

FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

BEACHHEAD



FREE

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P&F
Radicals
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Art

Premature
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City

Jumps Gun

March, 1986, No. 195, P.O. Box 504, Venice, California 90294
(213) 823-5092, Circulation 10,000 ISSN 0884-9641

A funny thing happened on the way to the Los Angeles City Council public hearing on Friday, January 31. As we were leaving the canals, we encountered the Department of Water and Power lining the bridges on Dell with open trenches hedged off by blinking saw horses warning us to be careful. We should have taken heed. We assumed that the asbestos water pipes were being replaced with something less lethal, like the old ceramic pipes that they had replaced a few short years ago. With a shake of the head for bumbling bureaucracy we hurried on.

This was our big chance to convince the City Council not to proceed with the Venice Canal Restoration Project as it is currently being proposed. We knew that Ms. Russell was well aware of the approval of the plan by many of the residents as she had maintained liaison with this group over a period of two years and had, in fact, facilitated the process which now brought the plan before the City Council and the public in what was termed a protest meeting. We were prepared to protest (read plead) eloquently and passionately for more rational input into what we perceived as a flawed plan, which we would not only have to live with but to pay for to the tune of \$7000.00 minimum per lot (30' front footers).

Having been brainwashed in our youth by the myth of participatory democracy we harbored hope that some members of the council would be open to rational argument, compassion, and the general well-being of their constituents. After the first few arguments supporting the plan, Councilman Lindsay made a plea for closure. As the chair of the public works committee, he announced a recommendation for approval. It is interesting to note that Mike Woo, who has had heavy support from Venice people, was a

member of this committee. Things started to move quickly and we were informed that the City Council unanimously decided to proceed with the plan. So our "appeals" against the confirmation of assessments for improvement under the 1913 Act of the Venice Canals Restoration had been denied.

Crestfallen, but not really too surprised, we made our way back to the canals and threaded our way across the bridges narrowed by the blinking saw horses admonishing us to take care. We thought the only hazard was the open trenches, reminding us that this was but a small preview of the total disruption to come when the so-called restoration project would be going full-tilt-boogie forward.

On Friday, February 7, we found out the true danger of these trenches in a featured article in the Evening Outlook. It seemed the city didn't bother to wait for the results of the public hearing or to acquire the necessary coastal development permits and just went ahead and started the preliminary work of the renovation project. The protest hearing was total sham. We should have stayed in bed, gone to work, read a book on Democracy in 1986, saved our gas (both automotive and verbal) because the city had already decided the outcome of the public protest hearing and their response was -

The Public Be Damned.
Mary Lou Johnson



City Hall Redux

Surreal. That's the word for it. Pieces of time separate and together, like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle scatters randomly across time and space repeating the same pattern over and over again in another dimension.

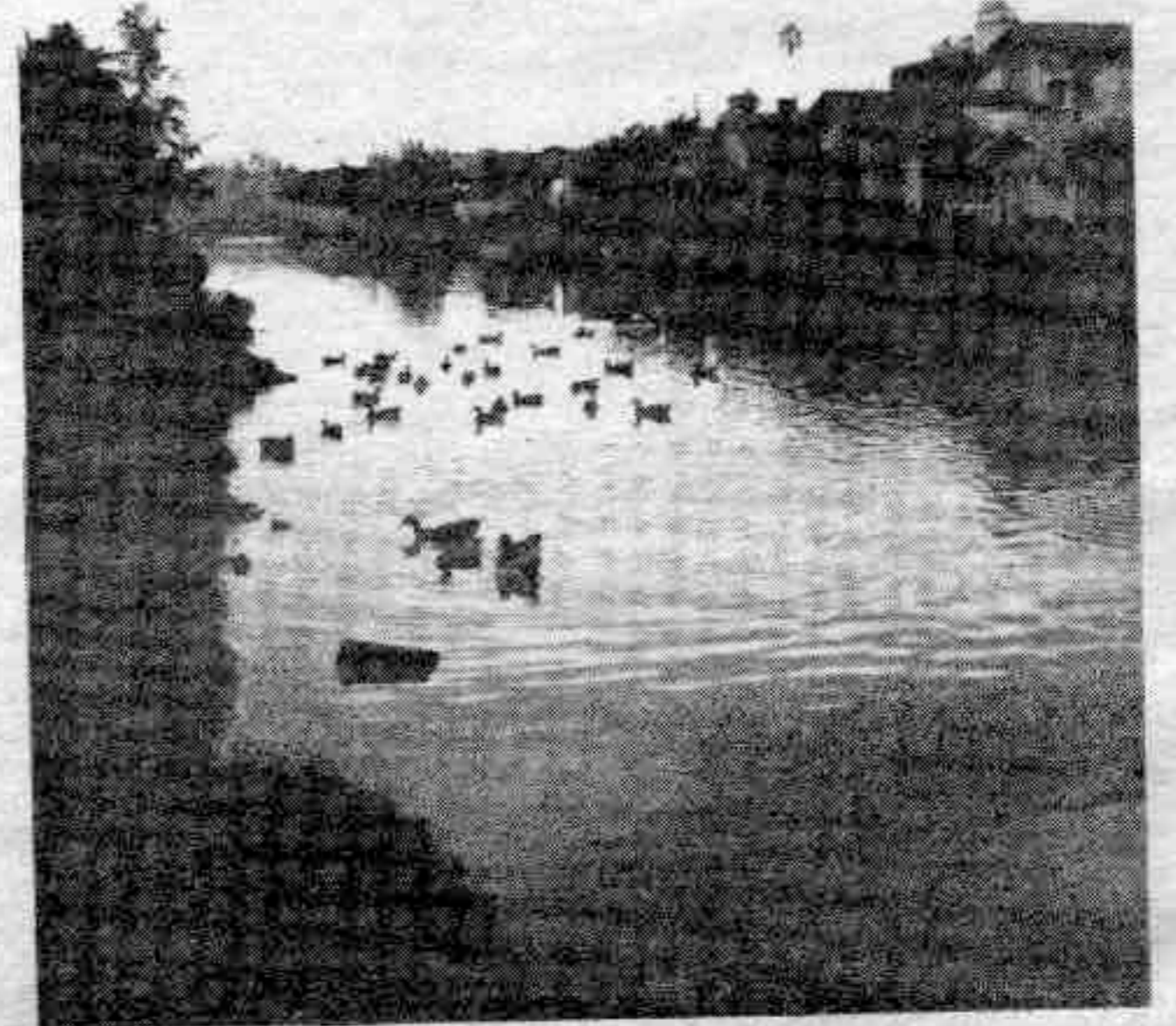
January 31, 1986. Tooling down the freeway to Los Angeles City Hall to "participate" in Democracy once again. Notice those quote marks around participate. The only way groups of people survive whose opinions differ from the interests who dominate, nominate, and elect City Hall council people to office, is to know when to bend over, clasp your ankles firmly, and convince yourself that it's only because you aren't realistic, aren't professional or don't have the right attitude. Otherwise it wouldn't hurt so much to be screwed. Be reasonable. You can't stop progress. Highest and Best they whisper as they shaft you. Malcontent. Dissident. Undesirable, they hiss as you yell in anger and pain. I wouldn't care if it didn't hurt so much. Well, this Canal Assessment District hearing is certainly different from the previous hearings. Or maybe I'm different. I feel removed, as it I'm watching things through glass.

I never have moved into a neighborhood to "make it better."

I moved into Venice precisely because there were so few "amenities"—but there were plenty of bikes. It was a walking community. The canals, well, the canals were special—a community within a community and the core of the community. Most people who lived in the canals had their priorities set. They co-existed with the water bowl and trained their dogs, cats, and children to respect the ducks and were disciplined if they they, the dogs, cats, and children were caught teasing them. But his is no time for nostalgia. No trips down memory lane smelling of jasmine.

January 31. The rain slicing down hard against the car windows distorting the glass walled buildings blurring the signal lights so that they shimmer through the rain, and yet the hard rain seems to make everything super clear—hard edge like the tunnel end of an acid trip. We park, and like fantastic voyagers we swim through the rain up the phallus of City Hall.

I'm in a time warp—deja vu—Oh, marble halls. I've been here before with 300 men, women and children fighting for our lives, our right to stay in our chosen community. The marshalls came in to arrest and disperse the outside agitators—non-property owners. The Los



Rain Dance Successful

Dear readers,

We did everything right. The decorations were divine. We got the liquor license on time. We even rented parking spaces. We remembered to get masking tape to put up the signs. The publicity got out. The band showed up and started rockin'. And fellow babies, the rains came down. The storm turned us into an exclusive gathering. The Church in Ocean Park turned into an island in a lake. We told Reverend Conn that we saw a man with a white beard paddling a boat at least a couple of cubits high up Hill Street.

Friends, Slavin' David fans, Beachhead lovers forded through the hip high water to get to the party. Swathed in rain-coats, balancing umbrellas, swearing rain boots they came smelling of wet wool and looking like Oregonians.

But they soon got warm from dancing to Slavin David and being with friends. We had a good time. We met new friends, Chuck and Susan, and old friends Chuck B., EDP and EDF, Cheryl, Sharon, Tina, and John, Mary Lou, Melanie and Nick and Olga.

So everything was right for a party. And we did—but we didn't make one fucking sou. As a matter of fact, we owe money.

So maybe we goofed on one thing. We lit the wrong candle and were not precise enough in our request for Momma Nature to help us. Well, she did. She made up for 3 dry months in one night. That's right. We had our fundraiser on the night of the heaviest rainfall in 3 years. In spite of our financial mishap, and thanks to Slavin' David's heavy duty Rock and Roll and R and B, we had a marvelous time.

We will continue to print. Our paper will be a little smaller for a while. Meanwhile, keep watching these pages for an announcement of more fund raisers. Chee Wah Wah!

- Carol Fondiller for the
Collective



Dear Beachhead:

Herein find excerpted commentary of U.S. to Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan (Democrat, NY) from A Special Report to New York, Jan. 4, 1986. It is therein acknowledged that Dr. Moynihan served as cabinet adviser to two GOP administrations, it is hereby recalled that a policy of "benign neglect" was at one time advocated at the Ph.D. level given a wrong new tech methodology called path analysis: a fixed-percentage based social science "causal" modeling technique, that was wrong, or at best, wrongly applied.

"...It was an inside job and no doubt about it: \$28,219,000,000.00 in bonds missing from the Social Security trust funds."

"In August, 1985, the Social Security and Disability Trust Funds held \$37 billion in Treasury bonds. By November this was done to \$9 bil... money held in trust literally for widows and orphans was used to pay for...B-1 bombers."

"I am the ranking Democrat on the Subcommittee on Social Security...and finally on November 7 got a treasury official to answer questions as to what was going on.... Bonds held in the Trust Funds were actually cashed in to obtain money to pay the (federal government's) bills."

"Even internal debt matters to the extent it redistributes income. Almost half the revenue of the personal income tax is now required to pay interest to people who own bonds: a transfer of wealth from labor to capital unlike anything we've ever seen."

In wrongly applied applications, such as little to do with any Keynesian hypothetical wage-price spiral, does show the drift of the new monetarism, but generally supports a critique of the new radical populism first proposed in 1971-1972 under the campaign of then Senator George McGovern (Democrat, South Dakota) for the presidency.

My own validation (acknowledged in a letter to me from Dr. McGovern in 1973) used Census Bureau household data rather than the "every man, woman, and child" then proposed: exposing a certain flaw in new tech modeling germane to this date. It is a simple Euclidean geometry analysis. It is else elucidated. Hopefully it can reappear in the Beachhead.

Sincerely yours,
Philip W. Gregg, M.A.

Peace and Freedom Opens New Office

The Peace and Freedom office has moved from West Washington Boulevard to 837 Brooks Avenue between the Venice-Ocean Park COOP and the Laundromat. The telephone number will be the same: 396-3555.

Local Peace and Freedom candidates got enough signatures to get on the ballot. They are CAROL BERMAN, candidate for the State Assembly, 44th district, JOHN HAAG, candidate for State Controller, ABBY KIRK, candidate for State Senate, 22nd district, and THOMAS O'CONNOR, candidate for U.S. Congress, 27th district. O



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Dear Beachhead,

The rains last night kept me away from the Beachhead benefit, but that is no reason for me not to have the pleasure of making the donation I would have had I gone to the event.

So here is a check for \$6, with my gratitude for the collective's work.

Chee-Wah-Wah,
Joe Maizlich

AN OPEN LETTER TO ANYBODY, ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO DISLIKE OPEN LETTERS

It came to my attention through forces beyond my control, that the bones of ears, especially ear drums, have been placed by specialists on the market for sale. The problems of ears and their drums have a special interest for me, as I find it quite difficult to secure listeners, so assume that very few persons possess ears, even though those appendages that they do possess look like ears.

I notice that many people possessing these appendages that look like ears, keep sticking tooth-picks, cotton and various objects in them. Maybe, those appendages are usable as pots to plant flowers in? People who are heavy drinkers make good flower-pots, as there is no scarcity of fluid for those plants. I doubt very much that one could kill flowers by their constant use of alcohol. It is also possible that tobacco is good for fertilizing.

Relating to another phase about the ears, I notice that most poets who read their own poems out loud, seem incapable of listening to the poems of others. This might be a result from the fact that their ears are artificial, used only for the sake of appearances.

Perhaps it would be good if Congress could enact legislation for the free distribution of ears with perfect ear-drums, so that everybody is forced to listen to everybody else, in spite of becoming bored by what they must listen to.

If your readers have any other ideas about ears I would like their suggestions.

Sincerely yours,
Sigmund Weiss

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Carol Fondiller, Jim Prickett, Kate Keeling, memphis slim, Ernest Carter, Patrick McCartney, Diane Nickerson. Thanks to Amelia America

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CHROMA



DEAR "BEEP," WE MISS YOU! GET WELL SOON. AND REMEMBER THAT ALL YOUR FRIENDS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD ARE PULLING FOR YOU!

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Why I'm a Criminal Now

By Carol

Living in a van has taught me to appreciate many things. A toilet. Running water, cold or hot. A drain. Electricity, to mention a few. My life-style is almost turn of the century, in a space age computer world.

I'd like to share something else I've learned to appreciate. A safe, good running vehicle. Whose functions comply with the law.

My name is Carol. I'm thirty nine years old. A year and a half ago I was a cocktail waitress in Reno, Nevada. Today I live in my 1963 van. How I took such a giant step would take considerably longer to tell than this letter will bear.

Briefly; I had knee surgery. That stopped my cocktail waitressing. In March I fell and injured my back. The fall aggravated an old problem, plus my arthritis. I've been in considerable pain and unable to work. I'm receiving eighty dollars a week from State Disability.

Recently the wiring in my van caught fire from a short and burned. The wiring was totaled. Nothing worked. I was devastated. This is my home. A friend offered to fix it for free. Well, he did fix it. He Micked Moused it. God bless him. He bypassed everything and direct wired it to start, head lights, tail lights, windshield wipers. Thats it. Nothing else works. Also the generating system is not connected. The battery does not re-charge. I can't drive at night. There are no brake lights or turn signals. There has been three fires but I've been assured it won't happen again. I've recently been informed that my steering column is cracked. I'm told I shouldn't be driving it. At least not very fast. I can't imagine going fast or driving in any way that would upset her delicate condition. But, she does start and run. And I'm grateful.

The roof is leaking in many places. I've patched and patched. It's a mystery leak. Or perhaps some cosmic joke.

I've managed to get the van's registration extended again. I'm terrified. It will never pass a vehicle inspection. What will I do then? I'll



keep driving and living in my van. It's what I have to do. Until such time that I can afford to make repairs or buy a new one. So there you have it. I become a criminal. The new seatbelt law. I can't get seatbelts. Or, pay a ticket for not having them.

I've begun to live in paranoia of being stopped. My crime? Lack of money due to unemployment because of physical disability. I can't make major repairs on eighty dollars a week.

I'm horrified to think what will happen if my van refuses to serve me any longer. If she dies before my attorney can get me compensation for my injury. What if there is no compensation? I can't imagine.

Sometimes when I'm in bed, I listen. Unable to completely relax. Is it the police? Sometimes they come and tell me I can't sleep where ever it is I am.

Once I was told that if I was caught sleeping in my vehicle once more, I would be arrested. Can this be possible?

Just go away. Go where? No alternatives. No options. Just go away. I'm just trying to live. Tell me where to go. Where they won't say the same thing.

There are probably some free places I could live. I don't want that. I have a dog. Porkey. My friend and companion. Dogs aren't allowed anywhere either. No. I've already lost everything once with my knee surgery.

With my physical limitations, its better I own my own home. A home on wheels is the only way I could afford it. It means freedom from whatever isolated type hells that are the fate of the old, sick, disabled and poor. God forbid.

So, necessity has chosen a life-style for me. One that seems to be illegal. Is it? What are the laws? The truths?

There are so many people out here living in vehicles. Just trying to live the best they can. This has been quite the experience for me. I don't know where to go for real help or answers. Someone to talk with that knows whats happening. TO BE ACKNOWLEDGED. All of us. You see us. In your neighborhoods. Shopping centers. Parks. Living and sleeping in our cars, vans, campers, trucks, motorhomes, homemade everything. All of us. We've very real and very much here. I myself need to communicate. It's lonely here, being forced to live outside the law.

My very possible nightmare. One fix it citation. One policeman. One DMV officer, could knight this van unsafe and illegal to drive. Then what? I would still have to drive it. Now I'd be a criminal for sure. God. Then, when I was caught for driving it, I'd be arrested. My home impounded. Porkey in dog prison. (I can't bear to think of that). We'd loose each other. I'd loose everything. For what reason? What would be the next step from here? Bag lady? Death?

I feel like an alien. Shot to L.A. from Reno in my tin can van. A stranger in a strange land. I don't know the rules from this angle. Just by living, I seem to be offending and breaking the law. ●

Radicals

By Arnold Springer

A national reunion and Party and Celebration of the radical student generations of the 1930s and 1960s will be held on the campus of Long Beach State on April 4th and 5th.

The event is sponsored by the University, and by the History Department and American Studies Dept. The celebratory gathering marks the 50th anniversary of the American Student Union and the 25th anniversary of the Students for a Democratic Society. Sponsors from the 1930s include: Barry Commoner, Harold Draper, James Jackson, Joseph Lash, Murray Kempton, Marvin Schächter, Page Smith, Monroe Sweetland, Haskell Wexler, and Molly Yard. From the 1960s sponsors include: Bettina Aptheker, Stanley Aronowitz, Julian Bond, Lewis Cole, Barbara Ehrenreich, Deirdre English, John Haag, Carl Oglesby, Marcus Raskin, Mark Rudd, Federico Sanchez, and Robert Zellner.

The Reunion welcomes all student and youth activists of the 30s and 60s (on the left) regardless of whether they belonged to the two organizations. As the sponsors put it,



Reunion

"The reunion is designed to embrace all those in any way connected with the student ferment of either decade.

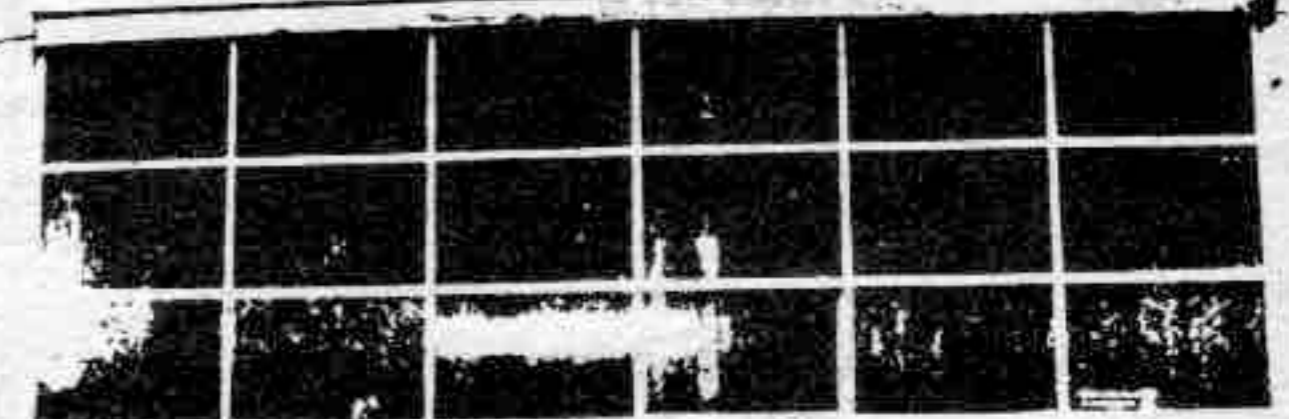
Molly Yard, former Administrative Secretary of the ASU and now political director of the National Organization for Women (NOW) is scheduled to speak on Friday night as is Julian Bond, now a Georgia State Senator. The reunion schedule is roughly as follows: Friday night, four 15 minute talks, a dinner, and a party, perhaps with dancing, certainly with socializing. Saturday morning will be a round table discussion with half of the participants representing each of the generations. After lunch there will be a small discussion groups set up, and then a dinner, a social and a party ending up the festivities Saturday night. The topic of discussion for the reunion is "What did the student protest mean to me then, and now, and what impact did it have in shaping this country."

For further information write ASU-SDS Reunion, California State University, 1250 Bellflower Blvd, Long Beach 90804, or call 498-4431 and ask to speak with Professor Leo Rifkin who, along with Moe Foner, is Reunion coordinator. ●



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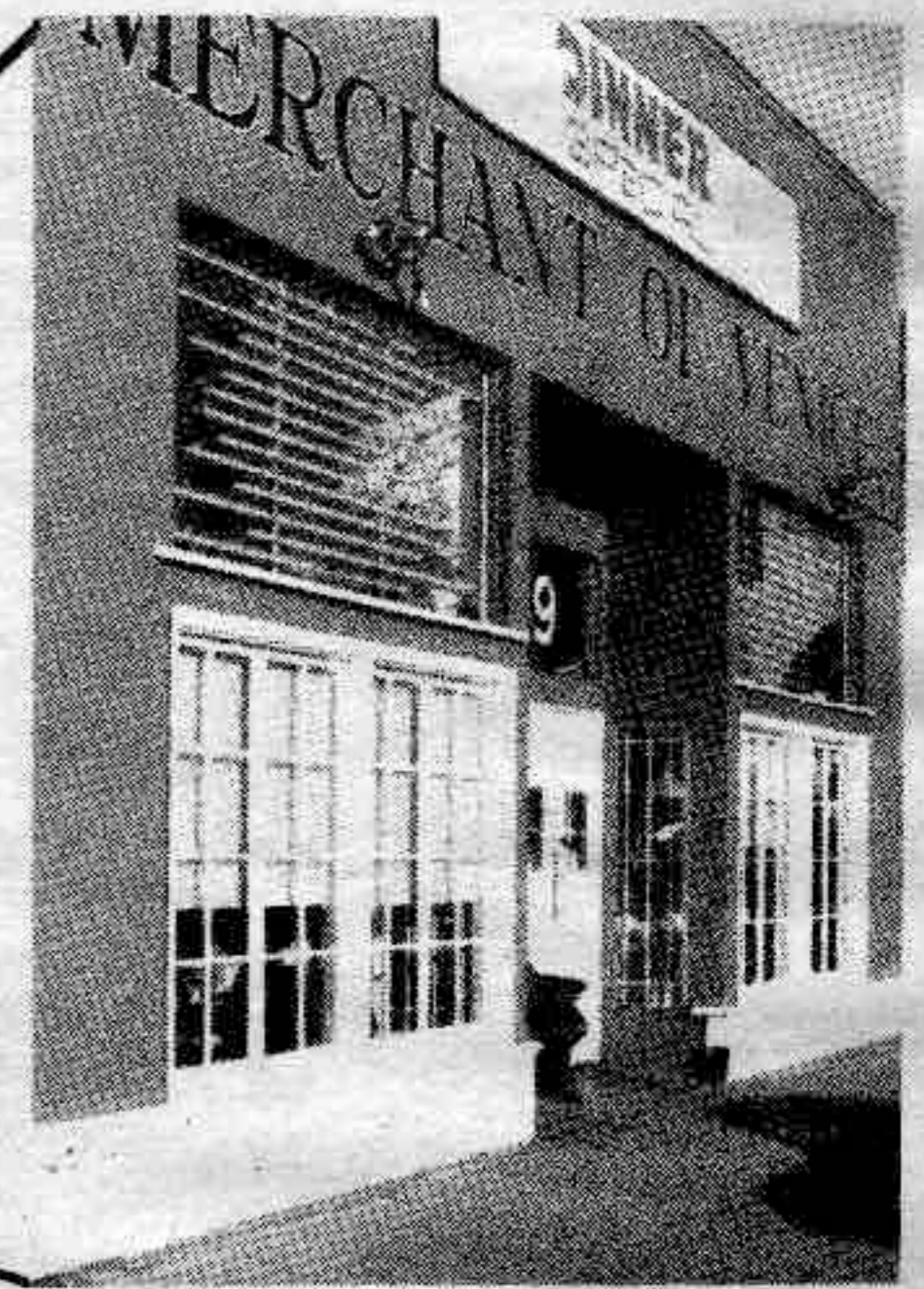
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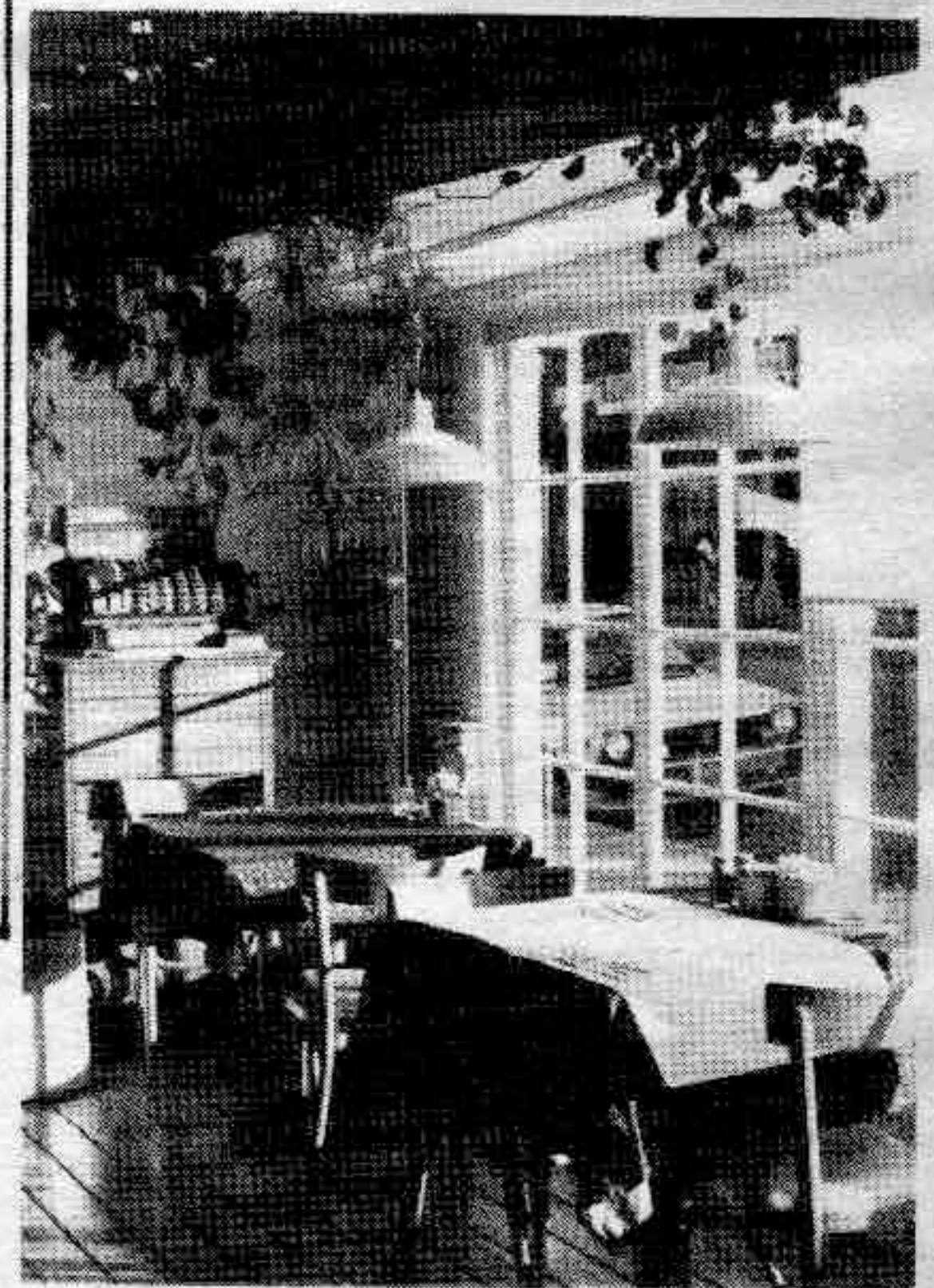
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Prole Art



-sketch by Adrienne Prober

by Eddie O'Goy

The arrest the other day of Venice artpreneur Doug Christmas for selling a few Rauschenbergs more than once made Eddie stop and shake his head at how art really does reflect life sometimes.

The razzle-dazzle artworld that Christmas lived in and brought to the Venice Ace Gallery had about as much relevance to Eddie's idea of a good time as a debutante ball where they don't let guys in stag.

I went to one show at the Ace Gallery. The artist had achieved rags-to-riches artistic clout--each painting went for ten thousand minimum. So Eddie was strictly a Looky-Lou.

Eddie was impressed with the size of the canvases--15 feet by 20 feet--with the bulk covered over in gessoed opaque white, and an itty-bitty colored border running around the circumference.

Nice coloring on the four-inch-wide frieze, but Eddie decided he'd save twenty thou by commissioning his 14-year-old niece whose drawings show promise.

Christmas's Venice empire had crumbled long before his artworld faux pas. Who can forget the open-and-shut enterprise that followed the Ace Gallery? Remember Hearts of Venice and their plans to close the traffic circle on Sundays for more vending?

Most of the time Eddie avoids the chi-chi galleries. In the class system of the artworld, Eddie starts squirming when all the other patrons remind him of his plump Aunt Eliza all decked out in her pearls, balancing a teacup daintily in her lap.

Art, to Eddie, is where you find it--not necessarily where it's for sale. It's like music. As Eddie gets older and little children and dogs begin to annoy him, he's developing a grudge against rock-and-roll following him wherever he goes. Music is engineered emotion, Eddie is beginning to think, a modern opiate.

But, just as Eddie's crusty soul is stirred when he hears gritty music played live on the Boardwalk, Eddie loves struggling painters. Eddie appreciates the talent and raw ego it takes to paint something that stands out without the rewards.

When Eddie arrived in Venice in '73, the street artists and academic-trained apprentices tried to organize. They called themselves the Artists of Venice Association, the AVA. The shows they put on, the few newsletters they produced, spoke of a much different artworld from the rarified openings and bloated market of Doug Christmas.

Some of the old AVAers are still around--Susan Weinberg and Adrienne Prober come to mind. But art associations of scrapping artists rarely last, and the AVA was no exception. During its brief life the meetings were raucous celebrations of individualism. Egos went off like flashbulbs.

Venice still has its dual artworlds. A few galleries survive for the hoi polloi. Many artists who've graduated to the gallery world have carved out virtual real-estate empires in Venice, but their studios are curiously bland to the passerby, as if they save the really good stuff for the right market.

The days of the hundred-dollar single are gone, though, and the broke-but-sincere painter has a tougher time than ever. The good news is that there's a steady supply of hopeful artists eager to show their work in Venice.

Today, you can buy good, cheap art at a number of places in Venice. If you're hungry too, you're in luck. Many of the restaurants in Venice take advantage of the abundance of available art, and display local painters.

Eddie recommends the Lands End, Arcie's, Cafe Venezia, Hama Sushi, and the Pelican's Catch.

But Eddie's favorite is Kim's House of Teriyaki Donuts, where Gil Borgos has created the H.O.T. Gallery. You can eat Manuel's huevos rancheros, look at good paintings by Adam Kisch, Chris Eaves, Greg Moll, Adrienne Prober, Borgos, and plenty of others. You can also usually see a dozen men sitting by themselves reading the paper.

On the Boardwalk, several painters offer very good, if a little short of mature, works. Susan Sarner at Brooks Avenue, and Adam Kisch and Ray Packard at Dudley Avenue each deserve support. Up Dudley at Mark Kenfeld's, you can look at Mark's ingenious constructions, or at the serene still-life paintings of Roland Coates.

The prolific Greg Moll has worked out a deal and opened his own gallery on the Boardwalk just south of Venice Village. The gallery fills a bare room that has remained vacant for years--the opening is most welcome.

Venice is one of the few places that could host a successful Art Walk, as the Family Clinic does each year. But the dozens of artists who contribute are the invisible iceberg below the waterline of the Venice artworld. To Eddie, the real Venice artworld is in the street.

History Comes to Venice

It is not hard, when lingering over a meal at the Sidewalk Cafe, to notice the unique architecture and imagine the history of the building.

The high arches are painted white, and the iron, Italianate columns black. It's not hard to blink, and see the red-brick walls as if they were new. You can imagine how fine a presentation the building made when Venice was brand, spanking new.

I remember a photo of the Sidewalk Cafe when it was the Pacific Bingo Parlor. Dozens of employees posed in front of the doors, stiff in their roaring 20s suits.

The Pacific Bingo Parlor happened to be the first gambling enterprise of Bill Harrah. With his son, John, Harrah went on to greater gambling heights in Nevada, but in the 1920s Harrah was but one of many gamblers operating Venice bingo parlors and games of chance. Maybe, like some of the other saloon owners along Windward, Harrah used Kinney's underground tunnels to furnish his customers with an illicit nip.

Harrah's bingo parlor, like every other building in Venice, has been ignored by City officials. Of the 300 historic monuments in Los Angeles, the only one in Venice is the canals. None of the remaining historic buildings in Venice are recognized or protected from the impending seismic codes.

On Thursday, March 13 residents of Venice will take the first step in protecting their cultural heritage. The Venice Town Council will host a first meeting to plan the formation of a Venice Historical Society.

The Historical Society will become an independent organization, drawing all those in Venice who share an interest in where we've come from. Meeting time is 7:30 at the Beyond Baroque Center, 681 N. Venice Blvd. Tell a friend.

- Patrick McCartney

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6 'Redux' cont'd from Page 1

Angeles Police are waiting, penned in a room like sacred Cretan bulls waiting to be let out to gore the long haired hippie commie freaks as sacrifice and to cleanse and save the community. Into the Council Chambers I march. There are about 300 people there—not "long haired hippies" but 300 men and women, some casually dressed in fifty dollar jeans and Irish wool sweaters or business suits. Well-shod, well manicured TV writers directors psychiatrists. Couldn't tell the pros from the cons. What am I doing here?

It's like a scene from a different time being played, translated into different dimension. A woman comes up to me and sighs at me how much she likes my writing, before "you've mellowed out." Things begin to waver. I hear the 300 men women and children, young old homeowners black white Chicano, screaming for their lives Free Venice! Free Venice! Free Venice! Oh, yeah.

Low income people cost less to serve. They don't tax the eco-system. They don't need 3 car garages with security lights going all night, they don't need houses with 4 bathrooms that empty their shit into the canals. So here's this real estate agent who's complaining to me that I've mellowed, and she can't get her guilt cookie off any more from reading me. I smile as I imagine ripping her dainty stud earrings from her ears. I visualize a great goblet of snot on her brown wool blend suit. I want to ask her if it's true that real estate agents-brokers are rehabbed floozies, transmuted their sleazy consumations into CASH over chilled house wine.

"Looks like all of leisure world is here," muttered a comrade in arms. The pro-cement bunch are wearing fig-leaf sized buttons proclaiming "Yes! Clean up the Canals!" But they don't cover their meager private parts with their buttons. They, innocent and amoral as Adam, wear them proudly on their chests.

The real estate person is anti-cement. She's a liberal. Be reasonable. Yes. Real estate people telling their Yuppy clients that they don't have to worry about that element anymore, they've been cleaned out. I have not mellowed. I've been mute with rage. The dog is so angry she could not speak.

Thank you L.A. Reader. They're going to cosmeticize and CARMELize the canals. I've noticed that the first things to go when a neighborhood is undergoing gentrification are the useful things. For instance, in a waterfront district, the first things that are cleaned out are the fisheries and of course the fishermen, because the new affluent resi-

dents who find the district so charming don't like the smell. The new residents find the canals charming but the houses are too small and there's not enough parking. And here's this real estate person who considers herself a caring person and I am beginning to realize that it is because of Real Estate speculators and the conception of property rights in this country that people who are not rich and who do not own property are never going to be secure in calling a neighborhood home because they can be forced out in the next wave of real estate speculation that artificially raises rents and property taxes. I'm not talking about the home-owner or even the person who owns 2 or 3 small pieces of property. But frankly, I consider any real estate person a part of the problem. So I have not mellowed. I just can't be as involved in the canals fights as I was before. How can I get involved between the Haves and the Have a little less people?

quiet if not for all at least for them. So they had infiltrated the then tight little "radical" island of low income renters, under achievers, and home owners by peaceful infiltration. They smoked with the natives and in the spirit of anthropological research, fucked each other's spouses. I mentioned the low income trade off several times, and each time I was treated as if I weren't there. And more people moved in who didn't even seem to care where they lived because their houses were built like bunkers. They cemented over the pickle weed and other water fowl food and planter lawns. Actually, they rolled out the lawns. They put gates up to protect the lawns from the ducks. After building over the water bowl forage area, with typical "tiny Tim" mentality, they now boast how they love the ducks. Look how high their Duck food bill at Malibu feed store is!'

Ah, the Council people assemble. Well first they had awards and memorials.



10 years ago I was at a canal meeting where several home owners were complaining about the incursion of big developers who built 3 story houses on small lots. The developers got away with building houses with parking for one family house. But in some of the houses there are 2 and 3 families living in one family houses with parking for only one family.

I remember the homeowners were talking about the huge size of the new houses. Now, some of the homeowners had also built on their houses, but they didn't have the bucks to build as high or as wide as the developers. I starting harping on my one string about allowing height allowances if they provided low income units. These property owners, some of whom claimed they paid their movement dues, and now they wanted what was their due. They marched against the Vietnam war, they protested and marched for civil rights in Mississippi, and now they wanted peace and

A soccer team at Belmont High, a service with Marines for the Astronauts, a medal for the Dutch couple who sheltered the Frank family from the Nazis.

Those who oppose the plan speak.

It's kind of a pro slope pro environment feel. They do have a feel for the canals and ecology.

The straight slope folks get to speak. And again they harp on the small group of dissidents. Don't those fools know that this is a different set of dissidents? People who have participated in rubbing out works of art in public places speak of beauty. People who've driven over the canals with loaded revolvers by their side speak of safety.

The City Council, some of whose members speak of fairness and public access, vote unanimously to pass a project that negates both concerns.

No, I haven't mellowed. I just know when to fold.

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Matthew 20:1-16

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YEAH!

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GOOD NEWS!

Ron & Michèle have re-opened the Sea n' Shore in the Venice Village. Now with pink and white decor, the restaurant offers a menu with something for everyone. Speciality of the house—"Moules Frites"—is a plate of mussels, which have been steamed in beer, served with french fries. The mussels are specially flown in from Prince Edward Island, Canada. Another great dish—"Filet of Calamari"—comes with a delicious caper sauce. To accompany your meal, select one of the 14 Belgian Gourmet Beers in stock. As Ron says: "If you've never tried a Belgian beer, then you've never had a beer!" His beers have an alcoholic content of up to 25%.

You can sit on the front patio and watch the movement on the boardwalk, or in the secluded garden behind the restaurant, with its trees and ornamental pool.

Sea n' Shore Cafe, in the Venice Village, 205 Ocean Front Walk (North of Rose Avenue), Venice, CA 90291

Phone: (213) 392-5201



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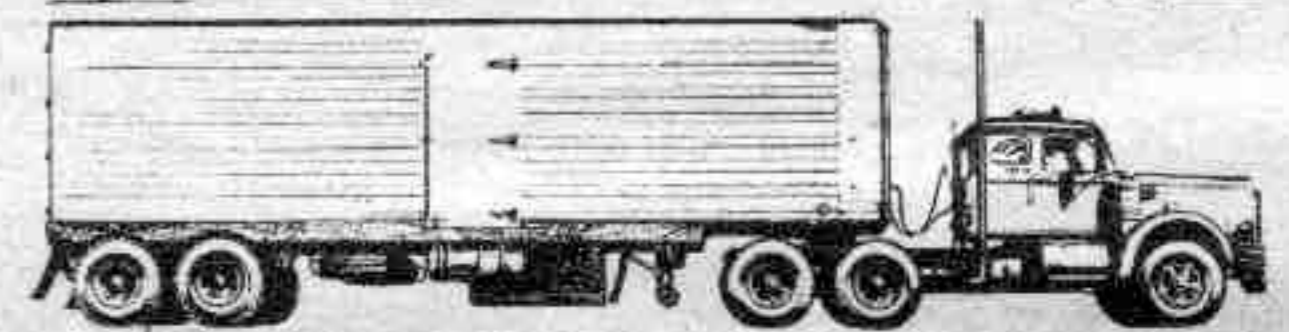
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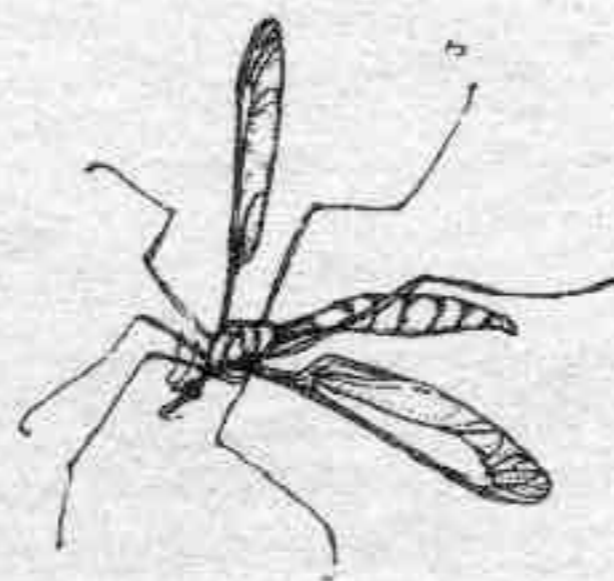
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Community Events

POLITICS

PEACE AND FREEDOM PARTY meets 1st and 3rd Sunday of the month (MAR. 2nd & 16th) at 7:30 pm at the NEW office. 837 Brooks Ave. For info, call 396-3555.

MARINA, MAR VISTA, AND VENICE DEMOCRATIC CLUB have combined chapters and are looking for new members. Send \$10 dues to MMVV DEMO CLUB, Ruth Weisman, Treasurer, 12028 Venice Blvd., #4-149, L.A. 90066.

BIG MOUNTAIN SUPPORT GROUP - Save traditional Navajo culture in Arizona needs people and supplies. For info, call (213) 396-3555. •

Ms. Sheila Tobias will be on hand for a viewing of her slide presentation, "Know Your Defense Budget" and WAND/LA (Women's Action for Nuclear Disarmament Los Angeles) monthly meeting, SUNDAY MARCH 16, ANTIOCH UNIVERSITY, 300 Rose Ave. in Venice at 7:30 p.m. 837-8787.

RECON: CENTRAL AMERICA ACTIVISTS send \$4.95 (includes handling) for Witness to War: An American Doctor in El Salvador to RECON, P.O. Box 14602, Philadelphia, PA 19134. •

SANTA MONICA DEMOCRATIC CLUB (CDC AFFILIATE) meets the 3rd Thursday of the month at the SENIOR CITIZENS RECREATION CENTER, 1450 Ocean Ave. at 7:30 PM. Info: 453-5322.

MARCH 16. NATIONAL MARCH FOR WOMEN'S LIVES, coordinated by the NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR WOMEN, will assemble at 10 am in Century City along Century Park West. Marchers are asked to dress in white. The march for safe and legal abortions and birth control will be followed by a noon rally at Cheviot Hills Park on Motor south of Pico. Info: 652-5576.

HEALTH

MARCH 6. Six-week support group for women with "lifestyle readjustments arising from having a close family member with a cardiac problem." "TALKING HEART TO HEART" costs \$25 for all six sessions. Thursdays, 11:30 am. Call WOMEN HELPING WOMEN at 635-3807.

FREE COPIES OF BREAST SELF-EXAMINATION KITS are available by sending a business-sized stamped, self-addressed envelope to AMERICAN INSTITUTE FOR CANCER RESEARCH, Dept. BSE, Washington, DC 20069.

ODDS & ENDS

MARCH 16. Can an Occidental academic teach you to apply "time-management principles" to your writing? KENNETH ATCHITY talks about his book, "A WRITER'S TIME," at GEORGE SANDS BOOKS. 9011 Melrose, 858-1648. 4:30 pm. Free.

ENVIRONMENT

MARCH 15. FOSSIL DIG in Old Topanga Canyon sponsored by the LOS ANGELES OCEANIC SOCIETY. \$16 non-members. (818) 341-0277.

MARCH 26. "CHANNEL ISLANDS COLLECTION. A slide show by marine life photographer BOB EVANS will be presented at the Burton Chace Park Community Building in Marina del Rey by the LOS ANGELES OCEANIC SOCIETY. 7:30 pm. Free.

VENICE



VENICE TOWN COUNCIL

THURSDAY, MARCH 13
7:30 p.m.

Beyond Baroque Center
681 N. Venice Boulevard

The members of the Venice Town Council and the public are invited to the Council's monthly meeting. On the agenda will be discussion of the formation of the Venice Historical Society and further discussion of the Town Council's lawsuit.

PERFORMANCE

MARCH 12 & 13. Cal Arts in Valencia presents "A FORMAL RESPONSE" by Donald Byrd/The Group, the first of four "interdisciplinary works" to be staged at the school's Japan America Theatre. The series, EXPLORATIONS III, "explores the boundaries between theatre, dance, music and video..." 8 pm. \$10. (213) 680-3700

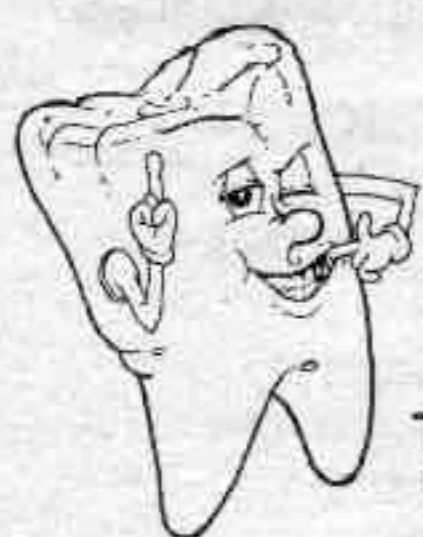
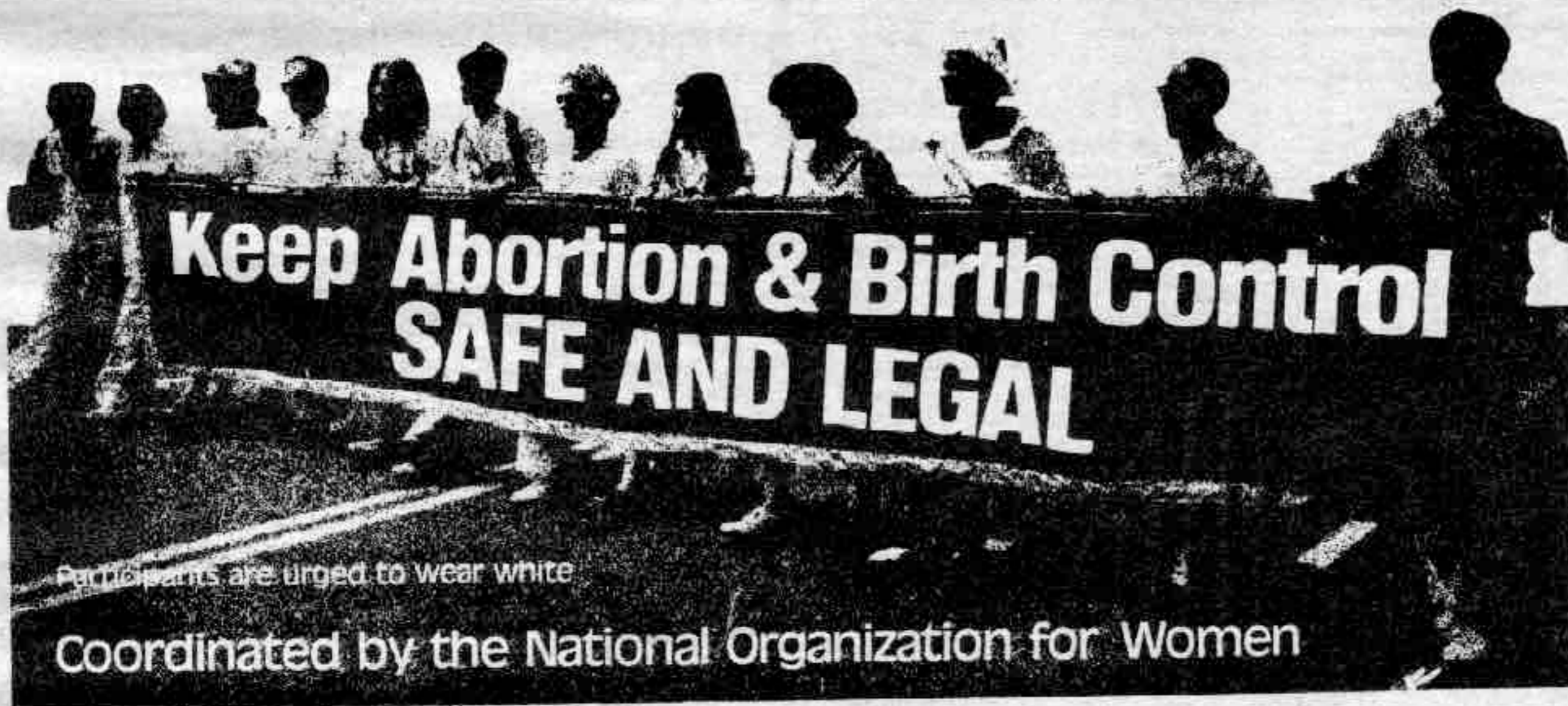
Women

Visions of the Past, Memories of the Future. March 22 Long Beach State. Morning talks: Our Matrilineal Heritage, Picturing the Goddesses, etc; afternoon workshops: Sacred Architecture: The Body of the Goddess by B. Bradshaw; Images of the Goddess - G Orenstein; Women in Ritual in Judaism E. Michaelson, and more. For more info call Women's Ctr, CSULB 498 5466

"WOMEN MAKING HISTORY" - Women's History Week Celebration - Santa Monica College Women's Center. Saturday, March 8. For more information, call 452-9338.

Santa Monica Commission on the Status of Women - YWCA, 14th and Pico, Keynote speaker, Joy Picus, "Women: Builders of Communities and Dreams." Tuesday, March 4, 7:30 p.m.

MARCH 1. "LIFE UNDER APARTHEID," a forum, will be hosted by the SOCIALLY RESPONSIBLE SINGLES, with three visiting Black South African students. Westwood YMCA, 10936 S.M.B. 7:30 pm. Non-members \$3. For info, 398-4141.



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