

Watch Out—Here Comes 1984!

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FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

BEACHHEAD



January 1984, Number 169, P.O. Box 504, Venice, California 90294 (213) 823-5092

# God is Dead and the World is Crooked

by Alice Cramden

The night was a little windy, a little rainy, but somehow ominously warm...the wind currents confused in their own cycles. The three of us went to Hinano's, a popular bar in Venice, where they (i.e. those Hollywood types) supposedly filmed some of China Syndrome.

Hinano's is a bar which conjures up all sorts of Felliniesque characters and seemed a fitting place for the three of us...Larry, Walter and myself to drink a little of the night away...and we did.

It happened somewhere inbetween the incoherent mutterings of monosyllables and the flirtatious advances towards Larry by the girl at the end of the bar...the toast...the toast happened...it was not a toast to us or to life or to the stupid trivial things people make toasts to...it was a serious toast. Walter very seriously raised his beer jug and said, "Here's to the end of the world...to Armageddon." Larry and I automatically raised our jugs and toasted to the end, and then we laughed as if in relief that tonight, tonight we didn't have to kid around anymore, we didn't have to pretend to be positive, to be hopeful...at least tonight we could admit our despair and find some humor in it.

As we made our way out of the bar and into the night, the night we now had to face, we were followed by one of those drunken out of his mind derelicts who seemed to be mumbling and drooling obscenities. But, as he approached closer to me,

I was able to make out what he was saying..."God is dead, the world is crooked, God is dead, the world is crooked." And with these words, "God is dead, the world is crooked," I watched as he faded off into the night, the night he would never face.

The next morning in the midst of the word factory where I work, I heard... "came on regularly for hearing"... "God is dead"... "it is ordered and adjudged and decreed"... "the world is crooked"... "to the satisfaction of the Court"... "God is dead"... wherefore the petitioner prays for whatsoever the Court deems just & proper"... on and on the words echoed in my mind... "God is dead... the world is crooked." Somehow the drunken wisdom of an old burned out derelict seemed more profound than the tedium of the legal profession. Was I going mad... soon to join the ranks of the street people... the bag ladies?

As the realities of the day began to settle in and my daily concerns began to settle around what to eat tonight, how to entertain myself and keep from going bananas; the general menu, routine of the day somehow began to numb my experience and give me a different perspective of what had happened the night before... I... again... began to sink... lifeless... zombie-like into the mass pulsating amoeba of life...

...did he call... did she wash the dishes... did the plumber come... did I pay that bill... why did they turn my cable off... my lifeline to the world cut off... the news... what's happening in the news... are we in another war. These idle occupations again infiltrated my life and pacified me for yet another day... another day having another excuse for my ineffectual life... what could I do about world hunger... the threat of nuclear war... I had my own problems... my car broke down today and I don't have the money to fix it... what do I care what those political idiots who run the world do... let them blow the god-damn world up... the world deserves it... its crooked and god is dead.

I'm mad as hell... and I don't do anything. I try calling a number 1-800-NUCLEAR, they need money... I know they need money... I don't have any money. They're non-profit, they seem to be trying... but the people are asleep... they reach them... some send money... but things go on as they were... at ease... as you were... as they say in the Army... 1984 is here and the people... yes, George... they are oppressed, lulled and pacified by world leaders who speak softly and carry big sticks. George, I can't help wishing you were here today... but I guess you know what's going on... you and all the others up there who watch as we sink deeper and deeper into the quagmire of our greed. Who will help us?... I don't know... God is dead and the world is crooked.

Photo by Rich Mann

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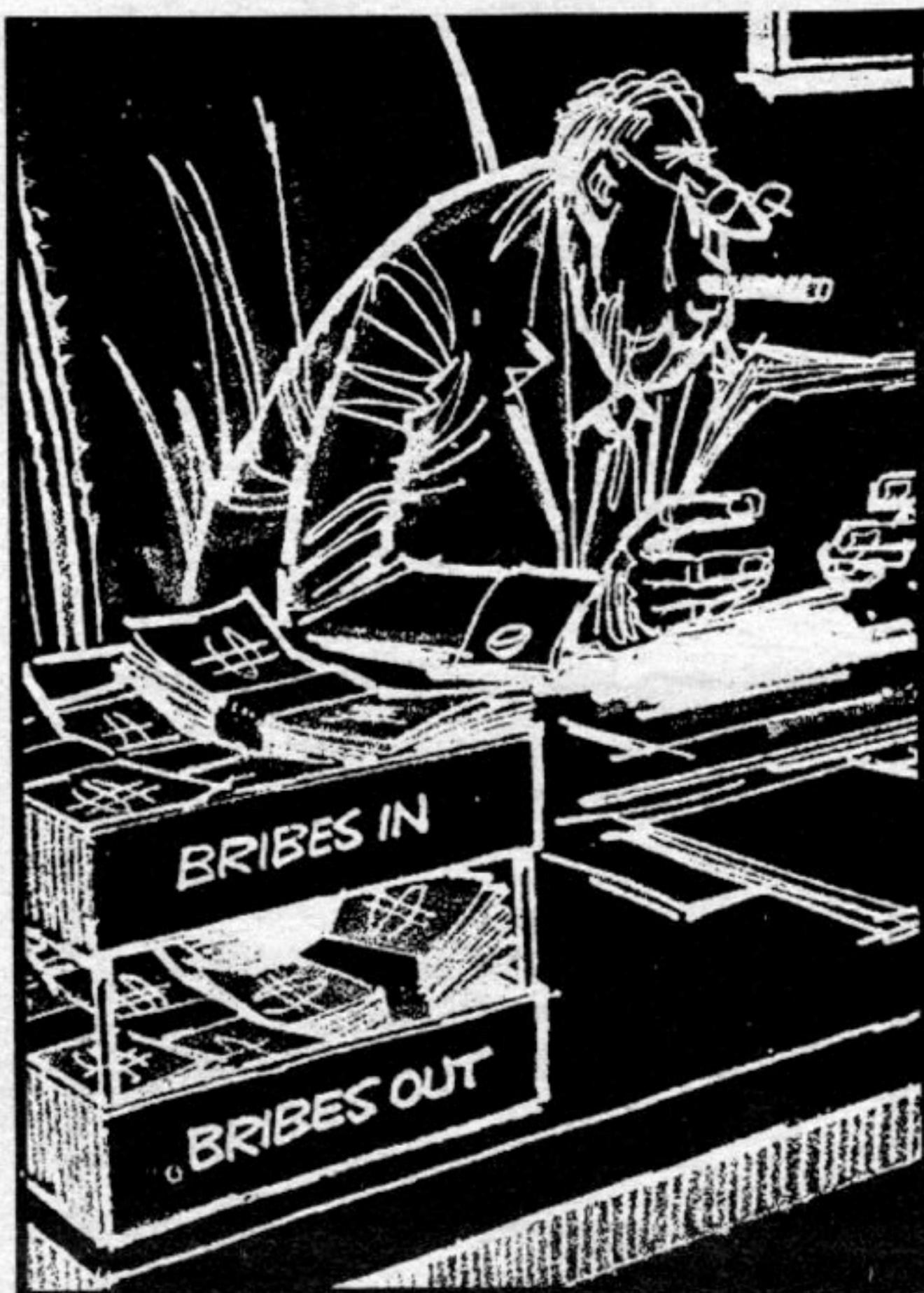
## The Cost of Malibu

by CAROL FONDILLER

It's wintertime in Southern California. For the recent immigrants from Idaho, or those natives who are so mellowed out, this is big news. For the local television stations, who live for Punk hair styles, nude beaches, lost dogs and frisbee contests, the Winter rains are a god-send.

In the Winter of 1982-83, I was entertained by Trisha Toyota interviewing Malibu victims of the landslides, erosion and battering waves.

The victims of the Coastal rampages were getting low interest loans from various State and Federal agencies to rebuild their million-dollar homes on the same scenic but geologically unstable sites. Now look, please don't expect dates and years and sources. Previous to the New Year, I excavated my living room and threw out all the papers that bulged out of my paper bag files and onto the floor of my apartment. Gone the recipes for vegetarian pate, Oreo cookie cheesecake, items about the toxic waste in the Silver Strand (Sorry, Dr. Springer), incomparable quotes from Werner Scharf and the now moribund Venice Historical Society and alas, my earthquake/wave files. For those of you who are so minded, check the back issues of the Los Angeles Times and the Evening Outlook. But I do have the priceless memory of a good grudge bearer.



I remember watching television and seeing a woman standing on a piece of rock that overlooked the Pacific Ocean. The woman and the television interviewer both wore rain coats, and the waves lashed over the rock they were both standing on. "I don't care", shouted the woman over the booming waves, "I'm still going to build my house here!" The interviewer turned toward the camera and praised her pioneering spirit. Various scenes of disaster were shown, Sheriff's deputies and men from honour farms were shown heaving sandbags to protect the homes along the Malibu coast and the Venice peninsula.

About nine years ago, I was sitting in the Torrance City Hall, listening to various doctors, lawyers, contractors and spokespeople for famous singers and actors applying for permission from the Coastal Commission to build homes with driveways, tennis courts, Jacuzzis, dressing rooms, projection rooms, garages and other architectural yummys.

The Coastal Commission staff ruled against many of these applicants. The Coastal Commission considered the staff's findings, i.e., potential wave damage, slide areas, geologically fragile land,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10





Looking for a New Occupation?

# Pawns Wanted

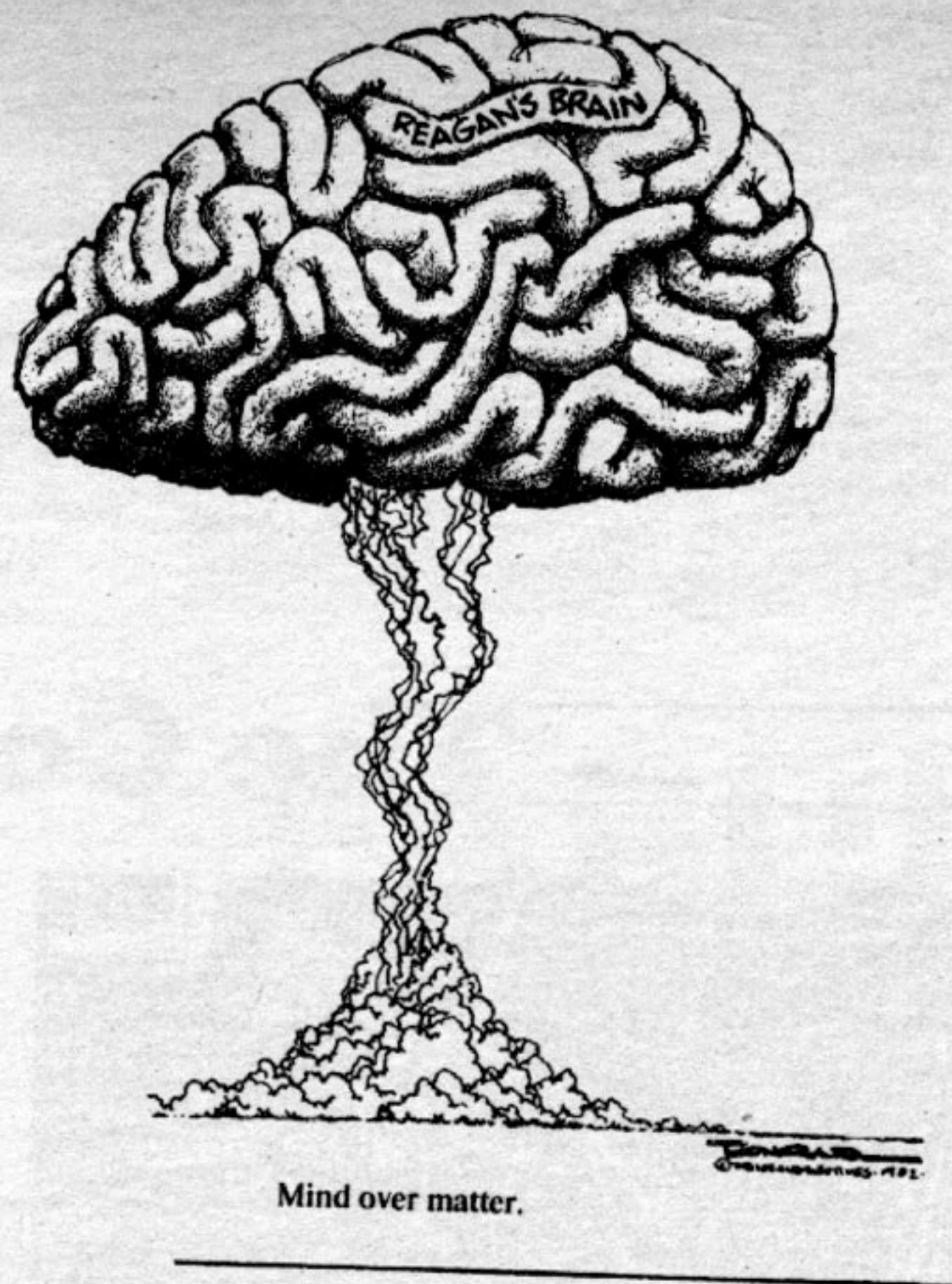
by Joe Maislich

## LOOKING FOR A NEW OCCUPATION ?

The U.S. Government, wishing ever to be ready with rationales for invasions and occupations for foreign lands, says it is in need of citizens willing to travel and reside for short or long periods in certain countries. High on the list are the lands of Central America and the Caribbean, but some Middle Eastern countries are included, and some administration figures are pushing for the inclusion of Western European countries in case popular peace movements sway or topple their governments and their roles in U.S. military policy. Said one official "You never know when geopolitical corporate, or ideological considerations will require occupation of someplace or other in cases where other methods of domination have failed or show signs that they may be failing. It is helpful in the battle for world opinion and especially in combatting the ordinary good sense of the U.S. public that there be "Americans" on the spot in need of rescue." (Quotation marks around "American" added by the news service.)

A near disaster occurred last month when a plane bringing citizen rescues back to the U.S. from Grenada almost collided with a plane headed south deporting Salvadoreans to El Salvador to face their fate. An official commented, "We were damned lucky. A collision would have been a terrible embarrassment."

There is a countermovement arising to the government rescue plans. Some citizens residing abroad have been sending letters of disavowal to the State Dept. saying to quote one of them, "I don't want to be rescued by the Marines or anyone else. I am not an excuse for imperial invasion." But an official in the Bureau of Rationalization said "If push comes to shove and we have only such reluctant rescues in for example Nicaragua, we just may have to rescue them anyway if the time is right-- that is unless the Cubans or Russians rescue them first." ■



Dear Beachhead Collective,

Just a note to wish you well on your 15th birthday. The Society has a nearly complete collection of your publication which we microfilm as it reaches sufficient purportion on the shelves. It is preserved on two reels of 35mm microfilm which we will lend to anyone who asks at no charge. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

James P. Danky  
The State Historical  
Society of Wisconsin

Dear Beachhead,

I have just read my first issue, Number 168, of the Beachhead and I'm extremely impressed with the articles about Grenada, the article on War as a Racket and the whole paper.

I work in Venice 2 days a week and live in Santa Barbara. I would love to receive the Beachhead at home.

I could give you postage fees, in fact I will. Here is 5 bucks. If you can't that's O.K. I will have to get it when I come down.

I am David Swimmer, MD.

Vaya con Dios,  
David

Dear BEACHHEADERS:

Belated Birthday Greetings. Such a bounty from you - how could I free-load for ten years! You are crucial, high spirits in this Community - reflecting and refracting "cosmic" energies.

Deeply appreciating,  
Sheila Garden

The folks listed below contributed gifts to the Beachhead's 15th Birthday issue last month. Either we spelled their names incorrectly or recieved their gifts after publication.

Edward Kaufman  
Linda Lucks  
Doug Appel  
David Pettit  
Sheila Garden

Marguerite M. Buckley

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## FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

STAFF: Olga Palo, Carol Fondiller, Elizabeth Elder, Emily Winters, Joan Friedberg, Moe Stavnezer, memphis slim, Kathy Henderson.

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.



Small World Books

1407 Ocean Front Walk  
Venice CA 90291  
(213) 399-2360

Part-time Venice developer, Werner Scarff has applied for a permit to build a 40-unit low-moderate income apartment at 40 Paloma Ave. The hearing is actually to change the zoning of the lot from its current low density designation to one which will allow much higher density.

The City Planning Dept. has, nonetheless, determined that this project will not have a significant effect on the environment.

The initial public hearing will take place on Monday, Jan. 23rd before a City hearing examiner. It will be held at the West L.A. Municipal building, 1645 Corinth Ave. in the 2nd floor hearing room. The complete file is available at City Hall, downtown L.A., in room 101. For more info call 485-5071.

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NEW ADDRESS!



# "OH, 'FICKLE' LANDMARK"

by SUZANNA HALL

May 18, 1975 marked the centennial celebration of the City of Santa Monica and a jubilant occasion in which the Santa Monica Pier was designated an Historical Landmark. To commemorate the event the County Graphic Arts Department created a huge, stone monument complete with bronze plaque proclaiming the auspicious date and listing the names of the County Board of Supervisors. Having this event come about wasn't easy. It took several years of hard work by dedicated people and the gathering of 22,000 signatures of registered voters to "save" Santa Monica Pier.

Joan Crown, an elegant English lady (who once owned "Jack's" on the Pier), remembers those who wanted to do away with the century old landmark in favour of an island and luxury condo near the breakwater. "Imagine!" she said, "they wanted to use the Pier just for a bridge! I even overheard one of those businessmen say that there wouldn't be a hot-dog in sight!" "But," she added, looking out over the spectacular Pacific and an August sun blazing its way to the horizon, "The Pier People and all those who loved the Pier proved than one can 'fight city hall' and win."

And what a victory celebration that was! The Pier was carpeted for 40 feet around the monument and there was a day long live broadcast on KIIS from the "Chez Jay" hot-air balloon. Naturally, the County Board of Supervisors was there. It would be difficult to imagine a politician worth his fillibuster who could ignore the spectacular ambience of his name in bronze, lots of carpeting and a hot-air balloon. Not only that--there were 91,500 voters on the beach.

Santa Monica Pier defies description in most contemporary, aseptic terms. The last of its breed on the Southern California coast - it stretches out like a grand, rag-tag, Steinbeckian finger into the Pacific. Pulsing with a vivid, texture and quality of its own - it is part carnival, part amusement park and part small town. Arriving on the Pier, the first thing in view is the Merry-Go-Round. This building houses not only the carousel; but the Merry-Go-Round apartment on the second floor. The carousel was built in 1922 by the Philadelphia Toboggan Company; each horse beautifully hand-carved by Austrian artist John Zalar

Recently, this wonderful antique was magnificently restored; however, the exterior of the carousel building with its peeling paint and broken window panes in the now vacant apartment house above it, reflects the true soul of the Pier - insides being far more important than outsides. This very "mind-set" is probably why the monolithic monument fits right into the mystique of the Pier. The monument is misspelled. One might wax philosophic and say that refusing the "niche-ification process, a misspelled monument in bureaucratic bronze is somehow appropriate for the Pier.

Which brings us back to Pier Day in that halcyon spring of 1975. The celebrants were caught in the joyous abandon of an Art Contest, a Pie Eating Contest, a Bathing Beauty (1875-1975) Contest, a Bubble Gum Blowing and Corn Eating Contest. At this point in the festivities, Supervisor James Hayes unveiled the monument amidst ecstatic hurrahs; after which the Cracker Chewing While Whistling Contest took place. This latter event was won by Buzz Barton (a musician, naturally), who now runs the Oatman Rock Shop on the Pier. And it was Buzz who first discovered the bronze "boo-boo." Buzz, somewhat exhilarated after his triumph, strolled over to the monument which sticks up like a bony finger about midway on the Pier between Moby's Dock Restaurant and the parking lot. He read the inscription aloud (as musicians are apt to do). "SANTA MONICA PIER - DEDICATED AN OFFICAL," he paused and repeated the word carefully and phonetically to himself - 'oh-fickle?' - he cleared his throat and continued bravely, "LOS ANGELES COUNTY HISTORICAL LANDMARK." At this point he began thinking that official (pronounced oh-fickle) might be a new

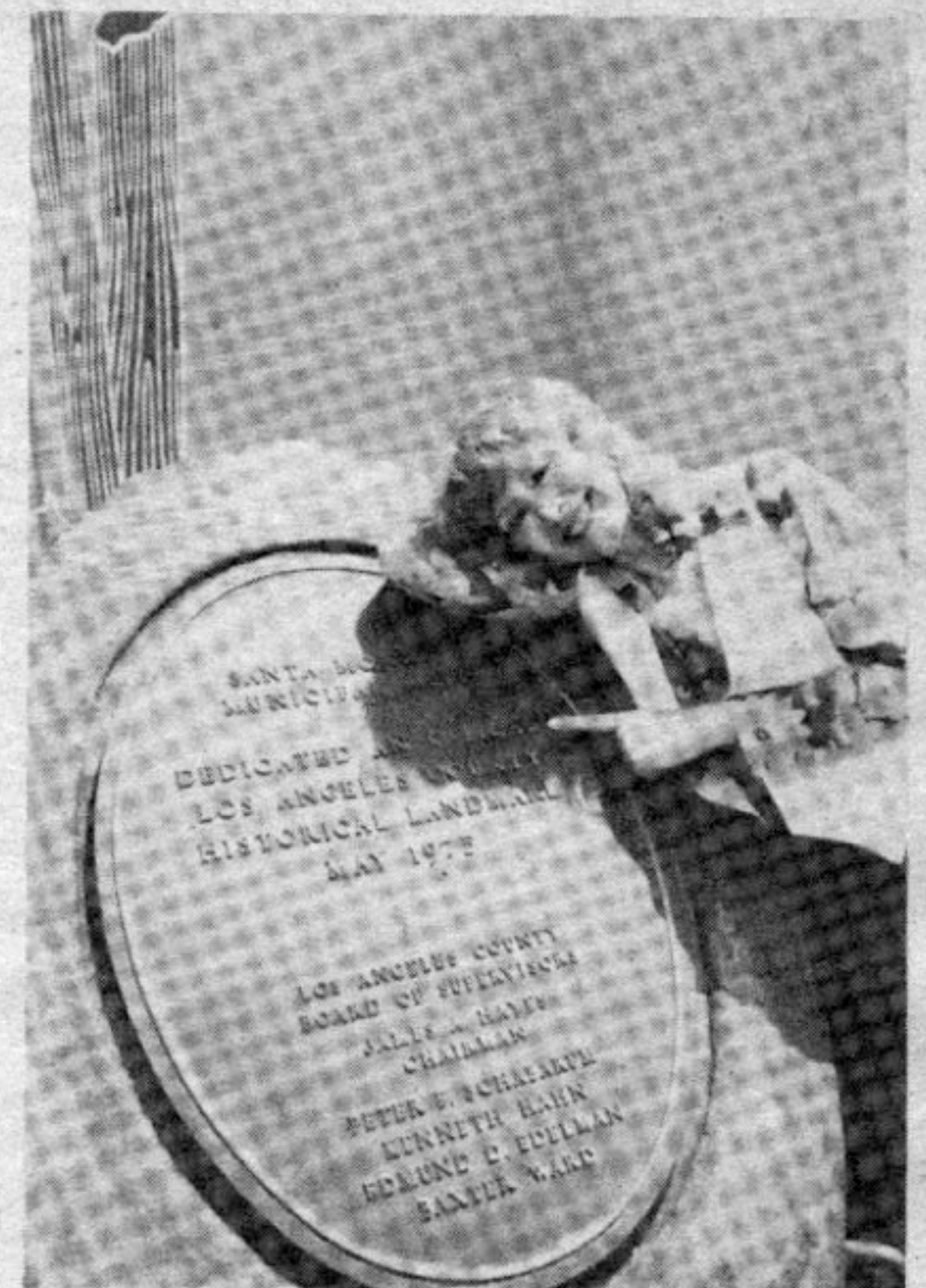
bureaucratic word meaning "changeable" as in sea; and, not wishing to appear un knowledgeable, he didn't say much of anything. (As a lad in Fossil, Wyoming, Buzz had been severely chastized for having chortled over the "misspelling" of milch-cow. The trauma of that event stuck with him.) However, the Countess Wilhelmina, his companion at the Pier Day Celebration, was enthralled with the imaginative, literary genius who created the monument. "Of course, zis is not a mistake! Est is poetic license!" The Countess comes from the tiny principality of Indiscriminitzia and she loves the Pier because, as she says, "Eet reminds me of home."

The Countess, of course, is right. The Pier is "like home" - and like any home it must be cared for. Now, while Forms and Licenses and Carbon Copies Thereof, Tides Coming IN Thereto and all those other whereas, Whereof and Amen papers are filed and fumigated at City Hall; the true "caring for" of the Pier is done by the Harbor Patrol. These hardy, slaty men with a sea-change look in their eyes, put in mornings, commit C.P.R. and E.M.T. and other equally sanguine and sympathetic first aid; swim the Pacific waters winter and summer - keeping in shape in order to save idiots who drink booze and then try to swim and/or scuba dive; or fish out some drowned idiots who drank booze and tried to swim and/or scuba dived. For diversion, they protect stray cats, stray writers and inspect the pilings beneath the Pier. Their job is not a breeze. The Patrolmen refer to each other by last names, for the most part, and it was Cunningham who remarked that "the Pier is to Santa Monica what the Eiffel Tower is to Paris." Clenching his pipe in his teeth and looking for all the world (as the Countess says) like a reincarnated Captain Ahab; he comments on the whimsical spelling of the monument, "I should that makes makes it a very valuable monument...after all, I'll bet there's not another monument in the country where the word official is misspelled."

Former County Supervisor James Hayes was not too enthusiastic about the "poetic license" on the bronze plaque; and when notification of the error was brought to his attention, Supervisor Hayes complained that the monument was a "hurry-up" job and the error was to be rectified with due alacrity forthwith and etcetera. That pronouncement was quite recent. The spring of '76. County Graphic Artist Frank Ackerman, the designer of the monument, was disgruntled with the misspelling as well. "Seven people," he said with disgust, "ptooof read that bronze plaque."

So, while government is unhappy at the prospect of having a faux-pas immortalized in bronze and even more unhappy at having brought to their attention; the Pier People have come to enjoy their prodigious monument. Most of them find it a typically unconventional note in the rich free-wheeling orchestration of the Pier. What folks don't enjoy is the location of the monument; unceremoniously holding down a corner of Moby's Dock, surrounded by a parking lot and gestating snow-cone machines - passers by think the monument is part of the restaurant decor - hardly anyone pauses to look at it. Considering all the people who worked so long and so hard to get the Santa Monica Pier designated a landmark - its location is, as Joan Crown says, "somewhat less than salubrious." The Countess thinks it should be moved next to the newly restored Merry-Go-Round with, perhaps, a park bench beside it and a few green plants. The Countess also thinks there ought to be a sign pointing out the monument's "poetic license" for the convenience of tourists who have not, as yet, learned to spell. Buzz Barton thinks that it ought to be moved to the furthest western tip of the Pier so that it might keep company with all the other bronze plaques, pictures and Pier memorabilia. Everyone agrees that any place on the Pier would be an improvement over its present nondescript and somewhat shabby locale.

The Pier has always attracted (albeit inadvertently at times) the imaginative. W.C. Fields lived in one of the Merry-Go-Round apartments for 12 years. The Pier People say that it was listening to



The author and THE PLAQUE (an official photo courtesy of the City of Santa Monica)

carousel melodies all day, every day that inspired him to write "The Bank Dick." One wag on the Pier commented that it was this Wurlitzer organ music that drove W.C. to lacing his protein drinks with gin... to the consternation of Adelle Davis and the Beefeater people. Nevertheless, one can almost see W.C. strolling along the boardwalk, pausing at the monument and dusting off the bronze plaque with his top hat. And one can almost hear W.C. discussing the comedic merits of the monument and saying in his inimitable way to anyone who might listen: "Oh fickle landmark! With a little luck you might become the milch-cow of Santa Monica. W.C. had a way with words.

#### ADDENDUM

The winter storms of 1982 washed away my little office-cum-closet (complete with a stack of Life Magazines from the '60s') also gone are the Oatman Rock Shop, the Harbor Master's Office and more. Much, much more.

Winter is approaching again. The sea is becoming dark blue, the sand is hard and there is a faint sting in the wind...one can feel that somewhere beyond the horizon the storm clouds are crouching down. Waiting. I hope we are going to be in time - this time - to truly Save the Pier...and that this winter's storms will embrace us all with a gentler touch. ▶



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## We are working to give the wilderness, nature, the legal right to exist . . .

In the Oct. issue, there is a blank spot on p. 3 which I must dedicate to the Sinkyone Wilderness here on our Northern Mendocino coast. On the last day of production the word came that Georgia-Pacific, multinational tree pulpers, were beginning to clear-cut 75 acres of old growth redwoods in the Sally Bell grove, named after the last Sinkyone Indian, a survivor of an otherwise total massacre on this coast.

Ever since the ending of the August Gathering, my life has been a series of blank spots and I have had to more or less abandon my peace, draft, Mid-East, no nukes, Caribbean focus in favor of an intense local struggle to prevent the final sacrifice of the remnants of old growth, 1000 year old trees on this coast with its steep, steep slopes and its 2000 year old Indian home sites.

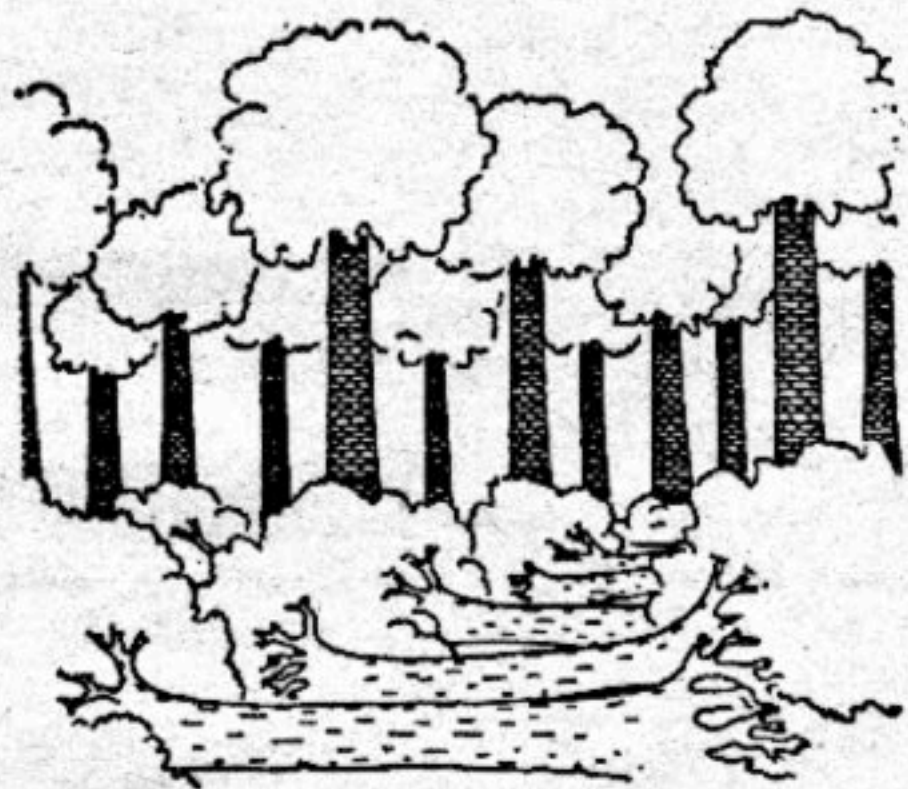
Up till Sept., the years-long struggle to protect the coast has been going on primarily on paper through the various political processes, while the trees fell, and watersheds were irrevocably damaged. The call for Resistance came with the instant defection of our newly elected Assemblymember, a self-proclaimed wilderness defender, taking no time to accommodate himself to the force of Agri-business. In late August and early Sept. we began a series of councils, strategy meetings, workshops, slide shows and nonviolent preparations.

As part of our tradition here we had 4 women tree-huggers, and a widespread (and basically non-violent) resistance to herbicides, both in 1977. We had the nuke movement and the peace movement increasingly active since 79 and very active recently, to give us a form: affinity groups, consensus, nonviolence. We had the Environmental movement, symbolized by the group Earth First, shifting from losing legal and political battles to direct nonviolent intervention on behalf of the Wilderness. We also have a tough minded local group which developed a direct challenge to the present destructive logging practices. And we had the Indian movement, represented by the International Indian Treaty Council, which had added its weight and its important blessing to our struggle.

I also had Clear Marks, from the Sept. issue: "let's practice small group actions to reduce local victimization...stopping corporations from profiting from invasion...If without such actions, we merely talked about nonweapons defenses, few listeners would be convinced." I also had the coming fight over Red Mountain, 10 miles to the southeast of my cabin, which the fin/pol elite are preparing to mine to its heart for strategic nickel, cobalt and American dollars. I had been to the city, too, on no nukes missions and on environmental ones, and my image is the same: the cities have already been nuked. The lethal waste from our war on nature and on behalf of a lifestyle totally divorced from nature is visibly and invisibly working. The people there are "nuclearly numb" - living on the moon we are making here on Earth every day.

And we who have gone to the trees are beginning to make a stand among them now. That's how I felt when I got the news of the Sally Bell cutting. As with the Navajos and Hopi, the Sioux and other native peoples who inhabit the "unusable" land which is slated to be now used up, we "natural peoples" are living on land designated as well for this last great bleeding, before our deranged nation-states incinerate what's left.

But I act in hope, despite my gotterdammerung prose. We are working to give the wilderness, nature the legal right to exist, we are going to reshape the system until there are stewardships and trustees everywhere on the land who can protect the earth for its own sake, knowing that it can sustain us as it did the Indians. In doing this, so goes my scenario, we will begin to get a grip on our local social and political and economic processes and gain self-rule, home-rule, and conscience-rule. Up here we call it Eco-topia, but the Greeks had another work for it: democracy from demos - land, country, district. In my primal mythology we are a restless moving species and a rooted indigenous species forever at war with each other. My fantasy is that the restless moving ones will get in the space ships and leave us rooted ones to the Earth. But can we allow the trail of beer cans and lethal waste across the universe; and meanwhile I come home like a stranger to stare at my rooted world I have so little time to live in; and I can't envision much let up from now on until the species is defused.



W. Germany/cpf

## Have You Hugged Your Tree Today?

So, to get back to that Thursday afternoon where I couldn't eradicate that blank spot on page 3 to save my life: by 4 in the morning I finished the drive to our base camp near the grove, carrying, in my borrowed truck, 50 or 60 pounds of TV equipment: so the whole world was watching when we stopped the logging.

It was a euphoric victory: almost a textbook example of successful nonviolence, ending with direct actionists, sheriff's people and G-P workers in a circle around the Indian home site. No arrests and no further logging. That night our temporary restraining order came through. However, once G-P recovered they put our "TRO" in legal doubt, and then went ahead with cutting. We were in attendance too, the first day this time, rather than a day late and 5 old trees later. But what we faced was more like my earlier anticipations, a big contingent of sheriff's deputies, with a laid out arrest compound containing a large bus, extra company personnel, including the Regional Director, and a very ready crew of tree fallers.

Tree hugging was our model but already on the first day we had to go mobile, with two small groups entering sites and stopping cutting in action. The second time, it was hide and seek from the beginning. Instead of the courtesy shown us the first time, the attitude was callous. One of our number, a tree-hugger 5 years previously, had a close call when the faller lost interest in where exactly she was. My own apprehension was a little more comic, being chased uphill lugging my equipment through the branches of a fallen redwood, by the admirably agile G-P chief forester, while the heavier deputies stayed below. I escaped arrest, but in the next two days I was arrested as we fought a losing battle, it seemed, to save the trees.

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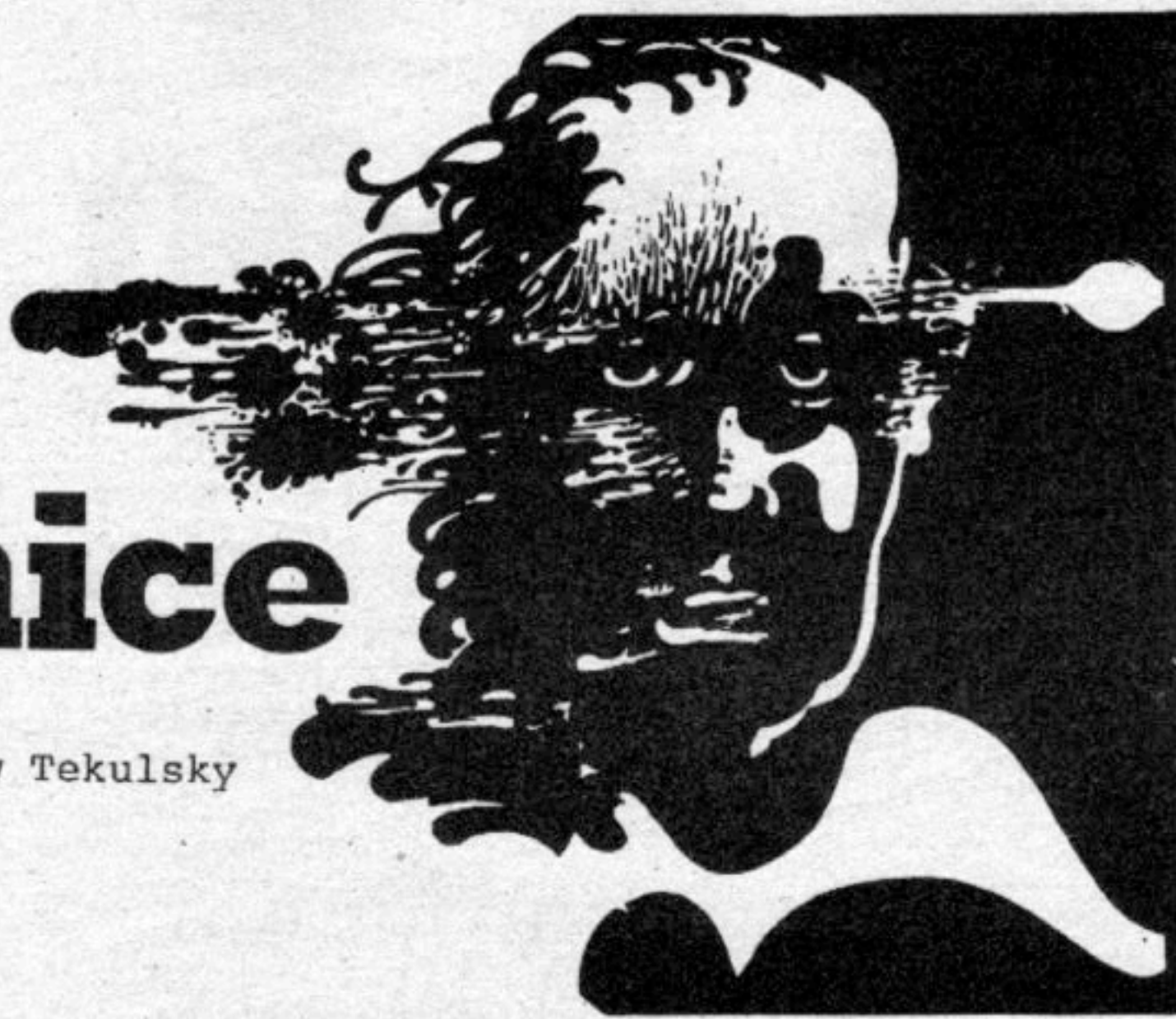
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by Mathew Tekulsky



Roger Martin knew he was being followed. He had known it for at least fifteen minutes. It was a sunny Sunday afternoon and he was winding through the hordes of people on Ocean Front Walk in Venice, California. Street musicians played and vendors sold paintings, clothes, jewelry and knick-knacks. Roller skaters and bicyclists breezed past. Martin stopped next to an outdoor cafe and tied his sneakers, glancing back to see if the girl was still there. She was.

He remembered the first time he saw her, dancing in a special area for disco roller-skating. She was dressed in a purple t-shirt and yellow jogging shorts, and her golden hair was pulled back, leaving the delicate features of her face exposed. He came down to the walk many times after that, and she was always there. Some days she wore an old pair of blue jeans and seemed to have risen from the pavement. Other times, she would be in a bright-red jump suit, as if she had descended from a cloud. Martin came to feel as if he knew her. If he did not come down for a week, he would miss her terribly, and the next time he would feel as if they had been reunited, like long-lost friends. Sometimes Martin imagined himself married to the girl, even having children. She would love to give of herself and Martin would love her for it and would give her everything that he had. And do it gladly.

One day, he assumed his usual place under the trees by the side of the dancing area and waited until she had skated out toward the walk. He followed, trying to keep up as best he could. Suddenly, she looked back. His heart raced. He sped up and when he was about ten feet away called out, "Excuse me!"

The girl stopped. Up close now, he could appreciate her full beauty. Her tan skin was wound exquisitely around her face. Her cheeks shone and her eyes radiated with delight. Her lips were slightly parted.

"You said excuse me," she stated.

"I was watching you skating. You're very good."

"Thank you."

"Is it difficult?"

The girl nodded.

"It must take a lot of practice."

"Yes."

Martin shifted.

"I've got to go," the girl said.

She started to skate away.

"Wait!" Martin called out.

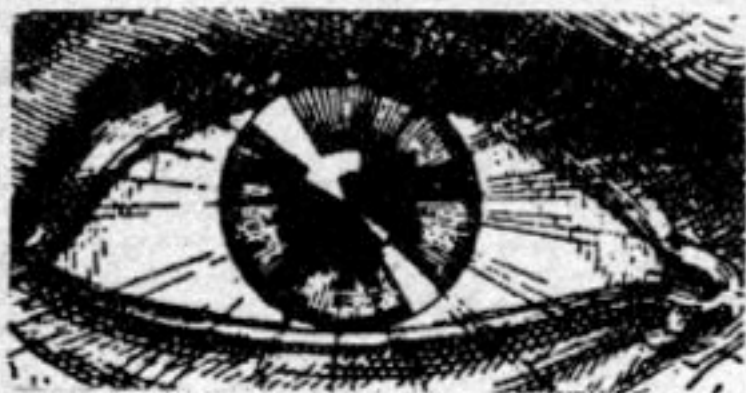
The girl turned around.

"What's your name?"

"Jenny!"

After that first meeting, Martin visited the beach regularly. He considered the possibility that she had forgotten him. After all, they had only spoken for a minute or so. And the longer he waited, the more he would sink into her memory. He had to act soon.

He chose the day. After grabbing a hamburger, he headed for the disco-skating area. He looked at the gyrating bodies, but he couldn't see Jenny. He started off along the walk, scrutinizing each skater, but she wasn't among them. He tried to look through the crowd, but the bodies blended into each other. He looked in at the cafe, but there was no sign of her.



Suddenly, just ahead, he thought he saw her. Yes, there she was! He could see her long, slender legs. He

walked over and touched her shoulder gently. She quivered instinctively. She seemed to recognize him. He put out his hand to touch her face. He felt the sun pouring down on his back, giving him strength, warmth.

Martin stayed away from the beach for some time after that. Every time he conjured up the memory of what had happened, it brought shudders to his body. Had she actually gasped and recoiled in shock? He considered trying to face Jenny again. He wasn't sure what he'd do if he saw her. And what if she saw him?

Now here he was, and there she was. He looked back again. She was standing in front of a palm reader. Martin considered going over. They would have their fortunes read. That would solve everything. But she continued in his direction. Suddenly a wild and unimaginable thought struck him. Perhaps she was in love with him. Deeply in love. Maybe he had stirred something within her that had never been tapped. He had captured her heart, her senses, her being. Why else was she following him like this? He had to find out.

He pulled off to the side and let a group of people pass by. His heart quickened and his legs became shaky. His mouth was dry. Jenny was almost upon him. Her body was enveloped in the crystal rays of the sun. They seemed to form a halo around her. White light shone out from her arms, her legs, the top of her head.

Martin waited until she was across from him and then came up beside her. He looked into her eyes for some form of recognition. He waited for her to speak but she said nothing. Then she turned away.

# Summa Wrestling

By Moe Stavnezer  
and  
Friends of the Ballona Wetlands

Barely 2 days before it was scheduled to take place, the Coastal Commission meeting on the Marina/Ballona LCP was abruptly cancelled. (It is now scheduled for January 12th).

A Marina lessee, Abe Lurie of Real Property Management, had filed a suit claiming unfair treatment--Summa & others were allowed more development than he, he claimed--and also objecting to the chopping in half of Fisherman's Village, which he coincidentally owns, to make a new entry channel in the Summa marina. The judges issued a restraining order so the commission hearing was postponed. The turn of events acutally helped opponents of the Summa plan to develop what amounts to a new city on the coast since notice to the public had been late. Now we can notify more people earlier to attend the commission hearing.

\*\*\*\*\*  
COASTAL COMMISSION HEARING THUR. JAN 12  
at LAX HOLIDAY INN 9901 La Cienega  
9:00AM approx. 648-5151  
(Call the Coastal Commission at  
590-5071 for more information )


\*\*\*\*\*

A SCAG (Southern Calif. Assoc. of Govt) report, originally due in mid-October was delayed without much explanation. The report, dealing with traffic in the LCP area, is rumored to find that traffic problems associated with the Summa development (especially when combined with the northside LAX project) will be monumental. At this writing, mid-Dec. of 83, the SCAG report still was unavailable. A similar series of events surrounded the Dept of Fish & Game report which, in final form, greatly reduced the Ballona Wetland acreage from the final draft version. There are now rumors that the final SCAG report will be more optimistic than the data "leaked" has indicated.

We will be facing a concerted effort by local government, both City & County of L.A., to ram through the LCP. This will include the Falmouth cut-through-- a road directly through the wetland-- and the Marina Bypass (between Lincoln and Washington Bl. along the RR right-of-way). These roads, as insensitive and irrational as they are, are said, by the County and Summa, to be the answer to the traffic problems this development will spawn. And we're talking about 100's of thousands new auto trips every day on our already congested streets. (One estimate of the increase envisions the need for 3 new San Diego freeways to handle the traffic if the 12 major developments now on the drawing boards are approved for the area from Santa Monica to Manhattan Beach.

It appears that the dollar signs of additional revenue have blinded both the City and County to the needs of the people and the environment. Additionally, the campaign coffers of Deane Dana, Pat Russell, and Tom Bradley have been considerably enriched by Summa (through the Hughes Organization Political Action Committee). All three have accepted significant contributions from Summa and fully support the LCP, despite the fact that the KNOW their constituents are opposed.

It is essential that Russell and Bradley hear our opposition. You are urged to write both of them at City Hall, 200 N. Spring St., L.A. CA 90012. (Russell's phone nos. are 485-3357, downtown, and 485-6995 in Westchester). And please, plan to attend the Coastal Commission hearing on Jan. 12th. The staff report on this LCP is not favorable to this community or the way we'll have to live in the next 25 years. Tell the commission in no uncertain terms that you oppose this LCP because it fails to meet virtually every major test of the Coastal Act and because it will provide a precedent for all future development in the area. ●



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# "Rhyme Scheme"

by memphis slim

"RHYME SCHEME" is an impressive and inspiring anthology of poems from the VENICE POETRY WORKSHOP.

This chapbook is illustrated by photos from the "SATURN COLLECTION" by Israel Halpern. These photos are actually xeroxed copies of photos and have reproduced poorly. This is, however, the book's weakest point.

The poetry starts off with Gail Brown's "SOMEONE TELLS HER SHE SHOULD SMILE MORE." She reminisces about the trauma of parents displaying their children. She tells the story through her obsession/repulsion with her own image.

Then Timothy Joyce offers us a three part vision of death in the "DEATH OF YOUNG MEN AND VICTOR JARA". Joyce initially offers a vision that only death brings a poet notoriety. The second part conveys the twilight of life in a natural setting. Lastly is evoked the memory and terrible sadness that is Chile and Victor Jara.

Paula Margolis uses one of the books' longer works, "THE BALLAD OF BALLPARK FRANK", as a metaphor for communicating with GOD. Frank it seems has endured a life of humiliation to be able to wave to GOD. And to love.

Next is "RIBBONS" by Ricky Chun. Here is a short but precise (visions of HAKU) poetic description of the most poetic of all feelings, passion.

The illustrator, typesetter, co-editor and co-publisher of the book, Israel Halpern, has reserved himself the center spread. In "OMNISCIENT NARRATOR" he reflects on his death as a way to examine his life. Opposite the verse is a picture of Halpern smoking a joint 20 years ago. And they say life imitates art!

"LESSON 45" is Judith Rechter's vision of downtown (which downtown?) as if the poem were one of the questions on an achievement test. Near the end of the poem, but before the questions, is the announcement that "We passed the test." All the answers possible are correct.

"THREE PAINS" describes three physical ailments with metaphysical meanings. Frances Dean Smith describes non-existent bodyparts in showing the limitations of human growth.

My favorite is LeAnn Jackson Carrie's "THE NOISE OF BLANKETS SILENTLY RUSTLING" LeAnn is co-editor, co-publisher and a leader in the VENICE POETRY WORKSHOP. She beautifully describes a precious moment of life. Reading her words makes me feel my lover's presence not in words or feelings but in senses.

Ira Cohen then offers us a fragment of greater things in the excerpt from "NOTES OF AN ALCHEMIST". The lines make me want to leave immediately for Manhattan with the only baggage I have, my soul.

Lastly, "VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY..." is an eight stanza question. Blakeslee Stevens questions the very synthesis that a poet produces. Is it a synthesis or have I "Plagiarized this Poem?"

The Workshop is a 14 year Venice tradition, free and open to the public. The Workshop meets at S.P.A.R.C., 685 Venice Blvd. •



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Wendy Sandus 1979 ©

## Venice by the Sea

the streets are covered with dirt

the bums roam happily, knowing they are free

the beach contributes happiness to those who can't get it elsewhere

the people are free of mind, yet aware of the dark soggy city less than 20 minutes away

how can we live in such a dirty place, people ask.

the streets are covered with dirt due to the people who are trying to escape the dark smoggy city, yet willing to make our world as theirs

the bums have to roam here, because they are shipped down here from Beverly Hills

yet after putting up with the tourists for those three months, we are still happy with the other nine months left for us alone, bums and all.

the place.....is called venice by the Sea.

Alia Congdon

## It Rains in Venice

The rain beat down on the lonely street. The people were few. I could feel the water seeping in my shoes, as if seeking a friend. And I did not discourage it.

Proceeding down the cold, familiar alley, I saw the worried faces in the cars that drove by me. Need they worry so much, I thought to myself. Yet the answer seemed quite clear. I tried to dispose it out of my mind, but could not. I thought of the hard, cold war threatening us continuously. The many people dying of starvation, because we are not willing to give up a little of our own food.

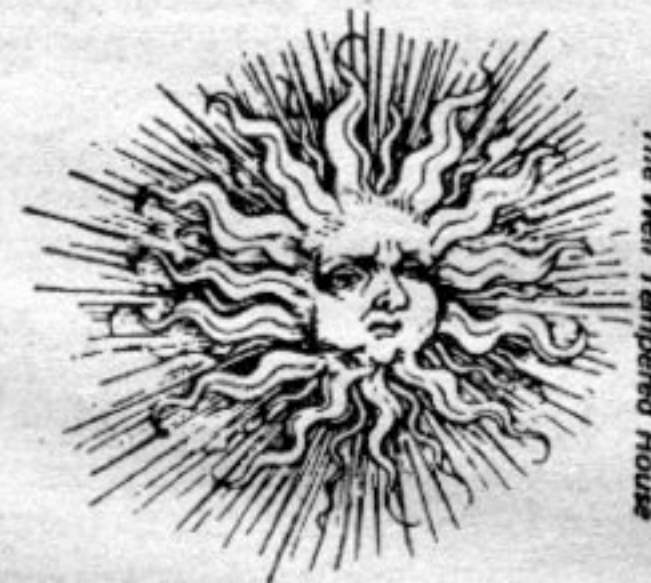
Anger did not cease to overcome my mind.

The wealthy in their too big houses, the rich in their too big mansions who won't give some of their money to those who have none.

I tried to free the thoughts from my mind, and I succeeded in doing so.

The rain came down softly, as a veil over my eyes and I continued on...

Alia Congdon



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# POETRY

A CHINESE PHONE CALL

HIGH COO

bluebird up my nose  
her eggs will soon break open  
runny scrambled brains

Susan Packie

New sticky with quilt  
I don't belong here



I SAW THE LIGHT IN CULVER CITY

I saw the light in Culver City  
Cascading from your eyes  
Many promises in womens' eyes  
Have raised many expectations  
None so far  
So wild  
As to transform my life  
As a girl in Viet Nam once said  
In response to an expectation  
"Suc May"  
(It will never happen)  
But, I'll be back  
For the light in your eyes

Alan Richard Neal 6/17/83

My mother always says  
she knows what fucked me up.  
It was Ronnie Severino,  
the guy who took my cherry  
when I was 16.  
He practically raped me.

I started a new job yesterday,  
typing names and addresses.  
I introduced myself to the owner.  
He said "welcome aboard".  
I like older men and probably  
will wind up propositioning him.

I'll stay a few months  
then look for something better.  
The pay is atrocious.  
I really want to go back to school,  
but my father says  
not to put pressure on myself.

I'm still fighting for visitation rights  
to see my daughter.  
I told you about it didn't I?  
How I was frightened into signing the adoption  
papers

by my brother who's a super  
in the building my father owns 70% of?

Things are bound to get better.  
I've found a new doctor,  
my parents are paying for my therapy  
and the phone bill.  
Don't hang up.

by Bob Libertelli

NEVER A COVER

BY Bob Libertelli

You drank enough raspberry brandy for two,  
plus you were stinko from not washing  
as if you'd come cross country on a bus.  
I realize your aversion to soap and water  
has to do with your depression  
which is why I took you out to cheer you up.  
That's not to be the cardinal issue  
in the space of these few odd sentences  
I want to chirp in your ear.  
Neither is the booze you consumed in such quantity  
One might believe Prohibition was about to  
begin again.

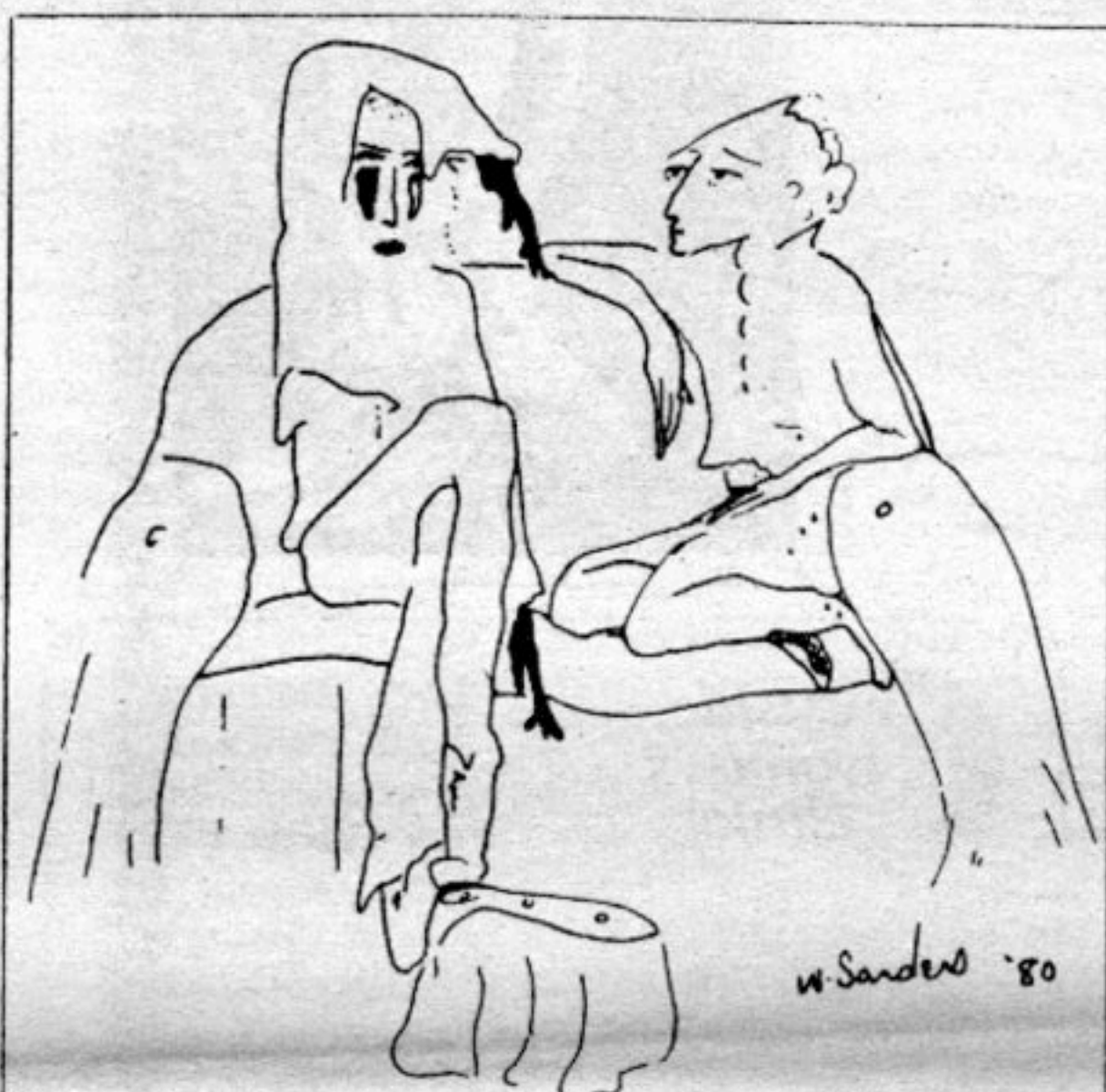
No, when I brought my brother's 3-wheeled vehicle  
around to the front of Club Borneo,  
What shocked me was the number of male admirers  
forming a circle around your person,  
which I thought was my person.  
Must I spend my every conscious macho moment  
monitoring your fidelity like a stereo repairman.  
And you said you had the blues!

Their lust filled eyes peering out of heads  
sporting every conceivable hairstyle  
were glued to the lush curves of your body.  
I was never more self conscious of my receding  
hairline.

Why can't you be true?  
What a fool I was to have spent the night  
slumped over a rear table,  
high on hobby glue.  
The fact you were so desirable despite your faults  
to a host of gents,  
opened my eyes which were stuck together  
and made me proud to be your lover man.  
With my chest puffed out,  
I quickly shut the door on your side of the front  
seat

where you sat with your legs wide open  
obviously enjoying the effect you created  
on the aforementioned throng of stiffs.  
My license had been revoked before  
we began living together,  
but that didn't stop me  
from speeding up, down and across the turnpike  
to reach our windowless bedroom  
where I kneaded your body into position  
the way a sculptor does clay.

1984



"I guess I hid my disappointment so well, I can't find it to share it with you."



SCIENCE LESSON

According to the latest reports  
the polar icecaps are melting,  
at both ends, I assume.

I am alarmed, somewhat, and wonder,  
how fast?  
Like the cubes in my scotch?

Taking out my watch, noting the level  
rise in my glass, by fractions,  
I compute no early swamping of  
Los Angeles, no naval rescue  
of children from rooftops.

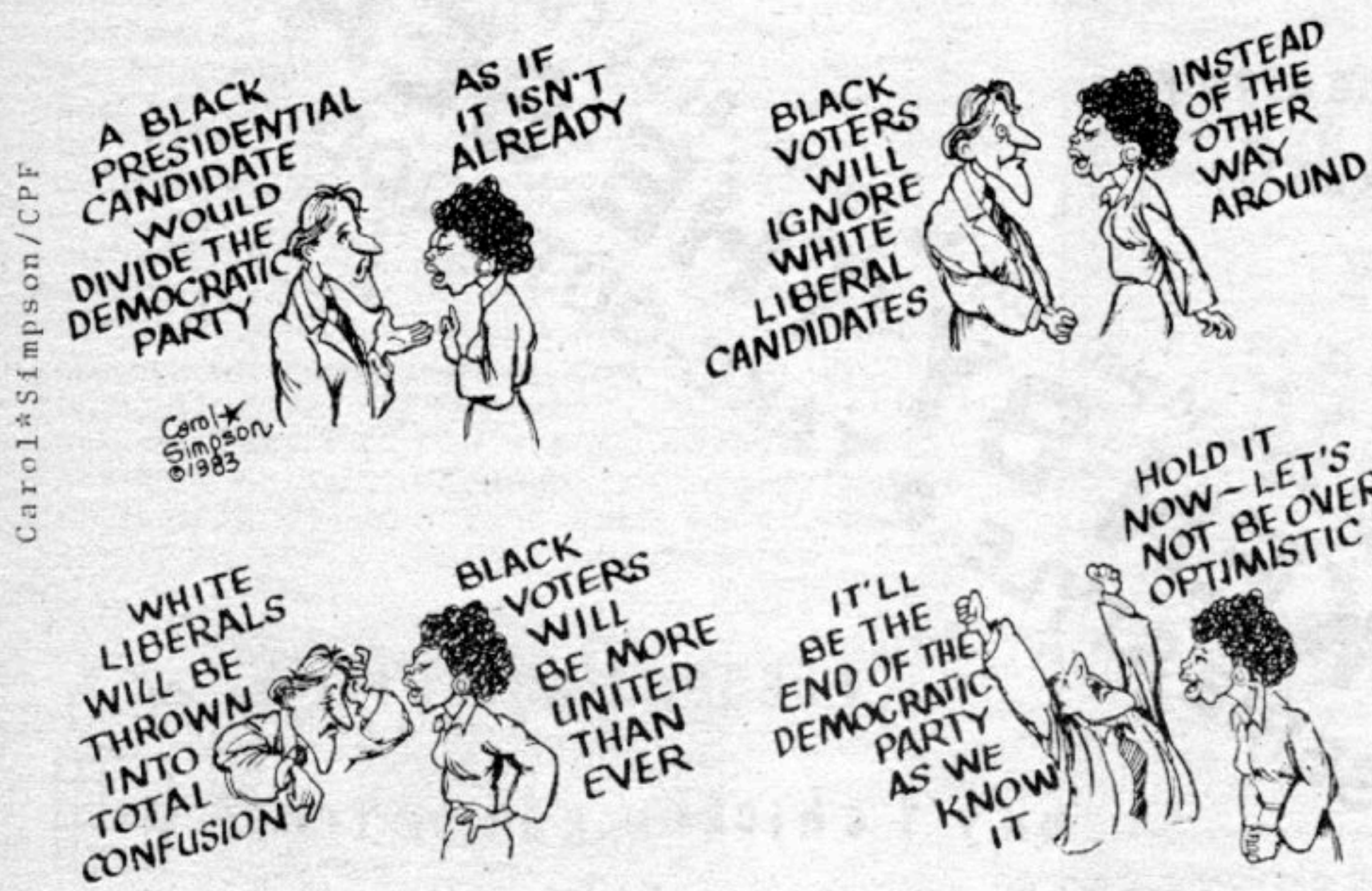
Secure, I drink my experiment  
before turning to the next problem:  
Earthquake?  
Thermo-nuclear holocaust?  
Vanishing O-Zone?

Well,  
whether global, local, or merely  
personal, one thing is certain:

we are

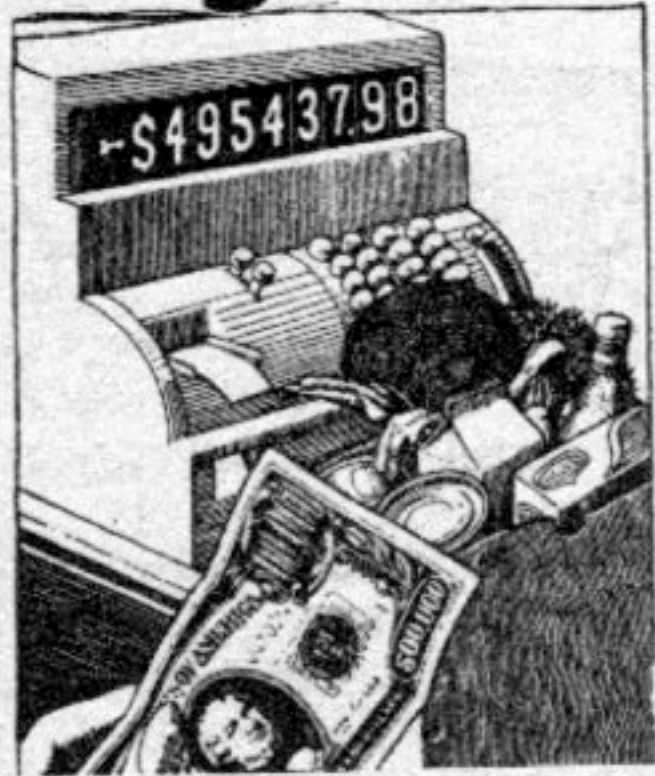
ALL

in for it.





# 8 Feeding The Hungry



VENICE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY  
By Elizabeth Elder

When the likes of Ed Meese and other paleolithic politicians begin making obscure rumblings to the effect that there is not a genuine hunger problem in America, and when Ronald Reagan packs a commission to study the non-problem with a gang of his own sycophants who (predictably) echo his lack of concern for a burgeoning problem, I can fairly hear the Ghost of Marie Antoinette entering stage right with the now infamous one-liner about the cake. My fury is mixed with real sadness at the unspeakable ignorance of one like Mr. Meese, who, no doubt being thoroughly unfamiliar with hunger himself, can remark publicly that so many people are eating at the soup kitchens and getting handouts of surplus food because it's "easier than cooking at home." Can he have seen any of those food lines and still believe that most of the people in them have cozy little homes and fat little refrigerators? Or homes at all with even empty refrigerators? It's unbelievable: the blind pig-people have taken over the country.

While too many folks who read this daily insanity may deplore it or ignore it, or perhaps even cheer it on, it renews a flagging faith in humankind to see some others doing something about it. Whether out of a sense of religious commitment to "feed the hungry", a feeling for simple fair play, or whatever gets you outside your own ego for a moment, there are groups of people who, without much fanfare, are taking direct action. The Venice Christian Community is one such group, having fed holiday meals to 525 people on Thanksgiving and more on Christmas Day. They also distribute surplus food through a government program. And they're the ones who run a yard sale almost daily for whatever donations people can afford. They are Christians who do more than spout theology, a refreshing departure from the Jerry Falwells and James Watts and others who claim the label of Christian and don't seem to have read Christ's 2nd Commandment: "to love your neighbor as yourself."

The Currently Operable Commandment as we approach the Orwellian New Year seems to be "Sell your neighbor if you can; nuke him if you can't." I'd like to think that enough conscious and well-intentioned people of whatever stripe just might be able to pool energies and turn that one around. ●

# Practicing Mass Burials

reprinted from COUNTERSPY Dec., 1983.

Many West Germans were stunned to learn in late September 1983 that U.S. soldiers had conducted a "mock mass burial" as one part of a recent military exercise near Frankfurt. Codenamed "Confident Enterprise," the U.S. Army exercise trained soldiers how to use bulldozers to prepare mass gravesites in case of war in Europe. An Army spokesperson said these soldiers were being trained as "graves registration personnel."

According to the Army paper *Stars and Stripes*, this was the first time the U.S. had practiced mass burials during a maneuver. Army spokesperson Lt. Col. Lawson said such an exercise was "necessary" even though "burying...a lot of people" is something the public doesn't want to talk about. The Army had to go through the training "so that people will know what to do — God forbid — should it happen again as it has in the past."



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against the Soviet Union. The CIA made its "KGB forgery" claim in hearings before the House Intelligence Committee in July 1982, but CIA officers did not specify how they had come to this conclusion. In response to a Freedom of Information Act request, CIA Information and Privacy Coordinator Larry Strawderman was no more forthcoming. The information remains classified, he wrote in an August 12, 1983 letter, "in the interest of national defense and foreign policy." Now, the CIA's allegation has been contradicted by Desmond Ball, a fellow at the Strategic and Defence Studies Centre of the Australian National University and a widely recognized authority on U.S. nuclear war strategy. In an article in *International Security* (Winter 82/83), published by Harvard University's Center for Science and International Affairs, Ball matter-of-factly quoted the war plan documents as authentic.

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# Vop-bop-a-lop-bam-boom

# Scrounging Your Next Meal<sup>9</sup>

by Ross Moster

One of the best kept secrets in Venice is the Venice-Ocean Park Food Co-op (VOP Co-op). Although now in our 5th year of existence, a lot of Venetians don't even know we exist. This is because, after a very rocky beginning, we've maintained a fairly low profile. We've made a number of significant improvements in the Co-op during that period and we want you to know all about us.

VOP is unique in many ways. Most businesses, whether they are owned by a single owner, absentee investors, or a large corporation, are primarily interested in making a profit. We, on the other hand, as the only Co-op store in Venice, don't have to be interested in putting money in someone else's pockets. True, we need to meet our expenses, but beyond this, we are free to pursue our goals of serving our members and our community. By doing this the Co-op not only provides a basic service for people but helps us to move towards a more just and caring society by doing it in a way which is based on cooperating with one another.

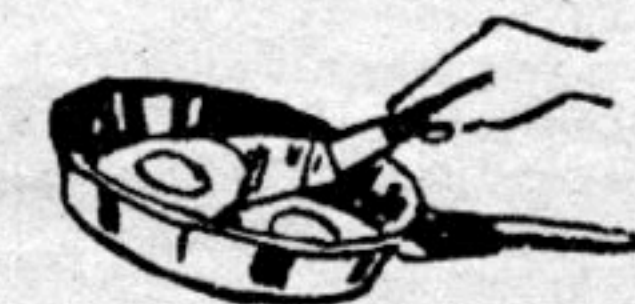
On August 25th, we compared prices on 28 produce items with Hughes. The results indicate that VOP members save substantially on their produce purchases, almost 15 %.

September 9th, we tackled Boy's prices. The results were even larger savings for Co-op members, almost 16 %.

Non-members save also. Although we are small, we offer a unique selection of goods not found elsewhere. VOP carries a wide variety of items usually found only in supermarkets and a wide variety of items usually found only in health food stores, thus saving you the need to make two stops. At VOP, we stock the brands which we feel offer the best quality at the best price. We make less money this way, but are able to offer you better value—and we think that's better for all of us in the long run. As a Co-op, our commitment to lower prices runs deep. We may not be cheaper on everything (then again, who is?) but we can certainly show you how, by cooperating, we're moving in the right direction...

VOP is one of the few stores in L.A. where you can consistently get a wide variety of certified organic produce. In addition, VOP's commitment is to producing shoppers with a choice so you'll always find at least 25-50 kinds of the freshest, best quality non-organic produce as well. VOP is small enough so that we rarely have lines. How receptive are supermarkets to your requests for new items? And how receptive are health food stores? At VOP we're very committed to carrying what our members want us to. So chances are pretty good that if you want it, we'll get it. Perhaps the most important thing about VOP is its orientation towards people and community. It's structure is such that you can choose to be strictly a shopper or you can choose to be as active as you want. Whether you join for the prices the produce, the product selection, to support Co-ops and community, to help build a better society, or for any or all of the above, there is a place for you in the Co-op.

P.S. If you bring this article in before February 15th, we'll let you shop once at member prices. We are open 7 days a week (11-8 Mon.-Fri, 11-7 Sat.-Sun.) at 839 Lincoln Blvd. (enter on Brooks Avenue) Phone-399-5623. ■



THE NEW VENICE?

Last Friday morning in that old Venice landmark the Lafayette Cafe on Ocean Front Walk a young man came in. Walking to a table just vacated with some food still left on the plates he attempted to pick up some food.

Amid laughter and smug smiles he was firmly siezed by the owner and pushed out the door.

The pretty blonde waitress, saying something about needing a bouncer proceeded to remove the plates and throw away the food.

"I saw the young man you threw out" I said when I went to pay my check.

"Yes," he replied, " many here are hungry."

"Then why" I replied "did you throw out the hungry young man and throw away the food?"

He shrugged.

The Lafayette is becoming "respectable."

Has Venices "bedroom community" of apartment dwellers who work in LA made Venice more "respectable"?

Does "respectable" mean respecting money but not respecting the needs of people?

I will never forget the smugness on those faces.

L.N.

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# The Descent From Slavery

Greetings, Beachhead!

Could we have more of America's efforts to have more "Public Ownership", "Socialism." Upton Sinclair, Eugene Debs, Lincoln.

I doubt if 5% of our people, even before F.D.R., remember them; and those since have never known anything but Cold War and Hot.

Yours for Progress,  
Ted Molter

Will we get this?

"ROME, According to figures recently released by the Italian Interior Ministry, nearly 100,000 Italian families are made homeless every year. Because of an Italian law passed several years ago, landlords have a free hand in ousting tenants. With hundreds of thousands of tenant contracts or leases expiring this year, massive evictions are expected. In Rome, some 22,000 families are homeless and 32,000 other families await eviction. There are presently four million unused flats in Italy." --PEOPLE'S WORLD

"Of all the wars of history," wrote Upton Sinclair, "none are so cruel as when slaves lift their hands against their masters; all the amenities of civilization are forgotten and man descends to the brute." For ten thousand years the kings and the priests have fought each other for land and water, using the slaves to do their bidding, but always combining against them when rebellion braved the crucifixion, the rack or the burning stake.

As the centuries passed, explorers, humanitarians and inventions appeared and ways of life changed ever so slowly.

Only yesterday did a government appear that dared to mention the idea that, "All men are created equal", which gave hope to the humanitarians that one day the world could have peace and learn to live on this shrinking globe; but the slaves saw little change.

It took a war to free the black slaves; but not yet the wage slaves. Cheaper to hire than to own.

MALIBU CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

public access, excessive use of energy, and with three or four exceptions and minor modifications voted to allow the intensive development of the Malibu area to continue.

To be fair, not all the members of the Coastal Commission voted for the destruction of the Coast. At one Hearing where the applicant wanted two lighted tennis courts and a few Jacuzzis, Dr. Rimmon Fay asked the applicant if he could tighten his belt, bite the bullet and make do with one tennis court and a solar-heated Jacuzzi. The majority as Commissioners, mostly building-trade union reps, real estate developers, elected officials whose backers were developers, agribusiness and other gonzo adventurers, voted for large scale developments that ignored or discounted their own staff, and State geologists. Of course, some of the applicants got their own geologists to dispute the findings of the fanatical Eco-freaks. These pro-private development actions were always taken with flag-waving phrases about free enterprise, I got a right to build on my property, A bas government interference, and I've always wanted to build my house on sand, and if I'm made to build all the pilings and foundations and sea walls, I can't afford to build my ten-room house, two-car garage on a shale bluff overlooking the sea.

Came the rains of 1977-78. Old sea-walls that had been neglected were destroyed by waves that averaged 10-12 feet. Houses were flooded, bulkheads broken. Public properties such as roads, jetties and piers were severely damaged.

When the Coastal Commission staff wanted to impose dedication of public access to the beach as a condition for rebuilding of private structures, the staff was called "Bureaucratic Thugs" by our so-called pro-environment Governor Jerry Brown. It seemed some of his liberal cronies resided in Malibu and their songs

Lincoln foresaw that, "Capital will concentrate into fewer and fewer hands who will prey upon the prejudices of the people until the Republic is destroyed." Not quite, yet!

Every administration since F D R has believed that governments' putting people to work is sheer Marxism and is making its last frantic stand against any form of Socialism. More, it has vowed to consign Communism to "the ash heap of history."

F D R, however, was the first to recognize the first Socialist State, put people to work, declared a moratorium on foreclosures and railed against our "Economic Royalists" and "Malefactors of Great Wealth."

The Shrinking Free World talks like Lincoln but acts like Jeff Davis, who chose war rather than give up its property.

Sinclair, our greatest Socialist writer, is, among others who have led the progressive forces in America, unknown among the young and nearly forgotten by the old. This is due to the "science of thwarting the common man," as H. G. Wells put it. Sinclair, even before the First World War, posed this question, which along can prevent a bitter civil war or Nuclear Extinction:

"CAN NOT THE RULERS OF THE WORLD FOR ONCE SEE THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL AND ABDICATE TO THE PEOPLE, ACCEPTING COMPENSATION UNTO THE THIRD OR FOURTH GENERATION, IF NEED BE?"

Start putting the people to work. Nationalize the banks. Start a National Health Plan. A complete educational system. Limit the private ownership of public property.

As Khrushchev challenged some time ago, "Compete with us and see who can provide the people with the most products of field and factory; we will bury you!"

READ TO LEARN \*\*\* LEARN TO READ!

-Ted Molter

changed from "This land is my land, this land is your land" to "This land is my land, get the fuck off my land".

Well, holy gee, you say, it is their land, they paid for it.

They might have paid the initial investment, folks, but according to a 1977-78 report from the California Tomorrow Environmental Intern Program, we, you and I who are not allowed public access to the beach, are paying for the upkeep.

According to historical records, wave conditions, storms and hurricanes that caused damage in the past years are not all that uncommon, and should warrant considering land use by fragile Coastal areas. Along the Coast, because the Pacific was well, pacific, people labored under the delusion that it was always and would always be thus. People whose homes were separated from the ocean by one hundred feet of sand had no sense of danger, and builders and homeowners alike terraced and hollowed out bluffs, and built farther and farther out to sea. The twenty years of calm ended in 1977.

What did these hardy folk of Malibu (and also North and South of Malibu) do? Did these sturdy descendants of pioneer stock whose motto was "No government interference", "My geologist bought-and-paid-for, knows more than the Commie environmentalists" protest loudly when local State and federal governments called the Coast a disaster area? Did the self-reliant folk of the Venice peninsula, who have been blocking public access for years say "No! These are our homes, our responsibilities. We will accept the consequences of our actions, we will take no government money or low-interest loans for our mistakes"? Is ketchup a vegetable?

Just like the millions of Welfare cheats and Edward Meese's hundreds who line up in the early morning cold for a free meal even if they don't need it, the owners of the quarter-million dollar houses and up, lined up for low-interest loans from the Small Business Administration and



grants for up to a year's rent from local and State agencies.

"At Malibu beach, 1978 waves caused more than \$3,000,000 damage to private property. At least \$159,000 in emergency assistance was provided to homeowners and businesses by the National Guard, the Los Angeles County Sheriff, the Engineer Dept. and other State and local agencies and volunteers. The S.B.A. disbursed approximately \$2,800,000 to victims of wave-related damage in Malibu. (Calif. Tomorrow Environmental Report 1977-1978.)

"The public subsidy to protect and repair private property damaged by waves last Winter (1977-1978) was more than \$12,000 per damaged property." (Ibid.)

The above only takes into account wave-related damage. Public assistance for non-wave damage such as landslides are not included.

"Waivers of liability, which may be required as a condition of a Coastal Commission (or any other gov't. agency) permit for development are intended to eliminate public responsibility for damages to private property as a result of some specified activity, such as slope failure or bluff retreat. However, in the event of an emergency or a disaster, these waivers would not affect normal public expenditure for protection of private property or the repair of public utilities."

"Consider a residential development permitted in an area subject to wave inundation or erosion on the condition that the developer file a waiver of public liability. A physical disaster such as a high wave attack occurs and destroys or damages the structures and publicly-owned streets and utilities. The waivers of liability may eliminate local government expenditure for structural repair of the houses, but the cost of emergency assistance, for Fire and Police Dept. aid, would be absorbed by the public. Last Winter (1978) this type of assistance cost more than \$225,000 or \$1,000 per damaged property. In addition to the expense of this emergency assistance is the cost of repairing public utilities such as sewers and roads. If the President declares a disaster, Federal funds could be provided for the repair of damaged homes. No public expenditures would have existed if the development had been prohibited or located out of the hazard area."

The Report goes on to conclude that "PRIVATE DEVELOPMENT IN WAVE HAZARD AREAS CAN RESULT IN PUBLIC SUBSIDIES FROM LOCAL, STATE AND FEDERAL SOURCES FOR THE REPAIR OR PROTECTION OF WAVE DAMAGED PROPERTIES. THIS MAY ENCOURAGE FURTHER DEVELOPMENT IN AREAS SUBJECT TO WAVE ATTACK." (Emphasis theirs.)

According to the weather service, Southern California should be expecting significant rain during the next few months, the usual peak period. According to the Los Angeles Times (Dec. 28, 1983) "There has been enough rainfall during the most recent two or three seasons that local geologists say some billslides could begin slipping if Southern California gets much more very soon".

Los Angeles County geologist, Art Keene said "the ground is reaching it's capacity to absorb water".

George Arndt, Assistant Deputy Los Angeles County Engineer, pointed out that certain slide plane areas such as Portuguese Bend on the Palos Verdes Peninsula and Big Rock Mesa in the Malibu region, already have had problems and, he said, "heavy rains could trigger slides in the future".

It seems that like a 200 lb. gorilla, the rich can build anywhere they want, even if it costs the rest of us.

There are rumors that Deukmejian is taking a long close look at some of the practices of lending low-interest long-term loans to rebuild expensive housing in high-risk areas.

But you won't find me truckin' through the rain to help the folks on the Venice peninsula piling up sand bags to exclude yet another undesirable element. ☐



# Community events

## POETRY THEATER

BEYOND BAROQUE LITERARY/ARTS CENTER, 681 Venice Bl. Venice 822-3006

Jan 6 Fri: Artist STUART SHERMAN will perform at 8pm "Spectacle" \$2 donation

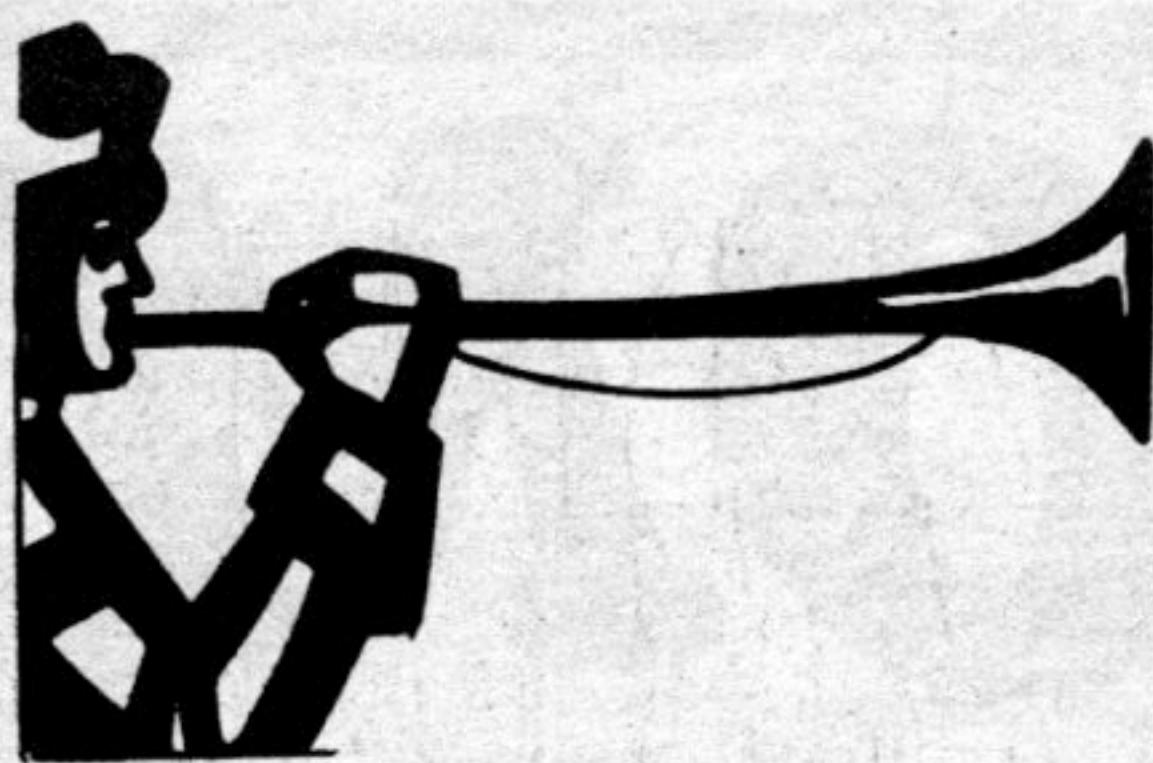


STUART SHERMAN  
Jan. 6, A Stuart Sherman Spectacle

Jan 8 Sun: Open Reading, Free

Jan 13 Fri: Poets ROBERT PETERS & CHERI FEIN will read from their work and celebrate the release of Peter's 18th book. \$2 donation, 8pm.

Jan 20 Fri: Artists MARK STAHL & MONICA REX will perform, 8pm, \$2 donation



## CHILDREN

NEEDED: Couch, loveseat, large rug--as donations for a classroom for the educationally handicapped at Mark Twain Jr. High School. Phone: late afternoons and evenings, 392-5167; Days: Mark Twain JHS Rm. 102.

## RELIGION

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, Sundays at 11 a.m. 2936 W. 8th St. L.A. 389-1356

Jan 8: "People Without Homes - Our New Missing Persons" Suzanne Spencer

Jan 15: "Skin Deep: How Color Impacted Two Lives" Revs Gene Bridges & Mary Lee Tsuffis

Jan 22: "Religious Sources of Politics" Rev Paul Sawyer

Jan 29: "Whom Shall We Follow?" Wayne Arnason

## POLITICS

"THE FATE OF THE EARTH: HUMAN VALUES IN THE NUCLEAR AGE" a public educational series sponsored by Immaculate Heart Ctr. & The Alliance for Survival. Talks are scheduled for Jan. 12, 18 & 24. Call for info 470-2293

## WOMEN

SELF DEFENSE AND RESISTANCE workshop for women will be held on Sat, Jan 14, from 10am - 2pm, YWCA, 574 Hilgard Ave, in Westwood. Sponsored by the Los Angeles Commission on Assaults Against Women. For more info call 651-3147. Fee \$15(sliding scale)

REPRODUCTIVE RIGHTS WEEK: JANUARY 23-26, in honor of the 11th Anniversary of the legalization of abortion. Sponsored by CARASA, UCLA, call Sherry for info 482-8650.

WOMEN HELPING WOMEN, beginning Jan. '84 3 new support groups for women encountering major life transitions. Call 655-3807

## SOCIAL

SINGLETARIANS, Sundays at 8pm, Forbes Hall 1721 Arizona, Santa Monica, 394-4318

Jan 8: BUSINESS IS BUSINESS, attorney Merle Horwitz "How to avoid "palimony" blues, \$3 donation

Jan 13: ABOUT SEX, talk-show host James Takacs, \$3 donation

Jan 22: REALITY: A VERY PERSONAL CONCEPT, Hugh A. Beaton, \$3 donation

Jan 29: TRANSITION IN SINGLEHOOD, talk & discussion led by Suzanne Bapley-Evans, MFCC, \$3 donation

VENICE LIBRARY presents Alice Aldred, licensed counselor, speaking on creative anger & confrontation. Mon. Jan 9th at 6:45, 610 California Ave. 821-1769 Free



You cannot-  
Simultaneously-  
prevent and  
prepare for  
war.  
—EINSTEIN



WESTSIDE CISPES meetings at the Church in Ocean Park, 235 Hill St. Santa Monica.. Sat, Jan 14th at 10am and Wed, Jan 25th at 7:30pm, for info call 3966557.

NOAM CHOMSKY, will speak on "The Middle East and the Threat of Nuclear War" Jan 26th, Thurs, 7:30, Young Hall 2250, UCLA, Info 825-7041

IN CASE OF INVASION OF CENTRAL AMERICA it is proposed that people meet to protest at the Placita Olivera kiosk at Olivera St. This proposal is being considered by the Nov. 12th Coalition.

TENANTS AND THE AMERICAN DREAM is a new book by UCLA prof. Allan Heskin. The author interviewed 30 tenant organizers to find out what happens when tenants organize. The book is available in paperback from the L.A. Center for Economic Survival, 5520 W. Pico Bl. L.A. 90019. It costs \$12.00 (postage included).



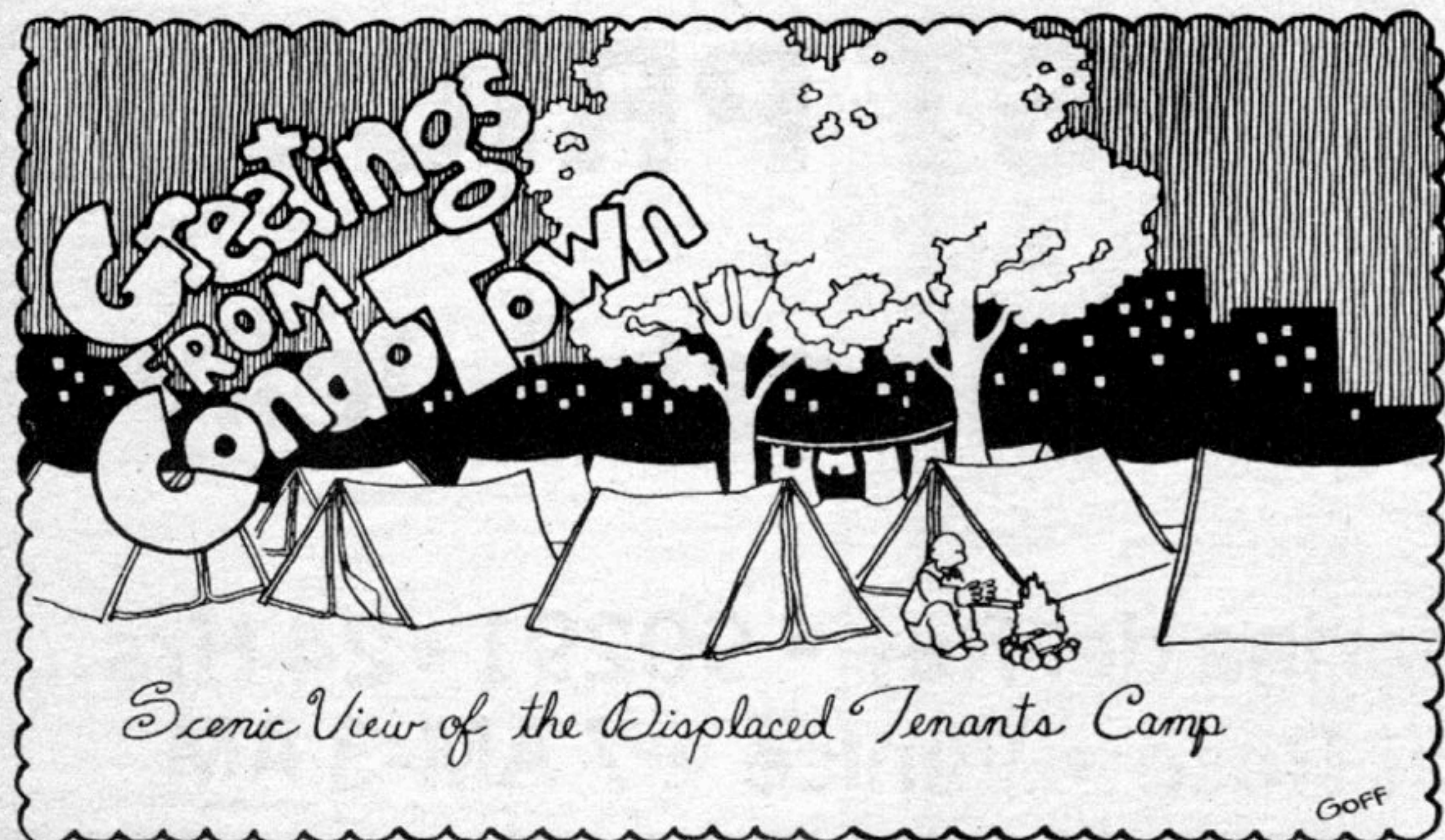
The 10K Run came to Venice on December 11 of last year. And here's what they looked like as they left town! The photo is by the ubiquitous Rich Mann

## LECTURES

OCEANIC SOCIETY, "The Gas Seep That Blew Noxious Bubbles in the Air" ARCO's unique gas recovery program off the Santa Barbara coast. Monthly meeting, Jan 25th, Wed, Burton Chase Park, Marina, 340-0094.

SIERRA CLUB, Airport Marina group, general meeting Mon. Jan. 9th, 7:30, meeting room Burton Chase Park, Marina del Rey. Speaker is Daphne Sturrock just returned from month long exploration in India. Call 822-7102 for more info.

GoFF/Shelterforce/CPF



Scenic View of the Displaced Tenants Camp

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