru the 27th.

Fri. Jan 12 8 pm. Poetry of Ameen Alwan.

Sat. Jan 13, 7:30. Recital of Renaissance and Baroque music. M. Chatfield, cello, D. Brown, Harpsichord, L.v. Antwerp, viola da gamba.

Fri. Jan 19 8 pm. Poetry of Iva Turner.

Fri., Jan 26 8 pm. James Krusoe, Publication party for 'Small Pianos'.

Fri. Feb 2 8 pm. Poetry of Eloise Healy.

Sat. Feb 3 1-4 pm. Exhibition, painting and mixed media by Carl Michel. Thru Feb.

## POETRY

Mon. Jan. 22, 8:00pm Poetry of Frank T. Rios & Larry Lake. (The Gas House Tradition Lives.) Sandpiper Books, 1520 W. Washington Blvd. 396-7600

## ART

### GALLERIE CLAUDE SENOUF

A group show of basically Los Angeles artists. Through Jan 7th. Richard Miller, A. Rifkin, A. Vivian, J. Zieger, J. Branes, J. Fay, C. Peterson F. Sutton, R.B. Mock. The show represents a look at the new attitudes towards color, humor, directness and intuitive insight, that are appearing in the works of young artists nationwide. 11 am to 5 pm, Tuesday thru Saturdays. Gallerie Claude Senouf, 35 Market St. Venice, info 392-6324.

### SPARC CLASSES

Sculpture - Anette Garcia  
Sign Language - Ken Gahr.  
Painting/Drawing sessions. Live models.  
SPARC 685 Venice Blvd. Info 822-9560

## COMMUNITY

### RELAX A FRIEND CLASS

Wed. Jan 3 8 pm. Facial & Scalp Massage.  
Wed. Jan 10 8 pm. Back massage.  
Wed. Jan 17 8 pm. Length of Body massage.  
Wed. Jan 24 8 pm. Whole Body massage.  
Wed. Jan 31 8 pm. Intro to Acupressure.  
By Bob Andrews, licensed masseur. Fee call 396-9305.

### SINGLETARIANS

Sundays, 8:00pm., Unitarian Community Church 1260 18th St. at Arizona Ave., Santa Monica  
Members \$1; Guests \$2. 837-9023  
Jan. 7: Life Transformation & Healing.  
Charlotte Colorado, therapist.  
Jan. 14: Rejection. Ruth Brice, M.A. counselor  
Jan. 28: Body Dynamics & Stress Reduction.  
Liz Bell, music & dance therapist.  
Folkdancing 7:30 Sundays, before program.  
FRI. Jan. 19: Folkdance evening. Small charge.  
Wed. Jan 17: 8 -10pm book review  
1915 Glendon, W. L. A. 479-3183

## music

### CONCERT OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

Concert produced by the Independent Composers Association, a group of young progressive composers. Works by D. Drummond, R. Amromin, F. Zappa, J. Greenwald, L. Vierk, J. Bergamo and R. Jacobs. Donation \$3. Friday, Jan. 19, 8 pm. Schoenberg Institute, USC 838-3893.

## film

### FREE FILM ON MEXICAN ART

Films on Mexican muralists David Siqueiros, Diego Rivera, and Orozco will be presented on Jan. 12 at 8 pm at the Social and Public Art Resource Center, 685 Venice Blvd. Also scheduled is a short film about the longest mural in the world. For info call 822-9560

Jan. 21: Bali--The Ways of Paradise. Slide show with Saul Locks, world traveller.

## DANCE

### I.D.E.A. CO. EVENTS

Jan 7-12. Donna Henes - Documentation of the Great Lakes Great Circle Continuous Ritual Transformation cycle. Photo by S. Jenkins

Jan 14-27. S. Granach - photographs art performance series: \$3 donation

Jan 7. Amulet Mandala 8 pm. a ceremony of cosmic connectivity from the Spider Woman Series of ritual transformations.

Jan. 28 8 pm. Doors of Perception - synesthesia Poetry, painting, music, sculpture, photography. Works by L. A. and S. F. artists S. Nachmanovitch, Vijali, A. Cleveland, G. Y. Hirsch.

Idea Co. 522 Santa Monica Blvd. info 395-0456

## WOMEN

### HEALTH CLASSES FOR WOMEN

Mon Jan 8 7-9. Self Defense

Betty Brooks (S. Cal Rape Hotline, instr. CSULB) can tap any woman's strength. How to turn fear into anger, a scream into a yell.

Mon Jan 15 7-9 Nutrition

Susan Epstein, nutritionist at Mrs. Gooch's, will discuss how to maintain a healthy diet by getting back to basics.

Mon Jan 22 7-9. Natural Health thru Polarity lecture and demo by Shannon Sobel. Wear comfortable clothes for exercise and body reading.

Mon. Jan 29 7-9. Herbs

Gail McDonald will share her knowledge of local and common herb, how to find and prepare them.

WESTSIDE WOMEN'S CLINIC 1711 Ocean Park Blvd. Santa Monica. info. 450-2191

I will buy back the original Free Venice! green da-glo buttons at their original price. John Haag 396-1488  
noon-midnite

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CHINESE NEW YEAR'S

**DANCE**



**JAN 27 830P**

**CHURCH IN OCEAN PARK**  
235 Hill St. INFO 392-2715

A benefit for renters rights:  
tix at Midnight Special Books  
in Venice & the Bookshop in Ocean Park.

**LIVE MUSIC**

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