

FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

BEACHHEAD



FREE

JANUARY 1980 Volume 121

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## FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

BEACHHEAD COLLECTIVE: Emily Winters, Chuck Bloomquist, Brenda Harney, Olga Palo, Gerry Goldstein, Lynn Bronstein, Joan Friedberg, Arnold Springer.

THE FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published monthly by the Beachhead Collective as a community information service. It is distributed free but if you wish to be placed on the mailing list for a year, please make a contribution of \$5.00 or more. The volunteer staff reserves the right to make decisions collectively on material published and is independent of all political and community organizations. The printing is financed by ad donations. The Beachhead encourages anyone to submit news stories, articles, letters, photos, poetry, art work, short fiction, or other contributions of interest to the Venice community. Please sign your name or a pseudonym. Anonymous material will not be printed but your name will be withheld on request. If return of material is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must accompany it. No payment is made for material used. The Beachhead subscribes to Liberation News Service (LNS) and is a member of the Alternative Press Syndicate.



Dear Beachhead:

The article on the front page of the Beachhead, "Send the Shah to Nuremberg" is quite one-sided. So be it. That is one of the greatness of this country's openness.

But let us listen to another side.

The article has described the atrocities that the Shah had inflicted upon his people. Know doubt allot of the accusations are true.

But to give into terrorism which the embassy takeover is, no matter what the cause, is inexcusable. If this is to be an accepted practice then I suppose I could takeover and hold the Venice council and force them to except my beliefs or policies. Rediculous as it sounds.

So let us speak of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's atrocities. It is a fact that over 600 people have been executed for crimes against the Iranian people in just the few months Khomeini has become dictator. Did these people receive a fair trial? Or was it just a show trial were the outcome was already known. The obvious will answer that.

Does the new Iranian constitution provide freedom of speech, religion, press, open/fair elections? And if so are the policies carried out? Is it considered a free system if Ayatollah proclaims himself the head of state for life? Is that what the Iranian people want? Replacing one dictator for another.

The growing unrest in Iran is increasing every day. True the American government is being blamed for this. But even the people who hate this country with the fullest of passion realize this is a complete falsehood. It is the Iranian people who are massing in resistance toward the new government. For they fought for 25 years to overthrow suppression. For what? More suppression under the name of god. Know matter what justification, suppression is suppression.

If the Iranian people wish to be left alone so be it. Release our people and they shall be left alone. Completely alone.

Richard Wismer

Dearest Beachhead:

Congratulations on your courage and thoroughness regarding the amazing case of our good friend, Wendy Reeves.

Hopefully the spreading of information will both inform and unite out Venice neighbors about Bob Greenfield. Although I know it was painful in many ways for Wendy to "go public" with all this, it was a healthy letting go of a lot of bottled up rage, rage that threatened to further the damage "Greenie" has already done to her. By giving her the space to reveal the circumstances of these last four years, you have done a very important, kind and supportive thing. For Wendy, for myself, for the Venice community -- I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Much love,  
Judy Wieder

### DOLL LADY OF VENICE

Mrs. Susan Moskowitz, the Doll Lady of Venice, died Wednesday, Dec. 26, at UCLA Medical Center. She was about 75 years old. Cause of death was a massive heart attack. Mrs. Moskowitz had not been feeling well and was driven to the hospital by a friend, who said that noone suspected how serious the situation was. Mrs. Moskowitz walked into the hospital but was dead a few hours later. The Doll Lady of Venice was well known to all who frequented Ocean Front Walk during the summer. She liked to sit on a bench in the sun while creating her dolls. Her presence will be missed.

Beachhead:

I was the victim of a robbery in my home. Slapped around, had a gun at my head or jabbed in my back as the junky forced me ahead of him all thru my home and telling me if I made one sound or tried to look around at him, he'd kill me. He made me open every drawer and a metal fireproof box, also my jewelery boxes.

Took four diamond rings, a lady's gold watch, engraved with the initials M.L.F., a gold locket with an engraved Moon and Star set with a small diamond. A large collection of very old foreign silver coins and, a gun. He knew everything I had in the house, and where most of it was kept.

He broke in and grabbed me from behind, put his hand over my mouth and a gun to my head. I didn't have a chance to see him or to run. He'd shove me ahead of him, saying now go in this room or that room and keep quiet, if you want to live! Once I started to faint, and he slapped me hard, saying bitch don't try that on me. I know what you have here and your going to give it to me.

Then he tied me up hands behind my back, shoved me face down on the bed and tied my ankles together. Put pillows over my head, and raped me. Leaving me tied up. When I heard the door close I started screaming for help. A neighbor came and untied me and called police. My jewelery, coins and all my Christmas money, \$400, was gone, but at least I was alive.

One and a half hours after police were called they finally arrived, saying they were too busy to get there any sooner. They are so short of men. Around ten pm I was taken to a hospital for examinations as evidence of the rape. I had to wait until 1:30 a.m. before the emergency room doctor finally did this. The officers waited there all that time. I tried to give them a detailed description of the items stolen. But they said our investigation men will call on you and take all that down. I called the Venice Division Police station repeatedly for five days. On the 5th day an officer did talk to me on the phone. He told me he was so busy, he'd not even had time to read the initial report. He was the only one in the Venice Division who was working on crime investigations. Three had been one other officer, but he had been transferred! So this one was working alone.

He also spent a lot of time in court and that day he was due in court. He called me that same evening and said he'd been held up in court to long to stop by. He would see me next week on Wednesday - 5 days later!! So the criminal has all that time to dispose of the loot and to perhaps commit more crime! The next victim may become hysterical and scream and be killed by this junky. When one of them needs a fix, they are desperate for anything to buy dope. Thank God I kept my cool.

But if our Venice Police Department is so short handed that they can't hunt down these criminals, then we citizens are at their mercy.

Our police are busy during festivals at our beach, and as protection for homosexuals parading half naked on our city streets. They can find time to issue parking tickets and traffic violations. To pick up the prostitutes and arrest the bookies. But an armed robber and a rapist takes days to be investigated. Why?

The elderly citizens are virtually prisoners in their own homes. I now sleep sitting up in a chair, with a gun in my hand for fear that man might come back or another robber. I used to take a walk every evening along the Ocean Front. But no more. I won't even attend an evening meeting. Our Chief of Police had better get his priorities in order and give the citizens more protection.

Name Withheld on request

## Venice Town Council

City of Venice



VENICE TOWN COUNCIL MEETING

Wednesday January 16, 1979  
7:30 pm Old Venice Hall  
681 North Venice Boulevard

### AGENDA

1. Announcements and time for emergency issues arising during the month.
2. Election of two coordinators.
3. Committee reports.

Look in the VTC News for other topics which could not make this months Beachhead deadline.

EVERYONE FROM THE COMMUNITY IS ALWAYS WELCOME AND ENCOURAGED TO TAKE PART IN ALL ACTIVITIES.

The Coordinating Committee meeting will be on Jan. 23 at 7:30pm at Venice City Hall.

### FOLLOW-UP ON THE INCREDIBLE GREENIE CASE:

Dear Beachhead Readers,

Last Saturday (12-15), five weeks after Commissioner Carstairs released Greenfield on probation--during which entire time he had been harassing my parents, my friends, my workplace, and my old apartment building--I snuck surreptitiously back into town to say goodbye to my folks, who were leaving on a trip the following day. About 3 PM Greenfield banged on their door looking for me. My father engaged him in an argument about the matter ("She doesn't want to ever SEE you again. Why do you think she's had you arrested?" G: "I don't believe Wendy is the source of those arrests," etc etc ad infinitum) while my mother and I made urgent calls to the police. Twenty minutes later and no police, I called the Beachhead office. Shortly thereafter Olga Palo, Moe Staevezer, and Arnold Springer arrived, "grounded" Greenie, and guarded him until the police did come--after another 25 minutes and a total of five urgent calls. (My dad said, "I saw these two bearded guys and the girl with long straight blonde hair; they looked just like the Mod Squad. I said, 'Are you cops?' ")

It took another 20 minutes to convince the police to take him in and book him, which they did mainly on the strength of Judge David Perez's \$1,000 bench warrant for probation violation. We were all sure that no-one in the community would post his bail bond (\$100) this time, and there was a general celebration.

By the next day I had reports that Greenie was on the streets again, and by Monday he had been back to my parents house (now occupied by house-sitting friends) three known times. He told one Venice resident that he paid the bond himself from SSI cash he had on him.

So he is at large again, still looking for me, bothering the St. Charles manager and the people in my folks house, and so on. And he cannot be arrested again on the strength of the same bench warrant; though every attempt to contact me is still a misdemeanor by the terms of the anti-harassment injunction, without my presence on the spot it is very difficult to arrest him on that basis.

Meanwhile one community member reports that she was reading my article when she saw Greenfield. She asked him if he'd read it; and with a classic Greenie reality-denying statement, he replied: "Yes I've read that too, but you've got to read between the lines."

Many, many people have expressed support for my going public with this story; and one police detective now working on the case has said he feels that this is my best chance for effective action; that women will have to band together and work as a group for any change in the legal system regarding such cases.

I have received several stories of other victim's cases which have moved me deeply, and I want to assure anyone who is considering sending me such information that it will be kept strictly confidential. I am considering the possibility of putting together a case-history book on sexual harassment, such as the ones on rape and incest which have been so effective in focusing attention on those crimes; but nothing will be used without written permission, and of course all names, locations, etc., would be changed.

I've also received two small monetary donations--a gesture which also touched me very much; this money will be put aside for use in the anti-harassment legislation fight/cause, in a special fund for legal expenses. I have been able to borrow enough money to tide me over until I find another job that will support this new more expensive lifestyle (apartment & debts) and did not mean to seem to be requesting donations, when I know most Venetians are as hard pressed as I am. I only mentioned the financial aspect as a reason for offering the story up for sale; and because it seems so absurd and unfair that I should have to pay an extra \$120 monthly just to be rid of Greenie.

Tomorrow I am leaving to visit an out-of-state friend for a much-needed rest and recuperation period, and to think through my next moves. I will return around January 15th and will personally reply to all mail at that time. Please note that my post office box address at the end of my article was somewhat incorrect, since it left off the street number; it should be as given below. If anyone has had a letter returned, I hope you will re-mail it; others are reaching me despite the omission.

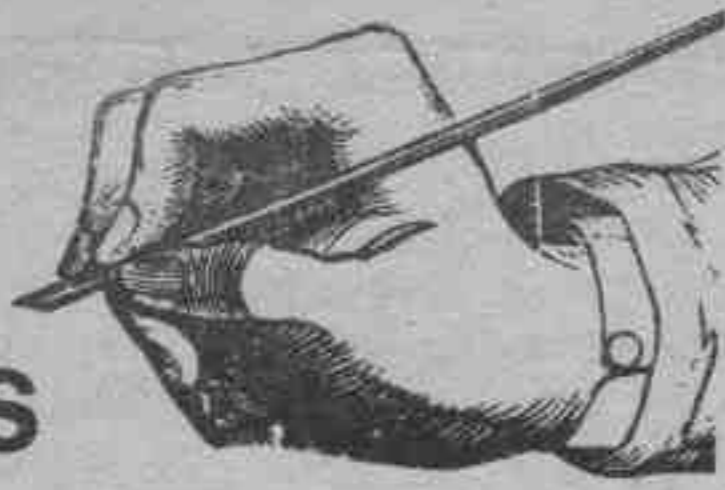
Extra copies of the issue are available from me; please send a large manilla envelope, addressed to whomever you wish to receive the article, and with 20 cents postage for each copy of the full issue (or less for tear-sheets but I don't know how much). This will be sent 2nd class (unsealed envelope). Please wait til after Jan. 12th though.

Thank you all again for your response, and all my good wishes for merry holidays. Watch the Beachhead for further updates.

P. O. Box 249  
3010 Santa Monica Blvd.,  
Santa Monica, CA 90404

Wendy Reeves

# more letters



Dear Beachhead

Last month Wendy Reeves wrote a mind-boggling article about one of the "spirits" of Venice. One of the crazy aspects of this community that is, too often, easy to ignore because it is hard to accept and deal with. Well not long after that article I was face-to-face with Greenie because he was over at Wendy's folks house, here in Venice, try to convince Wendy's father that all would be well if Wendy could just come to him. "I want my woman" he said just after he told Wendy's father how he (Greenie) would like to "fuck" Wendy. We, mainly Arnold, held him down for almost an hour until the cops came who, when they did show were VERY reluctant about doing anything. Well they finally carted him off to jail and at long last it finally seeped into my mind that he couldn't be doing what he's been doing without some support.

But I couldn't imagine who would support this wild-eyed man. See, I don't feel sorry for Greenie. I don't buy the romantic bullshit notion that makes that kind of behavior acceptable. I don't buy the Greenie hanger-on-ers who look at his sickness as romantic, worthy of poetic enshrinement. Those people who "care" about him should, if they really gave a shit about Greenie or poetry, be trying to help him stop hurting Wendy and himself. I understand, for instance, that Scott Tracy, Greenie's friend and "guardian", has written a play about this madness. For chrissakes man, a play about this? The height of insensitivity disguised as art. Then I hear that Greenie reads poetry about Wendy at the "Fig Tree" and Beyond Baroque. That is not art or is it freedom of speech. There's a point at which one person's speech can threaten another person's very soul and at that point there is no issue of freedom of speech. Greenie's behavior has reached and passed that point.

Every person in this community who cares about Wendy, or "freedom", or about Greenie, should go out of their way to shut him up or at the very least to stop being an audience for his fantasy. He is destroying another person's life, he is harrasing a woman, her friends and her family based on his personal fantasy. Hitler and Charlie Manson did the same thing. And just like them, Greenie needs to be put in a place where he can no longer inflict his particular brand of pain and suffering on other people.

There are times when we must make a choice and this, it seems to me, is one of them. I choose Wendy's safety over Greenie's obsession and I hope that there are many others in this community who feel the same and will do something about it.

Moe Stavnezer

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TUESDAY JANUARY 8th TUESDAY JANUARY 8

IF YOU LIKE PUBLIC HEARINGS THIS IS YOUR BIG DAY BIG DAY

1. Completion of Ocean Front Walk along the Marina Peninsula. Walk would be 10ft. wide, textured to simulate cobblestone. Would include a City ordinance banning roller skaters & bicycles on this section of OFW and the section between Windward & Wash. St. as well  
Time: 10 A.M.  
Place: West L.A. Municipal Bldg.  
1645 Corinth Ave  
Room 200
2. Construction of 50-units of housing for low-and-moderate income families.  
Developer: Tom Safran  
NOTE: There's been lots of opposition from nearby condo owners.  
Time: 1:30 P.M.  
Place: West L.A. Municipal Bldg.  
1645 Corinth Av  
2nd Fl. Conference Room
3. Appeals on Low income housing development near Israel Levin Ctr. (see Sept. Beachhead). Developer: Tom Safran  
Appellants: Laura Harrison, James Clemons (for Navy St. Estates) & Tom Safran  
Time: 5:00 P.M.  
Place: Board of Zoning Appeals (BZA)  
561-A, L.A. City Hall  
200 N. Spring St.

TUESDAY JANUARY 8th TUESDAY JANUARY 8th  
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by Moe Stavnezer

I suppose you might call it coincidence that none of the people from the Venice Town Council who spoke at the public hearing concerning Charmer's Tea House didn't get notice of the decision. I suppose you could but for some reason I can't. We did get notice of the permit hearing on the zone variance which was granted with a number of conditions, none of which dealt with our major concern-- the maintenance of low income housing in the building. The housing issue was to be addressed in the Coastal Permit but it never came.

On Dec. 28th I was preparing to write an article on the zone variance decision and called, rather routinely, the Coastal Permit section to get some idea of when their decision was coming out. I was told by Mr. Charles Donnel that it had been made and sent out on Dec. 11th, one day prior to the zone variance decision. I called everyone I could who had spoken on the permit and no-one, including a reporter for the Evening Outlook (who did get the zone variance report) had received a coastal permit report. I was also told by Donnel that our appeal time had lapsed and that he was VERY surprised that there had been no appeal. Well, I snidely reminded him, you can't appeal what you don't know about (ha, ha).

So what we know at this writing is that Charmer's has been granted a zone variance which calls for increased parking in back of and within 300 feet of the building, a loading space adjacent to the business, no use of apartment hallways by the restaurant, closing by 9 P.M. and getting rid of the storage cage in the front of the building. That a synopsis of the 15 conditions. What we don't know is anything in the coastal permit that might deal with the housing issue or any other issue for that matter.

This is the second time this month that we have failed to get notice of a city decision and have lost our appeal rights.

### THE LOONEY TUNER'S TIP OF THE MONTH

The "cold engine warm up" is not really necessary. Save some gas and start driving right away, but gently, until the engine warms a little. This ad was made possible by a grant from the president of Exxon Corp., me. 823-2722

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(See other side for Tournament Schedule)

### SMBCC-USCF Rated Tournament Schedule-1980

- I Jan. 7, 14, 21, 28, Feb. 4, 11 (Class Champ.)
- II Mar. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, Apr. 7, 14, 21 (Club Championship — \$1,000.00 Guaranteed plus trophies)
- APR. 28 — ANNUAL MEETING & ELECTION OF OFFICERS
- III May 5, 12, 19, June 2, 9, 16, 23  
PACIFIC SOUTHWEST OPEN JULY 4-6
- IV July 7, 14, 21, 28, Aug. 4, 11, 18
- V Sept. 8, 15, 22, 29, Oct. 6, 13, 20
- VI Nov. 3, 10, 17, 24, Dec. 1, 8, 15  
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**A THANK YOU TO VENICE FOLK** by Ed Pearl and Carol Wells.

The Nicaragua Aid exhibit at the recent KPFK Winter-Faire, held at the Santa Monica Civic Aud, was an extraordinary success. This was due in no small degree to the creative and diligent work done by residents of Venice and nearby friends. We'd like to thank them.

Our part of the Faire occupied about a third of the front lobby and had several integrated parts to it. One was a large and beautiful booth filled with traditional Latino crafts, primarily Mexicano, Chicano, Peruvian and Chilean. Rita Kirshner of the Ellison provided a large variety of Mexican goods. North Beach residents Chris and Joe Krach donated the booth and Joe's solidarity oil lamps sold like, well, hot lamps. Richard Duardo, currently exhibiting his posters at SPARC rounded up a gorgeous collection of posters from many Chicano silk screen and print makers. Ricardo Bermeo and Carmen Kaplan who regularly sell on Ocean Front Walk contributed Peruvian and Mexican crafts. Debby Freeman of the Westside Womens Clinic and Ray Brenner of Paloma helped staff. Maybe the most remarkable goods sold were the Chilean tapestries, fashioned by political prisoners out of bits of cloth and telling both the personal stories of people as well as their view of Chile and the World. These remarkable art works, called "Arpilleras" will be sold at the Bookshop in Ocean Park. They were provided by Jimena del Poso of Chile Democratico, a teacher at the Childrens Place, in the Church in Ocean Park.

Another part of the exhibit was a series of photos and slides which told the story of the victorious struggle of the Nicaraguan people and current efforts to rebuild their country. This was actualized by Doug Humble of E. Santa Monica, Linda Eber of SPARC, and Jerry Lucas of the Latin American Center of C.S.U.L.A. This same center organized the live music in our area, which included the Huicholas, Los Tigres de la Sierra, and Manana es Hoy. The acting group of Lee and Marlene Boek, which centers at the Church in Ocean Park provided guerilla theater throughout the Civic, attracting people to our area, but specifically to the unique and creative child care we provided.

We took a rather large area of our space and dumped debree on it; odd pieces of lumber, damaged tools, nails, screening, etc. This was to symbolize the state of Nicaragua right after the July 17th victory. We asked people to raise the walls of a simple day care center and we asked children to create their own space, make toys, fashion games, learn basic skills, etc. It worked marvelously! Three to Four hundred kids participated in a way we'd never seen before. The center was lovingly staffed by carpenters organized by Mike Suhd of the Venice Carpenters Collective. Mike deserves a special thank you for his great organization, long hours and ability to really teach kids creative carpentry skills. A small victory for mens consciousness was realized; all the day care staff were men with the exception of Karen Lewis of Dudley Ave. who taught weaving (including the construction of looms!). Larry Abrams, Eric Ahlberg, Jerry Palmer and John Gibson were also part of the staff.

Most of the abovenamed people relate in one way or another to our progressive umbrella, the Venice Town Council, to which institution we are grateful for it's spiritual and material contributions to the cause of the people of Nicaragua.

Lastly but not leastly, our booth sold more than any other in the fair. We are convinced that it was the full human dimension of the personal, the Political, and the aesthetic, still realizable through our community. We shall persevere!

Ed Pearl and Carol Wells, Venice residents and Faire Coordinators for NICASO, the Nicaraguan Solidarity Organization.

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# A JOINT EFFORT to Pass Grass or Bust

"WE THE PEOPLE of the Sovereign State of California believe that the present marijuana laws should be repealed...." BECAUSE they are archaic, cruel, unjust, and allow for unreasonable interference into the privacy of the individual; BECAUSE they force millions of law abiding citizens to commit a felony by growing and purchasing a natural substance; BECAUSE they force a multi-billion dollar California agri-business to remain underground, untaxed and unregulated.

On November 13, official papers and a \$200 fee were filed with Atty. General Deukmejian, setting into motion the 1980 California Marijuana Initiative campaign. The actual signature drive is expected to begin January 1st.

The proposed initiative will repeal penalties for the private possession, cultivation, and transportation of marijuana by adults for their own use. Additionally it will establish a state commission to conduct feasibility study on the agricultural, economic and tax benefits of a legal marijuana market in California.

In order to qualify for the November 1980 general election ballot, the signatures of 346,000 California voters must be collected by May 1st. An overall goal of 600,000 signatures has been set to allow for invalid signatures and assure certification for the ballot.

The final wording of the new initiative was agreed to at a meeting of the California NORML Steering Committee in San Diego on November 10, after receiving recommendations and suggestions from around the state.

A statewide conference is planned for Saturday, March 1, in Monterey, either to plan the completion of the petition drive, or to begin the election campaign itself.

Petitions and more info can be gotten by calling the Santa Monica NORML/C.M.I. office at 395-9668.

## 1980 CALIFORNIA MARIJUANA INITIATIVE

An act to add new Section 11357.5 to Division 10 of the Health and Safety Code  
THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA DO ENACT  
AS FOLLOWS:

### Section 11357.5

1. Adults, 18 years or older, shall not be punished criminally, or be denied any right or privilege, by reason of their private possession, transportation or cultivation of marijuana for personal use.

2. A state commission shall be established to study the potential agricultural, economic and tax benefits of a regulated marijuana market. The commission shall explore regulatory approaches which minimize promotion and misuse of marijuana. The economic analysis shall include consideration of other uses of hemp such as for paper and fiber, and compare the costs between prohibition, and regulation.

The commission shall consist of thirteen members who shall serve without compensation and be appointed as follows:

- The Governor shall appoint seven members, six of whom must be persons not holding public office or governmental position;
- The Attorney General and the State Controller, or their designated representatives, shall serve on the commission;
- Each house of the Legislature shall appoint two members to serve on the commission.

The Legislature shall appropriate funds for operation of the commission for one year commencing July 1, 1981. All hearings, findings, and recommendations of the commission shall be public.

3. This act does not affect legislation prohibiting persons under the influence of marijuana from operating motor vehicles or engaging in conduct which may endanger others.

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# The Freedom Co-op: a multi-movement news network

The Freedom Co-op is a new and growing 'people's publicity network' serving all liberation movements.

Based on the idea that everyone ought to have the right to control their own lives, the co-op supports the full spectrum of political, cultural and economic freedom.

Freedom from pollution, poverty, violence, Big Brother and bigotry -- freedom for marijuana, laetrile, kids, mommas, workers, political prisoners and everybody -- the Freedom Co-op seeks to bring them all together.

The co-op gets leaflets and other literature from various movements and groups, puts them together into packets and distributes them statewide by mail and at meetings, conferences, festivals, demonstrations, etc.

Voter-petitions are a big item this year; the co-op is distributing them for L.A.'s Campaign for a Citizen's Police Review Board, for the statewide marijuana initiative and also for the Medical Freedom Initiative which would allow doctor and patient the right to choose any treatment.

The co-op is also distributing materials for the anti-muke movement, the ERA and other women's issues, civil liberties, various boycotts, headshops, bookstores and publishers.

Costs are divided among all those benefitting; groups pay a penny per leaflet to have theirs included, and those receiving the packets are asked to donate what they can. Co-op labor

is by unpaid volunteers, mailings are sent bulk rate, and costs are generally held down, to make the system cheap enough for poor groups and folks.

Everyone's invited to get on the co-op's mailing list. Send in your mailing address -- mention any special interests, groups you're involved in, phone number (optional) -- put the co-op on your mailing list if you have one -- enclose any donation you can and mail to: Freedom Co-op, 3010 Santa Monica Blvd. #725, Santa Monica CA 90404.

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# I'm One For The Books (and the Bookstores)

by Lynne Bronstein

As I'm writing this I glance down at a pile of newspapers, flyers, and other printed matter amongst which is Vroman's Christmas book catalogue. It's good to see books still exist and are considered fit to give as presents but the catalogue contains a stark two pages of fiction title suggestions. I counted maybe two books of poetry, one an anthology of light verse and one the latest McKuen. What you see in the Vroman's catalogue is pretty much what you get. I know three poets who work at the Santa Monica Vroman's and have obtained a few shelves there for small press fiction and poetry. They're lucky to have managed that.

For as we kick off the 80's we see more evidence that someone out there wants us to have a bookless society. The latest move toward Fahrenheit 451 bonfires is John Wilson's eviction notice served on the Bookshop in Ocean Park which ironically just celebrated its third anniversary December 2nd with a sangria and book-autographing bash. Bookshop manager Linda Garrett has been given until January 28th to vacate the premises at 2915 Main Street. Wilson's eviction letter explained that he "needs" the space for "expansion of business." This is the same John Wilson who claimed back in 1978 that Main Street would not become another Rodeo Drive. No one knows at this time what Wilson's business plans include--he says the shop site will be used for a "communications center"--but scuttlebutt presumes the communicating will probably be done in a bar or restaurant setting--just like everything else on good old Main Street.

Linda Garrett is fighting back. She has been working with Communitas and the Main Street merchants to create a zoning plan that would forestall the continued oppressive redevelopment of the Ocean Park area and Main Street in particular. Some have suggested that her shop's ouster is in retaliation for her community activism. In any case Garrett has been receiving considerable community support from people who appreciate her bookstore and her activism. There is a Friends of the Bookshop committee, people are searching for a possible new site for the store, and an open letter to Wilson was posted on the Bookshop door the day of the anniversary party. It consists of graffiti directed at Wilson and his obscure plan. Amidst many tart comments on the superfluosity of restaurants in the Main Street area, I wrote: "Some of my best friends are books--and as books are also my business (I'm a local writer) I think the Bookshop in Ocean Park should remain in Ocean Park."

We should hardly be surprised that books are being evicted from a neighborhood like Ocean Park when most of the people living here and in Venice have at one time or another had evictions served on them. Books after all represent people--the people who wrote them, the people they deal with, the people who like to read them. Ah but as they've been telling us for the last two decades, reading is supposed to be a dying art. People are TV addicts, visually oriented, sensually concerned; they like to eat and drink and dance and pick each other up in bars and such people do not need a bookstore in Ocean Park. If there's anyone who honestly craves a book to read there's always the Ocean Park library (which almost closed after Proposition 13 passed and still keeps limited hours.)

Or a real book nut can go over to Vroman's on the mall or up to Intellectuals and Liars on Wilshire where they must do it with mirrors to stay open because being a writer-owned bookstore concerned with the future of high-quality fiction and poetry, that's what they mainly stock.

Or to such places as Discount Books on Venice Blvd, over to Westwood's rare bookstore row, out to West L.A.'s Papa Bach's or to Venice's Small World Books, Midnight Special or Feminist Wicca. Sure there are all kinds of bookstores around.

But note that Small World is owned by the people who own the thriving Sidewalk Cafe next door. All those Pina Colodas consumed by tourists go a little way toward the preservation of literature. Note that the Farouche boutique on Pacific was a bookstore--the zany Venice Bookstore and Culture Palace--only two years ago. Note that small bookstores are giving way more and more to chains like Vroman's and B. Dalton's where most of the books stocked are the kind of non-fiction blueprints for success oriented toward the TV-watching crowd. Note that bookstores give less and less space to unpopular books, fiction, poetry, experimental writing, independent publications.

Fewer bookstores than ever have clerks who will take the time to help a customer find an unusual book; fewer stores tolerate browsing or provide an area with tables and chairs where book-lovers can sample books before buying.

The Bookshop in Ocean Park is a store that does allow and encourage browsing and provides plenty of space for the kind of special-interest books I have described in the sidebar to this arti-

cle. I believe it is very important for us to keep such an establishment intact. If you've read this far you may be the kind of person (late 20th century

literate freak) who possesses that exceptional ability to transcend reality via the printed word. Or maybe you only have time and money to read a free paper like the Beachhead (which several of these bookstores carry) but you've always hoped to have some time and money someday to read a classic you skipped in school or an adventure with some sort of newfangled way-out novel. If so it is urgent that you make your existence known to all those entrepreneurs and societal analysts who would have us believe folks like us don't deserve an outlet for our "peculiar" form of recreation and enlightenment.

Hopefully by the time you read this, Linda Garrett will have found a new home for her bookstore. If she hasn't and is forced to close shop, it will be up to those of us in the area who cherish the availability of the kind of books we like to save the stores that remain and possibly create some new ones. We can't expect the problem to go away--in the near future every one of the other stores I've mentioned may undergo a similar crisis. The 1970s have been characterized as the "Me" decade. The 80s might just have to be the "It's Them or Us" decade. I hope it's us.

## Off The Beaten Shelf

(The following books reviewed are available either at the Bookshop in Ocean Park or Small World Books. Chances are you won't find them at most "chain" type bookstores or supermarket paperback sections.)

Are Tears Enough by Rick Davidson was reviewed in last month's Beachhead. I differ with reviewer Larry Abrams' opinion as to whether or not the works here are poems--I'd call them as Davidson sometimes does "thoughts"---but the political observations herein are certainly worth reading regardless. The pull-out card format is interesting. Calamity Jane's Letters To Her Daughter by Martha Jane Canary. It's what the title says, a bit of Americana and a feminist novelty (I didn't know until now that Calamity Jane had a daughter, much less her sagacious sagebrush advice to "Janey"). From the indefatigable Bay Area based Shameless Hussy Press whose founder Alta is a poet worth checking out. Hell, I'd take exception to the blurb on the cover of her latest book I Am Not A Practicing Angel. Alta is not simply one of the best woman poets in America. She is one of the best poets in America. So there.

The Dream Awakening by Philomene. A small, delicately designed book of poems about a nebulous Goddess-figure and the feminine forces. More than slightly reminiscent of the works of Venice immortal Stuart Perkoff but will probably delight those who prefer the lyrical rather than political aspects of patriarchy.

Magazines and Anthologies: In most of the bookstores described in the accompanying article you can get Bachy 15, the latest volume of one of Los Angeles' best-known literary magazines. It's coffee-table-sized, beautifully designed, and packed with fiction, poetry, graphics, and reviews. For the uninitiated or those with eclectic taste some of its poetry may seem academic, abstruse, or just boring. Excitement is provided by an expanded review section in which reviewers and authors trade opinions and respond to each other's comments. I like the responses to the "sexist" reviewing of Robert Peters by Deena Metzger and Joan Sutherland.

Onicnomachitocac may sound like the name of an emetic but it's actually an Aztec word meaning "I knew its names" or "I declared that I did it and said it." It's a new literary magazine dedicated to publishing poetry and art that strive for the mythic. The first issue contains some highly accessible poetry, art work and journal excerpts by Venice muralist Ed Gilliam, and a virtual manifesto on the goals of poetry by editor Dennis Holt. (If you don't see this one right away in the poetry section look for a book bearing an I Ching hexagram on its cover.) Finally, two poetry anthologies. The Streets Inside has been well-publicized and contains the work of 10 Los Angeles poets, most of whom have been or are going to be published by Momentum Press. It's a good intro to the works of the aforementioned Deena Metzger, Holly Prado, Harry Northup, and others. A larger range of poetry can be found in Foreign Exchange, a collection of poetry originally accumulated for the now-defunct Coast Magazine. Here is poetry for the up-to-date, electronically oriented generation (or aficionados of all ages); media riffs, social comment, humor. Editor Michael C. Ford notes that Foreign Exchange was produced with absolutely no help from the grant-funding National Endowment For The Arts or any-

one else. And that's the way it is as we enter the 1980s.

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USHERING IN THE 80'S

# The Spirit of Venice

by Moe Stavnezer

Describing the "Spirit of Venice" is no mean task. However, there's no reason why I shouldn't give it a try and so I will. Venice, in a word, is irreverent. A place that thumbs its collective nose at the accepted and acceptable behavior of the world. At the same time, it is far from being above thumbing that same nose at itself. It's kind of the Muhammed Ali of California community politics -- always in training for that one last fight against opponents who just never seem to stop coming. Fortunately, for Venice's spirit there have always appeared "trainers" to whip (figuratively, of course) the community spirit back into shape for the next scrap or an occasional championship bout.

Lately, however, I hear that the Spirit is DEAD. Well it's my feeling that the "Spirit of Venice" is just plain pooped and not at all dead. After a decade or more of struggle and hard and continuous work, the Spirit, like many of us, is tired. BUT, even pooped, the Spirit is more alive than most community spirits and I feel safe in predicting that it will rise to the challenge of the Orwellian 80's. 'Cause I don't know of any place that loves so passionately, hates so vehemently, or forgives so easily as Venice.

Some of the realization of what the spirit of Venice is was brought home to me through recent political work in Santa Monica. It was exciting to be part of a movement that brought about some significant electoral victories including the most progressive rent control law in the country, election of an entire slate for the rent control board, and the election of 3 city council-people. All within a 6 month time. But there is still nowhere the kind of political awareness or dedicated activism in Santa Monica, even after these victories, that I find in Venice where there is not even a remote chance of such electoral victories. Even more obvious is the political sophistication in terms of making the connection between community political/social events and those outside the community. And I write this at a time when there is a debate here as to whether the Town Council should concern itself with anything other than the community. The debate is healthy and is certainly a part of the community spirit, an eclectic political mish-mash in which controversy is normal and acceptable. Venice remains, after 7 years, a breath of fresh air and I'll take its spirit, tired or not, as long as I can still find here what is missing in most other places.

But the irreverence is gladly not confined to the Spirit's political nature. Its also the poker game on a kitchen table on Ocean Front Walk on Christmas day, or a Halloween party that becomes a parade through the community and along the same OFW. Its an article in the L. A. Times about X Swami X, Venice night at the Fox, the crowning of two "queens" amidst a storm of controversy, a nude beach, skaters, bikers, murals and street vendors.

Despite the comparative lethargy of the past year there was an underlying tension in the air. There was energy. A sense that the Spirit was just lying low in anticipation of a new decade in which it will rise howling like the wind. A bit off key, of course.

Happy New Year to the Spirit of Venice and to all of you out there in Veniceland.

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It is the ambition of its founder to make Venice of America famous among world resorts and with this end in view, provision has been made for all their points of advantage, that could make more perfect the general scheme of Venice.

Property in Atlantic City sells for \$2,000 to \$3,000 a front foot and it is only a summer resort with a large amount of business frontage. Venice of America, an all-the-year-around resort and ideal residence site, has only a few hundred feet of business frontage. For prices on Venice property apply or write to

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On the Beach at Venice.

Skyline

God packed up and moved to  
Mahattan Beach

The apartments of Marina del Rey  
Are giants marching to the sea;  
Side-stepping to Venice.  
The plasticine windows become  
Monk-eyes, half-shut, lonely.  
One, two, three 747 airliners loop  
Into the sky.  
Five jet planes spell out: COPPERTONE.  
Two women undulating in a blood-trance:  
Venice Lives!

Frozen key, lock in door  
Repeats: I shall not go there anymore!  
Fog rolls in as a seagull traversing  
Through the sky sporadically yelping:  
Venice Lives!

Eighteen musicians performing  
Lackadassically near the Pacific.  
Their guitars a-strummin'.  
Flutes and harmonica humming.  
Nickel, dimes or quarters  
Pay for their existence.  
Foghorn in the night's ocean;  
Sounds of ghost worn thin  
On the shoreline.  
Saltwater's rushing to the sand's edge.  
On the beach two lovers smiling:  
Venice Lives!

Blue notes on an apartment dwelling:  
Cast-aways of times false  
Inequities!  
Saying: How do you do man?  
Can I have a cigarette? and  
What is the time?  
One sickle moon and the  
Northstar whispering:  
The apartments of Marina del Rey  
Are giants marching to the sea;  
Side-stepping to Venice!

VENICE 90291 FACT OR FICTION?  
rick davidson

Venice? Which Venice?  
West, East, South?  
North Venice?

Black, Brown, Red, or White Venice?

Old, young, middle age Venice?  
Just arrived or half a century more Venice?  
There's Poor Venice, Rich, or not so.  
Working Venice, trying to, and unable to.  
Ofcourse there's Venice Drugs - every kind.  
Certainly political Venice: conservative, radical,  
middle-of-the-road.

Some that don't even know; plenty that don't care.

Some believe that Venice is just along the beach:  
Ocean Front Walk Venice; smiling,  
the Ducks never leave the Canals.

How do you judge a town?

Where I grew up they said that Coconut Grove  
wasn't a place at all, but a state of mind.  
That's how I feel about Venice, 90291.  
So that,  
Venice is that spot in back of the head  
or top of the heart  
that holds you long  
and even when you're forced to leave,  
you find it's with you still.  
Can't explain it....it's impossible to understand.

If I had to guess at the commonalty  
of all the diverse Venices'  
I'd say it's its

indefinability.

The indefinable process of living.....that's what Venice is.  
Unable to be defined  
it's unable to be controlled, limited, boxed-in, dated;  
unable to be destroyed.

It's a myth.  
It doesn't exist.  
Yet, fifty thousand humans sing its name.  
It's here, there, gone,  
back again.  
Now weak, ever strong.

Lose it and you've lost the future.  
Find it and you're always home.

Venice is!

freevenice october 1979

Venice was my home, now  
it's ancient Rome.....  
Every pillar and dome has  
been plasticized and mod-  
ernized; to keep me on the  
outside.

We voted to let kids back  
into Santa Monica Beach,  
the kids in Venice live  
in Ghost Town, unless their  
parents wallets reach bey-  
ond the latest political  
speech.

Not to mention the enrag-  
ing crime... Committed of  
course, by the greedy slime.  
Who want to be Corleone's  
but ain't worth a dime.

The so-called " hub of the  
universe" is now enduring  
that Vogue-ish curse.

Chock full of roller skat-  
ers some that injure and  
kill... all of them take  
themselves too seriously  
too make skating seem like  
a genuine thrill.

So God and me packed up  
and moved, I went North,  
He went South. We get asked  
about Venice and we just  
shut our mouth.  
Though it was hard to resist  
this "spirit of Venice" jazz;  
any detractors can kiss my  
ass.....

Austria Giancarlo

Lament for Venice West

Where have all the hippies gone,  
who frolicked here not long ago?  
Where have all the beatniks gone,  
who howled here not long ago?  
Where have all the rebels gone,  
who tilted at windmills of greed?

They've been transformed to middle class  
leaden insensitive cattle,  
transmogrified to grasping creatures,  
finagling scheming status seekers,  
been replaced by ambitious folk  
who'll barter their souls for gold.

Housing profiteers have come to town,  
are straitening "Venice West" into  
a bland suburban hell by the sea,  
hollow as Marina del Rey.  
Where next will the drained creative boil  
erupt in fecund fervor?

Donald Johns

SMALL MOON

If you take these bricks  
of foxfire and night dreams  
these gentle heathens of spirit  
with decorated skins  
and cognac laced cheeks.  
If you take these hereos  
musicians poets madmen and knaves  
these bighorn brothers and sisters  
with wings beating against the rain  
and eyes that light the sky.  
If you take these ornaments  
to the sea of the garden  
you will be rewarded  
with society's cupboard  
bellowing like an animal in birth  
Venice USA.

David Allen Smith



graphics by John F. T. Jones



IT'S SNOWING PEOPLE IN VENICE

An evening stroll  
It's snowing people in Venice  
We walk southward after another mad Sunday  
Dodging skaters on the boardwalk  
Temporarily mistified by the disco mania,  
Wide-eyed at Windward, keep moving  
Moving moving moving south,  
The real Venice ends and the Marina  
Becomes more real, closer,  
Squeezing, stifling, the air is heavy  
With the sea and the frivolity of excess  
Wealth. North beach snobs  
Mingling with south beach slobs.  
Only the dogs know for sure.  
The illusion is too thick, the  
Uniqueness too immediate, too defensive,  
Too easily swallowed up by the  
Smoothness of urban civility.  
Like a cancerous growth on the  
clear skinned coast Venice sits  
On the edge of the continent.  
For three years I have dwelled here  
In exile unable to contain my lust  
Watching friends go mad, taking  
Prescribed doses of freedom.  
The price you pay is indulgence.  
Self discipline your only ally.  
Yellow lights at the end turn us green  
And it's time to return. I think  
We'll take the street back.

R. Mayack

FESTIVAL  
(for Spirit of Venice)

Absent minded malicious boys  
Hurling chunks of Abbot Kinney's  
concrete at the ducks and geese  
on Linnie Canal.  
Past the cascading fire red  
bougainvillea naked  
Painters climbed ladders  
eagerly into second story bedrooms,  
sketching mural s in the sand.  
--Stop Capitalist Speculation in Venice--

On the bridge over the Ekaterinskii  
Steve the Fair stroked the  
four bronze equestrian statues,  
(A gift from one dreamer to another,  
) and helped the law police his prism.  
Two gypsy women passed  
the only sounds and smells  
we'd heard that day of  
far off Istanbul or Afganistan,  
Flaunting their life before ours.

In the square before St. Isaacs Cathedral  
Tatiana danced between the stars,  
Gathered signatures beneath her tears,  
Then sped away to lose the hours gathered too  
long ago.  
A softspring dress sailed beside her thoughts,  
Gathered the images of gods new colony  
And wraped the dream in pastel'd wings of  
our gray-blue past.

Chinese - Finnish Olga  
Walked the wide brimmed  
Strawed hat over Howland Canal,  
Laughed at the big black man  
wearing white Maidenform panties  
and cock-a-doddle-do flags  
of many nations in her hair.

Josef Haifeiskii was suddenly forty going on;  
Curly hair blacked around  
disoriented eyes set in a  
pock-marked swarthy face.  
While the festival died he  
ate corn on the cob out front  
at the Old Sundown;  
Waiting for the funk band  
to stomp his blond haired dream  
into the community boardwalk.

And what if it all smacked  
of the negation personified.  
And what if the sky would  
never turn the color of revolution's fire.  
Our beautiful lady, wrapped  
in clouds of heavy gray mist,  
Let the shroud dip softly from her  
milk white shoulder, and  
motioned us to her shadow,

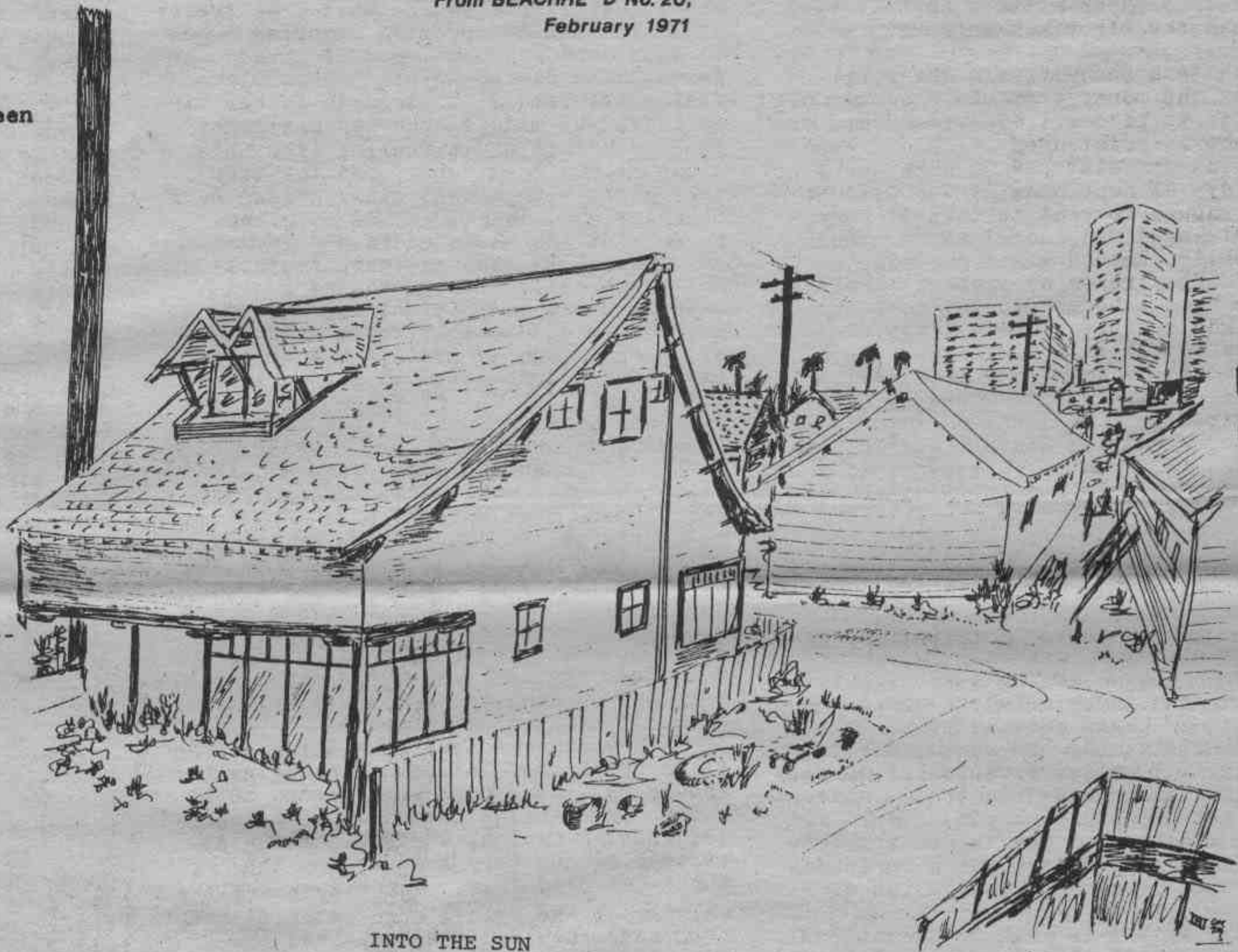
Arnold Springer

SANDPATCH AND BROKEN WALL

Sandpatch and broken wall,  
Bright sunlight, broken brick-  
Gat-tooth town beside the ocean  
Where To Be blows past To Have  
Like a whiff of fog around a corner.  
Cracked pane, still scrap of curtain-  
And at its edge, rampaging always,  
Tumultuous,  
Inevitable  
A surf like white lions-  
Venice.

ROBT. WELLS

From BEACHHE D No. 20,  
February 1971



INTO THE SUN

Heading down  
Railroad tracks  
Into the sun  
Your life has just begun  
And I think you know  
They can't take away your soul  
They can't take away your spirit  
They can't take away your love

Alan Leonard

VENICE  
man made myths  
limping lovers  
a cradle for folly.

Suck them in and puff-up  
long dead hopes

This surf ever-churns fantasy  
as dog krap nurtures nice tomorrows

"REALITY PROHIBITED ON OCEAN FRONT WALK !"

We find love each sunny morning.  
Under this grime exists a naive purity  
like the forth face of God  
on the brink of a new daybreak.

And, peeling-back this foreskin of fraud  
we sometimes glimpse a pink and pretty self.

God bless you Venice  
It hurts to stay here  
but where else could I  
again hope to glimpse my true self?

Dolan Andrews

HEY KID-

Stop throwing plastic  
things into the ocean.  
Hasn't anyone ever told  
you the ocean ain't your  
river of shit?  
It's the home of scummy  
seaweed, algae and fungi,  
Living in communal har-  
mony,  
Digesting one another in  
fruitful regurgitation,  
Living in order to give  
life.  
And you throw plastic in;  
It is molded and predigested,  
never having lived death.  
And everything ripples away  
from it,  
And not even the vultures  
go near it,  
And it doesn't even putrefy,  
It just comes back to you.

Marilyn S. Taub

RUNNING TO THE END

Running to the end  
- and then,  
the ocean stops me in motion  
eternity across my eyes  
and me never needing to wonder why I come  
to the ocean.

Alan Leonard

Gray Panther Strikes Again

Ah Venice that once I loved  
there's a part of me that is forever  
no man is an island -  
nostalgia causes tooth decay  
this is it I'm splitting  
too many brought down heads  
with down at heel eyes  
psychic junkies on a moth-ball fix  
never were gurus with  
pin ups from old flicks  
all faces prove to be veneers  
mine is fixed in a perpetual pall  
whenever I venture into the haze  
am greeted by misanthropes  
on roller skates  
bicyclers whiz by  
remote distance in the eyes  
runners sweat alongside  
silent agony in their strangled cries  
Venice the last resort  
of the lost and lonely  
anyone left to talk to  
yes if only -

G. Ridley

# 10 From Mid-Venusian Mythology, circa MCLMVIII

Translated into Venetian  
by S.E. Mendelson

Once during a recent era, three refugees from a nearby large and powerful nation, whose people had to work too long and too hard for too little pay and too much waste, bumped into one another on an empty Venetian beach. Though their trek had been short, it had been arduous and fraught with mishaps. Their clothing was disheveled and ragged. And they themselves were so dirty, the only recognizable thing about each was that one was an old woman, another a middle-aged man, and the third a teen-aged girl.

With a kind of cunning and suspiciousness that had been the custom in the old country, they silently eyed the other until the old woman said: "The two of you are standing on my land. I was here first."

"Hell you were!" snarled the middle-aged man. "Both of you better be moving along because I got a deed!" He flashed a scroll-like paper at them so that they could read the big black work DEED printed on it.

"That's a phony!" said the girl, snatching the paper from his hand and tearing it to pieces. "The real deed to this place is printed on the black karate belt around my waist..." And before she could add: "I hope none of you will be foolish enough to want to take it away," the middle-aged man lunged and grabbed at it, while the old woman screeched: "Police! They're on my property! Police!"

The ruckus became so intense, the shore birds (mostly plovers) stopped their search for food to glance back at them; and it awakened the Free Venice Spirit Aestheticus from a deep diurnal beauty nap.

"Stop!" rumbled Aestheticus in perfect pitch while taking the shape of a towering human form some 38 feet above their upturned, gaping faces.... "What manner of foolishness is it that shore birds can settle their kinds of disputes with less noise and more civility than you can yours?"

Even in anger, the Spirit -- whose sex could be determined only in the eye of the beholder -- was so beautiful to look upon, the three refugees could not begin to tear their gaze away.

Contritely, the old woman fell to her knees. "I am sorry, splendid Spirit!" she said. "Age has so blunted my senses, I could not see nor hear you sleeping.."

The middle-aged man looked flustered and muttered: "There was a Christmas spirit; but he used to wear a lot of price tags..."

"This Spirit is much too beautiful to be Christmas," the girl said, flirtatiously batting her eyes at Aestheticus. "And after He helps me get rid of the two of ugly you, Venice will be the most beautiful place in the world to live."

"You better not listen to her!" cried the old woman. "That scamp hasn't the sense to apologize for waking you!"

"Look, Spirit, if I were you, I'd never believe what an old hag and a sappy kid tell me," said the middle-aged man, half respectfully, to Aestheticus. "I mean, you and me are men -- and we men can see that this is a man's beach."

"It is like hell!" screamed the girl assuming a karate-fighting posture. "You better be man enough to take it away!"

"...You come near me, I'll flatten your pretty-little face," snarled the middle-aged man, sucking in part of his paunch, and putting up knuckly fists.

"Go ahead. You try," growled the girl back at him. And while she and the man squared away and warily watched for the other to make a move, the old woman pulled a vintage 45 caliber pistol from her purse and began shooting it at them. But her hand was too shaky; the shots went wild, one of which sheared the feathers from a plover's tail, and sent the rest of the flock into flight, pipping and peeping at the top of their frightened little shore-bird voices.

At the sight of all this, Aestheticus broke into a fit of laughter, which sounded like thumping thunderclaps beneath a tattoo of wind-lashed rain. And it was so beautiful to hear, all living eared things in the world stopped from what they were doing.

"I find it hard to believe that I like you funny creatures," gasped out the

Spirit, at last. "It must be there is beauty in your madness. However, be that as it may, know you that it is not mine to grant the possession of this place to anyone. You will have to address yourselves to Mother Ocean: it was She who invited me here to visit..."

The Spirit then directed the refugees to enter the surf, to humble themselves (if they could), and to plead their particulars...

"As you can see by the shore birds," Aestheticus said, "Mother Ocean can be most reasonable..."

Each of the refugees appeared encouraged by this; but while the middle-aged man and the teen-aged girl busily shot super-righteous glances at each other, the old woman began to back off and sidle her way toward the surf, and was about there when the other two discovered her, gave chase, and caught up so that the three of them entered at the same time. There they all knelt, and as the water gently swirled round their shoulders, righteousness melted -- traces of fond, almost-forgotten memories began to etch warm lines on each of their faces. The old woman said she could feel a resurgence of strength in her tired body, the middle-aged man mentioned that he hadn't had a feeling like this since he had been a boy, and the teen-aged girl, with closed eyes, kissed each breaking sea, chanting: "I am clean. I am part of the whole again!"

Meanwhile, behind them, Aestheticus raised an arm. An approaching small wave suddenly built itself up into a huge towering comber, the hissing crest of which seemed to spray the edge of the sky. The refugees looked up, screamed, and reached for the other as the water cascaded down upon them. Everything disappeared under a swirling, foaming aftermath. And when the water receded, the beach was deserted, and seemed smaller and cleaner than before....

Some of the shore birds returned. But as they settled down to work in the again gentle surf, they were startled by the sight of the three refugees rising up out of the water and struggling up on to firm sand with arm locked in arm. Now their rags and dirt were gone; they were naked. And each of their skins was of a different glowing color.

They searched everywhere for Aestheticus until the old woman, shrugging her shoulders, pointed at what seemed to be a fogbank drifting toward the new and neighboring Marina, which was being developed by the very same nation the three had fled from. And they heard the whisper of the Spirit's voice drift back: "You have survived the first and the least of many trials yet to come! If you wish to remain, regard how yon Marina glowers; ugly....mean....and greedy. BEWARE THE PLASTIC TIDES OF MARCH!"

The three refugees were puzzled by this, and they sat down in the sand and talked about what it all might mean; and.....\*

\* Each middle-Venusian myth of this era ended with the conjunction *and*, as if the myth-makers wanted their story to go on forever. ◆◆◆

# THE SPIRIT OF DIMMICK AVENUE

by Julie Timmons

Ruth and Armando are back from Mexico. The house next door has been silent for three weeks but now they run toward me screaming my name. They are distraught because tomorrow is Hallowe'en and due to their late arrival they will have to wear last year's costumes. This is my first Hallowe'en on Dimmick and I have already figured out that this is going to be a different matter from last year, on the beach, when no one came. The children on this block are sweet and well-mannered but in the back of my mind is the notion that if I run out of treats someone's cousin from the V 13 will execute the appropriate trick. Ruth and Armando ask me again if I'll be home tomorrow night. I decide to make another run to Safeway.

The next evening, before dark, the parade of goblins begins, escorted by mothers and older brothers in Dracula gear. I count 111 before I run out at 8:30. I escape unscathed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dimmick Avenue is a quiet street of rental duplexes and fourplexes, some with exquisite gardens. It runs north from the Pioneer bakery, one long block lightly trafficked and almost entirely populated by Latino families. I am an oddity, the single woman, having found my rental through a friend and grabbing it because I was impressed with the landlord's attitude and nonavaricious nature. The adolescent girls next door are curious about me; I have a whole house to myself and come and go as I please. They share the house, this amazing family of fifteen, all smart, all good-looking. Rebecca, the youngest, and I have tentative conversations. I feel guilty about not developing a relationship with her but confronted with these people I feel my Anglo decadence and keep my distance.

The women, for the most part, stay home with small children, the men work at the bakery or at Edgemar. I see them walking home from Pioneer at odd hours wearing paper caps and white aprons, busy bakers. The human ecology of the street is a delicate balance, with residential, commercial, recreational and industrial resources being apportioned more fortuitously than any planner could have devised. It's a good life, walking to work, walking to the park, to the beach, to the store, breathing clean air and finding respite from the grinding poverty left behind in Oaxaca or Puebla or Tecate. A good life, but how long can it last when the mercantile interests have already declared

continued next page

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# THE SPIRIT OF VENICE

by Phil Nurenberg

Venice is a sort of local artists' colony by the sea. At its best, there is a tolerance for the unusual and different individual here. Many people I've met and talked to are just passing through and an ungodly number tell me they're working two jobs just to pay the rent and get by.

Politics and religions of all kinds are alive and thriving on and off. Venice boasts the first California NOW chapter (National Organization for Women) and had rent control before Santa Monica. Rent control appears to be just that: a holding action.

Beach front property still rents for as much as \$600 a month for a studio apt. After two and a half months of desperate apartment searching, I went to the local 'Roommate Finders' establishment and paid \$50 of my alarmingly dwindling California 'move' money to get it over with and become a California resident.

Wanting to make it easy for them, I said I would be willing to pay the amount I originally planned to pay for my own place: \$200 a month. The young lady was very nice as she took my picture and said to call her in a few days when she believed she would have a nice place with two other roommates 'who can't afford to pay very much, like you.'

Floating around, waiting to become a resident, I was told by my childhood sweetheart and friend from back east, to check out the 'Swami' on the beach when she listened for the umpteenth time about how it was Henry Miller who made me want to become a writer 8 years ago from reading about his struggles to extricate himself from the rat race to live in the world of art and imagination.

'You'll really like the Swami,' she said, 'every other word out of his mouth is fuck.' After a lengthy explanation about the idea that this was not what Miller (currently living over in the Palisades) is really about, I did in fact check out the Swami and saw a pleasant similarity in the attempt to speak the truth from the guts without the formalities of self-censorship.

A stranger at the airport trying to sell me ounces of hash unsuccessfully when finding out I was from Venice, like so many others, told me he used to hang out there all the time. 'So you're from Whacko Venice!' as he called it. 'Then you probably know the Swami. Is he still in jail? I saw him get busted when the Hare Krishnas had their festival for yelling at them that they were a bunch of bullshit and telling them to go fuck themselves.'

Yes, the spirit of Venice is the people: street people, actors, musicians, muscle-men, painters, poets, swamis, rollerskaters, healthfood freaks, reside, have resided, will reside, or visit here.

Celebrity surfers and skateboarders are among these. A lot of people are unaware that, under the right conditions, there is surfing from the Pavilion all the way down past Rose Ave. where the recently demolished Ocean Park Pier used to be.

Probably one of the most famous surfers who grew up in Venice is Dewey Weber. Dewey was one of the originals at Malibu during the infamous Gidget era, upon which both the book and the movie were based. He was one of the first to use California's aggressive hot-dogging style successfully in big waves in Hawaii.

Currently, Allen Sarlo and Clyde Beatty Jr. are among the better among the better known professional surfers living in Venice. Allen can successfully be seen coming and going from Sarlo Realty in his Mercedes sedan from the roof racks down the street from David Isackson's Pacific West surfboard shop on West Washington Way.

Isackson is one of the major organizers and sponsors of professional contests in the local area including the Sunkist Open at Malibu last summer which drew much media coverage and spectators because of the famous surfers around the world who showed up to compete for thousands of dollars in prize money.

During the 70's Venice and Santa Monica became known as 'Dogtown' to skateboarders around the world. Dogtown is viewed by many as the center of energy and innovation because of its reputation for pioneering in pool, vertical, and bank riding which skate-parks are now made to reproduce.

Among the pioneers were 'Mad Dog' Tony Alva, Jay Adams, and Dennis Agnew. They all live, or used to live, in Venice. Tony Alva was voted #1 in an international skateboarder Magazine poll and became known as a sort of Mohammed Ali because of his outspoken views.

Saying in an interview that Dogtown was the

best began a much overpublicized verbal and competition feud with skateboarders from San Diego and the south for some time.

Alva, Adams, and other skateboarding celebrities used to practice mornings at the Pavilion.

World famous body builder Arnold Schwarzenegger has his gym in Venice and can sometimes be seen at 'Muscle Beach' near the Pavilion where the public watches them pump iron as they call it.

Robert Blake of the popular Baretta TV series grew up in Venice and Orsen Bean currently lives here. Herve Villechaise who plays the midget on the Fantasy Island IV series has an apt. in Venice.

A couple of well known writers associated with Venice are Clifford Irving and Dan Wakefield. Clifford Irving, who became known nationally and went to jail as the perpetrator of the Howard Hughes 'authorized' biography hoax, began his married life in Venice. He had to leave, he says, because he couldn't discipline himself to work at the beach. He was one of the ones who was passing through. Writer Dan Wakefield, the author of Starting Over (see Linda Burdick's film review on pg 17 of the December 1979 Beachhead), has the hero of his recent novel, Home Free, start out in Boston (like myself) and wind up in Venice happy to live in a room on 'the Speedway' and work as a short order cook in a restaurant stand on Ocean Front Walk.

There is one unsung individual I would like to pay tribute to in closing, known simply as 'Red' according to his co-workers in the Venice Post Office, who has turned many a rotten day for me around with an uncharacteristic courtesy and friendliness. No matter the Mickey Mouse rules and regulations and 'go to the end of the line' irritations I get at the bank and the DMV, that middle-aged clerk with the red hair at the post office always conveys an attitude of understanding and helpfulness to everyone.

## CALL SOMEPLACE PARADISE, KISS IT GOODBYE

by Anne Alexander

Where else could a stroll along the beach bring you face-to-face with Arnold Schwarzenegger, Vietnam war novelist Ron Kovic, the author of a massive volume on Beth, or Cher's mom? Where else could one loiter outside the offices of Tony Bill, Carl Borack, and Richard Dreyfuss? Or make a pilgrim's obeisance at the lone column that is the last earthly remains of a renowned Beat hangout, the Gashouse? Or sit at the feet of Swami X, the only authentic guru in Los Angeles?

What other environment could be so suitable for the Hare Krishna devotees' Parade of the Chariots, or so perfect for enjoying the matchless tones of Francisco's Cosmic Beam Experience? Or could have nurtured such musicians as the Doors, Rickie Lee Jones, and the Mystic Knights of the Oingo Boingo?

Where else could Upton Sinclair have established his gubernatorial campaign headquarters? In what other setting could Dori Shaffer have lived the tragic days leading to suicide, or a murder victim known as Bingo become a local patron saint? In what other place would a gang of burglars take pennies and safety pins and ignore a \$200 guitar?

In what other community could one claim such neighbors as satirical artist Richard Stine, writer Gloria Nagy, ex-Monkee Peter Tork, superstar among sex surrogates Justine, rock archivist Michael Ochs, magician Ricky Jay, the women's world Frisbee champion, and the Western regional director of Actors Equity?

The answer to all the above questions is, of course, nowhere but Venice Beach. There's something about this zone of sand and cement, greenery, architecture and humanity, that electrifies the imagination: every stroll along the boardwalk is Peak Experience time. Venice Beach is what results when the very rich and the very poor, who both have a lot of leisure time of their hands, choose to spend that time in much the same way: a scene with more facets than a chandelier.

There is more to Venice than the trendy oceanfront strip. We are also primarily a community -- a hotbed of radical thought, brilliant talent, poverty, poetry, and sometimes explosive racial admixture. The very existence of such a community poses a clear threat to the affluent clone-hives on either side, and we are being pre-empted with astonishing speed and agility by the forces of Them. But it's not over yet: funky Venice is still alive and kicking.

Can you find amusement in the sight of homes with decorative Christmas lights left strung up all year? Or patience to deal with the beer bottles shattered on your street with depressing frequency? Can you view sinister-looking graffiti with composure? Do you see a distinct advantage in being able to run over to the neighbor's next door and borrow some rolling papers, or a little stash till Friday?

Can you relate to waiting your turn at the Tenant Action Center for advice on repelling your landlord's latest aggressions? Or being serenaded by an ice-cream truck playing Brahms' lullaby, top volume, at 1 AM? Or to 3,613 stray dogs whose sole purpose in life is knocking over your garbage cans?

Can you dig two rock groups holding practice on your block at the same time? Can you trip out on the sight of children of five or six different ethnic origins playing together in your front yard?

If your answer to all these questions is an unqualified Yes, then congratulations: no matter where you reside, in your soul you are a citizen of Venice.

SPRIT OF DIMMICK continued

their intent to fashion Rose Avenue into the next Main Street? How secure when the realtors every day mail solicitations to the block's landlords, hoping to infect the neighborhood with the speculation fever so virulent in other parts of Venice. Last week, it began. A red-and-white Real Estate Exchange sign sprang up in the lawn of one of the duplexes like a poisonous flower. Chic couples in 2-cars cruise by slowly, checking it out, checking it out.

The Dimmick Avenue male has a symbiotic relationship with his car. No matter how early you get up on Saturday, someone is already out there, stretched out beneath the vehicle. Saturdays are devoted to fixing cars, washing cars, buying cars, trading cars, comparing cars, improving cars. There are some fancy cars on the street, all immaculate. My dirty compact is an anomaly. A child comes to the door now and again and offers to wash my car for change. I do not tell him that the reason I have stopped patronizing the carwash is that I can no longer bear the fearful, hungry eyes of the illegals who scurry out to do the wipedown; that I now avoid the pain involved in slipping them a dollar and knowing that they need everything I own and am not ready to give up.

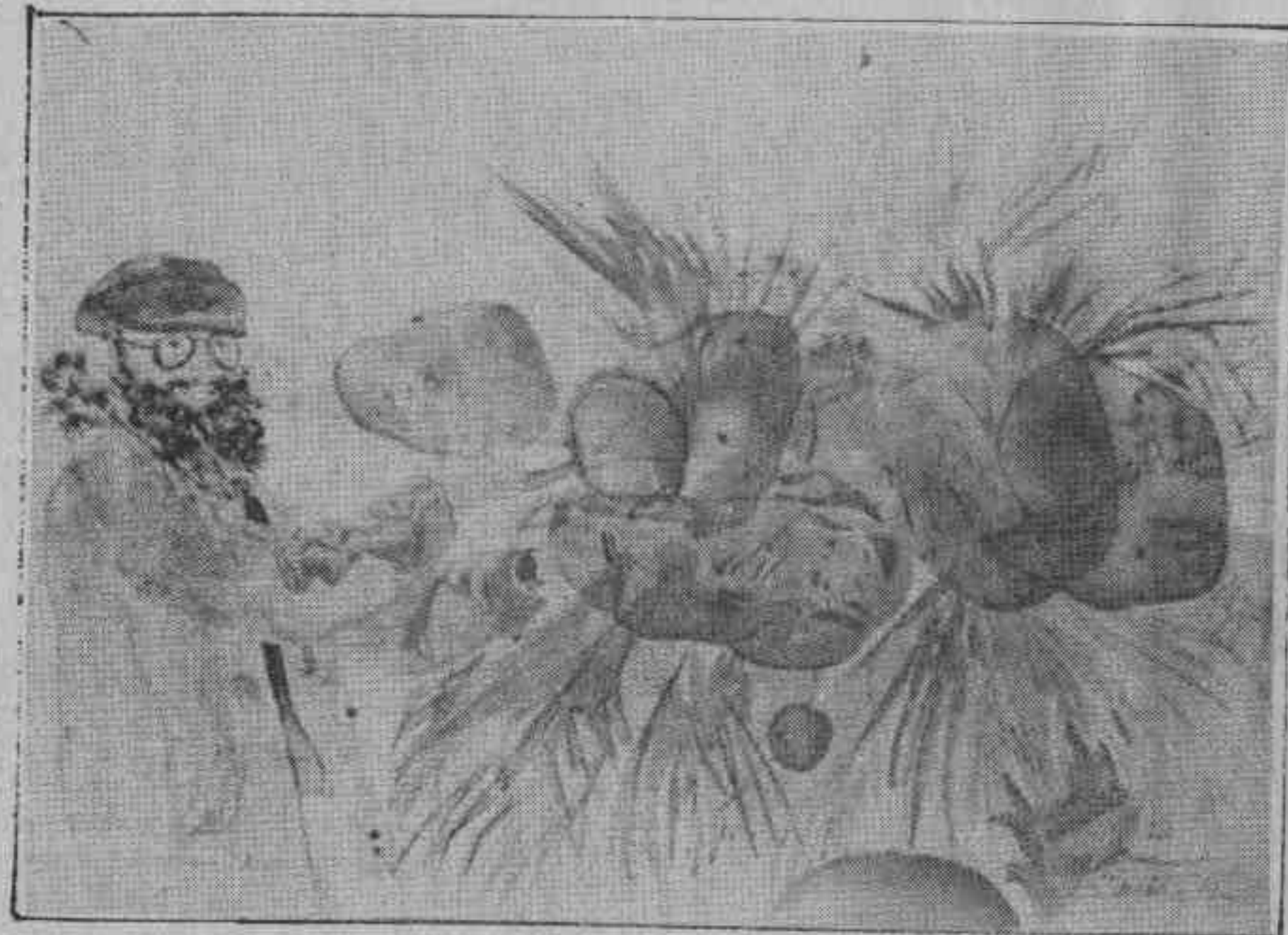
Ruth and Armando are beautiful children, as are all the children on Dimmick, but the star of the family is the youngest, Araceli. At four, she is already conscious of her blue eyes and fair hair. The other children seem already to defer to her bloneness. When I drive up to my gate, any child within half a block races to open and close it for me. I feel like the Caliph entering Bagdad- should I throw alms? I feel awkward and tell them not to do it, but next day it's the same.

Christmas on Dimmick Avenue. My neighbors have had their outdoor lights up since Thanksgiving. I finally break down and buy mine. As I am putting them up, one of Armando's relatives, a Pioneer baker, walks by. He has always been silent in my presence, letting me assume he spoke no English. Now he says, "Putting 'em up?" with no accent. Everyone on the block has ornate Christmas trees in the front windows and the houses are electrically festooned. The air is crisp and clear and the back porches are stacked with cartons from Toys-R-Us. Life is good here on Dimmick Avenue. Dear God, please let it last.

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I love you Venice!

I met you in the summer of 1974, that crazy summer of the nude beach, and fell instantly in love with the freedom of the place. You let me be, let me find myself!

When not in my studio, I spent long hours on the Walk, drinking in the history that just pours from the walls of the old buildings and feeling the vibrations of it's people.

Venice is magic! My drawings are magic! They almost draw themselves.

These drawings are part of a series that I call my "Coloring Book" series. They are done simply, easily, with the use of the thousands of photographs I have lovingly taken during my years in Venice.

They were born out of the need to say: "Thank you, Venice", in the most direct, unpretentious way possible. I want to show My Venice, the Venice of people all existing in their own spaces, doing their own thing - all an expression of love and joy and of a faith that the world can be a place of peace and harmony.

My drawings cover the time period from 1974 to 1980. Venice has changed in that period of time - it always is in a state of change. So many people need Venice we must not be too selfish with her.





I have moved away from Venice now, down the Walk to Santa Monica. Now I must skate down to Venice, through the no-man's land separating the two cities, to the little island I feel is my home.

Today everybody is skating - tomorrow it will be something else. But Venice will always be for the people.

If joy is a sign of the presence of God, then God resides in Venice. The God-force, the Creative Force, will never let it's people down.

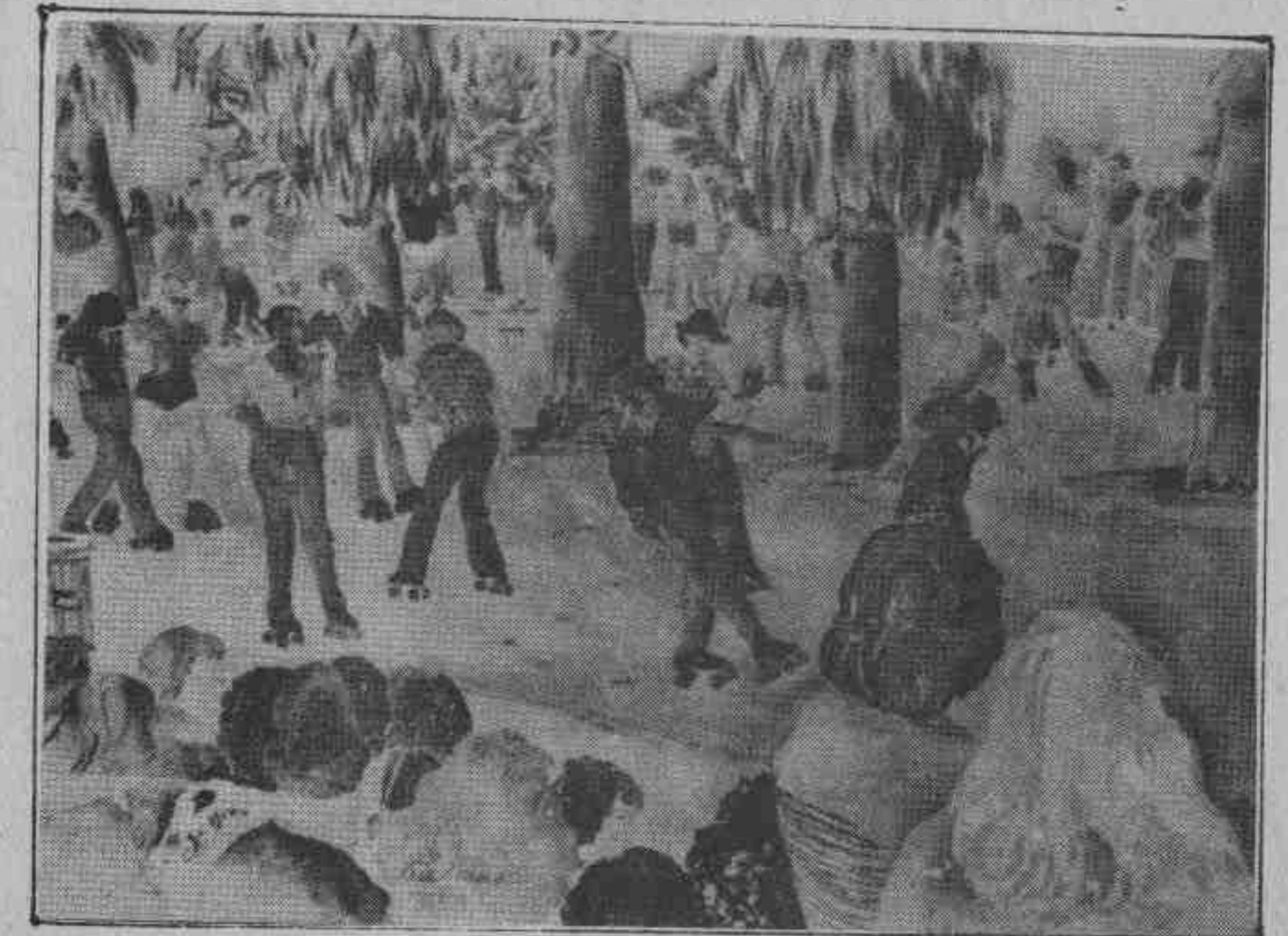
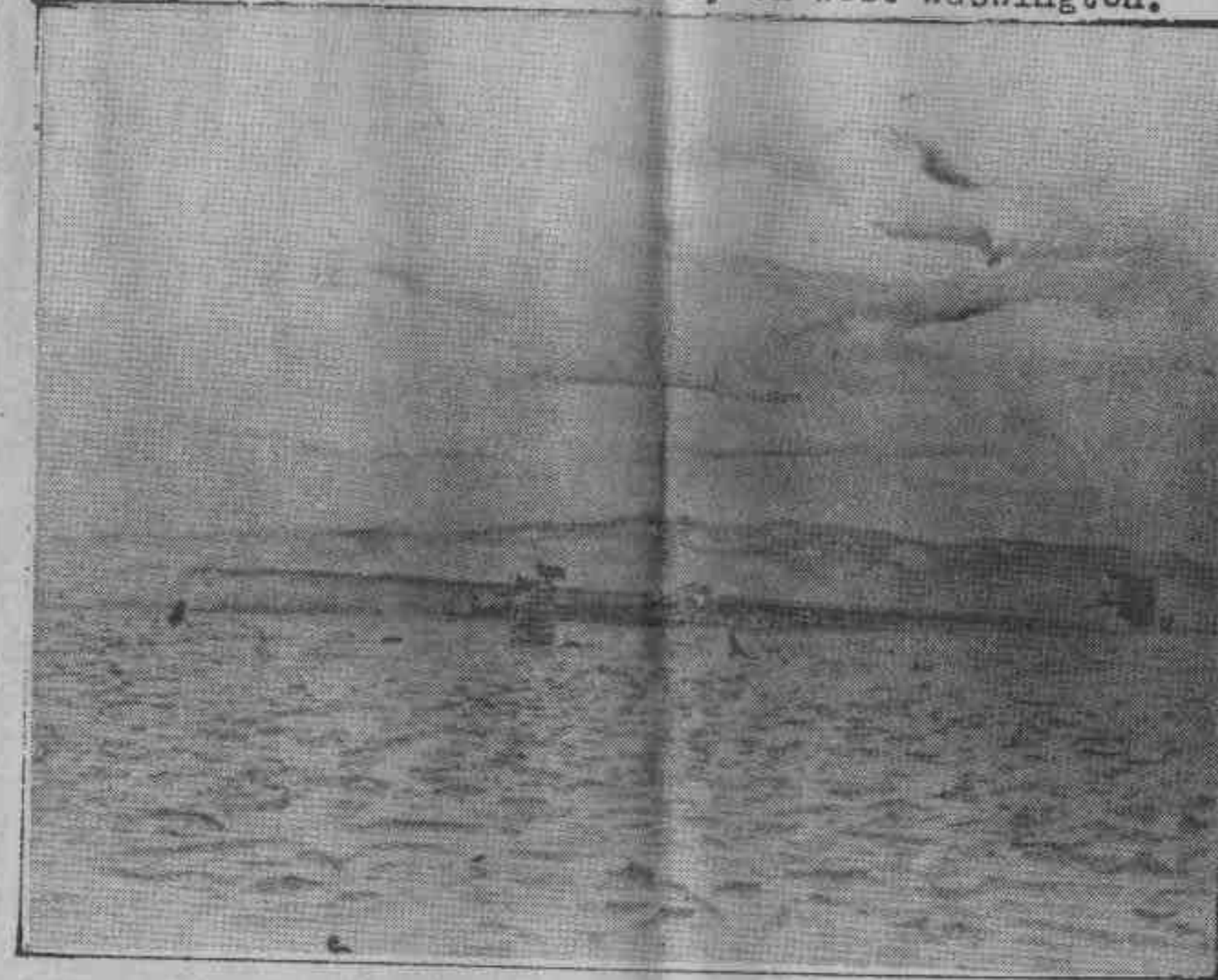
So, thank you again Venice, for being here.

Here's looking forward to the '80's. May the Spirit of Venice always endure.

*Susan Weinberg*



These drawings may be seen at Atelier Aix on Maip St., and at Drue Gallery on West Washington.



## "A LOVE FOR VENICE"

*drawings and watercolors  
by  
Susan Weinberg*



by Gerry Goldstein

Note: I've lived here in Venice for eight or nine years now, but have spent weekends and summer vacations in the Venice-Ocean Park-Santa Monica beach area all my (49 year) life. These are some of my memories.

*Gerry Goldstein*

"RIDE THE HIGHBOY, FOLKS; It's a High, Safe, Sane, Sensational Ride!"

So went the repetitious, recorded sales spritz--er--pitch of the old Ocean Park Pier roller coaster. The pitch, followed by the sound of steel wheels on twisting track as the coaster careened down the slope to the tow-line; then the ratchety rattle of the winding winch, as the tow-cable tugged the coaster up, up, up, to the top of its first drop; then the screech of wheels on rails and screams and squeals of funseekers, made this a sort of themesound or audio-intro to the whole pier. That, and the music of the band organ playing for the merry-go-round just across the midway.

RACE\*THRU\*THE\*CLOUDS

While at the foot of Windward Avenue, just south of the old Venice Amusement Pier entrance the Race-Thru-The Clouds double-tracked roller coaster entertained crowds. Like Magic Mountain today, it had two coasters racing each other up, down, and around. And that was at least fifty years ago! Before that, it was the Inland Coaster, located where the Post Office is now, and extending several blocks east along Venice Way.

POSTOFFICE

The old post office itself was on Venice Way, in the building now occupied by Room to Move. The post office will still deliver mail there, addressed simply, "Old Venice Post Office."

TRAMS

Trams furnished fast, frequent transportation along Ocean Front Walk between Windward Ave. and Pier Ave., and connected with other trams from Pier Ave. to the Santa Monica Pier at the foot of Colorado Street. The fare was only 5¢, much later raised to 10¢.

The trams were often raced and chased by barefooted boys who sometimes tried to hook rides, hanging on to the back of the tram.

During the twenties, I believe there were some battery powered trams, but during the 1930's they were replaced by larger, awning-covered side-seating trams powered by four-cylinder Chevrolet engines, similar in design to the Ford Model A engines.

On days of passenger overload, the trams, which were garaged at Brooks Ave. & Speedway, were supplemented by 2 vans, named "La Paloma" and "La Golondrina."

LIVE STEAM TRAINS

Transportation through Venice in its early days consisted of an amusement park ride scale sized live steam engine and open-car train which used a loop of track probably two-or-three miles long, around Venice, then a new and still largely undeveloped subdivision.

Los Angeles City Councilwoman Pat Russell's field deputy Curtis Rossiter told me that Mrs. Cline's brown brick building on West Washington Blvd. was the railroad station/roundhouse for the train. That's right across the street from Press Release, formerly Beyond Baroque. A map of the route may be seen at the Old Lionel Train Store, also on West Washington.

By the mid-thirties, the miles of narrow-gauge track had been reduced to a small loop with a diameter a little less than the width of Windward Avenue, just east of Trolley Way (now Pacific Avenue) and the train had become simply another childrens' amusement park ride.

Photos of this Windward Ave. live steam train are still displayed in some banks, shops, and books. Anybody else out there remember riding on it?

A couple of years ago, reported the Los Angeles Times, some 'live steam' railroad hobbyist found that old locomotive rusting in an El Monte, Calif. scrap yard, bought it, and has restored it.

THE BIG RED CARS

Many of us remember, as we would a favorite childhood toy, the Big Red Cars of the Pacific Electric Railway's Venice Short Line; so-called because it offered a shorter alternative route from downtown Los Angeles: south on Hill Street from 5th, and west on Venice Boulevard. Westward from West Blvd./Vineyard/Rimpau tracks were in the median strip private right-of-way, and a trip to or from downtown took only about half-an-hour. Some say a late-night trip from L.A. took only fifteen minutes! Compare that with today's bus schedules of one-to-two HOURS! If they even bother to stop for you.

The original route, from the Subway Terminal on Hill Street between 4th and 5th, thence through the the two-mile long tunnel, north on Glendale Blvd., West on Sunset Blvd. to Sanborn Junction, where the motorman or conductor had to get out of the streetcar, and throw a manual switch lever embedded in the pavement between the tracks. Then west on Santa Monica Blvd., through Hollywood, west Hollywood, Beverly Hills, West Los Angeles, and Santa Monica, finally south on Ocean Ave. adjacent to Palisades Park, and Trolley Way, another then private right-of-way, now called Nielson Way in Santa Monica and Pacific Ave. in Venice. Santa Monica Blvd. in Santa Monica, was once called "Oregon Ave."



Old wooden Venice Short Line big red car 1058 restored & mounted on truck tires by Richard Friend who drove it in W. C. Fields movie filmed in Venice. Photo by Gerry Goldstein

At the corner of Pacific Ave. and Windward, what is now Cleopatra's, Aardvaark, and the head shop, was all the Venice Pacific Electric station and waiting room. The building itself was two stories high; I don't know when or why the top floor was removed.

But I can remember fares of 5¢-6¢-7¢ and 10¢ or a 3-for-25¢ token. In 1942, regular fare was 7¢; a student half/fare ticket was would-you-believe only 3½¢! We bought them at school student stores in small books of 40 tickets for \$1.40. And transfers were free.

SHOOTING GALLERIES

There were, on and near the old Ocean Park Pier, several shooting galleries. When that meant rifles, not needles. After a day or an evening of selling target practice to "passers-BUY" a gallery would have a veritable metalmine of thousands of brass and/or copper shell casings left on the sidewalk. Owners and employees simply ignored the debris as so much litter and left it there! Early the next morning I sometimes pedaled my tricycle over to the pier and collected a sackful of the casings I loved to shake the bag and hear them jingle.

SHOPS & PEOPLE

Adjacent to the Fox DOME Theater, with its gilt dome, was a store making and selling "salt water taffee." It tasted sweet, not salty, and, although I asked the proprietors, I never received a satisfactory answer, and still don't know what's meant by "salt water taffee." Inside the shop, large beaters kept pulling and drawing the gooey mixture, while other machines spun it out in long, continuous "ropes" which were mechanically cut & wrapped in wax paper.

Outside, in the middle of crowded Ocean Front Walk/the Promenade, near the pier entrance sat, half reclining in his three-wheel electric cart, a paralyzed old man, selling pencils. These were depression years, and social security was only begun in 1935.

Foot traffic on Ocean Front Walk, day and night, was as heavy as downtown L.A. during Christmas shopping crush.



MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

I remember the merry-go-rounds on both Venice and Ocean Park piers. In Ocean Park, it was usually just across the midway from the Highboy roller coaster. But one year it was moved under the pier, to a space usually used as a ballroom called CASINO GARDENS, where Tommy Dorsey and his big band played their very special kind of dance music.

Like all traditional merry-go-rounds, (in England they're called "roundabouts") that one had a gold ring-brass, really, which was good for one free ride. The brass ring, and others, all black, like curtain rings, probably about 1½ inches in diameter, were dispensed thru a slotted chute which swung out and extended with in reach of the outstretched hands of those on the outside ponies only. (Those riding inside didn't even have a chance, and inside horses don't even travel nearly as far as those on the outside-they travel as many revolutions, in a smaller circle.)

One year our good old Los Angeles Silly Council in its GEE-Whizdom, outlawed the brass ring as a gambling device, part of a then crackdown on bingo parlors, poker, and such! After all, they reasoned, only one child could catch the brass ring each ride. That made it a gambling device and illegal.

Then, reaching for a more socially and publically acceptable reason to outlaw a beloved merry-go-round tradition, the City Council added, as an afterthought, that, "besides, a child might be hurt trying to grab the ring & hit his (never "her") hand on the chute, instead,"

The Venice pier merry-go-round was somewhat different. The horses in each rank of three moved back-and-forth instead of up-and-down; the lead horse of each three won a free ride ticket for its rider, so as many as 1/3 of the riders might be getting a free ride!

RACETRACK

I was about six, and terrified, when one Sunday afternoon, my Dad put me in a racing car on a racetrack on the Venice pier. The cars, a little smaller than a Volkswagen Beetle, and open, were electric; the power delivered through metal strips alternating with wooden strips in the track flooring. Each car had in back a device resembling a garden rake, which scraped along the electrified metal strips. Naturally, this produced showers of sparks which added to the drivers'-and viewers' excitement. I managed to keep the car in its own lane, but to this day I really prefer the (probably) safer bumper cars.

SPEEDWAY

Speedway Avenue actually had two-way auto traffic along its entire length-it extended into Ocean Park, where a few years ago, some of it was removed and relocated a bit west, to form Barnard Way. And remove some low-cost housing units.

Even the old, smaller, front-engined Santa Monica buses and Bay Cities Transit Co. Buses used Speedway. When I was about 5 years old, in 1935, I remember chasing my beachball into Speedway and nearly getting hit by one of those buses.

Santa Monica busline 7 (Pico) had a terminus at the foot of Marine St., where the driver drove the bus onto a turntable in the pavement next to Ocean Front Walk. The driver then got off the bus and inserted a key into a key-operated switch on a post on the corner, activating the turntable to turn the bus around, ready for its eastbound run.

Their coin boxes then accepted the old style large tokens, somewhat larger than a nickel. Today's small tokens are smaller than a dime in diameter.

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# A LOOK AT CINEMA - 79/80

by LINDA BURDICK and MARTIN MARGULIES

At the start of '79, it seemed that filmmakers took the idea of a New Years Day earthquake literally to mean that this should be a year of disaster. If film is a reflection of the feelings and anxieties of a society at large, then alot of tension needed releasing. Likewise economically, it was a year of monopolies, the "Great Gas Crunch", and a nuclear leak at 3 Mile Island gave the opportunity for a continuous chest X-ray to thousands of American citizens. The NRC didn't think this a problem and their handling of the affair opened avenues of public distrust. Rock n' Roll became Rock n' Toll as 11 people were killed at a Who concert in Ohio waiting for the doors to open. Notable singers sported a religious revival. The shah of Iran turned up as a guest at a N.Y. hospital causing the biggest international crisis in years. Locally, roller skaters appeared to take over Venice leaving one elderly woman dead as a result of bicycle/skating phenomenon or mobile mania. And Figtrees went sit-down. Okay. So 1979 looked like a shoe-in for the worst year in history. But as the year draws to a close and we try to make some meaning out of the events, there actually appears to be some hope for 1980. To quote Chance the gardener in Jerzy Kozinski's book (adapted for cinema) Being There "After the spring and summer, there is fall and winter and then there is spring and summer again." It encouraged the fictitious public in the film. Perhaps it can encourage us. First, let's try some facts of '79 and the world of cinema.

1. Less films than ever before were released from the major studios. The underlying premise is that one big success is better than a dozen small enterprises.
2. The Fox Venice, creator of the reparatory cinema was absorbed by its' own self spawned competitors, the Parallax Corporation (Nuart-Sherman conglomerate). Movies are big business.
3. For the first time in history, the movies to TV to movies format was severely tested. The 3 hour pilot for a faltering TV series Battlestar Galactica was trimmed to 2 hours and released theatrically as if it were the Second Coming. Just imagine! A theatre goer now had the opportunity to shell out 4 and a half bucks to see a cut version of a TV movie on the big screen. Not wanting to miss the boat, another studio took it's pilot for the forth coming Buck Rogers TV series and rushed it into the theatres so that a few weeks later they could premiere the it series based on last weeks box office smash. All this in the name of the continuing Cosmic cash-box Sci-fi cycle. Replacing the time honored phrase "What the hell-- I'll wait 'till it comes on TV", a friend muttered "The hell with the tube, I'll wait 'till it's on the big screen!" What's that about home video?
4. With the advent of the pseudo-intellectual trend---erotic (fistful of Laura Antonelli movies with ad campaigns rivaling the Bardot-Sophia Loren-Ekberg circuit of the pre-sixties and otherwise (The Last Wave, A Simple Story, and I'd like to throw in All That Jazz and leave it here) the Demelles added several Art houses to their roster and UA cinema in Westwood converted all 4 houses to an artsy format. Will the Tojo-La Brea reappear in El Segundo? And how about putting Jane Fonda in a Woody Allen film so she can talk all she wants?
5. Exploitation film-making reached an all time low--the horror and youth cultures being serviced by such garble as Van Nuys Blvd., Hometown USA, and Rollerboogie etc. ad nauseum and a depressing array of reissued junk films with new titles (ala this weeks Female Butcher and

Cauldron of Death and others too numerous to mention). No up and coming genius directors in this lot. 6. The Underground suffered severely too, without even a hint of the next Pink Flamingo's or Eraserhead waiting in the wings---not even a Warhol spinoff--a year where counter culture could not flourish.

With a rich list of diverse films for 1979, it is difficult to find a trend but there are some definite ones. For example, thankfully the advances made in modern medicine in '79 are saving our dying athletes and afflicted lovers and sparing audiences endless hours at hospital bedsides in popcorn clinching agony.

Cinematic humor instead was in dire need of some serious transfusing of overblown comic geniuses for something downright funny. One interesting thing that has happened to comedy in '79 is that it has been delivered over to the rich and/middle class. Surprisingly, The Inlaws with Alan Arkin and Peter Falk is actually very comical. Perhaps it is the painted lion on velvet picture that the General is so proud of that makes us feel like refined art critics: Breaking Away should be complimented here too.

One twist for '79 is that it was the year for movies about men. Men have feelings too. 10, Manhattan, Starting Over, and finally a success from this genre of movies Kramer vs. Kramer. In the final case, it raises the question of paternal custody or says "men can be mothers too". A winning number for newly blooming mens liberation.

One thing that I haven't seen for a short time and I hope it has finally been reclaimed by a more stringent janitorial staff as overused outtakes is that dumb "running" sequence. Okay, so it made me cring a little in Rocky I. In Rocky II I expected it. In And Justice For

All, I was a little surprised. But when they made Running, I knew that they had gone too far! Let's hope it'll end completely in 1980.

You may have noticed that very little has been mentioned about romance in cinema in '79. Well, that's because there's been very little romantic about the year in movies. In fact, if you've been going to the movies to escape the doldrums of your love life, you'll be sadly disappointed at the screen. If there's been a romantic message in '79, it would be something like "love the one you're with for as long as it lasts". Well, thank goodness for Time After Time because it's the only film in '79 that I can think of where love (romantic kind) transcends even the time barrier. Everything else

seems to point to the likelihood of divorce and if we're to think about living happily ever after it is likely to be alone! I'd like to think of Time After Time as prophetic for 1980 for that reason.

Another film worthy of mention for '79 and '80 is China Syndrome, religious almost in it's tmeliness--like an act of G-d for civilization to sit back and realize what we are tampering with here as concerns radioactivity. Hollywood has truly never had such Divine purpose. At any rate, this film helped to allow the public to express their real sentiments at delayed vital information and general mistrust of the NRC and our governments dealing with the issue of nuclear power. China Syndrome made people aware (1) of the dangers of nuclear power and (2) aware of the lack of information filtered in to the public. A slew of films followed this centering on the mistrust of public and questioning institutions: The Onion Field, And Justice For All

(questioning the courts), Apocalypse Now (questioning the Army and war), and The Rose (questioning the institution of the music industry and rock n'roll).

George Romero's Dawn of the Dead is another film of '79 highlighting the year by a strong statement---violent in its' approach but non-violent in it's viewpoint and exemplary of the route of todays civilization: the "malling" of America (and the world in fact--for example Paris' Pompidou centre) and the consumer quality (flesh eating if you will) of today. Brilliant in it's use of formerly unknown talented actors, common day people (as Scott Reiniger and David Emge) and in its' use of a barrage of violence to the point of absurdity.

1979 was the year of the megamulti-billion dollar enterprises in horror as well. Alien by Dan O'Bannon (incredible genius of Dark Star with John Carpenter) was an expensive operation designed to terrify. Will 1980 bring horrrr films to even greater heights---more blood and gore or will it come down to earth and bring back those paper mache monsters that were fun and still scary to watch?

Finally, a film likely to go totally unnoticed and unseen Wise Blood is both reflective of '79 and prospective of 1980. A film based on Flannery O'Connor's tale of a son of a preacher who follows his religious calling by starting a "Church of Christ without Christ". "Jesus" he says "is a trick on niggers". The entire film set in the South is replete with "low lifes"---not just poor but lying, cheating, dirty etc. In other words, it takes all the glamour out of Hollywood. It brings the poor back to cinema (as did Norma Rae) and deals with a hero who is an Anti-Christ but Christ figure and raises interesting commentary on a year filled with religion creating distance between religiosity and beliefs. Religion has begun to be an issue in 1979. What about 1980?

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# COMMUNITY EVENTS

## THEATER

### CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE - BRECHT.

Dec. 15-Feb. 13. \$5.50-\$7.50. Thurs-Sun 8 pm.  
12111 Ohio Ave. WLA 826-1626.

### AUDITIONS FOR ACTORS

First Sunday of month. Membership in the Fifth Street Studio Theaters Studio Unit. Unit meets regularly to develop productions of new and neglected American plays. Director by Albert Morgenstern. For info call 383-7177.

### DROP HAMMER - L.A. ACTORS' THEATRE

Dec. 21, Jan 20. Drop Hammer by Emanuel Fried. A drama about America's blue collar workers. The world portrayed is one in which the worker is robber of his humanity by the vast superstructures of technology and capitalism. The essential conflict of the play being that of people seeking to affirm their humanity. Directed by Al Rossi. Funded by Nat. Endowment for Arts, Shubert Foundation, City and County of Los Angeles, Cal Afts Council. 1089 No. Oxford, L.A. 464-7095

## FILM

### FESTIVAL OF YOUNG PEOPLES FILMS

Films by young people in kindergarten thru 9th grade are now being accepted for 2nd annual Jr. Student Film Festival. Films in sound or silent, Super 8 or regular. Deadline for entries is April 1. For info 789-7715. Sponsored by Los Angeles Film Teachers' Association.

### CAMERAVISION

Jan. 22, 7:30 pm. Anthony Enton Friedkin will speak on The Photo Essay and will show slides of his recent work. \$2 donation. \$1 students. His latest essay, Gay - A Photographic Essay, will be on view in gallery. 4121 Wilshire Blvd. L.A. Jody Lozon 380-4266

Feb. 26, 7:30 pm. Edmund Teske will lecture on The Male Nude. Same info as above. Also at Gallery an open group show "The Male Nude."

## ART

### 80 Gallery Munyer

Jan 13-Feb 10. Photography/Graphic Arts by Pam Munyer. Tu-Th. 2-4 pm. IDRA Co. 522 Santa Monica Blvd. SM 395-0456

Feb 12-28. Geoffrey Cook - Performance Documentation by Marion Gray, photographer. Same as above location and phone number.

### BLACK/WHITE PHOTO EXHIBIT

Jan 7-Feb. 1. Richard Adamson. An exhibit of black/white and hand-colored photographs, and paintings. Santa Monica Public Lib. 66th St. Mezzanine Floor. Info. 451-5751.

### Maxine Manners Exhibit

Opens Jan 5 1-4 pm. Assemblages of Flotsam and Jessam from Santa Monica Beaches. At Beyond Boroque. 681 Venice Blvd. 8223006.

### HECHO EN AZTLAN MULTIPLES

Dec. 21-Jan. 21. Screen Printed Works. Sponsored by SPARC and City of L.A. Old Venice Jail Gallery. 10am-6 pm. 822-9560

## DANCE

### I.D.E.A. COMPANY Sundays 8 pm.

Jan. 6 Carolyn Berger, Solo Concert \$2.  
Jan. 13, ditto.  
Jan. 20. Lendra, Classical Balinese Dance \$4  
Feb 3 Ruth Zaporah Solo dance concert \$4  
Feb. 10. David Appel and Nancy Topf. \$4.  
IDEA Co. 522 Santa Monica Blvd. SM

## MUSIC

### HARPSECHORD - 17th C.

Sat. Jan 5, 8 pm. Jane Esten. 17th century Italian keyboard music. Beyond Baroque Old Venice City Hall 681 Venice Blvd. 822-3006

### McCABE'S CONCERTS

Jan. 5 Norton Buffalo  
Jan 11 Will Ackerman and Alex de Grassi  
Jan. 12 Rosalie Sorrels, Terry Garthwaite, Bobbi Louise Hawkins  
Jan. 18 Paul McCasless, Art Lande, Dave Friesen  
Jan 19 Mary McCaslin and Jim Ringer  
Jan 25 John McEuen  
Jan 26 New Alice Stone Ladies Society Orchestra  
Jan 27 Robin Tyler and Silvia Kohan  
Childrens Concerts on Jan 6 and 16th at 11 am. Pico at 31st St. in Santa Monica 828-4497

## COMMUNITY

### SINGLETARIANS \$1 donation.

Jan. 6 8 pm. Stress Reduction the Yogic Way.  
Jan. 13. Scared Straight. The film version.  
Jan. 20 Obstacles to Intimate Relating.  
Jan. 27. Vitamins vs. Valium.  
Unitarian Community Church 1260 18th st. S.M.

### MIDNIGHT SPECIAL RAFFLE

Fundraising raffle for Midnight Special Bookstore in Venice. Prizes are \$10 gift certificate, choice of single L.P. album, choice of book featured in Newsletter. Tickets are 50¢ Drawing will be held Jan 26. Support this community bookstore. 1335 W. Washinton 392-7412.

### Alliance for Survival

Jan 9, Wed, 7:30 pm. The Venice-SM branch of Alliance for Survival will show the film: "Danger: Radioactive Waste," an NBC documentary. It will be shown in the auditorium at Marine Park, 16th and Marine St., in Santa Monica. 392-3172

### L.A. Men's Collective

Jan. 4, 7:30. Collective member Tim Wernette will lead discussion on male sexuality. \$3.  
Feb 8, 7:30. Barry Cohen, a licensed clinical psychologist will present a program on "Intimate Relationships". Will explore same both friendly and sexual, between persons of the same and other gender. info. 223-4462  
at Ctr. for Feminist Therapy 12581 Venice Blvd.

### CETA Job Training

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## POETRY

### BEYOND BAROQUE

Jan. 4, Fri. 8 pm. Poetry of Tom Smith.  
Jan 11, Fri., 8 pm. Poetry of John Rechy.  
Jan. 18, Fri., 8 pm. Poets on Videotape: Charles Bukowski and William Burroughs.  
Jan. 25, Fri., 8 pm. Poetry of Robert Mezey.  
Feb. 1, Fri., 8 pm. Poetry of Patricia Hampl.  
Feb. 8, 8 pm. Poetry of Ronald Koertge and Charles Webb. No open reading.  
Thursdays, 8 pm., beginning Jan. 24. Bilingual Writing Workshop in Sp/Eng.  
Old Venice City Hall 681 Venice Blvd. 822-3006

### ORIGINAL LANGUAGE POETRY SERIES 383-7177

Jan. 6 James Krusoe and Patricia Witten. Eng.  
Jan 13 Domenic Cheung (Ao Ao) Chinese  
Noriko Mizuta Lippit Japanese  
Jan. 20 Milen Rastislav Saika Slavic  
Jan. 27 Alurista Chicano  
Feb. 3 Banaj Basu - Bengali  
Rekha Dasi Hindi  
Feb. 10 Rosario Caparo Peruvian  
Feb. 17 Mazisi Kunene Zulu  
Fifth Street Studio Theater 4157 5th St. L.A.

Venice Jail Readings  
685 Venice Blvd.  
Tuesdays, 7:30 pm.

January 8th--Introductory Readings  
January 15th--John Kerr and Blake Latimer  
January 22--Steve Kowitz and Amy Gerstler  
January 29th--Prose by Randy Signor



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