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FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968



FREE

February 1987 No. 206 Box 504 Venice, California 90294
(213) 823-5092 Circulation 10,000 ISSN 0884-9641

\$\$\$\$Venice Vision 2000? \$

Art Bucks Stop Here \$\$\$\$

The outside envelope announcing Venice Vision 2000 depicts a column from Windward ave., from the Arcades. The close-up is of a baroque figure washed in day-glo mauve, next to which is an image of an anatomical eye. Neither historically nor stylistically interesting, this image of Venice past and Venice future is meant to be captivating. Inside the envelope is the announcement-invitation for the Venice vision 2000 dinner. On the invitation-cover is one of Frank Gehry's glass fish (1986). The image's function suggests an overcoming of contemporary symbolic antagonisms; with a sense of optimism, the upstream movement of the lighted fish suggests a corny version of historical renaissance by means of an image of fertility and birth, of spawning. The pseudo-universality of the imaged fish saturates "Venice Vision 2000" in Naturalism, or what is "by nature" progressive.

Inside the card, there are graphic/verbal material clues as to the scope of Venice Vision. In caps. the Venice Action Committee invites all who receive the invitation to its \$125.00 per person dinner, being at once general (as is vision) and exclusive (as is money). The purpose of the dinner--"To benefit the goals" of the VAC--suggests agreement has already taken place as to what "vision" should inform the future of Venice. The dinner is then an affirmation of both its sponsors who have paid \$1000.00 to VAC so the latter can hire its own Planning Committee to advise City officers, as well as the dinner committee, which includes an artist roster of some sophisticated/clever artists, e.g. Guy Dill, Orr, Graham, Borofsky, Bengston and Arnoldi. It is said that some of these artists are economically dependent upon speculative real estate prices in Venice, the truth of which is unsurprising and boring.

'Vision' cont. to Page 3

Tears of Rage & Tiny Tim

by Carol Fondiller

I've been accused of crying too much. And it's true. I have been crying too much. People have told me that crying is manipulative. Manipulative. That means making people do what you want them to and not necessarily at gunpoint. Usually it's done by sly, underhanded means. My crying is looked on as manipulative. First of all, when I cry, I am not a pretty sight. My eyelids get puffy; my eyes get red, and my nose gets runny. And if I get into a real fit, I get headaches. I wish my crying were powerful, because I'd hold my breath, lie on the floor, kick my patent leather Mary Janes, and cry 'til we've had world peace. I've looked into getting a tear duct operation, but my health insurance won't cover it. So I gush fountains and fountains of my renewable resource, salt water.

I wake up in the middle of the night crying. I can't remember the dream that caused me to cry; perhaps it is the reality that makes me weep, and I cry because I can't remember the dream.

For the past month there've been times when I've stayed in bed and watched television day in and day out. Now, mind you, crying does not make you feel better. I stay in bed in the house because I cry. I dare not call anyone because I cry. My crying is not a weapon to use on people.

It is an affliction, like being incontinent. I cry over the wierdest things: I watch television and see people in the coldest L.A. winter since 1888 and I hear the commentator talk about the goodwill of folks who give the homeless blankets.

And then I start to cry. Only not tears of sadness or frustration, but tears of rage. Tiny Tim is stalking the land thump-thump-thumping his crutches, as he quavers, God bless us every one. Don't bless me, God. Don't tell me that a few blankets are going to help the homeless.

A few months ago in our very own Beachhead we had classic example of Tiny Tim mentality and thinking. You loyal readers of the Beachhead remember the article wherein a 94-year-old man was threatened with eviction by one of the more prominent real estate people in our community. The upshot of the article was that this chipper, charming 94-year-old man was not evicted - due mostly to the efforts of Moe Stavnezer. He contacted several wealthy and image-conscious people to pressure the real estate king into letting Dominick stay. I'm sure it was pointed out

to Sarlo that evicting a 94-year-old man could look real unpleasant on the front page of the Outlook or the West Side section of the L.A.

Good Taste for Sale V.A.C.

by Arnold Springer

The Venice Action Committee has between 30 and 60 dues paying members. It is headed by Michael Dieden who has made a lucrative transition from community organizer for the CED to community organizer for local developers. He is hired by developers (both large and small) because they believe that Venice is 'a hard nut to crack'. The tradition (over the past 25 years) of active opposition to development in Venice by neighborhood people with community and non capitalist social consciousness has already entered the sphere of historical myth. Developers understandably not intimate with the reality here (opposition in Venice is now sporadic, inconsistent, and anchored in no obvious base: It is a paper tiger) hire Mr. Dieden to help them get their projects through. They pay him good money to do what they could do themselves. Why? They need not fear.

First, because both municipal and state government is corrupt and when development is at issue, eventually and always does the bidding of investment capital. Representatives of municipal and state governments claim to represent the Public and so can and consequently always argue that support of development is in the public interest (the shit about jobs is the most obvious and disgusting rationalization) thereby relegating the real concerns of actual neighborhoods and maybe even actual communities to the status of tertiary insignificance. At best our combatants are acknowledged as representing figments of the public, at worst wreckers masquerading as narrow self-interestites.

Second, because even though some oppositional and combative neighborhood people occasionally activate themselves, they do so only

in the interests of their street or their view. They network with the handful of community minded and active combatants only when a project is afire, and when it is resolved, they withdraw from further networking and avoid lending active assistance to other Venice neighborhoods or streets just entering the same struggle. Community consciousness appears sentimental and nostalgic, not whole or quite real, and therefore no networking, no sharing of struggle and experience, no sharing of sacrifice or rewards takes place. All of this results in further weakness, defeat, and demoralization.

'Tears' continued to Page 9.

'V.A.C.' continued to Page 8, 9



Dear Beachhead:

The Reagan presidency finally setting slowly in the East, the ability of liberal theology to influence thought--for example epochal Genesis one explained in context (Genesis 2:4 or Psalms 139:15-16)--can again be entertained.

Press commentary reflecting university sociology of gang youth considers their behavior nihilist. Nihilism, a philosophy which denies that anything, existence included, can be known, (perhaps not that widely read), would not seem useful insight into the out-of-body experience of youth gangs, clubs, or groups. Recall the rapping behavior of personal identification, ("My momma named me..."), street name announcement, ("but now I go by...") and membership declaration, ("and now I run with..."): it is no different from given names and nicknames in groups claiming the three blocks of front lawn territorial turf.

Progressive change brings confrontations with special environments reflecting the general aristotelian ethos that communicators need to know. Groups of boys at the beachwalk often have one standout shirtless boy--typically relatively muscularly ripped--within the shirted group: evidence that the out-of-body membership aspect of the confrontation reflects threat. Teaching is not possible at any grade level without the doctoral degree unless it is believed some kids are better than other kids and that all the other kids are not worth the extra effort--lampooning the A-B-C-D-F grade policy of dummies flunking dummies, intentionally to destroy their lives. The shirtless boy is likely subject to the peer pressure of Herculean stupidity attribution to find his accepted group role, that likely behavior of the other boys the intentionally social influence learned psychically, by example, of the fast presence of the adult presence and policy of the neighborhood.

Mass entrance into higher, fully degraded, education would likely be a fast minimizing productive strategy--relaxed grading and qualified staff--rather than reliance on the traditional force strategies, maximizing fears.

The certainty of sound when there is no ear to hear it is as demonstrable as dog shit when there is no shoe to step in it, and equally as certain that beach kids know peer pressure and patient change a liberating influence. Boss Phil has seen it, and it is so.

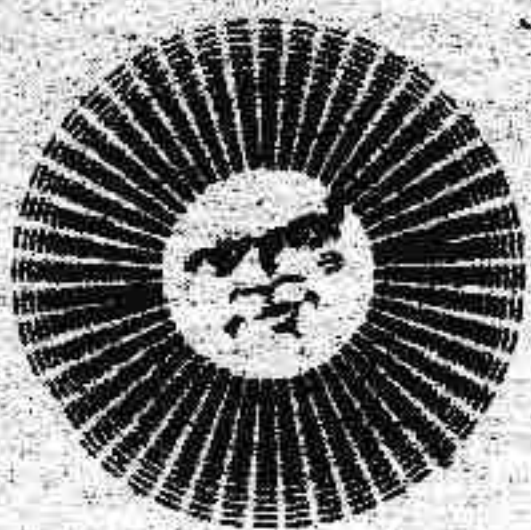
Sincerely Yours,

Philip W. Gregg, M.A.

Dear Editor, Celebrity on Parade

Only at a Halloween bash would one see a gal in a bikini, dancing with a guy dressed as a vicar. Or they could swap costumes and it would make no waves. Or one could walk, as it were into a painting of a 1919 scene where milady is boarding a shiny Franklin Limousine in front of the old Brevoort Hotel in New York City; With faint music afar of a Lehar waltz, heard to carry the early evening mood. There were no bizarre revels, then, except in Paris or Greenwich Village. Artists were the driving force behind those. Today's street-garb may out do them all! The Carnival will thus be the status-quo, as a Mark of Status.. Confetti, anyone?

Sincerely,
Joseph P. Krengel



Call for Action

Last Fall, long-term residents of Market Street and other concerned members of that vibrant example of the heart and soul of Venice stood together in opposition to a proposed Additional Authority application that could have radically affected the character and density of the neighborhood.

Public opposition to this attempt to "Marina de Ray-ify" the street took the form of petitions, letters and attendance at a zoning hearing. It worked. The applicants were denied the application that would have set a precedent in allowing them to construct a 19 unit, monolithic apartment building. They were sent home by the zoning board to figure out how to play by the existing rules.

They're back at it again, this time with plans for a 16 unit building. With the blessings of Councilwoman Pat Russel and developer Michael Deitin, they persist in the party line that their building, which would cover 5 contiguous lots... would fit in with the neighborhood.

If you find this as ludicrous as the residents of the neighborhood that would be irrevocably altered, join them at "a public hearing at which you may be present and speak" at 10 a.m. on Monday, February 2, at the West Los Angeles Municipal Bldg, Second Floor Hearing Room, 1645 Corinth Ave in West Los Angeles.

If you can't be there to voice your opposition, please write to Room 405, City Hall 200 North Spring Street, L.A., Ca. 90012. Letters do count.

"The City Planning Department has conditionally determined that this project will not have a significant effect on the environment," says the hearing notice received by owners and involved residents.

The people who live on Market Street know different. Chances are, you do, too. So help us protect the character of a neighborhood that we have all found to be liveable, from those who now see it...

Denise Oaso



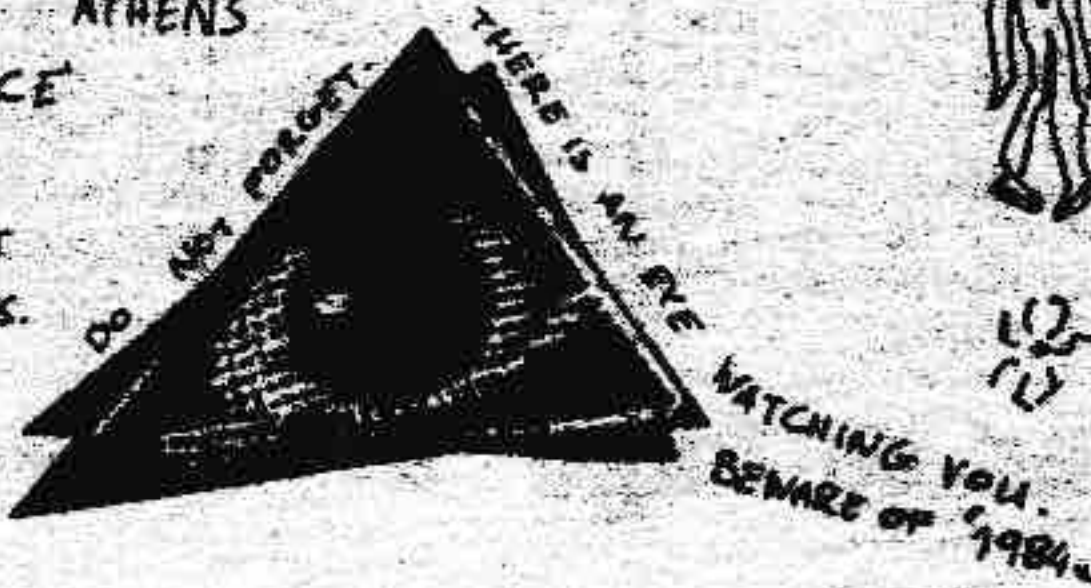
LIFE IN GREECE

It is not easy to live especially in big cities such as Athens. We face problems that are typical for developing European countries. Our "socialistic" government tries to muzzle or even puts in jail people who speak truly. Cops are everywhere and throwing a stone against them means according to justice murder attempt.

Please send me sample of your activities to the address written below:

ORESTIS DAVIAS (OR GLADY FIRAT if you wish)
ARISTOPHANOUS 51
15232 ATHENS
GREECE

THANK A LOT
BEST WISHES
ORE.



kelly ball, memphis slim, Kathy Sullivan, Carol Fondiller, Jim Prickett, Kate Keeling, Diane Nickerson, Patrick McCartney and 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 staff. The Beachhead encourages anyone to submit news stories, articles, letters, photos, poetry, graphics or other material of interest to the Venice community. We ask that writing be limited to 1200-1500 words. The volunteer staff reserves the right to make all decisions collectively on material published. There is no editor of the Beachhead. The Collective is an open group and welcomes interested Venice people's participation. Printing is financed by ad donations. To submit material, include your name & phone no. Anonymous material will not be published, but your name will be withheld on request. If return of material is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is required. No payment is made for material used.

Sour Grapes

The elected board of Coopportunity, Santa Monica's cooperative food market, voted with only one dissenting vote to support the three demands of the United Farmworkers Union's boycott and remove all table grapes from the store.

The boycott includes Certified Organically Grown grapes (as well as the commercial varieties) because organic growers are generally, aside from the misuse of toxics, equally guilty of unfair labor practices.

Shoppers polled in the market were generally in favor of the boycott.

The demands of the UFW are:

1. Have free and fair elections with
2. Good-faith bargaining by the growers
3. Ban on the five most toxic pesticides

For more information on the boycott speakers, and/or showing of the (14 min. film) "The Wrath of the Grapes", call (213) 734-8902.

Mitchell Eisenberg



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Below the announcement of the dinner is a quotation from a business professor from USC, which reads, in corny language rivalling Gehry's glass fish, "It is empowering to envision something at its best." The "best"--the term is a superlative which is semantically redundant with the idea of the natural superiority of the "best"--gains its force when thought of with the requisite fee of \$1000.00 to "sponsor the best," called for on the invitation's back cover. The intelligible sense is something like "For a fee you can participate in what the Best have envisioned," which sounds like a very strong exclusion of those who do not have access to the fee structure. Not being invited to a party is one sort of exclusion; invited but impossible to pay is quite another. Vision is deliriously close to vulgar economics here, and it is fair to conclude that the Card/invite then implicitly delegitimizes other visions of Venice which cannot justify themselves by stagings of commercialized imagery. The fish confirms an affirmation of imaging and vision, the dinner confirms the artist's affirmation, and the quotation from the professor affirms the confirmed affirmation.

One is bathed in generalized narcissism or self-confirmation. The co-penetration of artists-doing-business as business (Lowenberg), business as the artist-business (Lee), business/artists (Gehry), artist-businessmen (Gehry again, dudley moore), etc. in favor of "turning Venice around" is in fact little more than an attempted economic disengagement of Venice from present contestatory politics (e.g. what to do about Oakwood) through the influx of art-cash, which is somehow more "attractive-cash" or more aesthetic than "mere cash."

The VAC is trying to take control of what passes for "vision," and worse, are claiming for themselves to have already decided what is legitimate and not legitimate as vision. At stake is what will become of physical Venice, which so far has absorbed most of the ill will of most of its passengers. Against commercial "naturalism" it is legitimate to insist upon defending the material naturalism of the land and its inhabitants.

sande cohen
9/1/87



Dear Friends:

I have no independent unique "new" scheme, to readjust Material Nature, to provide a better life for myself or others. Simply to try to see clearly and cooperatively work hard for the Common Cause.

Sitting in Cafe Croissant thinking of the wonderful people that have opened up their kitchens-lobbies-balconies, rooms-lives and hearts to me.

Without the help from my friends--The Free Venice Vegetarian Dinner Program would not exist.

I am proud to be a student of His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami -- who introduced Krishna to the Western World in the Bhagavad Gita and simply recommended singing, dancing and feasting for the Glorification of God. The myriad problems confronting Humanity can be resolved in what Srila Prabhupada refers to as the Universal Peace Formula: To recognize God as the Actual Proprietor - Enjoyer and Best Friend of every living entity. By trying to understand the Supreme Father, we can actually enjoy life and marvel at how special and unique our immediate family really is.

The purpose of National Food Relief is to recognize the source of all Resources and in that loving attitude - distribute Blessed Food - to help revitalize the Natural Service Mood in ourselves.

Nature is still producing plentifully in spite of our violence and exploitation and if this abundance can be utilized understanding the conscious source of everything - and distributed freely and graciously - then the Real Miracle - a change of Heart can be experienced and all the Natural Beauties Restored.

Every night except Sunday when the sun sets -- across from the Fig-Tree Restaurant, we serve a nutritious, usually delicious simple meal for 75-100 people) that costs \$25.00. With help services could be increased in quality and quantity unlimitedly.

With sufficient cooperation, we could buy the Cadallac Hotel - provide Golden-year residents with a (no-stress) comfortable living situation and make a sort of loving Strategic Command to actually help all hungry and homeless people maybe even build a Gourmet Vegetarian Restaurant on the roof.

The real hunger to experience divine, loving relationship and desire to be permanently Home/Beyond any Eviction is our deepest longing and eternal birthright.

Any advice or assistance for food, money, industrial mobile kitchen, vehicles buildings..so on please contact:
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Ruth GALANTER For City Council



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- She is a planning consultant running her own business.
- She is the former chair of the South Coast Regional Coastal Commission.
- She is a professional advocate for better health care.
- She has worked as a planner on both coasts and has a Master's degree in Urban Planning from Yale University.

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Ruth Galanter has been fighting for Venice since the early '70's, about as long as Pat Russell has been ignoring the needs of the community and the whole district.

- She is a proven leader in providing housing for the elderly and poor in Venice.
- She is a proven leader in planning for the parking Venice needs.
- She is a proven leader in protecting the coastline in Venice.

Ruth Galanter is a proven leader in her community activism, in her experience in government and as a private consultant to state, county and local government.

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Don't stand Pat. Send City Hall a message on April 14th.

YES, I SUPPORT RUTH GALANTER FOR THE 6TH DISTRICT COUNCIL SEAT.

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Cocaine Nightmare: A Story

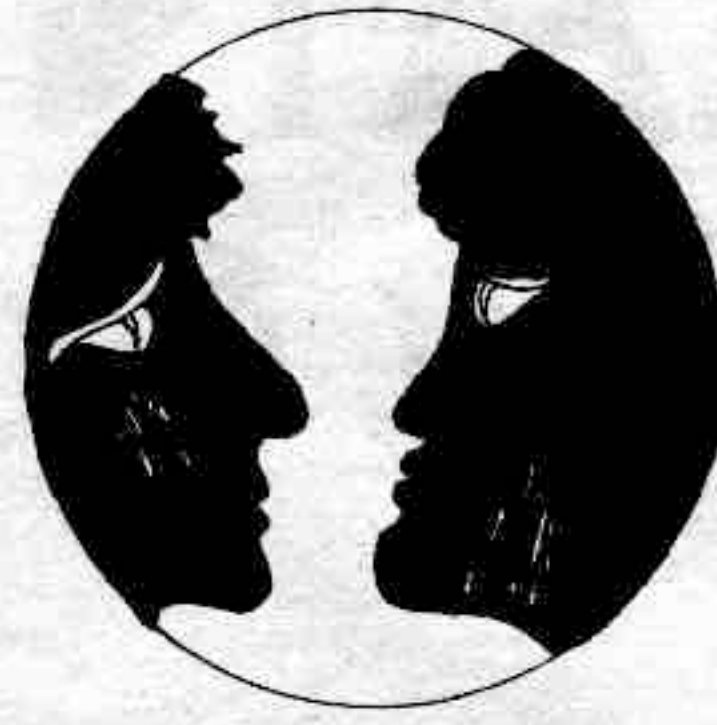
Dee moved in some months back. She'd been visiting off and on with her girlfriend Ronnie who lived in the A-apartment across the hall from me. So when Dee stayed a long weekend and then announced that Ronnie and her son wouldn't be staying, I wasn't too surprised. Of the apartments in our building, this apt. was cursed, or blessed, with a short roll-over time. Women had always had this apt. and they always seemed to be moving in or moving out. Women with roommates, women without roommates, women with kids, women without kids; you get the picture. And women attract men; lots of them. I think even lesbians attract gentle men. So there's always been lots of traffic across my hall.

Knowing the above didn't make what happened any easier to deal with. All the combinations I had rolling around in my head, the lifestyles in Oakwood and Venice, the finely honed paranoia resulting from living on the street, none of that prepared me for what I saw when I walked in her door one too many times.

Dee was a sometimes actress. Evidently she'd been a model; she didn't look over 30 but I guess over-the-hill is pretty young in the modeling business. She only had one role that I knew of but I heard she'd done some commercials and a small Soap part or two. Hollywood's always looking for a pretty face especially like her. She had dark skin, the color of darkly stained wood, with sharp Caucasian features. And a set of legs that wouldn't quit! Like I said, lots of guys.

After I got to know her, she mentioned that she was separated from a husband who'd just come into a fortune. Something about him wanting to buy her a restaurant. It wasn't real clear, she never was too linear a person...so I had just pieces of information.

Some of the folks in this bldg. call me the unofficial sup. (We like lots of Venice residents have an absentee landlord who doesn't wanna' be bothered) and some of our building calls me a



fuckin' nosy bastard. There are probably grains of truth in both. Either way, I've lived in this bldg. longer than anyone else and I'm the most paranoid and well.. I like to keep on top of things.

But Dee was a mystery to me. I guess I'm still trying to pull the pieces together. Seems she was from Philadelphia or a small town in Jersey or maybe both. Evidently neither place was too friendly to folks of a mixed race persuasion or those not inclined to hate people who weren't hung up on skin colors. Dee liked white guys. BMW'S, BENZES, VOLVOS, tennis lessons and the country club. Lord god! Life in the segregated South didn't prepare me for this. 'Course Dee didn't seem averse to Black guys either, 'course it seemed to help if they were in a Beamer.

She was unattached(?) and beautiful and life was happenin' in Venice. She threw outrageous parties, the kind, someone said, you didn't know who you'd end up in bed with. I myself cruised by a time or two but left the sexual athletics to the Olympic competitors I was seein'.

After the first few 2:30 A.M. plus parties, she did ask her guests to be a little bit quieter and she did seem concerned that her and her friends all nighters not wake us up. But life in the fast lane is a blur and it must be hard to get off that Merry Go Round. The nosier I got, the more traffic I noticed. One night I was coming back from taking my dog on a past midnight walk and there was

a guy as big as a house looking in my window. I called out, "You looking for Dee?" He quickly turned and said, "Yeh". I told him it was the other apt. He thanked me profusely and went to her place. Later that week she said, "He used to be with the Dolphins; now he's with the Eagles

Drugs don't bother me. Not unless I see a stream of junkies comin' and goin'. So I was only a little annoyed at her constant requests for "a Joint". I just now realized she probably needed it to calm her down...smooth those jagged edges I guess I'd stayed near that jagged edge myself too long to notice. Those little spots of white in guys' mustaches. When she and many of her guests were "sick" and had the sniffles and stayed indoors for days at a time. But I spent many years strung out and wired so it was cool...I thought.

One morning I got up at dawn to walk my dog. Her Apt. door was open about 1 foot. As I walked by I stuck my head in. It was dark inside except for the Star Trek like glow of the electronic entertainment devices left on but unnoticed for hours. As I called out, "Dee!", there was no answer.

As I started to step inside, I saw movement on the floor.

It was 5:45 AM and I don't think well then. She moved and I assumed it was a big nod and somehow the door got left open and well she'll go to bed and Libre, my dog, and I will go patrol Oakwood. I went to work that morning and for the life of me, I can't remember if I noticed her door.

Anyway, I get home and walking down the hall I notice her doors' open. I stick my head in and at least she's not on the floor and at least one light is on in the apt. But all those electronic gizmos are still on. Wierd! But the day's first beer is inside my Fridge and I shine it.

Later that night, it was still open. I stuck my head in. Dee! No answer. The lay-out hadn't changed, so I walked in. Dee! Still no answer. I had this sinking feeling as I slowly walked up the stairs calling out her name. There was no light on in the bedroom but as I got to the top of the stairs, I noticed light coming out of the bathroom. I thought: to myself this is like some Hitchcock movie as I walked toward the bathroom.

The red stood out on the white bathroom walls. That's the first thing I saw. The further inside the bathroom I got, the more blood I saw. I pulled back the shower curtain. There was what was left of Dee. Just like in the movies.

The cops asked me a bunch of questions. I don't remember what I told them. I think I was pretty incoherent. They have suspects but I haven't a friend. •

BY memphis slim

PFP for Ruth

By John Haag

At our January 4th meeting, the Santa Monica-Venice Chapter of the Peace and Freedom Party unanimously endorsed Ruth Galanter for City Council against incumbent Pat Russell. We were in the unusual political position of having to choose the better of two good people, since several members would have gladly supported Patrick McCartney.

We first agreed, however, that we should try to reach consensus on such an important decision in order to insure our best efforts in support of our chosen candidate.

Since its inception, the chapter has opposed Pat Russell for having sold out to developers to the detriment especially of Venice, but to the detriment of the whole city. In the last election we supported Lou Simpson against Pat Russell and won Venice for him west of Lincoln Blvd. Since then more and more people have come into conflict with Pat Russell, so we ought to do even better this time. That's why we took our decision very seriously.

We wanted to support a candidate who shares our concern for the welfare of those who live here, and who has a chance to win. We decided that of the candidates we could support, Ruth has the best chance to win and then to act responsibly and humanely once in office.

Trained as a city planner, Ruth has had extensive experience as an advocate for public health, housing and preservation of the environment. Her work as a member and as chair of the Coastal Commission has given her an understanding of how city, county and state governments operate. All her activities have prepared a solid base of support in the 6th Council District.

We think Pat Russell is vulnerable this year, and by the way, so does she. We think Ruth Galanter is the best candidate to replace her and we will do our best to support her campaign. We urge you to do the same. •

To help, call the chapter: 396-3555. •



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V.A.C. (uous)

by MOE STAUNEZER

"We had to destroy the village in order to save it" was a newspeak rationale given during the Vietnam War for wiping out entire villages. It reminds me of the philosophy underlying the plan for Venice being advanced by the Venice Action Committee (VAC). (It costs \$150 to join VAC and its "Visions of Venice" are, clearly, drawn with people who can afford those dues in mind).

Just consider the following first paragraph of this vision:

"In the year 2000, Venice residents living near the beach park near their homes in tree-lined parking strips in the middle of streets. They now have the option of keeping their cars at home while they take the shuttle on a loop around Venice and get on and off to do shopping and errands. In the evening, they'll go with friends to a first-run play at the cultural center attached to the new library. Afterwards, they'll wander downtown to the circle and enjoy nightlife that has sprung up around the restored historic Windward arcade. Later they'll walk their out-of-town friends back to their Bed & Breakfast Inn on the beach. There are now several attractive hotels for tourists to stay in on Ocean Front Walk."

Hell, that doesn't sound like Venice, it sounds like a plan for a new Leisure World.

But wait! If you think that's a bit fanciful, listen to some more VAC(uous) Alice-in-Wonderland proposals.

>People driving to the beach will tune in to the radio for parking instructions to one of 7 satellite beach parking lots. (Just like LAX?)

>They'll ride trolley-like trams to the beach or to the newly or newly revitalized West Washington Bl. (now called Abbot Kinney Bl.)

>Alcoholic derelicts no longer hang out along OFW because liquor stores have been banned within 1,000 yards (that's almost to Lincoln Bl.) of the beach. Notice that restaurant sale of alcohol will not be banned. So if you've got the bucks you can still get bashed.

>Fewer vendors are now ensconced in attractive and clean booths.

>The median strip of Venice Bl. is now a "remarkable urban park." Some of the money came from an assessment district (a peculiar arrangement where property owners vote to assess themselves, or, more usually, their tenants to pay for prettifying up the place) many of which will be set up to accomplish other grandiose plans.

>Vistors enjoy launching a boat at the public boat launch that gives them access to the restored Venice canals. (Where, one wonders, is this public boat lanch since clearly it is not in the canals).

>There is also less crowding on the beach since the tram system has spread people out over the full 3 miles of the beach (meaning the Peninsula is now part of the beach).

>Everything, of course, just everything will be beautiful!

This is somebody's wet dream of Venice development and it's not, in many respects, very different from the plan put forward by Werner Scharff and Curt Simon almost 20 years ago. A plan that was rejected then, just as I hope this one will be rejected now.

It all totally ignores what kind of place Venice is and has been for at least the last 30-40 years. It ignores the eclecticism of the physical place; the mixture of the original concept of



the canals and Windward Circle with all its garish gambling and cotton candy outlook, to the remnants of that past transformed, during the 50's, into an important center of a new direction in cultural life, to its change into the very definition of a new culture (hippy-ism) and politics (the Peace & Freedom Party was born here if you're interested), into the definition of community participation made into myth by the media. Most especially, the peop-

le who live in Venice are ignored in VAC's vision. Instead, it opts for a remake. A remake of a past that never was. Because when it has been successful as a community, Venice has also been a carnival of one kind or another. These folks want to make an "Expo" out of a carnival. They want to clean it up, make it pretty, get rid of all but the respectable poor, and bore us to tears with their sameness.

It sounds so sterile to me, this vision of Venice. So empty. It has no soul because that's not where these new dreamers are coming from. They're coming from being something. As in Artist!, Architect!, Developer!, Sensitive!. You get my drift. And they're bringing that "being" into this plan so that it really represents professional excellence rather than a community.

But more, much more. And far more evil. It's based on the point-of-view of a coalition of rich people who may not agree on anything other than increasing the value of the property they bought in "funky" Venice. With very few exceptions, VAC is made up of recent, and very upscale, residents and business interests.

Harlen Lee, the principal re-incarnation of the ghost of Venice past, is not just the guiding light of VAC. He is also a major player in the group that has produced a private-consultant plan (paid for by a score of very wealthy property owners along Ballona Lagoon on the Peninsula) that promotes and justifies deep dredging the lagoon in order to create a mini-marina south of Washington St. That's VAC's strategy in North Beach, primarily, and the rest of Venice eventually. In late January VAC

held a very successful fundraiser to raise funds to hire a private planner to flesh out the "Visions" philosophy. For some reason, Michael Dieden, the president of VAC, strolled into Val's on the day of The Party and laid a free invite on me. My curiosity got the best on my judgement, so I went. ALL the beautiful and powerful people were there. My "Free Venice" button attracted some comment and short discussion, but these were the "believers" or, like Ed

Asner, the partyers who came for the fun. But that's another story.

Add to this mixture the new landed gentry in the canals. Their plan is to destroy the current canals and replace them with nice shiny, coated canals. They've even paid for the EIR the City was required to submit! Put them all together and we have nothing more than the 1970 master plan for Venice done up in a different package. And all paid for by the very people who stand to make the most money if they're adopted.

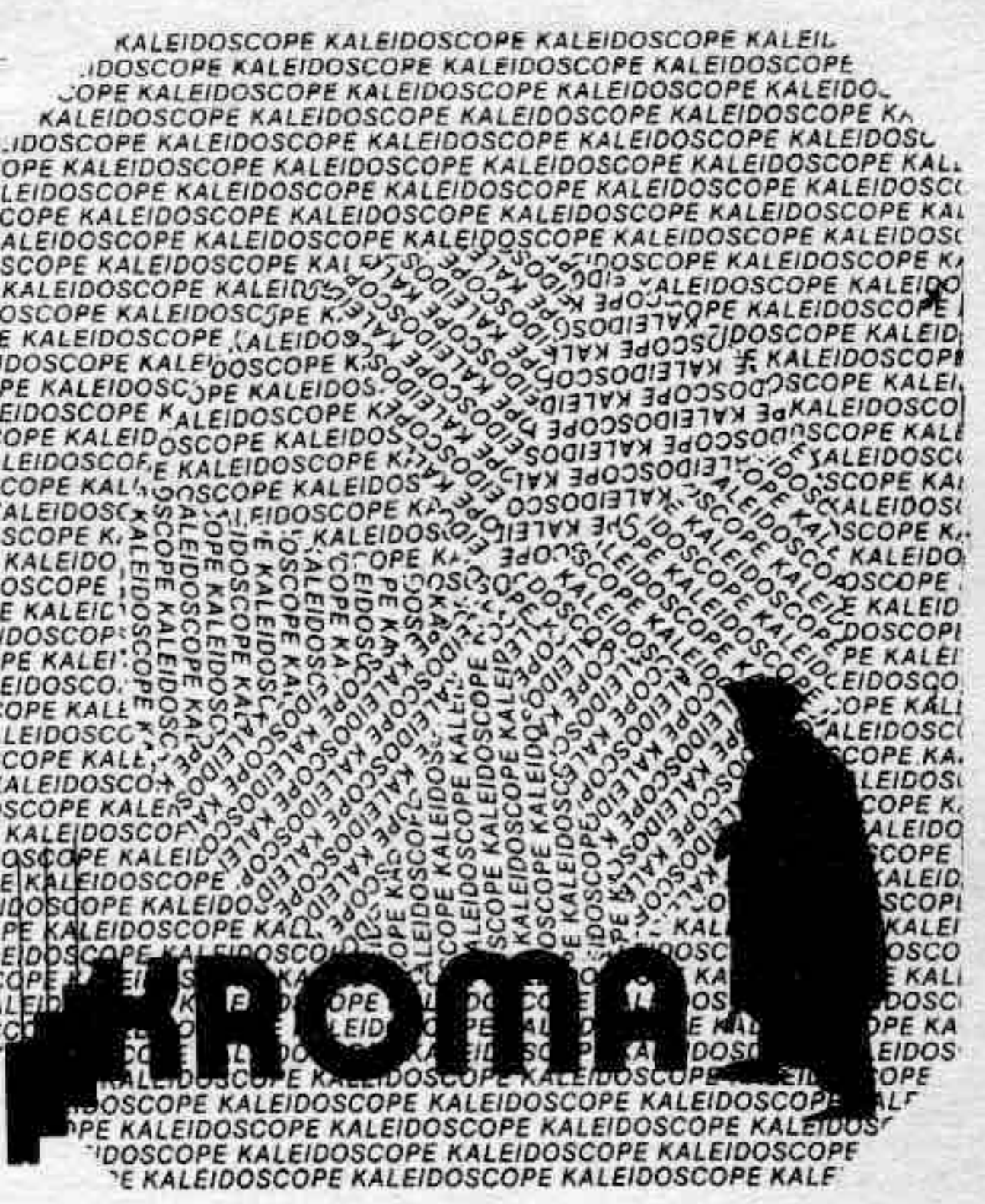
All the things that make this the community it is will simply be shunted aside to make room for design concepts and architectural glory. More rich people, less poor people, more white upper-middle and upper income people, fewer and fewer colored people of lower income. At one point, the Vision implies that 2,000 new housing units will be built in Venice, by that same year, all in the context of discussing the new-found pride in the Oakwood community. Where will we put 2,000 new housing units? (There have been about that number built in the last 10 years on far more vacant land than exists now). Is VAC suggesting that all or even part of these homes will be for lower income people or, simply, that they will be "well designed?" My gut tells me that "well designed" is where these folks are and always will be!

My friend, Ruth Galanter, a planner with credentials that don't include the destroy-in-order-to-save mentality, tells me that VAC's plan is based on assumptions that simply don't exist and on presumptions that frankly do not reflect the real world. Ruth, by the way, is running against "Past" Russell in the upcoming race for city council and I am one of her unabashed supporters!

I am inclined toward the fairly radical position that Venice is not the center of the universe, creatively or artistically. Furthermore, if there is a conflict between art and survival, I choose survival. And will fight for that position. I believe that the values of any society are communicated thru its art. But I don't believe that art

creates those values. And, I don't want VAC's vision of the future, based on values that I do not hold, stuffed down my throat to satisfy the egos and fill the wallets of people who don't give a damn about this community.

So please listen up, friends. VAC intends to hold its own set of public hearings about its plan, and then to submit it to Pat Russell. Many of the VAC people contribute to Russell's campaign and have for years. Russell can, if she's still our councilmember, adopt VAC's plan as the City's and make it official. That's what's going on in the canals and the peninsula so there's good reason to believe it will happen in the rest of Venice. Be on the lookout for these meetings, go to them and tell VAC that you don't share their vision. Tell them your vision. ●



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'V.A.C.' continued from Page one

Third, because the Coastal Commission, created by the people who launched a successful initiative when it became clear that most of us - 'The Public' - would be excluded from a coastal zone rapidly being appropriated by "the wealthier," - has now been captured by the the Developmentocracy. Pro development commissioners have been appointed by officials at all levels of government, while those commissioners whose public vision still reflected the impulse of The Public when it voted in 1972 for Proposition 20, have been eliminated. I saw the Commission at work recently when it approved the Playa Vista Project. Another nail in the coffin for the Venice persona as we see and know it socially, culturally, physically. Some people from Venice spoke accurately, knowledgeably, and well. They were ignored by the Fat Pigs at the trough. It's a waste of our time to go there anymore. There is no chance for a fair hearing. Fact. The Regional Guidelines set by the Commission years ago have been abandoned by order of a court. So once again the law is used to justify the eminence of property over the peoples law, the initiative, which said that the Public had a right to expect to be able to enjoy the ocean shore equally amongst its members.

The municipal bureaucracy of the city - which holds power usurped from neighborhoods and communities - (Los Angeles City - A Prison of Neighborhoods and Communities) is now in the process of abandoning the older protective guidelines as well. Intensifications of residential uses along Venice walk streets have already been approved by the city. Instead of a maximum of two units per lot, what we are now seeing is the approval of three and four units per lot. This should come as no surprise.

The municipal government of Los Angeles, led by Mrs. Russell, Tom Bradley, and a majority of the Council, has systematically and mightily labored to undermine the intent of the Coastal Act. It has been successful. It played an instrumental part in the mutilation of the Commission. And now it has all the power back in its hands, the same power it had before 1972. Not surprisingly many of the Coastal Commissioners think that's where it should be. So we're back with the wolves again.

But today the objective situation has changed for the worse. There is more pressure on the coastal zone for development as Los Angeles becomes the corporate and bureaucratic center of the capitalist imperium on the Pacific Rim. The wealthier naturally covet the space that we occupy for reasons apparent to all. They are buying it out from under us in every neighborhood. Everyone knows its happening, shrugs and looks the other way because 'its the system', and presto it is a reality. Entire sections of The Public, the impoverished, unskilled, working class, middle class people of every color are being run out and priced out of Venice. They can't afford to rent, they can't afford not to sell. So they pick us off, weaken us in this way, undergroup by undergroup, until they get to...YOU. I'm sorry but it strikes me as progressively oppressive. Ask not for whom the Bell Tolls, or...first they came for the and I said nothing because I wasn't....

The way I see it after more than 12 years of just about continuous engagement with the Developmentocracy is that Mrs. Russell, like all the elected representatives on the City Council, is in league with local and corporate capital and she will sell us to them.

All of these so called Councilpeople sell their influence to people who give them money. Most of the money they get is from developers and labor unions. We are told that all these vast amounts of money do is gain the donors entrance to a Councilperson. But that money allows them to stay in power at election time. The Developmento takes care to insure the constancy of the Tocracy by

paying money to those in power so they can remain in power. Does The Public Make Donations? What the Hell is The Public? You Roll My Log and I'll Roll Yours.

And when you try to use your rights as a free and equal human being they beat you up like only a bureaucracy can. They nice you into somnolence, they stonewall, they make excuse after excuse, they ignore you, they meet you to death, and procrastinate, procrastinate until you throw up your hands in disgust and beat it back to your little private space. Beaten, Disgusted, Angry and finally Revolted.

Isn't that what we become if we insist on meaningful public participation? Any of you who have not been before Daniel Garcia of the la city planning commission, or before the board of zoning appeals, or the planning and development committee of the la city council should go and see/hear for yourself. Ask anyone who has gone in defense of their street or neighborhood, and especially of community, and see what their experience has been. Haven't we been reading about it occurring all over the City of Imprisoned Communities for years?

It seems to me -finally and at last- that the trust which has cemented my social being to its alienated municipal, county, and state embodiment is no more. Puff, dissolved by the Beatings, Disgust, and Anger. My personal belief is that it can be argued ethically and intelligently that any form of opposition is now appropriate. Law is the mechanism which is supposed to insure that each of us is treated equally. From time to time in any society the intent of the law is perverted thru capture of government by a particular faction or factions which shamelessly use the public's power to achieve their own advantage. When it becomes so obvious it becomes insulting. When that happens its time to shut off their lights.

At the community level Mrs. Russell has given her blessing to the Venice Action Committee. So what is the VAC up to? It is in the process of raising \$50,000 to hire a planning firm to put together a detailed plan for Venice which will address housing, traffic, parking and, careful of this one, three special subcommittees to make specific recommendations on the Public-Commercial places in our community. These are the Windward, West Washington, and Ocean Front Walk subcommittees.

The public has of course already paid for a community plan and two specific plans. The municipal administration organized and directed the production of these plans and because public monies were involve encouraged public participation. But bureaucrats and developers didn't like these plans, and they were never released. Who will insure that the public interest, the community interest is served by the plan that Harlan Lee's men and women produce? Public hearings? Regulatory agencies? How bad do you think it will be?

Major contributors to the Venice Visions 2000 event (a VAC luncheon costing \$125 with profits set aside to hire a planning consultant to oversee the creating of a new Venice Plan) include major Venice developers and real estate agents, spiffed up with well known artists and professionals, just like a media promo. Among the major contributors to the event (\$1,000 each according to the invitation) are three developers other than Harlan Lee who are even now attempting to brush aside the restrictions on lot consolidation, height, and density imposed by the now 'history' Coastal Commission guidelines. Michael Dieden represents most of these people. I suppose that we can expect the specific plans proposed by the VAC to legitimize such intensifications. I look for proposals which will: 1) permit unlimited lot consolidations of both residential and commercially zoned properties all over Venice. Under the old guidelines, a maximum of two lots or a 60 feet parcel could be built on. Just this

one change in the status quo will permit increases of intensity and density of use, depending on the plot of land assembled, of 100% to 200% and probably more; 2) permit height of 45 feet; 3) permit conversion of existing residential uses (currently existing in buildings on commercially zoned land) to commercial use with little or no requirement of on site parking for the increased uses. This will be proposed especially for Ocean Front Walk, but also along West Washington Blvd, Rose Ave, and Venice Blvd; 4): alongside of these very substantial changes permitting huge intensifications of use, we will see a lot of pie in the sky and utopian schemas for solution of the parking problem. These suggestions, when implemented as administrative law, will become the legal justification for the intensifications of development in Venice. They will in all probability never be carried out. Because by the time enough money is collected, we will all be gone and other, more wealthy people will not want this place to be a heavily used public beach. They will lobby for the termination of off site beach access parking, or those spots will be sold

and developed. Highest and best use they will say, just like they do today with the fast disappearing undeveloped and developed parking lots in Venice. And todays VAC developers couldn't care less. They'll be out of here.

That's the vision I have of Vision 2000. I think that the proposal will be released, in a draft form, right before the April election. It's release will be managed by Mrs. Russell's office and by VAC leaders to reflect positively on both. Hope will be released, community dissatisfaction with Mrs. Russell schmiered over by the p.r. With Mrs. Russell safely elected for another four year term, the Developtoocrats will then have a free hand. If you think that the plan sketches which will be released by the VAC in March will be bad and problematic, wait till you see what happens to it if Mrs. Russell is re-elected. Can there be any doubt about it?

What to do about all of this? My feeling is, Let's go down fighting and take Mrs. Russell with us. If you feel like this too, why not consider participating in one of the following actions. It may be our final opportunity.

1) Look into the Venice Action Committee's Specific Plan Committee. Jane Spiller, a longtime public spirited VENETIAN who patronized Frank Gehry and lives in the house he designed on Horizen, is the contact person for the Committee. Attend meetings, see where they're at, maybe even tell them your ideas, see if it matters to them.

2) Work to create a real community plan for Venice, one which reflects the needs of the people who live here and the public which comes from necessity and by right. Sensitive development which accomodates the scale and density of streets and neighborhoods - Yes; Pig at the Trough Development, out of scale, No. Have a draft ready for release by March. It can be done. We'll present this plan to the City

"VAC" Continued on Page 9

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'Tears' continued from Page one

Times. And it wouldn't do much for the image of the V.A.C.-Pack, and might be misconstrued as greed. Moe has been a community activist for years. He's busted his buns for this community and for the coast in general. So it pissed me off that Moe had to do all that work to save one tenant. And when I read how teamwork and community spirit saved this man from eviction, it set my teeth to grindin' and my tears to flowin'. No, I am not grateful to Tom Sewell nor his photographer, nor any of that artrepreneur group for preventing one eviction.

What about the tenants that Moe doesn't know? What about the tenants who aren't 94 years old and cute as a sitcom elder just oozing fascinating stories? It makes me want to puke on Tom Sewell's Reeboks to say thanks you to that artrepreneur for saving one low-income tenant, when he has been the cause of displacement of so many. Real estate as fart, Motherfucker.

("REAL ESTATE asART" was a book produced by Sewell. It shows a lot of badly printed photos of the houses of Tom Sewell's friends. The accompanying text is as muddy as the photos.)

Don't tell me he's washing away his sins, either. No one should have to say thank you and we're so grateful for letting us stay here, Tom and Phil and Harlan. There should be laws against evicting people just because a higher rent can be paid by someone else. And even we renters who aren't as cute and chipper as Dominick deserve a place - oh, shit, I'll come out and say it: a home. That's what one of my friends said. Renters shouldn't have places; they should have homes.

Renters are discounted at City Hall and the Board of Zoning Appeals. They are not listened to. Only owners are listened to - not the people who live there and who are making speculators rich by paying their inflated rents. And then renters are called apathetic because they don't participate. I'm stupid. I've been going to City Hall and the Board of Zoning Appeals for years. I've been patronized, discounted, and slandered, and I still go. And I'm still crying. Nothing I do seems to work. Several years ago I was at a meeting having to do with Homeless on the Ocean Front Walk, and how it affects businesses. The President of a notorious racist and elitist group, the Venice Beach Association, was there. I was told by an aide to Mayor Bradley to be reasonable and not to get angry at this man. I said to the aide (who later ran against Tom Hayden, using such smear tactics against him that I was almost tempted to vote for the liberal's delight, the shame-faced radical) that there was a time to be reasonable and a time to be unreasonable.

I was not stealing sleeping bags from the homeless, nor destroying city property so that people wouldn't be able to sit on the benches, but I was told to be reasonable, just like the Jews were being reasonable in Berlin in 1934. They don't mean us; just those smelly, superstitious and sallow-complected Eastern Jews - not us properly assimilated German Jews. The tears came - tears of impotence and of frustration. Well, that group is gone, and in its place - tah-dah! - we have the Venice Action Committee. I'm writing this in January and the V.A.C.-Pack has just had a fund-raiser for their master's plan.

Harlan Lee and his P.R. man and President of the V.A.C.-Pack have goodies in store for us. They of course will permit aesthetically pleasing merchandise to be vended on the Ocean Front Walk. Pardon me. More tears of rage coming. Years ago people used to sell their stuff on the Ocean Front Walk. It might have been described as a mile-long yard sale. Some people sold hand-made jewelry and candles and old clothes. The Police used to chase them off the lots and arrest them. Now when low-income units are turned into retail stores without permits - and this started happening years ago - a rental unit was turned into a skate rental place and was reported to the Board of Zoning. Councilwoman Russell and the Building & Safety Department lost our reports and claimed what we said was happening wasn't happening. I was also chided by Planning head Calvin Hamilton and by the now deceased, then-member of the B.Z.A. Howard Finn, for being frivolous. I was humiliated, but then I've always been accused of being too thin-skinned. Well, Howard's dead and I'm still living with the consequences of his decision.

But now Harlan Lee, speculator, Phil Bubar, President of the Venice Chamber of Commerce, and Tom Sewell, artrepreneur, and the rest of the V.A.C.-Pack, have plans for us.

They want to get rid of the "derelicts" by prohibiting sales of beer and wine in the Ocean Front markets. Of course, we all know the "derelicts" - their word, not mine - are the only ones who buy wine and beer on the Ocean

Front Walk. None of the visitors who come down to Venice buy the stuff. Does this mean Venice will become a dry community? Don't bet on it! If you have the bucks, you can go into any restaurant or bar on the Ocean Front Walk and drink 'til you're drunk, and run your BMW right over any undesirable as long as you can afford three dollars or more for a drink. The V.A.C. has taken credit for donating thousands of fruit trees to low-income families. The Venice Action Committee didn't donate the trees; the tree people donated them and the V.A.C.-Pack distributed them. The V.A.C.-Pack is going to solve the parking problem by having parking lots east of Pacific and have shuttles going to and from the Ocean Front Walk.

Ruth Galanter, candidate for City Council, points out that East of Lincoln is one of the few pockets of affordable single-family housing left in the Venice area. That's where the V.A.C.-Pack wants to put parking facilities. I'm sure there's something mentioned about shelter for the homeless. How about homes for the homeless? Homes where people can live without fear of being thrown out because highest and best use means little boutiques jammed chic-to-chic. Excuse me. If my tear could manipulate, I'd cry a river of homes, an ocean of available health care and job training. I'd drown the fears and frustrations that cause rape, murder, wife-beating, illegal evictions, and people owning more property than they count on one hand. I'd also drown real estate agents.

I saw the headline in the L.A. Reader "DEATH IN VENICE" by Tom Moran, a canal resident and ex-councilmanic aide to Ms. Russell. Now a sophisticate like me knows that "Death in Venice" is the title of a novella, and I realize Tom wrote an article about the rape of the canals. What he should have said was: "Death of Venice." I hardly pick up The Reader because of the writing of Stuart Goldman. Stuart, you spavined lamb-chop shanked, wizened cowardly near-sighted unsuccessful fop. Hey, Stuart, hate big tits? Hate fat girls? This fat girl say: Go 'way, ah doan wanna heah yo' fantasy of fuckin' Cissy Spacek while you settle for a fuckin' Jew-girl like me. You prematurely old premature ejaculation, what else did they take besides your foreskin? Don't bug me with your limp, livid mysogynistic worm. Go sniff an anorexic's dry vaginal vault. It smells as good as the toe-jam you eat. Go write your stuff, Stu, but don't expect me to ask for your autograph. But if you could spare a hank of hair from your nostrils, I'm sure you can spare that more than the hair on the crown of your balding head, or some nail parings if you haven't bitten them off. I'm sure I could find a use for them - you concave-chested pimple-backed diaper-sniffing blow-job on your mama's couch. You needy, greedy rip-off come-too-soon, leave-too-late, you cold wet spot on a sheet of dreams, this fat girl say Bug off, jack off, beat off. Don't get me wrong. I think Stu's a fine writer. I'm just thin-skinned, and this is what happens when I don't cry.

Improvement, Renaissance. Michael Dieden, paid spokesperson for developers, and organizer of the Venice Action Committee, says the community plans submitted by Venice residents, have no soul and no spirit. The plans his group will put forth with their paid planner, will have plenty of both including money for Councilwoman Russell's campaign. When developers use like "vision" and "purpose," I start counting the silverware. At their fundraiser, Mr. Peace Pilgrim to Russia Tom Sewell was there; Ed Asner who opposed intervention in Central America, was there. All the West Side libs were in this big tent, all chompin' away at \$125 per person food. Raising money so someone can kick me out because I, who picked out Venice to live in because it was as far from "good taste" and acceptable standards could be, I wanted to live here because it wasn't fashionable, because the people who were here were community and neighbors. But all these West Side libs fell for that Tiny Tim stuff. It's like the Pro-Life'ers, moaning about the murdered unborn little ones and denying sex education or Aid to Dependent Children. Tiny Tim thinking is the people who come with baskets of food for the poor on holidays and want Medical and welfare payments cut. Tiny Tim thinking is opening up City Hall for the homeless and not doing anything about homes for the rest of the year, and letting developers build office space while destroying housing space. Have our City Councilmen been comatose for the past two years, or have they been paid off?

Harlan Lee, Mister Humanitarian? Bullpockey. Michael Dieden for the community. Oh, really? Harlan was forced to put in low-income units, thanks to my efforts and those of other undesirable radicals. Moe Stavnezer and Arnold Springer cut this particular deal with Harlan, but the groundwork and philosophy was started

by others. Harlan did not do this out of the goodness of his heart. Michael Dieden learned his method at the knee of Tom Hayden. Instead of organizing poor, Michael is now organizing the rich.

When I asked Dieden for benches, instead of non-existing parking for one of his projects, I was ignored. This was for a project of two take-out stands to be put on the Ocean Front Walk. No, Michael couldn't be bothered with putting out benches for the public to sit on. Nor could the BZA be bothered with the fact that a revokable permit to allow seating on public property for take-out created an outdoor cafe with no added toilet facilities. But no public benches. Steal the public land, but no public benches. Soul? Spirit? Is this collusion, or am I thin-skinned?

I'd like to tell you about the V.A.C.-Pack pre-Memorial Day Clean Up Venice operation. Busses were provided to take the volunteer workers from place to place. I understand they had to go all the way to 20th Street before they found sufficient garbage to bring all the way back to Tom Safran's lot on Navy, all bagged up, to be televised. Not televised were the city workers who got paid overtime on the weekend to haul it away. So we paid for Dieden's scam. Are you angry yet?

The Reverend Mayor Jim Conn was at the V.A.C. Vision 2000 Fund-Raiser. He's part of the Renter's Rights group in Santa Monica. Does he realize that his \$125 is being used for a plan that will intensify development, create more parking problems, and boot more renters out of Venice? Will he open his church in Santa Monica? Will he open Santa Monica to me, my cat and my friends? I like Jim Conn, and I feel betrayed and shafted by him. I like this man who has given the Beachhead really cheap rates for its benefits, has sponsored anti-child-abuse and battered women projects, and allowed dialogues about Viet Nam and Central American to go on in his church, even at the risk of alienating his parishioners.

One thing cheers me up. At the Vision 2000 fund-raiser, it is said that Abbott Kinney's spirit was there, holding a sign telling Michael Dieden to apologize for saying the community's plan lacked vision and soul. Wrong, Michael. They just lack money.

So the V.A.C.-Pack is just the same collection of speculators and money junkies that have been around for years. Forever. They just bought themselves a clever little P.R. man who can tell us money is ART, and Progress means congestion. But it also means that they've become more visible which means that they make better targets. Which kind of cheers me up. They should be fun to watch. ▲

"VAC" Continued From Page 8

Council and Coastal Commission, and if we think we haven't been treated justly and equitably, we should go to court. All the lawyers and law students in Venice who believe as we should consider coming to struggle for free this time.

3) Do Everything possible to defeat Pat Russell at the April election. If we don't get rid of her this time, it's curtains for us real fast. How about uniting under the watchwords: Anybody but Pat Russell, Vote April 1987; and Dump Pat Before She Dumps on You. Take the responsibility for talking to the neighbors on your street, holding block parties for one or more of the candidates, seeing to it that information on the election is passed out on your street. Get some friends on your block to help you out, and contact others on neighboring streets to perform the same actions. Paste together or paint and display big banners with the campaign watchwords, or anything else which you think is appropriate. Let's all try just once and see what happens. We've got 60 days before the April election. We can dump her. We can pull this off. Anybody want to do something about it?

Telephone #'s
Venice Town Council Plan. Comm. Jim Bickhart 399-3921
VAC Specific Plan. Comm. Jane Spiller 399-7775
Ruth Galanter Campaign 398-6693
Patrick MacCartney Campaign 306-7756
Salvatore Grammatico Campaign 390-1673
Virginia Hughes Campaign 292-3582 ●

Experiment in Survival

By Stella Starlight

Part I - The Beginning

Time: 2:00 A.M.
Date: December 10, 1986
Location: Louella Ave., Venice, CA

Scene: All of my clothes are messily packed and strewn over my roommates front porch--Mr. B., a Northrup Corp. employee (working on the secret government project "the Stealth Bomber!"

Me: In Awe, to myself: Does this mean I'm homeless????!! (to him -- he'd chnged the locks!)
"Let me in you Mother Fucker! Where are my guitars?""GIVE ME MY GUITARS!"

Mr. B: "You're not coming in this house?"

Me: Picks up giant clay planter, puts it through plate glass door. Door still won't open. Proceeds to kick out glass plate door. Severs extensor tendon in left hand. GUSHING BLOOD!! "Give me my guitars!"

Mr. B: "You'd better get out of here or I'm going to shoot you!" Goes into kitchen for shotgun.

Me: Exit...

We both call the police. He lies to police. While blood is gushing down the front of my white leather coat, I hear...

Police: "I.D. Please!."

Me: "Get Serious!"

Police: "I suppose we could call the paramedics."

Me: "Thanks alot! Good Thinking."

Me: "Would you like a donut or a piece of pizza?" (joke!)

Police: Blah, Blah, Blah, Hassel, Hassel Hassel.

And: Blah, Blah, Blah, Hassel, Hassel
Me: etc., etc., etc.,

Location: Back at Louella. My guitars and amplifier are now on the front porch too, after the Police talked to Mr. B. Well, Mr. B. You are a real asshole... a spiritual awareness graduate, with a ministry certificate who used to load nuclear warho 's. You're a blind thick



4-eyed creep and I wonder how you sleep at night!!!!

A minister, of war
You revet your bolts
And rob your employer
and own 40 coats

You starve your little kitty
and you've got the sprue
and live with a creep
whose got 4 thick eyes like you

You hoard and you steal
and Rat Pack your house high
And live in a Mental Famine
With a brain like a Fly

Adios Asshole
I'm not glad I knew you.
A hypocrit, a Bombshell
It might fly through you.

Fifty days in a car. Not much room to walk around.
It'll be better when I move to the back. More room. Everyone outside needs more blankets and warm clothes and food. Snot freezes at night? I wonder when was the last time "Ronnie slept outdoors?? Get out hiking and camping Ron, it's good for the "pain in the ASS!"

And Mr. B. -- if you're reading this: the ONLY reason I lived in that Slime-Bag poor excuse for a house was: to listen to you constantly blab off your mouth about: YES: the Stealth BOMBER! And how the Government and Northrup WASTE THE TAXPAYER'S MONEY WHILE YOUR DEPARTMENT AND YOU SIT ON YOUR ASS ALL DAY LONG-- DOING NOTHING--WAITING FOR PARTS! For months and MONTHS! Thanks Mr. B. Now that's another story and "We shall Survive -- in a car.

The Master Race.



1349 W. Washington Blvd. in Venice
Open Seven Days a Week
8 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Bar to 11 p.m.

396-3105

FRESH FISH DAILY

Early Dinner Specials

\$7.95

5 to 7 pm Daily
Served with choice of soup or salad, rice or potato and vegetables, bread and butter

\$6.00 off
Any Dinner for 2 or more
on all special dinners and starred entrees
Good Sun.-Thurs.
*Not valid on early bird or sets
VB-10 JAN. 10

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

SPECIAL HOUSE DINNER CREATIONS
6 to 10 Special Dinner Creations by our Chef nightly in addition to our regular menu every night...and the Best Deals in Town.

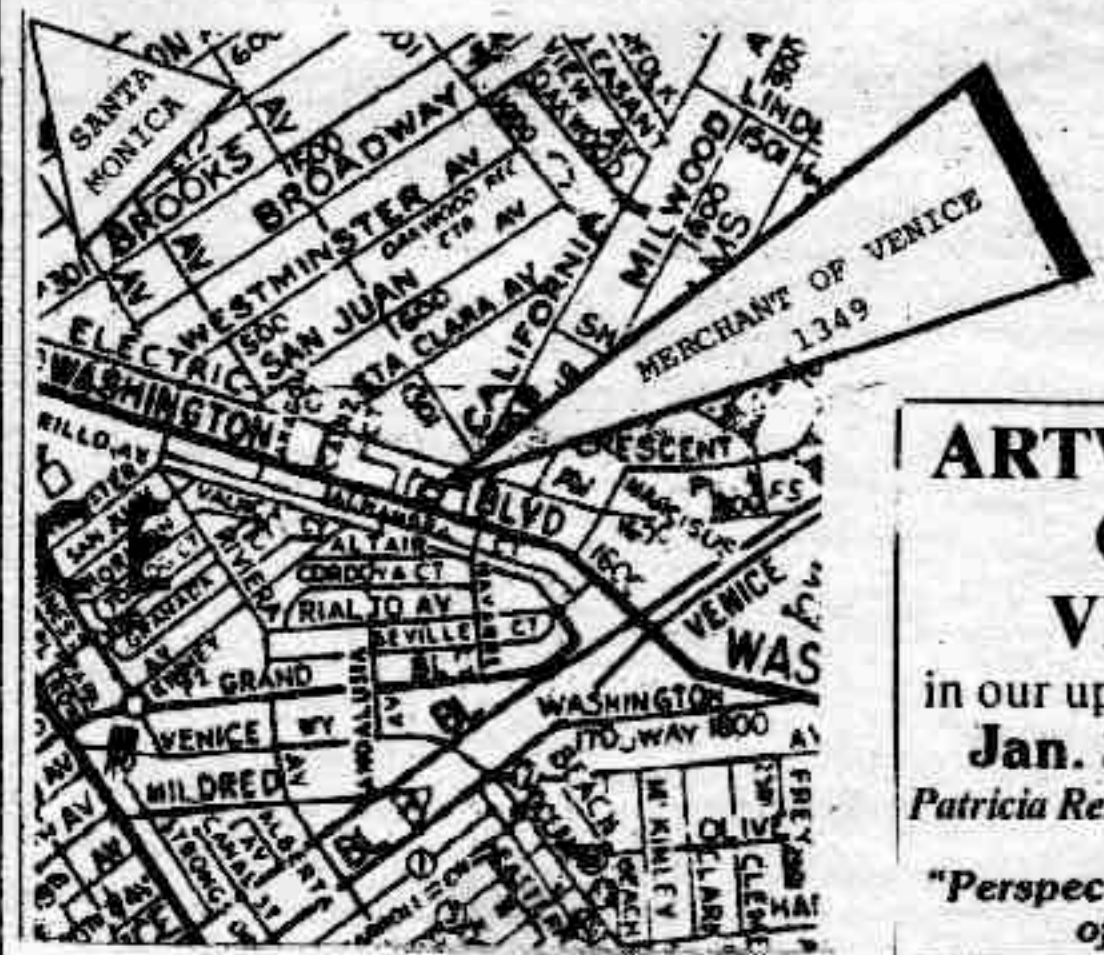
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Upstairs room for private parties*Venice Famous Sunday Brunch
*Everything Homemade*Desert Cart*Free Parking
Look for our private driveway for free parking.

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THE
MERCHANT'S
OLD FASHIONED

VENICE BAR



ARTWORKS ON VIEW

in our upstairs gallery
Jan. 3-Feb. 15
Patricia Rendleman,
Paintings
"Perspective of Venice Palms"

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



FREE PARKING

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

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

FAMOUS SUNDAY BRUNCH
8:00 AM to 3:00 PM

KID!

Luke 13:25-30



THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR YOU!

YEAH!

Boss Phil Says So

Censorship by the Sea!

I suppose I love the topic of "censorship" when it releases that sudden rush of repressed sexual frenzy. Or in Pollyanna-positive-America--one ought not to dwell in the no-no-negative. Thus exists there a bottomless gorge of filthy tales untold. Owing to the social "discourtesies" or syndrome known as "functional programming in the free enterprise economy". And yet, there exists there always that vulgar flaming asshole, it's mouth ever-hanging to release it's latest tail:

The first story herein comes with little surprise for it describes one "successful" (the Christian Broadcasting Network) "Religion-Incorporated"'s recent bout of pitching with that spasmodic creature of American philanthropy: the Live Aid Concert for Africa.

Venice writer (my brother) Henry Schipper investigated a strange shortage of phone lines during this famous concert after vainly attempting to reach through (on his own telephone) the entire day. He published his findings in the Hollywood Reporter issue of August 1, 1985.

Concluding therein, he determined that the Christian Broadcasting Network was principally responsible for the sabotage of 2.5 millions of potential dollars.

The greater picture perhaps boiled down however to the question of WHY? have we (as U.S. residents) posed so tiny scrutiny to this whole critical area of church/state/hungry funding?...and let slip (as this) such a glaring example of organized greed?

Is this a result of censorship? or maybe the sunshine bathing of our own self-censorship?...refusing to confront the dark linings in that silver cloud of bonanza-TV-media-gift giving.

A second non-yarn concerns one beachcomber's response (via 4 page printout) to one Beachhead 'staffer's' request for letters...as well as certain of the arguments for WHY it was NOT printed in the Dec./Jan. issue of this paper.

And again, I would argue censorship. But enough for now. Get down to the details.

The story around Live Non-Aid? In a nutshell, Pat Robertson's organization flat out reneged on a previous agreement with Live Aid sponsors to provide a huge patchwork of it's 800-toll free lines during the special event. In fact, what happened is that the Christian Broadcasting Network

made a last minute demand to Geldorf's people for a 25% return percentage of the phoning proceeds. I.e. a kickback to the coffers of C.B.N.. When the Live Aid organizers refused, the religious interest group pulled the plug on it's phones at a cost of an estimated 2.5 million dollars! to potential Live Aid recipients. The stinginess prevented approximately 72,000 people from calling in to this media event of the year.

Later, after the revelation of this christian snafu appeared in the Hollywood Reporter, only a few callers from Robertson's own hometown bothered to contact Henry (in order to inquire what the hell was going on).

It censorship of this information did not occur beforehand in the regular press...it certainly did afterwards with the immediate void and vapid non-follow-through to Henry's original piece.

Our second histoire here concerns one beachcomber's 4 page letter to one Beachhead staffer's request for material, and why it was not printed?

(And here I mention that one early supreme court justice? once remarked that for speech to be free speech...one had better be prepared for that which is "robust, and uninhibited". This must have been the "glamorous side" of an equation for I would also imagine the converse:..that truly free speech would oftentimes come out leaking, skanky, and squeaking. After all, what the hell is "truth" let alone "free"?)

A possible case in point: the recently rejected letter from one "pagoda person...pissed off":

Responding to the Beachhead's geriatric jack question; "why more readers couldn't get 'pissed off about anything enough to submit their material to the venerable old FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD?", tjw, the author of a 1500 word whipsaw accuses collective members of CIA dupism, promoting eye-strain with a 5-10 minute giggling paploid, and misidentifying certain of the world's greatest humanitarians (a la the "pagoda people") from their famous Venice beach locale.

With maybe 5 tongues in cheek, tjw scornfully and indignantly lambasted the "juvenile", "anarchistic", and "narcissistic" editorializings he perceives of the Venice "rag". Nonetheless, his abundantly ample and name-calling prose was there for all profane members to see.

And lo and behold...it was rejected with a thump! Perhaps like the french student demonstrators of 1968, or the bombs Nixon let fly about the same time the Beachhead was born...tjw comes off a little 'beserk' (if not whining). But that should never have been the issue.

The Beachhead does not suffer from any overwhelming supply of delivered material...as geriatric jack's question implied. And B.H. volunteers DID guffaw and nod approvingly during the reading of tjw's letter several times! Yet, two of the targeted and particularized editors mentioned by tjw themselves became "pissed"...and voted strenuously against him, most likely for they felt (justifiably) that tjw was way off "base". (The obvious "technical" argument being his extra-lengthiness.)

However, I, as participant/outsider/bon vivant myself noticed to what great lengths this tjw fellow went in describing his frustration with communication IN GENERAL. Almost every mud-slinging accusation he hurled...he followed with a copying behavior of his own...thus mimicking and forming the mockery to his own weaknesses (while feeding off the Beachhead). For example: while tjw denounced the B.H. for fascination with "reproductive occlusions and recto-cranial inversions"...he hesitated only slightly before "thrusting any deeper into your precious little organ of social change!"

To the sensitive souls irked by the complaining, finger-pointing tone of tjw's letter...all I can say is that it's better for the whizz to hit open air than continue festering under a blanket of not-so-subtle censoring. With air, the wheat from the chaff may be separated so to speak.

The genuinely free-spirited pagoda-flapping perhaps alive at the beach might yet show it's day of sparkle in the light. And as tjw himself may have put it, the 'sure-handedness of Beachhead heavy-hitters might have relaxed for better-at-bats down the road.

waterlogged reporter:

VICTOR WIGHTMAN

And furthermore, as I tried to argue during one voting session, if we at the

Beachhead are not certainly strong AND goofy enough to have printed tjw's pissy-mad enterprise, (perhaps half-wise in length with his permission), then maybe I had better just censor myself out of this group! (never mind...)

Dear Victor, I was one of the staffers that was singled out for "C.T."s attention. I voted against the article because it was a few thousand words over our usual limit. I regret this action, because being called a paid C.I.A. agent in print makes the going a little easier, and my day a little brighter.
Carol Fondiller

A Bellyfull

by Essie LaFresneur de LaVenta

Prole Food

Essie usually tells you about restaurants she has visited after she's been there at least three times. But the restaurants she will mention this time are so unique that one visit will suffice.

In Celtic lore, there is a belief that a piece of land can carry a curse or perhaps a jinx on it. Essie believes it's called a brutch.

A coffee-house type restaurant called the Brandywine used to occupy what is now the Galaxy Cafe. Essie remembers the Brandywine as being over-crowded and overpriced. Every time Essie went to the Brandywine, some mishap would befall Essie as she sat at one of the tables that always wobbled precariously on the flagstone floor. Waiters and waitresses would spill salad dressing, coffee or cheap wine on Essie, and then assure her it would wash out. Essie would plead, lie and coax to prevent her friends from going to the Brandywine. Essie heard rumors that the place was really a front for crime money or a place to buy drugs or a tax write-off. The Brandywine closed, and after a rather short-lived try, so did an overpriced organic health-food restaurant. When Essie entered the Galaxy, a sense of foreboding enveloped her. The rustic benches and tables were gone; the place was painted 50's - actually, early 60's - pink and green. The counter was chromed, and tables were covered with pink cloths and green napkins. Essie's friend raves over the potato pancakes with caviar. Essie's friend assured her that the pancakes were just like Mama made. The waitress knew Essie's friend and didn't take Essie's order unless given it by her friend. The waitress was chatty and gossipy, but never acknowledged Essie. Essie sampled the potato pancakes. They were silver-dollar sized (do chefs carry around a silver dollar for measure?). The taste and texture were of mashed potato.

Essie's mother, the Duchess of Tchoskorai, uses grated raw potatoes and the latkes are thin and crisp, and one can feel the grated potatoes, each separate shred, but still cooked. Everyone's mother makes the best potato latkes and each region has a different way, but this way was not Essie's way. A half a teaspoon of Romanoff lumpfish caviar was turning the thin sour cream grey. Essie shuddered at the pretentiousness of that dish. She's relieved they didn't flambe it. The waitress might have (A) started to chant, or (B) freebased.

Essie had a Merlot wine. It was thin, with no character, and none of that zippy quality of a good simple red wine. A salad followed. Essie asked for herb dressing, but the waitress ignored Essie's request and served some lettuce in a muddle of something called Bleu Cheese dressing. Essie's friend said "You'll love it!" Essie couldn't tell if it was Bleu Cheese because it was doused in black pepper. Essie's friend had cream of cauliflower soup. Essie couldn't taste cauliflower nor cream, just pepper. The waitress floated by as if in a bad play about Alice in Wonderland, with a pepper grinder big as a maiden's dream. "Some fresh-ground pepper?" she chirped. Essie thought that gimmick went out with red-blocked wallpaper and Continental dining.

The pasta came next, basil and tomato. It looked lovely, but the delicate taste of basil and tomato were killed by uncooked garlic and - you guess it - pepper. It was so bad that Essie could not eat it, and she was hungry. The portion was generous, but who cares? Essie's friend took it home to her puppy. The dog should be worm-free for years.

Still hungry, Essie got "Colombian Grade-A fresh roasted coffee." Might be so, but Essie couldn't tell; mor than one coffee bean per cup is recommended. The chocolate cake was stale; it was replaced by apple pie with cashew-caramel sauce. Good, but not worth the three bucks Essie shelled out for it. The pasta, salad, wine, and dessert came to thirteen dollars. It was not worth it. Yes, the Galaxy is out of robit and the Nrandywine brutch still works. You don't need to know where it is.

The next restaurant Essie visited was the Sabroso on West Washington. Essie went to the Sabroso several times but it was closed between 2:00 and 6:00, or 2:00 and 5:00, or 1:00 and 4:00. She finally managed to get in one time, at 1:30. The place was packed with super-caz. Young architects, artists, business people and other trendoids. The restaurant is small, and tables are maple. One wall is painted persimmon; the other walls yellow. The plates are bright Cakifornia-ware: the Sabroso is Nouvelle Mexican, which seems to me no Jalapenos and no chips. The house salad was wonderful: piece of arugula and lettuce in a creamy garlic dressing. The tortillas were hand-patted, thick, and yes, there is a difference in taste from commercial. These hand-patted beauties had an aroma, and a taste of toasted corn. They would have been lovely with salsa or Jalapenos, but none were provided.

Essie had posole, a Mexican soup usually made with pork or beef knuckles and other animal leftovers with hominy, and usually accompanied by sliced lime or lemon with chopped onion. But Essie guesses that's just Viejo Cocina as is beans, rice and cheese.

Essie continued to page 12

12 Community Events

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

POLITICS

The PEACE AND FREEDOM PARTY
meets on the 1st and 3rd Sundays
(February 1st & 15th)
7:30 p.m.

837 Lincoln Blvd.
(corner of Brooks Ave.)
Call 396-3555
FREE LIST!!!!
redhot books about the struggle for
peace and justice around the world from
RECON, P.O. BOX14602, philadelphia, P.A.
19134

SERVICES

SAVE VENICE
Councilwoman Russell has got to go.
Two good Venice candidates are Ruth
Galanter (398-6693) or Patrick McCartney
(306-7756). They need help and money.

VENICE SKILLS CENTER MEDICAL OFFICE PROCEDURE
TELEPHONE TECHNIQUE MEDICAL RECORD KEEPING,
INSURANCE FORMS, MEDICAL TERMINOLOGY, FILING AND
OTHER OFFICE SKILLS WILL BE TAUGHT
REGISTRATION IS NOW IN PROGRESS
PERSONS INTERESTED SHOULD APPLY IN
AT THE VENICE SKILLS CENTER, MON.-fri.
8a.m.-3p.m., or call (213)392-4153

public forum free "Racially and culturaly
Mixed Children" Brentwood Youth house
731 S. Bundy, Brentwood
Feb 18, Wed., 6:30p.m. "Racially and
culturally mixed Adults"
Culver Palms YMCA, 450-So. Sepulveda
Culver city sponsored by The CENTER for
INTER-RACIAL COUNSELING AND PSYCHO-
THERAPY, 2265 Westwood Blvd., #151L.A. Ca.

Phone 280-9909

SINGLES EVENT "PHYSICAL APPEARANCE"
sponsored by, SANTA MONICA DISCOVERY
age 25+ dancing (after it's decided if physical
appearance should have a question mark after it)
Fri. Feb. 27, 7:30 p.m. UNITARIAN COMMUNITY
CHURCH, FORBES HALL 1721 Arizona Ave., Santa
Monica. DONATION \$4. INFO: 397-0028

RELIGION

PETE SEEGER HEADLINES BENEFIT CONCERT
PETE SEEGER, FOLK ARTIST,
will headline a concert at the First
Unitarian Church of Los Angeles, 2936
W. 8th st. on Fri. Feb 20 at 7:30p.m.
tickets \$35-\$59 for more info, call 389-1356

POETRY

SECOND ANNUAL NIGHT OF EROTICA!!!!!!
readings by artists and writers
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13th 8:30p.m.
\$3 for B.B. members, \$5 for non-members
BEYOND BAROQUE 681 VENICE BLVD.,
POETRY ON MELROSE
DOREN ROBBINS will read on Feb 1st
Mark Rhodes will read on Feb. 8th
for more info, call 9375177
7219 MELROSE AVE., donation
ALL READINGS BEGIN AT 3p.m.

BEYOND BAROQUE
OPEN READINGS THE FIRST SUNDAY OF EVERY MONTH
at 8p.m. 681 Venice Blvd. Public welcome and
admission is free.

DANCE

BEGINNER'S FOLK DANCING IN SANTA MONICA
SUNDAY EVE. 7p.m.-9p.m. FEB. 8, MAR. 1, MAY 10
at the Unitarian Church in Santa Monica
1260 18th street S.M. Ca. CALL: 479-3717
interracial counseling and psychotherapy
Feb. 4th Wed. 6:30p.m.

MUSIC

ITEM: ALWAYS WANTED TO PLAY
BLUES GUITAR? WELL, HERE'S
YOUR CHANCE! Bernie Pearl
will teach a 10-week course
at Cal State Long Beach Ex-
tension beginning Tuesday,
March 3, 7:00 pm. \$75. Call
(213) 498-5561 for info.

ENVIRONMENT

SAT., FEBRUARY 28 SATURDAY AT ONE P.M.
Bemi De Bus, Ambassador-at-large of the Cetcan
Society, will appear at the Venice Branch
Library will show films and fossils of the
whales and dolphins of the California coast.
For more info call: 821-1769

BEACH WALK
THE L.A. CHAPTER OF THE L.A. CHAPTER OF THE
OCEANIC SOCIETY
has scheduled a PRESIDENT'S DAY, ON MON.
FEB. 16, 11a.m. in Marina del Rey.
a naturalist will lead the group
for more info please call: 821-2429

ART

ARTISTS OF THREE WORLDS ART AUCTION

The VENCEREMOS BRIGADE presents
an art auction of posters depicting
Latin America, Africa, Asia, U.S.A.,
etc.; silk screens of popular Cuban
films. Plus HAVANA '86!, a slide
lecture tour of Third World Art,
by Dr. Shifra Goldman. Saturday,
February 14, 6:30pm, at the
Oranges/Sardines gallery, 320 Omar St.
(1 block east of San Pedro, down-
town). Refreshments, NO HOST BAR.
Donation: \$4.

VOCATIONS OF DESTINY:

"SMALL group intractions on the following
topics: Entrepreneurship, mysticism, visioaries
and therapies among others."
FIFTH ANNUAL L.A. WHOLE LIFE EXPO
PHONE: (213) 451-1314



VENICE
TOWN
COUNCIL

TOWN COUNCIL MEETING
7:30pm Thur., Feb. 12
Beyond Baroque Center
681 N. Venice Blvd.

AGENDA

- Public discussion of Venice parking problems to prepare Council for Councilwoman Russell's Parking Task Force. Election-eve fever may spell relief for Venice parking woes.
- COMMITTEE REPORTS:
Board of Directors (305-7149),
Planning & Devel. (399-3921),
Ocean Front Walk (396-1585),
Airport Task Force (396-6774).

ESSIE CONTINUED FROM 'PAGE 11'
The Sabroso posole was made with chicken, corn, tomatoes, and it was Quality. Essie would have liked to put a little hot sauce in - just a tad - but no hot sauce graced the table. Essie asked for coffee which was silly. Trendoids only drink coffee at coffee-houses. The Sabroso is nothing if not trendy, so expensive imported beers and boutique wines and mineral waters goes with Nuevo Cousina Mexicana. The coffee was bitter, old and weak, and it cost one buck, an insult. The salad, Posole and the coffee cam to seven dollars. Essie was still hungry. The ingredients were good, and there were some things on the menu that looked interesting, like rabbit in mole and black bean tortilla. So Essie and her faithful companion went back one time at 5:50 p.m. "You're early, you're early," said the restaurant people, waving Essie away. So Essie and friend walked up the unit West Washington Blvd. section just opposite Westminster School. Essie showed her friend where Sarai Ribicoff got shot and where Eileen Brennan got run over as she ran across West Washington to greet Goldie Hawn. After viewing these interesting sites, they returned at 6:00 o'clock p.m., opening time for Sabroso. "We're not ready!" Essie was told. Grudgingly, they seated Essie in the back garden. Essie and friend sat there for fifteen minutes next to the cases of canned goods, and again were treated like mendicants. The owners must run the restaurant as they do a private home, for people who consider it gauche to arrive on time. No drinks were offered, no candles were lit to make Essie and her compadre feel wanted as they sat in the chill dark. At 6:15, Essie smiled and waved to the Sabroso people. They shook their heads and waved Essie away impatiently. Essie and friend don't need this just so they can pay six dollars for a tortilla without beans and rice. Prole that she is, Essie doesn't have to pay to get snubbed!!

Essie's friend suggested they try the Moun of Tunis which was right next to the Sabroso. Essie and friend were welcomed in and were seated, in a movie set of what a small Moroccan cafe might look like. Essie wanted to see Sidney Greenstreet

in tropical whites and a fez paunch by. Cozy couches and cubicles shield one another from other diners. Mid-Eastern music tinkles in the background. Blue and yellow paper tiles and blue and yellow cushions. The waiter poured warm rose water on Essie's hands. Towels were given. No knives and forks. A huge platter of assorted salads, cucumbers flavored with mint, carrot and rosewater, to name Essie's favorites, and Arabic bread - not pita. "There's more coming," said Essie's friend. "Save your appetite. Bistallah, a dish of eggs curdled in broth with just a few pieces of chicken enveloped in filo dough and covered with cinnamon and powdered sugar arrived, steaming hot and crackly. It was subtle, exotic and more. Moroccan chicken with pickled lemon. Yes, please. And the towel was getting greasy. Couscous, a mid-Eastern type pasta the size of wheat kernels, with lamb and assorted vegetables, hit the spot with honest forthright flavor. Essie's friend says this Moun of Tunis is just as good as the one in Hollywood. Mint tea and Moroccan coffee was served. Wine is available. As Essie's friend says, "Don't plan to do anything after you eat at the Moun of Tunis. You won't be able to." Good advice. Go to the Moun of Tunis with at least one friend - more if you have more. This is group eating. Essie and friend were treated like honored guests. There was time to eat and enjoy the belly dancer - yes, a belly dancer who was good! One reclined on the couches. The price was twenty dollars a person - definitely in the upscale for Essie, which is why she won't go there too often, but definitely worth the price. Even the mint tea was poured with ceremony and charm. Expensive, but not a cheat. Better than being made to feel the fool because Essie believed a sign saying "Open 6:00-10:00." As a friend of Essie says, "The least you could do is kiss me when you screw me."

The Moun is open from 6:00-10:00, seven days a week. Happy Valentine's Day.▲



AH - ANOTHER NOSTALGIA NUT.

THAVES