

FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

BEACHHEAD

FREE

December 1st, 1988 #227, P.O. Box 504, Venice, California 90294 399-0584 ISSN:0884-9641, Circulation 10,000

this paper is a poem...

Inside
VTC pullout...11,12,17 & 18
plus Lots of Beachhead Memories

Lots of amazing
stuff about Venice

Everyday is Christmas -- In Venice
by Tina Corcoran

Everyday is Christmas -- in Venice!
Everyday's the 4th of July!
Everyday's a play day,
A May Day, heyday, Gay day,
"Ole!", "Shout hooray Day!" -- We're alive!

Everyday's YOUR birthday -- In Venice!
Celebrate your worth day everyday.
"Local Color's real here
"Magic fingers heal here
Vegetables are real here -- so they say!

Everyone is someone -- In Venice!
Every "bum" is some Dear Mother's Child!
Poets, Punks and Preachers,
Health nuts, Drunks, and Teachers
Hippies, Yuppies, Weirdos, Winos -- WILD!

Venice is for Valentines and Lovers!
Saint Patrick's Days that never seem to end.
Stars play in the sunshine,
Blondes share all the fun time,
War wounds, of the worst kind, come to mend.

Celebrate the dream town -- We call Venice
Here, the University of Venice LIVES!
Addicts mix with portists,
Natives mix with tourists,
The rich mix with the poorest -- Hey, what gives?

Venice, an oasis to the traveler
Yet, "family town", this Kingdom by the Sea
"Roller Skating Cuties"
(barely) bathing beauties,
Music, mermaids, muscles -- All for Free!

Treasure your "Vacation Days" in Venice
Participate in all the ambiance
Weight-lift, (if you're able)
Share your cafe table,
Support the local artists, needs and wants

Yes, Everyday's a Holiday -- In Venice!
Everyday's an Easter on Parade!
Halloweeners "hang" here
(The V-13's a gang here)
STREETSMART sings our "Sunset Serenade"!

When you think you've seen it all -- In Venice
SPECIAL guests drop in to "blow your mind"
See friendly porpoise play here
Spot Great Pacific Grays here
Catch Krishna's BIG Parade here -- What a find!

Celebrate the Spirit that is Venice!
"Live and Let Live", "If You Snooze, You Lose"
"Don't hit up the residents"
"Cheers! -- To Independence!"
HAPPY BIRTHDAY VENICE! I LOVE YOU!!!!

STREET SCENE
By Don Johns

Slicked down up-tight dudes & their turned out-chicks, angel-dusted and stone burnt-out chits, Burned-out, bombed-out crowd with twisted psyches and satchel sized portables screeching noise bop their bodies and scuff their tangled feet keeping time to some twisted boring beat that winds them up and gives them impetus. Only the mind blown get off on this jive! And the uniforms they wear!

How childishly inane! First the hats, by all means, notice the hats! They were out of style in their fathers' day. And the vests and the boots! Such hopeless drag! The dope popping chicks twitch their bodies and flash some thigh

for skirts are coming back; the jive stoned dudes can do nothing at all except try to look tough. Man, how they try! They scare one another, they look so bad. Ghetto, suburbia and barrio, this dead-end street abuts every block.

The "turned-on" generation, stoned to death!

VENICE AS MECCA, OR JERUSALEM
By John Hoag

I sit here on the sand,
a holy place on the sacred land,
remembering the tribes and clans
the gathered here, took counsel
and dispersed; forseeing all
the ones that will arrive
drink our blessed water and survive
only to disperse in turn
to spread the word
amongst a disbelieving world.

Take heart, my heart
for here is never lost
anything forever (but the soul
at times sent wandering
along some other plane).
It too returns home safely
found like a cache of nuts
the squirrel lays by against
a cold day in hell, forgets,
then comes upon in time
of need.

Rejoice!
The promised land is here;
The time is near at hand.

Venice

Poetry

FROM WHERE THE VOICE BEGINS

a celebration of Venice
By Phillomene Long

Venice
Holy Ground
Washed in the blood of poets
What does our flesh conceal?
We who interrupt the air
Our smiles join
The walls are not solid
The air does not close completely
Behind our backs
Something of ourselves remain
The wind will carry
What we've born
The poem has no end
Venice

City which lies
Under the breasts of birds
guarded by cats
sheets stained with Beauty
Behind every corner
The Muse, angel of surprise
Breathes poems
Out of pavement cracks
Listen
From where the voice begins
We are the poem
Our restless light
Burns the stem of memory
Listen to our birth
Slow as the sky
And wide
We crawl out of the shape of water.
Into the sound of breath
We will end as we began
Silent as between the stars.

in venice, california: day after
thanksgiving 1983 by Robert L.
Greenfield
in venice the golden sun beyond
thanksgiving
in the visceral air tennis ball ladies
whack the green flight
& tear pieces of sky from the mouth
of the sun
their luminous white teeth
crave the delicacies of the tender
white meat
the great flesh fru is over
the great flesh fru is over
the great flesh fru is over
butter-turkey
on a green sky
these tennis balls rifle like Vivaldi
& other strung instruments
filling the brain
like a cabinet or a weld
burning throats with desire in the
icy calm
I too know these ladies
& their omni-present legs
rub against my eyes & nose & mouth
as they dance against the pacific
gale
homing their eyes
homing their eyes
fiery at the horn of the pacific
in the cornucopia of november
the deathless sun
weighs the water & the women
with the same passionless teeth

VENICE WEST CAFE
AT DUDLEY #7, VENICE, JANUARY
7, 1961, 2 A.M. William J. Margolis

getting to know Venice is like
getting to know a woman... one or
two lumps of sugar in the coffee?...
a many-faceted wench, this town.

I begin to get a grip on my vision of
her & she turns over, presenting a
round thigh of quiet rapport in the
VW, digging whatever sound, cool
sound is there... and I begin to
think I've begun to understand, but
in a moment, the mood is gone...

Venice is a woman.
Not so worldly-wise as the Village,
not so sophisticatedly European. Here
there is a wildness of an anything
but pacific, surging sea.

North Beach was a man, a virile
thin-hipped cat, a hipster town.
Venice is a strange, mysterious
woman.

Perhaps it's the nearness of the
ocean -- Venice really is a beach...
that mothering tide.

There are old women on the ocean
front walk, sitting on the dim sunned
beaches, old womanish men; but the
varieties of femininity are endless...

the lesbians stalk, the week-end
chicks slink in from Hollywood, the
hip & the the beat young women on
their own feet that fit no glass
slipper, anywhere...

I suddenly recall that I know I'm
not the first to be aware of the
women of Venice: Stuart Z. Perkoff &
John Thomas have already written
their series of word sketches...

But analogies & metaphors are finite
vessels, they can hold only so much
pertinence -- overfilled they become
silly.

Suffice it: Venice is a weird woman.
I dig her. She is very cool and
unassuming.

Our 20th Anniversary

Letters

Dear Beachhead:

Old Mr. Fear lost an arm and a leg last summer. November went by: yet another new dawn in human progress won the day.

Your support of the dissident newer views of the liberal left gives a gratifying reason. The weight of our good planet yet devolves 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 and new tech training for the kids. Just got to grab a hold of it. Out there's a rainbow that can be some shades of light. That party won.

And out there left of Saturn is where it's going to be. Just got to grab hold of it: it is there.

Sincerely yours,
Philip W. Gregg

~~*****~~

Dear Larry:

As we discussed on the phone Friday, Oct. 27, I am enclosing an SASE so that you can send me a copy of Cathy's article "Nights of the Living Dead." If any other articles come to mind chronicling or making reference to the Venice gangs, please enclose them also.

Thank you very much for your information and your efforts. I have enclosed a few dollars for your efforts. I realize it is only a token amount, but it is what I can afford at this time.

Thank you again,
Nancy Blair

Dear Beach Head:

I am a newcomer to California. My company transferred me here. Your community newspaper has the most serious reporting, (most of the time). Today I write to you because of the Kramden-Sullivan article, (a serious thing). I think that the activists who complained about Mrs. Sullivan-Kramden should be allowed, by the Beach Head, equal time. I understand the article to say that these activist complainers do not write for the Beach Head.

Is that why the Beach Head is only eight pages instead of the usual twelve?

I like the way Beth Miller writes. What is the 'Summa' reporter doing now? The times I do eat out, I choose from restaurants written up by Essie de la Yenta. Sara Omari can be cruel, at times. Captain Amerika is an outspoken person. What is Nicky de Jesus doing now? He has a sad story.

Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Naomi Rayas

Dear Sirs:

I am enclosing a letter to the editors dealing with the up-coming coastal plan for the Venice area.

I would appreciate your printing of this letter.

Thank you,
Janet S. Wertheimer

I attended my first Venice Town Council meeting on October 13, 1988. My reason for doing this was that for the last two months, I have been attending a Monday night workshop dealing with the problems and future plans for the Venice Area.

I have lived in the Ocean communities of Southern California since 1941, from La Jolla to San Francisco, with ten years taken out when I lived in a village in Spain on the Costa Del Sol. This spans a total of 47 years in areas of tourist concentration. A tourist concentration always creates a problem of traffic and congestion, however, in tourist areas the business people make their livings from the tourist, so it is kind of a Catch 22.

At the Venice Town Council meeting, I listened to people stating why they wish to be elected to the council. The majority of the people who are now on the town council have lived in the Venice area for less than ten years, let alone in Southern California, and that is stretching it. The majority have only been here for six years and they are going to tell us how to deal with the problems of congestion, over-development and what Venice is all about.

I was here when Pacific Ocean Park existed, I use to dance every weekend at the ballroom on the pier. I used to ride the tram from Santa Monica Pier to the Venice Pier. The Boardwalk was like a carnival. I worked out at Muscle Beach in Santa Monica in the 50's. Venice had the first gay bar in 1950. In other words, Venice has always been a little bit out of sync with the rest of the world. This is the charm and attraction of Venice. I personally resent the attitude of newcomers telling me what I want and what is best for

Dear Diane Nickerson,

I can sense how much you dislike uncaring, unsharing, selfish people who have the means to help you through your misfortune. So do I, but I hate and wish death on muggers and robbers. If I get mugged, it makes no difference to me whether my cash or property will finance a crack addict or a child's meal. Either you believe in the principle "what's mine is mine", i.e. the right to private property, or you don't. And communism is the only alternative & it doesn't work.

And I hate robbers whether they act as individuals or as part of a gang - any gang, even of voters, who would coerce me to give away what's mine by force. To any cause including the treatments your child needs. There is no charity at gunpoint, not even for your kid.

The "bleeding-heart" liberals consist of the very "pig rich" you loathe, who can afford to pay for social programs, and the direct beneficiaries of those programs. To the few middle-income people I say, go ahead and be liberal with your earnings - but nothing gives you the right to take my earnings & spend them where you decide. Your bitterness does not give you the right to make me pay for your misfortune. And your hatred of the "pig rich" is real stupid: they buy goods and services - which provide jobs for people; and they invest and thus fund, people like you who get together to form a company and might even get rich! And what's theirs is theirs, whether they made \$3 a year or \$3 million a year. You have the right to ask for help, not to force it.

And don't give me your commie slogans about entrepreneurs exploiting the working class - you prove what you would be like if you had the talent to get rich, by your heartless and ruthless and just plain poor taste exploitation of your own daughter - using her picture with that phony caption...real class, and real integrity!

Michael Stamps
Inglewood

Venice. It is what is best for them. I am not fortunate enough to own property here and I spend half of my earned income to pay my rent. What gives these so called venetians the right to dictate what I want in Venice?

Venice is a unique place in California, there is no place along the coast of California like it. I feel that it is important to preserve its uniqueness.

I do not want to see a Marina del Rey here nor do I want to see a row upon row of concrete bunkers. If the Venice Town Council continues to fight development, being concerned with historical and community preservation, they are going to end up with 30 foot concrete squares.

The commercial zoning is here, it is not going away. The traffic problem is here,

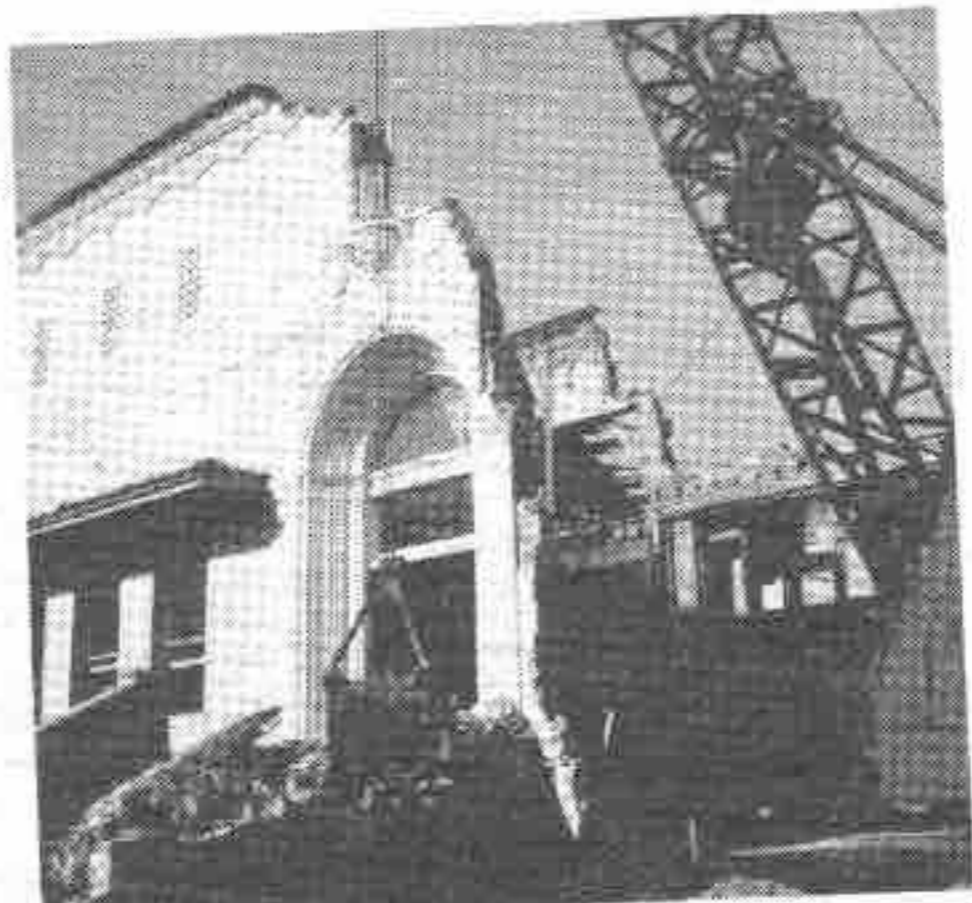
it is not going away. By negating any solution to the existing problems, you are creating an open avenue to outside money and power which will develop the area in the cheapest way for the monies invested.

Venice, I feel is the last stronghold of true individualism. However, even individualists must learn to compromise (dirty word) in order to preserve their individuality. If we don't, we will be consumed by promoters and big business \$\$\$\$\$.

I is up to me, the individual to dictate what we want and what we don't want.

There is, I feel a general consensus of opinion that we do not want a Marina del Rey with its high rise buildings and shopping malls.

Instead of fighting the opposing poles of no development (which means concrete 30 foot bunkers) and over-development (which could mean ten story buildings or more) make guidelines which allow development but with reasonable restrictions pertaining to preserving the aura of Venice.



FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

Malcolm Tent, Diane Nickerson, Kathleen Alvarez, Beth Miller, Carol Fondiller, Kathy Sullivan, Memphis Slim, Sara Omari and Judith L. Martin Victor Wightman

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. 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 submissions be limited to 1200 words and be typed in single-spaced, 4-inch-wide columns. 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 and phone number. Anonymous material will not be published, but your name will be withheld by request. If return of material is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is required. No payment is made for materials used.

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Dear Editor,

1988: Of Paranoia and Packages

'Twas the night before Christmas,
With guards at the gate.
Should Santa appear--
One fears for his fate!
He'll be told to get going
(No transients allowed!)
No presents for bestowing,
No kindness endowed!

JOSEPH KREngle



Neighbor,
I have lived in Venice only a few months now and since the night I first set foot here I have become more and more enthralled by this place.

Venice has proven to me that it has many faces. By no means is my sketch meant to be a negative portrait but rather an eye opener to a very important part of the community itself, the boardwalk.

In my time here I have met many people and have found that Venice is a magnet to free-spirited and conscious people. Those in the parade are mainly tourists.

The homeless problem is but one of the small illnesses plaguing our nation at this moment but it is even more apparent in Venice as we all know. We are taught in school to tackle problems logically and objectively yet in this case that poses another problem. We are dealing with people. I am not throwing stones here in this writing; I am personally trying to reconcile the way we live with the problem and at the same time subtly pleading that we treat people as people.

There are a great many things I can say in a positive manner about Venice. The fact that it is a community where a free publication as active as this can last for twenty years clarifies much of the goodness that Venice has to offer. I've come to love many of it's citizens, my neighbors. It is a place where many a wanderer, including myself, can feel at home.

Greg Dale Garley

Kinney on Kinney

by Patrick McCartney

Kinney arrived, and took a seat at the Sidewalk Cafe on Ocean Front Walk.

The touristy cafe seemed a fitting place to speak with Kinney. The building was restored several years ago by restaurateur Bob Goodfader to its original splendor, complete with the Italianate columns and graceful arches that once characterized all of Kinney's Venice Of America.

The cafe was a fitting location in another way too. In the old days, Bill Harrah and his son operated the Pacific Bingo Club there. More than anything else, after all, Venice in its early



years was an entertainment center.

A visitor, Kinney glanced frequently at the morning's flamboyant parade of regulars on Ocean Front Walk.

Bikinied skaters glided by. A panhandler delivered his time-worn lines in a gravelly, theatrical voice. Body builders passed by, their lightly oiled muscles glistening in the bright June sun. All were part of the new Venice, the Bohemia by the Sea where the sociology is more visible than other amusements.

As these and others passed by, Kendrick and Barbara Kinney took it all in. Kendrick, grandson of Venice founder Abbot Kinney, was visiting at the invitation of the Westside Genealogical Society and the Venice Historical Society to share some of his family's history.

The Kinneys were dressed in casually tasteful clothes, one hint that they make their home in Newport Beach. This was Kinney's first visit to Venice in many years. "I came here two weeks ago but couldn't find a place to park," Kinney-the-tourist said. "I finally gave up."

Over a breakfast snack, Kendrick answered a deluge of questions prepared by genealogist Elayne Alexander about his family. His answers will be part of the Venice Project Alexander initiated, one of the most comprehensive research projects to focus on the history of Abbot Kinney's Venice. The book is expected to be published in 1990.

When first contacted by phone, Kendrick Kinney was reluctant to cooperate. He is a busy man, he explained, and there are many demands on his time. Further, he is protective of his own research he

has done on his notable grandfather.

But the 70-year-old Kinney eventually relented and agreed to participate in the Venice Project. His interviews will ultimately become what Alexander termed the centerpiece of the project.

In person it is easy to see Kendrick's family resemblance to the Abbot Kinney captured by photographers. Kendrick's face is ruddy, his wide forehead lightly freckled and framed by a shock

of white hair. His blue eyes sparkled as he talked about his family's mixed fortune. Absent is the bushy beard Abbot wore for years.

The Venice Kendrick knew decades ago was a lively town. Others interviewed as part of the Venice Project confirmed his recollections.

Helen Mears, for instance, is 88 years old and was raised in Santa Monica. Mears recalled how Venice was geared more to recreation than towards its permanent residents. In the first years she lived in Venice, in the 1920s, Mears said she returned to Santa Monica for her more serious shopping.

When she married, Mears moved to Venice because she and her husband wanted to see what living in an apartment was like. In those days, Mears said, apartments were virtually unknown in Santa Monica--practically everyone lived in a single-family home.

But apartment life soon paled for the youthful Mears, after their landlady complained to them about their noisy parties with friends. Some

things never change.

At Halloween, the Mears would join thousands of other revellers at the Venice Pier. Many would wear the "yamma-yamma" suits, clown suits with ruffled collars and tall hats.

Other early residents recounted the exhilaration of the amusement rides on the pier, and told what it was like to live in the town and attend Venice High School.

Florence Thurlow still lives in the Market Street home her family purchased in the early years. Thurlow grew up in the home when Market Street was still a canal. When she wanted to go someplace she walked.

Thurlow remembers those days as peaceful and happy. She loved the colored lights reflected in the waterways. Her father was the last mayor of the city of Venice, before it was annexed to Los Angeles and began its long, monumental decline.

A teacher at Venice High School from 1928 to 1965, Grayson Turney remembered the great one-sided rivalry with Santa Monica High School. The football coach for several years, Turney recalled that Venice High was walloped by SaMo High year in and year out, except when Venice's standout running back, Ward Afner, carried the team to victory.

Turney witnessed a darker episode in Venice history as well. When World War Two broke out, the many Japanese who farmed the area south of Washington Boulevard were ordered to relocation camps. Turney earned the gratitude of the Japanese community when he cared for the automobile

and possessions of one family.

Some of the stories told to Alexander and myself were just a little too good to be true. One 73-year-old man--I'll call him Fred Brown--astounded us with tale after tale. Brown seemed to have been on the scene of every dramatic event in the glory years.

Brown was parking cars at the Ship's Cafe, for instance, when the gangster Albert Marco gunned down two men. Brown heard the bullets whiz by that night, he said.

Brown also described how he rowed the gondolas in the canals in 1930, and that Fatty Arbuckle was one of his customers. Brown claimed that a date of Arbuckle's abandoned ship and swam to shore when Arbuckle got too frisky.

But Brown's stories were too colorful. Alexander caught the first inconsistency when she realized that the canals were already filled in by 1930, when Brown purportedly worked as a gondolier. With reflection, we realized that his other stories had been similarly polished by a fevered imagination. So much for trusting every senior citizen.

Several months after his interview, Kendrick Kinney attended the first showing of Alexander's narrated slide show on Venice, "Sandcastles," at a meeting of the Westside Genealogical Society.

Afterwards, Kinney expressed pleasure at the film and indicated that he would be willing to share his own slides at a future meeting of the Venice Historical Society.

Before leaving, Kinney said he was puzzled by the current popularity of Venice Beach. "I don't know what people come there for now. There's nothing to do. Back then, we had lots of things to do."

Kinney had a point. In his grandfather's day, the public had its choice of dozens of thrill rides on the pier and the midway plaisance. From the double roller-coaster, Race Through The Clouds, to the Great American Racing Derby carousel, where a "winner" could earn a free ride, the tourists never ran out of recreation.

In addition, there were the bingo parlors, tram rides, beauty contests and car races. Venice hung onto alcohol after most other towns in the county had gone dry. With Vernon, Venice was called "The Twin Vs of Vice" by one reporter.

And on the pier, couples danced in the spacious ballroom to the tunes of the Ben Pollack Orchestra. Venice was one of the few towns that allowed dancing on Sundays. At one time, both Benny Goodman and Glen Miller played with Pollack.

Even if some of the fanciful architecture of Kinney's Venice is restored, as some have planned, it's unlikely that Venice will ever experience

again the giddy delights of the original Venice Of America.

Those wishing to learn more of Venice's history, or assist in the Venice Project, are encouraged to contact the Venice Historical Society at 392-1014, or the Westside Genealogical Society at 676-0046.

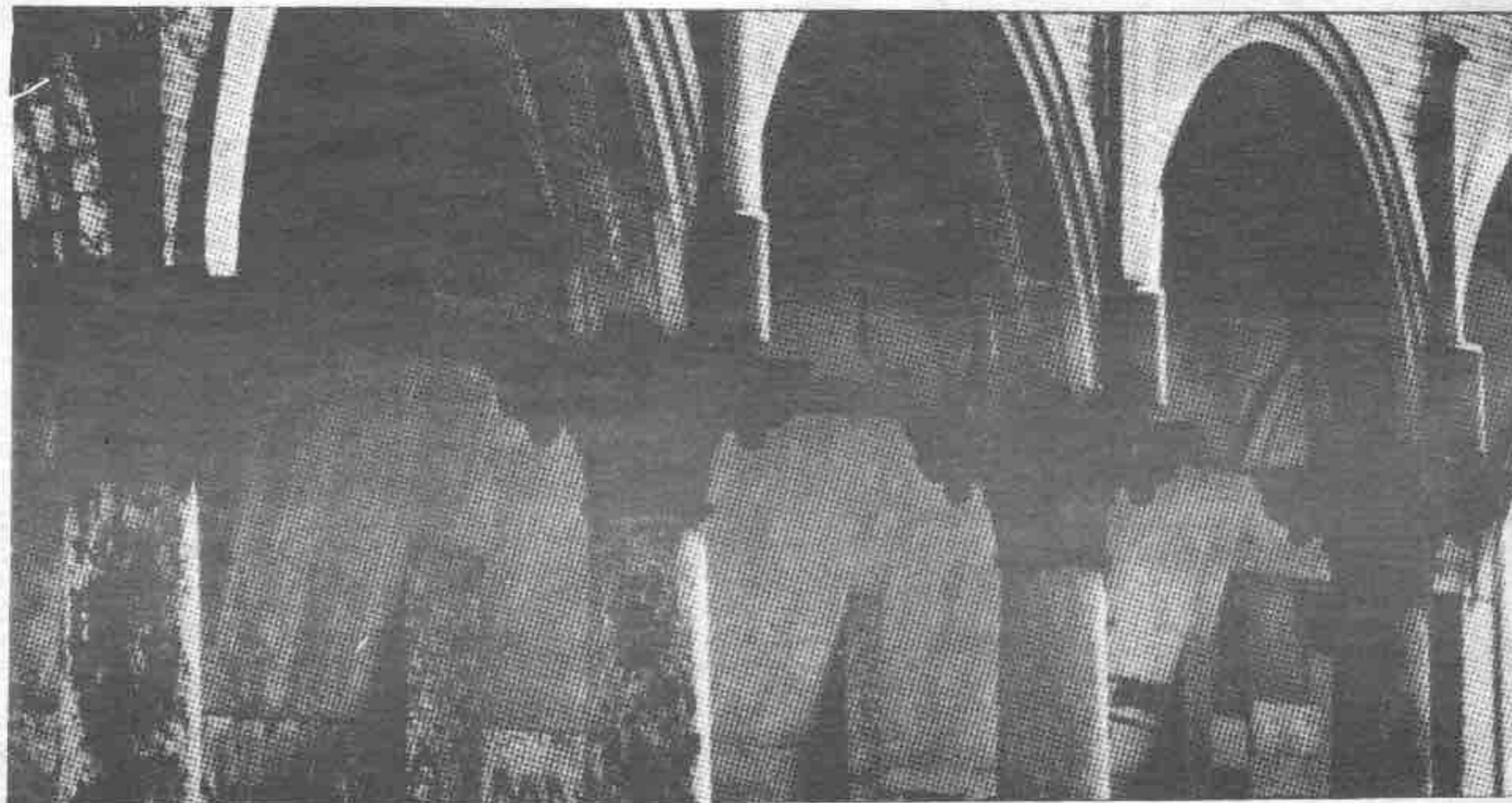


Photo by Rich Mann

...ads...ads...ads...ads...ads...ads...ads...ads...ads...ads...ads..

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Greetings from the Gipper and his Gang...

People magazine recently called Paul Krassner "father of the underground press." Naturally he demanded a blood test. But Krassner did publish *The Realist* from 1958 to 1974, and now he's doing it again, as a satirical newsletter. The first ten issues—still available—include:

- Harry Shearer Covers the Political Conventions
- Robert Anton Wilson Covers the Married Priests Convention
- M.J. Sibert Covers the Eunuch Convention
- A Bizarre Interview with Jerry Garcia
- The Harlan Ellison Roast Starring Robin Williams
- Snitching on Sodomy
- Snorting Cocaine with the Pope
- The Parts Left Out of Fawn Hall's Testimony
- Murder at the Humor Convention
- Joan Rivers Calls Nancy Reagan
- Richard Nixon Calls Gary Hart
- Secrets Behind the Charles Manson Case
- Condom Nation
- The Rise and Fall of the Wilton North Report
- How to Pass a Urine Test
- The Last Temptation of Morton Downey Jr.

The Realist

P. O. Box 1230 • Venice CA 90294
ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND:

- \$20 for those first ten issues \$23 for a 12-issue subscription
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Venice Local Coastal Plan

INTRODUCTION: The LA City Planning Department and Councilwoman Ruth Galanter's office, in an effort to gain community participation, invited the various Venice neighborhoods to develop "ideas/visions/suggestions/opinions on neighborhood standards" prior to the City drafting its Local Coastal Plan (LCP). The first workshop was held at the Penmar Recreation Center on August 13, 1988.

The nine neighborhood groups met for the next three months hammering their ideas, hopes, and dreams into their suggested neighborhood standards.

The groups presented their plans/ideas to the Planning Department, Ruth Galanter's staff, the Venice community, and each other at the Westminster School on November 5, 1988.

All groups did a tremendous amount of work, and whether you agree or disagree with their final results, they deserve a loud three cheers for a job well done! Nor is the work over. There will be a workshop with cross-group discussion on November 30; for time & place call 485-3508. More reviews and analysis are to follow. Then the Planning Department will write and distribute its final draft of the Specific Plans; more reviews and eventually the plans will be presented to the City Council for approval and adoption. For more information contact Catriona Bryan, City Planning Department - 485-3508.

I had hoped to have a short summary from each group describing their experience/process, but the Millwood Group was the only one that responded. I include their response here as an example of a process that I feel is not too different from what the other groups experienced.

The chart below is an outline of some of the more important items covered by the neighborhood meetings. For more information contact the coordinators, Planning Department, or the Venice Library which has copies of the full reports. There's still more questions to ask and to answer, as well as more work to be done, but everyone should thank each other for a job well begun. I would also like to thank the BEACHHEAD Collective for their interest and this space they gave us. THANKS TO ALL,

Rick Davidson

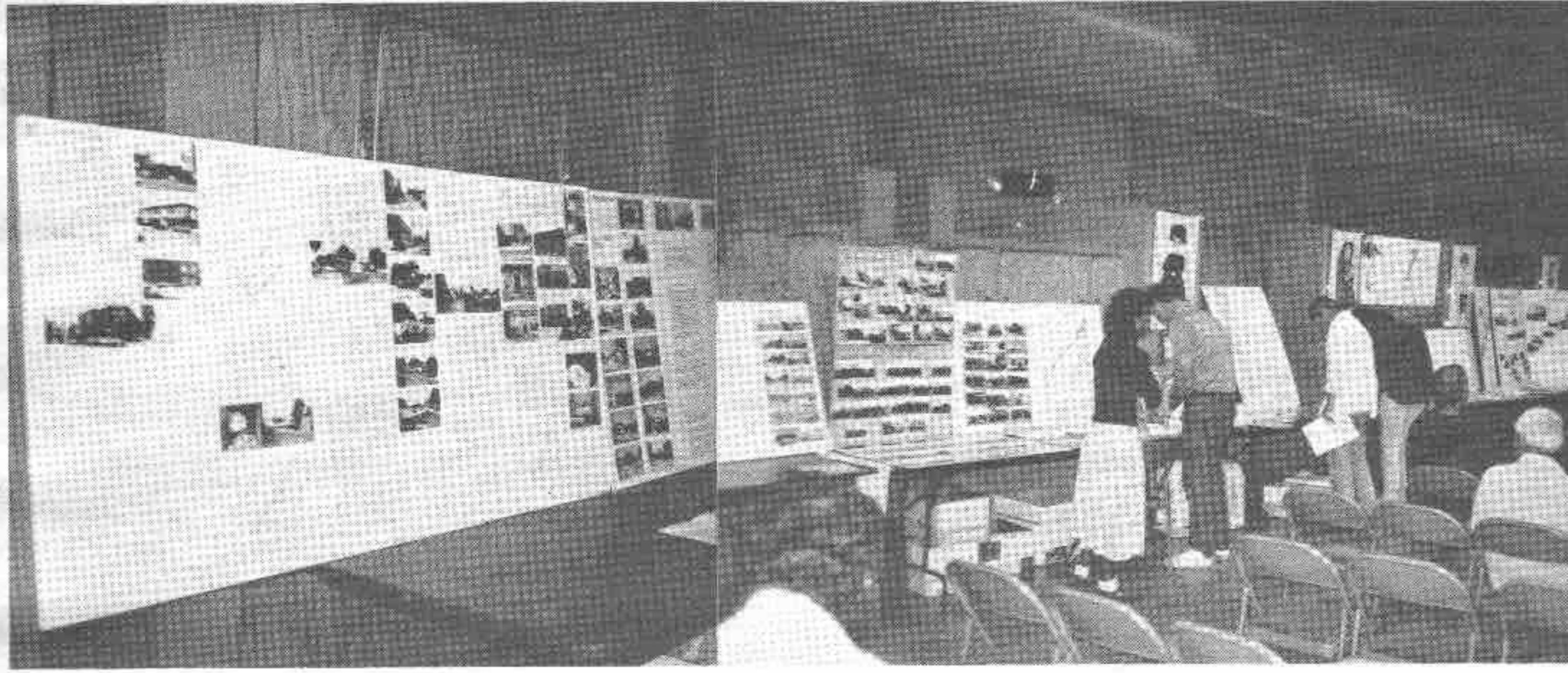
by Emily Cordova

Well folks, twenty years of struggle and the same unresolved issue that has kept Venice a hot bed of diversity still exists. People vs. profits or human rights vs. property rights. Who owns a property? The person who lives on it, who gives of themselves, contributes to and becomes an integral part of the community; or the person whose only interest is purely the monetary gain? This initial struggle for basic human needs in Venice, has kept many of us here and has drawn in others who love this spirit of community. But over the years, spiraling land speculation and its effect on housing cost has displaced many who spent much of their lives as a part of our community. Living spaces are so much smaller and so much more expensive that people are having to double up. It takes at least up to 1/2 or more of one's income to pay for rent, and for those who cannot.....the state of homelessness.

Our group was a varied one, ranging from developers, small and large landowners, resident and non-resident landowners, and a few renters. It was strange to see all these faces, some familiar, some not, but definitely more affluent than the

VENICE NEIGHBORHOOD'S RESPONSE TO LOCAL COASTAL PLAN

DESIGN REVIEW BOARD	DENSITY BONUS	HISTORICAL PRESERVATION TRAFFIC	LANDSCAPING	FENCES & WALLS	LOT CONSOLIDATION			SETBACKS	HEIGHT	PARTICIPATION	NEIGHBORHOODS			
					F	S	R							
YES	NO	NO	Y	S.T.	3'-6"	8'	8'	2/U	YES	P.	10% 15'	28' 30'	South East Venice Coor: Charlene Richards 306-0249	
NO	YES		-	S.T.	3'-6"	-	-	2/U	YES	P	10% 15'	25' 20'	40	Millwood Coor: Ann Bryant 396-5058
YES	YES		Y	S.T.	-	-	-	-	NO	15'	3/5 15'	25' 35'	40	Oakwood Coor: Polly Rose 821-4872
YES	YES		-	S.T.	3'-6"	8'	8'	2/U	NO	12'	10% 7 1/2'	28' 30'	52	Central Venice Coor: Anna Waendelin 392-9234
-	YES		Y	50%	3'-6"	-	-	2/U	NO	P	10% 15'	28' 20'	48	No. Beach B&C Coor: Louis Kent 822-5536
YES	YES		-	17/30	3'-6"	8'	8'	2 25/U	YES	P	10% 15'	28' 25'	95	No. Beach A Coor: Barbara Palovas 396-1169
YES	NO		-	S.T.	3'-6"	6'	6'	CODE	YES	P	10% 15'	28' 32'	36	Oxford Triangle Coor: Ruthann Carlisle 821-7668
NO	-		-	-	3'-6"	8'	8'	2/U	NO	10'	10% 15'	30' 26'	16	Venice Canals Coor: CJ Cole 823-3129
-	-		-	-	CODE	CODE	CODE	-	P	10% 15'	35'			Marnia Peninsula Coor: Dave Douglas 305-9201
YES	YES		Y	S.T.	CODE	-	-	-	YES	CODE	30'	10	W. Washington Blvd. Coor: John Kertisz 399-8188	



1988 OCEANFRONT WALK

SOV*, SIP*, With the LCP in Millwood

strugglers from years ago (myself included). The new Venice wanting to preserve a more gentrified and cosmetic Venice, in contrast to the old Venice trying to preserve diverse cultures, races, and socio-economic levels of those who were a part of it. We had a dedicated core of about 20 participants, with around 20 others drifting in and out for a total of 40 participants. We used flyers on corners and word of mouth to advertise. We did not leaflet door to door, so I feel we did not encourage as many as we could have, noticeably renters, hispanics and blacks.

Our group was creative and stimulating, with much dialogue and debate, many written and re-written reports during the tedium of the democratic process. We met 3 hours every Saturday morning for 2½ months with a lot of work in between.

We came up with proposals similar to most of the other groups - very limited expansion, creative uses of volume and mass to maximize space within the already given, and tucking in affordable housing where ever possible. Limit commercial expansion and maintain neighborhood service orientation, not highway orientation. En-

courage public transportation for public beach access to alleviate some of the parking crunch. Easy maintenance landscaping and in general keep close to what it is now with a lot of grooming.

The major conflicts within the group centered around affordable housing. The definition of affordable housing using federal guidelines was the first point of contention. The median income for a family of 4 is \$33,200. A moderate income would be 80%-120% of that which would be about \$40,000, and very low would be 0% - 50%. A significant minority felt this scale was too high and not reflecting reality. The second conflict was how much would we be willing to sacrifice all this wonderful low-density landscape we enjoy for more density to provide more liveable units for others to live near the beach. To impose the maximum in higher density to provide more affordable housing is like asking a person if they are really so sympathetic about the homeless, would they have one camp in their back yard!

Considering these hard core basic issues were not resolved, we still came up with a well presented, well thought

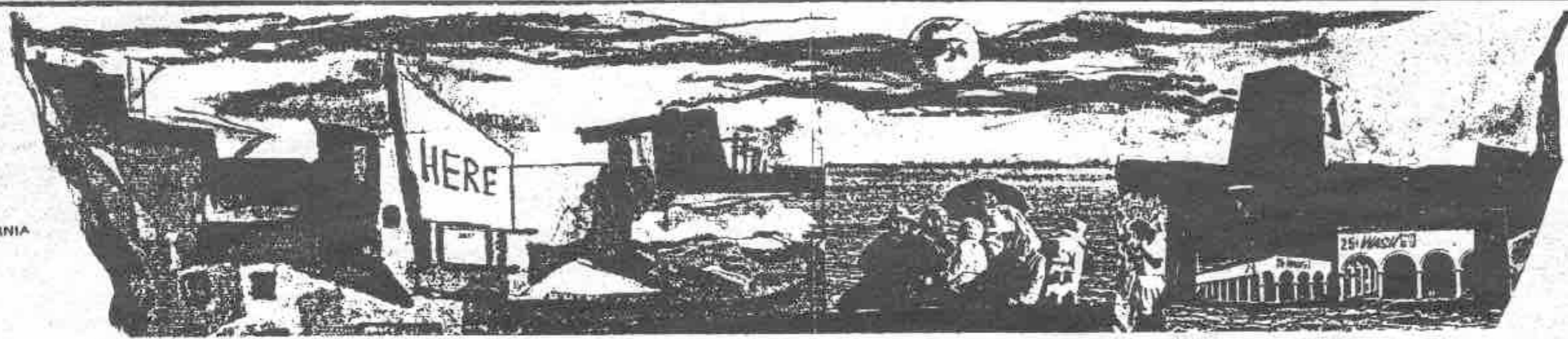
out, serious document. Ways to achieve affordable housing in both residential and commercial areas were presented very realistically. In fact, we were the only group that had an affordable housing subgroup. I feel that we were successful in presenting reasonable and achievable solutions or suggestions to accommodate both the inevitable changes in Venice and still maintain what ever we have now. I especially enjoyed getting to know my neighbors better, meeting the ones I hadn't met and making new friends.

Now the question is, now will the City Planners consider our efforts? Will all this work be filed away in some obscure drawer leaving Venice to become just a freeway by the sea?

*Spirit of Venice
*Still in Process



VENICE NEIGHBORHOOD'S RESPONSE TO LOCAL COASTAL PLAN



COMMENTS

28' roofs 4 in 12, 30' over loft only, 30' over parking; no consolidation used to increase density; tandem & compact parking ok, urge City to build parking structures; landscape as buffers betwn. zones, street trees on comm. st.; suggest a

NOTICE OF INTENT for historical bldgs; no through traffic in residential areas, use semi-cul de sacs & one-way streets; explore alternative to density bonus; review board for Venice as a whole.

25' ht., 20' at side w/ 6 in 12, 30' bonus in comm; accent entry to walk streets; consolidation only where total is 10,000, none in R-2 areas; permit parking not seen as solution, encourage permeable parking areas; street trees at 40' in comm.

areas; support community oriented bus., manufacturing not to be changed to comm; maintain existing density, encourage low-income over commercial.

35' roof is pitched; 3' side yard - 5' for 2nd floor; consolidation ok for low-income, maintain neighborhood scale - no large boxes; City should develop parking areas; protect Tabor Residence once owned by A. Kinney; no through traffic, no

street widening, lower speed limits; one-for-one replacement of low-income units demolished, use of City owned lots for low-income, no in-lieu-of payments for parking or afford. housing; who to review?; need for community services.

30' in Artcraft zone, mech. equip. can be higher, 28' in RD1.5, see massing chart, 0' setbacks in Artcraft zone, 12' in Res. w/6' encroachment for porches; remove parking and billboards from Venice median strip; consolidation only on 30'x45'

lots to a max. of 90' frontage; encourage mass transit, all visitor serving commercial uses, including open-air vending, shall provide parking; see full plan for "transfer of development rights" referring to affordable housing.

20' first 1/3, 28' rear 2/3 on walk st., 35' OFW; front porches can extend into front yd. up to 8'; no consolidation on walk st. or OFW - max. 2 lots in comm.; tandem ok, increase public transportation; 50% of front yard to be softscape;

create windward Ave. as an historical district, preserve arcades & require new one; discourage drive-through street, density bonus limited to low-income units.

28' av., 25' f & 32' r walk streets, 30' av. drive st., 35' OFW; two lots permitted to consolidate, beyond that must be approved by DRB; 2.25 parking per unit, allow permit parking, beach public & comm. parking must be distinguished; 1 tree for

30' of frontage in comm. areas; 25% density bonus for low-income; design review board to be made up of 1 mem. VTC, 1 VAC, 3 lic. architects or landscape architect.

28' roof, 32' if ploped, 30' comm; av. front setback of block, 24' for new; lot consolidation with strict limits on height & length; privacy screening, 10' hi fence at transitional areas; increase # of st. trees; eliminate through traffic,

no parking in alleys; no d. bonus except to encourage off/comm, use as opposed to less desirable uses; review board to include local residence; City work with Co. solve problems at floor control basin.

30' av. - 26' 1st 20', prohibit roof top satellite-dishes over 30'; preserve sense of scale along the canals; no consolidation - encourage open space; park 2 per unit, restore converted garages, parking in canals for residence only; no massing

of trees; may need a citizen's code review (for garages); drainage - provide 100cu ft. of French drain in rear yd, 450 sf permeable in front yd & 50% of side yd; pumping of water or other liquid into canals prohibited.

35' ht. for non-ocean front, ht. of adj. property for ocean front; code setbacks; variances available for those who can prove reasonable exception; access should be re-evaluated due to new development of Silver Strand; much new parking has been

added; look of walk streets should be determined by residence on those streets; residents should be conscious of not using public area for private use.

35' max. ht, 30' at cornices; lot consolidation of max. 10 lots; City should buy land and build parking facilities, two-hour meters on Blvd.; Rename Blvd. Abbott Kinney Blvd. and listed as historical area; entire area zoned "Commercial/Artcraft;

rescind Blvd. as a secondary highway; shuttle should be used; 7-10% of lot front landscaped; street lighting up-graded; Electric one-way; traffic must be slowed;

Sanctuary Much!

J. L. Martin

The single most magical element in Venice is the beach; Venice Beach is internationally famous as a carnival of the wild and the weird, it is the reason that this town exists here. It is also one of the most often visited beaches in L.A., both by the Los Angeles locals and tourists from out-of-town. But while we have been busy making merry on the seashore, the sea itself has not been having as much fun.

To be blunt, we have been dumping into Santa Monica Bay since 1947; A long list of horrifying chemical and petroleum residues too ghastly to think about, let alone attempt to pronounce. While laws have been passed regarding this sort of problem, they have not been enforced.

In the fine Venice tradition of the miraculous, there is a chance that we may be able to turn this around with the idea of sanctuary.

On Dec 1st there will be a document signed, with much fanfare and music, to declare Santa Monica Bay as a proposed sight for a National Estuary, (this being the aquatic equivalent of a National Park or Wilderness Area).

The politics behind all this are, of course interesting to say the least. The initiative, approved by the EPA, was recommended to the feds by Gov. Duke, (who just vetoed three inexpensive and useful water bills, and is not famous for being a fan of the great outdoors), because it was recommended to the governor by Rep. Mel Levine, who has a much better record at remembering what planet he lives on. It has at this point achieved approval by the EPA through their own embarrassment; In the last eight years, only one other sight has been approved for a similar study for estuary status.

So, just to remind us the EPA stands for the Environmental Protection Agency, not the Eternal Pollution Advocates, they agreed to go ahead with the preliminary approval on Santa Monica Bay.

But even in Venice, miracles do not occur by themselves. They need your effort, too. To see this thing through to a happy ending, write to your congressman, your senator, Gov. Duke and the EPA, and anyone else you can think of. The courts have given L. A. twelve years to clean up the water, but do you really want to wait that long to go for a swim? ▲



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natives of planet earth
 too often
 the fool in us
 rules our being.
 torn from the reality of truth
 we flounder
 in the nightmare
 of an unbelievable stupidity.
 separated from that truth
 that is so simple, clean,
 sure, obvious
 we starve for reason, logic,
 good sense...
 that common sense
 available to each of us
 for the single price
 of being human...being truth.

as humans in paradise,
 we didn't need bibles
 to tell us where we were
 only our senses,
 but consciousness
 we lost to the fool
 when we gave up without a fight,
 without struggle.
 and with consciousness
 went our right to enjoy the paradise
 planet earth is capable
 of offering.

natives of planet earth
 we were born
 only to forgo
 our potentiality;
 living instead the fool of fools
 where life equals the finite waste
 of a dead belief...
 a belief in things
 not each other;
 a belief in death
 not life;
 waiting for tomorrow
 without using today;
 not even realizing that tomorrow
 is dependent
 on today.

acting the fool of fools,
 we squander every resource
 provided
 as if nothing mattered.
 like an unborn child cursing its mother,
 we cut the cord of life
 fearing dependence.
 not realizing the foolishness
 of our doing,
 we wrap the cord around our necks
 making it easy for the fool of us
 to do its job.

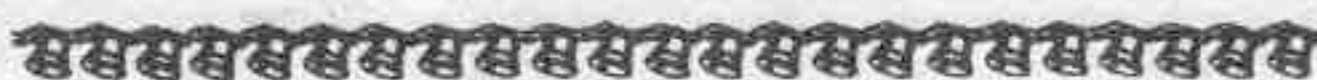
the spirit of the land
 calls to us.
 we hear not.
 no, we refuse to listen.
 the spirit smiles a sad smile
 knowing the garden will be lonely
 when we're gone.
 you see,
 fools bring absolutely nothing
 to paradise.
 :::

rick davidson
 venice, california 90291
 11/3/88

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Councilwoman Ruth Galanter invites you to a
 Holiday Open House, December 12, from 5 to 8P.M.
 at the Westside Field Office, 7166 W.
 Manchester (at Lincoln Blvd.



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TAC Turns Ten

TENANT ACTION CENTER CELEBRATES 10TH ANNIVERSARY

How does it go--there are a thousand stories in the Naked City? Probably more. If you want to hear just a few of them, visit the Westside Tenant Action Center (TAC) at 442 Lincoln Boulevard, Venice, while it's open on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings (7-9 p.m.) or Saturday afternoons (1-4 p.m.). The Center has been open continuously since its founding was first announced in the Beachhead in 1978.

You can meet the elderly woman who, after living in the same apartment for 30 years, has just been told by the new owner that she has 30 days to pack up and leave; the couple with the family who know that the rent increase they just received is too much, but fear retaliation; the tenant who just found a notice from the Marshal on the door telling him to leave, but the tenant never even knew an eviction had been filed (the landlord swears the tenant was served).



CPE

Meet tenants whose landlord won't fix broken windows, or deal with the roaches, or repair the heater; who have a baby and their landlord says Congratulations! But you have more people in the unit now than the contract calls for, so you have to move or pay more money; who scrubbed the apartment clean but can't get their security deposit back out of the owner's pocket (and isn't there something called relocation fees, and when are they supposed to get that?).

And listen to the tales of the folks who are being evicted for not paying their rent--and they haven't paid their rent, because they're

broke, or unemployed, or their social security check disability checks don't get to them until the 5th of the month while rent is due on the first.

For over ten years the Tenant Action Center has been in continuous operation, advising tenants, intervening in their problems when possible, helping people to appear in court to present their defense to eviction, sometimes just doing what little can be done to keep the wolf and landlord from the door. The Center was founded by local community activists, most of them active as lawyers or law students in the Housing Panel of the National Lawyers Guild. Sites were established downtown and in East Los Angeles, as well as Venice: only the westside location remains open.

Originally, the TAC operated out of an ex-tattoo parlor at 1301 Main Street; its public opening was covered in the June, 1978 Beachhead. Jeff Cohen, author of the first article, wrote that the only things certain in LA were death, taxes and housing ripoffs. One other certain thing, then, has been the need for the Tenant Action Center. Since 1982, the Center has operated out of its present storefront at 442 Lincoln Boulevard, which has its advantages over the old place of such amenities as light and air (as well as wall space for poster and quarters to share with other groups: right now, the Nacaragua Task Force; before that, Ash Grove Productions and the Renter's Lobby). The Beachhead Collective also meets at the TAC.

The Center operates on a completely volunteer basis, and is staffed by law students, community members (some of whom first came to the Center seeking help) and attorneys. Its operating funds come from donations given by people who seek its services. \$15 is the usual request (it just went up a little) but no one is ever turned away due to lack of funds and those with more money can always give more.

The Center's founders never wanted to be simply a lobbying group for tenants' rights, or a

legal aid clinic. They were inspired, in those heady days, by a political agenda of agitation around the right to shelter, with a focus on the rights of the poor, the elderly and minorities,

inspired by a vision of tenant unions arising across the City, building from individuals to streets to neighborhoods. The counseling work, providing tenants with the ammunition needed for self-defense--was only one aspect to the Center's programme.

The political commitment to the right to shelter has never wavered, but political and personal realities have dictated that the counseling function has become primary. While the Center has participated actively in coalitions with other tenant groups around rent control issues, the constantly growing demand for legal services, advice and assistance has consumed the time and energy of the small band of volunteers, whose faces have changed over time (except for a few of the graybeards who were present at the creation.)

In fact, the Center's counseling efforts have been very successful. For all of the stories mentioned at the beginning of this article, the Center has provided answers and given help. Every week, tenants learn what they need to know in order to assert their rights. Every week, tenants counseled by the Center appear in court to defend themselves from eviction--and win! And more tenants come into the Center, from all over the County, referred by agencies, tenant groups, city council offices, or most often, by word of mouth.

How can Beachhead readers help the TAC? A fundraiser is in the planning stages (watch these pages!) but donations are always appreciated to help the very tight budget, as well as supplies such as typewriters, ribbons, writing pads, pens etc. (anyone know how to fix broken copiers?). Send donations to the Tenant Action Center c/o Susan Millmann, 12240 Venice Boulevard, Suite 25, Los Angeles, 90066. Or volunteer to help, by calling Wendell Jones at 392-2557, or Phil Brimble at 390-2035.

Bits and Pieces

By Geriatric Jack

In this century more than 350 INNOCENT people have been convicted of crimes punishable by death. At least 119 were sentenced to death and 23 were executed.

Our handgun death toll for 1985 was 9,014 compared to 8 (eight) for all of Britain. Congress just voted down a bill which would have required a seven day waiting period before you could purchase a gun.

Japan spends less than 10 percent of its government research budget on MILITARY technology while the United States spends nearly 70 percent. "That's why you see the Pentagon going on buying missions to Japan," says the vice-pres of the American Electronics Association Ralph Thomson. "Commercial technology is becoming the leading edge."

I just figured why "they" have not paved Venice Blvd. from Lincoln to the beach(that washboard). It is a safety measure to slow down the traffic. Instead of building speed bumps they just let the natural "speed depressions" form and leave them there. Saves lives and money.

ATTENTION COLLECTIVE !

The Drug Enforcement Administration's chief administrative law judge recommended legalizing marijuana as a prescription drug for treatment of multiple sclerosis and nausea suffered by cancer patients in chemotherapy.

The judge, Francis L. Young, found marijuana, in its natural form, is one of the safest therapeutically active substances known to man."

*Congratulations on your 20th
Birthday,*

FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

from Joan Del Monte

Del Monte Realty

VOICE OF THE VENICE TOWN COUNCIL



December 1988

President's Message

In October, I told you about a "Venice Beach Shuttle System" study being conducted for us by four UCLA Urban Planning grad students. Now, with the quarter coming to a close, they have given us a preliminary report. And they assure us that they will continue this project to completion, even if it goes on into their holiday break.

We do not yet have information on costs or sources of funding. And we do not yet know what type of vehicle to use. We have asked for vehicles which are small enough to navigate our narrow streets, big enough to carry surfboards, and attractive enough to encourage ridership.

What we do know, however is very exciting! They are planning two routes in addition to the present DASH/Venice Blvd. shuttle. And there is not one dime planned to acquire land or erect expensive structures. Some minor gating, striping and signing can provide us with a great deal of beach access parking, using lots that are already here now!

The southernmost, or Marina route would service parking lots at the Marina Business Center, the Marina Freeway Media (proposed) and public parking lots at Admiralty Way and the Marina Peninsula County lot. It will terminate at the Washington Square Parking Garage. In the future it can also include the weekend parking at the Marina Gateway project. That's 1,810 spaces right now, and at least another thousand added by the Park and Ride lot development, the addition of a second level at the Marina Peninsula lot, plus whatever space is available at Marina Gateway project when Jerry Snyder finishes construction.

The northern route will use Los Angeles Unified School District space at four remote schools; Venice High, Mark Twain Junior High, Walgrove and Beethoven Elementary Schools. The spaces are not yet counted, but should be equal to those available on the southern route. This is a 5.9 mile route, and will have two buses going each way. The southern route is 7.3 miles and will have three buses going one way in a figure "8" loop.

Both routes are planned to encourage greater use of the south beaches and to make it easier to come to Venice by bus rather than bringing one's car. Several good ideas have come out for shuttle service to residents. If we can first implement beach access by these shuttle routes, we can look at expansion to help residents. Presently, the questions we must answer are: "Do these shuttle routes and number of parking spaces meet our Beach Access requirements so that we can implement Preferential Parking Districts?" and, "How do we find the dollars to get this program in operation this coming summer?". One possibility, if we can't buy the buses, is to use the DASH buses from downtown on weekends, as the present shuttle does.

December Agenda

Ms. Mary Kushner, of Michael Dieden & Associates will present a development proposed for Sunset and Main. Ten minutes for her presentation and fifteen minutes for questions and answers.

Committee Reports, Old and New Business.

ANNUAL PARTY : Holiday Happiness and General Socializing

Editorial Comments

We are fortunate to live in a community known the world over for its Ocean Front Walk and beach, its art and architecture, its diverse population, its spirit of independence and creativity, its quality of life....one of the few communities in Southern California that has managed to maintain its unique identity and character.

But Venice has its share of problems. We're sure there's one that affects you; a lack of parking and affordable housing, litter and poorly cleaned streets, traffic congestion, airport noise, the homeless, lack of transportation for senior citizens, inadequate beach transportation, crime, pollution of the air and the Santa Monica Bay, and last but certainly not least, inappropriate commercial development.

Since its founding in 1973, the Venice Town Council was the lone voice to be raised in protest over the intentional neglect of our area. We have always worked to preserve Venice's unique identity and independent community spirit. As a non-profit membership organization open to all, we will continue to do so.

Recently several excellent community activist organizations have formed; Coalition of Concerned Communities, Venice Action Committee, Not Yet New York, Coastal Council, Venice Community Vision, Housing Coalition, Parking Coalition, Venice Next Step, H.O.M.E. in Mar Vista and

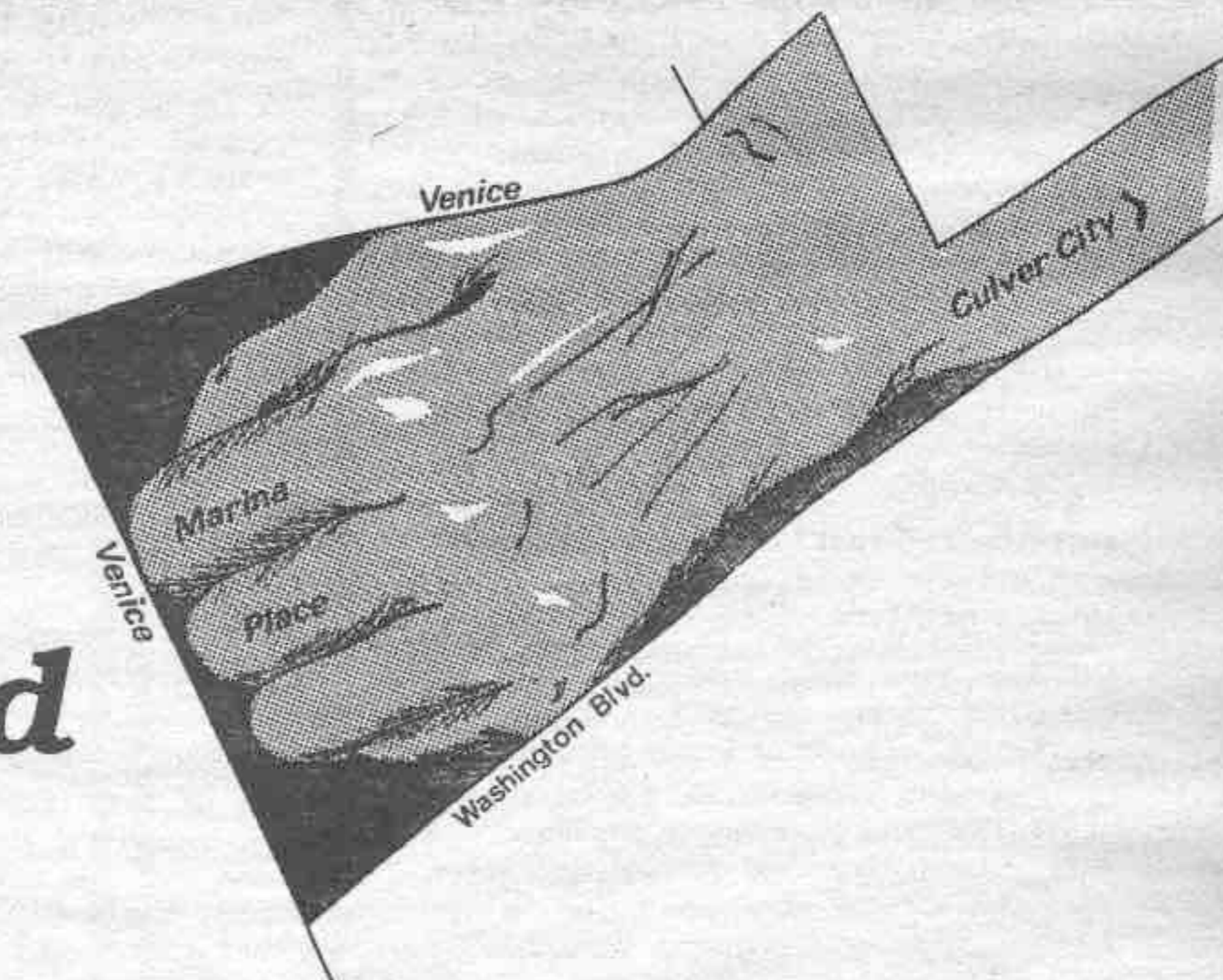
others. Residents are uniting their neighborhoods; Zanja Neighborhood Assn., Oxford Triangle Homeowners and Residents Assn., Oakwood Congress, Presidents' Row Neighborhood Assn., Marina Peninsula, Millwood, Ocean Front Walk, North Beach, Penmar Neighborhood Assn., Ballona Lagoon. All over Venice and the westside, the message is clear.....residents are taking the community power back where it belongs.....with the community.

In consideration of the Venice Town Council's continuing role as a forum for Venice, we are dedicating this supplement of the Beachhead, the VOICE of the VENICE TOWN COUNCIL as a voice for the concerns of all of Venice. It will be published every month in conjunction with the Beachhead (circulation 10,000). Every group -- environmental, resident, activist -- effecting change in Venice will be asked to contribute information to the VOICE under their own byline.

NEXT MEETING Dec 8 7:30 pm

Old Venice City Hall (213)281-8323
681 North Venice Blvd., Venice, CA 90291

Don't let Venice be KO'd



Lincoln & Washington will be three times capacity
Blocking Coastal Access
Impacting surrounding Venice neighborhoods
Closing Venice businesses with a two level Lincoln Blvd.

JUST SAY NO! TO A REGIONAL SHOPPING MALL!

Send contributions to the Venice Legal Defense & Education Fund
c/o the Venice Town Council, Old Venice City Hall
681 North Venice Blvd., Venice, CA 90291 Phone: (213)281-8323

Yes, I support responsible development on this site and oppose a regional mall.

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Here is my contribution:

_____ \$500. \$100. \$50. \$25. time/skill _____

Open Letter From VTC to LAPD

The Venice Town Council represents a significant cross-section of this area's constituency. We are writing this letter in support of former police Sgt. Mitchell Grobeson with regard to his lawsuit against the City of Los Angeles for alleged sexual harassment that ultimately led to his quitting the force.

The Venice community was fortunate to have Sgt. Grobeson assigned to this particularly volatile and politically sensitive area during the peak of our homeless crisis last year.

During this period and in all our dealings with him, whether at community meetings in private homes which he attended on his days off, or as an observed attendee or participant member of any public forum on the issue, Sgt. Grobeson was the consummate professional, dispatching his duties sensitively and humanely to all the then residents. Further, sexual preference was never an issue in the performance of his duties.

You are aware, we are sure, of his well-deserved community commendations of that performance, and we had not before, nor have we since as a community, felt as protected as when Sgt. Grobeson was assigned to this beat.

Our joint recollections of his sole response to area resident distress and emergency calls on a seemingly 24 hours a day, 7 days a week basis during this time without apparent benefit of support or back-up leads us to the conclusion that not only Sgt. Grobeson as an individual, but our community in general was placed at great risk during a particularly turbulent time and we are both shocked and dismayed at his alleged treatment by fellow officers and the Los Angeles Police Department.

There was, as you might suspect, some controversy within our own community regarding the methods employed by the LAPD during this period, however, many residents on both sides of the issue personally observed Sgt. Grobeson during the winter storm that virtually wiped out beach area homeless encampments, attempting to save belongings of homeless persons with great compassion and always.....always..... professionalism.

We wish to go on record as a community in his support.

Venice Historical Society

The Venice Historical Society is striving to provide community education and increased recognition and preservation of Venice's important heritage. It is our belief that any future planning for this community must include strong elements directed toward the preservation of public and private sites in order to impart a sense of Venice's past to visitors and residents in years to come. Historic preservation helps maintain a community's pride, its perspective and its vitality. In Venice, with its unique and colorful past, this is extremely important.

First, we recommend that important public facilities and structures be designated with appropriate recognition of their historic import, that they be afforded needed protection and that community planning be done in such a manner as to guarantee their integrity and survival. Examples are the Venice City Hall, the remaining Venice canals, the Venice Library building, the beachfront pagodas, the Venice Jail, the Venice Post Office mural and the Venice breakwater.

Second, we urge that every effort be made to recognize and protect important private structures in this area that would convey a sense of Venice's heritage to future generations. We feel this importance is not limited to those buildings with striking architectural features but should include much larger areas, or street scenes, where the aggregate building/housing stock demonstrates the community scale and diversity of past eras. Neighborhoods exemplifying this can be found throughout Venice but are most clearly visible in the area bounded by the streets made from Venice's earlier canals, the walk streets of North Beach, the inland walk streets and the colonnaded arcades of Windward Avenue.

Venice is rich with elements of strong historic value. It has, unfortunately, also lost too many important buildings and sites because of short sighted planning, neglect and a lack of understanding of historic preservation. The Venice planning process should not allow such mistakes in the future and must contain provisions encouraging, even demanding, historic recognition and preservation.

For information on the Venice Historical Society, please call Betsy Goldman, 392-1014.

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Ballona Lagoon

What is the Ballona Lagoon? Ballona Lagoon was once part of a vast, richly productive wetlands eco-system encompassing thousands of acres. From the bluffs in Playa del Rey, including all of Marina del Rey and stretching inland to Culver City, the wetlands provided a natural habitat to thousands of birds, fish and mammals.

Today, the Ballona Lagoon is one of the last remaining salt water wetlands in Southern California and itself, is considered an endangered species. The Lagoon is situated in the midst of a fast-growing, urban environment. This contributes to some of the wide-spread support it enjoys and yet at the same time creates challenges to its very existence.

Ballona Lagoon is a resource we cannot reproduce. The tidal wetland is nursery and feeding ground to marine and mudflat creatures.

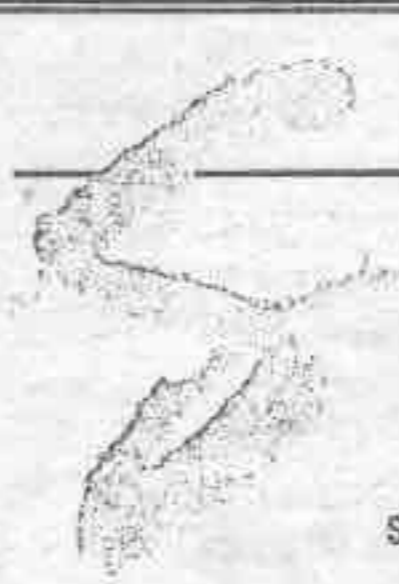
On any given day, you can spot shore birds basking on the banks or feeding in the shallow waters. If you look closely you will see fiddler crabs scurrying in the mudflats, spot an occasional octopus or discover hundreds of sea hares breeding and breeding and breeding in a seemingly endless chain.

What is the Ballona Lagoon Marine Preserve?

It was formed in 1987 to restore and preserve Ballona Lagoon. It is a community-based group of private citizens organized as a non-profit, tax exempt corporation. Our board of directors includes men and women with diverse backgrounds. Our advisory board is a group representing a cross-section of political, occupational and environmental points of view.

The Ballona Lagoon Marine Preserve dedicates its energy to protecting and enhancing the wetland. In partnership with the California Coastal Conservancy and the community we will soon develop a strategic plan to guide our efforts. The California Coastal Conservancy has recently awarded the Preserve a grant committed to this endeavor.

We encourage all concerned with the preservation of this unique, invaluable wetland to become part of the Ballona Lagoon Marine preserve -- together we can work to save this rare urban marine treasure.



tina settino
graphic design

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213 · 452-2919

VENICE TOWN COUNCIL Policy regarding presenting development projects before the board of directors and the general membership. In November, 1988, the motion was made, moved and passed that there will be a policy of limiting the time that any developer can take at a board meeting presenting their project. That the Venice Town Council will oppose any project that does not conform to the Interim Control Ordinance and our community plan. Developers can present their proposals before the general Venice Town Council meetings. Developers will be encouraged to meet with the neighbors within the area of their project after the first public hearing and before the hearing officials render their decision.

This is intended to give the community a chance to express their concerns, to negotiate changes with developers and to inform the hearing officers of any areas of agreement as well as any areas of disagreement.

OPERATION CLEAN SWEEP 237-1797 Paul Racs

Doesn't usually initiate projects but will facilitate. Provides tools but community members do the work. Tools, paint, expertise are their forte. Clean and Green can be called for additional community reinforcement.

Presidents' Row Assn.

Residents of the southeast Venice area north of Washington Blvd., east of West Washington Blvd. south of Venice Blvd., and west of Lincoln Blvd. are in the long overdue process of organizing. Taking a cue from our street names (Garfield, Van Buren, Harrison, etc.) we are calling ourselves the Presidents' Row Neighborhood Association.

A mini-mall encroaching in one direction and a motel expanding into residential areas in another direction compelled us to get organized and start working together as neighbors. With the help of the Venice Town Council and Ruth Galanter's office, we were able to overcome our immediate problems, but we learned that we must have an official organization if we are going to effectively deal with problems in the future.

The purpose of our organization is to maintain the character and scale of our neighborhood and to protect the existing housing stock. We are also very concerned about commercial development outside our boundaries and will try to find ways to buffer our community against the ensuing traffic and parking problems.

We had our first official meeting on October 27, 1988. At that meeting we nominated a five member steering committee who are charged with drafting our official by-laws. We will meet again in about one month to approve the by-laws and elect officers.

We have a nice friendly community but we face many challenges in the future. These are the same challenges that face all of Venice; crime, traffic impaction, inadequate parking and commercial encroachment. This community intends to meet these problems squarely.



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Penmar Neighborhood Assn

The Penmar neighborhood had their first community meeting in March of this year. The main complaints of the citizens were: Crime (need Neighborhood Watch), Graffiti (need to paint it over), Noise, alcohol use, trash, overcrowding, traffic, loud partying and music in Penmar Park, Poor lighting and poorly trimmed trees, transients, people sleeping in cars, dark alleys, general appearance of neighborhood, home and garden maintenance.

Sound familiar? Not only are the complaints familiar, so is the citizen response.....they organized!!!!

The area is bounded by Lincoln, Rose, Walgrove and Venice. There are approximately 2,000 households plus the Lincoln Place Apartments plus Penmar Recreation Center on Rose and Lake.

Just like the rest of us, once the citizens realized that the degree of change can be measured by the degree of effort, change happened.

A representative from The Tree People talked about the benefits about landscaping, a graffiti paint out happened in Penmar Park, and the graffiti is still being painted out as it is painted on, awards are being given those merchants that keep their property clean and graffiti free, an illegal night parking zone at Penmar Park (Lake st) partially solved the problem of transients living in cars on the street next to the park.

Penmar residents are not only working on their own immediate problems, but have reached out to the rest of Venice. There are Penmar representatives at Venice Community Vision and appearing at hearings and city council meetings.

Penmar residents are giving themselves a well-deserved gala Tuesday, December 13 at Penmar Recreation Center, 1341 Lake Street, at 7:00 pm.

Bar-None

The Town House

by Carol Fondiller

When I was a little girl my father would tell my mother that he was taking me to the zoo. Sometimes we would trek to the Bronx Zoo, with its then ironwork gingerbread railings, and meandering paths with signs that cautioned against throwing objects at the polar bears.

Many times, though, the Zoo meant to me a number of neighborhood bars where my father would set me up on a high barstool with orders to the bartender to keep me in cokes with a maraschino cherry on top. He and his friends would drink wine as red as workers' blood as they discussed art, their ambitions, and whether or not the United States would ever deserve a revolt of the Proletariat.

Whether it was polar bears or pool hustlers I watched that day, when my mother would ask us where we'd been, the answer from my innocent lips would be "The zoo, Mommy."

I've grown more knowledgeable now, and I know the difference between a Polar bear and a pool hustler. A pool hustler wears a green eyeshade.

I'm not a drinker, but I'm drawn to long, dark bars that exude a boozy camaraderie, and quiet men who stare at the mirror over the bar and whose elbows lean on the surfaces where hundreds of elbows have leaned before them. They talk of sports, politics, eye the women who come in, and are on first-name bases with the calm, efficient bartender. But then, I think "The Iceman Cometh" is a cheerful play.

The Town House on 52 Windward Avenue is such a bar. Once it had those wonderful Hollywood versions of Italian Venetian arches that are still seen on Windward Avenue. It was "re-habbed" in the 50's. But the floor still sports the original octagonal tiles. There are green tiles worked out to spell "Menotti's Buffet."



During the day, the Town House gives cool, dark relief from the harsh picture-postcard sun of Southern California.

Frank Bennett has owned the bar and some other property on Windward Avenue since the early 70's. Every year Fire Marshalls, Health & Safety inspectors, and other representatives of public safety and welfare would check the Town House, and until last year came up with a clean bill of health and safety.

Move companies would use the Town House to store equipment and foodstuffs. The movie companies would have a Fire Marshall on duty at all times to make sure that the fire laws were complied with. This is required by law. When holidays came up, the Fire Department would send someone to the bar to check on the candles and the crepe paper hangings for safety.

To me, the treasure of the Town House, like all good treasures, is hidden from immediate view. As one enters the bar, there is a stairway that seems to go down below to the bowels of the earth. Actually, it's just a few feet below street level. The room is large and the ceiling is low. Amber lights give the impression of being lit by flickering candles. Booths and tables face a

small bandstand. Doors seem to be carved out of the tunnel. Frank points out a mural on the wall. It's a mission scene circa 1920's when the Ramona craze was going full-tilt: red brick tiles on low stucco buildings, burros and something resembling sagebrush muted to soft beige and greens by the smoke of billions of cigarettes and candles. Frank is proud of his place. He will tell you that Tom Moran, local writer and Venice historian, wrote that the Town House used to be a receiving and loading dock for liquor during Prohibition, and that the tunnels were used by the smugglers to sneak in liquor. But now it's a neighborhood bar, and one has the feeling that some of the regulars have patronized that bar since Prohibition was repealed. It's a place to nurse a beer, work a crossword puzzle, or play those old favorites that only still play on the jukebox at the Town House. On the weekends, a band plays downstairs.

Windward Avenue has changed since Frank bought the place. The people who own Nucleus Nuance, a chic place on Melrose Avenue, are opening up a new bar across the street from the Town House where the old St. Charles Bar used to be.

Perloff, Webster & Erlich have decreed the malling of Windward. The V.A.C., the Venice Action Committee, wants to "upgrade" the area. And the Town House, with its air of shabby comfort like an old armchair, is not chic. It does not fit in with the V.A.C. pack's plan for energetic, desperately trendy image for young art groupies that they envision for Venice.

By coincidence, Frank has been swamped with citations from the Fire Department, had his Certificate of Occupancy denied for the downstairs, even though he was signed off earlier this year, combining both upstairs and downstairs. The Alcoholic Beverage Control notified him that there were anonymous complaints that he was serving minors and dealing drugs. Bennett's mild Iowa blue eyes

Continued on P.25

Doing Time In Venice

My Twenty Years with the Beachhead

by Diane Nickerson

I believe I was conceived in Venice. I know Mom was rushed to St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica (just a short piece beyond our borderline) and there I was born. (The day after Mother's Day, my fate as a disappointment forever set.) A few days later, I was taken home to our Venice, to start life in the house next door to my grandparents home where my mom was born. I'm convinced that I'm a Venice native. There's something about this place. I've left her several times, but I always return, not necessarily in great shape, but, one way or another, I make my way back. Venice is my mother, my lover, my home and my friend.

Grandpa used to take me to the corner drug-store where his friend, the pharmacist, Mr. Chestnut, would serve me up a Cherry Coke at the polished wood soda fountain, (complete with leather swivel stools..Cafe '50's eat your nostalgic heart out). That drug-store, by the way, has gone it's own way and the site is currently occupied by the Printing Studio. Trips from Marco Place and Lincoln Blvd. to the Kiddie Playground at Venice Beach were major adventures to look forward to. Sometime around my 8th birthday, after a nasty game of caroms, I got my first "kiss". I won the game and for the first time, I didn't get a "noogie" from my opponent! Unfortunately the kiddie park seems to be doomed to progress. Venice, like all mothers, lovers, homes and friends, changes. The very face of my 'hood has been subtly, yet radically altered. I know, a contradiction of terms, but in many ways that's what Venice is, or has become.

My parents were sort of Yuppies of the 50's. Dad grew up in Venice during the Depression, up to and after W.W. II. As you now know, Mom did too, only her circumstances were somewhat more privileged. Dad was from the 'wrong' side of Lincoln Blvd. (Dig this, the West side - try to touch a piece of property there now for under \$200,000).

But they both went to Venice High, met, married, and then America entered W.W. II. Dad went overseas as a bombardier in the Air Force, survived, came home, went to college, (at USC, thanks to the G.I. Bill) and carved out a career in education for himself. No small feat, and I admire him in many ways. But as well as coming to love him, I also came to love peace. War is hell, to say nothing of stupid.

In case you haven't already guessed, I made it to the Sixties. During the late sixties, I "ran away", again, to Venice...to the canals, to be exact. Imagine my parents dismay, after all those years trying to 'rise above' and get out of that lousy neighborhood. Before their divorce we were all the way to Mar Vista. Translated, that means sea-view, but one can only see it from the top of the hill at Palms and GrandView. Far out.

In 1968, while still in my teens, I had my first independent home on Howland Canal. Vietnam was on full tilt, my college years, anti-war protests, draft-card burnings, and draft dodging abounded. Certain currently chi-chi addresses in Venice were then "under-ground" headquarters for draft counseling and more. I turned-on, tuned in and dropped out. I also attended Be-in's, Love-in's, Canal Festivals, etc., and read the first issue of the Free Venice Beachhead. And did I feel home..? You betcha! However, time and circumstance kept my participation in the Beachhead to ardent readership.

Fast forward to 1983. Venice, again . . . still, only now I'm the single parent of a baby girl, adjusting to life at home with my daughter, and all that entails, and still reading the Beachhead. My daughter is disabled, and for awhile our outings were limited to the front porch or the front yard. Sitting in the sun with Emily made it really easy for us to meet many of our neighbors. One of those neighbors was a woman many of you faithful readers

know as Amelia Amerika. What a gal! She and I became friendly and gradually she learned that I'd been the editor of my Venice High school newspaper,

the Oarsman, had majored in journalism in college, and briefly had a column in the Evening Outrage, as my high school journalism teacher liked to call it, (and many still do). I thought she just wanted to be my friend, which she did and we still are, but little did I know she was scouting talent (?) for the Beachhead. After a dignified amount of time went by, Ms. Amerika suggested that I come on down to the (then) Fox Venice and check out the Beachhead Collective. I was sold on the idea, but what I didn't know was that the paper was desperate (as usual) for help; new blood, somebody, anybody to keep it going. Anyway, I bought right into it, needing a way to express myself as well as interact with others, (my daughter's disabilities keep me close to home, and although fulfilling, it can be limiting as well).

Well, to make a long story a little longer, I took Amelia up on her offer. She picked me up at home one Saturday in the summer of '84, and took me upstairs above the Fox Theater. After climbing the tall staircase, I came out of the darkness of the stairwell onto a familiar looking carpet. Yes, carpet. It was the same one, or parts of it anyway, that I used to spill stuff on when I was a little kid at the Saturday matinee at the old Fox. Next I heard lots of yelling, enthused, excited yelling. Rounding the corner, I saw a crew of nine or ten people, good, better and best of our hippie era, any era; young, medium and upwards in terms of years. That crew, those good people, made space for me on one of the couches, offered me a beer, asked my opinion and let me debate with them. I was home. •

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# Crystal Balling

by Carol Fondiller

It wasn't that we didn't have a voice; we were not listened to by the powers that be. If we spoke at meetings to which we had not been invited (but could not be prevented from attending because they were public), the government reps and Venice landowners would sit at their podiums or desks examining their fingernails, or would whisper and talk amongst themselves. They would ignore us. If we went to City Hall to protest mass evictions, the consequences of collusions between city planners and speculators to promote a Miami Beach West, the authorities would unleash squads of policemen that were penned up in a room adjacent to City Hall the moment that they feared the unruly crowd would start to chant "Free Venice!" The media - papers, TV, etc. - would comment on the event rather than the causes that led up to that event. We were called un-American and painted red for daring to protest the destruction of a community. The media focused on bare feet, feathers, fringes, long-haired men (ah, the Sixties), women without bras, and we decided in The Matter of .... - "Wait a minute here! What's this WE shit!?"

Well, "we" were a collection of people who were involved in the protests. Several years before, a low-income community in Ocean Park was razed to build those towers that dominate the landscape north of Venice, and HUD funds were used for that project because a well-hidden Post Office is tucked in those housing developments for the rich. Marina Del Rey was the County's plan to turn wetlands into the highest and best use - which, according to the County was/is condos and bars. Venice was classified in realtor jargon as undeveloped land despite the fact that thirty thousand souls lived there. No, we had a voice; we weren't listened to. We were ignored, much as women used to be ignored (or blamed) when they were raped. We knew that people who were renters would realize we were speaking the truth when we talked of the Master's Plan, which was: Get rid of the Undesirables, i.e. low-income renters. We wanted to organize. The cheapest, most expedient way was newsprint.

**"Grown-ups never understand anything for themselves, and it is tiresome for children to be always and forever explaining things to them."**

- Antoine de St-Exupery

Now in the time of desktop word processors and computers, The Beachhead in its present form might not exist for much longer. I don't know.

When The Beachhead was first started, we tried consensus. For about the first ten years it seemed to work. Consensus worked like this: Everyone had to agree on an article submitted. One person could disagree and the article was not accepted. It was interesting to note that very few people used their power of veto. When they did, we knew it wasn't just to win or to dominate; it was because that person felt strongly about that article. The rest of the group would (A) either listen to what the objections were and try to change the objector's mind, or (B) respect that person's feelings and go along with that person. Now most people scorn that; it takes too long. There was an exception in one collective, a More Mao Than Thou group which seemed to be run by Stalinist terrorists - but that's another story. But The Process, as it's known to Movement people, taught me to listen. When someone with whom you've been working strongly disagrees with the group, I at least feel it's imperative to listen to what they have to say, and I've found if you listen REAL hard, you might even hear. One time someone disagreed with the group about printing a letter that had been submitted. She did not want it printed. She rarely went against group consensus. We listened, argued and listened. I found myself agreeing with her. She changed my mind! She did not wear me down, I didn't agree with her just to get it over with: MY MIND WAS CHANGED. It was a rare and exhilarating experience. In that particular collective, consensus worked well. We did not all attend the same meetings; we had different interests, i.e. feminism, animal rights, Indian rights, etc., and different points of view. We got to know and respect other people's point of view.

by MOE STAVNEZER

I wasn't there at the birth, but I fell in love with the baby, spittle, poops and all. As befits a doting, now turning senile, grandfather, I can't remember the first time I saw the little tyke though I admired its spunkiness, its zaniness and, most of all the honesty in its eyes. Oh yes, its eyes. Because it was the eyes of Venice, intense, glinty, often bloodshot but true and warm and caring.

## Birth of the Beachhead

I read it for a couple years, getting to know some of the writers, as I became active in the community, learned and felt the issues that made Venice such a vital, exciting place. I'm certain that when I finally screwed up the courage to write the "very first article I ever wrote for anything," it was about development in Venice. And it was, to my utter delight, printed. I don't think I had a typewriter then. Hell, I couldn't type so why bother? But I soon learned that submitting an already typed article was almost as appreciated as changing a diaper. So I got myself an aging manual job from the pawn shop at the corner of Second and Broadway in Santa Monica, then an area of second hand books, clothes and a number of hockshops, now the site of yet another upscale touristy office/retail building. I used that faithful machine for years until it gave way to technology and a piece of advice from a coastal commissioner. She told me that it was more difficult for her to read letters, etc. written with small or sloppy typewriters. Well, for chrissakes, I wasn't gonna spend all that time composing those gems if no-one could read them! So the pawnshop manual gave way to a leased IBM Self-correcting Selectric (a machine that still gives me the typewriter hots), and now, of course, the the ubiquitous personal computer (which I adore because it has actually improved my writing, certainly my spelling).

Sometime in the late 70's I joined the Beachhead collective and remained a member for about 5 years. It was a great experience. I not only learned a lot

Another time in the collective, most of us wanted to put an illustration of The Finger with the legend: "The Free Venice Beachhead's Reply to a Particularly Slandering Article in the Argonaut: Fuck You." We wanted this on the front page. One person objected, and objected strenuously. Unwillingly - on my part, at least - we went along

with the dissenting collectivite because some valid points were made about obscenity on the front page. However, in a subsequent issue, this same person selected a cartoon for the front page that read: "Fuck politics." Well, some of us do get a little looser.

Consensus worked well until the next collective incarnation. In this particular collective, one member persisted in using the consensual process in getting her way all the time, no matter how small or picky the arguments were. So majority rule, i.e. voting, became an expedient way to get a move on.

Many things have been said about the Free Venice Beachhead's appearance: straight lines vs. crooked, etc. I think what most people want is the nicest-looking paper that amateurs can lay out. Amateur is the key word.

I would never, never, never in this world get a job as a lay-out person, unless everybody adored astigmatism. But it's like singing and dancing: I love singing, I love dancing, but Barishnikov hasn't asked me to join his troupe yet, and I'm sure the invite from the Metropolitan Opera got lost in the mail. Maybe there's an outside chance that I'm as good at singing and dancing as I am at layout. What matters in The Beachhead is its content. Some people take a page and no matter what sort of limitation The Beachhead has, these people lay out something that is pleasing. Others, like myself, feel gratified if the page is readable and everything in order. But I always hope that at least the page I lay out is interesting. I would not be happy, nor do I think The Beachhead would be the same, if only those people with "artistic ability" would be allowed to lay out a page.

"CRYSTAL BALL" continued to Page 22.

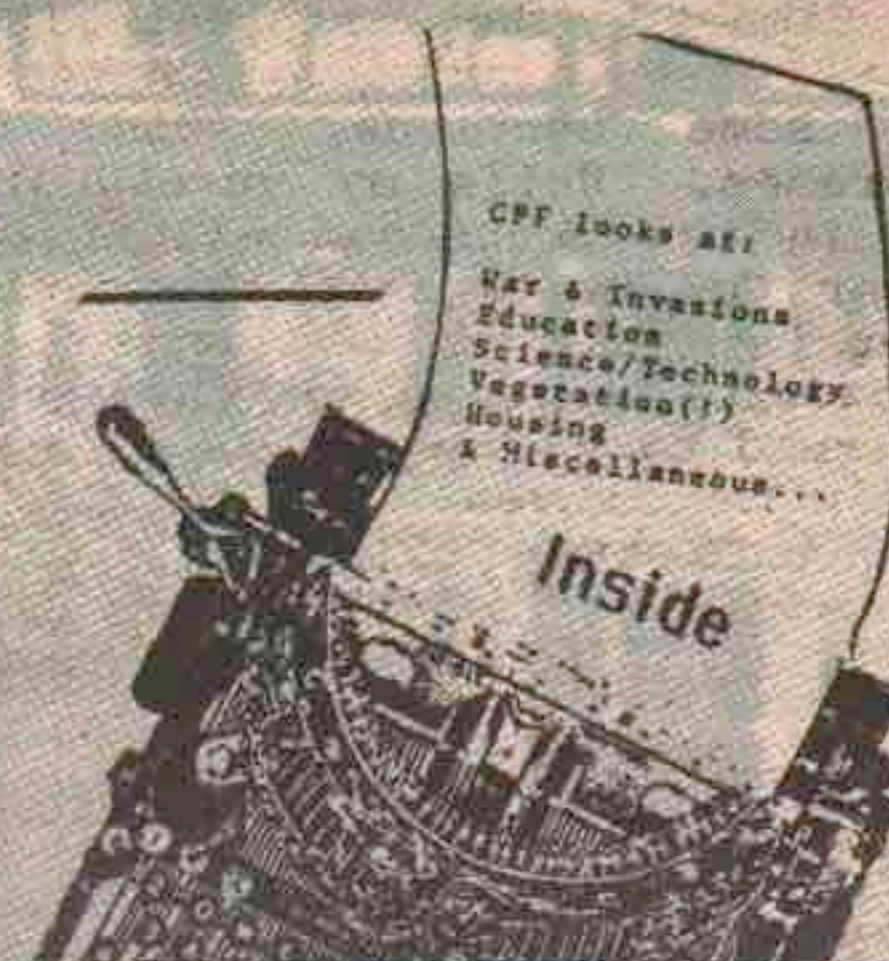
about what makes a paper go, how its nuts and bolts sorta fit together, but I discovered its heart, a part far bigger and more important than the sum of all the rest of its parts. So, while I recognize that standardized typeface, straighter margins, fewer typos and fancier headlines would surely make the paper more "acceptable", I also know that the paper would have less to say by fewer people because so much energy, and money, would be devoted to style over content.

And content is what the Beachhead is all about.

From its first appearance, the Beachhead spoke the truth about what developers had in mind for Venice just as it told the truth about the war in Vietnam. This was the late 60's when both the war and development were uppermost in the minds of many in the community. Some of those people felt that the two events were connected in a political/economic way. The Beachhead was the only place such views could be heard. It began to provide Venice with an alternative source of information about itself and the world. It has continued to provide that source for the past 20 years.

So what if it could at times be called radical. The times were radical and they deserved an appropriate response. So what if it would at times cry wolf. There was plenty to cry wolf about and most times the wolf was dressed in wolf's clothes which the establishment media pretended to ignore, a situation that still endures.

The Canals project, rezoning North Beach, the Marina Bypass, Main & Rose, Silver Strand, widening Venice Bl., the Safran project, Werner Scharff's many proposals, Marina Place, Summa Corp., the RTD lot, Pat Russell, Ruth Galanter, Vietnam, Central America, Prop 13, Santa Monica Bay, and so many other issues have been thoroughly discussed in these pages. And frequently long before the other media paid the slightest attention to them. But the information was from a different perspective than what we found, when we could find anything at all, in the Times or the Outlook. It was



us talking to us, it was teaching and learning, it was dissecting, analyzing, calling names, irreverently poking fun at, smart and smart-ass, and challenging, always challenging.

And fun! Hell this paper has certainly been fun to read, to look at, to laugh at and with. Great and crumbly cartoons and poetry have graced these pages. Literate and illiterate articles have appeared here. Arguments by the truckload within the collective and changes within the community have provided the tyke I met 16 years ago with quite an interesting environment for its growth. In 20 years the Beachhead has progressed from a daring upstart to a raving eccentric.

But, by gosh, I could be describing myself rather than the paper. Or maybe its both of us since, in many very important ways, we've grown up together. Certainly my history in and with Venice parallels the Beachhead's and I'm a pretty swell eccentric myself!

One of the most satisfying aspects about writing for this paper is the personal attachments I've formed with people who wouldn't otherwise have the slightest idea about how I felt about anything or how I knew about what they felt. People feel perfectly comfortable about coming into Val's and telling me what they like or don't like about what I've said. Just think about the times that that happens to you in your normal life. "BIRTH" continued to Page 22.

by Lynne Bronstein

# 20 Years to More

Beachhead twenty-years old ? Who'd-a thunk-it ? Truly a miracle. But then, thought I, as I walked through the canals this afternoon, it's a miracle the canals are still here, too. True, those new houses on the canals could not be out of place in the West S.F. Valley. But we still have the bridges, the pickleweed, and the ducks. And piles of Beachheads still appear in the local liquor stores once a month. Thankfully, there are still insane-demented-out-of-touch-with-reality people in Venice who want to publish this paper. They make it exist. What would those of us who like to read the Beachhead, much less those of us who like to write for it, do without the efforts of these Commie pervert nuts ?

## This is Your Life, Beachhead

I can say these mock insults because I was a Hippie Comie Pervert et cetera for two stretches, 1979-80, and 1982-83. Two stints as a member of the Beachhead Collective during the ten years I've also been a contributor of writings. Herein are a few transcribed snapshots of memorable scenes from my Beachhead career:

June 1978: After having had a few poems in the Beachhead, I submit an article, "Do You Know What's Going On Now, Mr. Jones?", in which I take the news media to task for trying to sweep the 1960's under the rug. The Beachhead publishes this and Collective Member Wendy Reeves suggests I try to get it reprinted in the 'straigh't media. I submit it to the Los Angeles Times. They reprint it on their Op-Ed page, but they change it, deleting some sections, adding some silly phrases. While my unrefurbished thoughts in the Beachhead elicit cheers from other Commie Freaks, the neutered Times version elicits raspberries from Times readers. Moral: don't agree to a rewrite read to you over the phone.

June 1979: Seven published poems later, I join the Collective. During my first month I am asked if I want to reply to a letter sent by a constant

critic of the Beachhead. She says my "Poem on the Railroad Ties" (published the previous March), is filthy and that I have less in the way of morals than a \$50 a trick whore. I decline to reply. Same critic of the paper later complains about a short article we run on the benefits of masturbation. This woman sees nothing but sex in the Beachhead. Gosh, if anything, the Beachhead could use a little more sex, not less. How sexy can you find articles on overdevelopment of condos, rent control, traffic problems, et cetera ?

October 1979: We have a Halloween Party that begins at Brenda Harney's house and moves to, I believe, Sue Baker's. We move the party by moving ourselves, on foot, in costume, through the Venice streets. Witches, ghosts, skeletons, gypsies, devils, Arabs (the whole Springer family). We probably scared the bleep out of the muggers that night.

"LIFE" continued to Page 25

rick davidson

In September MaryJane organized POETS READ. Exciting readings by local poets and writers who have appeared in the Beachhead. The events were benefits for this 20th Anniversary Issue of the Free Venice Beachhead. Traveling back to December 1968 is quite a trip. What a year that was: the Tet Offensive, near shut down of France, Columbian student strike, King, along with another Kennedy, assassinated, LBJ quits, blood in the streets of Chicago, Nixon wins, a Prague Spring ends and Czechoslovakia invaded... and in Venice, a Beachhead grows out of the Human Eye...time tries to forget...but thanks to MaryJane, it will not be forgotten.

I was glad to participate. My part was a brief outline of the local history that led up to the creation of the Beachhead; reading of a few excerpts from the first issue; and a poem I wrote in 1968. I would like to share my remembrances with those who missed the readings.

Venice: a poor person's beach. The stock market crash of 1929 and Venice's first oil well in 1930 set the stage for Venice of America becoming one of Los Angeles' major poverty communities. Since the profiteers were reaping profits from the oil below the surface they cared little about what was happening above ground; nor did they care who lived there.

During the 30s, 40s, and 50s Venice was like an Urban Reservation for displaced souls in Los Angeles; displaced due to race, age, religion, culture, politics, and certainly poverty. In those days it was ok to be an odd-person-out. It was even ok to be poor in Venice. Quite a difference from today where the sight of a poor person upsets the desired ambience.

By the early 60s the vision of a Miami Beach West began to over shadow the oil suckers. Land speculators were everywhere. Poised, shovel in hand, they schemed our community away. The only thing standing in their way were the people on the reservation. Thus began the land war to displace the displaced. This local war paralleled the war in Vietnam, and the continuing war for civil rights in the US.

By the mid-sixties we began to realize that all these wars were connected - a common thread tied them all together. Tracing the thread we saw that it ran to the hidden government of the US; known by some as the Multi-National Corporations. We also realized that those fronting the hidden government, democrats and republicans, were not the two-party system they claimed, but one. It was time to create a new party to stop the wars abroad and at home. In 1967 we created the California Peace and Freedom Party (CPFP).

Although getting Peace & Freedom on the ballot required a tremendous effort on everyone's part, it didn't end the war in Vietnam, protect people's civil rights at home, or end the land speculation in Venice. Therefore, we went into community organizing. Since Peace & Freedom was a partisan party and we wanted to reach all the residents of Venice, we created the Free Venice Organizing Committee.

Free Venice got involved in all aspects of the community. Food was expensive, so the Free Venice Food Co-op was formed. The Free Venice Art Festival and the Free Venice Theatre reached out to the many artists of Venice. The Venice Survival Committee came into existence to fight the police attacks on the minorities, hippies, politicians, and any odd-person-out. And we still needed to talk about the War In Vietnam.

Our major problem was how to reach the 50,000 residents of Venice. At that time some people around the Free Press, the forerunner of the LA Weekly, were talking about a pirate radio station; to be located on a ship beyond the three mile limit. But that was more a pipe dream than reality. We talked about a magazine. George Smith had just published his first issue of Beyond Baroque. We felt that was too expensive a way to go. Some of us had been involved in the Human Eye, a little xeroxed handout which had come out of the people's cry for help against the "metro squad". It was a wild free expression of the times, but only lasted a few issues before disappearing into the shadows and alley ways of Venice. Yet, a newspaper was logical. It was something we could put together ourselves; it could hold more than a leaflet; and it was relative inexpensive.

What to call our paper? People had been struggling in Venice for many years; we felt a foothold had been established, a beachhead, from which to

fight the developers: THE FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD! Of course there was a lot of play on the term "head".

We decided that we would be a collective without an "editor". Decisions would be made by those who worked on putting out the paper. The first issue was green to go with the green Free Venice buttons Peace & Freedom made. The first few issues were published out of the P&F office at 1727 W. Washington Blvd. They were four-page tabloids. The first editorial expressed the feelings of the collective; an excerpt:

"This paper is a poem. It is the first of a series. Your participation will decide how often we appear. This paper is a poem for the people. We decided not to sell it to some of you, but give it to all of you. It is poem for all the people. It is also a paper made by people who love to make poems and dig doing a newspaper which is a poem."

Other articles in our first issue included an article on the history of VENICE-OF-AMERICA by Jane Gordon. John Haag announced the formation of the VENICE SURVIVAL COMMITTEE to combat the LAPD's 'metro squad' which was running wild in the streets. He had another article describing FREE VENICE with a view of how we saw Venice. COLUMN RIGHT was an article about art happenings by Phil Chamberlin. COP-OUTING was a first hand reporting of a too frequent bust on the Ocean Front Walk by Carol Fondiller. Dora Bayrack had a poem that talked about how flowers and people needed loving care to survive. And I had an article on VENICE AND THE MASTER'S PLAN. Other staff members working on that first issue were Jay Jamieson, Anna Haag, Mary Kerbert, Phil Melnick, and Jerry Wells.

My article dealt with planning because the Los Angeles Planning Department was just beginning to develop its Venice Community Plan. In an effort to divide and conquer the community, they had developed three plans. The various neighborhoods were holding meetings to discuss which plan best served their area. Little thought was going into the overall Venice plan. A short excerpt will show us how much things have changed, or not changed:

"...The insidious reality of this approach is that all three plans relate to physical planning: zoning, freeways, rapid transit, parks and beaches, but nothing is said about for whom the plans are for -- nothing. Not one of these plans speaks to the question: who will live here to enjoy and benefit from the plans? There is nothing that talks about rent; there is nothing that talks of taxes, and there is nothing that talks of the cost of living relative to the new plans. Yet, to many of Venice's minorities these are key factors. If rents go up, some must leave. If taxes go up, some must leave. And if the cost of living goes up, still others must leave."

I ended my presentation with a poem I wrote in 1968 about people leaving:

### after hours

after hours  
when most have gone  
to home,  
or to house,  
or to work  
if that is what they must,  
after all are gone,  
next all,  
except you,  
then you learn  
what you are  
and what it's like  
to be alone.

knowing this  
you sit down to poem...  
...to put down words  
so as to ease the empty hours  
that are yours and refuse  
to pass as sleep.

these words are not  
of war -  
not of hate, black or white;  
they are not of broken treaties,  
or of broken marches;  
not even of king  
and president...  
not during these hours,  
no, not at all,  
they are of nothing,  
the nothing that is left  
in the after hours  
to feed a starving heart.  
only tears flow

"20 YEARS" continued to Page 22.

ABORTION, PORNOGRAPHY,  
and HOMOSEXUALITY are a  
THREAT to the family!

FEMINISM, ATHEISM,  
and LIBERALISM are a  
THREAT to the family!

What about  
unemployment, poverty,  
and racism?

Excellent  
for building  
character!



Carol  
Simmons  
1968



CNMP/cpf

## ANOTHER VIEW (or tv isn't the only way to view amerika)

rick davidson

"Less we forget, less we forget":

Item 1, less than half of those Americas eligible to vote registered to vote. And in this election, 1988, less than half of those registered, voted. Un-registered and non-voting Americans are out there; alone, but out there.

Item 2, the electoral college takes all the votes and gives them to the 51% winner. This is important to liberals and those interested in electoral politics. In other words, Bush's win was not as deep as the tabulated count would have us believe. There is much uncounted support in many of those states that went for Bush-Quale (less not forget Quale who maybe in the bush, but he's not in hand).

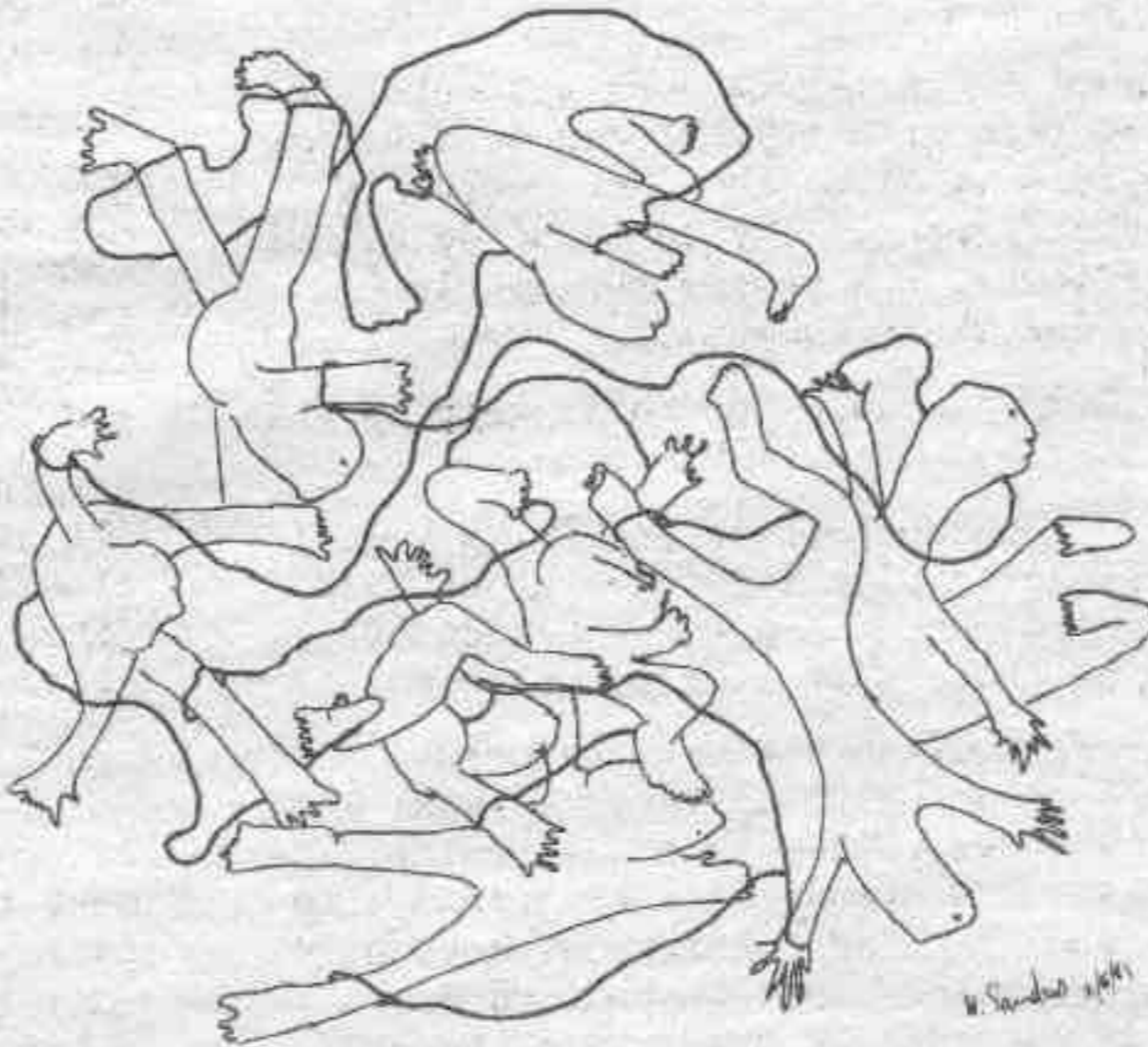
Item 3, it's also important for everyone to keep in mind who owns the major tv networks: very conservative (reactionary is not too strong a term) republicans. Even so, most Americans are not indentifying with this power ruling the White House, or at least they are not taken in by the election fraud aired by the network news boys, therefore, it's time for the 'radical' left, as opposed to the 'liberal' left, to develop a strategy to reach them.

This brings us to Jessie Jackson and the Rainbow. Jackson and his platform received tremendous support in the primary. His platform was more radical than he was. When thinking about this, keep in mind the white states that supported both he and the issues he ran on. I think it's safe to assume that many more Americans support progressive issues than one sees at demonstrations and rallies.

I feel that the a growing segment of workingclass Americans realize that the gold at the end of the rainbow is not the capitalist system. Unfortunately they don't have a clear idea of what is since the 'radical' left is not articulating a clear view of an America without capitalism.

Therefore, before developing a strategy to reach the un-registered and the non-voting Americans we need to develop a radical alternative. 'Radicals' will have to pressure whatever coalition that comes together in the next four years to hold fast on the issues. In 1992 Jackson will be the the front runner, until the democratic party bosses find a white horse; yet he isn't likely to offer an alternative without a lot of pushing from the 'left'. Being a democrat rather than a republican is not the change this country needs.

Another unfortunate reality is that we lost a lot of 'radicals' to the 'liberal' camp. As Dukakis hid from his liberalism, many radicals followed his lead. One thing that I think the un-registering and non-voting are telling us is that there can be no unity without principle. It's up to the 'radical' us in the heart of US to describe honestly and directly the future America of our vision.



W. Sander 1988

## Eugene

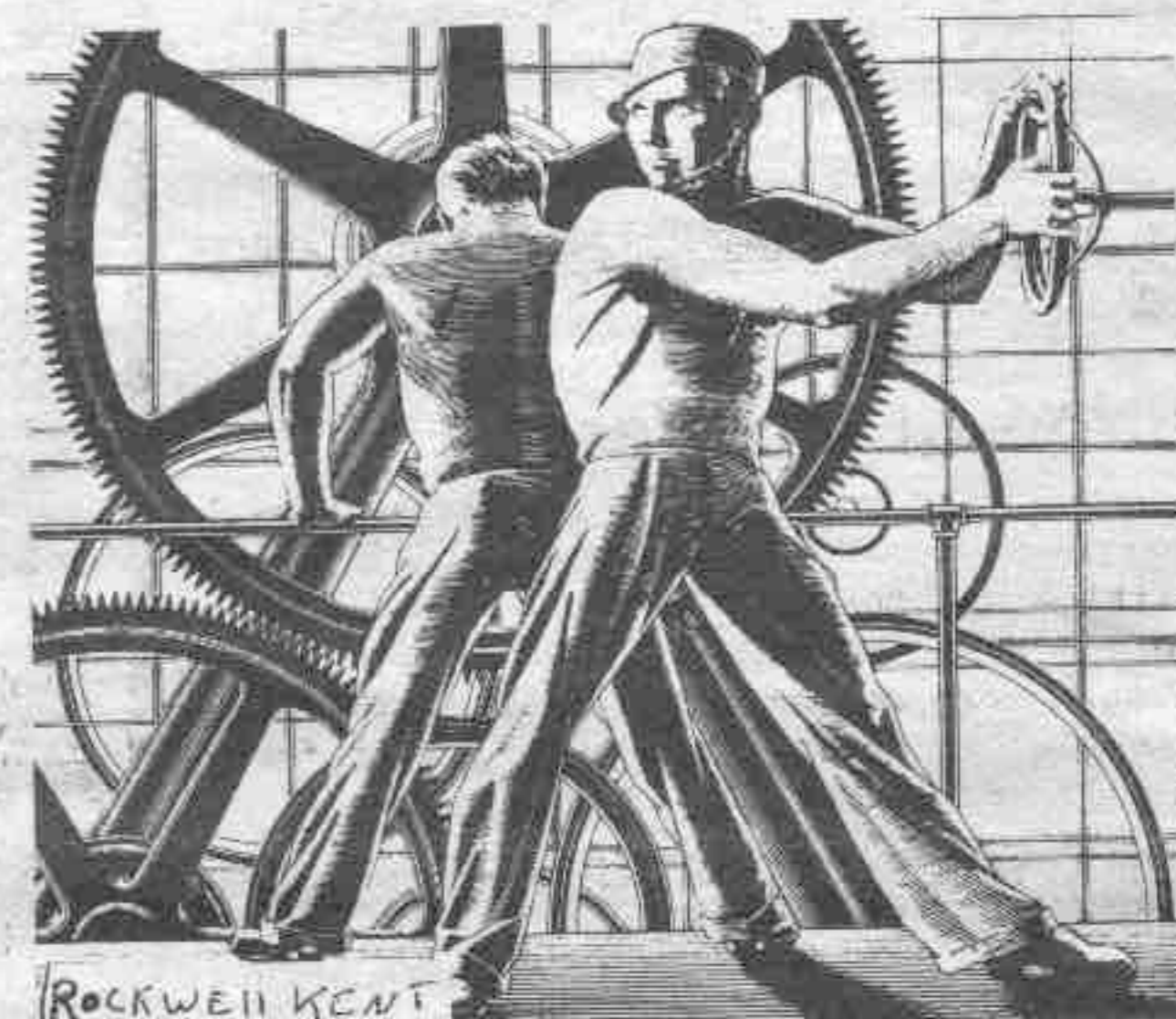
So what's the big deal? We have a free press and the facts are out. The power is so concentrated now "they" can let us be told we're being ripped off while the act is taking place. Since most of us can't stand the sight of blood we don't resort to violence. Only the government resorts to violence first. We are left with reason to deal with the situation.

A joint committee of Republicrats has met and lofted a trial balloon. TAXES WILL HAVE TO BE RAISED or THE BUDGET WILL HAVE TO BE CUT. This is a charade. The question is: WHOSE taxes will go up?

"Taxing the rich won't raise much revenue." BULLSHIT!

The richest 1 percent of the population will have \$452 BILLION in before-tax income this year. That is more than the total income of the bottom 40 percent of all families. The top 20 percent (those making over \$50,000 per year) will have nearly \$1.9 TRILLION of income which is more than the remaining 80 percent of American families. An additional 1 percent (I repeat, 1 percent) levy on the richest 20 percent will bring in \$19 BILLION. A tax on the richest 1 percent would bring in \$5 billion. By contrast, every 1 percent tax on the poorest 20 percent brings in only \$1 billion. If you think the poor are off the tax rolls you'd better look at sales and excise taxes. In California a poor family pays 4.5 percent, a medium income family pays 2.8 percent and a wealthy family pays only 1 percent of income in sales and excise taxes. And don't forget Social Security which is regressive. If the Monopoly Game is to continue a little redistribution is in order.

I hear a figure of \$30 billion bandied about to ease the budget deficit. We know that most social programs have been cut to the bone. There is little fat to be cut there without creating more homeless. The military is full of fat. I'm not vindictive or disruptive. Some fat cut from the military and a 1 1/2 percent increase in the tax rate of the richest 20 percent..voila..\$30 BILLION! and we ease the pressure on interest rates which saves more billions because interest is 14 percent of our yearly budget. I think we spend more on interest than we spend on health care. The top brackets got a disproportionate share in the Reagan Republicrat tax cuts in the 80's. What did they do with it? They didn't invest in things to create jobs--they speculated.



ROCKWELL KENT

## O'Neill

Martin Lipton, the lawyer who reportedly got \$5000 per hour for a total of \$20 million in a recent corporate merger says "our nation is blindly rushing to the precipice. As with tulip bulbs, South Sea bubbles, pyramid investment trusts, Florida land, Reit's, LDC loans, Texas banks (and Savings and Loans) and all other financial market frenzies of the past, the denouement will be a crash. We and our children will pay a gigantic price for allowing abusive takeover tactics and boot-strap, junk-bond takeovers."

Just as business did with junk bonds we have been doing by issuing government bonds for over \$1 TRILLION in added debt over the last eight years. Lipton's warning is applicable to the national debt. While all this was going on the poor got homeless and the rich richer.

Do we have to go down the tubes as some historians are saying? Do we have to hit rock bottom before we do anything? Do we have to bankrupt ourselves by policing the world? I don't think the U.S. has to be King of the Hill and dominate the Planet Earth and outer space. The domination only lasts for a short time anyhow.

Now comes a little upbeat closing. In spite of millions spent by the insurance industry and much smaller amounts spent by their opponents you voted the insurance industry's propositions down. You voted to save your environment and clobbered Occidental Oil in spite of the millions they spent trying to brainwash you. This also challenged the sacred concept of "contract rights" in favor of "human rights." You voted to tax yourself for schools, to clean up toxic waste, for housing and for libraries.

You know what is wrong. Let's not wait too long to fix it.

by Geriatric Jack

## Apologies to

(who? are....)  
so stupid that they could not even see when their own greed began devouring itself...

Apologies to Eugene O'Neill

Your automobile is stopped for a safety check. The cop politely requests that you step over to the enclosed booth, where a medically dressed person asks you to pee in a container and roll up your sleeve. Of course you are nervous. You don't know whether to pee or roll up your sleeve first.

This is part of a campaign to "purify America." I haven't figured out what euphemism they'll use for those found "impure." Will it be preventive detention, relocation camps, reconstructive clinics, health farms or what? Remember the "pure aryanans?" We're almost there.

Where did this all start? Until the mid-1970's you couldn't shake down everyone. That's what kings and dictators do. We have the 4th Amendment "against unreasonable searches and seizures." Slow erosion and now the ends justify the means. It's not all the fault of the Nixon Supreme Court Justices. WE HAVE NOW BECOME A ONE-PARTY GOVERNMENT.

In our 1986 elections 98.5 percent of the Congress won re-election. That was a lower turnover rate than that of the Soviet Central Committee of the Communist Party. This year we hit 99 percent plus. How was this low turnover accomplished? \$\$\$Money\$\$\$ Gore Vidal said that we have one political party called "Property" with two branches.

What's the difference between a kid doing a little creative shoplifting to beat the poverty rap and an entrepreneur "contributing" to a Congressman to fix the law so he will pay less taxes and you will pay more? The precise definition of poverty always bugged me. If a family of 4 making \$11,000 per year is considered in poverty does \$1 more take them out of poverty?

Unless you murder someone at high noon in front of the White House your re-election is safe because you are assured of getting three times as much money from Political Action Committees as any challenger. You'll probably get more if you have no challenger. John Dingell, Democrat, raised \$507,000 even though he had no opponent and Jack Fields, Republican, raised \$456,695 running unopposed. 59 Congressman with either token opposition or none at all raised a total of \$14.8 million in campaign contributions.

How cheaply our elected officials sell out. From 1979 to 1986 AT&T gave \$1.4 MILLION to various members of Congress. From 1982 to 1986 AT&T had \$25 BILLION IN PROFITS. NOT ONLY DID THEY NOT PAY ANY FEDERAL CORPORATE TAXES they got \$635 MILLION in tax rebates. They saved \$12 BILLION in taxes on campaign contributions of \$1.4 MILLION. This represents a return of 867,145 percent. Your bank or S&L is paying you 6 or 7 percent. This is just one of many examples cited in "THE BEST CONGRESS MONEY CAN BUY" by Philip Stern. Other data is from NEWSWEEK.



# VCV

Venice Community Vision is a coalition of community groups, local merchants, representatives from private agencies and Los Angeles City departments organized by Councilwoman Galanter in January, 1988, to deal with concerns of people in Venice about beautification of this unique coastal area. The common interest is graffiti eradication and improved neighborhood maintenance brings together diverse elements of the community who are willing to participate in this vital and popular effort.

A significant part of the Venice Community Vision campaign is the involvement of young people. The L.A. Conservation Corps, Community Youth Gang Services, Boys & Girls Club of Venice, Neighborhood Youth Assn., and LAPD's Pacific Div. Explorer Scout Post are recruiting youth for the program.

Also, local businesses are making donations of equipment and personnel to help VCV. City departments working with VCV include Operation Clean Sweep, the City Attorney's office, LAPD and local offices of the Dept. of Street Maintenance, Building & Safety, and Rec. & Parks.

All individuals and groups in Venice are encouraged to join VCV. Meetings are monthly at Councilwoman Galanter's field office, 7166 West Manchester, Westchester. Telephone toll-free 202-4567 for time and day.

A clean and safe community is everyone's concern, and will take the active involvement of all. From Ocean Front Walk to Penmar, from Oxford Triangle to Rose -- Venice needs all of us helping each other.....and Venice.

## Coalition of Concerned Communities

The Coalition was set up in late 1982 in response to the proposed Hughes Aircraft Corporation headquarters at Lincoln and the bluffs. (Known as the sideways skyscraper - it is four stories tall and 20 stories wide.)

By mid-1983, the Coalition had grown to five groups concerned about the overwhelming amount of development planned around Westchester; four high-rise centers plus many smaller projects, which combined would create traffic and smog impacts that would effectively destroy Westchester as a residential community. The severe impacts would also extend to Venice, Marina del Rey and Del Rey/Mar Vista, as gridlock will occur on Lincoln and Centinela. When completed these projects will add at least 100 high-rise office buildings plus 11,000 condo/apartments and 11,000 hotel rooms to the area. Two of the big projects - Howard Hughes Center and Continental City - received Contract Development Agreements from ex-councilwoman Pat Russell. These agreements cannot be broken except by a vote of all L.A. residents. The other two projects straddle Lincoln, Playa Vista and LAX Northside. Public hearings still must be held on these before building can begin. The Playa Vista hearings will be held in four or five months. The LAX Northside hearings are planned for this January.

We are also closely watching the City's plans to expand L.A. International Airport to allow over 60% more passengers to use it. The City released an EIR for this project earlier this year that was so full of incorrect technical information and conclusions that it is now being completely redone.

We are part of a citywide network called NOT YET NEW YORK, as is the Venice Town Council, and work on area-wide problems with community and environmental groups in Westwood, Pacific Palisades, the Hollywood Hills, Silver Lake, San Fernando Valley, South Central L.A. and the L.A. Harbor area. In the last two years, groups banding together have stopped the LANCER trash burning plants, the Angeles pipeline (which would have carried high-sulfur crude oil to L.A. refineries under Los Angeles city), and the Occidental Petroleum oil wells in Pacific Palisades.

The Coalition now has 14 member groups in Westchester, Playa del Rey, Venice, Marina del Rey, Mar Vista, Del Rey and El Segundo. The Coalition's Board of Directors meets on the 1st Tuesday of each month at 7pm at the Covenant Presbyterian Church in Westchester, located at 80th and Sepulveda. Call Sal Grammatico (390-1673) or Rex Frankel (645-2241) for more information.

## Sixth District Perspective

### Councilwoman Ruth Galanter

In case you missed it, the November 5 Local Coastal Plan workshop at Westminster School was everything we could have wished for. More than 200 concerned and enthusiastic citizens turned out to hear the results of a months-long process to develop guidelines for shape of things to come in Venice.

About three months ago, the LCP workshop participants formed neighborhood study groups to focus on the various communities within Venice. At the November 5 meeting, those groups reported on the work they had done in the intervening months, developing proposed building standards and land use concepts for their areas. The work is now set to be reviewed by both the participants and the Planning Department.

The quality of the presentations was outstanding, ranging from inch thick tomes on development guidelines to slide shows to composite panoramic photographs. The care and detail of the work indicates how deeply the people of Venice care for their community.

I want to thank everyone for their help in this process.

**SHAPING OFW:** The Recreation and Parks Department's landscaping plan for Ocean Front Walk will be the subject of a meeting scheduled to take place as this issue goes to press.

Ocean Front Walk, with its entertainers, vendors, and colorful characters, is what most people think of when they think of Venice. The proof is that Ocean Front Walk has grown into the second most popular tourist attraction in Southern California. Only Disneyland draws more than we do. Unlike Disneyland, however, we don't charge admission and we don't have unlimited parking.

Along with Venice's growing popularity come growing crowds, growing traffic and growing tension.

Two current proposals attempt to deal with some of these problems while the LCP process searches for long-range solutions.

One will prohibit the issuance of NEW Conditional Use Permits for open air vending on privately owned lots on the inland side of

OFW. It DOES NOT close down existing open air vending nor prevent property owners from renewing their current CUP's. Current open air vendors WILL NOT BE AFFECTED.

For the beach side of OFW, the Department of Recreation and Parks has proposed a landscaping plan that we believe will accommodate the growing number of entertainers, healers and others who use public property and the growing crowds that enjoy them without interfering with the other visitors.

The landscaping plan includes concrete areas adjacent to OFW where entertainers and audiences can gather without blocking or significantly impeding people on OFW. It does not ban or restrict the entertainers and healers in any way.

Unfortunately, there seems to have been a great deal of confusion created about this proposal. The idea of creating these areas along OFW came about in a meeting held earlier this year that brought together representatives of the City agencies responsible for the beach area and the artists and entertainers.

Attorney Richard Solomon, representing the entertainers and healers, told a group that included the Los Angeles Police, the City Attorney's office, Recreation and Parks and my office, that the entertainers and others would be willing to be limited to certain "designated areas" along Ocean Front Walk.

After I asked the Recreation and Parks Department to study this proposal, the leaders of this group denied that they had agreed to such an idea. They then painted my proposal as an attempt to get rid of them.

The proposed landscaping plan, however, does not impose requirements on anyone, but does offer opportunities for everyone.

The bottom line is that Ocean Front Walk is for everyone, and no one has an exclusive right to any of it.

In that spirit, I hope the discussion of the Ocean Front Walk is a positive look at the issues regarding the future of the heart and soul of Venice.

## American Cable - Town Council Schedule

American Cable Television has been videoing a Venice Town Council UPDATE for the last several months. This month's topic was the beach shuttle parking project. The UPDATE will be broadcast:

December 16 and December 23 at 7:00 pm

The UPDATE for next month will be broadcast:

January 21 and January 28 at 7:00 pm

This is channel 37, the community interest channel of American Cable Television.

**HELP HOMELESS REFUGEES FROM SOUTH AMERICA - NEED IS IMMEDIATE !**

200 Blankets needed at CENTRO PASTORAL RUTILLO GRANDE, To donate call 392-3306



1407 W. Washington Blvd  
Venice, CA 90291

The Venice Action Committee is sponsoring a Farmers' Market at Windward and Ocean Front Walk 7:00 to 10:00 AM Every Friday.

If you haven't been there yet, you MUST go! The produce is fresh, the farmers polite and loaded with the freshest veggies and fruit that almost jumps of the counter. 7:00 am Friday morning at the beach isn't bad either.

LOS ANGELES BEAUTIFUL, INC. Carmelo Alvarez  
213-629-0688 1-800-L-A-B-CARE

*Will initiate or help community organizations or individuals to initiate beautification campaigns as well as on-going maintenance. These programs achieve recognition and awards for community projects. Call Carmelo to get your neighborhood spruced up and polished clean.*

## Marina Place Update

The Town Council has brought a lawsuit against Culver City and the Prudential Insurance Company over the proposed Marina Place shopping center, located on the Marina Swap Meet site near the corner of Lincoln and Washington. Culver City approved this enormous project in August.

At Ruth Galanter's request, the City of Los Angeles also filed a lawsuit, which focuses primarily on environmental issues such as traffic and sewage. Our complaint goes even further, demanding that because the site is so close to the Coastal Zone, Culver City must take into account the impact of the project on coastal access.

Under the Coastal Act, new development may not interfere with coastal access, and unique visitor destination points like Venice must be protected. This means that a project that generates peak traffic at the same times as peak beach traffic is not appropriate for the swap meet site.

The Town Council and the City of Los Angeles agree that the project should be scaled back by 50 per cent. The L.A. Department of Transportation has suggested grade separation at the intersection of Washington and Lincoln as a traffic mitigation measure. The Town Council opposes double decking that intersection, which would force many businesses in that area to close.

A Word of Thanks --

To Elaine Afable, Lisa Perry and Dell Chumley, who helped prepare our complaint on very short notice; to Barbara Blinderman, to Stephen Clare and to Joel Reynolds at the Center for Law in the Public Interest: A BIG THANK YOU!!

# CALENDAR of EVENTS

NOVEMBER 30: Wednesday  
 7-10 PM LIP Workshop at Penmar Rec Center  
 1341 Lake Street, Venice

DECEMBER 1: Thursday  
 9:30 AM L.A. County LIP for Marina del Rey. Marina Bypass on this. At Hall of Records downtown LA

7-9 PM Chiat/Day fund raiser for Venice Next Step

DECEMBER 5: Monday  
 TBA Venice Canals update  
 7:30 PM Coastal Council, Villa Marina

DECEMBER 6: Tuesday  
 7 PM Coalition of Concerned Communities Covenant Pres. Church, 80th and Sepulveda, Westchester

DECEMBER 8: Thursday  
 7:30 PM Venice Town Council General Mtg. Old Venice City Hall

DECEMBER 13: Tuesday  
 7:30 PM Penmar Neighborhood Gala Bash Penmar Rec. Center, 1341 Lake St.

DECEMBER 13 through 16, California Coastal Commission meeting at San Francisco

DECEMBER 15: Thursday  
 6:45 PM Venice Town Council Board, Location TBA

DECEMBER 19: Monday  
 8:00 PM Oxford Triangle Homeowners and Residents Association Holiday Bash and community meeting Location TBA

early AM CUP Hearing for Venice Renaissance development, W. L.A.

7:00 PM Venice Historical Society at Venice Library

No December meeting for: Venice Community Vision, Oakwood Congress, Housing and Parking Coalitions.

JANUARY 10 through 13, California Coastal Commission will be meeting at Burton Chase Park, Marina del Rey, call Long Beach office for agenda.

# DANCE CONCERT

SANTA MONICA COLLEGE  
 DANCE THEATER ARTS DEPT. presents  
**SYNAPSE**  
**DANCE THEATER**  
 S/MC MODERN DANCE ENSEMBLE

**FACULTY & GUEST CHOREOGRAPHERS**  
**SAIDA GERRARD**  
**LINDA GOLD**  
**BRANISLAV TOMICH**

**PERFORMANCE DATES**  
**DECEMBER**  
**2, 3, 9, 10**  
**8 PM**

**DECEMBER**  
**4, 11**  
**2 PM**

**DECEMBER**  
**6**  
**11 AM**

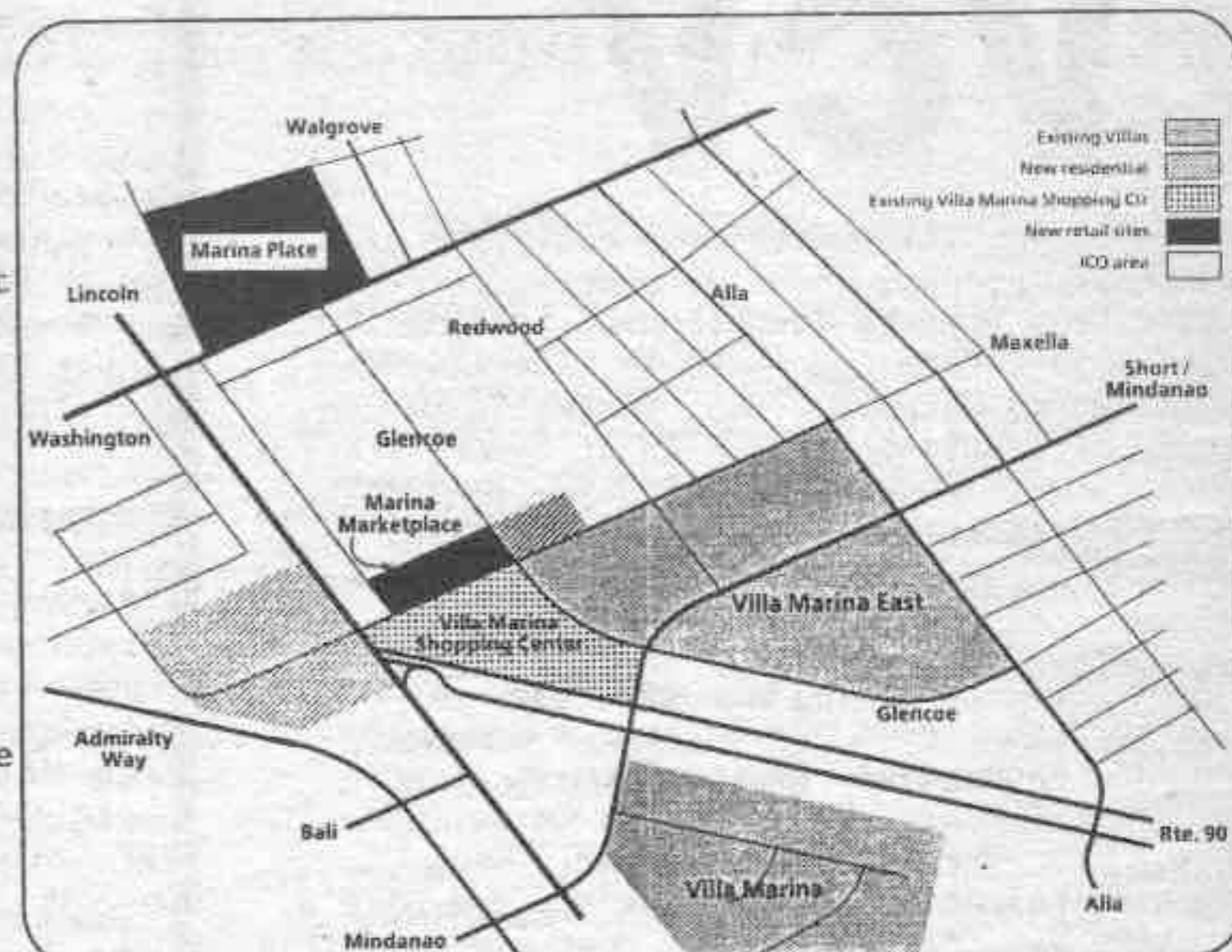
**LOCATION**  
**STUDIO STAGE**  
 SANTA MONICA COLLEGE  
 1900 PICO BLVD.  
 SANTA MONICA, CA 90405

**ADMISSION**  
**GENERAL**  
**\$5.00**  
**STUDENT/SENIOR**  
**\$4.00**  
FIRST FRIDAY SERIES 1/2 PRICE TICKET \$3.00

**INFORMATION**  
**213 452 9214**  
**LIMITED SEATING**

## ANOTHER NEIGHBORHOOD THREATENED BY MARINA PLACE SHOPPING CENTER

Residents of the Villa Marina area are critically concerned about the traffic and crime impacts that Marina Place will impose on them. Of all the areas surrounding the project, the area to the south will be hit with traffic problems equal to if not more severe than those that will be felt immediately west in Venice. This is illustrated by the accompanying map



The one primary entrance to Marina Place will be Glencoe where it feeds into Wash. Blvd from the south. Glencoe connects with Alla just before it crosses the Marina Fwy (90). Unless countermeasures are taken, this Glencoe/Alla route will become the most direct path from the fwy to Marina Pl. As frustrated motorists seek alternate routes, Alla and Redwood will also be heavily impacted with fwy traffic where they parallel Glencoe.

The only other street feeding Marina Place from 90 is Lincoln which is already full much of the time. Heavy through traffic inevitable will be forced over Glencoe, Redwood and Alla. This will create extremely dangerous conditions for the community.

Redwood and Alla is residential. Between Wash. and Maxella, and they are narrow with necessary parking on both sides. They cannot be widened without taking major chunks of private property. These are older homes along these streets without adequate parking off-street for residents, and there is no way to add adequate additional parking to these lots.

The homes along these streets are occupied primarily by families with children. Placing heavy shopping center traffic on these streets will create very dangerous conditions and inevitable injuries to residents.

Glencoe is residential, business/industrial and commercial retail. In one block motorists will encounter heavy industrial traffic and parking. There is an implied (unstated) assumption behind Marina Place planning that this LA street will be widened at some future time to accommodate Marina Pl. In fact, the street cannot be widened without dispossessing local businesses and eliminating required parking.

This industrial area is essential to the functioning of the Marina del Rey and South Venice economy. It contains businesses that support other businesses throughout the area. There is no other nearby industrial area to house these types of businesses. Eliminating them in order to serve Marina Place traffic will cost LA major condemnation costs, lost tax revenues every year thereafter and weakened economic activity in adjacent areas. The industrial area is covered by an ICO and a specific plan is being developed. This plan is likely to be diametrically in conflict with Marina Place needs.

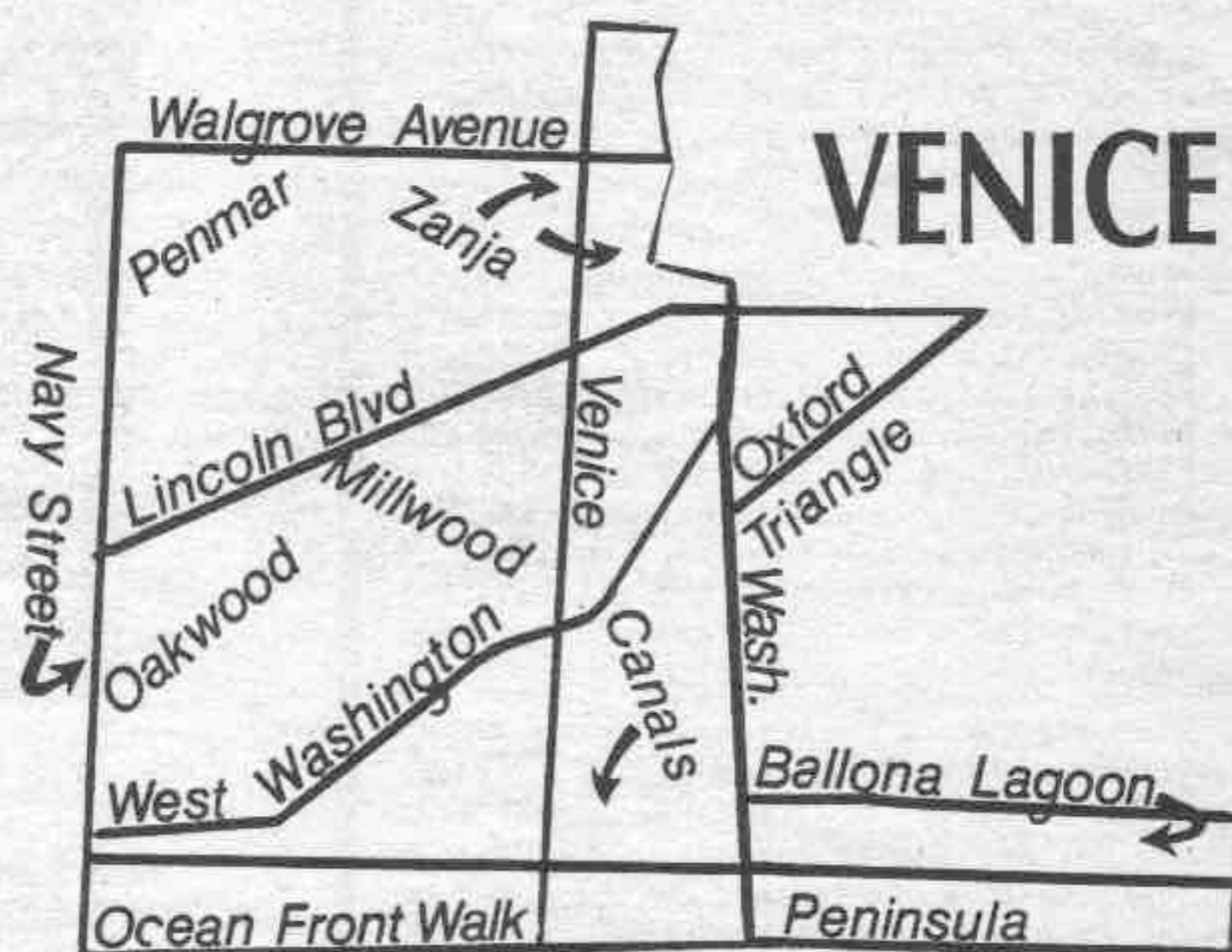
There is new development at Glencoe and Maxella to conflict with Marina Place traffic...new shopping center with six theatres and many restaurants. That intersection will also have new condominiums. The Maxella/Glencoe intersection will be into gridlock without the Marina Place traffic.

**IN SUMMARY: ACCESS TO MARINA PLACE FROM THE SOUTH - WHICH WILL BECOME THE PRIMARY ROUTE INTO THIS DEVELOPMENT UNLESS BLOCKED - IS UTTERLY INADEQUATE. MITIGATION EVEN APPROACHING ADEQUACY IS IMPOSSIBLE. THEREFORE, THE LOCAL STREETS TO THE SOUTH SHOULD BE SEALED OFF TO MARINA PLACE TRAFFIC IN ORDER TO PRESERVE THEIR CAPACITY FOR THE ALREADY COMMITTED EXISTING AND UNDER CONSTRUCTION USES IN THE COMMUNITY.**

We also have an increasing crime problem including murder, rape, armed robbery and burglary not to mention lesser crimes.

Marina Place traffic will add significantly to our problems, and we will have less recourse to corrective action due to the divided jurisdictions. In view of this, we require that traffic impediments (street closings) be established to channel Marina Place traffic away from our area. Also, Marina Place should be required to pay to support additional police coverage in our area south of the development. This must be annual payments, keyed to annual increases for cost inflation as well as growing crime levels not a one-time lump sum.

Submitted by Paul Doebler, Chairman, Villa Velletri Community Affairs Committee



HERE NOW...LISTEN UP! FRAN (yes indeedy, our Fran) IS WHALING AGAIN AT CASSIS FRENCH GRILLE, 8450 West 3rd (1 block east of Beverly Center)

Fran Solomon is our super special Venice type person, and singer extraordinaire of fine songs and bluesy beltings.

Friday night, December 2, at 9:00 pm. The group Bewitched is opening for Fran. This place has great dining and fabulous entertainment.

Reservations are definitely recommended. Telephone: 213-653-1079

# VTC Team Concept, Communication Committee

The only other area in the City of Los Angeles that is experiencing as much developmental pressure as we are is Hollywood. The Venice Town Council has become ore and more involved in the complex issues of planning development and environment not only within Venice but in certain areas abutting Venice. To simplify procedure (and avoid multiple five-hour board meetings each month) the board has adopted the "Team Concept". The board has divided itself into eight teams similar to the committees of the Los Angeles City Council, except our teams invite participation by general members. Please feel free to join the team of your choice.

**MEETING ARRANGEMENTS:** Carol Berman, Chair (396-0811) assisted by Iylene Weiss and Barbara Palivos  
**LEGAL & NEGOTIATIONS:** Debra Bowen, Chair (392-0510 or 392-7392) assisted by Arnold Springer and Dell Chumley

**OUTREACH:** Beth Miller, Chair (450-4178) assisted by Challis Macpherson and Iylene Weiss

**COMMUNICATIONS:** Challis Macpherson, Chair (822-1729) assisted by Carol Berman and Beth Miller

**SOCIAL SERVICE:** Barbara Palivos, Chair (396-1169) assisted by Beth Miller and Carol Berman  
**FINANCE:** Fran Solomon, Chair (396-1585) assisted by Barbara Palivos and Dell Chumley

**DEVELOPMENT:** Arnold Springer, Chair (823-5092) assisted by Debra Bowen, Fran Solomon and Dell Chumley

**ENVIRONMENT:** Iylene Weiss, Chair (306-5078) assisted by Challis Macpherson and Arnold Springer

Each month the VOICE will feature one team and describe its functions, past history (briefly) and plans for the future. This month the featured team is COMMUNICATION, chaired by Challis Macpherson.

Obviously, this team is responsible for all communication aspects of the Venice Town Council with the exception of the administrative business correspondence and minutes of meetings which are handled by the Secretary (Iylene Weiss). Of primary importance is this newsletter, the VOICE. It must be clear, factual, printed and mailed to dues-paying members of the VTC in a timely manner. This mailing is in addition to the fact that the VOICE is being distributed to Venice at large vis-a-vis as a supplement to the BEACHEAD.

This team is responsible for all press releases, composition, issuing and mailing or hand delivering to the media.

The video taping of the Venice Town Council UPDATE done by American Cable and at their studio is produced by Mary Milerzcik, a VTC member, is under the auspices of this team.

# The Boardwalk in Venice

## THE BOARDWALK IN VENICE

The hazed sun was a hand's width from kissing the ocean. An everyday reminder of nature's beauty bestowed for us all to see yet nobody seemed to care. Some of the lucky ones passed on foot and some on skates. Some on bicycles and some on skateboards. An endless helter skelter parade for their less fortunate brothers and sisters to witness.

"Me gusta vivir en la playa," one of the less fortunate told me. I guess he was happy.

Sidewalk vendors crowded the areas between the buildings and even smaller scale entrepreneurs who claimed to be mystics or whatever managed to find their places. Some even found customers.

To add flavor a few artists and musicians were out and about. There was more emotion in their weather-beaten faces than in their works. Many would sell their ideas for whatever you could afford them but I got the feeling that a smaller number were just releasing themselves in the most non-violent way. They were themselves scenes of desparation.

My lost brothers and sisters watch this daily parade. Without spectators you can't have a real parade. So many have no choice. They have nowhere else so for them it's home. Families with newborns join the number. Old men and women join the number. Young pregnant women

join the number. The number breeds desolation.

"Scuse me mister, may I bum a cigarette?" "Can I have some change to buy something to eat?" "Could you just please..." It doesn't matter what. The parade passes by. Who can blame them? Who really was willing to support human trash?

The insane ones are lucky for the only escape is to flee from reality. If they could afford drugs and alcohol they wouldn't be there in the first place. Or maybe that's what caused their condition in the formost of them. Maybe the parade isn't real to some of them. If it were perhaps they'd revolt.

Juvenile delinquents who should be home studying gathered in gangs. Strength in numbers, that is to say. By pulling together they run their own underground in the open but are unnoticed by the characters of the parade, marching and brousing as if on a grand tour of Europe.

A blind woman joined the parade and noone cares. The sun sinks further and noone cares. The masses speak foreign tongues and meta-languages to which the meanings are garbled. We can only chance to interpret by paying attention to facial expressions. We smile with half our faces and frown with the other half.

We try to decieve everyone and succeed only with ourselve. We hurt others and are hurt by them. We walk to and fro and watch ourselves from afar as we do

"BOARDWALK" continued to Page 25

# Beachhead Beginnings

By John Haag

The Beachhead is a rare example of an ongoing activity resulting from an electoral campaign. The campaign committee for three Venice Peace and Freedom Party (PPF) candidates decided that a main objective of the 1968 campaign would be an ongoing activity, a community radio station, a hot line, a newspaper.

Immediately after the November election, we started working on the first issue of what we named the Free Venice Beachhead, which came out in December. A delivery system of PPF registrants quickly developed so that most copies of the paper were handed out door to door by neighbors. The Venice PPF produced the Beachhead for about a year at which point the collective became independent of any other organization, as it has remained.

It has also retained its original structure: a collective without editor or other authority figures.

Since its begining in 1968, the Beachhead has played a central role in the Venice community. Not the voice of Venice; Venice never speaks with only one voice. More like town crier. Through the years Beachhead writers have sounded the alarm, warning the community of dangers to us -- from police, from city planners, from developers.

The spirit of the Venice community existed long before the Beachhead. What the Beachhead has done is provide the means of the community's becoming conscious and self-conscious.

The Beachhead is important enough to a dozen or more people that they volunteer vast amounts of time and effort to produce a free newspaper every month. There is no way to measure how important the paper is to our community and its members -- except that without our community's support, both directly and by responding to our alarms, the Beachhead would not have survived these 20 rocky years. ☆

## This is Your Beachhead



Chuck Bloomquist, Moe Stavnezer, Arnold Springer, Joan Friedberg, Phil Chamberlain, Rick Davidson, Carol Fondiller, Janice Yudell, Emily Winters. Oct. 2, 1988 for the video documentary.

Frank Rios, Tony Scibella, Anita Alexander, John Thomas, Philomene. Anita hosted poets, including Maryjane, on October 1, 1988.

Absentees who should be included in some photos: Marge Buckley, Steve Clare, Larry Abrams, Arleen Hendler--OLON PALO, BEONDA HARNEY.

Carol Fondiller, Lynne Bronstein, Rick Davidson, Larry Abrams. Were our poets on Sept. 24, 1988, at S.P.A.R.C..

Beachhead benefits were produced in full by Maryjane for the paper's 20th Anniversary, in Sept., Oct., Nov. 1988. Two black & white video documents with panels of collectivemembers over the years, some location shooting and some moments from the Paul Krassner Nov. 17, benefit (I'll hopefully have a community viewing in late January, 1989.

Ill my thanks go to all people who donated facilities and to all the participants, especially: Carol Fondiller, Rick Davidson, Bob Goodfader and the crew at the Sidewalk Cafe, S.P.A.R.C., Anita Alexander, Paul Krassner, Danny Peck.

Lance Diskan, Beth Miller, Ed Ferrar, Linda Lucks, Larry Sullivan, Victor Wrightman, Patrick McCartney, Diane Nickerson, Cathy Sullivan, Lynne Bronstein. Oct. 9, 1988, for the video documentary.

MaryLou Johnson, Judith Martin, William Margolis, John Haag, Larry Sullivan, Beth Miller. Our poets on Sept. 23, 1988.

Rick Davidson, present at all benefits, and Beachhead co-founder.

Paul Krassner, Maryjane, Danny Peck, Carol Fondiller. Our benefit night, Nov. 17, 1988, at the Sidewalk Cafe, which was donated by Bob Goodfader for the event.

# 20 Those were the Days

By Alice Cramden

My earliest memories of growing up on the border of Santa Monica and Venice were of my mother always insisting that we lived in Santa Monica and not Venice. The goal of any worthwhile middleclass Santa Monican family was to aspire to eventually live North of Montana. In 1959, Venice was Sin City to middleclass Santa Monicans. In fact, the "V" word was usually avoided...Venice just did not exist to good Santa Monicans. However, it was a schizophrenic existence because I also remember riding the tram along the Ocean Front walk and not only did it ride in Santa Monica but it also went all the way to Venice. And how the terrain changed from Santa Monica to Venice! I remember how excited my Mom and Dad got when the tram passed the border of Santa Monica into Venice and one could feast their eyes on all those weirdos. My mother would always speculate aloud as to what it would be like to live a Bohemian lifestyle. My father would quickly admonish my mother's self-indulgent fantasy and state for the kids' sake that these were, of course all lost souls.

So began my earliest schizophrenic love affair with Venice. If my parents disliked Venice, so then would I love it. Being the rebel that I was, I never considered Venetians lost souls. To me, they seemed like great spirits more in tune to life's flow.

My earliest lone trips to Venice were on my bike with my best friend Anne who lived next door. We lived on Ozone Street in those days and we all use to call it Oz One and all of us, of course where the Dorthys.

In those days, it was not unusual for us to pedal all the way to the old Hughes Dumping grounds on the Ballona Lagoon and then on to Will Rodger's State Park, huffing and puffing all the way up that great hill.

For a quarter, we'd go to the Venice Fox and watch a double feature or sneak into POP (Pacific Ocean Park), and get lost in the House of Mirrors or ride the roller coaster 14 times in a row (that was our record, before finally getting kicked off).

And of course there was always the beach and the canals. In those days you could

swim in the ocean and you could swim in the canals. And, of course, there was always someone daring you to jump off the Venice Pier which I did numerous times.

The canals were bohemian then, the hippies would move in later and then the yuppies after that.

But in those days, it was the beatnik poet, writer and artist who lived in Venice.

To a twelve year old, those were heady days filled with nostalgia and yearnings to be all grown-up.

Those were the days...summers and sunsets just never seemed to end.

When I was 18, we moved away from that awful border of Venice; we moved two blocks. But two very important blocks. Two blocks closer to North of Montana. But no longer was I allowed to go to Venice. So, I stayed at home, went to SMCC and would sneak over to Venice every chance I got.

Venice had changed. Some men and boys had hair down to their waist, and at that time hair was radical if it was as long as the Beatles bowl hair cuts. The pre-hippies had arrived and I liked them. I started hanging out with a clan of them in a house off of Dell.

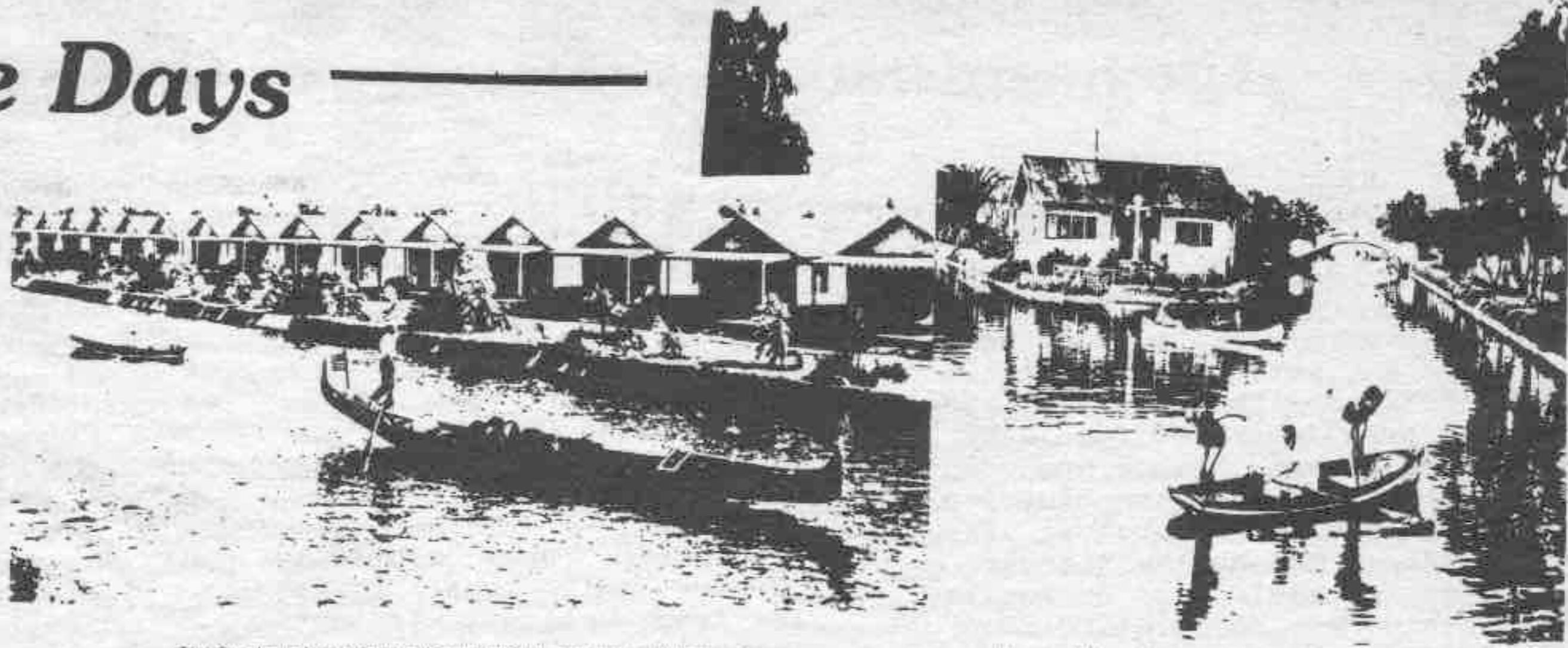
Days were spent languoring on the Beach and, time stood still. Only after the beautiful sunsets, did I return home to the charade of the student.

I suppose I felt a little guilty, but then I would rationalize by thinking that indeed I was a student...a student of life. And I did experiment with life back then and alot of drugs too. But it was moot anyway because eventually, Venice would get the better of me and I would have to leave...

In the years to come, there would be other episodes between Venice and myself...the innocence of childhood and Venice were long gone, however, and I would have to learn to deal with Venice as an adult and as I would find out after many attempts, Venice was a highly energized and creative environment which also had its volatile downside.

But then no place was perfect. And always I came back to Venice. And always she had changed dramatically

# the Days



Tent City alongside Lion Canal had accommodations for tourists at \$15 per week.

From "Venice of America 1905-1930"

United States Island, 1926. In this view looking north, Altair Canal is on the left, Cabrillo Canal on the right.

In 1983 when I came back, the very spirit of Venice had changed. Gone were many of the freewheeling hippies and bohemians. The Boardwalk was probably one of the best indicators of the decline of charm and spirit in Venice during that time. Gone were the hippie artists selling their wares; the sidewalk sales of used and old clothing. In their stead were the beginning sales of schlock and shiney things. And then there were the "new" trendy yuppie types who were moving in...and drastically changing the face of Venice. I suppose they thought Venice was in serious need of a face lift. They took a tuck here, a tuck there and indeed the face of Venice was changed. Far from being uplifted, however, the character lines and furrows having successfully been removed, Venice's charm and spirit suffered.

During that time, I went in search of the old Venice that I had known and loved. After three months, I started to despair. And then one day, I read the Beachhead.

So here were those that were left. And they were still hanging on...still fighting, (and in those days, it seemed like a lost cause, a losing battle)..the last hold-outs who were still defending their ghetto by the sea.

But little did I know that that lost cause, that losing battle would balloon into the election of a city counsel representative that would change the face of politics in the whole of Los Angeles from one of pro-development into one of slow development and that the Mayor of that great city would ultimately be forced to flee from his earlier pro-development stance.

Those were the days. The Beachhead was my extended family (in more ways than one), and what a family it was. In my early days on the Beachhead, I really underestimated this little rag of a paper. Born out of the chaos of the Viet Nam War and out of the organization of the Peace and Freedom Party and steeped in Venice philosophy and history, it never occurred to me just how important the Beachhead really was. I worked on the paper because I loved the collective spirit, the equality of everyone; we all did every job and it was great fun. And I think none of us

took it (the Beachhead) too seriously. We took each other too seriously sometimes, but we got over it.

We've had our growing pains and how! And now suddenly twenty years later, the Beachhead is celebrating its 20th birthday.

Happy Birthday Beachhead! I love you! ■

1968



This paper is a poem. It is the first of a series. Your participation will decide how often

we appear. This paper is a poem for the people. We decided to not sell it to some of you, but give it to all of you.



Venetians shut out of City Hall/Masters plan adopted...  
Venice Community House founded..... Coastal Commission created..... Venice Town Council formed..... Marina Bypass stopped..... Silver Strand saved.....

## BUT WHERE CAN I GO? By Richard Morano

I used to quietly walk  
And feel the day  
Before my town  
Turned into a cabaret

The sound of the sea  
Always seemed to be  
A part of me,  
But, now, it's hard to hear  
Because the so-called cheer  
Is violating my ear.

Skaters and cyclists whiz on by  
While cameras click and babies cry.

The people come 'cause it's the thing to do  
While locals wish they lived in  
Kalamazoo  
And not like monkeys trapped in a zoo.

The village vendors are not too large,  
'Cause it's hard to compete  
With Master Charge.

When the sun goes down  
That's the end of the show  
And the dogs stop barking  
While trash cans overflow.

The darkness of the night  
Embraces us all  
As we gaze at the sky  
And feel so small.

The stars come out  
But seem to be few  
Compared to the planes  
That dominate the view.

If this is progress coming to town  
Then why is the clown  
Wearing a frown?

# It Was Twenty Years Ago Today

by memphis slim

It was the year of our Great Disillusionment, 1968, when the Beachhead was born. A kind and gentle man, a thoughtful poet, Eugene Mc Carthy had done what no one had ever done before; he defeated a standing President, Lyndon Johnson, in the New Hampshire primary. Then the Left's most revered political opportunist, Bobby Kennedy, entered the race. He and the Eastern Liberal Establishment raided the anti-war and civil rights movements for volunteers and proceeded to split the Democratic Party progressives down the middle. But McCarthy and Kennedy supporters made up 2/3 or more of 1968 Democrats in the Spring of that fateful year.

The Civil Rights movement had become increasingly controversial by 1968 when Martin Luther King Jr. criticized the War in Vietnam and led a civil rights march in Cicero, Illinois. Up to that point only Southern white people were supposed to be bigots. His example, the Black Panthers, the anti-war movement; all made the connection that oppression, racism and poverty in America were related to U.S. foreign policy. (Read Imperialism)

Then the shit hit the fan! While in my home town of Memphis, supporting a strike by garbage workers, Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated. The fatal shot came from a white Skid Row flop house where my step-father had once detoxed. I was at our Union Hall on Beale Street about a mile from the death scene as I watched the rioting spread nearer to me and closer to the suburbs. Later that evening I was in a suburban department store watching a block long line of whites at the gun and ammunition counter when an announcement was made that Memphis Mayor Henry Loeb had banned all sales of weapons, ammunition and gasoline in any containers other than vehicles. Standing in that line made it clear to me that America was going through a cultural civil war and we'd never be the same again.

Then Bobby Kennedy was murdered here in Los Angeles right after he won the California Democratic Primary. We were going to change the world or were we? The TET Offensive in Vietnam proved not only that the Vietnam War

could not be won under any circumstances but we were just an occupying army supporting a local dictator of our own creation.

Then the Summer of '68. Riots in American Ghettos were a staple of the evening news. Detroit had so many killed that it made world headlines and continued to make headlines for the length and brutality of the National Guard occupation of Detroit's ghetto. The TV showed us, up close and personal, that we as Americans had to militarily occupy our own people like we did the rest of the world.

Lyndon Johnson, the Southern President, who'd done so much for civil rights in America, declared his unwillingness to pursue a second full term. He knew he couldn't get re-elected due to the violent opposition to his policies in his own party so he became a lame duck and put all his political energies into helping his Vice President, Hubert Horatio Humphrey. Dump The Hump, as our rallying cry went, was to carry the banner of bankrupt policies into the 1968 election.

The Democratic National Convention was held in Chicago and most Americans were horrified at what went on outside the convention. The brutal tactics of the Chicago Police and the fascistic nature of Chicago Mayor Richard Daley was broadcast live all ov-

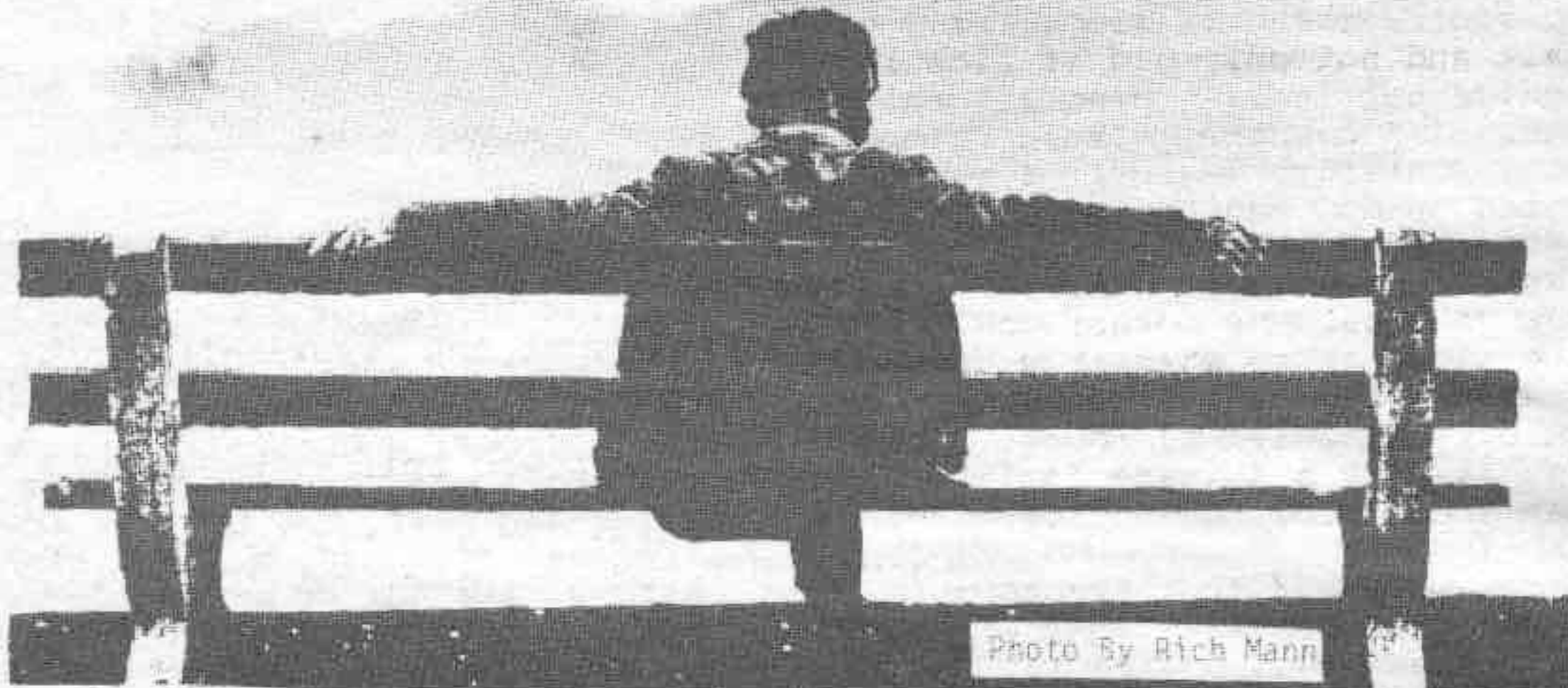


Photo By Rich Mann

er America. Dan Rather was severely beaten on national television while IN the Convention Hall. The Democratic Party Machine had stacked the states' delegations with LBJ's political cronies. They managed to ram Humphrey's nomination down the party's throat.

The Republicans, not wanting to repeat the Goldwater debacle, nominated Richard Nixon in an essentially colorless convention.

By this time I had begun supporting the National Peace and Freedom Party ticket with Dick Gregory for President and Mark Lane, the attorney, for Vice-President. Gregory had a great gimmick. We passed out lime green "Gregory Dollars" with Dick Gregory on the front wearing a black bowler hat and sporting a full beard. White doves were on each side of the bills. The motto was, YOUR VOTE CANNOT BE BOUGHT OR SOLD.

My friend Richard whom I worked with and who had actively campaigned for Bobby Kennedy used his car's trunk as our storehouse for the Gregory Dollars. One day at home the Treasury Dept. Agents came by and busted Richard for possession of counterfeit money.

They said we were using the dollars in dollar bill changers. The bills themselves were slightly bigger than a dollar and made of very cheap paper. While Richard was in the Knoxville, Tennessee City Jail, he was visited by the FBI. You see, Richard was a local draft dodger. A celebrity in my circles but a nigger lovin' communist to the FBI. Richard was told by the FBI Agents that if he'd sign his enlistment papers, all charges would be dropped. Otherwise, he was gonna' do time. Richard signed his enlistment papers in his cell. He later was the only white member of the Fort Gordon 6. The last I heard of him, he was a member of the Communist Party.

With these events in the national background, the Free Venice Beachhead was being put together for the first time as Richard Milhous Nixon and his secret plan to end the War in Vietnam were being elected to the White House.

Spiro Agnew or Agonopolous to his friends played power forward for the Nixon Team. He bashed our types so much that we took to wearing buttons that declared us to be part of the EFFETE CORPS OF IMPUDENT SNOBS. With Richard Nixon in the White House and Ronald Reagan in the State House, Venetians and Beachheaders alike had targets to rail against as the Revolution of the Right began.

The Watergate Trials and resignation of

Richard Nixon were declarations of the purity of the process not the ideology. No one in the Establishment questioned right wing ideology during the trials. The Vice President went to jail, the President resigned, House Minority Leader Gerald Ford got to be President and the Establishment was left basically intact. But the Watergate disclosures led to a full investigation for the CIA. Senator Frank Church's Committee brought out all the CIA debacles including Patrice Lumumba's murder in the Belgian Congo and the plot to discredit Fidel Castro by putting powder in his shoes which would make his beard fall out. It also showed that the CIA was used to investigate and harass Americans both at home and abroad. And who was the Director of the CIA? George Bush! If you guessed right, go to the head of the class.

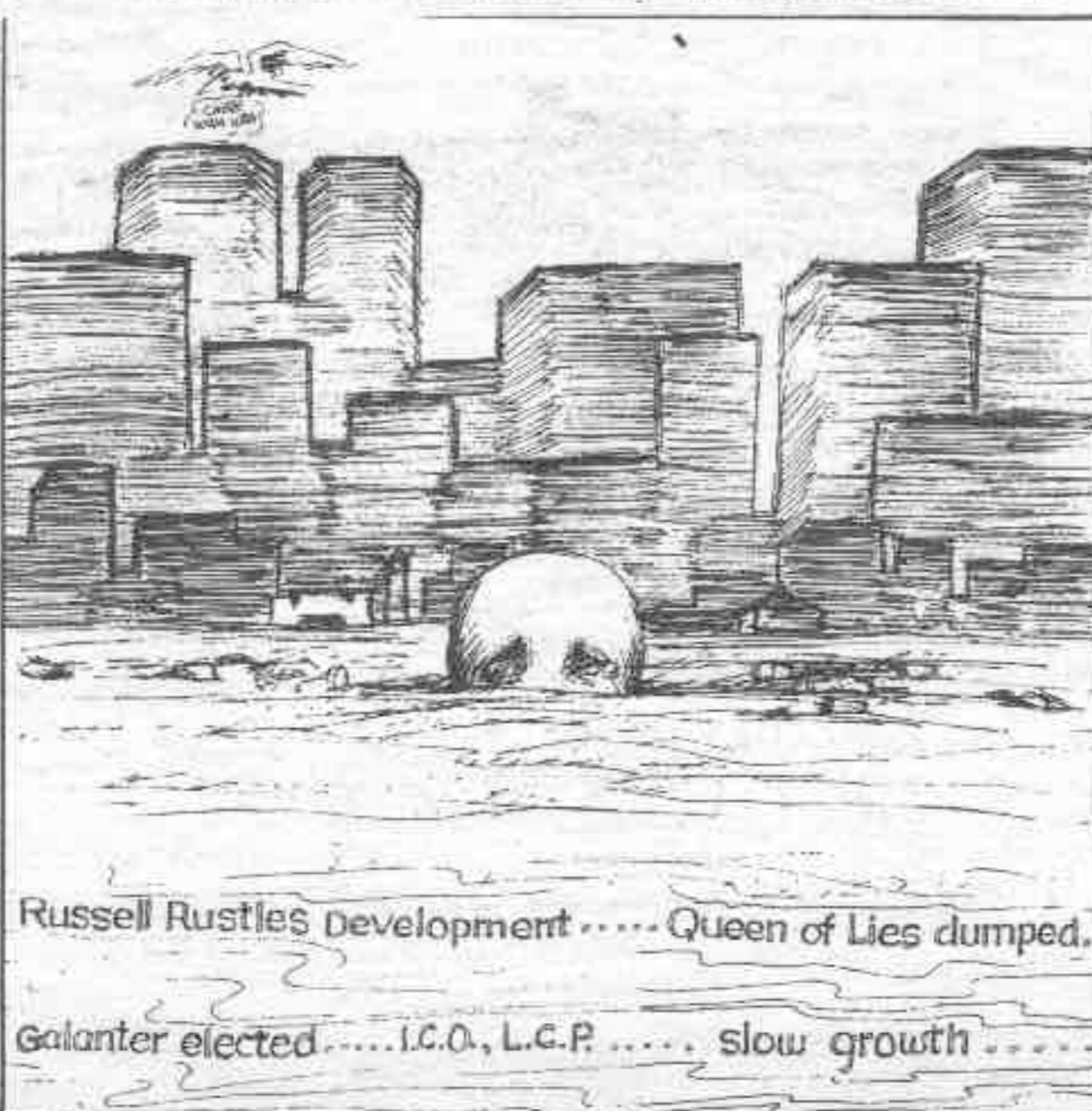
With the Watergate revelations, the CIA scandals and President Clumsy, Gerald Ford, who'd played Big 10 football without a helmet, the American people had had enough. They elected the only saint to occupy the White House.

Brother Jimmy had credentials going back to the 40's. He and Rosalynn, who were just dating then, were some of the very few white people to support Koininia Partners in 1948. Koininia was the first integrated commune in the South and was constantly harassed by the Ku Klux Klan. It is located between Plains and Americus, Georgia. From opposing the Klan in the 40s to serving as the nuclear engineer on the first submarine under the Polar Ice-cap, Jimmy Carter proved he was a man of deep and profound dimensions. He also proved he couldn't govern. As a two time governor of Georgia, he was unanimously supported by Georgians to accept another office. Any office! And as he told Playboy Magazine, the worst thing he'd ever done in his life was "lust in my heart." So Brother Jimmy got elected.

James Earl Carter got rid of George Bush at the CIA. He cut off diplomatic relations with dictatorships like Guatemala and he started implementing changes at the CIA. The restructuring of the CIA was the most profound change in American government brought about by the scandals of the Nixon years. But as we're now finding out, the Carter Administration lost the battle with the CIA. George Bush is now President and Jimmy Carter builds housing for the poor in New York City. I LOVE AMERICA! ■



Canal Festival Funeral..... F.R.E.S. formed.....  
Seniors smash shopping center.....  
Coastal Zone Victory..



Russell Rustles Development..... Queen of Lies dumped.  
Galanter elected..... I.C.O., L.C.P..... slow growth.....



I'd rather be smashing Imperialism.  
Spirit of Venice still in Process... the Beachhead Lives!

Once there was a member of a collective who had an astounding ability for paste-up. But we had to keep that person under surveillance, because that person was not above lifting a few paragraphs out of an article to create more "white space." And selfishly, I admit I enjoy the sensual delights of cutting and pasting, the rummaging for interesting graphics, thinking about placement of articles and ads, and trying to get everything

to fit in. I would feel less of a collective member if I were excluded from paste-up because I wasn't as good at paste-up as other people. That attitude would take away from the community feel of the paper. It would cut down on what's left of the participatory phase of The Beachhead.

Some of us would like to edit, i.e. blue pencil articles without the article's permission. Sometimes we've done that inadvertently by losing or misplacing a part of the article. Sometimes we've mixed up the order of sequence of paragraphs. We try not to, and our first priority is to print it like you tell it. But we ARE human, and amateurs. By the way - have you seen the L.A. Times lately? They screw up, too. And talk about editing! But we feel - at least up to the present moment - that most people get edited enough (you have exactly five minutes to speak on why we shouldn't put a highway through your house...). Sometimes we ask people who submit an article to shorten it. We do delete things which we think are racist or sexist, with the author's knowledge and consent, of course. In spite of that, we have been accused of racism, sexism and other isms. Maybe we're insensitive or we didn't realize it, or it's a quote. But I think the only groups we stereotype with justification are developers and speculators, and their running-dog lackeys. Oh, yes - and the British (there are several people of Irish descent on our present collective, and since we don't do business by consensus any more, the Anglophiles among us get constantly voted down).

The Beachhead was started by community activists to get the word out. We've been used by other activists to get their words out regarding marches, rallies, lawsuits, campaigns, etc. And other events are also publicized in The Beachhead to let people know they can do something about their future. At this point in our twentieth year, we've alerted people to the toxic waste in our oceans and under our ground. We've spoken of people without houses as American citizens, not as some visiting subhuman aliens who have suddenly descended on us. We have drawn the connective dots between rising rents, gentri-

fication, elimination of low-rent housing stock, the non-replacement of low-income housing, racism, and poverty, and completed the picture of greed, money and power. We have dared to question calling forced evictions progress when people are forced to move out of their long-term homes because they can't afford to pay the rent forced up by speculation. The Beachhead has been instrumental in writing of rent control, low-income housing, and making those terms a given - something that is now talked about when people start planning Venice's future. I remember when low-income housing was spoken of years ago. It was dismissed as Commie-pinko blather, or pie-in-the-sky idealistic babble. But now it's even being used by some developers to try and get skyscrapers in Venice. We were ahead of our time. The Beachhead was among the first groups to get real about the need to get rid of a Councilwoman who was going to turn the entire West Coast into Calcutta West, i.e. enclaves of the very rich with only enough of the very poor to act as chauffeurs or to keep the very rich busy in feel-good charity. Here's a fact to stuff your stocking with: Forty per cent of the homeless are children. God bless us all, whines Tiny Tim.

We helped elect a Councilwoman who is trying to deal with the diverse needs and desires of the community.

I suppose we could get a professional layout person, and get an editor - we really don't have one, you know - and it would look and probably read more "professional." The Beachhead's look proclaims accessibility - "Hey, I can submit my stuff. They'll print it, I'll help with the layout. I've never done it before, but hell, it can't be any worse than what I've seen in the paper already."

Some of us write and don't type. Some of us type and don't write. Some of us keep the books, and distribute The Beachhead. But we all have a voice, an equal voice, in what goes in the paper.

to touch and know  
the nothingness  
that fills the pages that are  
never to be seen...  
for they only exist  
after all else  
is gone.  
:::

The sad reality is that I could have written my article and poem for this issue of the Beachhead. In my view the only change is that things have worsened. It's obvious that we still need a Beachhead, but it's also important to remember that the Beachhead is only a tool. It may articulate our desires, hopes and needs, but the force to realize them can only come from the community: we, ourselves now! I suggest that the paper host a one-day workshop on the political perspective of Venice's future. We might get a feeling for who and what we are 20 years to more. Let's hope we'll still be reading and celebrating it 20 years from now.  
:::



\*\*\*\*\*

Fact is that the Beachhead is, no matter what label you want to attach to it, a place, a consistent place, to find out about what people who live here think and feel. May be that ideas or feelings I've had, but not expressed before, are shared or hated. Either reaction is like food to a writer. It is gratifying to me that many people not only read the paper but that they also take it and me quite seriously.

I've learned a great deal about the importance of putting my mouth where my head is by writing for this paper. I've given and taken my lumps in the process. Mainly, I've learned to appreciate that the process is what it's all about--how I relate to this sometimes off-the-wall

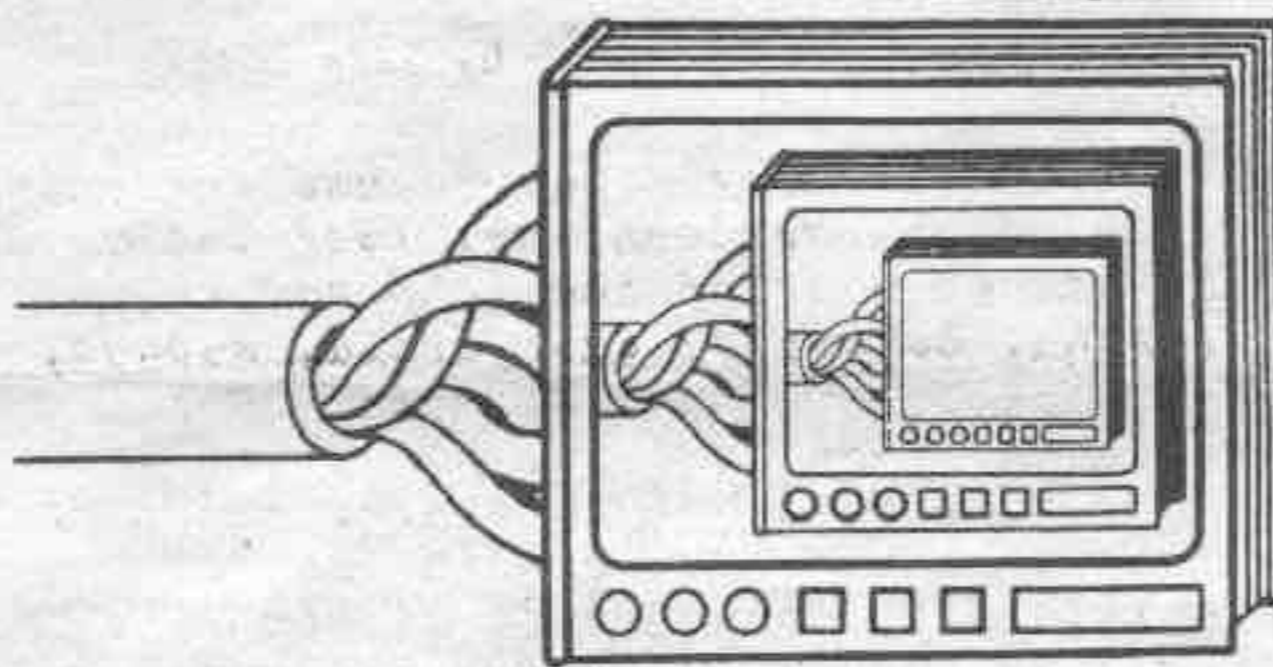
public graffiti has "learned" me to grow up, to accept other people's ideas, and to appreciate passions different from my own. Not unimportant lessons in this life, and heaven knows I'm still in the process of learning them.

The Beachhead is the only place I've found where I, and so many others, can tell it just like we think it is and why. Hundreds of people have, and still, contribute to this paper, thousands read and support it because there simply is no other place to get the information and ideas it offers.

Another twenty years will be a challenge, even for the Beachhead. Happy Birthday old friend. And many more.

\*\*\*\*\*

Neighborhoods/cpf



Yes - we do have a point of view. We vary from left of center to far left to far out. We've never hidden that fact, or pretended to objectivity as the L.A. Times or the Outlook or the Herald pretend to. We've unabashedly

and proudly run articles supporting candidates of alternative parties - Peace and Freedom, to be exact. That's to be expected, because from the first issue, registered PFP'ers have been active on the paper. This does not mean that The Beachhead hews to any party line. We've turned down articles about and by PFP'ers because they were (A) too long, (B) too esoteric, or (C) too boring, and published articles supporting Democratic candidates, i.e. Jesse Jackson, and run articles trashing Jesse Jackson.

This month at the end of our second decade, the Venice Town Council is publishing an insert with us. They want to get the word out about development, workshops, and VTC meetings. The Venice Town Council is also a community-based organization that wants the residents of Venice to be involved in their destiny. People have complained about the size of the paper for the last few months. We print as many pages as we can afford to, but our printing costs have gone up and we've just raised our ad rates. The size of the paper also depends on how much strength we Heads have to paste up and type.

The Beachhead is one of the few papers that represents the unfashionable view that money isn't everything, nor even the only thing, and that there's more to success than how many credit cards you can stuff through the eye of a needle. We count people as successes who write nice poems, get a group together to work on low-income housing, or agitate to protect the Wetlands. We are, and represent, just a bunch of crazy amateurs.

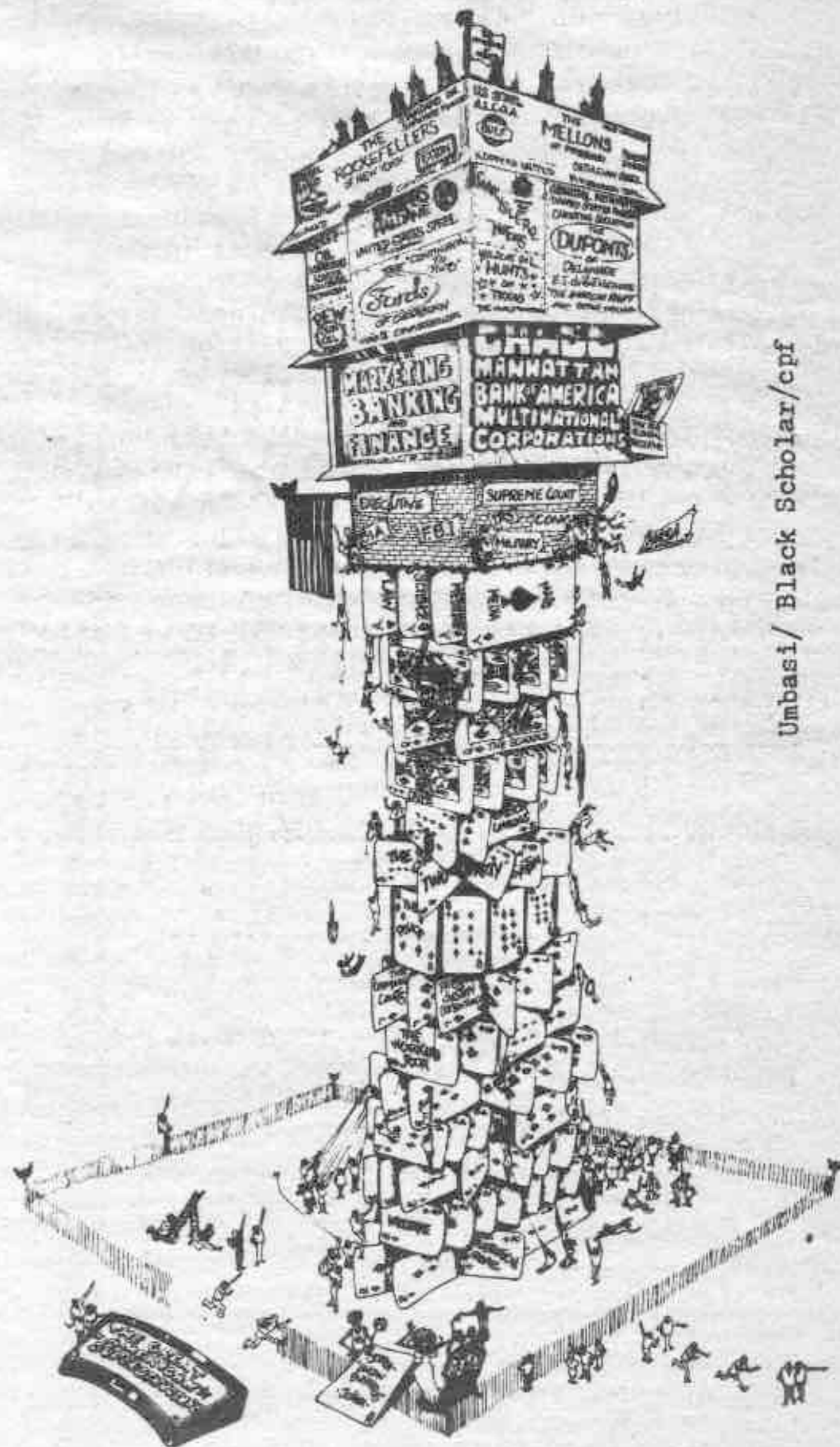
My mother has an embroidered sampler that hangs above her kitchen door. It reads:

"I CAN'T DANCE, AND I CAN'T SING.  
BUT I CAN TRY LIKE ANYTHING."

Twenty more years and Chee-Wah-Wah!

*"Freedom  
of the press  
belongs  
to those  
who own  
one."*

A. J. Liebling



Umbasi/ Black Scholar/cpf

# Homeless Teen

Dear Beachhead & Beachhead Readers:

I was introduced to your newspaper several months ago and I am very impressed with your articles about the homeless. But, what about the homeless teenager? The media and press play so much on how this is not being done for the homeless and that is not being done for the homeless. None ever focuses on the teenagers.

Each teenager has their own reason for leaving home and know that when they are on their own, they instantaneously become an adult, but do not receive the same adult treatment.

Like the 18 and above homeless, the teenager must endure living outside without shower, food and clothing. Must endure crime and criminal assault. Must endure weather and police. But when it is time for that same person to ask for shelter, he or she must face rejection, and crowded and full shelters.

Adults can depend on day centers, where showers, food and clothing are always available.

Teenagers will be lucky enough to even hear about a day center for them. Any adult can walk into a fast food restaurant, get a job working eight or more hour days for seven days straight and on top of that get another job.

Anyone under seventeen, must first have a work permit (which you have to be a resident to get anyway) to get to work eight hour days, maybe four days a week and expect to save enough to live on their own.

In order to live my first few months homeless, I had to lie about my age.

I was lucky enough to get a job that

allowed me to work twelve hour days in the summer. But after work, I went home...to the park, where I worried whether I was going to be attacked, or if my things were stolen. Along with my normal teenage worries, which included drugs and alcohol, I worried whether I could shower ten blocks away and still make it in time for work in the morning.

I believe there should be a committee for the teens too. A task force as well. Not to put the teens in homes, but to help us make it on our own.

Don't get me wrong, shelters are great. But not for someone with no future or past. Shelters often put you in a lax situation. You begin to depend on shelters. You are fed at a certain time, you are awakened in the morning and put to bed at night and every once in a while, they remind you to look for work. There is no responsibility. Except chores. You don't pay rent. You don't really worry about security. Nothing actually belongs to you except the clothing that you have and the bags you brought in. Who would want to leave that?

I have been in adult shelters and teen shelters and lived on the streets and because of my strong sense of independence, chose the streets to stay. Until I finally, with the help of friends on the street, have learned to take care of myself and I'm still struggling to keep my head about water.

Where is the voice of the teenager? Where are the news reports, the news articles?

Where are the taskforces? Where's all the information about shelters? Where do I go if a crime is committed against me, who

do I talk to? Is a shelter my only hope? I'm proud to say I survived the harsh first time on the streets. The drugs, the alcohol, the prostitution. I escaped the pain and injury. But many of my peers haven't.

Don't give in to the homeless stereotype. Include the teenagers in the homeless revolution. There's too many of us out here not to. It's time to focus the camera on everyone.

Yvette L. Johnson  
Age 17, Recovering Homeless



## Plight of the Children

Some adults are revered by adults. Some are even called 'reverend' by adults. But who was respected by God the Father as so eloquently expressed through God the Son? Children, that's who. There is no evidence in his known teaching that is contrary or inconsistent with this expressed fact. And yet many parents who call themselves Christians still haven't meditated on Christ's view of children enough to adopt the same view. Hence, we parents do well to imitate Jesus and hold our children up and to look up to them as our example rather than down at them as our inferiors or subordinates.

By what criteria do we hold ourselves up as authorities? What deception enables us to think we are so great and know so much more (than they) which is actually worth knowing? Is it our unconsciousness degrees or experience or more generally learned pride and vanity, (which we even pass on to them, believing that in so doing, we are serving God.) In truth, we are corrupting his little ones. Unfortunately, some parents go even further than offending in mere doctrine, abusing them in deed, either actively by yelling and screaming at them and beating them, or more passively by neglecting them.

These children have apparently fewer manifested rights and freedoms than we adults enjoy or take for granted. I say to you love and respect them. Listen to them rather than lording it over them, as is the custom of many who are ignorant of innocence and were themselves abused and perhaps traumatized. Be not wise in your own puffed up ways as a parent, but rather understand that God's little ones are merely on loan to us for protection, guidance and loving, kind attention and are not our property to be used, abused, vandalized or destroyed when our tempers run short.

Do unto children as you would they do unto you. If you would spare the rod, then spare it. Who are you but vessels made lower than angels, who watch over children. Receive life-giving humility and begin to reverence that which belongs to God and not to ourselves.

An infant can no more sin than one who has never been born or one who has died. Sin is acquired and learned by exposure, beginning with the sin of the parents with a beam in their eye. "If it ain't broken, don't break it". Parents, let your children teach you well. Lastly, people are so impressed with the claim, "Before Abraham was, I AM." But they seldom thoughtfully consider, "A greater than Solomon is here". Allow the little children to come to Him. Hinder and provoke them not, for they are not far removed from his kingdom and do in fact constitute it here on earth. We do well to study them and learn to be as they are in the moment, trusting God as they trust us. Betray not their trust.

Gregory Boyd.

### CHINGADA

## "Go Back to Mexico, Bitch!"

by Sara Omari

"Go back to Mexico, bitch!" The words are said barely one foot from my face. I am on the Wilshire bus, preparing to get off at the Veterans Facilities in West Los Angeles.

You are an anglo-saxon-appearing female about 12 or 13 years of age, i.e., junior high school level. I don't know you; in my almost 60 year old life, I have never seen you.

You also said: "Go back to school." What brought that on? How can you possibly tell how many years I have/have not, spent in school?

There I had been, sitting in the back of the bus and reading my paperback, BURY MY HEART AT WOUNDED KNEE. I was not aware of your existence. Why did you even talk to me?

Was it in your home (where else?), where you learned to be abusive to Mexicans and Mexican-Americans?

Most Mexicans are MESTIZOS (of Indian/Spanish descent). We trace our native heritage back to Indian groups that built great civilizations in Mexico long before the Spanish explorers landed in the 1500's.

During the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, Spain extended its rule over the region that is now Mexico, California and the Southwestern United States.

So, chickie, when you say "go back to Mexico, bitch" and which I pronounce as Mejico, it is you, according to moi, who are the trespasser.

Minor detail: it would not occur to me to raise my voice to an older person. I learned that at home.

Why did you suggest the return to Mejico? Although I hear it is a beautiful country, I have not visited, yet. (I don't count the madcap afternoons, after we finished Mess Duty at Camp Pendleton, wherein we would get off duty in the early afternoon dash down to TJ in the guys' motorcycles and dash back in time for Mess Duty at dawn the next day. Heck, we thought we were hot kaka, riding without lights. Stupid, that's what we were).

You were too busy being abusive, but I did tell you to read some of your own history books...

During the 1820's, Mexico allowed many "americans" to settle in their territory, which is now Texas. In 1835, the "americans" led a revolt against their hosts; then the "americans" established the republic of Texas.

The conflict over Texas became the chief cause of the Mexican War, 1846-1848. The USA gained most of the land now known as Arizona, Colorado, California, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming. Over 75,000 Mexican citizens who lived in those territories became U.S. citizens (read this and sob, Harold Ezell!) To this day, many people within this ancestral group, consider the great American southwest to be, if not politically, at least culturally, Mexican. Many times I include myself, since it depends on how I straddle the cultural day. You, little one, seem not to be able to tell the difference between a Mexican and a Mexican-American.

Anyway, gradually, and through discrimination, the brown ones lost most of their private property. Through injustice, also, the brown ones lost many rights,...

If you are that vituperative and nefarious, in public, to a stranger, whatever must you do to your Mexican maid, in private.

If, indeed, the brown one returns to Mejico, who is going to wipe your vertical line? ●



By Beth Miller

## Bob Dylan

Since 1984, the 20th anniversary of the Free Speech Movement, I began wanting to write about the sixties and Bob Dylan, some kind of testimonial or documentary piece based on my personal experience of the sixties in Berkeley. With the increase of interest in the sixties as 1988 approached—as reflected in literary and cultural production, from history to film and retrospective programs on radio and T.V.—I began to think it was too late, that the world did not need yet another nostalgic look backward. But the conjunction of the meetings about the impending twentieth anniversary issue of the *Beachhead* with a series of Dylan concerts in August, provided a fortuitous stimulus to get me to work and face my formation.

## Joan was a Contra

JOAN WAS A CONTRA

Venice is home to many people who have visited Nicaragua over the last ten years. The LET NICARAGUA LIVE Campaign of Southern California and the Nicaragua Task Force are centered in Venice.

We have drawn inspiration from Nicaragua's efforts to create institutions that meet the real needs of its people. We have been outraged at Reagan's contra war against clinics, hospitals and health workers; schools, education programs and teachers; agricultural cooperatives and the land reform; housing programs, reforestation and ecology projects.

After eight years, the Sandinista revolution remains, its programs still supported by the majority, but its economy weakened by Reagan's efforts to destroy the threat of this "good example."

Recently, Nicaragua was devastated by Hurricane Joan, and we are called upon to extend our solidarity to a higher level of commitment.

Preliminary estimates of the damage are \$2.5 billion. Nearly 100% of the housing in Bluefields, a city of 40,000 on the Atlantic Coast, was literally razed. The brand new hospital—the first full scale medical facility ever constructed in this Black Creole and Indigenous region—was 70% destroyed.

In the small inland river city of Rama, 50 foot flood waters completely destroyed 600 and partially destroyed 400 of the 1200 houses in the city. Health centers and schools were heavily damaged. Malaria, hepatitis and typhoid have broken out because of contaminated water.

Throughout the country, many crops that are the backbone of Nicaragua's agrarian economy were destroyed. The coffee harvest will suffer greatly because more than 400 miles of roads and 67 bridges were washed out. It will be next to impossible to bring the harvest to market.

Emergency assistance to Nicaragua as been coming in from all countries, except the US. The Reagan administration wants this tragedy to aide the contra war.

Thanks to the San Francisco Mime Troupe and Ash Grove Productions, we have an unique opportunity to raise funds for Nicaraguan hurricane relief and have fun doing it. You can come to the San Francisco Mime Troupe's wonderful "Ripped Van Winkle," on Friday and Saturday, December 16 and 17, at 8PM, at Robert Frost Auditorium, 4401 Elenda Street in Culver City. (For more info, see add this page).

The last time I had seen Dylan perform was at a high school in Berkeley in the mid-sixties, right after the release of his album *Bringing It All Back Home*. He stood alone then with a guitar and a microphone and his songs, powerful, uplifting, idealistic, exuding the now-famous charisma. This summer at the Greek, Dylan sang many of the epic songs from this album among the sixteen pieces that night, beginning the concert with "Subterranean Homesick Blues," a song that after twenty years still seems to be written in an underground code linking the Sixties with the Nineties, descending from a long tradition of dissent. "The pump don't work/'cause the vandals took the handles" is a strange piece of poetry, but on a t-shirt sold at the concert twenty years later it is illustrated by a painting depicting guerrilla warfare. Another t-shirt with the emblem "I Ain't Gonna Work on Maggie's Farm No More" depicts a Vietnam soldier, working away on an Uncle Sam's War, the title a cry of defiance, rebellion and revolution. Lying down on the old carpet of an apartment on Haste with my head against the speakers, a block from the Mediterranean Cafe on Telegraph I listened to the poetry of Dylan's music as though it had a special message for me in which I would find myself, escaping the existentialist trap of the intellectual students of the fifties, into a new connection with a world that I could work to change and in which I could make a difference. And what twenty-year old could not identify with the lines of "I Ain't Gonna Work On Maggie's Farm No More": "... Well I

try my best/to be just like I am / but everybody wants you/to be just like them." Well in that case, I wouldn't, couldn't work on Maggie's Farm either.

Sometimes, travelling, a new acquaintance plays Dylan and I know without speaking we share a deep generational and ideological bond formed by the poetry, not just the music. As I sat at the Greek Theatre in 1988 I wondered whether the people in their twenties could identify with those lyrics or understand them, and was glad to see that one of the crowd's favorites was "It's Alright, Ma." Certainly anyone disillusioned with the so-called "yuppies" can identify with these lines:

Disillusioned words like bullets bark  
As human gods aim for their mark  
Make everything from toy guns that spark  
To flesh-colored Christs that glow  
in the dark  
It's easy to see without looking  
too far  
That not much is really sacred.

Dylan was a revolutionary who for me brought a lot back home, made me feel at home through his gift of creating resonant messages, communicating coded truths. This illusion's value depends upon the listener, since his lyrics are based on a heavy use of symbolic language and metaphorical referential words which leave them open to personal interpretation, particularly in the sixties ballads, such as "It's Alright, Ma".

Continued on P. 25

KPFK, Let Nicaragua Live Committee, The L.A. Weekly  
and many others present the

## San Francisco Mime Troupe

in it's brilliant new production of

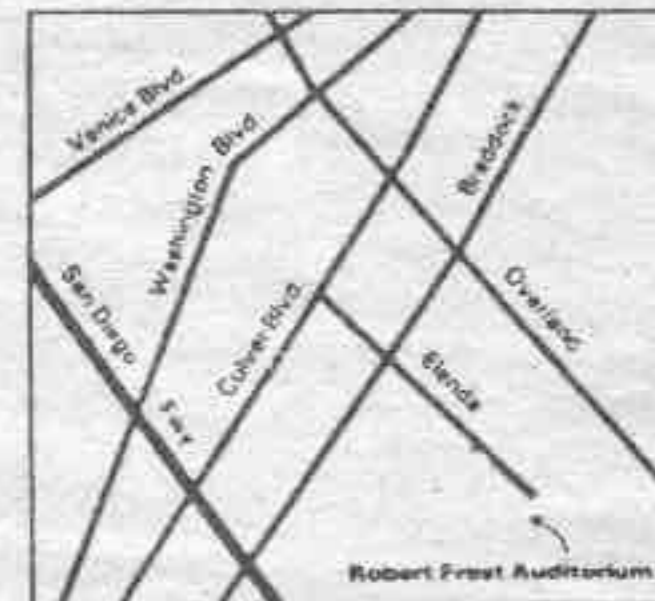
# RIPPED VAN WINKLE

What happens when free lovin' Rip falls asleep in 1968 and wakes up in 1988?  
Where are his friends? What happened to the war? What happened to the revolution?  
What's planned for him in the cold, new world of 1988?



Friday, December 16 and  
Saturday, December 17  
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ROBERT FROST AUDITORIUM  
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Admission: \$10, \$15, \$25

Checks Payable to: Let Nicaragua Live Committee, P.O. Box 1138, Venice, CA 90291

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"('RIPPED VAN WINKLE')" hits notes of lyricism, hope, anger and determination all at once..."  
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Dylan stood quite still as he sang this, radiating a seriousness, almost a spirituality. There is a kind of eastern Buddhist/Hindu, pacifist view in some of those lyrics.

At the concert's end as I watched the departure of the diverse audience (everyone smiling) I bought a t-shirt with the young Dylan's face, got home and walked to the store for cigarettes. A guy with a beard and baseball cap,

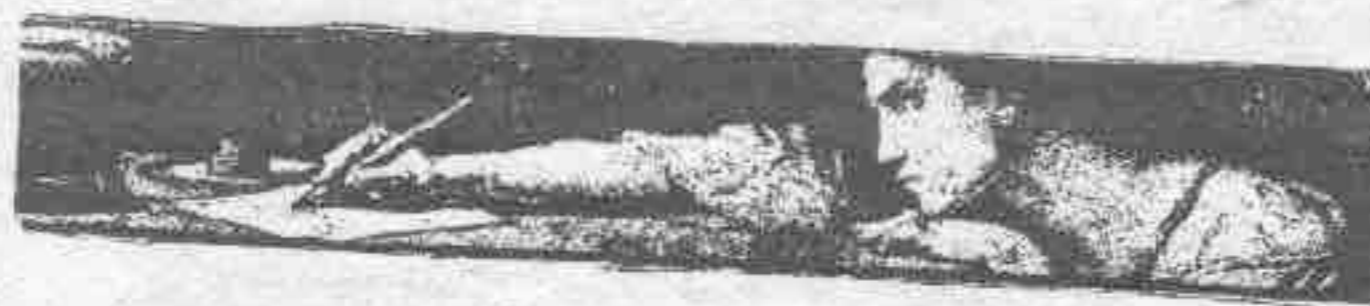
surrounded by beer-drinking cronies sitting on his porch greeted me and we introduced ourselves, finally, after passing each other by nearly daily for a year. The bearded guy's friend acted as a sort of press agent,

informing me the man was a walking history book, a third or fourth generation Venetian, known as "the mayor". The mayor, it seemed wanted to discuss Bob Dylan. He told me anecdotes about the actual Dylan here in our neighborhood, stopping in to visit his wife at a pre-school in Culver City, where he sat down at the little baby piano to sing and play Arlo Guthrie songs for the kids, thus beginning his Culver City concert. There are many such stories about cultural heroes and heroines who have passed through Venice. They asked me if I knew Dylan, and I said "not really" and then told them how I had seen him by himself in an auditorium in a high school in Berkeley for a couple of dollars in the mid-sixties.

The other night there was a special on KCET on Joan Baez. At the end of the hour she sang a song imitating Dylan, which was great-- Dylan with a really great voice. I wallowed in nostalgia and wish I had taped it. She talked a lot about the sixties, but again, there is a lot of talk about the sixties in the late eighties. I read in the Calendar Section of the L.A. Times on August 14 that Bob Dylan, as well as the Beatles and the Beach Boys, were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame last year. Of course, under Hall of Fame rules, performers only become eligible twenty-five years after the release of their first record, so in last year's balloting, that would have been for 1962. Still, the very term "classic rock" is an irony of the same sort as the name of Mexico's reigning political party (PRI), the "Institutionalized Revolutionary Party"

The Beachhead Collective of the sixties developed in response to historical conditions and local political issues which seem not to have changed much, from U.S. intervention abroad to homelessness. Today's social movements, and even the current Beachhead Collective, carry forward fundamental sixties legacies, albeit in a more cautious spirit. Many ideals and dreams of the counter-cultural sixties are still with us. There are ex-activists engaged in working for social change of many sorts, on personal as well as political levels. Old revolutionaries don't die, but they do mature and settle down or

settle in. "Burned-out" activists rekindle and they keep trying to spread the word. Like Dylan, they evolve, try new things, and attempt to distill the wisdom (e.g., "...it is not he or she or them or it that you belong to") earned in a variety of related struggles over the years -- for a new morning, a new generation, and a new century. •



"LIFE"

## Continued from P. 15

February 1980: I go to West L.A. Court with Wendy. She had written an account of her four years of being sexually harrassed by a local man whose probation violation was now up for a hearing. I go to offer myself as a witness to "continuing intent to harass" by the man involved. At his attorney's advice, he pleads guilty, which eliminates the chance for witnesses to testify. I hold Wendy's tense hand throughout the proceedings. The man is taken away by guards, sentenced to three months in jail, and Wendy's lawyer says "you're free". Nevertheless, Wendy leaves the Beachhead, and Venice, a few months later. The Venice life has become too difficult for her. I miss her, and her writing and photography. Also in the winter of 1980; Arnold Springer brings in the students from his history research class at Cal State Long Beach, all of whom have written papers on Venice history. We publish their papers as a series over an eight month period. We all learn Venice history and are delighted by the then-and-now parallels.

Olga Palo, Wendy and I spend an evening thinning out the Beachhead Poetry File. Mo ndo Crappo, unintentional hilarity, but some really good writing on the back of computer paper.

We retire after meetings to El Camino Real, (our beloved advertiser), for good Mexican food and silly conversations.

Fast forward to 1982- After a hiatus I rejoin the Collective. It meets upstairs at the Fox Venice. I stare at old movie posters throughout meetings. Memphis Slim joins the group, and is delighted to learn that consensus decisions can be opposed by something called the "principled objection". Because Olga explains this to him, he thereafter regularly shouts out "I have an Olga objection !!" At some point we all have Olga objections to something or other.

We all share a Hot Tub at Bob Alexander's house. We have no secrets from each other, political or otherwise. If only our sex-monitoring critic knew about it ! The Beachhead is published by Commie-Hippie-Dope-smoking perverts who get naked together.

We get silly to jam-session on headlines. Best headlines "Duke of Oil" (Deukmejian allows oil drilling). Most overblown: "Fox Features Fascist Flick" ( flick in question was 'Song of the South'). Silliest headline; "Snyder" (colon), with a drawing of a colon instead of a punctuation mark. Longest and most boring headline, set painstakingly by hand by two hapless Collective members; "Chicano Mexicans on both sides of the Border Call for Socialist Reunification of Mexico "

August 1982: With most of the Collective on vacation, memphis and I put out an issue practically by ourselves. I feel proud about my poetry and art page, laid out and pasted up all by myself. I came to the Beachhead almost ignorant of offset production. Okay, I cheated and took classes in it, but the sheer nessecity of getting the paper out disciplined me too.

And there are more memories- The fundraisers with A Band Called Sam playing for us, frantic paste-up sessions, all of us aching with laughter at Carol Fondiller's latest serio-comic account of Venetian Contradictions,

food and beer and Arnold's homemade wine all over the meeting areas, being innovative when I couldn't find any more M's or E's in the rub-on type file, typesetting my articles at the OPCO office (thanks, OPCO !), hearing people talk about my writing, or someone else's writing, discovering that local folk read and remember the Beachhead.

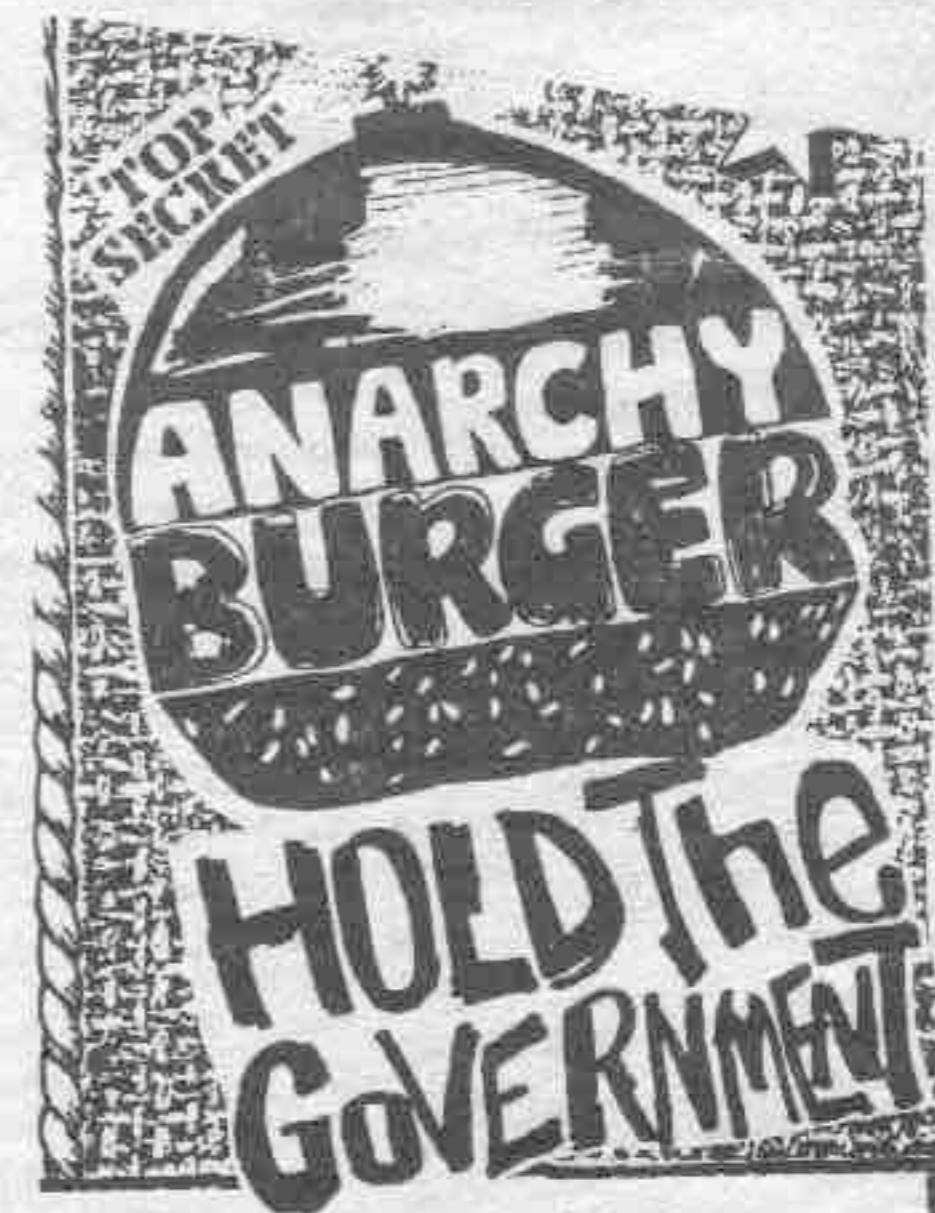
Twenty Years old, this crazy rag. And I've been on the scene for ten of these years. It's hard to believe. And it's still here and still coming.

got hard when he told me that. He has a camper, rusty from many seasons near the beach, but in cherry condition in the motor department. He wants to take his grandchildren out for a trip to the desert. Frank admits that the Fire Department found a sleeping bag downstairs, and just maybe the people whom he hires to clean the bar might have stashed it there, or even slept there overnight. Bennett hires people who are houseless for various things, from cleaning to repairing and painting. He remembers The Depression, and how people helped each other. He has nothing against other people besides himself making money. But he can't shake the feeling that someone wants his property. "Someone's doing this. There's never a problem 'til some guy wants what you've got."

It was about 11:00 a.m. when I was talking with Frank Bennett. Deliverymen were bringing in bar supplies; some people dropped in for some beer, and Frank looked at how the work was progressing on his camper and gave some advance money to the young mechanic. Frank wants to open a restaurant nextdoor to the bar. He doesn't want another teeshirt shop. Years ago he and his wife used to run the Java Time before it evolved into a health food, then Coney Island hotdog, and now an uneasy marriage of teeshirt boutique and a "Chinese" restaurant. I remembered the good soups and the country breakfasts with biscuits that would put that overrated restaurant, Rae's, to shame. I remember Frank's gravy with bits of sausage.

"Lots of people want good country-style food for their money," said Frank. Frank owns the property nextdoor, and it's still zoned for a restaurant.

Despite the anonymous "tips" emanating supposedly from the Councilwoman's office and worried neighbors, there is a happy ending to this story. Frank Bennett received more visits from the Fire Department, the Board of Health, etc. He complied with the few repairs (strengthening the guardrails, battery-operated lights in case of electric failure downstairs) that were called for. So we can still have a neighborhood bar that comforts us with something cool even when things get hot. See you at the Town House. Make mine a Coke, straight up with a maraschino cherry on it. Here's lookin' at you, Frank. Cheers!



BOARDWALK

Continued from P. 19

it. We call the ocean magnificent and litter its beaches. We exercise our bodies and rot anyway. We build houses we can't afford to live in. We embrace only loved ones.

I lie in bed at night thinking about complexities and only find happiness when I stop intellectualizing

A brother wanted a quarter so I bought him a coke.

The sun sank again today. An old woman complained that it's getting colder at night as she searched through a trashcan. One at a time the paraders gradually went home. I guess the spectators are still out there watching.



Aunt

her frame is disappearing  
 eroding away  
 slow

cell by cell

drifting off  
 into crazed  
 veins

leaving behind this

shriveled scum  
 of skin

draped over  
 osteomalic bones

Sheryl L. Nelms



ROAD SONG (#13)

Black dog in the road  
dead for hours  
just like me

beer can in the road  
empty for days  
just like me

old friend in the road  
going to hell  
just like me

black dog, beer can, old friend  
watching the crow fly  
just like me

C.K.DeRugieris



The youngest/purplest  
bum's life  
needs no justification.

I saw one  
lying on his back  
in the hot sun  
dying/shirtless  
next to a crowded bus stop.

The paramedics couldn't touch him  
for fear the flesh would tear/  
his belly was white/  
emaciated/soft/  
completely unmuscular

yet thick/fatty luxuriant.

His deep ruptured eyes face  
a pool of blood  
gentle and still

Like a high Alpine nook of lakes  
the peaks of his face  
are snow capped

The fine infinite pools  
sparkled beneath the sunshine

Steve Effington

the wrong way charlie

like half animals  
they faced each other -  
yelled forth emotional insecurities  
and with fear transformed into hate  
set out to kill  
one another.

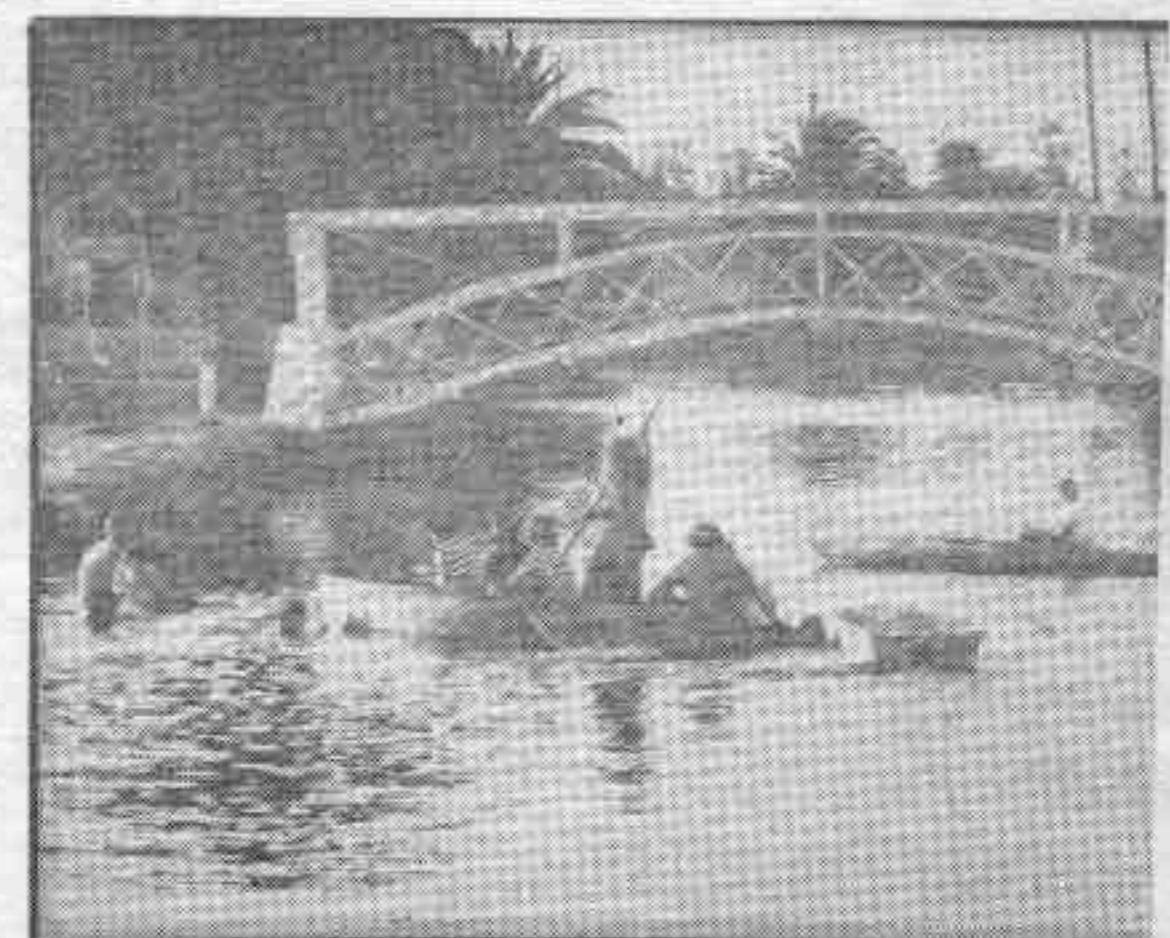
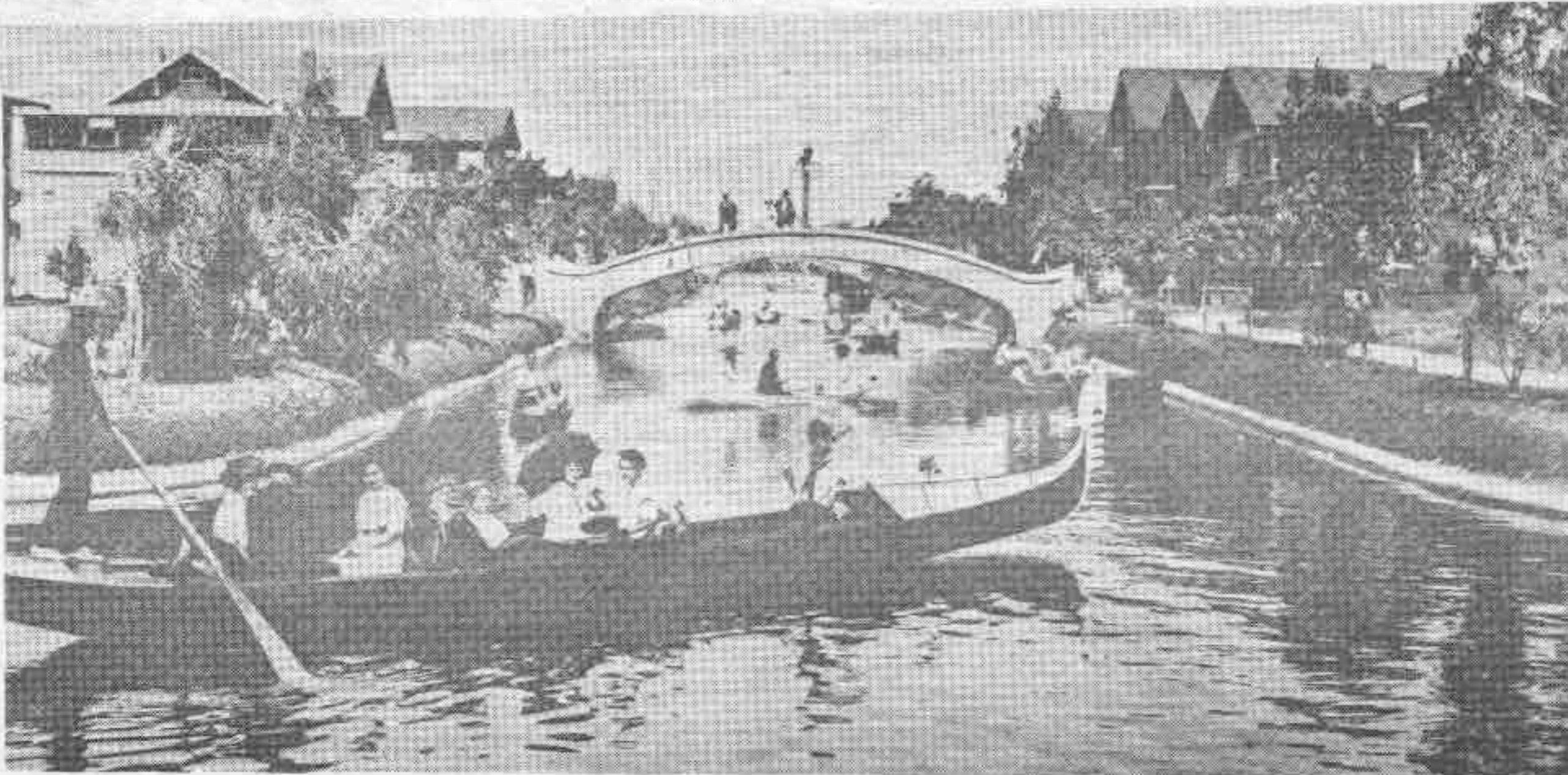
in so doing  
they severed  
their last tie to humanity.....  
returning to the cage  
of animal intelligence.

is it still survival  
mr. darwin?

(what a capital idea!)

venice, ca. 1968

RICK DAVIDSON



# HOME OF THE Beachhead Community

# Events

The 8th Annual Alliance For Survival NEW YEAR'S EVE PEACE PARTY Saturday, Dec. 31: Comedy Review/Party/Band/Buffer/Dinner/Child Care/Tickets \$25 (includes everything) at the Church In Ocean Park, 235 Hill, S.M. 399-1000

## PERFORMANCE

'For Black Boys Who Have Considered Homicide When The Streets Were Too Much' / weekends (Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays) through Dec. 17th, 8pm curtain and a 3pm Sunday matinee at the Rose Theatre, 318 Lincoln Boulevard (at Rose) in Venice. Ticket info. at 396-6490

## ENVIRONMENT

SIERRA CLUB-Airport/Marina Group, NEXT GENERAL MEETING: Monday, DEC. 12 at 7pm in the Community Room at Burton Chace Park, Marina del Rey. "HOLIDAY POT LUCK", 641-4028, and January, meetings: 3rd Monday of the month.

"J-O-B." JOB ANNOUNCEMENT Mental Health Clinician, 60% time, \$1,346/mo. to start. To work with Black and Latino gay and bisexual individuals affected by HIV (sero-positive, ARC). Contact: Personnel, Gay & Lesbian Community Services Center, (213) 464-7400 x251

## Poetry

Beyond Baroque Literary/Arts Center\*Old Venice City Hall\*681 Venice Blvd\*822-3006: Friday, DEC. 2, 8:30 pm MAX BENAVIDEZ & ED-FRIEDMAN (writers, poets)//Sunday, DEC. 4, 8pm OPEN READING (sign up prior-FREE)//Friday, DEC. 9, 8:30pm TIM MARTIN & CURTIS WHITE (writers)//Saturday, DEC. 10, 8:00pm TRANSVALUE (musicians)//Friday, DEC. 16 and Saturday, DEC. 17, 8:30 & 9:00pm Choreographers LIZ DAVIDOW & SANDRA CHRISTENSEN\*\*NOTE: ALL EVENTS EXCEPT OPEN READING. \$5 nonmembers. \$3 mmbms

## Literature

## LECTURES

## Celebration CHURCH POLITICS

1st UNITARIAN CHURCH OF LOS ANGELES, 2936 W. 8th St., Los Angeles (213)389-1356  
DEC. 3, 11AM-5PM, DEC. 4, 12:30-2PM: 46th Annual Xmas Bazaar//DEC. 4, 11AM: "Excerpts From The Diary of A Rabbi" (Rabbi Leonard Beerman)//DEC. 10, 6PM: "Going Home" Campaign for Salvadorean Refugees, (a special fund-raising dinner \$5.00 per person) DEC. 11, 11AM: "The L.A. Family: From Stereotype to Reality" (Councilman Mike Woo)//DEC. 18, 11AM: "Jesus and Socrates: Saints or Pests?" (Rev. Phillip Zwering)//DEC. 24, 7PM: Christmas-Chanukah Service

## Politics no party

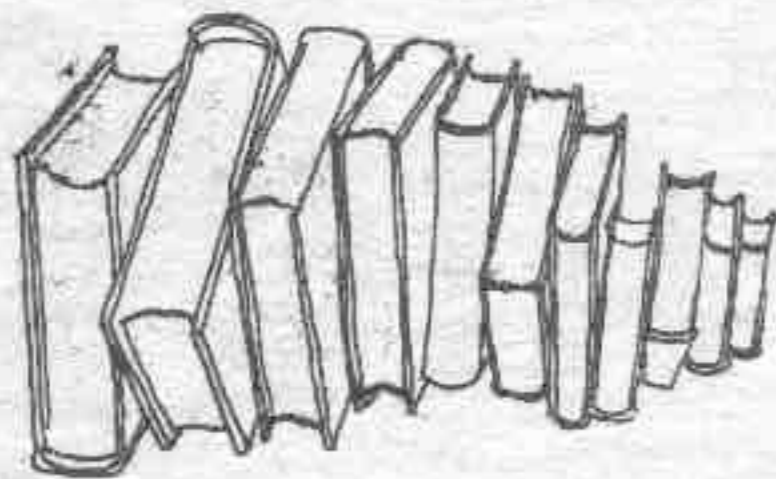
Winter Planning Meeting in Philadelphia for the Anarchist Conference and Festival '89 in San Francisco, 7th and 8th Jan. 1989/Non-con-vention contact address is: Wooden Shoe Books and Records 112 S. 20th Street, Philadelphia, PA 19103

## 3rd POLITICS party

LIBERTARIAN NEWS: Libertarian U.S. Senate Candidate Jack Dean Asks\*(ed) Secretary of State March Fong Eu to Withhold Election Night Results from News Election Service (as 'service' refuses to report third party or independent voter totals) for first time?

## "OFFICIAL" party Politics

News From CONGRESSMAN MEL LEVINE: Southern California Water Conservation Bill Passes Congress (to line parts of All American and Coachella Canals in the Imperial Valley with concrete to prevent seepage)& Levine To Head Congressional Export Task Force (bipartisan, international trade & export legislation caucus)



Co-Op America has published A SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE FINANCIAL PLANNING GUIDE. 20 page guide available \$5 from Co-Op America, 2100M St. NW, Suite 310, Washington, DC 20063 (1-800-424-COOP).

## BOOKS

## Music

### Santa Monica College:

-Emeritus Band \*presents it's annual free Holiday Concert at 7:30 pm in the college's Music Auditorium, 1900 Pico Blvd., Friday, DEC. 2.  
-Slide Lecture \*featuring Paul Stenard, glass artist at noon Thursday, DEC. 8, in Room 124A of the Art Complex, 1900 Pico Blvd.

'CHERNOBYL DOCTOR' ROBERT GALE TO SPEAK AT SMC DEC. 8 11AM Music Auditorium, 1900 Pico Blvd.

-Modern Dance Ensemble \*\*Synapse Dance Theater' will perform choreographies by guests and faculty artists including Branislav Tomich DEC. 2, 3, 9 and 10 at 8pm, DEC. 4 and 11 at 2pm, and DEC. 6 at 11am //Tickets \$5 for general admission, \$4 students & seniors

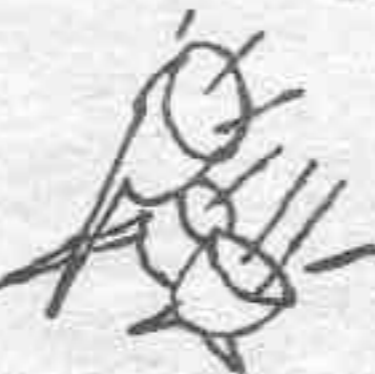
-Announcement: \*Ridley-Trees Establish Largest-Ever Scholarship For Minority Students (a \$100,000 endowment for under-represented minority students at SMC, ie. four \$2,000 scholarships each year).

## LECTURES

COSMETIC SURGERY: A LIFT FOR THE HOLIDAYS Liposuction, rhinoplasty (nose jobs) and breast augmentation/American Academy of Cosmetic Surgery and the American Society of Liposuction Surgery 1-800-221-9808

## HEALTH

GENE EGIDIO'S HEALING LIGHT FESTIVAL, SATURDAY, DEC. 3RD-7:30pm-10:pm (evening)(1), \$25.00 per person, \$15.00 Senior Citizens & Students at Robert Frost Auditorium, Culver City School District, 4401 Elenda Street, Culver City, CA/ For more info, call (213) 541-5327 or 392-8389



'Be Your Best: Nutrition After Fifty' (booklet) may be obtained free by sending a stamped (45 cents postage), self-addressed, business size envelope to the American Institute for Cancer Research, Dept. BY1, Washington, D.C. 20069.

## SOCIAL

SANTA MONICA DISCOVERY SINGLES: DEC. 9, 7:30PM mix, 8:30PM discussion: "Keeping Your Sense of Humor", Unitarian Community Church, Forbes Hall, 1721 Arizona Ave., Santa Monica. Donation \$7.00. Info. 392-4713

L.A. LOUVER is pleased to announce THE 3rd INTERNATIONAL CONTEMPORARY ART FAIR, DEC. 10-14 at the Los Angeles Convention Center, and JAMES SURLS 'Crossing Over' at 77 Market Street in Venice through Dec. 31 by appointment. Phone 822-4955 or FAX 821-7529

## art...

## TRAVEL

CHANDRIS FANTASY CRUISES, from San Juan, Caribbean & Mexico/Key West, Sea Miami, Sea Orlando, S.S. Amerikaris from \$899-\$1699 per person! (212) 697-5600

## WOMEN

'LOVING FROM THE INSIDE OUT' A one day experiential workshop for women, Saturday, DEC. 10 from 9:30am-4:00pm in Los Angeles. Facilitator Suzanne Lopez, M.S., MFCC, cost is \$35.00, pre-registration required. Call (213) 876-7149

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FRIDAY--SAT 7-3AM

108 Washington St. Marina del Rey • 90291

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