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FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

BEACHHEAD



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The Wolf is at the Door

by MOE STAVNEZER

For years I've been "crying wolf" (some would say just crying) about the extent and impact of development in Venice. Lately, that cry has begun to include the entire Westside, especially the coastal portion of L.A. Now I can stop crying because it's here. The wolf is at the door and there appears little protection from its seemingly never ending hunger (forgive me Farley Mowat).

Without looking back, the L.A. City Council has passed the Coastal Transportation Plan, a scheme that will allow virtually unbridled development concentrated along Lincoln Blvd. in Venice, Marina del Rey, the Summa property, Playa del Rey and the whole of the LAX area. The plan envisions development equal to a staggering 5 times the density of Century City!

The Transportation Plan was speedway-tracked through the City bureaucracy in record time - less than a year - for such a major piece of law. The 80 page document was made available to the members of the City Council the morning they were to cast their votes. The initial vote was 10-0 with no comments from the public allowed and, astoundingly, not one question about the plan from any of the 10 members present. Only Marvin Braude spoke and he thought the whole thing was swell. (Braude's the same councilperson who thinks that there's hardly any parking problem along the beach in North Venice). A week later, Sept 20th, the final vote on the ordinance was 12-0, again with little discussion of its funding mechanism or its impact on the beach/tourist/residential area.

Throughout the entire process of discussing and reshaping the plan (which kept getting weaker as major developers influenced its content) Pat Russell ignored virtually every concern of residents of the area. More than that, she attacked, degraded and insulted us in private and in public. At one point she used a city funded mailer to refer to opponents as a "small group of people" who "deliberately distorted the truth to scare local residents and merchants" about the plan. At the time, that small group included 17 homeowner and residents groups (including the Venice Town Council) and all the Chambers of Commerce (including Venice's) in the area. Russell has said that we "don't understand the plan," as if we didn't have the ability or the sense to do so.

Balderdash! Mrs. Russell! We understand quite well what the plan does and doesn't do -- that's why there has been virtual unanimous opposition from every segment of the community except big developers.

Following right behind the Transportation plan, though intimately tied to it, are plans for one of its major benefactors: the City's annexation of

the Summa property. This little honey will allow the almost complete destruction of the Ballona Wetlands and the construction of what I think of as "Century City West": more than 14.5 million square feet of development with some buildings 600 feet tall. 600 FEET! That's 40 stories. There will be a population of 17,000+ , an enormous amount of new commercial (read office) and retail development and, of course, a tremendous increase in traffic in the immediate and surrounding areas, certainly including Venice.

"Playa Vista," as it's called, will give us even more than that; it will add, every day, more than 2.5 million gallons of sewage to the Hyperion Treatment Plant in El Segundo. Perhaps you've recently read or heard press stories about sewage overflows into the Ballona Creek this summer, more than 50,000 gallons this past summer alone. That's RAW sewage being dumped into the Creek because it couldn't be processed by Hyperion. Well, the EIR (Environmental Impact Report) for the Summa annexation says that the addition of these millions of gallons of sewage will have no significant adverse environmental impact!

The City is also fast-tracking this little goodie and if it goes according to schedule, the entire administrative process will be completed by the beginning of 1986. It is possible that Summa could begin "pulling" building permits sometime later next year.



A bit closer to home, a number of significant aromas are in the air. The first that comes to mind comes from the canals. Here, because of a property owner initiated assessment district, the City has developed a new design for the canals. (Carol Fondiller's story in this issue is far more in depth than this short report) The design will change the slope of the banks and the depth of the canals which may result in a very different water dynamic than exists now. Likely it will kill most of the life in the canals and may affect the Ballona Lagoon south of Washington St. The irony here is that the City is also, presently, involved in an effort to preserve that lagoon as well as providing more public parking along and near it. From what I was told of the "information" meeting that Mrs. Russell sponsored, the City has not really considered the connection of these two activities.

Next is a wafting from the intersection of Main and Rose and its environs. Harlan Lee has quite significantly reworked the project I reported on last month (Homeless Yuppies, Sept. Beachhead). After meetings with the Town Council Planning & Development committee and others, Lee now wants to include 23 (as opposed to 5) affordable senior rental (instead of sales) units in the building.



At the September Venice Town Council meeting, Lee stated that an agreement between he and Morrie Rosen would mean that rents, ranging from \$150 a \$450 a month would, essentially be subsidized by the rest of the development. Lee also said that there would be 105 "replacement" parking spaces for either community use (at whatever the market would bear) or beach parking. In the North Venice Specific Plan, which many of us worked on and support in concept, height bonuses are granted if affordable housing and/or replacement parking are part of the development. Lee's project will get almost 20 extra feet in return for providing the housing and parking.

There were a number of other, unresolved, questions that came up. How would the traffic from the development affect the Main & Rose intersection? Would there be some traffic controls at the intersections of Navy St. (where all the cars will enter & exit) with both Main and Pacific? Can the proposed 33,000+ sq. ft of commercial be reduced? What about a pedestrian crosswalk over Main St.?

Contrary to the positive mood of the meeting, Lee's representative called me during the next week and delivered a "Memorandum of Understanding Venice Renaissance" all legal looking and tidy. It's purpose, Jeff Robinson told me, was to set down all the items agreed to and resolve any of the problems brought up at the meeting. Gone was the rent structure stated above, substituted with a formula based on the median income of the City of L.A. in which all the tenants, regardless of income, would pay the same rent. The reasoning being that the L.A. City median was lower than the county meaning that the rents would be lower. The trouble was, Jeff said, that they couldn't find out what that median income is. When I suggested that they start with the 1980 census and then allow for inflation to get a ballpark figure, Jeff acted as if I'd discovered the moon! Well I called

Wolf continued to page 5

Ducks Dumped in Canal Caper

By Carol Fondiller

The canals--that unique section of that unique ex-town, Venice. Sometimes standing on one of the humpbacked bridges looking down at the waters, it seemed as if the canals were illusory--made up of particles of fog and the scent of night-blooming jasmine. And sometimes it seemed as if Abbot Kinney might have been smoking something else besides his Sweet Caporal cigarettes when he conceived the idea of Venice of America.

In the late '20's, after the canals were annexed by some shady means to the City of Los Angeles, most of the canals were filled in and the remaining canals were left to the mercies of time, animals and oil.

Well, canal fans, you better take a long look at the canals as you know and love them, because if the present affluent homeowners and speculators have their way, the Venice canals are going to undergo, you should pardon the expression, radical change.

In a September meeting about 200 primarily OHAAP's (Older Hip Already Affluent Professionals) crowded the Westchester field office of Councilwoman Pat Russell to get, according to the hip, with-it, kinda now, kinda wow aides and engineers, "input" from the Venice canal community on the City's plans to improve and repair the canals. Rich Morgan, City Engineer, introduced himself and Jim Doty from the conservation unit of the engineering department.

The assessment will be around \$4,000 a unit if the unit fronts on the canal. The present canal assessment was started at the Canal Homeowners' Association.

My how times have changed. In the '50's and '60's tales of dead bodies found in the canals were purported to have been undercover policemen or snitches. These tales added to the grim charismatic lustre of canal legends. "Don't go there at night!" I used to love to go there at night. The canals looked like a medieval village. No blindingly bright lights to "stop crime" had been put in the canal's alleys as was done on the Ocean Front Walk by Curt Simon and Werner Scharf. Tiny, some would say squalid summer cottages were turned into permanent homes. At night lamps in the

little windows would shine and reflect on the oily water and the wail of a saxophone would hang in the air like a chain of tears.

The scent of night blooming jasmine would assault me, numbing all other senses except my sense of smell and reeling from that scent that enveloped me and entered and possessed every pore of my body, I would stagger over canal bridges in the embrace of satori or nirvana, only to be dragged back to the inconsistencies

'Ducks' continued to page 10

Letters

Committee--

Never did I dream I'd take sides with a "Black Man."

But the time has come, when I must defend "Louis Farrakan." The religious leader of "Black Muslims." I believe he is right when he claims, "The Jews" of this world are wrong to try to take-over "Lebanon Territory". Harvey B. Schecter the regional director of the "Anti Defamation League" of B'nai B'irith is wrong to defend the people of Israel in their attempt to steal that land from the people.

Our government of the United States of America has backed the Israeli government in their senseless war and the invasion of that land. The cruel slaughter of those people who have tried to stop the take-over of their country by Israel and their illegal settlements they have established beyond the "West Bank".

There has been a loud hue and cry by the Jews in Los Angeles that Tom Bradley was remiss in not stopping Louis Farrakan from speaking here. Yet, this is supposed to be a free country. But our Jewish community doesn't seem to think so! The Jews of this world want freedom but don't try to practice it for others.

I am a first generation American whose ancestors were Jews who fled France to escape being beheaded by a Catholic queen. Inter-marriage has erased any Jewish "religious beliefs" we ever had or maybe it was reconfirmation that has finally taught me that Judaism does not mean that they should rule the world. They control the World Bank today, and most of its Wealth, but does this mean they can take-over the Muslim World? And a country they have no right to?

G.R. Wells
Venice

Letter to Libre

To Libre Leibchin, the handsome red doberman:

Hi Friend:

I'm a little squirt of a Chihuahau and I live with my Mistress at the old folks home (you called it that, not I). We prefer to call it Marina Manor, the Senior Citizen's Apts.

I was glad to hear you don't chase the ducks. But I'll tell you a secret, I kinda like to chase them a little myself. You see, anything bigger than the ducks, I'm afraid of. I'm an awful coward but then I only weigh 4 pounds so what do you expect? One look at you and I'd no doubt be scared out of my wits but you know something? I'd still stop running long enough to bark at you. They tell me I do that very well. Gosh I have to act brave.

You lead an exciting life, but I don't do badly for a little dog. There I go again, I'm not a dog, I'm a bitch. What a shock that was to me when I found out that was what I'm called.

My Mistress and I were walking near those million dollar homes which are only five feet apart from you know what. I'm a lady so I can't

talk the way you do. Well a very nice lady came out of one of the houses and said to my Mistress, "What a lovely little Bitch you have". There were only three of us standing there, I looked all around and no one else was on the street. Later my Mistress explained to me breeders call girl dogs, Bitches. But I still feel very uncomfortable being called a bitch.

Oh yes, for my excitement I get to go to the beach now and then. I kinda' get lost in the sand, but when a wave goes over my head I get to show off that I can swim. I like it when I get a crowd of people watching me. Then I really show off by laying on my back and wiggling my belly. My mistress says, now I'm trying to act like a real hussy, whatever that means! But she smiles so it must be something good. I have other hobbies too, I taught my Boston Terrier friend how to jump over a cat when they get in our way.

But Oh My, my life is dull compared to yours! Not all the Senior Citizens here like us, so every chance they get they complain. Would you believe as tiny as I am, one lady (I use the term loosely) complained because I was on the elevator with her? I overheard some one call her Anna Mae Wong, but goodness she didn't look Chinese. I guess it's because she wears a long wig with bangs hence the nickname.

Then my mistress told me (Housing) was going to make us take out a \$25,000 insurance policy for me to live here. Can you beat that? I wonder what kind of damage I could do that would cost that kind of bucks.

Was fun hearing about your world, hope you have learned something about mine. By the way, how rude of me. My name is Mailea. My Mistress says that is Hawaiian. She lived on Oahu for 7 years. She would like to go back but she said I would have to be in quarantine for 4 months. I don't always understand all these things she tells me but she frowned so it must be something bad.

I'll look for a red Dobie pulling a tall skinny guy on skates and I'll bark once. If it's you, please bark twice. •

Mailea

MAILEA

DEAR CAROL:

THAT FATUOUS!
THAT FATUOUS!
THAT FATUOUS!!?????
GEE - I NEVER KNEW!
Love Bob A.

Der-- Bob,

Well, you see,
Ugh sorry for,
sorry for putting quotes on
around 'beat'
carol



Diane Nickerson, Jim Prickett, Carol Fondiller, Memphis Slim, Moe Stavnezer, Patrick McCartney, Kathy Sullivan. Thanks to Cheri Leslie

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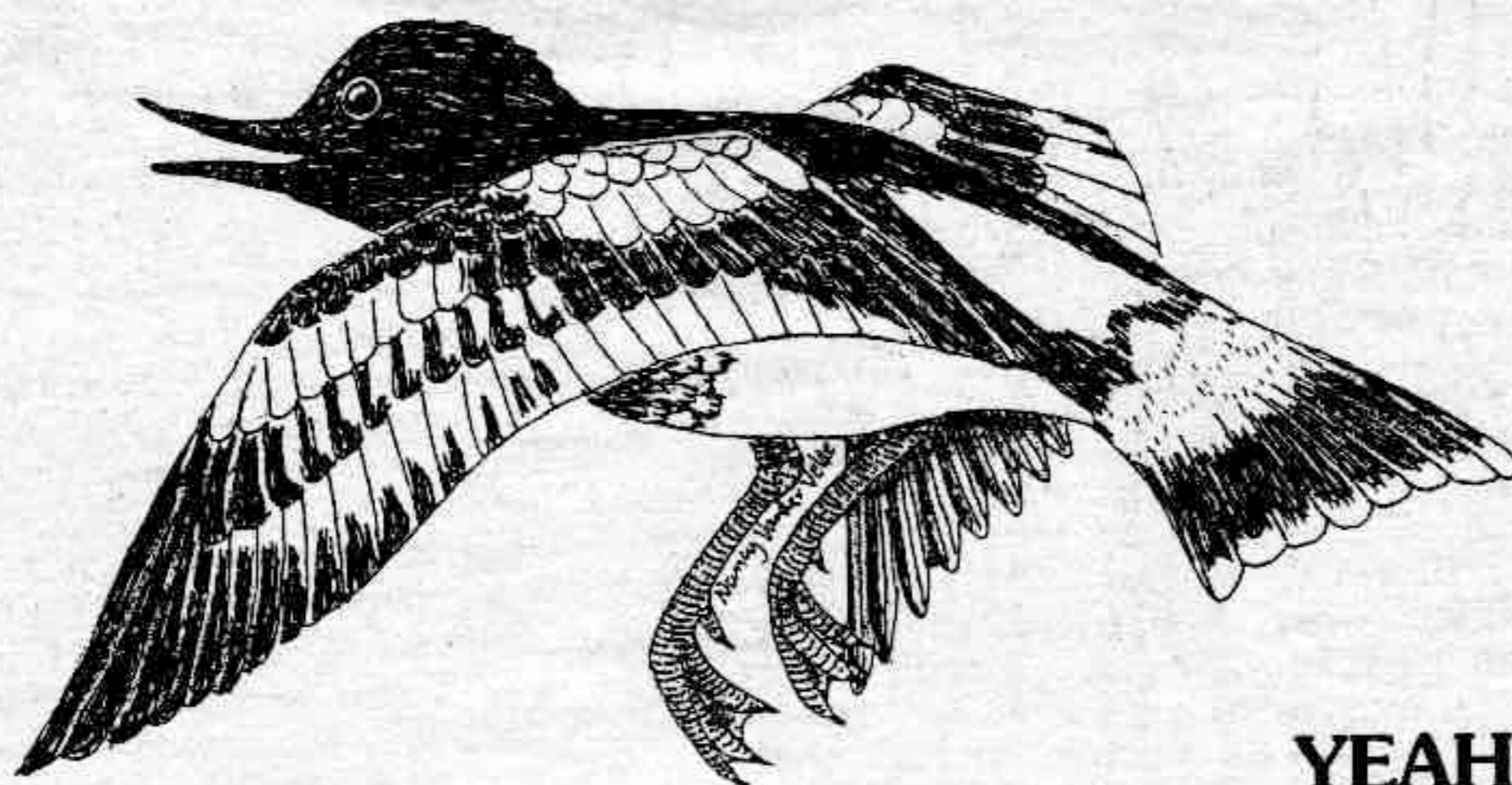
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Beauty is in the Eye of the Advertiser

Esprit de Corpus

- By Lynn Bronstein

Remember the story of the Ugly Duckling who turned out to be a swan?

I sure do. And because I do and because that's the way I see my own evolution of look/style/image—to use the buzz words pertinent to the telling of this tale—I had to gasp with excitement when I saw this flyer at the Esprit store in West Hollywood:

"Join the Esprit 'Real People' campaign!"

"Women, Men, Kids, All Ages, Families, Friends, Boy friends and girl friends! Goodlooking, but with character!"

The flyer went on to explain that Esprit was looking for models for their spring 1986 catalogue. Having used their own employees as models for several previous catalogues, they were now expanding their "reality" campaign to involve the general public. "We're not necessarily looking for beautiful models," said the flyer. "What we want is character and style." Age and "flaws" wouldn't matter. So it seemed. Could anybody resist?

I couldn't. I've bought a few Esprit garments. Much as I've shied away in the past from the "designer clothing" mystique I've found the clothes by Esprit to be more to my taste—mostly natural fabrics, off-beat patterns, bright colors, easy to mix and match and easy to fit to my body. More expensive than clothes I've bought in the past but I can afford them these days. More importantly I've reached a point where I feel pretty good about my looks. Of course, I couldn't be a model by traditional model standards, but I'm no longer camera-shy. So why not try?

I filled out a form and stood on line to have the snapshots taken which would be attached to my application. One head shot, one full-length. I studied the other candidates. They were all younger than me (I'm in my thirties). They ranged in age probably from 13 to 22. Many looked to be grooming themselves for modeling and/or acting careers. This is, after all, Hollywood. Behind me were a few teenaged girls with braces. I heard murmurs of nervousness, admissions like "I photograph terrible."

The snapshots were the kind that develop "instantly." I took off my glasses for the head shot, put them on for the full-length. I watched them come up, brownish green slowly turning to "full color",



hardly the caliber of shots in a professional model's portfolio. But in my white T-shirt and white Esprit slacks, I looked surprisingly slim and yes, I felt I had character. Oh yes, definitely.

A week went by. I told myself: if they really mean it, if they are really looking for "character and style", my age and looks could work in my favor. I waited, at work and at home, for my phone to ring. It didn't. I wondered if I should call Esprit but as an experienced writer, I know the old "don't call us, we'll call you" is protocol and must be followed. By the end of the week, when I had heard nothing, I knew I had not been chosen.

But I was curious. What had the odds been? And what exactly were the criteria? How did Esprit's fashion "experts" interpret "character?" I went back to the big Esprit store, a vast grey building that resembles a factory. I found a message of Esprit's "image team" (public relations). She explained that if I had not been contacted, I had not been chosen. When I tried to find out more about the criteria and choices, she said that there had been five thousand applicants from which only fifty were chosen. No, she did not know about future plans to do another shooting in Los Angeles. This catalogue only had the theme of Southern California; future catalogues would probably focus on other countries or parts

of the U.S. Maybe I should contact them again in November to find out about future plans.

But what of the models who had been chosen? What did they look like? How exactly were they selected?

The publicist must have realized I was prying into the very touchy area of subjective judgements, traditions and beliefs about beauty and "affirmative action." "I can't tell you that," was all she would say. And we won't know until next spring. Real people campaign or not, no fashion firm ever lets out the secret of next year's fashions. You know. Competition.

But how absurd. After all, how can anybody compete with true "reality?" This raised for me anew the question of how much reality Esprit really wants to project in its campaign.



I had initially been very excited about the three catalogues I'd picked up featuring Esprit employees as models. Yes, there were women of all races. There were women wearing cute, stylish glasses. There was a long nose here, an occasional older woman. Most of them were still tall as models usually are, and I couldn't really figure out their figures because of the loose and layered outfits they wore. But laid out on the smooth-textured pages amidst brightly colored props and mini-autobiographies (hobbies, hopes, taste in men, etc.) they tempted me to try to be one of them. I wrote Esprit, complimenting them on their new "gimmick." I knew it was a gimmick, a part of the "let's get the hippies who are now yuppies" thrust of current merchandising. But I secretly hoped there would be a way I could become a part of it. Maybe not so much to prove who I was and if I was "all right" but to find out if anything really has changed in the business world since the sixties and the waves made by feminism.

"Are you kidding?" said friends of mine to whom I described my invasion into Hi-Tech Hi-Fashion territory. "It's still the establishment. We're not going forward, we're going backwards. Look at this trend towards "perfect" bodies, aerobics. Look at the fashion ads in the newspapers. Even the black models look white. Did you really think a business like Esprit would take you as a model? Come on!"

Nobody told me I was "selling out" by trying to join this particular establishment. But it surprises me that nobody I talked to thought that a woman like me entering an open-call model search was an act of confrontation, assertion, and just plain good old agit-prop. Maybe if I'd known in advance about the snap-shot session, I would have rounded up a bunch of friends to enter the search with me. Backwards indeed to the days of angry feminists disrupting beauty contests. REALISTIC CAREER WOMEN ARRESTED AT ESPRIT MODEL SEARCH. Sit-ins at the Fit-in. Universal sizes for everybody, draw-string pants, uniforms like in China, no elitism. "Ugly dykes who can't get a man," says the real citizen on the street.

We are all confused by the complexity of it all—and the pain it puts us through to puzzle it out. If I've sounded like a mass of contradictions in this article it's because I am. We've made concessions, all of us, in order to survive. We are not all completely reconciled to one point of view or another.

Everyone knows the criteria for being a model. Tall, as thin as possible because "the camera enlarges," elongated face with prominent bone structure. The fashion model has been humorously compared to a piece of veal—bland but easily adaptable. While notions of beauty change with the times (and throughout history most notions of beauty have been in direct contradiction to the criteria of beauty for modern models), there has been a recent and unsettling trend towards use of fashion models in movies and TV. Many "glamorous" movie stars of yesteryear did not fit the "model" standards of today. So where young girls of the past could at least choose from a number of types for beauty "inspiration," today their choices are not Monroe, Hepburn, or Garland, but Brooke Shields, Morgan Fairchild, Christie Brinkley. The model look is all around us on TV and in billboards, on magazine covers and record albums and in rock videos. It reinforces, however subtly, the fear in each of us that if we don't conform to that body type, that look, we are not privileged to be "visible" in this society. And indeed it is as if the fashion, beauty, and movie/TV industries all looked at the upheaval of values created by the sixties and seventies, saw the threat to consumerism posed by people creating their own fashions, rejecting artifice (or using artificial beauty aids in original ways), saying "so what" to "flaws" for which there are supposed to be "cures"—and they fought back with a systematic campaign to make us all feel lousy again about being who we are. For us older ones, nurtured by the massive conformity of the fifties, it's a return to neuroses we never fully conquered plus the growing fear of aging. For the young, unable to fully remember the period of rebellion, it's a given that there are standards. Result: I've met women and men (mostly women) of ages ranging from 13 to 40, not one of whom thinks she is beautiful. The self-doubters have even included a few former fashion models!

At age 12 I was introduced to a young woman who was a model. I saw her photos in a newspaper fashion spread. She looked like my then-idol Natalie Wood and I couldn't bear it. I ran to the bedroom to cry because I was so ugly, so ugly, I'd never be like her.

In my twenties, twisting and turning within the safety of belief in feminism, I wore thirt shop clothes, never cut my hair, glorified in my individualism. But I hated to be photographed and I inwardly did not like myself much.

Two years ago I embarked upon changes in my outward "image." I changed my hairstyle—got it cut to a style I could take care of easily but which flattered me. I began to choose clothes more carefully—and to buy new clothes. I assembled a wardrobe with clothes for being "myself", clothes for the business world, clothes for feeling glamorous in. I learned (or re-learned) to apply make-up. I had my ears pierced and my hair frosted. Somehow my metabolism had undergone a change too—I found myself losing weight without trying to. I put together a combination of what was available on the market and what was me to create a "look", a "style". I began to receive more and more compliments.

I found the courage to go where I had been afraid to go—to nightclubs, discos, the "new music" scene where I danced and parties alongside girls half my age—and I didn't care. I posed more often for photographs and liked the results more often.

The ugly duckling turned into a swan of sorts.

So, friends—that's why I stood on line, a hopeful to be seen in the latest, hottest creations of the mysterious people who are currently defining reality. They didn't choose my reality. But I at least showed it to them.

I'd say I had the spirit. •



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The Heart of Venice Village

The Night Stalker and the Contras

5

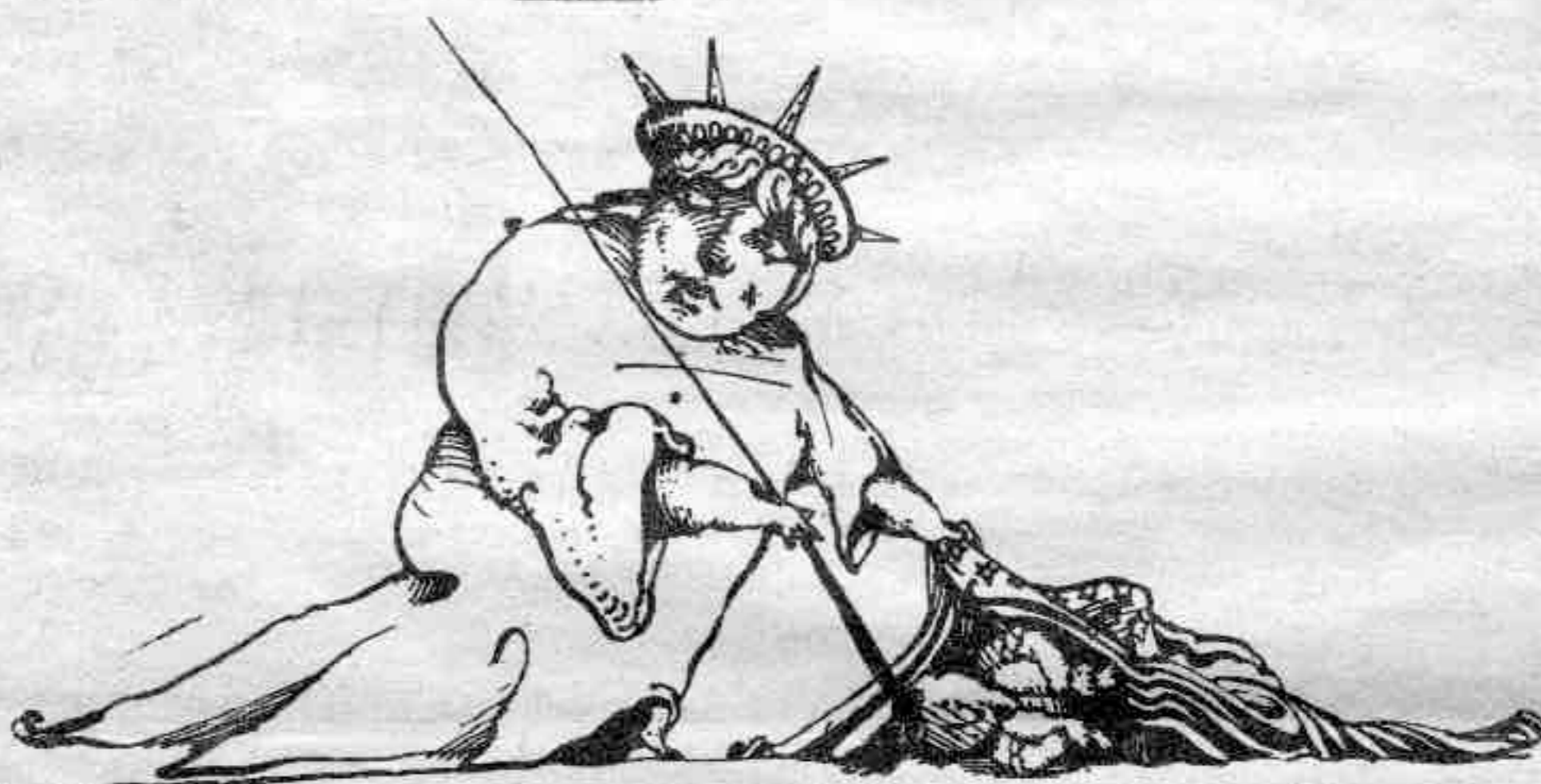
A story from the Peace Halucination News Service

(News with the motto "A comprehensive fantasy is truer than a distorted fact")

September 8, 1985, Los Angeles (PHNS): "Not guilty by reason of geographic disorientation" was the plea entered today in a Los Angeles court by the accused "night stalker" to ten charges of murder, twelve charges of rape, and five charges of assault. This unheard-of plea caused the court to suspend proceedings for ten days while the prosecution and the judge try to figure out what the plea means and what to do with it.

The defense rationale is that the accused thought he was acting as a patriotic volunteer in the U.S. government-sponsored "contra" campaign to destabilize Nicaragua and terrorize its citizenry by kidnapping, torturing, raping, and killing civilians, but that his eagerness to get to work as a "Freedom Fighter" and his weak knowledge of geography caused the regrettable outcome. A defense attorney said, "In today's complicated world, in which what is a moral and even heroic act on one side of an international boundary is an atrocity on the other side, it is unfair to hold the defendant responsible for the results of his zeal. At worst he should be given a course in geography."

The prosecution team is having a difficult time deciding on a response to the plea, and is reportedly divided. Some believe the plea and its rationale are fabrications, perhaps devised by the accused himself, who has little to do in jail but read newspapers full of government claims about Central America. The dominant trend in the prosecution, however, favors acceptance of the defense claims and is seeking a way to give recognition to the patriotic purposes of the accused. It is rumored that a plea bargain is being considered, with a guilty plea to "illegal U-turn" and a probationary sentence to six months of community service work, possibly with the contras.



THE COALITION FOR PEACE WITH JUSTICE

"Wolf" from Page 1

"...Main St. was a hot spot--now it's on fire."

L.A. Planning and, after getting the usual city-hall-shuffle was informed that the 1979 median income was \$19,000+ for a family and \$14,700 for a household. I asked if there was any estimate as to the increase since 1979 and was told that the consumer price index was a good way to figure that increase. Between 30 & 40% were reasonable, I was told. That means that the figures above probably have risen to \$25,000 and \$20,000 respectively. And that means that the rents for those "affordable" apartment would be at least \$400/month and quite possibly \$500. A far cry from \$150! With the memorandum was a parking floor plan which showed that the 105 spaces were for beach parking only, no overnight parking for residents, and that only 20 were designed for weekday use with the remaining 85 allowed only on weekends & holidays. Not quite the rosey picture painted in front of more than 50 concerned people at the VTC meeting. A hearing on the Coastal Permit is scheduled for Monday, Oct. 7th, 9:30am, 2nd Floor Hearing Room, W.L.A. Municipal Bldg, 1645 Corinth Ave.

Additionally, people are interested in what's happening on Main St. in general. Some folks from OPCO (in Ocean Park) told me of plans to build a 6-story hotel where "Scratch" is (corner of Main and Marine), there are new buildings planned at the corner of Main & Sunset and there's lot's more vacant land on the street. Some months back I suggested that Main St. was a hot spot--now its on fire.

What in the world does all of this mean? Are there any central threads running through this pattern of large new developments coming forward at the same time? In my view there are 3 main strands running through this fabric: first, the interest rates are low and very favorable for developers; 2nd, is Councilwoman Pat Russell who even the L.A. Times acknowledges as being pro-development; finally, Curtis Rossiter one time chief aid to Russell and currently the President of a decidedly pro-big-development consulting firm. Russell is not-so-quietly said to be running for mayor and needs development money and connections to do so. She also needed to accomplish something BIG of her own on the council, hence the transportation plan and her support for the Summa development. In her capacity as councilwoman she

voted to loan Developer Tom Safran (see Sept Beach-head) almost a million dollars to allow him to pursue his development on Ocean Front Walk. She firmly supports the "cleaning up" of the canals which means cleaning up the visitors as well as the waterways.

Curtis's office is on West Washington Bl. in Venice, just a few doors from Richard Rosenthal's real estate office (Rosenthal is one of the most influential realtors in the state). He was heavily though not publically involved in the transportation plan where he spoke for major developers including Summa. He represents Hughes real estate interests so is very interested in the Playa Vista annexation. Finally, Rossiter represents Harlan Lee though it is not clear in what capacity. My guess is that he's working the government (read Mrs. Russell) end of the project.

If we are to influence what is happening in Venice and the coastal portion of Russell's district, we must not only try to put direct pressure on Russell as constituents, but we must work with people from other areas to do the same. I believe that Los Angeles is at a crucial point in its history with respect to how and where it grows. The transportation plan has all along been touted as a model for the rest of the City; the Summa annexation & development is the biggest such project in the state and Venice will experience intense development pressure because of both. Harlan Lee is only a harbinger of the future. This is growth at almost any cost with all of us who live here expected to pay the price.

The next Venice Town Council meeting will include a discussion of Harlan Lee's project and others discussed above. Join us the second Thursday of October at the Old Venice City Hall, 7:30.

Marguerite M. Buckley

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A new college organization has been formed at Santa Monica College this fall: Coalition for Peace With Justice. The primary goals of the organization are to inform, educate, and bring about discussion on issues like South Africa, nuclear power & weapons, Latin America and the Carribean and the environment, etc.

A bi-weekly film series was started with a film on South Africa, "Years of Repression," with guest speaker Ron Wilkins of Unity in Action and Mr. Zuliezi of the African National Congress. Last Spring the S.M.C. board of trustees voted to condemn Apartheid and recommended divestment of SMC funds from South Africa. This year we call on SMC radio station KCFW to take similar action in endorsing the United Nations cultural boycott of South Africa and performers who continue to perform there and therefore support the brutality inflicted on the people of color there.

The Coalition meets every Tuesday at 11:00 a.m. in room 200 in the Liberal Arts Building. For information, call 476-5522.

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6 Parking in Venice: Spark's Lament

by PATRICK McCARTNEY

Spark paid the ultimate price for parking in parking-poor Venice. He gave his only begotten car.

He lost to the System, briefly redeemed from the System, and lost a second time his beat up, 1970 V-Dub freeway terror that he used to tool up to Hollywood or some other outpost in L.A. where he'd play his guitar, listen to club groups, or just hang out. (What a life musicians lead!

Since the Fall of 1983 when he bought the dark blue creampuff for a modest \$1,600, Spark has come home to his little Venice rental a lot of nights after midnight. Long after the work-a-day world abandoned the roads--and found their parking nooks and crannies--Spark the musician cruised the Santa Monica to Fourth, Fourth to Ocean Park, Ocean Park to home.

And most of the nights when Spark pulled his car onto Brooks and began to scan the curb for a spot, any spot, there seldom were any. Not on Brooks, not on Main, not even on Westminster where somebody's usually just left a wild party on Horizon or Market.

Spark would never had gotten in trouble if his apartment just had a parking space for him--but it didn't. The fact that Spark's apartment had no parking space for him is a common one in Venice, where lots were divided up before cars seemed very practical.

And over the intervening years, house and apartment owners have converted garages and other spaces to rentable rooms, decreasing the supply of parking spaces as they increased the demand.

So Spark did the rational thing. He parked where he could. Sometimes in a red zone, sometimes in an alley, sometimes even where signs expressly warned him not to park. "If I find a legal space three times a week I'm lucky--and that's within an eight-block radius of my apartment."

And sometimes he lost his gamble, and the tickets began to pile up as they trickled in. Spark paid for a few of the tickets, but the pile kept creeping up beyond his ability to pay. He then began to accumulate the first injuries in his dirty little war with the parking enforcement teams.

First to go was his driver's license. Spark found out, after passing the renewal tests and having his mug photographed, that he was persona non grata to the State until he paid for the backlog of tickets. His registration followed.

"So Spark did the rational thing.

He parked where he could--sometimes in a red zone, sometimes in an alley, and sometimes where signs warned him not to."

One morning Spark walked to where he had left his car legally parked, and found it missing. Stolen, he thought! Then, just on the chance that all the parking tickets might have something to do with it, the words "Marina Towing" popped into his head.

Marina Towing--actually Bruffy's Tow--has the police franchise presently, a considerable plum in a beach area like Venice. Bruffy's knew all about Spark's car. Sure, they had it. "You've got over five parking tickets gone to warrant," they told Spark, and somebody in the System had given Bruffy's the contract on Spark's beloved V-Dub "Rocket."

Spark appeared in Division 60 in the Downtown L.A. Traffic Court. Most Venice cases are heard in West L.A., but Spark's case likely would have reached a similar conclusion there.

Commissioner Allan Lasher told Spark that his 28 unpaid tickets between January and September, 1984 would cost him \$1,440 if he paid the full rate. Spark pleaded. He told the judge that all the tickets were within four blocks of his apartment, that he worked at night, and had no choice on where to park.

Why don't you let the towing company keep the car, sell it, and pay the fine, the Commissioner asked Spark.

After more negotiation, the Commissioner reduced the fines to a total of \$880, plus the tow charge and storage fee of \$90. Spark pulled together rent money, borrowed money, food money and fun money, and cleared his car. For the first time in nearly a year, Spark's Rocket was a free car.

Six months passed. Spark racked up five more tickets. The few legal parking spaces in his neighborhood dried up. First, the City red-zoned Main Street in front of the grammar school.

Then Werner Scharff built his sepulchral Bathhouse just north of Brooks and where Spark lived. The building displaced 55 cars on what had been a parking lot, and when the Bathhouse was finished, underground parking available to neighbors went for \$100 a month.

The third blow to Brooks area residents (the focus of the greatest parking deficit in Venice) was the eventual loss of parking on the lot between Eat-A-Pita and the building Spark lived in.

The man who had recently leased the lot started to increase the parking rates, and then banned parking on weekends when he would rent to vendors. (He wasn't the first lot operator to ban residents from using their space on weekends).

The price went from \$35 to \$50 a month, then to \$75. When the landlord was denied a Coastal



Photograph/Staff

permit to build vending spaces without providing some replacement parking, he shut the lot down entirely to parking. So there.

All this is prelude to Spark's latest lament. Just a month ago, Spark found a policeman at his car in the alley where he'd left it long enough to change clothes. While the cop made out the parking ticket, he made a computer check. When the check turned up warrants for unpaid parking tickets and his expired license and registration, Spark was arrested and his car towed a second time.

Back in Division 60, Commissioner Lasher recognized Spark and his record. "You're a good customer," the Commissioner told him. In addition to his new tickets, Spark was informed he still owed \$220 from before his first appearance from tickets that had slipped between the electric cracks of the System's computer.

The Commissioner and Spark negotiated again. Starting from a face value of over \$800, the Commissioner eventually lowered the amount to \$300. But then there's the towing charge and the rapidly increasing (at \$8 a day, that's \$240 a month) storage fee accruing to Bruffy's towing. And if he wants to really get straight with the System, Spark needs to come up with money for the Title Search the System performed on his car (the better to attach a lien with), registration, and license. Spark's looking at a thousand dollars to free his car. Money he's trying to raise as you read this.

The System went ahead and attached a lien on Spark's Rocket, and the car sits at Bruffy's, hostage in a hot war.

What amazes Spark is that he will have paid \$2,000 for parking in Venice. More than the price he paid for his beloved V-Dub. And he's not the only one.

The case that preceded Spark's in Division 60 involved a Venice couple, each of whom worked at night in restaurants. Their two cars had received more than \$1,300 worth of tickets apiece, about \$2,500 total. The Commissioner kicked it down to \$1,300.

How bad has parking become in Venice? Don't ask the City, because they have not studied the problem. Complaints about public access parking in the Peninsula resulted in Pat Russell calling in State experts to study the problem and suggest solutions.

Requests by the Venice Town Council and others to Pat Russell's office to study the parking crisis in north Venice have not been relayed to the appropriate City agencies.

Direct efforts by the Venice Town Council to obtain more parking from the City's Bureau of Parking Management and Regulations have resulted in a promise to provide 110 new spaces on the streets,

"at an equivalent value of \$500,000," according to the Bureau's Transportation Engineer Tom Conner.

His Bureau's recommendations have been stalled in Pat Russell's office, however, so that five months after proposing the 110 new spaces, the Parking Management Bureau has only supplied 45 of them--reclaiming unnecessary red zones.

The 65 other spaces need approval from Pat Russell's office. They include diagonal parking on Grand Avenue, one-way traffic on Brooks, and parking on one side of 17th.

Even if Venice gets all 110 spaces--an unlikely prospect--a shortage of more than a thousand spaces will probably remain for residents. I say probably because the shortage has not been documented by anyone other than community groups.

The City has indicated that it will not pursue funds for off-street parking from the businesses along the boardwalk that are not presently in compliance.

That leaves the City few options in north Venice. Off-street parking--the kind going in on the Venice Blvd. median--is expensive, but possibly the only solution for north Venice. If you have some ideas, please relay them to your City representative.

How did it get so bad here? "People in Venice have created it themselves," according to the Traffic Bureau's Tom Conner. Another Bureau worker in Preferential Parking, Richard Jaramillo, placed the blame elsewhere. "Ultimately you have to blame the city. The City always issues the building permit." In any event, the problem has become a crisis and Venice residents like Spark are paying a stiff price.

Next: Councilwoman Russell's response to the parking crisis, and possible solutions short of suicide or a Venice MetroRail. ●

Etcetera

Worldwide military spending
Military expenditures throughout the world are expected to reach an estimated \$1 trillion in 1985, an increase of more than 54 percent since 1980.

WORLDWIDE MILITARY EXPENDITURES
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City News

Tunnel Vision

Corridor Plans Passes

By PATRICK MCCARTNEY

Gentlemen, start your bulldozers. Los Angeles just passed a dreamboat of a pork-barrel transportation tax--whoops, excuse me, that's fee--and now we can really get down to business here on the Westside.

The Coastal Transportation Corridor Specific Plan, praised by City officials as courageous, was passed unanimously in two readings last month, and goes to Mayor Bradley for his signature.

Described as a model for the rest of the City, the City Council acted delighted at the "progressive" bill that links--everybody's favorite word--traffic and development.

There is a link, but not the kind that Venice will find too pleasant. There will be a tremendous amount of new car traffic entering Venice soon linked to the new development to the south of us.

The improvements the 250-million-dollar Transportation Trust Fund will buy won't be enough to handle the amount of traffic linked to the developments, mind you. That's why that, even with the improvements, traffic will deteriorate at a majority of intersections in our area.

The Plan that passed creates a new feeding trough for the City's Dept. of Transportation, It doubles the amount of money they will have yearly for road building--and just for a fraction of one of the 15 Council Districts! Aren't we lucky?

I could go on. The big developers have designed the Transportation Plan to their interests. They brought it to the City. They don't mind paying a share. They'd double-deck Sepulveda and Lincoln for us if we'd allow them all the office towers for our little corner of the Westside that they want.

Of course, those developers (who formed an interest group called, eerily enough, the Coastal Transportation Coalition) made sure they got off light. They are allowed exemptions and low fees small developers can only envy.

I could go on.

Contractors, start your engines. •

munchin' down and out



Up Bill's Alley

Aggravation is the main entree on the bill of fare for the Venice neighbors of Tony Bill's ultra-ritzy 72 Market Street restaurant. Limos and valet parkers tying up the available metered spaces, double-parked cars going the wrong way on one way cross streets, and valet attendants harassing residents are just some of the complaints being voiced.

Jack Aubrey, manager of two neighborhood apartment buildings, says his tenants are furious, especially women who must now walk "two to three dark blocks to get home when they used to just walk around the corner."

So far, the only solution proposed by Bill, with the support of other Market Street building owners, involves expanding the restaurant's loading zone and making Market Street one-way--a solution that could be worse than the problem according to residents who fear that traffic congestion would spread and that Market Street would become a private driveway for Tony Bill and his restaurant.

"It's astounding to me that one business can affect a whole neighborhood this way," says local resident Susan Melly, who claims that Tony Bill promised her a private parking spot in his lot when she complained about the situation 10 months ago, but now won't return her calls.

For his part, Bill has a philosophical view of his neighbors' problems: "It's really trivial compared to what's going on in my life." •

- Laurie Ochoa (reprinted from the L.A. Weekly)

Bits and Pieces

by GERIATRIC JACK

THE VENICE BLVD. WASHBOARD & EYESORE

A few years ago I called Councilwoman Russell's office to find out when that washboard called Venice Blvd. between Lincoln and the beach would be paved. I was told it was scheduled in a few years. Since a few years had passed, I called Russell's office again. A bright aide informed me that it was a State road and I should speak to my state legislators. After quite a few phone calls I still hadn't found out who was responsible.

Back to Russell's office and another aide who brought me up to date. The State is responsible for the road itself but the city is going to fix the potholes. The aide thought the road was scheduled for 1987 just as they fixed the east side of Lincoln. In the next few months the center divider will be worked on. This is the City's turf. It is possible that since an election is coming up in 1986 that something might be done, but I'm not holding my breath.

Compare the center 'parkway' on Venice Blvd. with the one on San Vicente in West Los Angeles. Same City, same taxes. Must be different classes of citizens.

PLAYA VISTA EXEMPTION?

I understand that the Hughes-Playa del Rey project known as "Choking The Beach by Over-Building and Maximizing Profit" wants an exemption from Mrs. Russell's Corridor Transportation Plan. They don't even want to pay a little bit for the right to pollute.

GUESS WHO?

The divorce rate is 50%. Adult alcoholism is rampant. The young family is full of conflict, unstable and with few children, says a top government researcher. The kids are more delinquent, drinking and stealing more. You may have guessed that it's the Russians. Feel better? I'll bet for a moment you thought it was us. •

By Essie La Fresseur de la Yenta

Now that everyone's taken a bathos about the LaFayette closing, Essie knows all her friends still have the need to feed.

Surprise, surprise. The Sidewalk Cafe serves a decent breakfast for \$2.65 --oh, make it \$3.00 even. Three eggs, toast, sausage or bacon and potatoes that taste like potatoes and unlike the late LaFayette, cooked through. The Sidewalk also serves fresh-squeezed orange juice, a rarity in Southern California. The coffee is terrible unless alcohol is added.

Essie warns do not go near the place on weekends!! One sees tourists grunting and swilling, pointing and shrieking. If one is not a movie-pitcher star or talent scout, service is given grudgingly.

Yes, the Sidewalk is a tourist trap, but the web is sweet and one can think dear sad thoughts as the sun sets behind the beach toilets.

Essie's old high school chum is coming to visit! Where can one take one's chum where he won't be exposed to micro-waved dinners or raspberry coulis over 1-oz. of trout for one million dollars? Where can one go for an elegant tete-a-tete without using the car? No, not the brassy atmosphere of the West Beach, where the waiter plays a subtle game of one-upmanship--ah, The Sculpture Garden. In spite of all the efforts by the Chamber of Commerce and various merchants associations, West Washington Blvd. has not turned into Rodeo Drive West--yet.

Hidden between two trendy restaurants, The Sculpture Garden has easy, civilized and polite surroundings. Essie realizes that some people are put off by this, but Essie loves it. The S.G. is not cheap, but it doesn't cost a month's food budget. The coffee is excellent.

The fruit and vegetables were at their ripe fresh best. The waitress was courteous without being obsequious. Unfortunately when Essie went there, she missed the Jazz or classical live music that plays there every Sunday from 2:00 to 5:00. But to sit outside with beautiful well tended plants and seeing the sun shine through the underside of a Rex Begonia leaf--well, Essie doesn't know if even the M.J.Q. could top that.

Icky Alert! DO NOT under ANY circumstances waste your money or appetite on any of the Bamboo Hut franchises on

the Ocean Front Walk. The so-called pork, beef or chicken must be made from pork, beef or chicken by-products mashed, frozen and extruded by some arcane method into "nuggets" in deepest City of Industry, about five months prior to being dipped in M.S.G. and soy-flavored crank-case oil to be micro-waved and sold to some sucker on the Ocean Front Walk.

On to more cheerful subjects. Essie and a friend nearly came to blows one night as they sampled the Greek take-out food on Windward Ave. The food tastes fresh and homemade--not cheap, but the portions are plentiful.

Essie bit into her sandwich of hot beef and garbanzo tahini dressing. "Good Souvlaki", she muttered. "Not Souvlaki", snapped her friend. "Souvlaki is cut into strips, not chunks like this!" "Tastes like Souvlaki to me!" "Not the way we do it in New York!" sneered Essie's friend. "New York--ha!" Essie sneered back, and grabbing a friend of hers who just happened to pass by, and who had Greek parents, she shoved the sandwich into his mouth. "Taste!" commanded Essie.

Souvlaki or no? "Mmmmm..." mumbled Essie's friend from the depths of the sandwich, "S'all Greek to me." •

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Review:

"Kerouac"

By Carol Fondiller

In the angst and exhaustion that marked the aftermath of World War II for some of the young people that fought in and survived that war, the feeling of being alone in a hostile and indifferent universe seemed to define how the world was for the survivors of the war.

In France, Sartre defined the cosmic nihilism as existentialism, while Kerouac called the people who felt this way beat.

Some called Kerouac a "typist" and others said he was in the great American bardic tradition of Whitman, Faulkner and Thomas Wolfe.

I remember reading that long paragraph of a book, "On the Road", wondering how anyone could put up with Dean Moriarty, but being fascinated by the dreamlike evocation of landscape and people, and the rhythm of his prose.

John Antonelli should be thanked for his efforts to show us one of the great romantics of this era, and a writer who continues to influence writing to this day.

John Antonelli, born in Kerouac's home town of Lowell, Mass. has produced, written and directed a re-creation of Kerouac's life and milieu with actors and interviews of Kerouac's friends.

Unfortunately, the actors, Jack Coulter and David Andrews, have nothing to do but wander around where Kerouac wandered around.

The film lives when people who knew Kerouac talk about him. Ginsberg, Fer-

linghetti, William Burroughs, Carolyn Cassady and Gary Snyder talk and trace his rise from a starving writer to his inability to handle the sudden fame that came his way. The music provided by Zoot Sims, Thelonious Monk and Miles Davis evokes the beat scene and makes one realize how well Kerouac succeeded in his efforts to get the Jazz rhythm in his writing. John Holmes quotes Kerouac as saying "After the war our generation was really beat--reduced to essentials. You didn't have enough energy to bullshit. Any energy you had left was to do the essentials".

The film traces Kerouac's life from Lowell, Mass., where he grew into a man who wanted to be a writer, but didn't want to be thought of as a "sissy" to the end of his short life as a bloated, tired and sad man in the total care of his mother.

I would have preferred less of his early life in Lowell and a more intensive

view of his life in New York, Mexico and San Francisco with some of his friends and people who did not care for Kerouac, such as Ginsberg in the former and Ferlinghetti in the latter. But the real Kerouac with his darkly brooding Jim Garfield-movie star good looks and his torrent of words are the dominating presence in this film.

In a 1959 T.V. interview with Steve Allen, Kerouac, newly famous and shy, reads from "On the Road" in inimitable invokatory style with an incredibly young Steve Allen accompanying him in a cool Jazz riff.

If your heart doesn't beat faster after that, you ain't cool man, you're dead.

Police State on Venice Beach Report from the Front

There is a "police state" on Venice Beach now that is, in a lot of ways, comparable to what is going on in South Africa now without the racial overtones. The homeless are not even considered to be citizens by the establishment. Whenever the police come up to the "beach people" (those who live every day on the beach because of having no other home) their standard line is "we've had a complaint by some of the citizens." But, we are citizens, too. We were born Americans and that makes us citizens also with as much right to be here as anyone else. The police watch us constantly, tell us where we can sit, what time to leave the beach, (some can't; no where else

to go), give us tickets for anything they can which they don't do to the "citizen" tourists (i.e. open containers, dogs, bicycles on the boardwalk to list just a few). They curse at us, beat us in the bathrooms and hope we don't survive and try again if we do. All simply because we don't have the means (money) for a lawyer to help us stand up for our rights and the respect due us as American citizens. The constitution says "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness", that does not mean being chased around by the police because we don't have houses to live in, cars, or jobs which are almost impossible to find now.

On August 1, 1985 they began filming a movie on Venice Beach about life on the streets and the truth of the matter is there is not one real street person being used in the cast, even as an extra.

Americans have seem to lost perspective of the value of their own country. I can appreciate and understand the need of the people in Ethiopia. I sympathize with their conditions wholeheartedly but we have problems here, too. Our population is becoming more distinctly divided into the "haves" and the "have-nots" and the ratio of those without is growing at an alarming rate but is not receiving enough reporting to make the rest of the population under-

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Weatherman Takes To Sky

It is Aug. 6, 1985, 40 years after the bombing of Hiroshima. My car is parked in space "40" in downtown Los Angeles, my least favorite place to be. My downtown business is complete and I am on my way to the beach. As I turn off La Cienga onto Venice Blvd., near the freeway, I comment to myself, "I can't fucking believe how smoggy it is today. Then I look up to the sky to see my all time favorite billboard; "Fritz said it would be like this".

Thanks a lot Fritz, I needed that!!

Now this billboard is special, as it is in bright blue and white, which, in my book denotes the color of the sky, the way it once was many years ago before man and machine changed it to the grey sooty greasy color it is now; Hovering & covering this blue billboard.

Now how does Capt. Weather rate a space in the sky when the good Doctor of channel 7 has none, nor Mr. Mountain and since I can predict the weather as well as most weathermen, "I have none".??? Not that billboards are to be disliked. People pay a lot of money to clutter up our highways with all sorts of "Garbage". That's part of America. Will we next be taking out ads in local newspapers and buying commercial TV and radio air time to advertise the weather?? It would seem, to this author, that the same amount of funds, spent on investigative and research methods of unanswered pollutants and nuclear related weather problems, would certainly contribute a little bit more to the health of the nation. We can't do much about rain or snow or fog but we can do something about the "PUKE" we're breathing and "sewer" we're drinking. As degenerative and immune deficiency diseases--Cancer, AIDS, Arthritis, Heart Disease, respiratory disease, etc., increase or are identified--we must look outside ourselves for the causes. They are in our air, our food, our water, our soil, our oceans and if mankind does not take steps to begin the removal of what he has caused--He will pay the piper! Apathy runs rampant and ignorance follows a close second.

So what are you having for dinner tonight? Watermelon and Jalisco? Why are they glowing?

HARRIET HAZZARD, HAZEL'S SISTER.



"See--all you needed was the real estate section!"

stand how drastic the situation has become.

Right now on Venice Beach there are people without homes and no real chance of even having them because of the way things are being run. There are people with medical problems that have them permanently on crutches or in wheelchairs that cannot afford to live in a house where they can be comfortable. This, to me, is a pathetic statement about the "American life style". Are we so worried about the American image that we choose to ignore our own "backyard" in order to clean up someone else's? There is only so much that can be done by the few volunteer centers for the homeless and it is far too little to even be noticeable given the number of homeless compared to how much is donated by the few true-hearted Americans who care about other Americans who need help. These are usually people who are not rich; quite a few on fixed incomes who, you would think, wouldn't be able to give much but make allowances in their own lives in order to try and help those who need it here.

Last summer the "beach people" organized and saved the Venice Beach Pavillion. It was to be demolished. We are organizing again only this time it is more important. This time we want to save ourselves, our rights, our self-respect, our citizenship, Our America!! We love it too and we are not going to leave.

'UNICORN'

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The Yuppies Are Coming

The Yuppies Are Coming

by MOE STAVNEZER

I never thought that my Ampex T-Shirt for the 1980 Olympics, remember? the ones we boycotted, would get me anything. I mean what are T-shirts supposed to get you? But it did. It got me an invitation to a slide show on Russia at Laddi Dill's studio elaborately produced by Tom Sewell.

I've known Tom Sewell for years. We've not always been on the same side of issues. In fact he'd been the quintessential Carol Fondillor art-trepreneur until only recently. Frankly, it never occurred to me that the pure form of Carol's beast would ever care about anything that couldn't be seen in the bedroom mirror or safe deposit box.

So when I bumped into Tom outside Windward Farms (I swear that I could bump into half of Venice at Windward Farms) I was wearing my Moscow/Olympics shirt he had just returned from a trip to the Soviet Union. He told me that he planned a slide show of the trip and said he'd let me know when it would be. I was curious because I had no real idea of what the slides would show. Tom had said that the visit moved him profoundly.

He came by the pharmacy and gave me a flier/invitation to the slide show a few weeks later. As I got dressed to walk to the show, only 5-6 blocks away, I tried to figure out what the group would be like. I assumed it would be a "home" slide

show with Tom flicking the flicker for, maybe, 40-50 people tops! They would be better dressed than me (a tinge of jealousy creeping into my old age?), actually my stereotypical "Yuppie!" Lots of them were of that general persuasion, except that the purebreds aren't supposed to care about anything but them selves. So maybe I was wrong about who the people would be, how about the show?

Hey, this was NOT a home slide show! Three projectors warmed up the imposing bare wall of the studio with gorgeous slides of all manner of visual arts. The pre-show eats and drinks ended and the show began. Tom's group of visitors for peace, as they explained their purpose, were people in the "arts" so were not your "average" Americans. Among them were some TV/movie stars (Dennis Weaver) a swahmi, a clown whose schtick was "nasal diplomacy" (he wore and gave out fake noses). Slides of the group arriving, first, in Finland and, from there to, the Soviet Union. And then slide after slide of the wonders of ancient Russian architecture alongside the new.

Breezy comments from Tom accompanied shots of people in the group meeting their "counterparts" in Moscow as well as Russians on the streets. It was all very friendly and warm on a personal level. And that was the whole idea of the trip: the governments of both countries were not proving capable

of attaining peaceful relations, maybe they might be achieved on a people-to-people basis. And so this group of eighty went to begin that process, at least for them. At least two hundred people were watching the slide show and they gave Sewell a standing ovation when it ended.

A number of the other people who made the trip were in the audience and they identified themselves and made brief comments. They all then answered questions from the audience, most of which centered on the freedom of the group to talk with "every day" Russians and the ability of Russians to talk to them. Sewell said that he could get in a cab and go anywhere and talk to people as he wanted-others in the group agreed.

There was very little talk about peace. Maybe that's too delicate a subject for a first meeting. When I last saw him, Tom was preparing to go back to the Soviet Union to pave the way for a visit by a different group of 80 people. Anyone interested in such a trip can write the Beachhead and we'll pass the information on to Sewell. •

Ark Lost on Venice Beach

This Bud's for You

by TIM

The Reformed* Secret Order of Druids Society (Reformed* SODS) had their most sacred and Holy object stolen, just before the last Full Moon, to give it a seeming aura of mystery.

The crime was reported to the LAPD in Venice, and they did not investigate. Demographically, the criminal was most likely Baptist, not currently practicing his religion.

The Holy Budweiser Covenant, itself, was stolen! It was left tacked to the top of an Ark made of trees, strips of tin, and pegs of pif iron.

It had been made to look like an ol' Bud case, on the occasion of their centennial. America, incidentally, had a 2nd centennial the same year.

The Covenant was a pledge by the brewing company concerning the ingredients and quality of the principal Reformed* American sacrament, beer. It represented the 8,000 year old covenant between plants, such as hops and grains, to provide Druids and their followers with an endless supply of drinking alcohol.

Their may be other Budweiser centennial cases, of course, and probably other copies of the Covenant; but to American Reformed* Irish Druids this will always be The Ark of the Lost Covenant!

Historically, it is interesting to note that the American Reformed* Druidic faith was able to lose an Ark of Covenant in only about 3 months, and with little lost human effort. The younger Hebrew faith took longer to lose its ark.

The Druidic Ark weighed only about 13 pounds and could not kill people. The Ark of the Jews weighed about 1 ton, and was a capacitor that often killed the incautious and the insanctimonious.

The Druidic Ark had been conveyed about the earth, around 3,000 miles, for about 3 months, in the back of the Druid's truck.

The Hebrew Ark was conveyed about the World, about 3,000 miles, for 300 or so years, before it was lost. This was on the backs of slaves and worshippers.

Less consequential things stolen at the same time included personal & professional property valued currently at \$4,100 and costing only \$6,300; and an identification card belonging to America's Uncle Sam. •

*No human sacrifices

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JOIN THE CROWD



'Ducks' from page 1

of life by the overwhelming nauseous scent of fresh doggie dookey on my shoes. During the day the canals were like some rural town that had a creek running through it. Most of the little cottages would be bustling. The night-blooming jasmine spread its coarse vines over houses, old cars and tired old dogs. Tomatoes, pickleweed, lettuce, bougainvillea, passionfruit vines and wild fennel tripped you up and out. I learned the history of Venice, Abbot Kinney, imported gondoliers, lousy engineers, annexation by the City, left to decay, etc., etc. The canals were inhabited by beats who survived on the canals because, it was rumored, the police and firemen couldn't get through the narrow alleys. Poor people, white beach red-necks, people who could barely afford the \$30.00 to \$50.00 a month rent on the canals, and hey, the absentee landlords were delighted. In the '60's Hippies came and they painted the cottages eyeball-breaking colors. It resembled a candy land where munchkins would come out and welcome you. In reality glowing women with long shining hair baked bread, chased kids who chased ducks. It seemed to me the longhaired men sat on verandas and hid under cars while their humongous dogs would run in packs, chasing anyone who was an outlander like me.

It was in the late '60's that the Master Plan, or as it is now known the Community Plan became known under the guise of improving and cleaning the canals. In reality it was to be a boon, a benefit for some speculators who held more than a few of the handkerchief-sized lots. Despite the legal and illegal efforts; i.e., illegal evictions by force, threats, red-baiting, etc. the canal residents, with the help and support of residents in the larger community of Venice managed to hold off major development. And most of the people who fought the eviction of low income people were tenants themselves. They realized that the implementation of this plan involved getting rid of the people who lived there. Relocation money was unheard of in those days. And it was unthinkable that tenants had any rights in Col. Otis's home town of Los Angeles. So in 1968 when the first Canal Festival was held in September, it was for the community. Councilpeople, speculators, police were not invited. It was only when the political meaning got fuzzy and the vendors and others got in bed with the City, its porta-toilets. Interesting irony. At the first Canal Festival, the police tried to stop the Festival. At the Festival funeral 7 years later, the police tried to stop us burying the Festival.

But the Canal Festival was a great community statement. It solidified and invigorated the community. In the courts the speculators were fought to a standstill by community people. I was arrested for refusing to let the City bulldoze the children's park. Six of us refused to move so the City could bulldoze the guerrilla park built on City land. The City did bulldoze the park but moved it to Dell Ave.

So you might say I had some emotional investment in the canals. Odd, how the canal fight seemed to erode the minute the "professionals" got in there with their lawyers and professional negotiators who asked us all to be reasonable. I could almost smell it at the Coastal Commission when the staff rolled over and played dead very obligingly for some hard-hats threatening us amateurs--amateur lovers of we did it for love not to further our careers.

But as anyone who's dealt with a bureaucracy can tell you, attrition is what gets you. How many days off work can you take to go to that meeting? Or this committee meeting held in Hayward, Long Beach or San Francisco.

But back to the meeting. The duck pond, formerly known as the children's park would remain. The bridges would be flattened--that is no arched bridges, only flatter ones, to enable cars to go over them faster. No cobblestones would be used to impede roller-skating or bike riding on the sidewalks.

The inconvenience would be great but in no way would people be hindered from entering or leaving their houses.

When told of public benches, most of the people said no. Rich took a consensus, a straw vote first to see--even though it was an informal unofficial hearing.

The ducks and other aquatic birds would be taken care of by county parks. What about the egrets who have been coming here?, queried one resident. We can't build the canals around a couple of egrets. Much applause from the group. Hey, what can I say? Henry Coleman, the spirit behind the Homeowner's assessment group, is one of the co-conspirators in the great Dell Ave. mural rub-out caper. I understand he goes around on Sunday mornings around 8:00 a.m. shouting through a loudspeaker, "Everybody up! Time to clean up the canals!!"

Can you imagine that? 8:00 a.m. Sunday? Maybe directing and writing one too many "Love Boat" episodes got to him. That or the fact that he bought his house at the height of the real estate boom and he realizes that his fancy house looks like a big Encino-sized house on the edge of a sump.

Jim Doty of the conservation unit told people with a straight face that none of the work going on would have any effect on the Ballona lagoon.

Some people worried that with the new canals (Cement painted beige to match the duck droppings) and the slopes that the ducks might find it difficult to climb out of the water. Rich Morgan assured us that ducks could get up there-- "Some of the domestic ducks are too fat. Heh, heh!!" and that ducklings could fly 2 hours after they were hatched.

Jim Doty of the conservation unit did not contradict him.

Ducklings don't get real feathers for months and their mothers have to teach them to swim. But maybe Doty's seen too many helicopters in the sky and figures if pigs can fly, anything's possible.


The City's giving some money to the canal improvement plans from the sale of City-owned lots in the Venice area. It will be interesting to see, noting Mr. Doty's and Mr. Morgan's concern for the ecosystem in the canals, whether much care or thought will be given to public access and viewing.






Live food and live music have made The Comeback Inn one of the area's most interesting restaurants for more than a decade. It is one of the purest vegetarian eateries in existence and almost totally organic. The completely vegan cuisine is delicious and it caters to people on raw foods as well as oil free and flourless diets. *Whole Life Times*

THE COMEBACK INN
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SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	MIKE PRICE JAZZ SEPTET	1 HUAYUCALTIA 'unity'	2 JENNIFER ROBIN ROBERTO MIRANDA PAT COLE	3 MIKE PRICE JAZZ SEPTET	4 MILCHO LEVIEV JOHN LEITHAM JACK LE COMPTL	5 ROBBERN FORD DON MOCK JAMIE FINDLAY
6 3-10 p.m. <i>E.M.B.B.S.</i> <i>S.A.M.B.S.</i> BRAZILIAN DANCE PARTY	7 closed	8 original compositions and folk songs from Latin America. Utilizing instruments such as the Charango, the Bombo, 15 Zamponas and the Guitar they contribute their music to all nations who seek peace for their people.	9 JEFF RICHMAN DOMENIC GENOVA CASEY SCHEUERRELL	10 JANE BOLTINHOUSE BROOKS POSTON	11 JOE DIORIO with SPECIAL GUESTS	12 MILCHO LEVIEV ALEXI ZUBOV DUSAN BOGDANOVIC
13 3-6 p.m. A BAND CALLED SAM 7-10 p.m. JENNIFER ROBIN	14 	15 WILFREDO ECHEGOYEN El Salvador CIRO HURTADO Peru ESTEBAN GENICEROS Mexico. 29 HERNAN PINILLA Colombia MANUEL YANEZ Bolivia	16 JAMIE FINDLAY AND FRIENDS guitar improv	17 DON "STICK"-SCHIFF WAYNE HUNT	18 HENRY BUTLER TRIO	19 MILCHO LEVIEV KEI AKAGI
20 2:30-4:30-8:00 PAPA JOHN CREACH HENRY BUTLER	21	22	23 Stephanie Bennett Jazzharo QUINTET	24 MIKE PRICE JAZZ SEPTET	25 MILCHO LEVIEV JOHN LEITHAM JACK LE COMPTL	26 SAMB'IN BRAZILIAN NIGHT with NELSA SATO and TAQUINHO
27 3-6 p.m. A BAND CALLED SAM 7-10 p.m. PETER KNAUER	28	29	30 JENNIFER ROBIN ROBERTO MIRANDA KEI AKAGI	31 HALLOWEEN closed	1 JORGE STRUNZ ARDESHIRE FARAH CIRO HURTADO	2 MILCHO LEVIEV

OCTOBER 1985

Community Events

ART POETRY

BEYOND BAROQUE FOUNDATION-LITERARY/ARTS CENTER 681 Venice Blvd. 822-3006

Friday, Oct. 4th at 8 PM-Fiction writer THAISA FRANK and Experimental musician, Tom Recchion. Donation \$5 for non-members.

SUNDAY, OCT. 6th at 4 PM. Chamber Music Concert MIDNIGHT CONSORT \$5 for non-members.

GEORGE SAND BOOKS 9011 Melrose Ave. 858-1648 Oct. 13 Playwrights discuss LAAT's best 1 act plays.

Oct. 19 TH James Houston, Jeanne Wakatsuki, and Joanne Leedom-Ackerman read from their works. FREE!

PERFORMANCE

ALL SAINTS COMPANY-A new Venice theatre group is preparing to open Jan., 1986 at 1718 Main Street in Venice. All staff are not paid. Just like the Beachhead. Volunteers call 821-3924 or 461-6303. First play-"A SONG FOR ALL SAINTS"

"THE FIRE OUT THERE" OPENS Oct. 5th at 8 PM. Weds.-Sat. 8 PM and Sun. 7 PM. Odyssey Theatre 12111 Ohio Ave., West LA. Info: 826-1626

"RAP MASTER RONNIE" Re-opens at the Backlot Theatre, 657 N. Robertson Blvd. Fri. at 8 PM; Sat. at 7 PM and 9:15 PM; and Sun. at 5 PM and 7:30 PM. Material by Garry Trudeau. Prices \$12.50 & \$15 plus 2 drink minimum. Call 826-1626 or call Ticketmaster. Nice but expensive!

HEALTH

ALCOHOLISM CENTER FOR WOMEN 1147 S. Alvarado ST., Los Angeles. Oct. 12th-10:00 am to 3:00 pm Workshop on Relaxation for Body and Mind facilitated by Joanna Cazden. Cost \$15. (213) 381-7805. Saturday, Oct. 19th at 1305 S. Alvarado St., Los Angeles. Women, Alcohol and Violence: Some Clinical Considerations. A 1 day seminar for PROFESSIONALS. Cost \$35; Students \$15. Same phone as above.

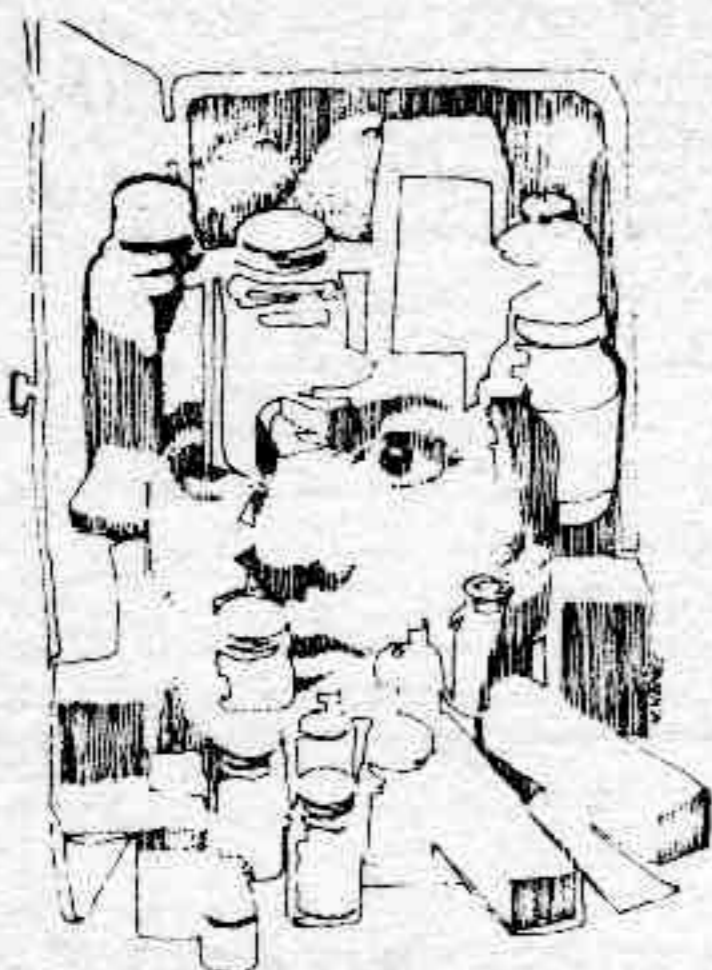
Take Two: Changing Script. Sunday, Oct. 20th from 10 AM to 3 PM at 1147 S. Alvarado. Workshop for adult daughters of alcoholics and other women from dysfunctional families. Cost \$15. 1147 S. Alvarado; phone above. Fear, Food and Coming to Terms-Sat., Oct. 26th from 10 AM to 3 PM at 1147 S. Alvarado St. Food and your body. Cost \$15 (213) 381-7805



WOMEN PLAN ROSIE JIMENEZ DAY--PROTEST ANTI-ABORTION INITIATIVES. Women from the January 22nd Coalition for Reproductive Rights will "die-in" at the State Building, 107 Broadway, from noon to 1 PM on Thurs. Oct. 3, 1985, to protest the death of Rosie Jimenez who died because she was forced to have an illegal abortion. Info call Sherry Katz (482-8650) or Sherna Gluck (455-1028)

Women's Referral Service, a business networking and free telephone referral service. Meets Oct. 24 TH. Info: (818) 995-6646

WESTSIDE SHELTER COALITION CONFERENCE on the homeless. WHO IS RESPONSIBLE? 1:30 PM-9 PM First United Methodist Church-1008 11th St. Santa Monica.



Bird/cpf

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RELIGION

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH OF LOS ANGELES 2936 W. 8th St., Los Angeles. 389-1356

Sunday, Oct. 6 at 11 AM. State Supreme Court Justice ROSE BIRD. Music by the 1st Unitarian Choir.

Sunday, Oct. 13 at 11 AM. Rev. Charles Gaines on "THE GUILT OF THE SECTARIAN SPIRIT". Music to be announced.

Sunday, Oct. 20th at 11 AM. Rev. Philip Zwering on "IS ANTI-ZIONISM ANTI-SEMITISM? Music provided by the Choir.

Sunday, Oct. 27th at 11 AM. LA Board of Education President Rita Walters on "HOW WILL OUR CHILDREN LEARN?" Music by Joanna Cazden. All services translated into Spanish and Korean. Wheelchair accessible. Sign language translation available.

"THE SPIRITUAL WAY TO RECOVERY" Workshops on Alcohol & Drug Addiction. Thurs. at 8 PM, Oct. 3rd and 17th. Westside Jewish Community Center-5870 Olympic Blvd. (east of Fairfax) Info: Gloria Fenster 478-0488 FREE

SINGLETARIANS UNITARIAN COMMUNITY CHURCH FORBES HALL 1721 Arizona SANTA MONICA SUNDAY, OCT. 6TH at 8 PM-BREAKING OUT OF MENTAL AND SITUATIONAL TRAPS. Donation \$3-394-4318 SUNDAY, OCT. 13 TH at 8 PM- HOW TO GO "PRO PER" Donation \$3 SUNDAY, OCT. 20th THE STEP FAMILY EXPERIENCE \$3 SUNDAY, OCT. 27th COLORING YOUR LIFE Donation \$3 FOR INFO: 394-4318

HARVESTING HOPE, Interfaith Hunger Coalition World Food Day Conference. Many workshops, excellent speakers. A gathering to identify organizations and actions that can create visions of change. Sunday, Oct 14, 1:30-7:30pm, University Religious Center, USC, Donation \$10-\$35 (depending on ability to pay). Send reservation to IHC, 1010 S. Flower St, L.A. 90015



Jose Maria Ramos Carbajal at the INS detention center at Los Fresnos, Texas will be released to live near relatives in California while he goes through hearings to determine whether or not he will be deported to El Salvador and his almost certain death at the hands of government agents. He is one of many along the border areas awaiting a similar fate. He is fortunate to be the first detainee "bonded out" by a small but committed group of Unitarian Universalists on the Westside. Spokesperson Robin Dell, one of the organizers, indicates that this is an emergency and a "straight-cash bail-out."

Members of the congregation provided the funds. Others are pledging for a regular fund. The entire congregation will consider placing a lien on their church's property.

The Unitarian Universalist Society of LA-West in conjunction with other Unitarian Universalist churches in LA provided sanctuary for a Salvadoran family. They have been involved in "freedom caravans", visitation contacts with detainees.

People who are not members of the Unitarian Universalist Society are more than welcome to join their "bonding out" club and become part of the process. Phone (213) 398-0673 for more information.

MEN

LOS ANGELES MEN'S COLLECTIVE-Potluck supper 1st Sunday of each month. Oct. 6th-SEXUAL POLITICS. Potluck 7-8 PM; Raps 8-10 PM. \$4 donation THE MEETING HOUSE, 1440 S. Harvard, S & M. Info: 396-3655.

SENIORS

Free Legal Assistance for SENIORS: Thurs., Oct. 5th at the Felicia Mahood Multipurpose Senior Center, 11338 Santa Monica Blvd., S&M. Call 479-4119.

EDUCATION

VENICE SKILLS CENTER 611 Fifth Ave., Venice Openings for persons who desire to learn a skill: Auto Mechanics, Electronics, Office, Refrigeration/Air Conditioning, Washer/Dryer repair, Building Renovation and Clerical. 392-4153 or 392-3973.

COMMUNITY



Venice Town Council

October General Meeting
7:30pm, October 10

Meeting at Beyond Baroque Center, 681 N. Venice Blvd.

- Wither West Washington Boulevard? Developments will be discussed; interested community members are invited to air their feelings.
- More Harlan Lee news.
- The future of the Venice Pavilion will be the subject of a community meeting Wednesday, October 16, at the Westminster Senior Center. 7pm. All related agencies will attend.



LIP/cpf

POLITICS

NATIONAL DAY OF PROTEST AGAINST APARTHEID Sat., Oct. 12th. Assemble, 11 AM at Jackie Robinson Stadium (corner MLK & Rodeo) March at NOON to RALLY at 1 PM at Leimert Park (43rd Pl. & Crenshaw) Info: 747-1367.

Organizing: A Guide for Grassroots Leaders by Si Kahn, 387 pages. Send \$8.95 (includes handling) to RECON, P.O. Box 14602, Philadelphia, PA. 19134.

CITIZENS ACTION LEAGUE (CAL), a California's people lobby in Venice needs activists. Paid training. Hours 2-10 PM; Mon.-Fri. Info: 392-8764

ARTISTS AGAINST APARTHEID OF LOS ANGELES Next meeting is Sat., Oct. 5th from 11 AM-1 PM at 1308 S. New Hampshire Ave. Info: 737-6898

HOLD THE DATE! Santa Monicans for Renters Rights Convention-1 PM-Retail Clerks Union Hall-2nd & Santa Monica Blvd.

COALITION FOR ECONOMIC SURVIVAL-938-6241

WESTSIDE CISPES (Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador). General Meeting Sat. Oct. 5th, 10am, Church in OP, 235 Hill, S.M. 396-6557. Sabia, \$2.00 call 818-786-6310 for info. Oct 20th is Guatemalan Aid Day call 413-0901 for info. Oct 12th, International Day of Protest Against Apartheid, assemble 11am Jackie Robinson Stadium at Martin Luther King and Rodeo.

SANTA MONICA COLLEGE PEACE WITH JUSTICE FILM SERIES. FREE! Thurs., Oct. 10th, 11AM SCIENCE 275 Anti-Nuke Special-Thurs., Oct. 24th-A FOCUS ON CENTRAL AMERICA

LOS ANGELES ARTISTS CALL AGAINST INTERVENTION IN CENTRAL AMERICA-255-9923.



PEACE AND FREEDOM PARTY Meets 1st and 3rd Sundays (Oct. 6th & 20th) at 7:30 PM at 1354 W. Washington Blvd. Info: 396-3555 BIG MOUNTAIN SUPPORT GROUP

SANTA MONICA DEMOCRATIC CLUB--Meets 4th Thurs. of each month at Senior Citizens Recreation Center, 1430 Ocean Ave., Santa Monica. 7:30 PM Info: 453-5322.

SOCIAL

SANTA MONICA SINGLES DISCOVERY. Informal get-together for singles, age 30up. Friday, Oct. 11th at 7:30 PM. Forbes Hall, 1721 Arizona Ave., S&M. Donation \$3 Call 829-5436.

