



FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

BEACHHEAD



FREE

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"Renaissance" Gasses Venice

Karma, Kapitalism and Korrruption

This document contains information of a secondary nature dealing with sewers, dumps, toxics and the environment. It may also contain bibliography.

KAPITALISM, KARMA, AND THE EDISON CO.

Beachhead readers must have heard about the toxic dumpsite near Rose and Main where Chiatt Day, a large and prestigious image seller (advertising Co.) has a permit to build its national headquarters so, as it says, to be part of the "Venice Renaissance". The front of its headquarters will sport a large pair of binoculars, perhaps pointed down towards the earth, looking for earthworms or a source of pollution, perhaps looking up following the toxic gases released from the site by construction.

Lots of people are into rebirth. Take architect Frank Gehry who designed the building and uses his name to promote the Renaissance. What is being reborn here? Was Venice ever anything like their plans suggest? And of course not to forget Michael Dieden, the latest developers helper, trained in Tom Hayden's school of community organizing. He appears to be another champion of rebirth. He and Chiatt Day were so concerned about re-birth that they successfully messaged representatives of state and local government to insure that no public hearings on the discovered toxic site were held.

What does Renaissance mean here? It means that Chiatt Day concluded that Renaissance was a better sell than sterile sounding 'progress' or the great line about 'it will produce more jobs for the

community. It means that the developers may have cleaned up the site, and should be allowed to build a building twice as large as what would be permitted under Proposition U, the limited commercial growth initiative supported by most Venice voters at the last election. So Renaissance means doubling their money, theirs, not yours.

It also means exasperating our traffic congestion at Main and Rose. It means more congestion, noise, air pollution, a deterioration of the quality of life all over Venice because the developers, many represented by Mr. Dieden, are proposing to build other projects which are just as intense. It means the rebirth of pollution in another guise. All these guys talk about Renaissance, how proud they are to be part of it.

'KKK' k-k-continued on Page 10.

rapping it up

candidate confesses #2

by Carol Fondiller

I know you're thinking: "Oh, Goddess, is she going to bore us to death with yet more campaign stories?" Yes, yes, yes! I want you to know that I scored zilch with one exception on the God-Squad Candidate's Scoreboard: I got a call from an organization calling itself "Women For." I was asked a lot of questions about abortions, pro or con; ERA, and sexual preference. It turned out to be an organization called Candidates Biblical Scoreboard. According to them I'm a handmaiden of the Belial. The scorers were pro-Apartheid, did not trust women to make up their own minds (anti-choice, anti-ERA); did not trust parents to deal with their children's religion or lack of it (pro-school prayer), and were for the spread of disease through ignorance (anti-school sex education). I wasn't sure about having a waiter who had AIDS serve me - hey, I know what the AMA has said, but the medical profession used to tell me that my menstrual cramps were all in my mind, and now they come out with PMS. Excuse me, but sometimes the medical establishment doesn't know my ass from a hole in the ground. Anyway, that was my undecided vote.

Will I run again? Only if I can get more snazzy teeshirts, maybe.

I was amazed that I got two thousand-plus votes. But I didn't get them; it wasn't a popularity contest. It was for what P&F stood for. I was touched when people, acquaintances, came up to me in the line at Boy's Market or in the cymbidium supply store, and said to me: "I voted for you." I was embarrassed with pleasure when people I didn't know would come up to me and tell me that they voted for me. And thank you, "Cher," from Gurneyville; thank you, Terry Vestal, Ed Mendelsohn, Jim Sommer, Martha Kaplan, and many, many others who took me and the democratic process seriously enough to help me and to cast their votes for an alternative party because they believe in its principles and participatory democracy enough to keep P&F on the ballot.

statue of imitations

I was going to save this story for an article that I am still going to write on the state of disrepair of the benches on Ocean Front Walk. I've been "going to do" this article ever since April. My fellow collectivites sigh their collective sigh, every time I've brought up the topic. But the connection, the parallels, are

just too good to pass up for another story. At the corner of Sunset and Ocean Front Walk stands a pagoda - sort of. In pre-Prop 13 days the pagodas, benches, etc. used to be repaired by the City. The County of Los Angeles took over the maintenance of the pagodas and the benches - at least, that is what the County was supposed to do. In reality, the County has made no provisions for the repair of the pagodas or the benches, hoping to let them sink into decay so that after awhile one of the last free places for people to sit will no longer be available. The pagoda at Sunset and OFW had not been repaired for years. The people who used the pagodas consistently and who still use them, were not the future inhabitants of the croissanteries that could afford Brie 'n' Chablis. Meanwhile, directly east of OFW, and across from the pagoda in question, is a large white old wooden house and a series of red brick apartment units surrounding a court. The operable word for both properties is "quaint." Both properties are referred to as "the Frank Property" by the locals. Mr. Frank died, and the properties were bought by Steve Blanchard, who started renovation of his properties immediately. Well, he didn't spend a million bucks for nothin' and the old house and apartment units definitely needed shoring up. Meanwhile, the pagoda people were doing some renovations of their own. They painted the pagoda with coats of many colors, with paints and equipment they scrounged, mooched and trashed. The pagoda people did not have money for matching paints, so they made do and their paint protected the wooden frame from further erosion and damage. Slogans and images with significance only to the painters covered the pagoda. They might have gotten a bit carried away, but it was better than what the County did, which was Nothing.

Blessed Winter Solstice To All



correction: What About the Sculpture Gardens?

In November's Beachhead in an article titled "What About the Sculpture Gardens?" by Diane Nickerson, the Beachhead may have inadvertently given its readers some incorrect impressions.

First, the Beachhead was incorrect to imply that the owner, Dr. Jerome Rowitch, did not participate in the creation and operation of the Sculpture Gardens. We have learned that Dr. Rowitch participated in the concept, design, construction and operation of the Sculpture Gardens.

The Beachhead did not intend to imply that Dr. Rowitch's trip to Europe shortly after the Sculpture Garden's opening showed his lack of interest in the Sculpture Gardens. Dr. Rowitch has informed us he attended the graduation of his son during his trip.

--The Beachhead Collective. ●

("rapping" continued to page 10)

To BEACHHEAD Readers:

My last article "The Unmaking of a Candidate" produced more controversy and feedback than I've ever gotten for one article in five years on the BEACHHEAD. Comments to me ranged from mean spirited to divisive to not going far enough. One of the mildest reactions came from the person I wrote about, Patrick McCartney. He philosophically noted that if he was to be a public figure, he'd have to get used to articles that were negative. 'Course I did hurt his feelings by calling him an opportunist. However, I believe every politician, especially the successful ones, are opportunists.

Criticism was severe from some members within the BEACHHEAD collective I won't try to explain their reasons but I can explain mine. I felt it was incumbent upon the Beachhead to criticize its own membership because we on the Collective have a forum and a privileged position in the community which other non-Beachhead or former Beachhead members do not have. My ~~other~~ article was not written from spite or hatred for Patrick, because I like Patrick, but I felt a matter of integrity was involved. The Beachhead's integrity

is only as valid as its ability to criticize without regard to who a person is or what they do. Public criticism of Collective members by other Collective members is extreme but not unknown on this paper and again, privilege vs. the integrity of the paper is the issue. Basically, Patrick and I agree on more issues than we disagree on but again the correct line isn't the issue.

Some people outside the community or outside of the "In Crowd" didn't understand what I was talking about. This is unfortunate but in my attempt to not name names, I wrote what one collective member termed a "gossipy" piece. For those not in the know, Venice will probably produce one or more strong candidates to oppose City Councilwoman Pat Russell in next Spring's election. I was trying to allude to not

only Mr. McCartney's political machinations but those going on around him. Venice has gotten the short end of the stick from Ms. Russell for many years and there are many earnest and dedicated people trying to get someone more responsive than she onto the Los Angeles City Council from our district. But it isn't going to be easy and therefore people are very serious about what they're doing and the commitments that they are or are not making.

Which leads me to a final point. I was criticized for making the same mistake Patrick made, i.e., writing about people that didn't want to be written about. I have been told repeatedly that some remarks I shared with readers were in the "strictest confidence". I don't remember any of several people telling me anything about remarks they made being in confidence, strict or otherwise. A mistake I made was assuming people talk to me "on the record" as opposed to airing their personal grievances. I thought my only prohibition was to not name names, which I didn't but look what it got me. So I tried to shed a little light on what was and continues to be, a secret process. The selection of the correct candidate by a group unknown to the outside world.

Being a Memphian and having grown up with tales about Boss Crump, the mayor whose machine was the blueprint for the Long dynasty in Louisiana and the Daley machine in Chicago, I find that secret groups selecting the right candidate for "the people" smacks of the old smoke-filled room in politics that most of us have learned to hate.

I guess some folks think that if they meet in a well-healed locals' living room and select a person who has the right beliefs and credentials, then what they're doing is OK.

Elites selecting the right candidates for "we the voters" is one of the things that's wrong with our republican system. A person's beliefs on the issues isn't the only criteria for a good candidate. No one or no one group is above light in the backroom.

Whatever Patrick McCartney has or has not done, he has done most of it in the public eye. For this he deserves our thanks if not our support.

memphis slim



Dear Beachhead,
Why did you publish such a mean article, "The Unmaking of a Candidate" in the Nov. issue? Such articles lessen credibility on the other articles you publish. There's a difference between sharp criticism and jealousy. Maybe "Memphis Slim" should learn the difference. Is he jealous of McCartney? At least McCartney has the courage to stand up for what he believes in, and goes to meetings and works hard enough to get elected to the V.T.T., etc., etc. while all "Slim" can do is steal a pool hustler's nick name. But mostly I'm disappointed in the Beachhead in allowing a staff member the license to start personal attacks on a member of the community. Not even attacks on developers have been as nasty and as unintelligible as this article. The only thing I could understand was that the Beachhead, a community paper was used by a staff member to settle a grudge on another staff member. The BEACHHEAD has always been biased but fair. I hope you keep it that way.

Rosario Fuertes

memphis slim responds:

Dear Rosario:

The name memphis slim (all lower case letters) was given to me over a decade ago by a former Disc Jockey at an all Black radio station in Jackson, Tenn. THE Memphis Slim as you spell it is a Blues musician who has lived in Paris for over 40 years because he doesn't like American racism. I have to assume the "pool player" you refer to is the famous "Minnesota Fats".

Dear Editor:

We're having a big event on Nov. 4, election day. The Boston Tea Party was an act of defiance. Americans were being over-taxed, and overlooked. So they threw the British tea into the sea. Now we of Humboldt are having a Boston Pee Party at the EPIC office.

Since the president is so interested in urine, we are starting a movement to express our defiance and disapproval. We will be sending Ronnie and Nancy urine specimens to inspect, analyze, and keep for a gift.

Certainly the administration has made it clear that they are obsessed with gathering all the urine they can. Soon people all over the nation will be sending bottles of defiance. People will be having Boston Pee Parties all over the country. When several million bottles of sample urine flood the White House...the message will be clear. Americans don't want prohibition, or a war on drugs.

Help for drug abuse is needed. You don't punish someone who has a medical problem. You treat their case with compassion, and without stigmatic condemnation.

We declare the Reagan Administration null and void and impeached. We are already setting up the alternative government. Freedom and privacy is the mark of a really advanced democratic society.

Come and pee in. This is a letter to leak the information of the first of many Boston Pee Parties.

Dau

Dear Beachhead (Pass it on! as they said in grade school, though I'm not sure that's the right level):

Kelly, HONEY, why don't you take the time to check your spelling, syntax and lexicon before you dive into the male primal seas you seem so fond of (the nature of MAN, God and MAN, white MAN's trip, MAN is one race)? You'll be so busy that no more than one foot will be in the mouth at one time and the deadline will hit you before another "mink and diamonds" outrage can surface from your subconscious.

Yours, BIG BOY,

L.S.W.

FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

Kelly Hall, Memphis Slim, Kathy Sullivan, Carol Fondiller, Jim Prickett, Miriam Goodwin, Kate Keeling, Diane Nickerson, Patrick McCartney and Victor Wightman.

Thanks to Stephen Clare.

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

Dear Editor, Unedifying edifice

A skyscraper-museum should be built as a monument to the dispassionate 80's. Call it: "Trivia Tower." Anyone serious, who enters, does so at risk! Welcome! You will learn nothing and remember less! Enjoy, anyway! Sincerely,

Joseph P. Krengel

p.s. Leave roller-skates outside, please.



"LETTERS" Continued on Page 11

Why I am Not a Patriot

...the unforeseen synthesis.

by PATRICK McCARTNEY

When the 1984 Olympics visited Los Angeles I went through a special restlessness of loyalty. The TV trucks parked in front of my apartment and beamed to the world my favorite view of the Santa Monica Mountains rising above the mirrored Bay.

But for each scene that touched my sense of hometown pride, the American Broadcast Company--the outfit soon to bring us the Russky-bashing miniseries Amerika--broadcast hours of chauvinist twaddle. After a week's montage of victorious Yank athletes wrapped in stars and stripes, puffed up by gushy announcers, I looked at the show more from the point-of-view of an African or European. I was embarrassed for the hundred or more countries forced to wade through the vain-glorious narcissism spewed out by ABC.

Feeling alienated from the prevailing dogma is a talent I nursed through 18 years of Catholic schooling and a childhood spent in a home so conservative that Life magazine was viewed as vaguely pinko. I was 25 years old before it dawned on me that Martin Luther had been as "right" as my own religion. But I had already realized that Christianity's popularity was in a sense a historical accident; that it was merely the religion of the world's most recent conquerors.

Similarly I have wandered away from the political beliefs of my childhood, following countless twists and turns along the way as I've developed my own fuzzy intellectual beliefs. What follows is an egghead's pilgrimage from a sheltered youth, through the many hues of political attitude, to an adult belief that truth--or the correct line--may not be so easy to grasp.

First, the confession. I remember John Birch Society meetings in my parents' living room when I was young. We lived in a white-bread foothill suburb, La Canada, where one black family was rumored to live. I campaigned for Goldwater in 1964 during high school.

The conservative ethic clung to La Canada as naturally as the biting smog which backed up against the mountains. (That's why I often refer to the town now as Aryan Heights.) The typical La Canadian was an executive downtown or an engineer at the nearby Jet Propulsion Laboratory.

For most, the American Dream was fulfilled--sorority wife now active in the Junior League, two or three blond freckled kiddies and a shake-roofed ranchhouse home on a tree-lined avenue an hour's drive from the working-class rabble.

Oh, there were hints of an outside world. When California citizens proposed a fair-housing initiative in 1964, the assistant parish priest preached in support of it. Dozens of parishioners stood up and walked out. My own parents said, "Well, we wouldn't object to selling our house to one of Them, but mind you, if our neighbors asked us not to sell to a colored family we should have the right to not offend our neighbor." That was my family. No red-necked "nigger" or "greaser" talk in my home. My folks may have been rock-ribbed conservatives but they didn't see themselves as prejudiced.

I left my hometown for college, living not much more than a hundred miles to the south. It may as well have been a hundred light years. The year was 1966. The Civil Rights struggle was capturing headlines and time on the television news. The Vietnam War was crowding out the Fifties complacency I was nurtured on. Tossed into the political salad also were the ingredients of the youth rebellion--the invasion of British rock-and-roll and the increasing popularity of marijuana and the psychedelic drugs. LSD was legal then.

The sleepy Catholic university I attended was no different than other small liberal arts schools. Even there the Vietnam War penetrated the dim social consciousness. Then, in the course of an incandescent year or two, the political and social ingredients coalesced and hit the fan. It was the Hippie Years. A

"Christianity's popularity was in a sense a historical accident;... it was merely the religion of the world's most recent conquerors."

generation of students were radicalized by Vietnam, the Chicago riots, Black Panthers, pot, LSD, MDA and the pharmacopia of dissident youth.

I was in the thick of it. I grew my hair long, smoked pot and popped pills of varying effect. When the anti-war fervor peaked, I sat with the others to block streets and spoke at the rallies. When I returned home on holidays my parents and I bristled with distrust and anger. For the first time I realized the American Dream was built on the backs of exploited minorities and Third World countries.

Perhaps since I came from a naive background I was never the political leader. I remained somewhat on the periphery, while friends were more adamant

or knowledgeable or sometimes both. One friend I've mentioned before, Paul, went the whole nine yards. First was the war resistance, then Students for a Democratic Society. As his commitment deepened, Paul's ideology hardened and purified. Step by step he sought out the center of ideology, ending up in splinter Maoist groups so secretive that he and his wife shared information only on a "need-to-know basis" and FBI agents came to interview his neighbors.

After years of alienation from my own family, I returned to Los Angeles a typical prodigal son--callow but defiant. Like my father I found a job in the civil service bureaucracy, and lost myself in a quiet backwater.

The Vietnam War ended. My life slowly normalized and my beliefs became shaped more by reading than by action. At an age when many of my friends were marrying, spawning children and returning to church, I did not. Pugnacious to orthodoxy, I nevertheless travelled the same road of adjustment to society. At one point--maybe I'd been reading Sydney Hook--I realized that the textbook Marxism I instinctively believed was incomplete. In a blaze of insight I realized that there was a value to individual freedom--the right to do exactly as you please in life.

My political maturation reached a crossroads. Stretching out in one direction was the path of bourgeois conformity leading to the American Dream. Its yellow brick road was lit by a bright sun that looked for all the world like a happy face.

Down the other path was a murky trail marked by dissidence and idealism, its direction obscured by the dappled light from a moon that seemed to resemble the stern, carbunclad face of Karl Marx.

I lingered at the crossroads, unwilling to commit myself to one path or the other. The three-stage description of social progress given by Hegel came to mind. The American Dream--the status quo--represented Hegel's Thesis. The march of history--the forces of Marxist reform--seemed to resemble his Antithesis. Where on earth was an acceptable Synthesis?

All around me friends and countries had chosen sides. Either America was the rotten core of evil or the Eastern communist countries were.

But the contradictions overwhelmed me. My friend Paul--who rallied workers to the side of Mao--changed his name to Pablo to better relate to the immigrant labor he toiled among. After an injury prevented him from pursuing blue collar jobs, he worked for a time for a business started by his brothers, a comic book production and distribution company.



Pablo learned to program the company's computer and with his customary thoroughness soon was indispensable. Pablo gave the comic book company his all. At one point he came to be in charge of employee discipline and obtained a time clock for the growing workforce to use. So identified with his brothers' business had Pablo become that he proposed a typically Draconian tardiness policy. "I told the workers that if they were more than 15 minutes late not to bother to show up at all." I had to tell him that was illegal.

The paradox of Pablo the Maoist becoming--temporarily--the Management Stooge was more than amusing. Here was a blatantly free-enterprise business--what could be more capitalist than escapist comic books? But because it was for his family Pablo could somehow skip over his everyday ideology and identify. Was that on some level a justification for economic freedom, passing the Pablo Purity Test?

Yet I never lost sight of the cost of unfettered freedom of competitive enterprise. The ultimate freedom to wheel and deal leads to slavery. Or to a Third World full of banana republics where the many are exploited by the few. Or to a wealthy society where millions have given up looking for work, millions go without health care and live in segregated ghettos where the neighborhood gangs account for more killings than the Vietcong ever did.

I kept returning to the ultimate dilemma. Is it better to give up personal freedom for the highest good for the greatest number? Or better to allow economic anarchy at the cost of the lives of millions? Were those the only choices?

We live in a world that still has a thousand distinct cultures--down from ten thousand a mere century ago. The winnowing down of choices is undeniable.

Over a period of years I came to realize that neither the East nor the West

had the whole answer. Indeed, the rigid communist countries and the freewheeling capitalist countries have grown to need each other as a moral challenge to their own legitimacy. The West--Reagan aside--is inexorably moving towards the economic justice of the East, and the East is just as surely moving towards the economic and personal freedoms of the West.

Most of my friends eventually chose one of Hegel's paths or the other. They are either staunch defenders of today's Thesis or vigorous soldiers for the forces of the Antithesis. Me--I put my faith in the Unforeseen Synthesis. ■



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Bits 'n' Pieces

Boston Pee Party

Dear Editor:

A Garberville group calling itself the "Boston P Party" will be collecting what they call "symbolic specimens" and sending them to the White House this Tuesday, Nov. 4, (Election Day) at 6 p.m.

The event will take place at the Southern Humboldt Action Center (SHAC) whose entrance is at the driveway to the right of Wild Horse Records.

Along with the P Party there will be an Earth First! Roadshow performing poetry and song, and an alternative election where voters can vote for candidates based on their stand on urinalysis testing.

The event will be videotaped by a mock news-team (anchorman Dan Bladder). Admission is \$2-\$5 or as the Boston P Party's founding father I.P. Freely says, "Give 'til it hurts."

Darryl Cherney

Reprinted from the Redwood City Register



Botanist Makes Amazing Discovery
by Hamilton James
A False Story

Using a secret gene splicing technique, a pot smoking scientist, respected for his work in mating elephants and rhinoceroses, has discovered a way of combining marijuana with other plants. The end result is that in the future you will be able to smoke oak leaves, and still get the same high as a person currently gets from the marijuana leaf. The effects on law enforcement have yet to be determined. The rumor in Washington though, is that Ed Meese and his merry men are planning to bomb the whole country with agent Orange. "It worked in Vietnam, it will work here", Meese is quoted as saying.

The Pope informed the Cardinals that Jesus Christ had just phoned him and he was back on Earth. The trouble was that the call was from Salt Lake City.

Speaking of the drug war and the grandiose idea of "interdiction", otherwise known as cut 'em off at the pass boys. Supposed to stop the drugs from getting here. Sounds good. Out go the interdictors and the media shows lots of pictures of bales of marijuana, etc. that were confiscated. Big dollar figures are mentioned.

Since grass is a bulky product and easy to catch, any smart operator realizes a change is in order if he wants to stay in business. The switch is on to cocaine. More compact, much more profitable and much more harmful to society.

Final result! We stop the grass which is less harmful than all the booze we drink and replace it with cocaine. To achieve this we spend a fortune in taxes on "attempts" at enforcement and jails at \$20,000 per year per prisoner. More taxes to help addicts break the habit. Of course it has been a boon to hospitals who have been stuck with a lot of empty beds (if you can afford the price). Only the affluent need apply. Catch 22 Just in case you hadn't noticed, all the efforts to cut off drug supplies have failed.

Have you heard about "designer" drugs? Fentanyl, 100 times as powerful as morphine and 20 times stronger than heroin. Sufentanyl and lofentanyl are 2000 to 6000 times stronger than morphine. Cheap to make and with readily available materials.

With profits so great punitive measures have limited effectiveness. You might start thinking about this as a medical problem and try education (not the old horror movies) and rehabilitation. All societies have used something to numb the stress of everyday life. You might ask yourself why this society carries it to such extremes.

In the second stage of an extraordinary project between American and Soviet scientists, a group of Soviet seismologists arrived here recently and, despite roadblocks placed by the Reagan administration, began selecting three sites for monitoring underground nuclear explosions in the United States.

The Soviet-American team has nearly completed the project's first stage, the installation by American scientists of highly advanced detectors at three sites close to the Soviet Union's major nuclear testing ground. These detectors are located inside the Soviet Union.

ZONING ALERT!

In an attempt to circumvent decisions by Zoning, Planning and the Coastal Commission which have gone against him, a developer who has given us trouble before is maneuvering to get an exemption from the Venice Community Plan for the area bounded by Ocean Front Walk, Dudley, Sunset and Speedway. If this exemption is granted the two blocks would be zoned commercial whereas the Community Plan calls for medium density residential use.

If you don't want these two blocks to become wall-to-wall schlock (just look at Ocean Front Walk at Windward and the Venice Pavilion), send your objections to: City Planning Commission Rm. 561 City Hall, 200 N. Spring St., L.A., 90012. Refer to City Plan Case No. 14311, District 6.

To support residential zoning and oppose commercialization, bring up: lack of parking; greatly increased pollution, noise and litter; need for housing especially low-income and senior citizen housing (in fact destruction of present housing would be involved); adverse impact on public access to the beach; cumulative impact of land use intensification; negative environmental impact; destruction of the Venice Historical preservation and Mixed Use Subarea; lack of vehicular access and consequent encouragement of illegal traffic and parking and private enrichment to the detriment of public use and enjoyment of the California coastline which belongs to all of us.


"At any given moment there is a sort of all-prevailing orthodoxy, a general tacit agreement not to discuss some large and uncomfortable fact."

George Orwell

This was sparked by Orwell's belief that the 20th century press does not adequately represent all shades of opinion.

Why don't you write to the Beachhead or for the Beachhead? Are we so perfect that you agree with all the articles? Can't you get pissed off about anything or are you all just vegetating?

Geriatric Jack



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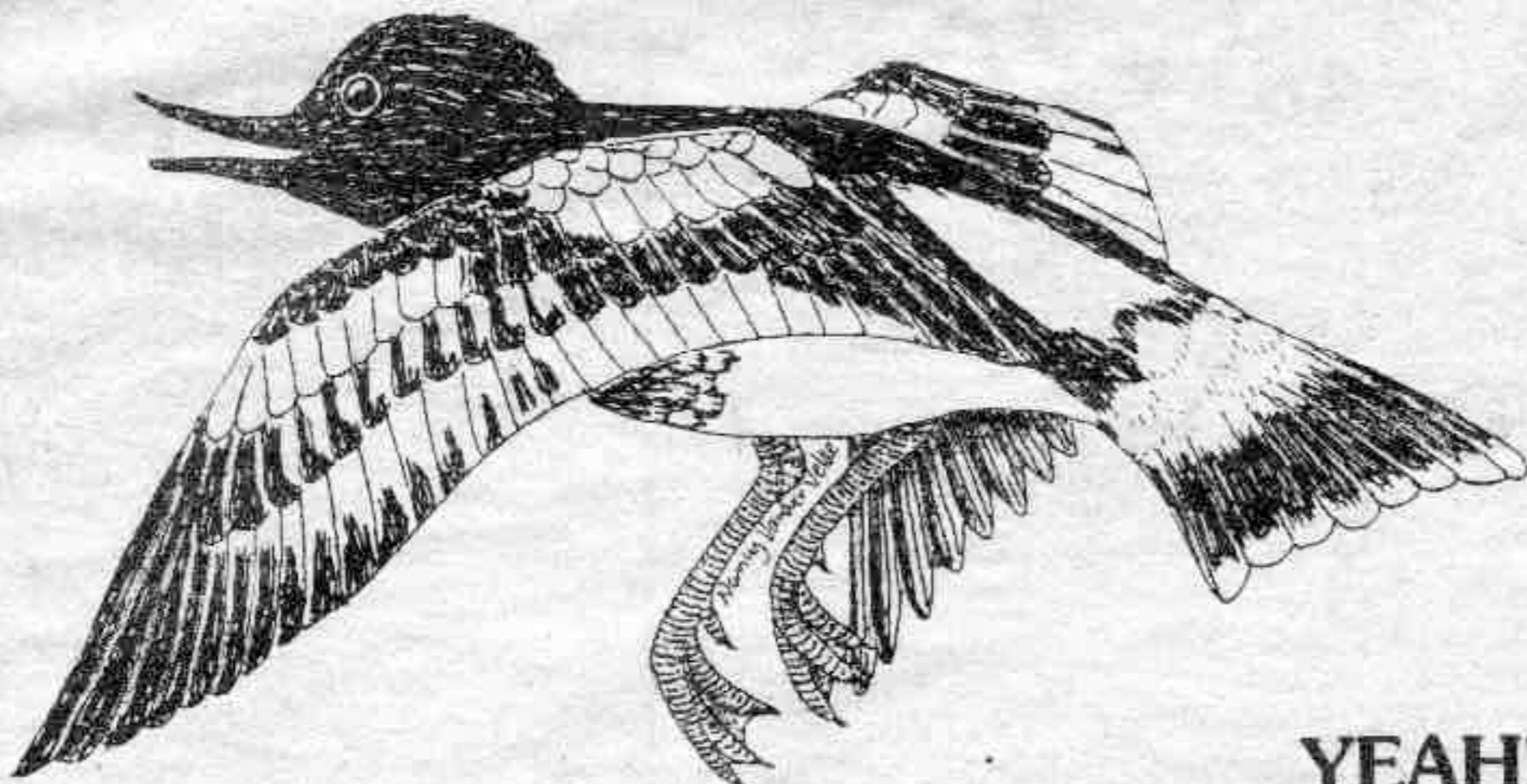
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U and You

by Geriatric Jack

Proposition U was voted in by a large margin. We told the politicians to slow down growth in L.A. Don't sit back just because Prop U has passed. It has loopholes; inadequate funding and lax enforcement could undo it.

Councilwoman Russell talks about L.A. becoming "the Pacific Rim's business capital" and "guarding the quality of life of our citizens". Grandiose? How about a little paving of the streets in her district? She has been in office since 1969.

What's to be done? The State of California has told L.A. to get zoning straightened out. The process has begun, but only organized effort by Venice residents will have some impact. Don't be cynical. Once upon a time a parking lot was planned at the R.T.D. bus garage on Main Street. Present recommendations call for low density housing if and when the bus garage moves out. This did not happen by itself. It took the organized effort of the Little Main Street Committee of residents and the Venice Town Council.

Who should be involved?

Tenants-The speculators would love to replace you with higher rent commercial or luxury housing. Rent control affords you some protection so you can live at the beach. There is a proposal to tear down five residences in the 200 block of Market St. which has 7 adults and 3 minors residing there. Need I say more?

Oakwood residents-Do you really want a freeway in your area or whatever else the speculators can cook up to drive you out?

Santa Monicans-Together we can fight airport noise and the increased density which will bring traffic and pollution.

Venice resident homeowners-Do you want or does Venice need a four story office building on W. Washington or a 60 foot high building on Ocean Front Walk?

The people of L.A.-You are entitled to access to your beach.

Try these on for size. A moratorium on commercial development in the Venice Community Plan area. The existing facilities are adequate. Beach hamburgers taste better. Less smog on them. Office space has gone begging so we don't need that. I call your attention to the Bathhouse on Ocean Front Walk which has had



empty office space for a couple of years. Do what it takes to open up the beach area south of the Venice Pier (otherwise known

**Beach hamburgers taste better.
Less smog in them.**

as the Gold Coast) so that the crowds can be distributed and more people can use the beach. Of course this might mean we have to remove the protector of the Gold Coast, Councilwoman Russell, next spring.

Parking? I knew you'd bring that up. Will I live to see the day the Venice Blvd. median strip is available for parking Councilwoman Russell?

Let's roll Ocean Front Walk back to residential with provisions for housing for low income and the elderly. The commercial operations legally operating would remain.

What do you have in mind?

The following is a list of local groups to work with, places to get information and/or raise hell.

Venice Town Council-meets 2nd Thurs. at 7:30, Venice City Hall. Its Planning and Development Committee has the most expertise. Pat McCartney, Pres. 306-7756

Venice Residents Against Santa Monica Airport Noise Call Allison Argo 396-6774

Venice Historical Society-Preserve redeeming structures. Don Tollefson 392-8395

Venice Civic Union (newly revived) Navy and Ozone residents presently working on their parking problem and use of Prop U to stop 60 foot high building on Ocean Front Walk. Get their newsletter. Tim Reed 392-1229

Sunset Ave. Neighborhood Assoc. has been working to stop illegal conversions from residential to commercial and illegal outdoor vending.

You can always start your own group. The following agencies can be reached at this TOLL FREE 1-800-922-2909 at the L.A. City Hall.

CITY PLANNING-Send 30 stamped and self addressed envelopes to City Planning, Gertrude Kaye, Rm. 651, City Hall, 200 N. Spring St., L.A. 90012 for PUBLIC HEARING Notices for District 6 if you want to know what to oppose or support in this area. They have a civilized staff of ZONING Administrators who hear the initial requests and your presence can make a difference.

BUILDING AND SAFETY- They are supposed

to handle enforcement of zoning violations including electrical and heating hazards for tenants. Very sensitive group who seems to feel threatened when asked to act. Keep pushing.

COUNCILWOMAN RUSSELL- We may have some leverage. She is up for election next spring.

CALIFORNIA COASTAL COMMISSION

Get yourself on their mailing list. When the city is a pushover, Coastal Comm. approval, which is also necessary, can be a stopper. They alternate monthly meetings between Frisco and L.A. You can appear before them or write your objections. 245 West Broadway, Suite 380, Long Beach, Ca. 90802. Tel: 213-590-5071.

A few years ago the residents in the North Beach area of Venice got a roll back in the zoning between Pacific and Speedway from high density to R1.5 which is minimum residential zoning. This was before we could have the help of a Prop U.

Changes can be made! You'll have your own ideas. See you on the barricades!

OOPS! ZANJA COMMITTEE dealing with the Marina Place Project near Washington and Venice Blvd. Anticipated to bring 35,000 additional automobile trips per day. Call Martha Platt 306-8255. •

PFP Shows New Vigor

By Diane Nickerson

The Peace and Freedom Party is feeling energetic and renewed following the November, 1986 elections. The 51 candidates the party fielded this year is the highest number of candidates since it gained ballot status in 1968.

Statewide, Maureen Smith's 3.6% of the vote in the Treasurers' race and Gloria Garcia's 2.1% for Secretary of State assure the PFP continued ballot status for the next four years. The party needed 2% in one statewide race to maintain that status.

Michael Zinzun, PFP candidate for Assembly in the 55th District received 7% of the vote and Elden McFarland, candidate for Congress in the 1st District received 6%. Toni Novak, running for Board of Equalization in District 1, received 5% from a quarter of the State's voters, and Roberto Lovato, running on a Green platform for Board of Equalization in District 2, received 4%.

Locally, our own Carol Berman, running for 44th Assembly District, Tom O'Connor, running for 27th Congressional District, and Abby Kirk, for 22nd Senate District, captured over 2,000 votes apiece. Well done and congratulations!

John Haag, who ran on a Green, ecology-oriented platform, and received 95,716 votes, 1.4% of the total, points out that his own campaign reached well beyond the Party's membership of 43,000 registrants. Haag feels that he reached many voters through newspapers in smaller cities and on campuses, despite a virtual backout of reporting on minor party candidates by T.V., radio, metropolitan newspapers, the wire services and pollsters. He estimates that three out of



four voters who voted for him are not registered PFP and represent his success in reaching voters beyond those who usually vote for PFP candidates.

Haag states, "My votes cost about 3 cents apiece, whereas Gray Davis spent about a dollar for each of his. While my vote total was small, I feel they were votes for my platform. Davis can't say that, because nobody knew what his platform was other than self-promotion.

"My campaign is not over. Although no longer a candidate, I plan to continue to speak out and organize around the issues I raised in my campaign. I will continue to work to involve environmentalists in the Peace and Freedom Party and to make the PFP more like Green parties elsewhere, and like them, more effective in the local arena." •

—Feliz Fiesta—



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Ballot Blues

by Geriatric Jack

Remember the old pickpocket scam? One bumps into you and distracts you while the other is picking your pocket. Same thing happened in this election. The media distracted us with celebrity hoopla about "drugs" but no issue, including that one, was discussed in a rational way.

178,000,000 people of voting age
62,000,000 voted
112,000,000 did not vote
37.3% voted

The lowest turnout since 1942.

Yes, the voters in California did split their tickets. They showed a high degree of mechanical aptitude but a lot of fear and bigotry.

The vote not to limit public employees compensation (good) and then the vote for Prop 62 requiring a two-thirds vote for special taxes, letting one-third of the voters stop what two-thirds want (dumb).

You resisted attempts to work up hysteria over AIDS. (good)

English as the official state language. This is where bigotry really came through. Sure I get irritated at public employees or any one because of language problems. A little patience and lots of intensified, easily available language programs would rectify the problem. I guess you've got to find some way to vent your hostility. Melting pot? Pluralism? Already some Orange County legislator is working up hysterical enforcement.

Prisons and more prisons. I guess you can justify voting for more prisons (third time for hundreds of millions of dollars) because it creates jobs? You forgot about the \$15-20,000 per year it costs to keep someone in jail. Talk about cost effective. Any reasonably sane prison official will tell you that over half the prisoners could be handled out of jail in various ways and a lot cheaper. Non violent types could be earning money to pay back their victims. The conservatives have just

A big hunk of sexism came into play

published a book endorsing what us "bleeding hearts" have been saying for years.

Just a reminder. The United States puts more people in jail for longer periods of time than any other Western nation and yet we have the highest crime and homicide rate.

Prop U to slow down growth in L.A. Good move but we have only just begun. See article in this issue.

Prop V Jobs with Peace was voted down. You got suckered in by aerospace money. All it suggested was that we encourage efforts to become less dependent on military spending for jobs. What the hell. Let's keep on building weapons that we don't need while people go hungry, lack medical care, public services deteriorate, education gets neglected and we fall behind our competitors in world trade because most of our research is in military hardware.

Now for the real topper. The California Supreme Court has done a much better job protecting the rights of individuals (that's you) against big government and big business, way beyond the present U.S. Supreme Court. The voters were given the impression that the court was freeing all those murderers. They are all still in jail. The old pickpocket gambit again. They appealed to our emotions and kept us off balance.

Just look at who kicked in lots of money to get rid of three justices. The real issues were the fact that the Calif. Supreme Court made some effort to keep business and government from running rampant over us. A big hunk of sexism came into play. Too bad some voters can't handle an intelligent woman.

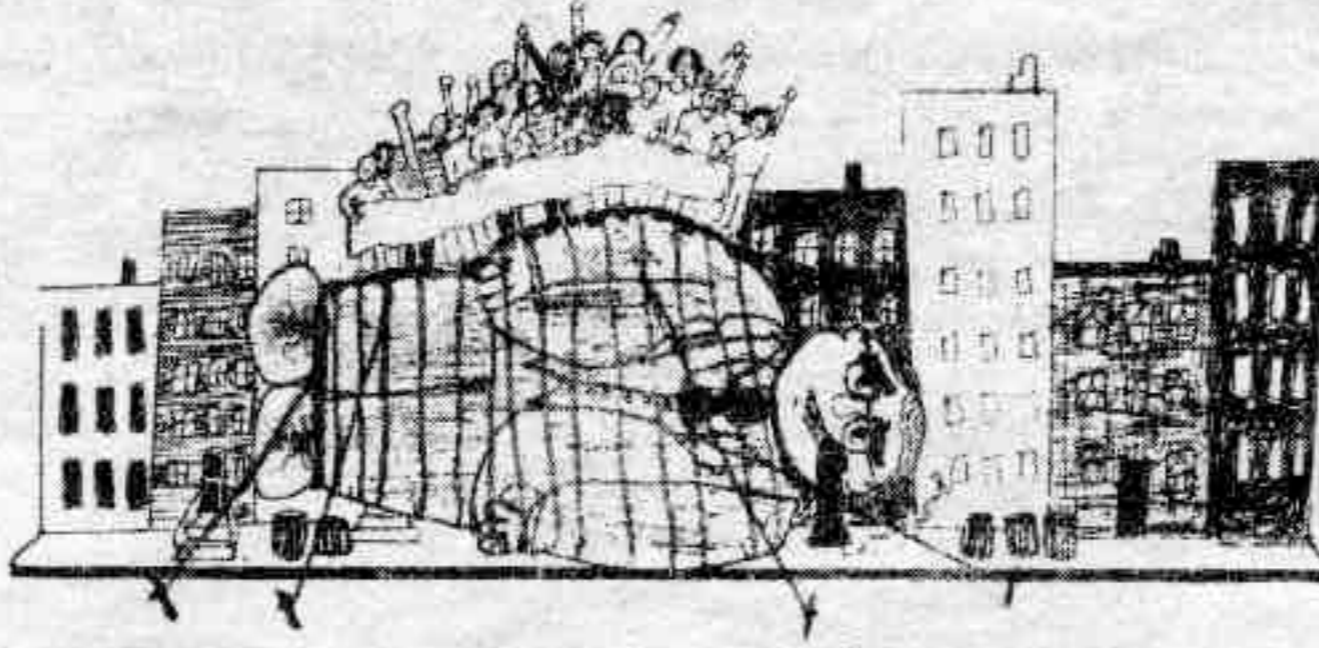
Is Gore Vidal correct when he says we have only one political party with two branches? It is called the party of property. In the U.S. Senate some of the new Democratic Chairman of Committees are more conservative than the Republicans they are replacing. They gotcha again! Me too. ●

Safran Project

Making Prop U Work

The Safran Project for 151-157 Ocean Front Walk is again in the news. Safran was unable to break ground before the election because he did not develop the parking requirements to obtain his State Coastal permit before that date. His plan did not vest and he has expressed his intent, in light of Proposition U, to continue with his present plan of a 5 story 56 unit mixed use project. This may very well be the first test of the application of Prop U to Venice.

The lot is now fenced in and closed to the public. That process began September 1, 1986 when Safran gave notice of closure to monthly and public parking clients intending to break ground at least before the November election. Safran has only himself to blame that he could not do so. He obtained his City Permit in July of 1985 and his State Coastal permit in December of that same



year. In September of 1986, more than 8 months later Safran tried to have the State Permit issued (without which he could not excavate) without first solving the parking requirement difference between the City and State permit. Safran has been dealing with both State and City authorities for seven years now and certainly knew there were differences. He was denied the permit when plans showed only 110 parking spaces instead of the required 144.

The City plan required 110 spaces, permitting a payment to the Venice Parking Fund (which did not exist) in lieu of some of the replacement parking requirement, although Safran still wanted to use mechanical lifts, not approved by the Zoning administration. The state required 144 parking spaces but left how they would be provided up to the City. The Coastal staff stated he would need an amendment to his permit if he would use the Venice Parking Fund since it did not exist.

Safran did not move to see that an appropriate Fund was developed, obtain zoning permission for mechanical lifts, nor seek an amendment to the State Coastal permit. Instead, after having his

plans rejected by the state in September of 1986, he sought for and obtained, with the assistance of his architect, Pat Russell's assistant Kathy Martin, and his attorney, an administrative variance from the head of the Building and Safety department to use 14 mechanical lifts and 20 aisle parking spaces to meet his 144 parking requirements. That decision was appealable to the Zoning Administration within 14 days of 10/9/86 and the State staff would not issue the permit before the appeal time had run.

The Ozone Coalition, an ad hoc committee of residents who remained aggrieved after Navy Estates and Venice Town Council had made their peace with Safran, continued what had been a consistent application of administrative and legal remedies. They appealed the administrative variance to the Zoning Administration whom by law has the right of final decision. The Ozone Coalition alleged, among other things, that the mechanical lifts and Aisle parking were not workable and could satisfy replacement parking.

That appeal, made October 17, 1986, essentially stopped Safran from breaking ground before November 4th and set the stage for dealing with the broader and important issue—the impact of Prop U on the project. The lot, zoned C1.1, is in Height district 1; under Prop U substantially less development will be permitted.

The Zoning Administrator put the appeal of the Ozone Coalition on hold after Safran advised him that he will not seek his permit until the zoning issues raised by Prop U are resolved. He does, however, intend to apply for rezoning or whatever is required for him to continue with his present plan. What that is, however, is not yet clear.

This does mean new rounds of applications, public hearings, appeals, and a reassessment of support and opposition by local groups. More importantly, it presents a chance for Venice and the Navy-Rose-Ocean Front Walk community in particular to decide what really is in character with that unique cul-de-sac and to apply or reject the mandate of Prop U. This time Safran faces a more

informed opposition and narrower issues. Not only may the Venice Town Council reassess its position, but the parking crisis also led to the emergence of the Venice Civic Union as a neighborhood force. Will the affected groups be able to form a united front? And how will the Venice community in general respond to developers seeking to politicize the implementation of Prop U? ●

- Ethel Selvester - for
the Ozone Coalition

Season's Greetings

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Congratulations Peace City!

By Frank Holmgren

PEACE CITY, Washington, D.C., Nov. 17, 1986

It wasn't like the early seventies or late sixties, when angry slogans like 'Off the Pigs!' or 'Up against the wall, Motherfucker!' were the tenor of the times. It wasn't even like the late fifties and early sixties, when the lines were clearly drawn between those seeking justice and the perpetrators of injustice.

The tone overall was warm and friendly, calm and committed. The lines between supporters and opponents are difficult to discern, now, because 80% of the American People want to get rid of nuclear weapons. They just aren't quite sure how it can be accomplished. That 80% includes cops, military people, and even employees of the Department of Energy.

Twelve hundred strong, The Great Peace March arrived at Catholic University in Washington, Friday, November 14th. Marchers gathered in the evening to finalize plans for Saturday's parade through town and to begin the process of saying good-bye to one another. Meanwhile, a small group of us from our Peace Academy, met in a donated room at nearby Trinity College. There, we collated about 40,000 pages of the best available information on disarmament issues, grassroots organizing, fundraising, and non-violence into "exit packages" for marchers to take with them when they return home.

Saturday morning we set out, our ranks soon swelling to 3,000. At Malcolm X Park, our first stop, we were met by another 3,000 who had come to D.C. for the day's events. The rally was upstaged by a very emotional circle of about three-hundred long-term marchers singing, dancing, crying together, and ending with a massive group hug.

Six thousand strong, we marched on to the White House where, joined by another 4,000, we filled Lafayette Park. Lindsey Wagner with her newborn baby strapped to her chest, emceed the rally. Among others, Carl Sagan, Benjamin Spock, Congressman Ed Markey of Massachusetts, and Senator Tom Harkins of Iowa addressed the crowd, slamming Reagan Administration policies and demanding an end to SDI. They called for a comprehensive test-ban, a freeze on production of nuclear weapons, and reduction to zero of existing stockpiles.

Police were present, especially in front of the White House where they blocked the sidewalk after a few marchers managed to tie their worn-out shoes to the fence or toss them over onto the lawn. No show of force was evident, and only one arrest resulted when a woman handcuffed herself to the gate.

Marching on to the Lincoln Memorial, 15,000 gathered for the final rally. This one included music from Holly Near and our own groups: Collective Vision and Wild Wimmen for Peace. Marchers spoke movingly of their experience on the road and demanded an end to this nuclear insanity that holds us all hostage. Major General Jack Kidd, USAF, ret., shared an insider's perspective on the arms race, denouncing both SDI and the Administration's absurd claim that the Soviets are, in any way, ahead of us technologically. Jesse Jackson hammered out another blistering attack on the injustice perpetrated by Reagan's policies.

The rally concluded with a powerful demonstration using BB's to drive home the reality of just exactly how many nuclear weapons exist in the world today, followed by a candlelight vigil surrounding the Reflecting Pool, while clergymen of all major faiths called for an end to the arms race.

On the Elipse, behind the White House, an encampment of about fifty tents were set up. We were granted a permit to establish a presence there for seven days. Sleeping, however is illegal. The police, to enforce the law, insist that the tents remain open at all times and make rounds about every half-hour, waking anyone who falls asleep and taking their names. The policy of the moment is 'three times and you're out.'

Sunday was fairly quiet, though some of us did come up with a new strategy for using our worn-out shoes to make a statement. Since White House guards were removing them as fast as we put them on the fence, and the pairs we left at the foot of Lincoln's statue disappeared almost as quickly, we decided to place them in more difficult to reach locations that would provide maximum visibility. So, we

tied them together, wrote demands for disarmament and peace on them, and threw them up over street signs on random corners, where they hang proudly now for all passers-by to wonder about.

This morning, Monday, 450 demonstrators (half were marchers) gathered at the D.O.E. to take part in one of two simultaneous actions organized by the American Peace Test. The other was at the Nevada Test Site.

After brief speeches from Molly Rush (Plowshares 8), Reverend Tim Wheeler (SCLC) and a few others, an affinity group moved to the main entrance and blocked it. In the ensuing four hours, demonstrators blocked door after door, including all driveways in and out of the area.

The energy level was incredible as people chanted "NO TESTS!", "STOP TESTING START LIVING!", and "THE WHOLE WORLD'S WATCHING!". Buddhist monks drummed and chanted continuously throughout it all.

One hundred forty demonstrators were arrested and dragged off to jail. The D.O.E., for the first time in its history, was functionally closed down for four hours. Hundreds of idled employees stood around on the sidewalks, briefcases in hand. Many were friendly and interacted openly with demonstrators. Others stood in silence or talked among themselves. A few were hostile and verbally abusive.

Demonstrators fraternized not only with employees, but also with the police, most of whom appeared calm and relaxed. There were a few hotheads in both groups, as well, of course. One woman was injured and taken to a hospital when an overzealous cop slammed her up against a wall to keep her from blocking a doorway. She lost consciousness, but is reported to be okay. The young cop looked like he was in shock afterwards as another woman chided and humiliated him for being a violent man. Aside from that incident and a few less serious ones, the action was essentially nonviolent. Everytime someone was arrested, a cheer went up from the crowd. Tears and cries of "we love you" followed them as they were dragged off to the paddy wagons. When twelve year-old Lucia Darvell, from Australia, and fifteen year-old Lasarra Scott-Brandon were handcuffed and led

away, the roar was deafening and the police themselves were visibly moved.

In the afternoon, all charges were dropped and the demonstrators released. The D.O.E., it appears, did not want to risk having itself put on trial for weeks before an international audience.

The times have changed. I saw things this weekend I've never seen in other demonstrations. I saw 15,000 people stand in total silence, holding hands, eyes closed, as the sound of a seemingly endless rain of BB's in a wash-tub echoed across the Reflecting Pool, driving home the thundering message of just how grave is the danger to all we know and love. I saw cops doing their jobs, but sympathetic and clearly caring about this damned issue as much as any one of us who walked across this beautiful country. I saw (and took a picture of) a courageous D.O.E. employee who, during the height of the action, placed a large peace symbol in his third-floor window and stood beside it smiling as he flashed me the peace sign. And, as I walked to the Lincoln Memorial to leave a pair of my worn out shoes at Lincoln's feet--hoping that the Great Emancipator might inspire the 'Great Communicator' to do more than talk about peacemaking--I passed a young cop sitting on his motorcycle.

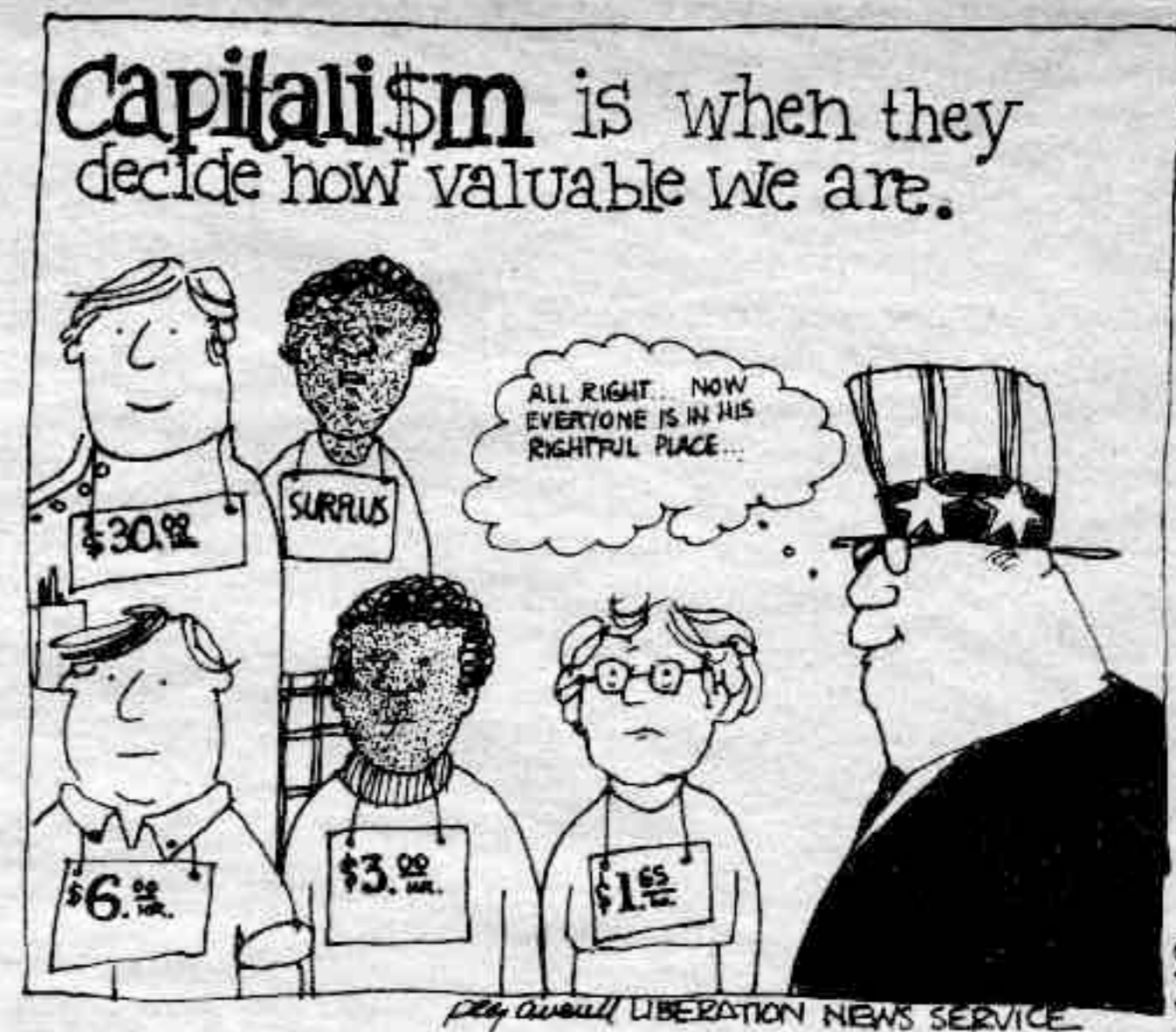
"Thanks for your help," I said. "You're welcome," he replied smiling back, "I'll see you at the next one." 'This guy could be my brother', I mused as I walked away. And then, abruptly, I realized that he is.

thoughts on peace march

Several months ago, I wrote a piece called Pax Trendiana, and in it I put down the Pro-Peace March. I put it down because it seemed to Disneyfy peace. From reading the press releases and visiting the plush offices of Pro-Peace, Inc. the corporation-like structure was going to "interface" with other corporations, and hand in hand with famous names, was going to show us tired old peaceniks how to do it professionally. No organizations, peace activists of years past, or "political organizations" were asked to apply. Money from AT&T was going to be donated for tents, walkie-talkies, etc. Uniforms were to be de rigeur. Twelve thousand people were to be in the march. Frankly, the thing turned me off. Pro-Peace died in Barstow (or Nevada - I can't remember where), and I licked my chops, sniggering and objectifying and stereotyping all those dumb yuppies, post-ME generation dorks, yearning for the hippie heaven that never was, unless you listen to those who lived through it and they're painting it in a golden specious elegaic haze.

I got my comeuppance. Despite the fact that the Mixner organization and its professionals left them in Barstow or wherever, the footsoldiers for peace, the true children's crusade, emerged. I use "children" in the sense of unbounding optimism and the belief that Right makes Might, and it's true often enough for us to take a chance on it once in awhile. So while the top-down patriarchal run Pro-Peace March died with its feet up in the desert, people reorganized in a more grassroots consensus manner in what can loosely be called the Feminist Process. You read about the evolution of this in Great Peace March articles that the Beachhead has printed. The numbers were smaller; the accommodations not as comfortable, etc.; they didn't even have two million bucks to do it with, but with the help and support and may I use the word in its hippie meaning? - the LOVE of Americans from farms, cities, villages, black, white, yellow - these people who left their jobs and their homes, peace Veterans, children, newlyweds, got to the Capital when they said they would. NOW WHAT DO WE DO FOR AN ENCORE?

By Carol Fondiller



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Keep on Keepin' on!

Eviction on Horizon?

by Moe Stavnezer

Dominic Covolo is almost a century old. But he's facing a very vicious twentieth-century-fox; the greedy landlord. Dominic is 94 years old, he came here because he was born in Venice, Italy and wanted to live in it's US name-sake. He's been here for more than 20 years, all of it on the same street, Horizon Ave. About 7 years ago, you may remember reading, the house that he lived in collapsed on top of Dominic. He survived virtually unscathed. Three weeks ago Dominic was given an eviction notice. He won't go unscathed this time, I thought, though I had absolutey no doubt that he'd survive...Dominic is a survivor!

Sometime recently, Allan Sarlo and a partner bought the two-unit building that Dominic lives in from Joey Baker, another real estate piggy in Venice. Apparently, Sarlo and his partner decided that they could get a lot more money, in rents, out of the apartments than was currently coming in, the only problem was the tenants. Under the L.A. rent stabilization law, evictions are legal only if certain situations exist: the family member of the owner moves in; the owner puts a resident manager in the complex; \$10,000 per unit will be spent on renovation of the building. The law requires a resident manager in buildings with 16 or more units. They're unheard of in two-units buildings. In a particularly cruel twist of the law, there is no relocation assistance required in the law if a tenant is replaced with a resident manager. So Dominic was not only losing his home, he was not going to get the normally required assistance for moving to a new place to live, if he could find one.

Dominic Covolo is a fascinating man. He remembers in great detail events in his life that took place 80 or more years ago. A rebel in a family dominated by a strict father who insisted that the children get a formal education, Dominic enrolled, instead, in a course to become a chef. By the ripe old age of 14 he had papers from a very prestigious restaurant in Europe. Because Dominic describes himself as somewhat of an adventurer, his cooking ability served him very well as he roamed the world.

Not long after turning 14, with his cooking certificate in hand, Dominic stowed away aboard a big 3-masted ship bound for who knows where. Very shortly after the ship departed, he was discovered by some crew members who, much to his surprise and relief, were fellow Italians as was the captain who was at a loss at what do do with this small boy who was an extra mouth to feed. At one point he reminded Dominic that he could easily have him thrown overboard and no one would know the difference, a rather sobering situation for a young boy. But, as happened many times in his life, Dominic's training as a cook, not to mention his general pluckiness, saved the day. He became the Captain's chief cook on a trip that roamed from Tahiti to the west coast of North and South America and, eventually to the coast of Venezuela. When Dominic discovered that the ship was then headed straight back to Italy he had to make a choice: go back and face the music with his father or stay in a small out of the village where he knew no one. He chose to stay. An old man in the village, who also happened to be Italian, noticed Dominic's confused state and took the now young man under his wing. Seems he had a friend who worked in the kitchen of a big hotel in Caracas, Venezuela's capitol. Needless to say, Dominic got a job there. But he didn't stay long because he heard that the Americans, just beginning to build the Panama Canal, needed cooks in the hotel restaurants that were opening there. He was off on another adventure.

Dominic found his way to New York where he cooked in some of the most famous restaurants in that City, including Sardi's. His younger brother lured him to Chicago where he lived, married & divorced, and worked at some of that



City's best places. Finally he came to Los Angeles more than 20 years ago moving to the namesake of his birthplace.

Dominic, as always, worked in top flight restaurants, most notably the Brown Derby, of which there were four in those days. Twenty-seven years ago, aged 67, Dominic retired after working 53 years. He settled into a house on Horizon Ave which brought him some small amount of fame and a whole new career when it quite literally fell down on him.

Now, Dominic is not your ordinary looking man. There's a pixie-ishness in his face and this wonderful white beard that gives him the look of an old child. He's jaunty, and full of the devil, and a glint comes to his eyes as he tells about his role in a Playboy movie surrounded by lovely young women. Dominic is especially proud of a black and white photograph of him white-robed as father time holding the newborn baby of the woman who took the photograph. He'll also tell you, rather matter-of-factly, that he poses free for students at UCLA because he gets joy from seeing how they see him. He's got a great sense of humor and of dignity, and he's disgusted that after all his working years, after all the dues he's paid, that he can simply be discarded.

Happily, Dominic won't be tossed in the street. I decided that the only way to fight his eviction was to bring as much pressure on Sarlo as possible. I also felt that the people Sarlo would most likely listen to were real estate people, developers and big names in the establishment part of the community. So I called Harlan Lee, Michael Deiden, Tom Sewell, Curtis Rossiter, Tom Moran, and Phil Bubar who, to their great credit, were appalled and willing to help. Tom Sewell called Beverly Tondreau, a media person who plans to produce a magazine about older people. After we talked, she simply walked into to Sarlo's office and did an "interview" with Mrs. Sarlo (Alan was "out of town"). This whole blitz began on Monday and by Thursday Sarlo threw in the towel. Dominic was safe.

There aren't too many places where people will come to the aid of an old man that they've never met. All during this short but intense crisis, Dominic had the support of his neighbors and friends, most especially from Michele Undrejicka. And, when it counted, from powerful people who had nothing to gain except as a matter of good will and conscience. I'd be kiddin' everyone if I said that this happens all the time here. But it did happen this time and it certainly made me feel good to be part of a community where sometimes good triumphs against all odds.



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Early Dinner Specials \$7.95

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Served with choice of soup or salad, rice or potato and vegetables, bread and butter

\$6.00 off Any Dinner for 2 or more
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Good Sun.-Thurs.
*Not valid on early bird or sets
VB-11 JAN. 10



ENTERTAINMENT MONTHLY:
"...Possibly the Best Restaurant on the West-Side..."

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6 to 10 Special Dinner Creations by our Chef Nightly, in addition to our regular menu every night...and the Best Drinks in Town.

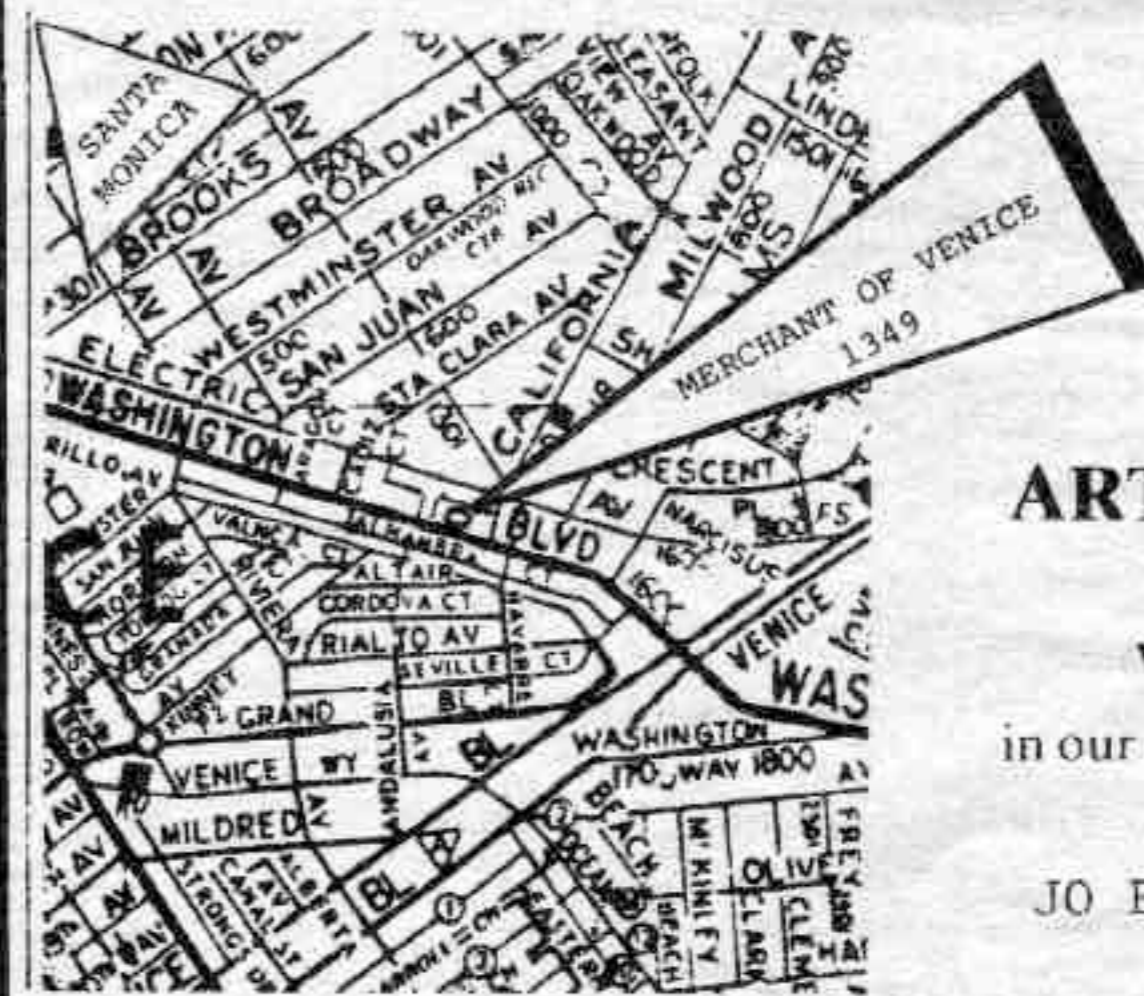
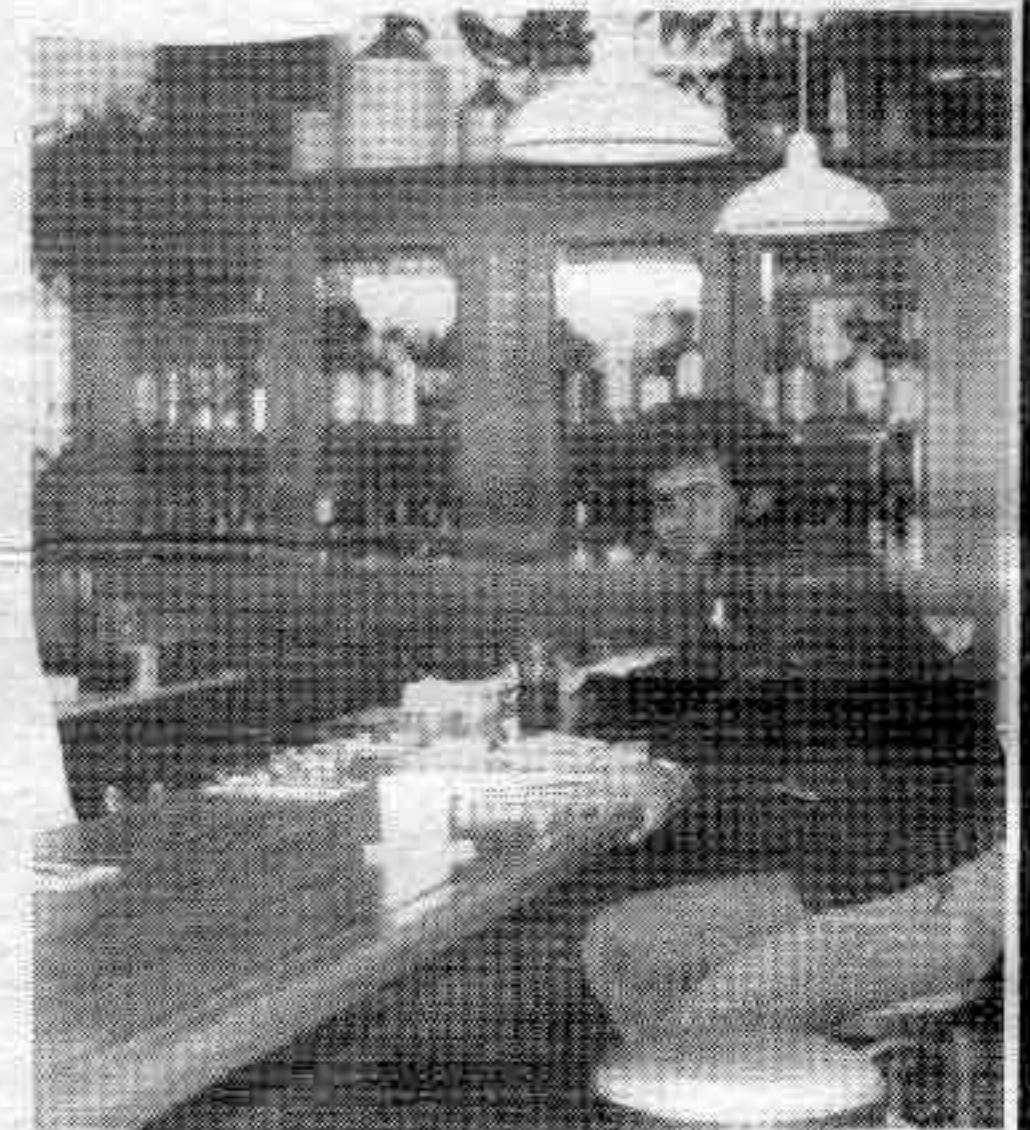
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THE
MERCHANT'S
OLD FASHIONED

VENICE BAR



ARTWORKS ON VIEW

in our upstairs gallery

JO PROCIETTI

MISS THE LAFAYETTE? MISS THOSE BREAKFASTS? TRY THE MERCHANT AND BE SURPRISED



WE INVITE YOU TO COME AND SEE THE ALL NEWLY REMODELED MERCHANT OF VENICE RESTAURANT ON WEST WASHINGTON BLVD. WHICH IS NOW UNDER NEW OWNERSHIP. WE ARE NOT OUTSIDERS. WE ARE VENICE PEOPLE. AND I THINK YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED WITH OUR FEELINGS AND VIEWS ABOUT THE REAL VENICE THAT MANY OF US DO NOT WANT TO LOSE.

WE ARE ALSO CONTINUING THE MERCHANT OF VENICE TRADITION OF THE VERY BEST QUALITY FOOD, SUPERB COOKING, AND EXCELLENT SERVICE.



FREE PARKING

FAMOUS SUNDAY BRUNCH

8:00 AM to 3:00 PM

'KKK' k-k-kontinued from Page 1.

Renaissance is just a term used to sell something to the public that is of no use to it. It is a mask behind which hides self interest, the pursuit of many dollars, and ego gratification. Renaissance really means the destruction of Venice as we know it, not rebirth. Renaissance means let us remove the polluted earth, and we're going to take your community and even your community name. Fuck You Venice. Long Live Venice Appropriated.

There is a concept called poetic justice. The developers here do have to

struggle in and with the shit that they are preparing to heap on this community. I don't know how to explain the fact that arrogant profit hogs always get some come-up-ance in Venice. In this instance a case can be made for Karma coming home to roost.

In 1911 Venice was having a lot of trouble with the Edison Co, which produced and distributed gas to Venice on the present Chiatt Day. According to the community newspaper of those days, The Vanguard (right!), the Company had steadfastly ignored state law in refusing to supply the Venice city government with an inventory of their gas works, pipe lines, conduits and other property. The Company conducted itself, opined the newspaper, as if "it is the duty of the city to pay it deference instead of the deference being turned in the opposite direction. It is motivated by a spirit of arrogance and lack of respect for the city and the public. The Company seems to think that it can do business just as it wants to. Its attitude toward the people has been very much one of... the public be damned. "It has offered excuses beyond number to the Board of Trustees. Its most oily tongued local representatives have appeared before the board time upon time with promises that have not been kept in scarce the remotest instance. It has carried on its business in a way that in some particulars has been an actual affront to the city."

So what did the Board of Trustees do in 1911 about this? They passed a resolution which reduced the price that Edison charged

Venitians for gas... from \$1.10 to 90 cents per thousand cubic feet. Did that change anything? You be judge. The earth on the site is polluted. Who knows how extensive the pollution is. And after they truck all the polluted earth to Kern County and dump it there and it slowly affects people there who drink the water, eat the food, breath the air there, what then?

We, for our part, will get some spanky new, Renaissance pollution. Noise, cars, smog and fumes. And just think of all the new nice yuppie people who will be able to earn their livelihood here, bathing in Renaissance shuck and jive.

Long live Renaissance Venice. Karma coming home, not just in Venice, but throughout the "civilized world". It stands to reason that we are to be undone, trashed in our own communities by those who cynically utilize the happy image and symbol of rebirth to mask their self interested actions, while those who live it day to day imagine they verge on a Renaissance.

Arnold Springer

("rapping" continued from page 1)

Steve Blanchard, who had expended at least a million dollars for purchase of his OPW property, had the pagodas painted over. He called the homemade efforts at preservation "vandalism." Shortly afterwards, he had it painted the "correct" color (a more in-depth treatment of this story appeared in the Beachhead awhile back). The pagoda people got their paints and painted the pagoda even more outrageously. Blanchard tried to get the pagodas torn down, because "bums use it." Well, so do I. So do a lot of people who pay taxes for the upkeep and maintenance of the beach, even if they don't use it; even if they can't afford the rents Mr. Blanchard charges for his newly spiffed-up, renovated, charming Ocean Front Property. The point is that Mr. Blanchard painted over someone's efforts to preserve the pagodas because he per-

ceived the previous efforts as vandalism. The pagoda folks, being adult, did not escalate the game, and maybe Mr. Blanchard did a good thing by having the pagoda painted with proper outdoor paint. But to call someone else's efforts to preserve something "vandalism" smacks of arrogance.

Why am I bringing this up now? In the November 15 edition of the L.A. Times View Section, there is an article by Sam Hall Kaplan. It's about the statue in the Traffic Circle. Seems that old Peace Pilgrim Tom Sewell, who has returned from the USSR with a desire to get involved - no, to show us how - no, to do what's good for Tom Sewell and his friends, because what's good for TS and his friends is good for Venice. Tom wants to get rid of the statue in said traffic circle. Mr. Sam Hall Kaplan better get his facts straight. The Ocean Park green statue was not "dumped" on the Traffic Circle. It was accepted by the Venice Town Council - no, not the present "reasonable" "accommodation" Town Council, the other one, the one that successfully held speculators at bay and were more responsive to renters. Mr. Kaplan should have done some research in the back issues of his own paper, the L.A. Times, the Argonaut, and of course in the Free Venice Beachhead. I remember the selection of the statue. Uber artrepreneur, bankrupt, Doug Christmas, the one who "beautified" Venice by taking out the earthquake-proof struts of the Bank of America building and painting it black, wanted to put some piece of ironmonergy-type sculpture in the Traffic Circle. The VTC decided that they would accept the offer after viewing slides and the statue of an artist who donated the statue to the L.A. County Hall of Flags. The County did not want it, and gave the statue titled "Freedom" an eviction notice. Venice, in its tradition of welcoming those who society brands as misfits, gave it a home on the Traffic Circle. There was a ceremony. John Kertis played the flute. We watched as the statue was hoisted and put on its pedestal. The Argonaut photographed it, as did the Times. KCET, Channel 28, did a documentary of the artist. I don't care for the statue all that much; I've always been more for the realist school of institutional sculpture. I was stumping for a statue of Abbott Kinney, founder of Venice, CA, USA, with a pigeon on his shoulder (he imported 'em here), and a Sweet Caporal ciggie. That's how he made his money. Abbott would be standing in a gondola. The inscription would read: "EST! EST! EST!"

Obviously, Kaplan did not do research on the statue, or he would not have written "The statue was abandoned..." "...a few years ago." One might infer from the article that Mr. Sewell, aspiring artrepreneur and arbiter elegantum, wants a commission for one of his friends, David Ming Li-Lowe, one of the stars of another Tom Sewell production, a book titled "Real Estate as Art." Mr. Kaplan has definite views of his own as to what constitutes art. He dismisses Frank Ghery's architecture as "studied" and "overwrought," while proclaiming Lowe's steel framed and metal studio as a "respectful and sensitive nod to the machine aesthetic." I have a different aesthetic. I don't think I'd like Mr. Lowe's concept of truth or beauty which seems to me to be a whole bunch of metal Leggo blocks abandoned by Mr. Kaplan or Mr. Ming Li-Lowe.

Now do you see the moral of my long, long story? One person's art is another person's vandalism, and vice versa.

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BEING IN ON THE DECISION TO MAKE ESTHETIC
JUDGEMENTS FOR THE WHOLE COMMUNITY!!!!
GET ON THE STATUE JUDGING BOARD!!!!YOU MIGHT
NOT KNOW ART, BUT LIKE WHAT YOU KNOW!!!!
MAKE IT HAPPEN!!! LET YOUR VIEWS BE KNOWN!!!!
CALL: DAVID MING-LOWE AT 823-3552

As the canals go, so goes Venice. Yet another environmental impact report on the canals. Mr. Henry Coleman, leader of the Canal Property Owners' Association, and another self-styled judge of aesthetics (he was the one who nearly wiped out the Joya Canal Mural) commended the City officials for their work on "renovating" the canals.

Mary Lou Johnson, long-time Canal resident and property owner, pointed to a statement on page 45 of the EIR report, September 1986: "For those individuals who will find it necessary to relocate due to increased rents, it is anticipated that sufficient comparable housing at comparable cost, will be available in areas adjacent to the Canals, and that any consequent relocation will not present a significant hardship on more than a few residents." Ms. Johnson called that finding "heartless" and "unmitigated bullshit." There are no apartments, duplexes, etc., for low-income or even moderate-income residents. The federal government and the private sector who are responsible for speculation, gentrification, and displacement of low-income people, turn around and harrass these people when they can't get it together for first and last month's rent and end up being homeless. There is no low income housing near or adjacent to the Canals or in Venice.



Rochester Patriot/Cpf

GUINDON

"Let's divide the earth up into little squares and sell them."

homeless business

Speaking of homeless, Vera Davis got to expand her shelter for homeless women and children from 14 beds to 30 beds. Apartment owners Crane and Dale complained about the facility, even though most neighbors from the area stated that various agencies had been at the Westminster location for fifteen years. The Venice Town Council did not speak for the project. They were worried, they said, about regulations and safety, citing the men who hung around the area in campers and trailers, and the fact that Ms. Davis' family owned the property on which the facility is located. Crane and Dale accused the facility of being "a dumping ground for the poor in the West Side area." Ms. Crane and Mr. Dale have owned the property for two years. Ms. Davis has been active in local poverty programs for at least 15 years. The poor have always been with us in Venice, and Venice used to be a community of mixed income. But now it seems to have become a gambling arena for people who shouldn't be gambling on more than they can afford to lose. As for the fear of the VTC that Vera Davis and her family might be making money on her facility, more money could be made if they just put up a couple of condos. Instead, she's providing the service of giving agency-recommended women and their children a place to stay for two months until they get their first and last month's rent together for their own place. The Board of Zoning Appeals supported Ms. Davis. I want to assure Mr. Crane and Ms. Dale (or is it the other way around?) that in my experience, living as I do a few doors away from a drug rehabilitation center on the Ocean Front Walk, and having lived in Venice for twenty-five years, I have not noticed property values or rents going down, even if one lives opposite a pagoda painted many colors by "freeloaders" next to sunglass disco, acupuncture, motorcycle parts and tattooing parlors.

blow to the roses

I'm happy to say that that headline is obsolete. Thanks to the pressures of Angelenos, the Exposition Park Rose Garden is saved from parking lot plague. That beautiful sunken garden, that isle of serenity, has been saved. The L.A. Coliseum Commission backtracked in its plan to uproot the roses, mumbling, "Well, gee, that's just one idea," and is going to park the cars somewhere else. May the Gallacis Damasks and Hybrid Perpetuals and other old roses bloom for another 75 years.

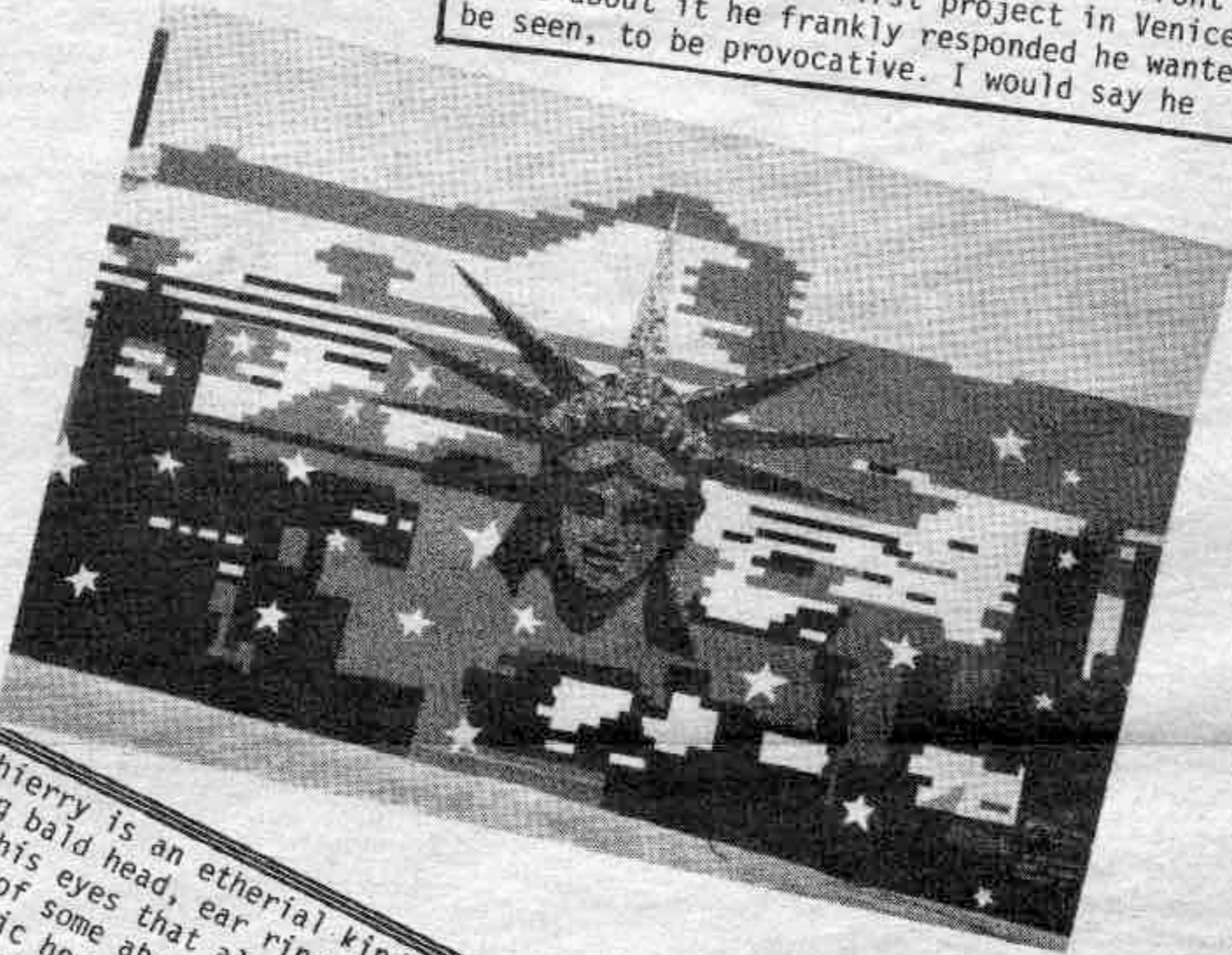
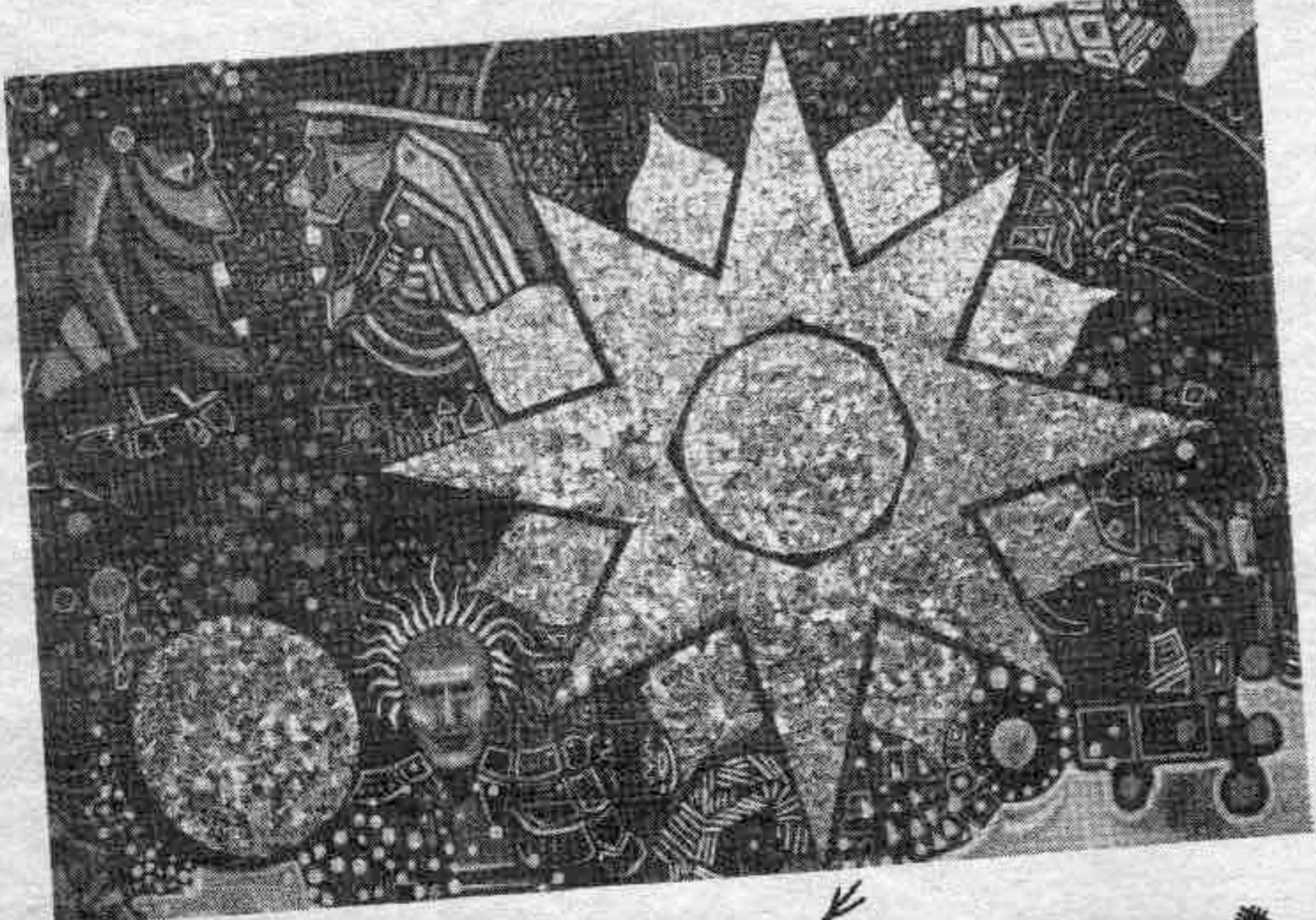
It's All Done With Mirrors

Thierry Bernard

Vibrant tapestry of liquid motion wrapped around a corner by the sea brings rich and textured depth to intermittent bleak street. Noble faces, regents and fools, Venice Queens and common man, ride the current of sub-conscious life. way haired Napoleon type watches a cargo hold of slave, while Indian Chief and astral warrior strike their telling pose. And deeper yet, are hidden faces with untold thoughts and visions barely or perhaps chaotically formed reflected in the pleasing mural (even though machine man seems to scream) of the Frenchman Thierry Bernard on the Cafe Croissant at Dudley and Ocean Front walk.

working rapidly the mural appeared almost suddenly. Complex in execution it has a unity and even to my mind a simplicity like the bursting foam of sea wave on sand. A somewhat tropical Tarot, the archetypal tapestry (sorry I could't resist) is accentuated by broken bits of mirror "painted" in starburst, moon and planetary patterns which compliments Thierry's other fine work across the street on the Cadillac Hotel. "Pacific Liberty" (my title) floats in memory in nighttime New York as a tribute to Venice founder Abbot Kinney and perhaps to all notions of romance and fantasy. Done also in broken bits of mirror and paint, the striking head of Lady Liberty stands guard and observant of the vibrant life she sees. It is the singularly most photographed thing by the turistas that I have observed in Venice.

Thierry Bernard is a Parisian. Recently he has lived in India, New York, Venice and his native Paris. His humble ambition: to make Venice the most beautiful city in the world, which sure beats making it a nuclear target. He is currently planning a billboard covering 100 years of the history of that most holy of American cities, Hollywood, California; which is actually not to far from Venice. "Thierry, What did you learn in Benares?" His design and artistic skills are taking him places beyond murals. He has designed and painted the lobby of The Winery at 2221 Lincoln as well as his much peered at front room at the Cadillac, his first project in Venice. When asked about it he frankly responded he wanted to be seen, to be provocative. I would say he



succeeded. One of his more interesting projects will be the design of the rooms in the St. Charles at Windward and Speedway, currently being refurbished. Each room will have a different theme from a foreign country. Poured through the cornucopia of his mind Japanese, Arabic, African etc. design motifs I suspect will never be the same. On the side he is decorating a Cadillac, the four wheeled variety, with plexiglass, as well as being from what I saw in his room a rather fine portrait painter. Thierry has not had formal artistic training; he is self-taught. Future projects include more murals and a vision of a multi-media exhibit of light, sound, sculpture and of course painting to be built in a semi-permanent location hopefully here. And as he put it: "It would remain as long as it remained interesting." Perhaps someone with a large public room would like to help sponser it and may contact him through the desk of the Cadillac.

Thierry is an etherial kind of guy. His striking bald head, ear rings, warm smile and a look in his eyes that always seem to be on the frontier of some absurd joke holds my interest. His artistic hero is Salvador Dali who he says "...is everything." He is motivated in his artistic endeavors by a bit of everything: the art itself, education, the money, his mother and his spiritual insights. I remember one night in his statement of controlled frenzy he was racing around the boardwalk in search of Klieg lights for some nighttime photographic project at the hotel. He imparted the grand importance of his energy in an absolute way, the vortex shrubs for said lamps - cars with high voltage lights were volunteered as the center of his creative impulse held us all in pleasurable thrall. He would like to see more done in Venice, perhaps sculpture on the beach; for Venice to be more here it is not "...a little more mayonnaise here a little catchup there." You figure that one out.

Finally he would like to thank Edith and Richard Oppenheim owner of Spraylat Corporation, a paint company in Los Angeles, for providing the paint for the murals and the International Travellers Network who manage the Cadillac and The Winery and its manager Klaus Stolting for their support. And certainly as one of the more striking public works to manifest in Venice in recent times (beside The Beachhead of course) we are honored indeed, and what the hell blessed, to have this artist among us. And so on a personal note and I think community-wide level:

"Mucho Merci, Monsieur Thierry!"

by Kelly Ball

Letters

continued from page 2

Dear Beachhead,

In the November "BITS 'N' PIECES" your geriatric correspondent manages to say that "we...guys and gals" [underline added] have had 20 underground nuclear blasts.

Despite other disagreements, I tend to see nuclear testing from the same negative perspective as your elderly contributor. I DEEPLY resent, however, his use of the word "gals" which is, in 1986, an unacceptable reference to people of the female persuasion and I ABSOLUTELY refuse to accept responsibility for the pathetic phallic extravaganzas you men indulge in. If you check the number of women in the Congress, you will find that we had FUCK-ALL to do with it.

Yours, etc.,
LORA WEINROTH

Dear Beachhead:

Old Mr. Fear got left in the cold last summer. November went by: an entire nation walked away.

Your support of the disparate various causes of the disadvantaged gives a gratifying reason. The weight of our good planet need not devolve solely on a despondent kid: be that rich kid or poor kid.

Out there left of Saturn there is science, there is industry, there are jobs, tech training and even future-oriented nuclear energy for the kids: just got to grab a hold of it. Out there's a rainbow that won some shades of light. That party won: from the liberal-led indexed standard deduction and personal exemptions in the tax code to the redistributive advantages of communities as a whole.

These can be grabbed hold of because selfish big money oriented politics didn't win, those practitioners the biggest losers, liberals nowhere near a minority party as selfish-oriented big money giving (no local help) tried to claim.

Because liberals and leftists learned winning before there were political parties: learn to be left-wing and liberal and learn life. Boss Phil Says So.

Sincerely yours,
Philip W. Gregg



12 Community Events

The Beachhead welcomes notices of public meetings and entertainment for publication on the Community Events page. To have your event publicized, please mail your press release to us at P.O. Box 504, Venice 90294 by the third Sunday of the month. Late additions can be called in at 823-5092 no later than the following Wednesday.

SOCIAL

SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE SINGLES

Fridays at the Westwood YWCA, 10936 Santa Monica Blvd. 4 Blocks East of the 405. Dec. 5th at 7:45 PM, Do Prisons etc. perpetuate Crime. \$4 for non-members, refreshments served. Info call 398-4141. Friday, Dec. 12th at 7:45 PM - Love is Feeding Everyone. Children Welcome. Friday, Dec. 19th at 7:45 PM - The U.S. Building Brigade in Nicaragua. Same as above.

SANTA MONICA SINGLES DISCOVERY, Unitarian Church, FORBES HALL, 1721 Arizona Ave., Santa Monica. Info: 397-0028. Over age 25. Friday, Dec. 12 at 7:30 PM, "LIFE'S THREE DESIRES". Donation \$4. Discussions, dance and refreshments.

Friday, Dec. 26th at 7:30 PM - ENDINGS AND BEGINNINGS. Same as above.

SINGLETARIANS - Unitarian Society of LA West; 3744 S. Barrington Ave., Mar Vista, 90066. Info: 398-0637.

Sunday, Dec. 7th at 2:30 PM; DEVELOPING INTIMACY SKILLS \$2. 4 PM, Supportive, unstructured discussion group w/Zina Grand Ph.D. \$3. 7 PM, MOVEMENTS TO FREE THE BODY; wear loose clothing and bring a towel. \$4. Sunday, Dec. 14th at 7 PM - HOW SINGLES CAN NURTURE EACH OTHER, Ken Unmacht, Family therapist. \$4. DEVELOPING INTIMACY SKILLS at 2:30 PM - \$2. Taught by Jerry Lenkowsky MA. 4 PM, Discussion w/Zina - \$3.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21ST. 2:30 PM, Intimacy again, \$2. You also get a consciousness-raising group during this time w/Lloyd Drum. 4 PM is Group with Zina! At 7 PM, LEARNING TO LIVE SENSUALLY - Bobbie Japka, Ph.D. \$4.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28th at 2:30. Consciousness Raising w/Lloyd - \$2. 4 PM; CURRENT TRENDS TOWARD ANDROGENY Pat Allen, Ph.D. \$4.

ACLU SINGLES CHAPTER pre-holiday Party on Saturday night, Dec. 6th at 8 PM. 8435 Burnet, Apt. 104, Sepulveda. \$4 for members of the ACLU and \$5 for non-members. Free if you join at the party. Info: (213) 392-7149 or (818) 893-2276.

RELIGION

1ST Unitarian Church of Los Angeles, 2936 West 8th St., Los Angeles, 90005. (213) 389-1356. Wheelchair accessible, translated into Spanish and Korean. Childcare available. CHRISTMAS BAZAAR, Sat., Dec. 6th, 11 AM - 5 PM and Sun., Dec. 7th, 12:30 PM - 2 PM.

SUNDAY, DEC. 7th at 11 AM; "GOLDEN DAYS" by Carolyn See, Writer and Professor. Music by THE FIRST CHURCH CHOIR.

SUNDAY, DEC. 14th at 11 AM; REV. HYUN KIM, Asst. Minister, on JOHN DEWEY's religious thought. Music by Special.

SUNDAY, DEC. 21st at 11. THANKSGIVING IN EL SALVADOR AND CHRISTMAS IN AMERICA. Rev. PHILIP ZWERLING. Music by 1st church Choir.

CHRISTMAS - HANUKKAH Service; Wednesday, Dec. 24th at 7 PM. Carols and Candles and music by The First Church Choir.

Serve
the
People

Old Myth Exploded!!

The Free Venice Beachhead is not free. Paper and printing cost plenty. Ads and donations pay for them. \$6 this size.

WOMEN

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WOMEN'S CAUCUS for Art presents "Toys/Toys?" on Dec. 3rd at 7:30 PM at 688 S. Santa Fe, #209. \$3, free to members. Info: 221-3550.

BATTERED WOMEN'S LEGAL COUNSELING CLINIC. Free legal advice and assistance with restraining orders. 622-0603 for APPT.

DANCE

ENGLISH COUNTRY DANCING IN Santa Monica. 2nd and 4th Fridays at 8 PM. Info: (818) 799-1349 or 216-0413. \$3 Donation.

ART

4TH DIMENSIONAL ART Structures by Ray Howlett. Merging One Gallery, 1547 6TH St. in Santa Monica. Exhibit runs Dec. 5 to Jan. 2, 1987. Info: 395-0033.

Donald Sultan Prints 1979-1985. University Art Museum, Cal State Long Beach. Tues.-Sat. 11 to 5 and Sunday 1-5. Info: 498-5761.

PERFORMANCE

DESECRATION AND THE LOVER'S NIGHT - Tragedies by William Butler Yeats at BEYOND BAROQUE, Sunday nights at 8:30 PM until Dec. 14th. \$6. Info: 822-3006.

BOOKS

JUNIOR LEAGUE READING CENTER at the Venice Branch of the LA Public Library, 610 California Ave. FREE. Students and tutors needed to teach the illiterate reading and writing skills. Info: 821-1769 or 750-3573.



VENICE
TOWN
COUNCIL

TOWN COUNCIL MEETING
7:30pm Thur., Dec. 11
Beyond Baroque Center
681 N. Venice Blvd.

This month's meeting for the general membership will have a brief business portion to be followed by refreshments and shmoozing.

Members are encouraged to attend and cast votes for the list of persons standing for the Council's seven-member Board of Directors. Please vote.

And Sunday, December 7 at the Comeback Inn (1633 W. Washington) from noon to 10pm is the Council's Holiday Music & Crafts Faire. Lots of entertainment and holiday gifts with a \$5 cover charge.

POLITICS



The Winnie & Nelson Mandela Contingent
dedicated to liberating southern Africa

VENCEREMOS BRIGADE, 18th Contingent is organizing for the Spring, 1987 trip. Write to P.O. Box 60153, Los Angeles, 90060. This trip to CUBA will change your life!

RECON PUBLICATIONS - SECRET Air War in El Salvador! Send for a free copy of Recon's Fall issue: RECON, P.O. BOX 14602, Philadelphia, PA 19134.

MARINA/MAR VISTA/VENICE DEMOCRATIC CLUB meets Dec. 3rd at Merchant of Venice, 1349 W. Washington Blvd. 7:45 PM
PEACE AND FREEDOM PARTY meets this month on Sunday, Dec. 14th at 7:30 PM at 837 Lincoln Blvd. (Corner of Brooks). 396-3555
NEW YEAR'S EVE Celebration. Welcome to the Great Peace Marchers. Church in Ocean Park, 235 Hill St. in Santa Monica. Weds., Dec. 31st at 8 PM. \$19.87 per person. Info: 399-1600.

44th Assembly District Caucus, DEMOCRATIC PARTY, on Dec. 7th from 1-4 PM at the Senior Center, 11338 Santa Monica Bl. Info: 393-3701.

The Santa Monica Democratic Club meets the third Thursday of the month. For info call 453-5322.



ENVIRONMENT

CELEBRATE LIFE, Dec. 20th, 7:30 PM - midnight. For the new awareness community. 11338 Santa Monica Blvd., West LA. Enter on Corinth. \$10. Produced by V.A.B.I.C.M.S. and THE CONSCIOUS CONNECTION. Info: 391-8474.

ODDS & ENDS

AIRPORT-MARINA Group of the Sierra Club, Dec. 8th at 7 PM. Community Room at Burton Chace Park, Marina del Rey. Call 641-4028 for info and menu. (Pot Luck)

THE SHARED HOUSING NETWORK gathers on Dec. 8th, Monday, at 7 PM. Virginia Ave. Park, 2200 Virginia Ave. (near Pico & Cloverfield) Helma Terry Auditorium. Info: 738-1254.

BUILDING ECONOMIC ALTERNATIVES, magazine of Co-op America, 2100 M St. N.W., Suite 310, Washington, D.C., 20063. 1(800)424-COOP.



Beachhead
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MUSIC

CONCERT FOR A WINTER HOLIDAY: Sat., Dec. 13th at 8 PM. Marina/Westchester Symphony. Loyola-Marymount University, Sacred Heart Chapel, 7101 W. 80th St. Los Angeles. Info: 837-5757

"Bach to Blues" at the Venice Public Library. Sat., Dec. 6th at 1 PM. FREE. Info: 821-1769. Library is at 610 California.