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FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

BEACHHEAD



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Hot Times in the Hood

By Alice Cramden

So here

I am drunk again. A good excuse this time -- its New Years Eve... yes, New Years Eve in the hood. I live in Oakwood, in case you don't know, and New Years Eve here is like **nowhere** else. I have had a few, and I am celebrating the New Year with gusto!

New Years Eve in the past has been celebrated by taking a few pots and pans outside and banging them around.

But here in the hood, one takes their AK-47 or usi outside and fires off a round or two of ammunition.

Now I don't want to be a party pooper but crawling around your house, down-and-low infantry style is definitely a **different** way to celebrate New Years than I'm used to. But I did. I crawled and I surrounded myself with pillows (the better to take the bullet than I) and I even said an "Our Father" or two. Yes I prayed. I prayed that a stray bullet wouldn't hit me, and yes, I imagined what it must have been like in Vietnam, Korea and world war II belly down.

I cautiously looked out the window a few times to see that surely the black and white would be there, but nought a police car did I see. Couldn't blame them. Tonight, they were out-artilleried by the hood. The hood had the night, the eve of the New Year. Was I afraid. You're damn right I was. The "To Protect and Serve" were no where in sight. The hood had the power. And the power was tremendous. And the power was not abused. Guns were shot into the air, thank God, or toward Marina del Rey, thank God. But not one bullet through my window. This gave me renewed courage. I peered around the front door and with an inebriated flash of gusto shocked myself by stepping onto the front porch. Its then that I saw them. Maybe 20 to 30 of them, all with their guns shooting into the night. I saw the sparks of their bullets hit the empty sky. I heard

one or two machine guns, and many semi-automatics. I have lived in Venice many years, but never have I experienced a New Years like this.

The phone rang, it was our next door neighbor...he told us to stay low and not go outside. I obeyed him. He, after all had been in Vietnam--the Special Forces. I layed on our futon, but sleep was a long way away. I couldn't watch T.V.

There was nothing to do but listen to the New Year explode outside my window. I thought that if this was any indication of the new year to come...but then I tried to think of more positive thoughts...That failing, I instead embraced the "Big Bang" theory, ha ha ha.

Humorless, I allevated myself of the task of trying to find any great significance of this New Year. I fell into a fitful sleep. My dreams were filled with celebration and war and then I awoke to the New Year.

The morning was blessed because I was alive! My body was not riddled with bullets. Glory Be to God! Yes, life was still worth living.

Fast Food Fortress

601 Ocean Front Walk
 12 Fast Food Joints!!!

Let me tell you what's blowing in the wind.

Plans are being proposed by one Stephen Blanchard for a mixed use fortress on the lot at 601 Ocean Front Walk (Sunset Ave. at OFW). It will be 30 feet high, extend to the property line and be about twice as large as the Bathhouse located at OFW and Breeze Ave or the Park Plaza at Park and OFW.

12 (twelve) FAST FOOD JOINTS without indoor seating, 20 or more other vending operations, some offices and some underground parking are proposed. There are already about 14 eating places

between the Santa Monica border and Windward Ave just on OFW so our visitors won't starve. Now we'll have an additional 12 FAST FOOD JOINTS concentrated in just one block. Think of the delectable odors coming from that concentration of food cooking! Just the number of delivery trucks alone to service all those businesses will gridlock Speedway. Oops, I forgot about the garbage strewn all over from the 12 FAST FOOD JOINTS since no indoor seating is provided. Not even a moat around this fortress to throw the garbage in.

Negotiations have been in the works to allow conversion of 19 residential units to commercial use at 511 and 517 OFW provided they are replaced with "affordable" housing in Venice. I'm not happy about the loss of housing at the beach but I could live with it provided low income housing is provided somewhere in Venice.

However, if you add the proposed 19 commercial operations in the 500 block of OFW to the 30 some odd proposed for 601 OFW--the neighborhood and I get all choked up.

Your neighbors have taken a variety of positions on the proposed FORTRESS AT 601 OFW: 1) Dedicate the lot as a park and name it after the donor. I can hear his howls of pleasure now. 2) Let the present open air vending continue.

3) Build housing. 4) Stores only at ground level fronting on OFW with apartments or condos above them. 5) Under no circumstances allow the presently planned fortress to be built. It will be massive and should be shrunk appreciably.

Considering the falloff of business on OFW, nos. 2,3 & 4 might be more commercially desirable.

At Rose and Main you can't help but notice a large "mixed use" apartment and stores complex almost completed. They are applying for permission to put two restaurants into that project. Yet only one block away in Santa Monica the number of restaurants on Main is limited so they won't destroy the neighborhood. Don't forget that the Chiat-Day building is scheduled for Main St. A large building is scheduled for W. Washington and lots more.

These individual projects each seem O.K. until you add them all up and there goes the neighborhood. I can see congestion so bad that the public won't even be able to get to the beach--THEIR beach!

If you oppose the FORTRESS at 601 OFW call Councilwoman Galanter's office TOLL FREE, 1-800-922-2909 or write to 200 N. Spring St. 90012. Be as polite as you can under the circumstances!



Summa WANGER Cracks Up

Photos by Malcolm Tent



By Rex Frankel

Summa Corporation may be rethinking their plans to build a high-rise city on their 1000 acres of swampland just south of Marina Del Rey. It seems that their first high-rise--the Wang Computer tower--cracked a bit during the 5.0 earthquake that hit the Westside January 18th. Three earthquake faults pass within a few blocks of the Wang Tower, yet the City has refused to stop Summa's plans.

There will be two public hearings affecting Summa's massive Playa Vista office/hotel/condo project in March. Call Councilwoman Ruth Galanter's office at 641-4717 for details.

The next beachhead Collective meeting is Sunday, February 12th at 11 A.M. at Tenant Action Center, 442 Lincoln Blvd.

Geriatric JACK

LETTERS...

Dear Beachhead,

Please renew my subscription to your enlightened, interesting, diverse, amusing, caring newspaper.

The enclosed check is for \$15 - use the three bucks for whatever.

The best for the New Year such as: Peace, affordable housing, clean air, enough food and good friends and neighbors.

All good things! On to your 21st year!
Peace, Solidarity, Love
Loretta Szeliga



Dear Venice Beachhead:

I appreciated Judith L. Martin's nostalgic reminiscing in last month's 'Head. What I did not appreciate was the attitude toward a well intended attempt to do good. I don't know Mr. Jay Chait, or what motivation he might have. We are not to judge.

I know that he is trying to help the homeless. He is trying to challenge us to do some thing to help the homeless. He even made his own pledge to "match" the corporate gift. Did you donate your small part? You accepted his hospitality. If you are not part of the solution, you are part of the problem.

Saint Joseph Center has too much sensitivity to parade their clients in front of the press and the public. For this you criticise them.

Think about whether you are glamorizing the homeless condition, and need homeless people to remain in need to give you a purpose? It is better to help homeless people become housed than to "live in the parking lot, in the bushes, and in their cars". Don't be so critical of people who are trying to do good--someday you may need them.

Sincerely, Dell Chumley



Hi!

I don't know if you're the same folks these days as were there in 1986 when I did a series of articles for you on the Great Peace March. If you are -- I'm glad to hear you're continuing the very useful work you do there in Venice.

I'm here in Barcelona this winter learning a bit about Spain and making some headway on a novel I'm writing.

I've enclosed a short poem I wrote (Please discard at your discretion!) After learning of the death (on that Pan Am flight in England) of another member of the Great Peace March--Liz Marek. She was 30, dedicated to liberation, and a local resident there in Venice.

Thank for your consideration. Keep up the good work.

Respectfully,
Frank Holmgren

Liz--

Strange--
to be in a place
where I can communicate so little
when I feel so much.

My illiterate attempts
draw sympathetic responses,
but there is little

real understanding

I strain
to talk about a comrade,
who was no friend,
and flounder in my effort
to speak.

She was not my friend,
but the loss is permanent.
She was part of me--

a companera
in the struggle to bring sanity
to an insane world
She died at the hands
of a lunatic,
believing himself
a savior.

Rest well, Campanera.
The struggle continues.

**Ironic, Weird Headline #1,000,000,000:
"Gorbachev Outpolls Bush In Orange County"
L.A. Times January 24th, 1989**



Malcolm Tent, Diane Nickerson, Kathleen Alvarez, Beth Miller, Carol Fondiller, Kathy Sullivan, Memphis slim, Sara Omari, Judith L. Martin 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. 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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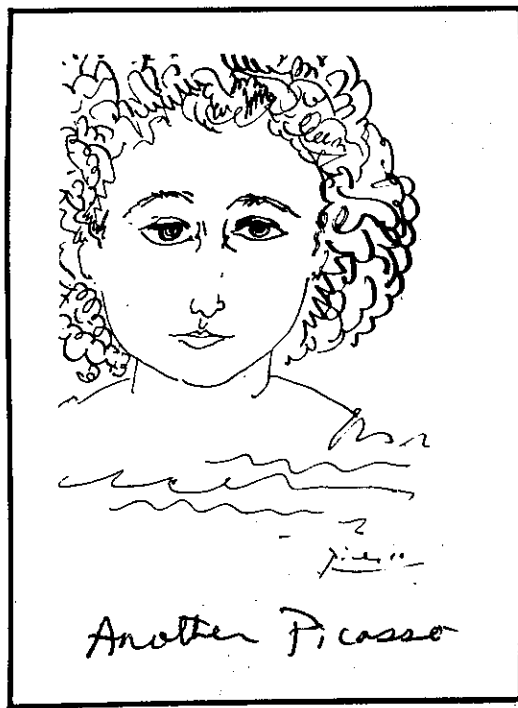
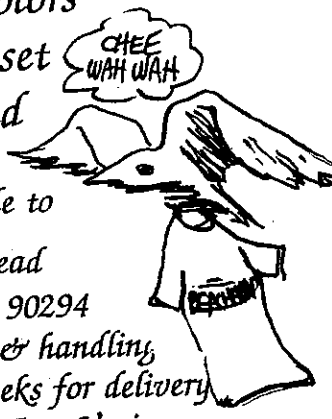
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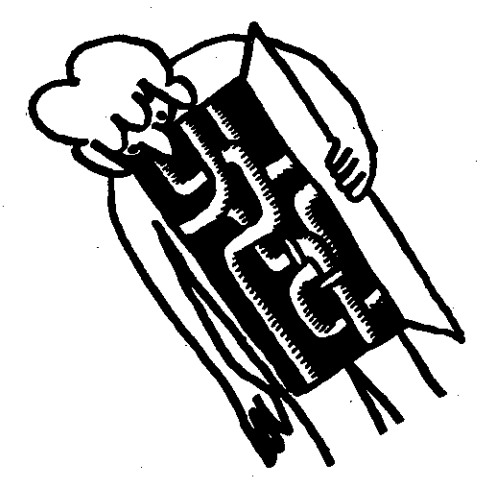
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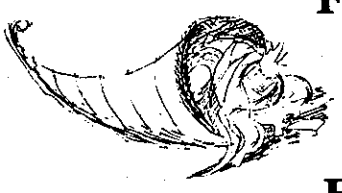
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Phlegm-Flam

'Snot

by Carol Fondiller

For nearly two months I was laid low from mid-November to mid-January. I was assaulted by a particularly virulent variety of bronchitis. After a half-an-hour of racking coughing 'til my ribs and chest ached, I would lie back in an exhausted sweat knowing that I would live to cough and cough another millenium. I would cough up unending amounts of phlegm. In my isolation I began to love my snot. I became a connoisseur of spit, a specialist in sputum. Marvelous textures of muccci traveled from my esophagus and from my mouth - like medieval pictures of the possessed spewing out demons, I spewed up endless varieties of congestion, ranging from thick gravy-textured deep brown to khaki to grass-green marblized with clear shining sputi (?) to jade green and yellow. I coughed great grey gruel-textured gobbets into tissue paper. For weeks the floor of my room blossomed with tissue-paper buds. I used seven rolls of double-ply Marina (always spit on the Marina and wipe your ass with it when possible) toilet paper a week. An unending ticker-tape of snot, spit and sputum issued from my mouth.

I became aware that I was the source of an unending supply of a renewable resource. But what, I wondered, could it be used for? Well, I thought, after swigging down some codeine cough syrup, the mucus could be dried, spun into skeins of glistening snot-strands to string up on Christmas trees. Perhaps it could be pressed and shaped to patch up the ever-widening hole of the ozone layer. Maybe shaped and marblized (the yellow and green stuff) into phony formica. Phony formica! Did you catch that? Maybe it could be spun into filaments for metallic dresses or cut into sequins for gowns at the Inaugural balls. So I lay there, a great pallid queen-bee, coughing up emerald-colored resources (maybe micro-chips?) for yet untried or un-found needs.



And yes, when every breath is accompanied by a knife-blade of pain in the lungs, and every medicine prescribed either leaves one dry-mouthed or seems to suck out any thought processes in the old frontal lobes, what can one do besides read parts of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, which at my state of depression has led me to believe we haven't learned Thing One since the Romans inaugurated bread and circuses in place of elections, and when I turn on the Tube I'm back in the Second Century A.D. This might reek of heresy to some people but I do not enjoy it when depression always crouching at the ready, leaps when the victim is most vulnerable and throttles out all joy with its cold and soulless paw. I do not like the dampness of depression. I dislike the scent of hopes gone mouldy. Not the morning dews and damps, but the hollow-eyed, 2:00 a.m. I-will-never-get-better blues and danks.

I was convinced I would never get better and the light at the end of the tunnel is really an atomic blast and we will not end in a bang OR a whimper but we will be coughed out of orbit by a universal clearing of the universal throat to get rid of that nasty piece of earth as a particularly polluted piece of phlegm. I watched, depressed and weakened, the parade of talk shows and lawyers, M.Ds, Ph.Ds, transvestites, accused and reformed child molesters and bigamists who make the rounds of Sally, Oprah, Phil, Morton, Geraldo; who peddle their books on how to lose weight in three hours, women who love men who hate women and steal their credit cards, men who steal their children, sexual surrogates, gangs, how to get on talk shows and never have to earn an honest living, marrying younger/older men of the same or different sexes, in vitro fertilization, are-you-for-or-against-it, and how to be a chromosome in your daddy's eye; how feminism has destroyed civilization, how to have your own career at home from catering to my all-time favorite of Geraldo's, "Breeding Babies for Satan" which would be a good cottage industry which would certainly save the woman from working outside the home and thus preserve the integrity of the family unit. What family unit? Every family unit I've seen and been involved with has been, to use

Necessarily

So

a talk show PhD-ism, dysfunctional. But I was intrigued with Sally Jesse Raphael and her red-framed glasses as she said to one guest who was being shouted down by her audience (the guest was either a child molester or a dentist), "I'm holding myself in from the rage I feel, but I'm asking the audience to be polite." The audiences in most of these shows ranged from the tell-me-how-it-feels variety, e.g. "How did you react when you found out your husband was a cross-dresser who was going steady with your Dalmatian?" to the more direct "Hey, slime, if I had to sleep wit' youse, Ida gotten AIDS on purpose" of the more gritty Geraldo-Morton variety. From group therapy to mob lynching, Morton Downey with his ciggie hanging out of his mouth, his shortsleeves rolled up, yelling at his carefully chosen lynch mob of an audience, "Do you wanta see broads in the military? I don't know about you, but I don't feel safe protected by a 36 B-cup wearing Army boots." From a month of watching these so-called talk shows, I had the feeling that the USA had a population composed of people who were all victimized by gang warfare, had a proclivity for baby-buggering, baby-stealing, Doctors who yanked out women's uteri for fun and profit; the remainder of the population seemed to be made up of people who were victimized by bigamists, or who had been beamed up onto UFOs with alarming regularity. One woman claimed to have been beamed up five times. The subject matter and manner of "discussion" made the Inquisition and the accompanying witch-hunts seem like models of rationality and probity.

And by the way, Oprah, Jesse, Geraldo et al., I'm bored to death with God. Every day living as I do at the edge of the Western Edge of the Imperial City of the Pacific Rim of the Unholiest Empire of the West, I watch the self-absorbed populace clad in G-strings and skates courting carcinoma while cocooning their brains from thoughts as AM/FM waves fill their brain cells with "That's all right, be happy." Which, by the way, Time Capsule fanciers, is the name of a song in the late twentieth century. I'm almost as tired of Jessica Hahn as I am of God. Actually, I'm tired of the press. She is what she was brought up to be.



She revered her elders and obeyed them unquestioningly. She did not say, in a bratty, bitchy uppity female way, "No, Jim, and take your funny friend with you." Jessica believed her elders' perceptions, the interpretations of a mean Daddy God filtered through centuries of inbred xenophobes isolated from the mainstream of human experience. Those paranoid metrophobes, spawn of untermenschen who distrusted everything since the enclosure laws of the Fifteenth Century, and who the English, in one of their rare wise acts, allowed to migrate to the inaccessible badlands of the New World and who've ignored the Twentieth Century except for canned beer, country music, and pickup trucks. Jessica believed she was serving God when she allowed one and then the other to boink her in the same evening without even changing the sheets on the motel bed.

But Jessica realized she had been ripped off, and got a settlement. But these men of God reneged. From her experiences with these men of God, she realized kicking them in the balls wouldn't matter; they wouldn't feel it. She knew it would really hit if she hit 'em in the old cowrey-shell keeper, the pocket-book; it would make them notice. So she sued for the remainder of the debt that was owed her, and pulled down the air conditioned temple to the false god. I admire her. There's something very Biblical about her story, a mixture of Samson and Susanna with the elders saying that she acted like a "professional" in bed. Query: If they were so godly, according to their own precepts of godliness, what were their points of reference? They also complained that she wasn't a virgin.

And now we've got a President who addressed a group of anti-choicers on the 16th Anniversary of the Roe-vs-Wade decision made by the Supreme Court. The Court stated that the decision regarding abortion was nobody's business but that of the woman involved and her doctor. Our new President announced he was going to press for overturning that decision. If that decision is overturned, it would allow states to decide on abortion laws, which would in many cases deprive poor women of having any choice, while the middle-class and well-off would suffer the minor

inconvenience of having to travel to another state to exercise their right of choice. Oh-Cases of rape, threat to the mother's life and incest would be the only exceptions made. Is incest an exception because it is thought that this would preserve the family unit? Just asking.

I was well enough by January 20th to watch part of the Inaugural. No, I wasn't really interested; I wanted to watch my beloved soap operas, which are more real with their close-ups of actors' faces as they deal with their families and their lovers, than the fact the ex-head of the CIA would now be President of our Country. Twenty-five million dollars - or was it thirty million dollars - was spent on the most boring spectacle of the decade. Surely someone pocketed the money - this should be looked into, along with the mysterious goings-on in the Defense budget. Bread and circuses, bread and circuses, oh triste, oh trite! Oh for Morton Downey's visions of 36-B cups in Army boots strutting down the Avenues of Washington DC! I would add in the interest of equal exploitation, a squadron of Don Johnson and LOU Gossett Jr. lookalikes attired only in dance-belts and motorcycle boots.

But despite my depression, I do find good in everything. And it cheered me up to see a big healthy woman instead of the Auschwitz-inspired figure with its great big head and little narrow sharp shoulders that's been in the women's pages for the past eight years. Maybe clothing manufacturers will note that Barbara Bush ain't the only women in the U.S. whose clothing size is double-digit.

I along with the other soap-disenfranchised, looked on as the Bush was sworn in. So many white - and I mean WHITE - narrow-headed, long-jawed Anglo-Saxons did I see. Very few people of color were there. So many, many Episcopalians. Golllee. Indeed, as the Bush said during the campaign, we seem to be in for a kinder, more Gentile America.

One of the things that my bronchitis prevented me from attending was the Chiatt-Day cocktail party fund-raiser to benefit St. Joseph's Center and A Step Up, a program for the homeless. But it didn't matter. In a few weeks, I got a nifty little computerized



thank-you note for attending, and a thank-you for my tax-free donation. Chiatt-Day, an advertising company, matched twenty thousand dollars in funds raised. No, I am not going to say thank-you to a multimillion-dollar company that manufactures nothing but a sense of discontent and inferiority if one doesn't have the right car, that as a public-relations ploy donates a piddling .01% of its annual earnings to assuage the cost they have imposed on the community in the form of displacing low-income people for office space, forcing appointments-only on the homeless with agencies that help them in getting jobs and hopefully housing. Better Chiatt-Day should have stayed downtown and donated a couple of thousand grand for subsidizing affordable and low-income housing, and they wouldn't have added to the traffic jams one bit.

As I began to recover from my illness, I graduated from talk shows to the hard stuff-NEWS Gorbcev. Drug raids. Armenian earthquake. Drug addicted babies. Savings and loan crisis. Drug wars. Now I don't like people using my hallways forgeezing up, or mydoorways used for transactions, or the elevator as astash but I do believe that we are handling the drugg problem from the wrong perspective. Residents of neighborhoods keep vigils to keep dealers off the streets. more andstiffer jail sentences arecalled for. But no jails in my back yard.

'Snot--continued on Page 6

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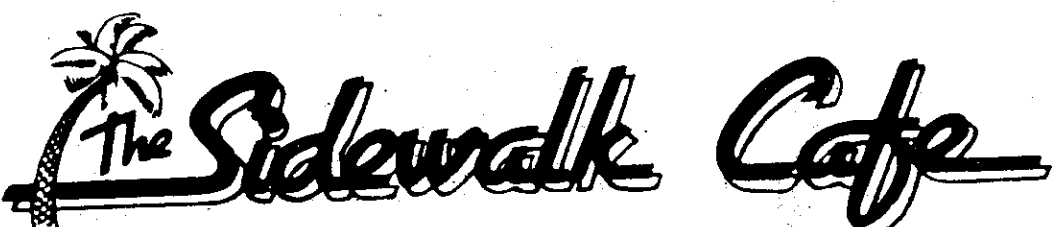
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OF THE
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COUNCIL



EDITOR: CHALLIS MACPHERSON

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 3

February 1989

Town Council Invited To Help Form "Greater Westside Network"

When Mary Lee Gray and Don Knobe agreed to represent Supervisor Deane Dana, I was elated. This will really get some answers for the community about two county projects that impact life in Venice and environs--I90 and the Oxford Flood Control Basin.

Then Paul Doebler of Villa Vallettri invited several community group representatives to meet at the Marriott Hotel on January 9. Everyone at that meeting agreed that a large regional organization of groups with a pro-active not reactive agenda could enhance our power. So the "Greater Westside Network" was conceived.

Terry Conner of Villa Marina East and I were asked to compile a list of organizations to invite. I would like your help to include all community groups. Tell me about any we may miss!

So it seemed like the Greater Westside Network would be a good sponsor for the February 1st meeting at the Marina City Club. (7:00-9:00 P.M.) That name went on the flyer.

Surprise! When the story about the meeting was picked up in the press, it was kind of like announcing the new baby before buying any maternity clothes. Several community activists demanded to know why they were excluded. (Got their names on the list.)

At the February 9 Venice Town Council general meeting we will be hearing from two of our Greater Westside Network neighbors--Paul Doebler and Greg Thomas.

Greg has been getting a lot of press lately for his Homeowners Organization to Monitor the Environment (H.O.M.E.) successful opposition to the Santa Monica Airport development. And Paul is one of the leaders orchestrating the headline making activities around Marina Marketplace and the Von's Center "Westworld" video arcade restrictions.

This will be your opportunity to learn the inside workings of these two active groups and to help plan the structure of the "Greater Westside Network".

Dell Chumley

Weaponry Under Fire

Senator Diane Watson is introducing seven (7) bills regarding gun control. This is going to be a controversial move - telephone calls to her in support will be appreciated. Call 295-6655 to register your support for this important legislation.

Four of the seven bills are under her G.A.P. - Gang Abatement and Prevention - program and have yet to be introduced, therefore have no official name or number. Brief description is:

1. Extends handgun registration format to all firearms.
2. Identification for purchasing ammunition. Identification, proof of ownership of gun, gun registration and a thumb print will be required to purchase semi-automatic weaponry.
3. Bounty on illegal guns - \$50 on each illegal or unregistered weapon. This will be funded through Criminal Justice Foundation.
4. Ten percent tax on sale of guns, the revenues will go to the Office of Criminal Justice Planning Department to be used for anti-gang and anti-drug abuse.

Senator Watson's office has already started receiving telephone calls and letters about her proposed bills. So far, those in support of Senator Watson have been constituents, those against Senator Watson have been out of the area and from the National Rifle Association.

CALVIN AND HOBBS By Bill Watterson



paid supplement to The Beachhead and does not necessarily represent the opinions of the Beachhead Collective.

***** Editorial Comments *****

Monday, January 23, was a very busy day. First was the Small Craft Harbor Commission meeting to consider the Oxford Flood Control Basin. Again, as I reported last month on the October 25 hearing, emotions ran high. One side extolling the dubious virtues of a barnyard in an urban setting, the other just relating the facts. As you may have guessed I am biased - I live downwind of the "bunny farm" and I want them gone.

Cooler heads prevailed Monday and the Commission voted unanimously to support Commissioner Nathanson's recommendation to remove the domestic creatures. Now we have to pay attention to the alacrity with which they will be removed.

Monday afternoon, Arnold Springer, Dell Chumley and myself appeared at a Zoning Administration hearing in W.L.A. regarding 4 lots on West. Wash. Blvd. B&K (Bruck & Kaplan) Development purchased the 4 lots, tied them together as 1518 W. Wash. and demolished the houses. The same thing was done at 1410 W. Wash. 1518 W. Wash. is CDP 88-034 for a 30' high 2-story commercial building over parking with 11,276 commercial area. It requires 86 parking spaces for its area plus BIZ parking. The plans indicate 48 parking spaces.

Naturally we objected. We objected not only because of the parking deficiency but for the insult to the Millwood LIP and the Local Coastal Plan the Venice community is formulating.

Zony Administrator Janovici denied the development and B&K withdrew both developments. They plan to redo their plans and reapply.

If B&K had presented their proposal to the VTC and the local citizens, they would have been told that their parking was inadequate, that the community objects to such a blatant rejection of our hard won parking requirements. Also our ICO prohibits combining more than 2 lots. This developer combined 4 lots. How did this happen? We must investigate this further.

Challis Macpherson

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.

American Cable Town Council Schedule

American Cable will video the proceedings of the Feb. 1 meeting at the Marina City Club sponsored by the Greater Westside Network. Video will be broadcast at date TBA at regular VTC meeting Feb. 9.

VIDEO UPDATE * *

NEXT MEETING

2* 9*89



Venice Town Council

Thursday at 7:30

Agenda

SPEAKERS: Greg Thomas of H.O.M.E., Homeowners' Organization to Monitor the Environment

Paul Doebler who is a major organizer of the Greater Westside Network.

Both of these gentlemen are pro-active instead of merely over-reactive. They will speak on the inner workings of their very active groups and the Greater Westside Network.

Also....details of our Community Development Corporation

Location:

Old Venice City Hall

681 North Venice Blvd.

(213)281-8323

BE THERE



VOICE OF THE VENICE TOWN COUNCIL



S U P P L E M E N T T O T H E B E A C H H E A D

Community Development Corporation

Ever get the feeling that no matter what anyone does, there will never be enough parking in Venice? Or that even with God in the Sixth District Council Office, Venice will never get L.A. to commit any money to reasonable housing on the west side?

It's not easy for a community like Venice to get attention from downtown, especially when other parts of L.A. clearly need help too.

One way that the residents of Venice can gain control over their environment is to form a community development corporation ("CDC"). Through a CDC, Venice citizens could build and administer low and moderate income housing, rehab existing housing, provide parking, solve transportation problems and serve other community needs.

Although it is called a community development corporation, a CDC can do lots of things other than what you might immediately think of as development.

For example, a CDC could direct a beach shuttle route, similar to the downtown L.A. mini-bus. A beach shuttle system requires the cooperation of private parties and government agencies. Someone must contract with the bus operators, get permission from the school district to use school parking lots, and arrange to use office building parking lots that are empty on weekends.

If the job is left to the City of Los Angeles, it could be several years before we have a beach shuttle in Venice -- if at all. It's a perfect project for a CDC to handle.

How does a CDC work? It is a not-for-profit corporation run by a Board of Directors. The Board sets policy and hires the staff to implement its programs. A CDC can accept funds from both public sources, such as City and State government, and private sources.

Some of the projects that a CDC undertakes, such as the rental of housing stock, may generate revenue. It's fine for a CDC to be profitable, but it is different than a regular corporation because any money that the CDC makes is used only for future projects. There are no owners who must be paid dividends.

An ad hoc committee is working towards forming a CDC within the next few months. Its first project will probably be the beach shuttle, which could be a reality this summer.

The Town Council will have a chance to find out more about this CDC at the February meeting. The ad hoc committee hopes that many community groups, representing all socio-economic and ethnic segments of Venice, will get involved.

If you are interested in serving on the ad hoc committee, contact Dell Chumley at 392-3306 or Debra Bowen at 284-8500.

Letter from a member

Let every developer know, whether they wish us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any candidate, oppose any candidate to assure the survival and success of an old dream of Venice which none of us agree upon but which all of us uphold.

This much we pledge - and more. To those old friends whose cultural and spiritual origins we share, we pledge our time and undying endless meetings. United, there is little we cannot do in a host of new cooperative ventures and law suits against our enemies. Divided, there is little we can do - for we dare not meet the power challenge of investment dollars at odds and split asunder.

To those new community groups whom we welcome to the ranks of the slow growth movement, we pledge our word that one form of commercial unbridled capitalism shall not have passed away merely to be replaced by a far more iron rule of absolutely no growth at all. We shall not always expect to find them supporting our view. But we shall always hope to find them strongly supporting their own freedom as community - and to remember that in the past those who foolishly sought power by riding the back of the Tiger ended up inside.

To those people in packing boxes and blankets of half the downtown city of Los Angeles struggling to break the bonds of mass misery, we pledge our best efforts to help them help themselves, for whatever period is required - not because the Housing and Urban Development Agency is doing it (because they are not), not because we seek their votes (they don't vote), but because it is right. If a free society cannot help the many who are unhoused and poor, it can not save the few who are comfortable and rich.

Finally, to those developers and city bureaucrats who would make themselves our adversary, we offer not a pledge but a request; that both sides begin anew the quest for reasonable development and low cost housing, before the dark powers of gang wars, drugs, and government corruption engulf all of Venice and indeed Los Angeles in planned or accidental self-destruction.

We dare not tempt them with weakness. For only when our numbers are sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt of a victory over graft, corruption, and developing greed.

So let us begin anew - remembering on both sides that civility is not a sign of weakness, and sincerity is always subject to proof. Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate.

Let all of our meetings explore what problems unite us instead of belaboring those problems which divide us.

And if a beach-head of co-operation may push back the jungles of suspicion, let both sides join in creating a new endeavour not a balance of shouting, but a new world of accord, where the votes are freely given, recorded, in security and peace preserved.

And so, my fellow citizens of Venice: ask not what your city does for you - ask what you can make it do for itself through civic action.

With a good conscience our only sure reward, and with the history of Venice the final judge of our cooperation and civic deeds, let us go forth to lead the beach-land we love, asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own.

By Byron Morgan

Variations on a theme...First Inaugural of JFK

Presbyterian Church Trash

The Presidents' Row Residents Assn. have had to contend with a particularly unChristian situation regarding the lot at 1157 Garfield Avenue owned by the Presbyterian Church. For several years an abandoned house was on the property, boarded up and ugly and a focus for transient sleeping in a residential, single-family neighborhood. The church was finally shamed into removing the house via a media campaign by the neighborhood. Then trash, weeds and graffiti accumulated in the lot. Transients lived in a trashed camper shell. Again the neighborhood had to tell the church to clean up their lot.

The next obvious step is to have a fence put around the lot. Again, the neighborhood is in the lead. Bishop John Jay Ward is being reminded of his duty. But we also can telephone him and remind him.....251-3258, day time.

This is a nice, friendly community that faces their challenges squarely. They have the same problems that the rest of us have: 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.

This community is organized and working to improve their neighborhood.

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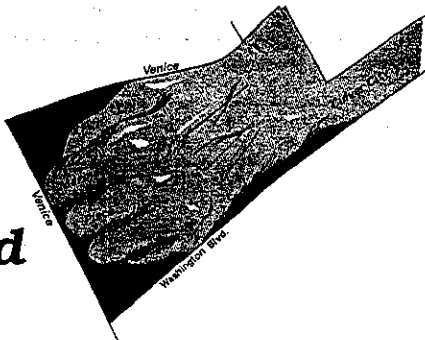
The VOICE of the VENICE TOWN COUNCIL is a paid supplement to The Beachhead and does not necessarily represent the opinion of the Beachhead Collective.

WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND

Will Rogers died in 1935. His political humor, however, didn't die with him. His comments included: "Never blame a legislative body for not doing something - when they do nothing that don't hurt anybody. When they do something is when they become dangerous.... Things in our country run in spite of government, not by the aid of it."

A standout remark in 1932; "Politics ain't worrying this country one Tenth as much as parking space." Wouldn't he have fun with contemporary Los Angeles politics!

Don't let Venice be KO'd

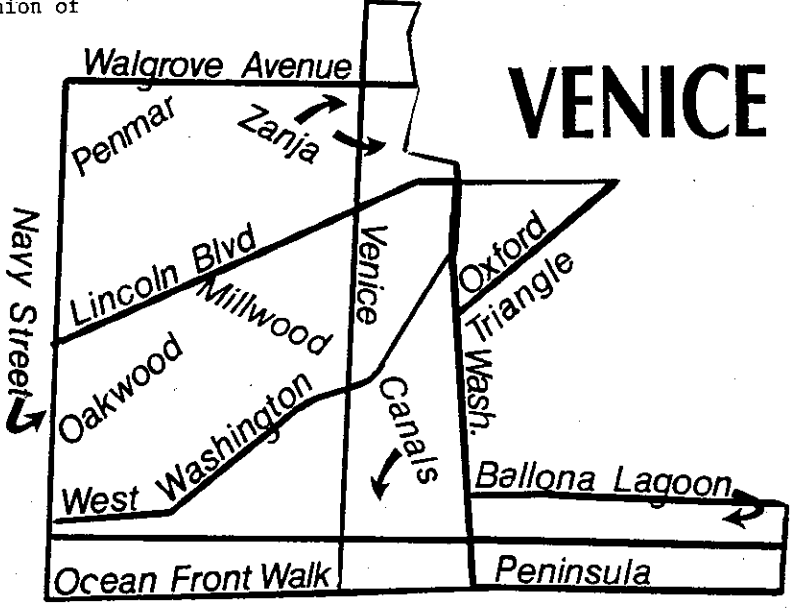


Lincoln & Washington will be three times capacity Blocking Coastal Access Impacting surrounding Venice neighborhoods Closing Venice businesses with a two level Lincoln Blvd.

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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





VOICE OF THE VENICE TOWN COUNCIL



S U P P L E M E N T T O T H E B E A C H H E A D

Jolly Roger Motel Attempts Piracy

The Jolly Roger Motel, north side of Wash. between West Wash. turn-off and the Black Whale, has recently expanded a lot. Its now in Phase II expansion and the neighborhood has had to watch it like a hawk. There is currently a delay because a variance was issued by the City to the management of the motel which spelled out variance provisions of compliance resulting from negotiations with various homeowners on Van Buren and Harrison Avenues. Among these agreements was the Jolly Roger's promise to restrict motel parking and traffic, maintain a greenspace at the west end of Van Buren, provide off site parking on a lot that borders West Washington, and to construct the building based on plans submitted to the neighborhood in keeping with the character of the neighborhood.

The motel management has violated or attempted to circumvent all of the above and it has unfortunately been necessary for the neighborhood to submit formal complaints to the Zoning Administrator, the W.L.A. Department of Building and Safety, and also to enlist the help (which they received) of Councilwoman Ruth Galanter's office.

Another round of negotiations has just been concluded with the Jolly Roger on resolving these problems which violate not only the spirit and intent of the variance but also a provision of the City Electrical Code. The Jolly Roger has agreed to remove the electrical entrance boxes installed on the exterior north side of the motel, remove the unsightly exposed conduits and loose wires on the external north side, and finally develop the parking lot on West Wash. that was part of the provisions of the Phase I expansion back in 1979.

Even though the neighborhood representatives, Rich Spurlin and Bob Kelm, feel that they have finally reached a resolution, their optimism is guarded due to the history of dealing with the Jolly Roger management. They are currently hammering out a firm written agreement that will have the concurrence of the Zoning Administrator and the Department of Building and Safety.

Venice Town Council

Old Venice City Hall
681 N. Venice Blvd.
Venice, CA 90291

Membership:

Please fill out and mail with your check.

- Annual Dues, single member \$15.00
- Household, two members \$20.00
- Additional member, of household \$5.00
- Senior Citizen, over 60 \$7.50
- Contributing Membership \$25.00

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TELEPHONE: _____

I will contribute my professional skills: _____ (please list)

I will participate in the telephone tree and make telephone calls to inform members of special meetings and other timely information.

I will stuff envelopes, & help with the VOICE and misc. mailings.

I will distribute flyers on my block.

I am especially interested in the problem of: _____

I am interested in working on a committee, please contact me.

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Sixth District Perspective

by Councilwoman Ruth Galanter

It is one of the saddest ironies of all; the working-class people who do the most to make Los Angeles such a wonderful place to live are the ones who can least afford to live here.

Approximately 150,000 Los Angeles families pay more than half of their monthly income for rent. Some 40,000 families live in garages. About 10,000 adults and children - some say a very conservative estimate - are completely homeless. Working class men, women and families have been almost completely priced out of the housing market, both in apartments and in single family homes.

We destroy nearly 2,000 affordable housing units each year and replace only a fraction of them. Meanwhile, a glut of luxury apartments has forced builders to offer give-aways like microwave ovens and free trips to Hawaii, and they still can't fill all their vacancies.

When developers are willing to include affordable housing in a project, neighbors often rise up in protest because they don't want an "undesireable element" brought into their community.

What has been obvious for years to advocates for affordable housing has recently been officially validated by the City's Blue Ribbon Committee for Affordable Housing; Los Angeles is in the midst of an affordable housing crisis. It was brought on by foolish, shortsighted City development policies and worsened because leading politicians refused for years to acknowledge the problems.

According to the Committee's recently released report, the City will have to spend \$300 million a year just to keep the situation from getting worse. The sources and availability of that funding are less than certain.

While I will support most of the Blue Ribbon Committee's recommendations, the reality of this crisis demands that we also attack it on the local level as well.

That has been my policy for the last 18 months, and I have taken every reasonable opportunity in that period to increase the stock of affordable housing in Venice, Mar Vista and Westchester. I also have proposed a number of significant changes to the City's housing regulations that will help protect the affordable housing that now exists.

Two major developments, and a number of smaller ones, have agreed to build affordable housing as a condition of City approval.

The largest is Jerry Snyder's Channel Gateway project on Lincoln Boulevard across from the Marina Freeway. The Channel Gateway development will dedicate approximately 20 percent of up to 1,300 units for affordable housing.

Sage Development has agreed to build 63 housing units for people in the low-income to moderate-income range. The developer has said he will try to build these units in the Venice or Mar Vista area, but he is required to build in the City of Los Angeles within five miles of the market rate units to be built at the site of the former Centinela Drive-In.

Another addition to the affordable housing stock will be in Venice's North Beach area, where developer Steven Blanchard has agreed to build 28 affordable units as replacement for 17 expensive, non-rent controlled units he is converting to commercial uses.

While final details of an agreement have not yet been ironed out, the Public Storage project on Rose Avenue between Third and Fourth Streets is being structured to allow the construction of 20 to 30 units of affordable housing.

A number of smaller projects are also being required to dedicate units in the moderate and low-income ranges.

To date, agreements have been reached that will lead to the construction of nearly 350 affordable housing units, all without government subsidies.

It will continue to be the policy of my office that affordable housing is an essential ingredient in any proposed housing project and a desirable, and perhaps necessary, adjunct to commercial projects as well.

In addition to working with developers, I have pursued a number of other approaches to saving and creating affordable housing.

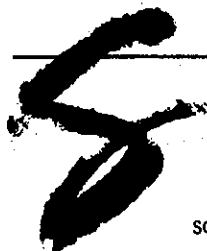
I created the Housing Task Force that is part of the Local Coastal planning process. That Task Force has been making recommendations regarding housing issues for the Local Implementation Plan that will regulate development in the Venice Coastal Zone.

I have helped to shape new legislation that will require builders to have permits and financing for their projects before they can tear down their old, usually affordable building.

I have also supported changes in the City's rent control ordinance that aim to close loopholes that allow landlords to evict tenants and raise rents to market levels.

I also moved to protect Los Angeles' 20,000 federally subsidized apartment units. When federal subsidy programs expire, landlords can now raise the rent on those subsidized units to market levels. I have asked the City to study the possibility of bringing those units under the City's rent control ordinance or find other ways to maintain their affordability.

While long term solutions to the housing crisis still lie in the future, I will make it my business to see that affordable housing is at, or very near, the top of the City Hall agenda, and that it stays there until the problem is solved.



tina settino
graphic design

2028 14th street, suite s
santa monica, ca 90405
213 452-2919

Recycling Goof By

Marina Marketplace

There are no opportunities to recycle waste at the Marina marketplace. That is the fancy new shopping center 1/2 block east of Lincoln on Maxella - directly across from the Villa Marina Shopping Center.

This is a brand new building and it seems proper to question why recycling was not considered at the planning level. Letters should be addressed to:

Mr. Bill Thompson, Manager
Gelson's Market
13455 Maxella Avenue
Marina del Rey, 90292

A simple telephone call is as effective as a letter -- call 306-2952 - and register a complaint about the lack of foresight in not having recycling.

South-east Venice and Marina del Rey has only one regular recycling center, Boy's Market at Lincoln and Lake, and one week end center at the Public Works yard in the Oxford Triangle which is open on Saturdays afternoons only.

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VOICE OF THE VENICE TOWN COUNCIL



S U P P L E M E N T T O T H E B E A C H H E A D

Calendar of Events

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February 1989

1 WEDNESDAY

Greater Westside Network, 7 - 9 pm at the Marina City Club, organization of organizations to discuss the Marina Freeway (I 90) and the Oxford Flood Control Basin ONLY. Deane Dana's aides, Mary Lee Grey and Don Knobe to answer all our questions.

Oxford Triangle Earthquake Preparedness Class, Councilmanic Field Office, 7 - 9 pm

MACIT - Improvement team of government agencies. Councilmanic office has put together a team to address street problems of Lincoln Blvd. Building & Safety to inspect and cite as needed. Press conference and walk down Lincoln Blvd. meet at corner of Venice and Lincoln at 9 AM!!

2 THURSDAY

Marina del Rey Local Implementation Program, Room 150, Hall of Records, 320 W. Temple (downtown LA). This is where we testify to the Los Angeles County Regional Planning Commission about the Marina Freeway direction and terminus. BE THERE!!!

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11 SATURDAY

Venice Library Program, 1 PM. Songs & stories of African folklore performed by Niche Saboda.

Venice Chamber of Commerce Installation Dinner at the Marriott Hotel, 13480 Maxella, MdR. \$40/person, black tie optional.

15 WEDNESDAY

Oxford Triangle Earthquake Preparedness Class, Councilmanic Field Office, 7 - 9 PM

Venice Library program, 7 PM. "It's Deadly - Point Blank!" a play about AIDS, written and performed by the Pearl White Theatre of Performing Arts sponsored by Beau Bridges.

16 THURSDAY

Channel Gateway presentation by Jerry Snyder (Snyder & Co.) at 7:30 PM at the Marina City Club. This is the new development Snyder & Co. are proposing for the commercial section of the Oxford Triangle. (was called Admiralty Place, then Marina Gateway)

17 FRIDAY

Venice Community Vision, 8:30 AM (!!) at the Councilmanic field office, Manchester and Lincoln.

18 SATURDAY

Venice Library Program, 11 AM, Family Storytime series.

22 WEDNESDAY

Santa Monica Bay/Estuaries Program. 45 member management conference committee which includes elected officials, agency representatives, industry, environment and public interest groups. Included are Felicia Marcus & Dorothy Green of Heal the Bay and Iylene Weiss of Venice Town Council.



IS HE A VICIOUS ANIMAL?
Just You Try To Take His Bone Away

Analyses of the Questions/Answers generated by the workshops at the January general meeting of the Venice Town Council will be published in the March VOICE.

The central library (downtown) desperately needs volunteers to help prepare books for the library reopening. Telephone 213-612-3261 for details.

Several Venice organizations are alive and well but not meeting regularly. They are:

Housing Task Force, Jim Bickhart at 485-3357
Parking Coalition, Maryann Hutchison, 392-8037
Homeless Task Force, Barbara Palivos 396-1169

The Glencoe/Maxella Specific Plan Workshop #2 to gather public input for the plan will be meeting shortly. Kathy King 213-485-3508

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Debra L. Bowen
President

4 SATURDAY

Ballona Lagoon Cleanup. 9 AM at the Lighthouse Bridge over the Ballona Lagoon. Bring gloves, wear old clothes. Tools and bags provided by Councilwoman Galanter. Sponsored by Sierra Club, Venice C of C, Venice Town Council, Ballona Lagoon Preserve.

Venice Library Program, 1 PM. "Biddie Mason and the Unknown Blacks of Early L.A.", a slide show and lecture by Bobi Jacison.

PEOPLE FOR PARKS, 9AM - 2PM at Griffith Park Boys' Camp (Los Feliz side of park) workshops on park improvements, etc.

6 MONDAY

Venice Library Program, 6:30 PM. Coffee Hour for writers, an informal group meeting monthly to share ideas and information.

7 TUESDAY

Oxford Triangle H.R.A. block meeting to discuss neighborhood plans and problems. 7:30 - ? Bob & Rhea Cornwall,

Presidents' Row Board meeting. Time & location TBA. Contact Ms. Able 827-2731

8 WEDNESDAY

Venice Action Committee board meeting. Time & Location TBA, contact Lisa at 392-7477

Oxford Triangle Earthquake Preparedness Class, Councilmanic Field Office, 7 - 9 PM

9 THURSDAY

Venice Town Council general meeting. Old Venice City Hall, Agenda, Greater Westside Network and Community Development Corporation

Oxford Triangle H.R.A. block meeting to discuss neighborhood plans and problems 7:30 - ? Joe and Lucy Roubal,

822-1729

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25 SATURDAY

Benefit for S. Joseph Center. special concert at St. Alban's Episcopal Church, 580 Hilgard, W. L.A. Ron Doiron, Conductor. Phone 392-8402 for details.

27 MONDAY

Venice Renaissance/Harlan Lee Project hearing at W.L.A. Time TBA.

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.

H.O.M.E.

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North Venice Blvd.

Neighborhood Assn.

by Nancy Kent
The North Venice Boulevard Neighborhood Association began in November, 1987 in response to a proposal to rezone land near Pacific Avenue on North Venice Boulevard and nearby streets. Due to Councilwoman Galanter's support for this rezoning from residential to commercial, it was recently approved by the City Council. The NVBNA continues to appeal to Councilwoman Galanter to require that the projects on this land stay within the ICO guidelines.

At monthly meetings, NVBNA members pool our knowledge of city agencies to work toward resolving neighborhood concerns: anything from restaurant garbage stored on the public right-of-way to the demolition of affordable residential buildings in Venice. For more information, call 822-5536 after 6 p.m. or 821-2946.

Therapeutic Swapmeet

By Sara Omari

The corridor looked terribly long; it was an illusion, since it was only about 300 feet (from where I stood), to the end. The door at the far, far right was open. There were several "macho" bunnies seated around a pretend circle. Six prs. of eyeballs swung around, briefly, to look at me. Later, I found that they always do that to newcomers.

I hesitated, slightly, at the door and asked if this was "group" and they growled "yes" ... However, (and Freud would have been proud of me), since I had already forgotten to which group I belonged (or, conversely, which group belonged to me), I pigeon-toed my way back to the Information Window. Along the way, I saw one of my therapists, Mr. Arnold. His name is really Sam Benedict, but I call him Mr. Arnold. Only Anna and her dad know why I do that, i.e., why I call him Arnold instead of Benedict.

He said, indeed, I belonged to the group at the end of the corridor and about to meet. Then he introduced me to the other therapist, his partner, a lady called Pallas (I don't know her patronymic).

I returned to the room. It faced the south and is not windowless. It was not full of piranhas, either. Nonetheless, I was nervous. I elected to sit facing the windows.

That, briefly, is my introduction to group therapy in an outpatient setting. It is in a Mental Health Clinic Center and is located in one of the hospitals which dot America's veteranscapes.

Group, as it implies, is just that: team, cluster, assemblage, or gang (down, you cholos from the East Area). Group meets weekly, for one hour, and is for the purpose of talking about our problems. The problems do not have to be war-related. Sometimes we might talk about football/baseball. We might even talk about presidential candidates. There are between seven and twelve or more "groupies" and attendance varies.

There is a gorgeous vet who always brings his cup of coffee and proceeds to hold us in suspense because he falls asleep, sometimes, cup in hand.

This gives you an idea as to the liveliness of some of our conversations. This vet is a pragmatist. In approach, he is very low key. Because he is practical, I call him Kant.

One of the other men reminds me of a ship's compass- every time the talk conversation twinkles away from the eye of the conversational storm, he guides us back by asking "what does this have to do with the subject at hand?"

Next is the darling and compassionate personage who is 100% disabled. He is a walking, living breathing PDR and can quote milograms at the drop of a Valium.

The Macho, whom I call "Bunny" has just participated in a Chess Tournament. His opponent was a member of the USSR team. Although he denigrated his winning of a prize by saying it was "a minor reward" I, for one, was suitably impressed. I say to you: how many can spell the word without adding 2 more vowels and omitting an 's'? Other than gin rummy and Scrabble, I can only play Chinese Checkers...

Gus, the vet who writes letters to editors and/or Congroids, is clearly intelligent (aside, like the rest of us). He is moneyed and talented. This member of the Leisured class does a lot of writing. Actually, most of us in group do write to our 'leaders' such as the time we wrote to protest the cut of our bus fare money. VA had always given us bus fare to get from our aeries to group therapy and back (back to our nests). Thanx to the administration in Washington, we were (are) no longer provided with that aid. FOR SOME, IT BECAME A MAJOR HARDSHIP. Perhaps that money is now used to bus the Contras/Sandanistas from one ideology to the next.

The suave smoothie, a belletristic vet, is also a super egghead. Just when some of us opt to meander (me, for one) he will state: "Identify your terms" and to which I reply: "Jump off the planet!"

Wonder what happened to the home-owning vet who never returned? He had lost his all to drug and drug-related activity. He, himself, was not a user, but a much beloved member of his family, was.

Most of us are parents/grandparents/uncles and aunts of enfant terribles. We talk (and worry) about them a lot.

Lastly, there is the vet who keeps returning to us abusive helpmeet. Every time we see him in group, it allows the rest of us to practice various forms of bruxism. We gnash, and otherwise grind our teeth. Some of us even say, "Oh no, Mac, not again!"

I know I am in a group with serious punsters when I hear us bandy about such words as pathology, schizophrenia, manic-depressives, paranoia, catatonia, suicidals and dementia-praecox.. Although only labels these diagnoses can seriously derail one's life.

On the less serious side, the more sophisticated ones agree that some of us are loonies (me for one, since I readily concede that I am one) and the reason I think thusly is because I maintain that there are those who have not been caught, yet!

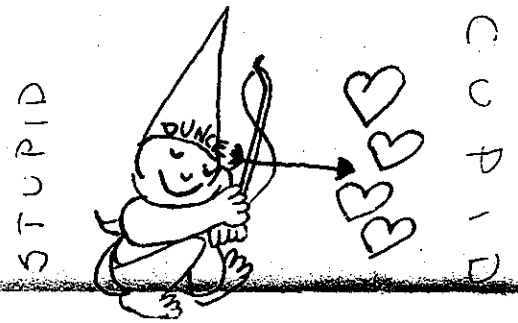
group members support each other by giving advice if asked/needed and many times when not asked.

Well, the schizophrenic one reminds us that it's time to split, since time's up.

After group, we may, or may not, meet for a cup of coffee at the Pup and Pepper; sometimes we take our business to the Lions and Xristians for a bite to eat. Other times, we merely adjourn to the canteen and continue our discussion especially if we are going to bash someone not in attendance (in attendance at that moment in time, I mean).

After coffee, those who don't take life seriously will go home via one of this nation's free-ways. ONce, laughingly, the manic-depressive one told us that he felt like taking a ride on a roller coaster.

As we walk towards the parking lot (those fortunate enough to pay California's car insurance rates) - me, I take the local bus, we must cross the boulevard and so we look both ways. We go one step more -we look over our shoulders, just in case...! As I leave the others and walk to the bus stop, I cut across the campus, and, in so doing, pass the pharmacy. I overhear the pharmacist tell one of the guys (a vet possibly in the nightfall of his life), that it will be a 45 minute wait, for his prescription. The vet responds by saying that he will wait, of course, unless Mr. Reagan calls him up for service in the Persian Gulf. NO one rolls in the aisles, mostly, I think, because many (of us) have physical disabilities, as well. The rest of us are full of weight. ▲



investment when he sees one. He picked up this property a few years ago at an Estate Sale. That Estate Sale ended the Tabor family involvement with this house. But the Tabor's are still landowners here in Oakwood and they continue to be active in the community. Our landlord on the other hand is an absentee landlord who's simply buying up as much of Oakwood as possible because it IS such a good investment.

About a year ago my wife and dog and I moved our possessions from the Oakwood/Milwood border area to this house in the hood. Around the same time the Free Venice Beachhead, the Fox International Theatre, et. al. were uncerimoniously evicted from the Theatre property. The Beachhead needed a home. Our house is nothing if not big. What had been the office for the Tabor brothers trucking business became the storeroom for Beachhead supplies. The leaky roofed garage where Irving Tabor once parked his trucks, became the storage place for the latest, undistributed Beachheads. And in the house where cocaine deranged minds ran rampant for years, the Beachhead pastes up once a month. You're reading something partially created in this house.

The house is changing Karmas as it now produces good rather than evil. But this change hasn't been without struggles and is an ongoing process rather than an accomplished fact.

One of our neighbors who regales in telling us stories designed to intimidate as well as inform, says the gangs in the old days would have firebombed our house. She tells us these tales 'cause she's afraid of us newcomers but wants herself and everyone else to believe the opposite. She, like many people, are unsure of what's happening. Many locals of all colors simply say it's the gentrification of Oakwood. Some upscale people moving into the 'hood is a fact. Dennis Hopper is our neighbor. But most of the people moving into the 'hood are renters. They're simply reflecting the way Oakwood has almost always looked; it's always been a mixed neighborhood. A small area

of Oakwood has been almost entirely black. Part of this concentration was perpetuated by the planners of public housing who located most of Venice's projects within a single square mile. Now Oakwood is going back to an earlier time where there was a great mix in this area of races and incomes. This racial and ethnic diversity existed despite Oakwood being originally planned for "colored servants."

Our House

Our house, the one we rent, is in the 'hood; the mostly black area of Oakwood referred to derisively as Ghost Town. It was built in the original Oakwood area and was the home of Irving Tabor's brother and his family for two generations. Irving Tabor was the friend and driver for Abbot Kinney, the founder of Venice. Irving Tabor and his brother operated a trucking business from our house. The soil is only a few inches deep on most of the property. It covers a thick layer of gravel laid to absorb the oil and grease of the trucks. The Tabor brothers trucking business prospered in the years after Abbot Kinney died. Unknown to many, Irving Tabor eventually provided the means for his whole family to leave Philadelphia and relocate in Venice.

After World War II the Tabor family began renting the house and one elderly lady lived here for 25 years. But the house came to reflect the bad times around it. No longer were there single family homes owned by about 1/2 of the local population. No longer were there mom and pop grocery stores in the neighborhood run by Italian immigrants. The house became a center for the cocaine trade. A friend remembers copping heroin in the building next door during the '70's. Many in the hood remember copping cocaine at this location.

The house had a bodacious reputation in the '80's and as the gang slogans, indelibly sealed in the fine early century woodwork, remind us; this house was the headquarters for one of Venice's most notorious gangs. The house continued as the gang's home until recently.

Some say that the gangs serve functions other than organizing crime. Recreation, affiliation, exercise, belonging-All of these activities are available in our community at the Churches, the Recreation Center, the Boys Club and the other community organizations. The gangs channel energy, all right, but mostly into profitable criminal enterprises. In a poor minority community, that makes them heroes to some.

Our present landlord is a well-meaning, liberal, entertainment lawyer who knows a good

But this transition is not without problems. The biggest problem in the 'hood is Crack and Poverty. And most of the locals don't like it. But most of the local black families have been here for years and their families are friends and relatives of the Crack Dealers. So while VICTORY OUTREACH tries to persuade the Rockers (Crack Addicts) to give up "NO HOPE WITH DOPE"-The local crack heads hang out on our streets 24 HRS. a day, sometimes fighting each other for a sale. And people who are offended by this, as my wife was, are called racist when they complain. My wife was the subject of a racist attack in the Beachhead because the street life is foreign to her. But the street life is not foreign to me; and I hate to see people arrested because of their lifestyle. But crack has become to our lives what crystal methedrine was to the Summer of Love in San Francisco. It is killing the dream.

The hippies in the Summer of Love let the bikers and their 'speed' into the community because everything was groovy. But some drugs make people groovy and some make them monsters. Crack, like meth, makes people banes to their community.

Crack is cheap. You can get a hit for as little as \$3 and it makes you feel great. And the euphoria lasts as long as 20 minutes; then you crash. All you want is another hit. You're hooked on a drug after only one try. Substance abuse counselors say no drug (heroin, nicotine, etc.) is as addictive as crack; and no drug is harder to break the addiction for.

So what do people do in a poor community? There ain't no jobs here and there sure is a large market for Rocks. So the crack addicts become a 24HR. neighborhood STOP 'N COP. And most of the customers are white and don't live aound here.

My friend, who is a manager of one of Venice's projects, is a local and epitomizes some of the best about Oakwood. He is a Vietnam Veteran and he calls the Crack epidemic, "Another vietnam on the street." He fights daily against the crack monsters. My fear is that we will lose the war against Crack and Venice will lose subsidized housing as a reaction. If crack doesn't get off our streets, they really will gentrify the neighborhood.

So here the Beachneau is as always in the thick of a fight in our changing Venice. This house has seen so much and methinks it will see so much more. ▲

memphis slim

6 Elizabeth Marek 1958--1988

by J.L. Martin

There is always something terrible in the news. In the morning, it's the paper that sketches out disasters in black and white, and in the evening, it's the TV, instant playback in full color. There is something awful every day, and we get used to it. We get numb. We seldom hear names or see faces, we get numbers instead. One thousand feared missing in earthquake. Two held hostage for eighteen months. Two hundred and fifty-eight die in air disaster. We hear numbers, and we get numb.

Sometimes we connect these facts with the names and faces. When I heard about the crash of Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, I didn't feel any worse than usual. When I heard that one of the Peace Marchers went down on Flight 103, I felt a lump rising in my throat. When I heard it was Liz Marek, I cried.

I went to a memorial service for Liz Marek at the Church in Ocean Park, on January 8th, perhaps you saw it on the news. I went with Karen and Carolyn, two friends who had both been on the Peace March with Liz, and knew her far better than I. They had lived with her, with several thousand other people on the road for nine months

from L.A. to D.C.. I first met Liz at the first anniversary of the Peace March, a rally and a short stroll to Cal State L.A.. She was bouncing down the sidewalk, talking to old friends from the March. Carolyn introduced us, and in two minutes we discovered that we both lived in Venice. Small world, eh? We found we had a dozen friends in common.

At the memorial service, I was not surprised to find how many friends she had. The church was filled to overflowing into the foyer, and somehow found even more room to overflow into the loft. There were so many people--her family had come from the East coast to be there, and women in Liz's band, The Cherry Cokes, all lined up against one wall and Marchers converged from all points, while actors and drama coaches crowded the aisle. Karen opened a fresh box of tissues, and passed it around like a tray of candy, while Carolyn sat and swallowed a lump in her throat. There were news-cameras and reporters.

There were prayers and songs, (Liz would have laughed if we'd called them 'hymns'). There was a candle-light ceremony, with a spark from the Hiroshima Peace Flame. One walked to the front, lit a candle from the flame, and shared a few words.

A man from the March stood up and began to recount an adventure he and Liz had had while traveling through a town, when his voice broke and he sobbed, Oh Liz, how could you leave us like this?

A gray haired woman came and said, She was a great actress, if you did not see her, you don't know how indescribably good she was.

A dark haired woman wearing seven earrings in one ear said most of us have lost a friend, some of us have lost a daughter or a sister, but the lesbian feminist movement has lost a leader.

A political veteran said, with Liz gone, the rest of us will have to work harder.

A friend got up and said I remember that Liz's favorite song to sing at protests and rallies was the theme from the Brady Bunch.

And I remembered, walking through Boyle Heights, hearing her melodic voice starting off: Here's the story...Of a lovely lady; and not in a sarcastic tone, but with a real spirit, until we were all in stitches of laughter, feeling as if we were really one big happy family.

There were some silent pauses in the service; after the songs and the speeches, there was an awkward quiet. At last, one person came forward and began, "Y'know, one of the things that Liz loved most in life was applause...And we didn't even let her finish. The church erupted in five minutes of applause.

Bravo, Liz. Good show, Liz. Your goal was peace in the world, and while you rest in peace, the rest of us will just work harder. Stay tuned, we'll be right back.

Ruthless Retreat? 1988--1989

On January 25, 1989 the Los Angeles City Council rezoned the Dudley to Sunset Avenue portion of the boardwalk from residential to commercial. It did so at the request of Councilwoman Ruth Galanter. The purpose of the zone change was to allow property owner Steve Blanchard to convert 19 apartments and a house to commercial uses at 511, 517, and 523 Ocean Front Walk. The Venice Town Council did not oppose this change. I offered the following remarks to the City Council:

My name is Steve Schlein. I have lived in Venice since 1975. I became a community activist three years ago and worked with dedication as a campaign volunteer for Councilwoman Galanter. I have also served as a member of the Board of the Venice Town Council, the oldest community organization in Venice.

This is a sad day for me, and for the residents of Venice, because Councilwoman Galanter's approval of this proposed plan amendment - and others like it - demonstrates her willingness to dismantle residential portions of our Community Plan in favor of commercial interests and, therefore, to abandon the mandate she received from the community that put her in office.

The location of this proposed plan amendment is the Venice boardwalk, in the Beach Impact Zone where, as Councilwoman Galanter once observed, traffic and parking problems are "abominable when the impact of beachgoers, commercial patrons and residents is combined..." It is in the same area of a 1973 downzoning initiated by the City to reduce the anticipated traffic and parking problems we have today.

The current land use designation for the site of the proposed change is Residential and 95% of the current uses there are residential. The request to change the land use to commercial is being made by a single property owner for the purpose of converting nineteen apartments to stores and a single-family dwelling to a restaurant. Does it make any sense to wipe this residential area off the map for one person's benefit when the boardwalk is already saturated with commercial uses?

If you had listened to Councilwoman Galanter, the police, and the community, you would have thought "certainly not": Before her election Councilwoman Galanter signed a 1000 signature resident petition opposing this proposed plan amendment.

Here's a copy of it. In part the petition states that increased commercialization of the boardwalk would help destroy the unique character of Venice, worsen the critical parking shortage, and increase pollution, litter, and noise.

PETITION -- SAVE OUR BEACHES
WHERAS: There is already a severe housing shortage in Venice, especially of low-income and senior citizen housing;
Increased commercialization of the beachfront neighborhood would
- prevent needed housing construction;
- destroy existing housing;
- severely restrict access to the beaches for recreational purposes by all residents of Los Angeles;
- catastrophically increase pollution, noise, litter and despoliation of the environment;
- the parking shortage in the area is already critical;
- further intensification of commercial activities will lead to the destruction of the unique character of the Venice Historical Preservation and Mixed Use Subarea; and
- private enrichment cannot be permitted at the expense of our limited and precious public resources.
THEREFORE: We, the residents of Venice and other concerned citizens of Los Angeles, respectfully urge the Los Angeles City Planning Commission NOT to grant an amendment to the Venice Community Plan and to deny Councilwoman Galanter's request for rezoning of the area bounded by Ocean Front Walk and approximately (see number 1411):

NAME	ADDRESS
Nancy Johnson	22 Brann Ave Venice
Conolly Hansen	815 Amersosa Pl Venice
Ruth Galanter	2225 Louella Venice
Padi Cohen	2322 Gladburn Ln
Marek Schlein	8322 Blackman Ct
Kimberly	31 Brance Ave Venice
Maria Stephens	3852 McLamfilm Ct
James Benquist	48 Brance Ave Venice

Last August, in a letter written by Councilwoman Galanter, she stated:

"The LAPD has indicated that the intensification of uses on both the private and public lands adjacent to the beach have caused a potentially dangerous situation due to the density of crowds on the boardwalk and the recent appearance of large numbers of gang members from other parts of the city."

In response Councilwoman Galanter is quoted in the Los Angeles Times of September 18 as stating, "The concern is that we are rapidly approaching saturation."

The community again expressed its opposition to overcommercialization of the boardwalk during the current Local Coastal Planning process. The November 8 edition of the Santa Monica Evening Outlook, reporting on the culmination of "nearly three months and thousands of hours" of efforts by ten Venice community groups, states:

"most group members passed out voluminous reports and gave lengthy presentations that came to one general conclusion: They like Venice the way it is - except for traffic, parking congestion, trash pickup and crime - and they favor a slow-down of commercialization, particularly on the boardwalk."

Councilwoman Galanter's approval of this proposal, then, comes as a shock. Twice the community has spoken in opposition; our Community Plan is in opposition; the 1973 downzoning, a responsive planning decision, is in opposition; by inference the LAPD stated its opposition by recognizing that land use intensity on the boardwalk has already created a potentially dangerous situation; and, remarkably, Councilwoman Galanter has spoken in opposition by signing our petition, by expressing her alarm at the abominable traffic and parking problems in the Beach Impact

Zone, by acknowledging that the boardwalk is reaching saturation, and also by accepting the vote of an overimpacted community that clearly wanted relief from overcommercialization.

We in Venice are not opposed to development, but we are certainly opposed to overdevelopment, and this proposal is a paradigm example of it.

I appeal to the Council now to intervene, to deny this plan amendment request, or at least give Councilwoman Galanter an opportunity to regain her credibility by postponing your vote so she may reconsider her position. It would be a rare action, I know, but one that is warranted. The Venice boardwalk belongs to your constituents too.

For Councilwoman Galanter I have a question: the developer who requested this plan amendment has retained the services of the politically well-connected law firm of Manatt-Phelps to represent his interests. Have you or your staff met with, or talked to, representatives of this law firm regarding this plan amendment?

Councilwoman Galanter told the Council that the project was made acceptable by a low-income replacement housing condition imposed on the developer. (Later, Jim Bickhart stated that neither he nor Councilwoman Galanter recalled any contact with Manatt-Phelps concerning this plan amendment). The City Council approved the project without one opposing vote.

Many Venice residents believe the Venice Town Council represents their interests in fighting overdevelopment. Sadly, it does not, at least if Councilwoman Galanter supports the project - and, she is backing almost all commercial rezoning requests. VTC President Dell Chumley has placed her own, strange, allegiance to Councilwoman Galanter before the interests of the community and has developed an arsenal of tricks to discredit anyone who speaks out. Ms. Chumley has become a footsoldier, pushing aside the VTC for the developers.

6-'Snot--continued from page 3

To paraphrase a dimly remembered line from Ogden Nash, it's not the sin I hate, it's the sinner. I believe what upsets most people about the drug problems are the unregulated buy and sell. As a resident of Ocean Front Walk, I remember several years ago when the O.F.W. became a haven for unregulated vending. People were selling without permission of property owners, they took over public benches, chasing away people who wanted to sit down. The city came in and started enforcement proceedings. Business licenses were required. (Yes, I am over simplifying) The owners of the lots had to comply with regulations regarding noise, zoning, traffic, hours of setting up, etc.. In some places the zoning prohibits certain products to be sold, i.e., liquor, within so many feet of a school, church or residential area.

Bye Bye Jelly Beans, Hello Pork Rinds

by Diane Nickerson

Retro out of control

Last month we had our Bicentennial inauguration and made George Bush our 41st President. George to George. If there were anything left of President Washington, it'd probably be turning over in the grave. After all, just a couple of years ago Bush and his Contra cohorts were being compared with our Founding Fathers. Bet Mr. Washington wouldn't have thought it could get much worse. Oh well, somehow it did. President Bush --- when I first tried to speak it aloud, I just couldn't. Next, it stuck in my throat. Finally, the words came out, but I sounded more like I was gagging than speaking. I'm gonna have to get used to it, though, because it could get worse. Think of it...President Quayle. Besides, I really dislike unfunny oxymorons. (However, in Quayle's case, just plain moron may be the operative word.)

George Herbert Walker Bush, the man who pretended to speak of a "kinder, gentler nation", has now promised us his presidential era will be the "age of the offered hand". He said "the offered hand is a reluctant fist. But the fist, once made, is strong and can be used with great effect". Kinder? Gentler? Sounds like a real presidential sized threat, (as opposed to king sized!).

For all his fly-fishing and folksy crap, I believe the man is a liar and a hypocrite. This is the same man who pledged "to seek hard and punish firmly, decisively, those who did this, if you can ever find them" regarding the perpetrators of the alleged terrorist bombing of Pan Am flight 103. He should know how difficult it is to find "them". The Reagan-Bush administration has harbored an accused jet-bombing terrorist, Luis Posada and has done nada to bring him to justice. Posada is a right-wing Cuban exile. He worked with the CIA for years after the Bay of Pigs invasion, and says the CIA trained him in the use of explosives. There was an explosion of a civilian passenger jet in October of '76 that killed all 73 people on board. Posada was a member of the Command of United Revolutionary Organizations. He and

other members of the group were charged in Venezuela with the crime. Two men who admitted planting the bomb identified Posada as the mastermind. Posada's trial was not completed and in 1985 he escaped from a maximum security Venezuelan prison. He is still wanted on terrorism charges. The Command of United Revolutionary Organization was led by the CIA. "They" knew almost immediately that Posada, et al, were involved, yet nothing was done. Guess who was then Director of the CIA?

Not only did we not go after Posada following his prison escape, we gave him a job. Two years ago he "surfaced" in El Salvador overseeing the, yes, you guessed it, U.S. operation (ultimately Contra/Gate) with buddies like Ollie N., Bill Casey, etc., to continue to resupply the Nicaraguan Contras. He says he feels "good...because once again I'm involved in a fight against international communism". I guess it's o.k. to be tough on terrorism unless you're the terrorist blowing away many innocent folk in the name of Democracy.

Anyone for irony? On ethics, Bush has said "The (Bush) administration will be known for its integrity. Just because we support free enterprise doesn't mean we can't be critical of its excesses. And for those who go over the line into criminality; I say, throw the book at them. I say, treat white-collar criminals as you would treat any other criminal. Lock 'em up."

O.K., George, you go for it. Say the Pledge of Allegiance everyday, get the kids to 'voluntarily' pray in public schools, send women back to the days of coat hangers and grisly deaths and make sure we know that the Cold War is not over.

Bush's National Security Advisor Brent Scowcroft wants us to know that the "new administration is skeptical of Soviet 'Peace Offensive', and will warn Allies". (Headline, L.A. Times).

It is 'retro' out of control, with many, many months to touch on many, further injustices. I just hope that my sisters and I will at least still be able to vote when you're through with us all, George. •

SNOT continued from page 6

Curfews for bars and restaurants are set. The people who are selling drugs according to the reports in the Weekly and the Reader & the L.A. Examiner, keep books, maintain rule It occurred to me that is needed is regulation. Prohibit the selling of drugs in residential neighborhoods, schools etc.

STRICTLY enforce noise, parking laws. Regulate the product so that purity and sanitation laws are observed. Regulate hours. Make the entrepreneurs get business licenses. Tax the product as we do alcohol and tobacco. Set up regulations, age restrictions, as to who can vend.

Certainly entrepreneurial savvy in the inner city have been smiled upon by both the

Kids who couldn't pass the job interviews at MacDonald's are raking in enough by selling crack to keep them in gold chains and hi-top sneakers and top of the line stereos.

Some neighborhoods sound like warzones at night. The gang kids won't turn in their semi-automatics to both district city councilman Nate Holden, though other people are turning a tidy profit by selling them to Nate.

Since these people keep books, pay help, etc., inventory, etc., they certainly be turned into tax-paying citizens. These people saw a need & in the way of true capitalism, also created a need as has been done for toothpaste, tobacco, and underarm deodorant. They have initiative, drive & energy. But like the glamorised boot-leggers of yore, they must be able to adhere to community desires: no noise, no smelly or dangerous manufacture of substances, etc., keep books and give a kick back to Uncle Sam. Similar proposals have been made before, but the present methods of drug containment enforcement have failed. For every

crack house rammed, two spring up for every dealer that has been chased from one street, they run to plague another street. I'm not speaking of the health, or wisdom of drug taking. The drug takers must be made to answer for their acts also.

But the facts are that America is getting high. Maybe the drug problem will go away whenever everyone in America wakes up glad to be alive, knowing they will be appreciated and needed as an necessary part of the human family. We won't need 'drugs' to mask the pain. Meanwhile we could generate revenue for rehab centers, literacy programs etc.

In the meantime, don't Bogart that joint, my friend. ★

Community Events



February 1989-

an invitation to

Free Venice Beachhead

Community of Free Venice

L.A. LOUVER - 77 Market Street presents Charles Garabedian beginning Feb. 11th Call 822-4955 for info.

L.A. LOUVER - 55 N. Venice Blvd. presents William Brice: DRAWINGS Begins Feb. 11th Info: 822-4955

Celebration

BENEFIT CONCERT for ST. JOSEPH CENTER February 25th at 8PM St. Alban's Episcopal Church in Westwood--\$17.50 per ticket Information--(213)382-8402

ALLIANCE FOR SURVIVAL VALENTINE PEACE PARTY Feb. 11th at 8PM The Church in Ocean Park 235 Hill Street, Santa Monica ADMISSION \$10 \$8 with advance reservations--call 399-1000

Witness for Peace will have an upcoming delegation to Nicaragua April 4 through April 20. Delegates will see the invisible war against the people with first hand contact with families in areas of conflict. The cruel effects of the U.S. economic embargo will be seen in light of the recent hurricane disaster. For more information and applications, please contact Witness for Peace, 609 Arizona Ave., Santa Monica, CA 90401, phone (213)393-3998. The application deadline is February 22.

welcome

WHEEL OF FORTUNE Starring Danny of Danny's Diner in Venice on Jan. 24th-He lost! Even losing he got \$850.

with regards
Pia Trower

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 399-0584 no later than the following Wednesday.

The discipline connects philosophy and fine art into performance of entire attention

'shun performance

by Zygmunt Piotrowski, visiting artist from Poland First time on open stage of Los Angeles on the beach in front of Sunset Ave., Venice, California February 4th - 12th, 1989 each evening at the hour of sunset

POLITICS

PUERTO RICAN POLITICAL PRISONERS --BENEFIT Saturday, Feb. 11th at 7PM \$5 Donation 3068 West 7th St. 99 (corner of Vermont) Information--(213)380-8749



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