

FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

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CHEER
WAY-WAY

FREE

August 1988, No. 223, P.O. Box 504, Venice Ca 90294 ISSN-0884-9641 Circulation: 10,000 (213)399-0684 The next Beachhead Collective meeting takes place Sunday August 14th at 11 A.M., followed by a 20th Anniversary meeting at 2:30 P.M, both at 824 Amoroso Place

License to Swill

By Malcolm Tent

DemoPublicans usually give the public two reasons for allowing corporate rape. First, selling the environment to big business and developers creates more tax money; 2nd, the creation of jobs by large developments and big industrial polluters more than justifies the harm they cause to the environment.

These are what the politicians call "overriding considerations". Overriding considerations clearly violate the 14th amendment to the Constitution, which guarantees all citizens "equal protection of the laws" at the federal, state and local level. We shouldn't tolerate any additional harm to the environment, by individuals or big corporations. Of course, only big corporations have been granted these "overriding considerations".

Businesses get a lot of breaks under the American system. While a business can deduct costs for long term investments from their income taxes, you and I can't deduct for years spent in schools, study, etc. Are machines more valuable than people? The fact that a business is providing jobs and services to keep our economy going doesn't make them any more entitled to special favors than the employee who serves as one of the cogs in the business machinery.

The government won't tolerate small polluters--look under your car's hood sometime. Then go out for a drive by the Chevron refinery in El Segundo. Don't breathe deeply. Also, underneath, out of sight, Chevron's tanks have leaked gasoline into the water table outside of their property lines--under homes and stuff. On your way home check out the beach by the Hyperion Sewage plant. For real fun, try parking at the beach under the LAX flightpath. Ever notice how there's always plenty of parking under the flightpath?

The concept that everyone has a right to build a house on their land and to farm it seems fair to me. Now--when a big property owner wants to build high rise condos or whatever on their land, I start wondering. Why am I, or anyone else, restricted to having a non-polluting house on my land, when the mighty Summa Corporation can build 10 times as much on theirs and screw up the traffic for miles outside of their property lines?

...A VACuous Community Vision



While we in the Westside welcome any government agency which would step in to preserve the environment, it is interesting to note how things are different in Northern California. Up there, the Coastal Commission has had a policy of "save every redwood". Compared to our arid environment, where every section of unpaved earth is prized, up North almost every unlogged redwood grove is protected or owned by the government. The local folks still have to go through the bureaucracy and meetings, wherever around the state they're held, just to remodel their home. Big Businesses aren't burdened by these rules, however. They can afford lawyers and lobbyists. Recently, the Pacific Lumber Co. was allowed to carry out massive clearcutting of redwoods on their property with little government interference.

Tax fighting is big among the locals, whose jobs depend on the ups and downs in the lumber industry. In Del Norte County, just south of Oregon, the tax fighter movement supports auctioning off offshore oil drilling leases by the Dept. of the Interior--whoops--Interior, despite the environmental hazards, because it will raise money that won't have to come out of taxpayers' pockets. This raises the point of this story: should we auction off the environment, or more specifically, our own physical health, just to keep our bloated society from tightening its belt?

It's true that the government spends a lot of money, and that our growing society needs greater public expenditures. So why don't we sell Yosemite to the Disney Corp.? Let's create National Heritage Inc. to "manage" things, so tourists can pay \$20 to drive through the Painted Desert. Why should America's public resources be free? Why not privatize everything: put toll booths on the freeways, put coin machines on every public toilet--that would help the sewer problem...

Privatization of our nation's values system has been a hallmark of the Reagan administration. You can send bombs to Central America and bring cocaine back, but don't try to smuggle a joint across the border--U.S. agents can seize your car.

We have to live with the future our leaders create. Is it any wonder why the richest local developers, speculators and their lawyers live in Malibu, or Beverly Hills or as far away from their developments as they can? Are you reading this in Las Vegas: Summa Corp.? Isn't it cozy in Bel Air--Mr. Tom Safran? It's nice to be so rich you can afford to have vacant beachfront buildings, which you can turn into trendy condos after all the Freaks are cleared out of Venice. (It'll be a long wait--I'm only 23.) Isn't the weather nice in Malibu? Ask the Venice Action Committee's Mike Zacha and Steve Blanchard.

By the way, in the history books, a gang of generally greedy thugs who robbed ships were called pirates. Thugs who robbed only ships of their country's enemies were called privateers. Now that there are no more foreign lands to rape--America's imperialists have come home.

Pan-Africanism

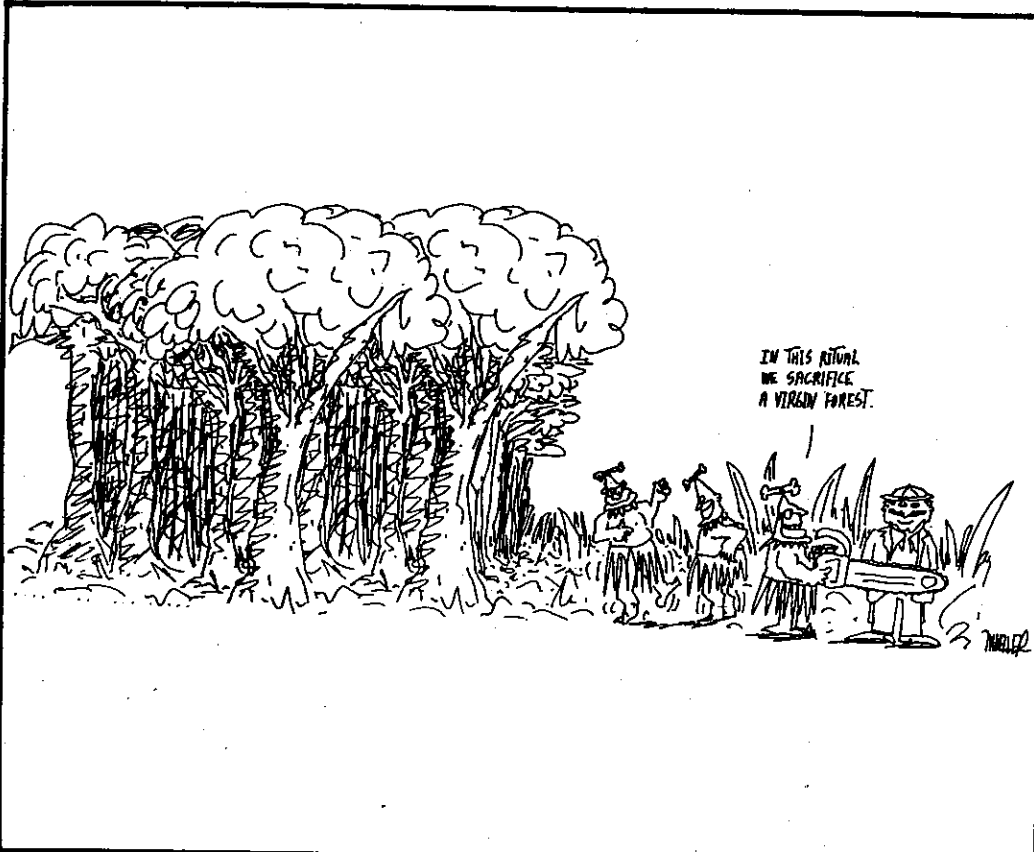
Venice: Wise Up, Rise Up, Africans in Babylon

By: Rikki

Africans unite, and see your real flight. Wise up my brethren in a Babylon, the oppessorman has turned on you. Death, and famine had come to you my brethren, read the papers and you'll hear of brothers killing mothers, fathers killing sons, daughters turning tricks for this new weapon--cocaine. Africans its time to come alive and live. Each week you hear of another African dying in this strange land, Babylon (America). Africans unite, Africans rise to the true flight, for all Africans everywhere. We Africans here in Venice, need to know the real flight, to grow above the oppessorman's ways. We Africans here in a Babylon, need to stop this inner genocide, that the oppessor has used on us by us.

Genocide is the systematic extermination of a cultural or racial group. This nation of genocidist has destroyed the indigenous people of this land, and wiped out nations of the indigenous people, claiming them to be uncivilized, but who is really uncivilized, they are those who walks into another homeland and takes their land in the name of some god they know not. Civilized and decent people, don't kill for something thats not theirs. This nation of genocidist has now turned on the African people here in a Babylon, and made them their own executioners. They use their police to perpetrate hate in our communities, anger in our homes. They use every kind of pressure to keep us under their system.

Continued on page 10



Letters.

2

Vishnu were here

Dear Beachhead Collective,

Now that I'm a subscriber and not a harried and involved collectivist, I want you to know how much I appreciated the last several issues of the Beachhead.

I especially enjoyed Carol's ("Venice--Not just another pretty place), and Beth's ("Trip through Oakwood") in July, and Moe Stavnezer's keen endorsement of Jesse Jackson in June, and Sara Omari's stinging Father's Day card. (I liked your's too, Kathy, but "Ghosttown"? Please!)

But I can't write this letter without taking Malcom (Pup) Tent to task--as requested--for his shallow analysis of Jesse Jackson.

To condemn Jackson for the ample sins of Willie Brown may be original, but doesn't really tell the political story of the Jackson campaign and the ideas, issues or concerns of a progressive political cause. The Jackson campaign says a lot about where many thoughtful, compassionate men and women hope our culture and the whole planet arrives at someday--sooner rather than later because of our individual efforts.

Tent, by dismissing Jackson as a "silly speaker" who shares Reagan's "sleaze factor," displays a healthy rebelliousness, but leaves Beachhead readers with no vision of the future outside his narrow-mindedness.

I wish I were there to try fecklessly and kick butt on layout graphics. Could you guys use help!

Incidentally, suburbia is poisonous.

Laidback but bitchy,

Pat McCartney,
Encinitas, CA

Malcolm Tent Diane Nickerson Kathle
en Alvarez Beth Miller Carol Fondiller
Kathy Sullivan Memphis Slim J.L. Mar
tin Shipford Branes and Sara Omari

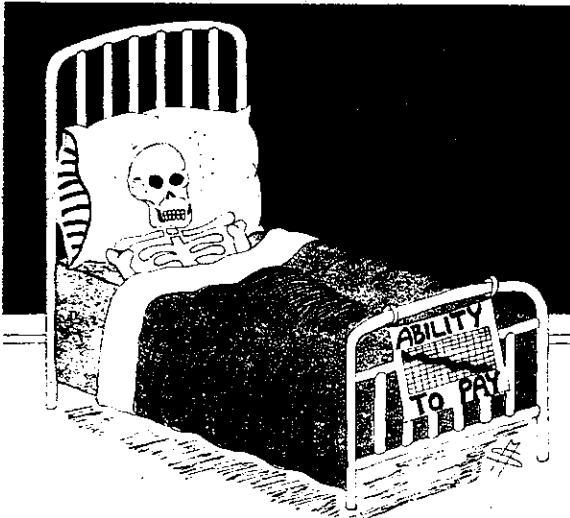
AND
Victor Wightman
Thanks to Rick Davidson

Krengle

Dear Beachhead, a kind of plague...

Violence... comes from denial, or its opposite; surfeit. We live with violence, yet we seem unable to reckon with it. Even if it is innate and latent in most, it has to be, channeled, if it is to be of value. Think of what the energy could produce! At present, we look the other way and expect the problem to go away. It won't. It could almost be seen as if it was a religious issue, not to be questioned: some would wish it to remain so for their own convenience; they, after all, are not ready subjects, since they can afford isolation. To most of the world, it is definitely a sign of loss of control. As such, before long, none of us will be free of its presence. It is far worse than a virus. Yet little is done to immunize us... why?

Sincerely,
Joseph P. Krengle



Oakwood

A few disjointed thoughts about Oakwood. The last time I remember a killing was in 1978 when I drove a schoolbus through the area. Another little boy I believe was shot inside the apartment building where I dropped off one of my studentriders. There have been shootings since then too.

But in regard to the last 2 B'Head issues, I'm thankful 3 writers took up the subject. Oakwood always seems larger than life. As if Mr. Filmmaker Fellini propped up a few of his hideous-type, character actors and positioned them at 4th and Brooks, or 5th at Broadway to cultivate the image.

Furthermore, it's almost as if strange and debauched individuals get attracted to the place exactly to fulfill a reputation so many bigmouth, middleclass bullshitters surrounding this same quartermie demand of it. Oakwood is "THE GHETTO", meaning the B-L-A-C-K ghetto. The D-A-R-K area. I.e. DANGER! Translate drugs, gangs, street-life, etc. trouble.

It appears a necessity that the "melting pot" which is supposedly Venice (and which it really is not) have it's own specially "evil" area. After all, don't all kingdoms unto themselves have their corner dungeons?

A funny truth is (like the stories before of "Watts"), that so much of this is such a hoax. The neighborhood itself (physically) could pass itself off quite nicely by comparison to other portions of the country (let alone county). It seems to be the continuing sick sort of demand put upon Oakwood that it live down to the community's baser and/or more "illegal" urges just by definiti

We already know that simply being black can supposedly sentence a community to the "lowest echelons" of a "society's" perceived order. Yet there are literally hundreds (more like thousands) of less-better-off (financially) communities that are black, yet retain greater "respectability" in L.A.

Again, this tiny quadrangle siphons grossly disproportionate amounts of nasty attention in master's media. Mr. Davidson (of the B' Head) points out this "minority pocket" exists in an otherwise semi-affluent, largely white coastal region. With the exception of parts of the northern CA Bay area around Oakland, and/or perhaps parts of Long Beach,

this may be the only, black pocket close to the beach. Racism with it's filthy head lays easily beneath the coastal foam.

So why the difference then..again? Again, Mr. Davidson seems to get close with his references to US racism at Pacific Ocean real estate properties. Certainly in no small way have the speculators with their cowlike, consuming market unleashed a pressure cooker around and inside Oakwood. And no less certainly must the "guardian soldiers" in the "middle of this battle-field" feel the brunt of developer greed.

Yet somehow, I can't only accept Mr. D's quick label that "US racism is what has protected Venice from the developer's bulldozers" for just the reason that racism and/or US greed are not just quick phenomena and/or uncomplex events themselves.

The extremes to which certain of Oakwood's "guardians" have engaged in over the years actually borders on depraved, genius creativity. The depths of our society's general, anti-authoritarian responses of drugs, alcohol and other self-indulgent excesses have likewise been numbing and un-renting. The fact that elements in Oakwood have so successfully seized opportunities to cash in on these weaknesses has been the not so startling day-by-day and night-by-night account of Oakwood's amazing repulsiveness. The greed of the "white-man's" system takes root in black communities too. And Oakwood has provided fertile soil near the sand.

This particular ghetto community gets it's extra attention precisely WITH it's unique proximity to the beach. In addition, the tinyness of it in the large and supposedly "affluent" non-black communities surrounding it spotlight it.

It would not surprise me at all to discover that many of Oakwood's "commercial" traffickers come from more wealthy neighborhoods feeling much less inclined to hang out in larger, more spread-out (yet similarly trafficking) South Central neighborhood communities. Oakwood presents a much more inviting (?) target market for these reasons.

FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD
SINCE 1968

Malcolm Tent, Diane Nickerson
Kathleen Alvarez, Beth Miller
Carol Fondiller, Kathy Sullivan
Shipford Branes, Memphis Slim
Sara Omari, Judith L. Martin &
Victor Wightman

The FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published monthly by the Beachhead Collective as a vehicle for the people of Venice to communicate their ideas and opinions to the community at large. We welcome and take responsibility for publishing contributions exactly as the contributors submit them, although the opinions expressed by the contributors are not necessarily endorsed by the Collective. The Beachhead encourages anyone to submit news stories, articles, letters, photos, poetry, graphics or other material of interest to the Venice Community. We ask that submissions be limited to 1200 words and be typed in single-spaced, 4-inch-wide columns. The volunteer staff reserves the right to make all decisions collectively on material published. There is no editor of the Beachhead. The Collective is an open group and welcomes interested Venice people's participation. Printing is financed by ad donations. To submit material, include your name and phone number. Anonymous material will not be published, but your name will be withheld by request. If return of material is desired, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is required. No payment is made for materials used.

Still, the credit (?) has to go to these local Oakwood 'merchants' for their

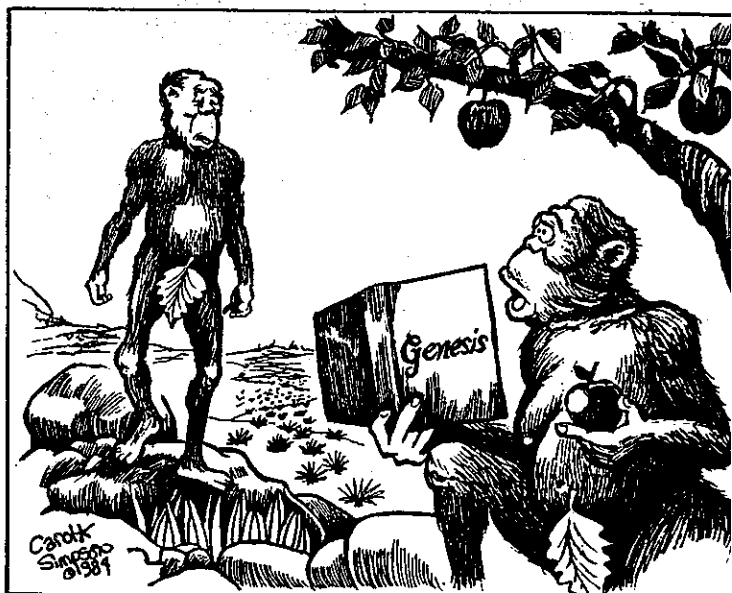
ability to not only handle their illicit trade...but consistently (help ??) keep the real estate vultures wary of doing business in otherwise-normally, profit-plump circumstances. Or as a l-time Venice friend of mine put it in the '70's: "Thank God for the winos who keep the property values down here!" Sad mistruths. The opposite is more likely accurate.

I believe the real resiliency of Oakwood lays deeper in the community however, as Beth Miller began beginning (while counting off the area churches in her article). ~~Also, she raised the issue of~~ her Oakwood opener piece. I.e. the battle back against drugs and other anti-social activity in Oakwood is most likely carried on most greatly by Oakwood residents themselves

In just a few days' visits there, I saw consistent struggling by Regina Hyman (mentioned in Miller's article), by Pearl White (a longtime area activist so I've heard) and many others including many steady and gentle men. The local church clearly plays no small part in doing battle with these same symptoms, so I couldn't agree 100% with Ms. Cramden in faulting community residents or parents.

Certainly Mr. Davidson suggested these issues involving Oakwood go larger than the local phenomenons seen by themselves. And indeed it is probably not until full blown, US racism and capitalistic greed are overcome as national/international obstacles that places like Oakwood could become truly inhabitable for resident and/or passing non-residents alike. Black, brown, yellow, red or white.

PASSING NON-RESIDENT
(with a little color)
Big W



"Are you sure we gotta do this by the book?"

EVERY ONE IN VENICE KNOWS

by Carol Fondiller © 1975



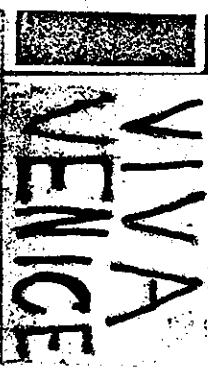
VENICE

NATIVE AMERICAN
Update
By Red Bird
Indians have a saying: "The white men made many promises. They kept only one. They promised to take our land and they did."

GROWING PAINS

PEOPLE WIN

by Jim Bickhart



A Venice resident, female impersonator Goldie Glitters, stole the homecoming queen title November 1, at Santa Monica City College. Goldie won the title with a landslide victory of 669 votes out of 1748 in a field of 13 candidates... the rest women.

By Joan Friedberg

INSIDE GOLDIE GLITTERS: an exclusive interview

CANAL FESTIVAL FUNERAL

By Mary Lou Johnson

The question most often heard these days along the canals is "when is the canal festival going to be?" There seems to be a general feeling that somehow a Canal Festival Committee lurks somewhere in the wings waiting the magic moment of resurrection and...Voila...another glorious canal festival for the delectation of more ordinary mortals.

By Carol Fondiller

About this time anyone who has been the least bit involved in Venice doings, start getting asked about the Canal Festival. "When's it gonna be?" "I gotta start making coke-spoons for it." Well, my dears, the Canal Festival was not originated to make the coke-spoons for batik t-shirts.



WE HAVE A HISTORY
ANCHORAGE ASSESSMENT LOOKS REDLINING
FREE VENICE!

BOB WELLS IN SUPERVISORS RACE

AUGUST 1974 No. 56

A COAST OF A CHANCE

By Moe Stivovack

The special interests who fought the passage of Proposition 20, the Coastal Initiative of 1972, are winning their battle to defeat the will of the people. Proposition 20 expires in less than six months. A powerful coalition of utility companies, real estate developers, big labor and some short-sighted politicians are fighting against our mandate of 1972 and have succeeded in getting the state to unplaned, to the unplanned, of land that Proposition 20.

MARINA BYPASS

By DeDe Audet, Chairperson Venice Town Council Traffic Task Force

Los Angeles magazine writes off Venice

by Susan Scott



FARMWORKER INITIATIVE INSURES "senior citizens ARE ALL OUR PARENTS"

reflections
The Venice Advisory Town Council was created in March, 1973. It's first official act was to drop the word "advisor" from its name.

FEBRUARY 1973 No. 38



FAIR ELECTIONS



Venice People's Park Celebration

Venice Town Council

OCTOBER 1973

WHAT IS FREE VENICE?
"Free Venice" has a dual meaning— firstly it is a small group of activists who have started many projects in Venice; secondly it is a broader movement of people throughout the community to free ourselves from the social, political and economic forces which now control our lives.

WHO WEARS THE PANTS?

by Marge Buckley

Three years ago, while defending Rick Davidson, who had been arrested for disturbing the City Council as part of Venice's struggle to save the Canals, I was threatened with 5 days in jail for appearing before Municipal Judge Dettmer in a pantsuit. At that time, I returned in pants with other women and male lawyers to litigate my right to wear any neat, professional costume. I was prepared if necessary to take the matter to the U.S. Supreme Court.

April, 1976

APRIL 1973 No. 40

The Free Venice Food Co-op (or Food Conspiracy) is a food buying club—members buy food collectively in bulk, and therefore pay near wholesale prices. But there ain't no such thing as cheap food. Members must pay in hassles, in work (four hours per month per adult), and in countless other ways.

CAROL'S CAROLS

TANNENBAUM

Oh Anarchy, oh Anarchy
Such a pretty sight to see
We think that people have free will
to do good if not taught ill

by Carol Fondiller

AWAY IN THE MANGER

JINGLE BELLS
Scoring on the beach
Copping what I can
Don't know what I dropped
But oh wow oh man
My skin feels so damp

Merry Xmas Ronnie Reagan
I hope you are well
I'm plying on welfare
Which is living hell!
You cut off my MediCal
and my food stamps too
Now I'm too rich to eat
Ronnie Reagan, Fuck you.

SHOULD VENICE SECEDE?

by Rick Davidson

JULY 1975 NO. 67

HOW A REVOLUTION IS FOUGHT

By MILTON TAKEI

Should—or could—a revolution in the United States be non-violent? This question is being continually debated within the left in this country. All too often, this debate is formulated as for and against the kind of tactics used by the Weather Underground, and all too often, the language used is rather rhetorical. Hopefully, there is room for a viewpoint that favors violence only as part of a general, all-out war against the ruling class, rather than isolated acts of terrorism; a viewpoint that views armed struggle as simply necessary to the continued survival of humanity.

"We do not have 100 years to reform this country."

RENTERS LEAGUE UPDATE et al

SILKWOOD INVESTIGATION REOPENED



MORE CONTROL LESS RENT

PEACE AND FREEDOM PARTY

A TRIBUTE TO STUART Z. PERKOFF
STORY ON P. 9

ART SEIDENBAUM

Passion to the People

If you are one of those cynical souls who'd like to take government in your own hands, let me tell you about Venice, Calif., as a model of what might be.

Archives

January '73--

December '76

This is the second in a series celebrating the Beachhead's upcoming 20th B-day. We expect to have a page of Venice oriented poems in our anniversary issue, to be published this December. Please send Venice poetry to John Haag, 1801 Lincoln Blvd. #105, Venice, 90291, and Thanks for the memories.

...ads...ads...ads...ads...ads...ads...ads...ads...ads...ads..

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8th Janice Szymd	18th Katie Stewart
15th Kelly Sallom	25th Jody Allen Sweet
22nd Lonnie, Donnie and Janine	FRIDAYS: Wade Preston
TUESDAYS: Cheryl Saunders	SATURDAYS: 6th & 17th Harold Payne
WEDNESDAYS: Bill Todd	20th and 27th
	20th John Vester
	27th Cowboys

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War Rhetoric Returns

5

Nicaraguan Embassy Crisis

by Kate Kausch
of the Nicaragua Task Force

On Monday July 11, the Nicaraguan government expelled U.S. Ambassador Richard Melton and seven other top embassy officials. They were charged with participation in a campaign which, according to Nicaraguan Foreign Minister Miguel D'Escoto, "openly and shamelessly encouraged illegal activities by extreme right-wing provocateurs."

Two specific events led to the expulsion of the diplomats. On July 3, at a meeting in Esteli, Melton supported opposition leaders in a call for a "government of national salvation", an act which promotes the overthrow of the constitutionally elected government. This directly undermines, in both spirit and practice, the Guatemala Peace Accords of August, 1987, which state that reconciliation between the Sandinista government and the Contras must take place within the existing governmental structure of Nicaragua. On July 10, members of the U.S. Embassy staff and Congressional aides participated in a particularly vicious anti-government rally in the town of Nandaime. The protest escalated to the point where rocks were thrown at police, who finally used tear gas to subdue the situation. Allegations of provocation were made by each side. Regardless of who may have initiated the trouble, Embassy participation in such an event constitutes the worst kind of interference in the internal affairs of a sovereign country. It is legal and reasonable within the provisions of the Geneva Convention for Nicaragua to take the steps it did to protect its sovereignty from such foreign interference.

Clearly, a complete investigation of the charges against Melton and his staff should have been ordered immediately. The Reagan Administration and the State Department, however, decided to ignore the allegations and to retaliate by expelling—without legal justification—Nicaragua's ambassador, Carlos Tunnerman, and seven members of his staff. One wonders at the rationality and maturity of officials who make such admittedly "tit for tat" moves at the highest levels of world politics.

Congress quickly and alarmingly supported the administration's moves by passing resolutions to condemn Nicaragua's actions.

The few rational and concerned voices raised in request of an investigation were apparently lost in the indignant hubbub of this knee-jerk response. Reagan makes no secret of his desire to use internal destabilization to overthrow the Sandinistas. By ignoring the charges against Melton, Congress has condoned Reagan's unsavory and possibly illegal tactics.

While the resolution of condemnation is non-binding, meaning no action is required as part of it, its overwhelming passage sets the stage for an even more dangerous step—the renewal of Contra aid. Congress is expected to consider a request for up to \$75 million in Contra aid during the week of August 1. The aid request will be in the form of an amendment to the Department of Defense Authorization Bill. It will include a portion of aid designated as "humanitarian" and another portion designated as direct military aid to be placed in escrow until the administration deems its use "necessary".

The significance of this vote is heightened by the increase in war rhetoric that accompanies it. It gives Reagan the opportunity to paint the Nicaraguan government as the enemy of the United States and to use his control of the media to promote his point of view—erroneous and prejudiced though that point of view may be. In addition, any aid given to the Contras now would revive their hopes of continued U.S. support and keep them away from the peace table. Peace will obviously not be achieved by sustaining and encouraging a mercenary fighting force.

With the defeat of Contra aid in February, it was hoped that the Democratic leadership, which rallied against Reagan's policy at that time, would move ahead to end, not only the military war against Nicaragua, but the economic and diplomatic ones as well. The U.S. embargo against trade with Nicaragua causes great suffering as it creates shortages of food, medicine, machinery, and mechanical parts at the same time that it denies Nicaragua its traditional export markets. Both countries could benefit from a resumption of trade, since

Nicaragua needs the foreign currency generated by selling to the U.S., and it needs and wants the machinery and parts many U.S. companies make and have trouble selling

to more developed countries.

In the diplomatic arena, Nicaragua has called repeatedly for bilateral talks



with the U.S. Even in the face of the current crisis, it wants to welcome an ambassador who will work to resume normal relations between the two countries. The U.S. has responded by sending George Schultz to every Central American country except Nicaragua to talk to them ABOUT Nicaragua, and by threatening to completely sever all diplomatic relations in the wake of the Melton expulsion. Such dramatic examples make it clear who is working to build peace and who is hoping to provoke war. In the United States it is left up to the people to show our leaders that we want and expect them to conduct business in a manner that respects and promotes Nicaragua's right to self-determination. It is obvious from recent events that we must speak louder.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER WATCHING A CHILD FALL ON THE FLOOR AT THE ROSE CAFE

Robert L. Greenfield

Madame, I saw your daughter drop
& knock her head violently on this hard
floor in this public restaurant.

where the tables & chairs are two feet
higher than the norm.
then she pawled & you picked her up
& comforted her too late---
all too late to undo the damage

The knife of her collision with reality
punctured my brain;
& we are all stuck with these
sharp edges: the corners of tables,
jagged rocks, the stabbing slices
of broken glass & unbending cement:

The insane world we half inherited
& half willed.
To add a child to the existing dementia
does not produce harmony;
and what does, whatever does produce
harmony, that irresistible state of being,
alone creates necessity.

Salino

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WITH WHAT YOU GOT IS
THE RISK IT TAKES TO BE
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EYE ON THE WRECKING BALL
by Reid Freeman

ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL BUILDING, PART OF THE OLD VENICE THAT STILL STANDS, IS IN DANGER OF BEING TORN DOWN. THIS TIME IT'S THE ONE-STOREY APARTMENT BUILDING ON OCEAN FRONT WALK AT CLUBHOUSE AVENUE. THE ONE WITH THE LONG, GRACEFUL ARCHED WINDOWS. CITY INSPECTORS SAY THE BUILDING NEEDS EARTHQUAKE REINFORCEMENT. AT FIRST THE LANDLORD EXPRESSED AN INTENTION TO PROVIDE THE WORK, BUT RECENTLY CHANGED HIS DECISION SAYING THAT THE PROJECTED COST HAS BECOME TOO GREAT. HIS PLAN NOW IS TO DEMOLISH THE 1925 BUILDING AND RENT THE RESULTING EMPTY LOT TO OPEN-AIR VENDORS.

THE TENANTS INTEND TO PRESERVE THE BUILDING, IF POSSIBLE. IF YOU HAVE KNOWLEDGE (ARCHITECTURAL OR LEGAL) OR CONNECTIONS (RICH, SMART, OR POLITICAL) THAT COULD HELP, PLEASE CALL 399-0144, 392-4018, 396-1098.



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TERRORIST MADONNA

comes in the night you're blinded dragged thru trees wake up locked in a small trunk if you wake

Lyn Lifshin

V.O.P. CO-



NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS

by

Jack Wainschel, M.D.

The winds of war and tidal waves
May dominate the news,
And Irishmen kill Englishmen,
And Christians bomb the Druze.
Iranians fight Iraqis,
And Syrians, Lebanese.
The stock market's unstable,
And poor are doled out cheese.
New laser beams can strike the eyes,
And rob men of their sight.
Afghanistan is victimized
By Russian army might.
The news is full of tragedies;
Trains striking little tykes;
Of murders, rapes, embezzlements,
And transportation strikes.
The headlines scream their litany
Of drama and harsh news,
And editorial scribes will pen
Widely divergent views.

The Venice-Ocean Park Food Co-op, is having a Grand Re-Opening Festival 20th and 21st. The Festival will celebrate VOP's beginning a ninth year serving the community.

The only Los Angeles natural food cooperative, VOP has more than 100 Venice-Ocean Park family co-owners.

The Festival will feature musicians and homemade dishes prepared by members.

Democrats P...

The democrats, that was all especially those who was Jessie left to win the convention? Paup-set the Par loop explaining

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Now, one would think that adult men would read or worry about papers, Absorbing in minute detail The news in morning papers, But daily as the paper comes, No matter what war rages, We see grown men ignore the news, And grab the sports news pages. Devour they will in great detail A batter's run statistic, Or who was floored and in what round In battles pugilistic. It's Kafkaesque to see grown men Engaged in hard debate As to which football team is first, And which is second rate. Which player's ligaments are weak, And will he be re-hired? Which coach is winning too few games, And will he soon be fired? The major papers of this land Could ably serve the nation By saving trees and paper pulp, Thus aiding conservation. Just print the sports and nothing else, And extirpate the news -- Who cares about the Afghans, The Irish, or the Druze? Eliminate the hard-core news Which clutters the front pages. Who wants to know if World War III Or Armageddon rages?



True, a tireless running and first in American million votes difficult and back burners. for move too. be overlooked.

Now the democrats claim to represent Bush & Company pursuing: defense (crook contras'...con

As long as the capitalism, the and deeper into that by placing human labor in market. Gov Olympic game w barter system the future. R other animals

There are on revolution the dedicated to period of major than is force that will come or another).

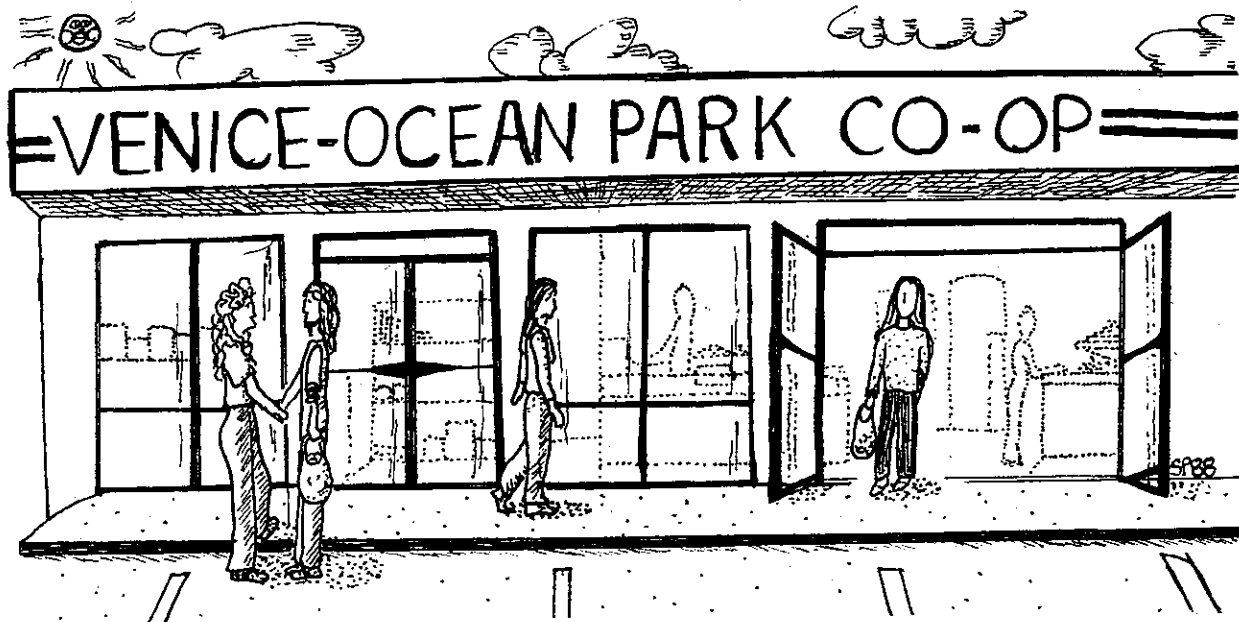
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Our nuclear age to hide; we clouds over our we need an al Dukakis-Bent national corpor controls over I as I believe army or find a task before us

When you can't indecent and in in uniforms, murders, it do to be changed.

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V.O.P. CO-OP Celebrates



The Venice-Ocean Park Food Cooperative, VOP, is having a Grand Re-Opening Festival, August 20th and 21st. The Festival will also celebrate VOP's beginning a ninth year serving the community.

The only Los Angeles natural foods cooperative, VOP has more than 100 Venice area family co-owners.

The Festival will feature musicians, clowns and homemade dishes prepared by members. Also,

our wholesale distributors will offer samples of their wares.

VOP has always been community owned and oriented. In an effort to reach out to poor and minority communities, Food Stamp users will receive automatic member discount prices. This is an automatic 10% savings.

So after HAVING BEEN CLOSED FOR 4-5 months for renovation, VOP is now open from 9AM to 8PM to serve the community whole, organic and if possible pesticide free food for the Venice Community. • *memphis S'im*

Democrats Party... Republican Style

The democrats, taking a cue from Hollywood, produced a convention that was all show and no substance. Jessie Jackson supporters, especially those of the Rainbow Coalition, must be asking, what was Jessie after, if not the issues? Did he think he was going to win the nomination? Why the sweet capitulation at the convention? Party unity? Even when a few "NO CONTRA AID" signs up-set the Party Bosses, Jackson didn't have to jump through the loop explaining that he didn't support the showing of the signs...why not Jessie, wasn't that part of your campaign?

True, a tireless Jackson and his workers did a phenomenal job of running and raising important issues. They forged an historical first in American politics: a Black candidate getting over 7 million votes - black and white votes - while campaigning on difficult and timely issues. They helped move US Racism off the **Back** burners. Unfortunately, they let the issues they fought for move too. Still, the meaning behind their support should not be overlooked.

Now the democrats have closed ranks, not with the "people" they claim to represent, but with the Republicans. Of course not with Bush & Company, but with the same issues Bush's Party is pursuing: tax protection for the super-rich, billions for defense (crooks), a first strike possibility; and 'aid for the contras'...contras' all over the world.

As long as the "lesser evil" maintains the bankrupt system of capitalism, the working people of the US will be pushed deeper and deeper into the primordial ooze of human history. A history that by placing a price tag on life and hope has transformed human labor into a commodity that's bought and sold on the open market. Governor Dukakis, the world doesn't need an economic Olympic game where greed takes the gold. We need a contemporary barter system where every life has value in the human history of the future. Remember, the difference between our history and other animals is that "we make our history."

There are only three alternatives that I see: 1. a total revolution that will transform our country into one that's dedicated to human values over profit margins; 2. a transitional period of major reforms that attempts #1 without anymore violence than is forced on poor people daily; or 3. the peace and calm that will come after humankind has departed the planet (one way or another).

Revolution is certainly a radical undertaking, but removing an arm, leg, breast, or any other major organ is also radical, but you wouldn't want to live with gangrene or cancer, would you? Democrats and Republicans tell us we don't need surgery because the gangrene is only on a part of our body that's unimportant; and as for cancer, you can't see it most of the time.

Our nuclear age has shown that you can run, yet there's no place to hide; we can close our eyes, but reality doesn't change. The clouds over our heads will not go away by themselves. Politically we need an alternative to the one-party system symbolized by the Dukakis-Bentsen ticket. That means an alternative to the multinational corporations with their media army that so easily controls our lives. And if the media is the controlling mechanism, as I believe it is, then we better start creating our own media army or find a way to neutralize the networks. That's really the task before us.

When you can't find a leader/party that's willing to change an indecent and immoral tax structure, outlaw the legalized crooks in uniforms, get rid of the nukes, and stop funding contra murders, it doesn't require a college degree to know what needs to be changed. The time is now for we may not get any older.

:::

rick davidson

PROLE

by Essie La Fresseur de la Yen

According to the June 20 edition of the New York Times (a clipping sent to her by the Duchess Von Chatskerai), Venice "home of affluent Bohemians of this scruffy beachfront town" - New York Times phrases, not Essie - have recreated Cafe Society, but since it's miles away from Beverly Hills, Venice has developed only a "kind of cafe society." The article goes on to describe how at the West Beach Cafe, the place used to erupt into a spontaneous disco, but now only oysters quiver as they await the casually dressed writers, producers and artistes who drop in to network as they partake of omelettes at Hal's, the West Beach, and Rebecca's. Essie was relieved to know that "outsiders" (non-affluent Bohemians?) were welcomed because they became "background music" according to Robert Graham, creator of the headless statues for the L.A. '84 Olympics that graced Coliseum.

Essie can only imagine the feelings of neighboring residents as they react to the vieux dorée as they rock out and take residents' parking spaces. But after all, any business is good business, and the neighbors should be grateful to be able to view the Maserattis, Ferraris, Lincolns, etc. And pulling their forelocks (or is it fetlocks? Essie isn't certain) as they gaze at these rich, casually dressed Bohemians as their uniformed valets race the chariots of the gods up and down the narrow formerly quiet streets, and the humble residents say as they peek out from their blinds, "That's all right, Maude, just them affluent Bohemians improving the neighborhood with their very presence. And we should be grateful to be background music to the greats." As a sciencionette, one of the most patronizing lines of patrons of Les Artes that ever scioned in Jackson Heights, Essie has learned that scratch a poor Bohemian, find an affluent Bohemian, or courtier or real estate speculator. But Essie digresses.

After quaffing a few at Brandelli's (not to Memphis: Essie was courteously waited on and made to feel welcomed by the bartender. Essie was left alone but not snubbed. Check it out!), after a few mean Bloody Marys, lot of hot sauce, no celery stick, Essie floated to Hal's - just a few staggers west of Brandelli's. Essie was put off by the computer loan office atmosphere - blond wood, grey walls, the ubiquitous skylights - and ate something (she doesn't remember what) and went over to Thomas' Burgers on Washington Street and had chili fries and coffee. Every time she burps, Essie remembers the hot greasy fries, the unsaturated fat and great drooling gobbets of brick-red sauce with hillocks of ground meat. Eat immediately or the fat congeals to the consistency of Michigan pond ice. Essie swears this is the best hangover cure/prevention outside of Menudo. Follow Essie's directions, and the taste marvelous. About two bucks.

In fairness to Hal's, Essie went back for lunch. No casually dressed Bohemes - just women in light silk dresses with shoulders fit for a fullback and artfully disordered hair. The men wore dark business suits with glints of gold at the cuffs. Some went so far as to take off their jackets, revealing their striped shirts. Essie's hair was disordered by nature, and she was schlepping a bag of groceries. A not-too-appetizing figure. She was served by a brisk friendly and efficient waitress. Essie had a very good hamburger and a huge sliced onion and fries, for six dollars. She went again for lunch and the same sort of white wine chatting crowd was there. The lunch menu features a sort of modified Nouvelle Cuisine. For instance, homemade veal sausage with cilantro, chicken lightly grilled on a collection of greenery. Essie ordered a mixed green salad, and indeed it was green - not just pallid iceberg lettuce, but chicory, Roman arugula, and radicchio with onions, with Vinaigrette dressing. The salad came with two hot French rolls. Again, six dollars. Essie was full. The salad was generous. Essie was treated very well. But Essie felt unwilling to be background music to the Chablis quaffers. However, Hal's is a good place to bring your square friends or people who *you know* impress.

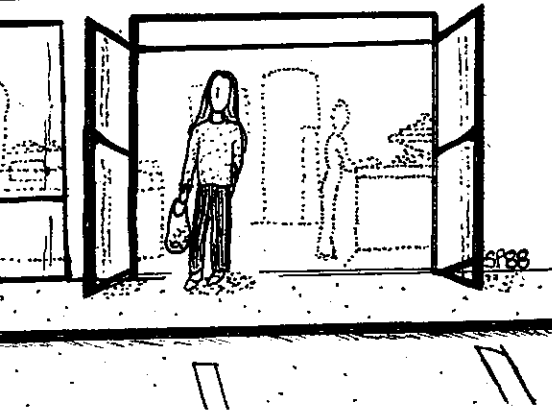
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Celebrates

ARK CO-OP



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Republican Style

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that you can run, yet there's no place for eyes, but reality doesn't change. The system won't go away by themselves. Politically, the one-party system symbolized by the media means an alternative to the multi-party system. Their media army that so easily controls the media is the controlling mechanism, we better start creating our own media to realize the networks. That's really the challenge.

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PROLE FOOD

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Essie has good news. Several years ago Essie had the pleasure of telling about a take-out place called the O.D. (Oriental Dish). In the course of years, the O.D.

evolved from a place where one could get American or Filipino breakfasts starting at \$1.50, to a pricey pink-and-grey sit-down restaurant. The down-home style Filipino cooking left at the same time Marcos did. Like all prole peasant food, Filipino food is hearty.

Essie missed it. But like the Phoenix, the O.D. has risen again! The O.D. was bought by the owners of Windward Farms, those purveyors of chantrels, Maui onions, and other choice produce, including a bewildering variety of potatoes. Try the yellow Finn. Essie has explored their lunches, which for \$5.00 are as good a bargain as anything one could get in this scruffy seaside resort. The produce is fresh. Essie ordered a salad. Lots of green, a little chicken. When a high-quality bottle of dressing was put before her to pour over the salad, Essie whined and cried for a homemade dressing and a fine Oriental dressing was prepared for Essie. The salad was generous and Windward Farms-fresh. The Philippines have been invaded and colonized and assimilated with escaped slaves from Africa, various Oriental cultures, Hispanic and Yankee cultures, and their cooking shows it. Essie hesitates to use the word "cuisine" for such a hearty, deceptively unassuming fare as Filipino cooking. Essie tried the chicken adobo. As with all great cooking, garlic oil and herbs are used in making the national dish of the Philippines. Essie got a generous cut of chicken, a steaming mound of white rice, and some crisp-cooked veggies in a sumptuous brown sauce. Essie also recommends the hot-sour soup: a broth flavored with tamarind, vegetables, and a huge piece of pork float like islands in the transparent red broth. Rice accompanies the dish. The soup tasted crisp and refreshingly sour, and was perfect for a hot day. Essie intends to check in on more of their lunch specials: Peking duck over Philippine noodles plus their fruit-bowls. Their breakfasts range from Filipino to American - Filipino sausage, rice, to American hot-cakes. Their dinners range from twelve dollars to sixteen dollars. The O.D. is at 1512 Pacific Avenue, Venice.

A grudging pat on the head to the Venice Action Committee. In spite of what Essie thinks of the VAC actions, and their desires to gentrify and Carmel-ize Venice into a mass of kitschy-poo syrup, the VACs have initiated a Farmer's Market similar to but at this point smaller than the Santa Monica Market. Every Friday, 7:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m. on Windward Avenue near the Ocean Front Walk, fresh produce - avocados, sweet corn, mushrooms, etc. - plus fresh fish, is sold straight from the grower and harvester at reasonable prices. VAC's intent, they say, is to provide fresh goodies for low-income folks. However, Essie noted a large number of YUPs in their cotton business suits and Adidas feeling up the veggies before they took off to network or whatever YUPs do to make life miserable for the proles. VACers claim that if the Farmer's market expands, they'll move it to Venice Blvd. That move will prevent many car-less, low-income folks from buying there. At any rate, enjoy it while you can.

Essie closes with another note to Memphis: Unfortunately, Essie has no stomach or head for alcohol. But she sampled a few beers at the City of Angels Brewing Company at 1445 Fourth St. in Santa Monica. Essie guesses that as a reaction to all the "lite" chemically treated beers that are foisted on the American public, locally brewed boutique beers are the coming thing. Another Yuppie stomping ground. City of Angels offers a sampler of their beers. Four 4-oz glasses for five dollars, to be drunk there. They do not package. The beers range from a light Pilsner to deep brown ales ranging from nearly bitter to almost sweet. They have special beers every couple of months. The City of Angels interior looks like a clean set for O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape." High-tech assemblages of shiny pipes and fittings, high ceilings, the inevitable skylight. At lunch-time it was quiet and dark and the pickled eggs were great. One can sit in the outside area where one can watch sparrow-like brittle-boned white-haired ladies collapse from the heat after searching for bargains at Henshey's, and inhale the full flavors of the Santa Monica busses. Essie would like Memphis to give his inimitable and more expert view on Brew! •

London: 1988 different, but the same

by Lynn Bronstein

Someone told the writer-heroine of "84, Charing Cross Road" that when she went to England, she'd find whatever she was looking for. I first traveled to England four years ago and spent a week indulging in what I had anticipated: a city (London) full of nightclubs, boutiques, Mohawked punkers, escapism to mask out the blights of unemployment.

This year I prepared for a second trip, wondering what I'd find. I'd heard that London had become more crowded, that the cultural front was said to have fallen on duller times, and certainly that almost a decade of Thatcherism had taken its toll on the spirit and the economy.

Well, I've returned, and I still cherish the sights and delights of London. But the interesting thing about big cities all over is that they seem to have the same problems while their advantages are different.

Take the underground trains, for example. Their advantage is, they're all over the city and suburbs (beneath the streets, that is), easy to use, only 50 pence within the central city, and very fast when on their game. However, they have been subject to cutbacks in personnel and problems with maintenance. Stations are being remodelled (some of them are among the oldest in the world); the Kings Cross station, ravaged in a fire last autumn, is still being repaired and requires donations from the public. Trains are cancelled during peak hours, leading to delays of up to forty-five minutes and commuters packing into the trains, to quote a taxi driver, "like tinned sardines." Saddest of all, many trains are now adorned with graffiti. I feared the London graffiti squad must have been inspired by movies set in the Bronx.

The streets team with crowds, business people mixed with parties of European tourists (not too many American tourists these days). Vehicular traffic crawls through streets designed for horse-drawn carts. People cross streets, not just at the cross walks, but anywhere, darting between and around cars. As for the cars, u-turns are among the more conventional tricks they use to get where they're going.

In Southern California, cars and pedestrians alike would be ticketed constantly for these infractions. But Californians would never have the patience, as the British seem to have, for "queuing up". This means standing in line. It is done at bus stops, ticket lines in the underground, everywhere. It's an automatic response learned early in life by natives of the island. You know the pushy ones come from somewhere else.

The city's white population is shrinking. London has always had a sizeable minority of blacks, mostly from the West Indies, and many Chinese and Indians. There are also now many Middle Easterners and Greeks. East Indians often hold the kind of jobs Hispanic immigrants hold in Los Angeles: cooks, waiters, custodians. Female immigrants from mainland Europe, especially Spain, become maids and cooks in the smaller hotels. It is possible to experience an entire day in London without hearing the English language spoken. The maid who cleaned my tiny room in a Notting Hill bed-and-breakfast hotel, remarked "Es un cuarto muy pequeno," and I chatte with her in my hesitant Spanish, trying to realize she was Spanish, not Mexican.

The ethnic diversity provides a welcome sampling of restaurants and shops, especially in the West London neighborhoods of Notting Hill, Bayswater, Earls Court and Holland Park. But the eighteenth-century, bay-windowed town houses in these areas, subdivided long ago into cheap flats, have been undergoing gentrification. While a commendable law provides that the classic facades of the houses must remain the same, to provide the neighborhood with a unified look and sense of history, the interior "modernisations" have led to a brisk real estate trade luring British "yuppies" to long-term leases on flats and whole houses. The British still either

buy, lease, or rent by the week. A very humble weekly rent on a "bed-sitter" in Bayswater is 58L or roughly one hundred dollars. And that probably doesn't include a private bath. One Notting Hill landlord's sign reads "Rooms and Flatlets". I suppose "flatlet" or small flat is a yuppification of the dreaded dreary term "bed-sitter".

People in these neighborhoods do get together on certain issues, especially concerning commercial development. Residents in Pembrige Road signed a petition against a proposal to turn a local restaurant into a video arcade. Signs warn of stiff fines for allowing one's dog to "foul the footpath". But rent control, as we know it in Santa Monica, seems a remote subject.

London still has its goodly share of punk types—mostly they sit in the center of Picadilly Circus, staring zombielike beneath their Mohawks. Most of them panhandle. I saw one girl conducting her financial queries of the citizenry every afternoon on the steps of Notting Hill Gate station. There is much concern in the press about youthful crime (as usual) with alcohol being blamed for most of the outbreaks of rowdiness. In nearby Oxford recently, police raided a wine bar popular with students, arresting the most inebriated ones before they had had the (theoretical) chance to turn to "hooliganisms".

This would seem to be bound for controversy as part of a new program to "crack down" on crime before it happens. But so much of what is truly controversial seems to be argued out only in the letters columns and editorials of the dozen or so daily newspapers—most of them conservative or apolitical, sensationalistic and sexist. Followers of Trotsky are planning a march, leftists hold rallies for the freeing of Nelson Mandela, the ever-popular speakers' corner in Hyde Park offers, at times, a choice of liberal to conservative to downright wacky viewpoints. But rock singer-songwriter Morrissey is up for investigation by Scotland Yard for having publicly admitted he'd like to see Prime Minister Thatcher killed. While rock iconoclasts and true progressives continue, in a quieter way, to turn our recordings consumed both in Britain and America by an aware minority, the teenagers are currently enthralled by American-style dance music. Michael Jackson's arrival in London to play a d-out week at Wembley was treated like a visit by the Pope.

The day "Jacko" was arriving at Heathrow, I was departing. I took a last walk around the neighborhood I'd finally grown accustomed to. The sun, as usual, played hide-and-seek between clouds. I passed a Greek grocery and an Iranian newsstand. I could hear the Underground close by beneath my feet. Of course, now that I had worn myself out climbing towers and scurrying all over town, now I was reluctant to leave. But not completely.

London has poetry on display in bookshop windows, street musicians in the Underground, tradition preserved in architecture. But L.A. has warm beaches, warmer weather, fresher orange juice, and fewer inhibitions.

They're different cities but in some ways the same.

Will We Let Nicaragua Survive?

A problemas sociales BIENESTAR SOCIAL soluciones comunales

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L.A. SMOG



Somehow this article may have something to do with Venice. I tried the American Dream to being an entrepreneur car mechanic for one year. In LA! A zillion cars but minimal skills. And at least as many dinked-out car owners. I went broke. Latest episode to "In Search of A Paying Job".

LA-(Venice attached) has given me the attitude that "to work (dramatic pause).. or not to work" is to play the fool for those waiting to pick the work/worker clean. Fine-tuned vulture capitalism, best-in-the-basin.

I went to the EDD (Unemployment) for a job and after a two day wait in lines my vietnamese caseworker complained to me of racial discrimination. She clued me in as well that there were 'less bad people back east'. She directed me to 'Harrison Trucking' at 4577 Adams Bl. My new job ticket back to mega-buck Venice?

But 4577 Adams Bl. displayed nothing but a graffiti'd wall: "L.A. SMOG". No sign for Harrison Trucking. No trucks.

The owner/proprietor/"boss"? did not take to the name Harrison. His three first names were Robert, Charles or Eli. And this Mr. "Halman" hired me with the one question: "You got tools?" He authorized tuneups without plugs, pump replacements minus gaskets...and at least one "engine job" by repainting and replacing a cylinder head...in other words 'no toucha the block'.

Switching entire fuel injection systems to expensive and more primitive carburetors also appeared to be a specialty. His 'tour-de-force' however was the practice of bouncing employee payroll checks. Ex-employees would then return to work his lot free, or perhaps rob this gentleman in return for tools.

But this is detail. Somehow this article may yet deal with Venice. The Community College near 'Harrison's' that is Trade Tech also seems headed to securing a good profit at semi-slave (student) type wages on automobiles. I find it hard to believe that the LAUSD's skill center in Venice can be all that much more different either. And though I never imagined myself be-



coming a hard-ass, "pay-up-front-or-I'll demolish-your-car"-styled wrench professional; my new employer's first bounced check (to me) recalled too closely the oodles of cheap-ass, LA 'customers' who had been shortchanging me all year.

So I confronted this new (yet veteran) crook...and he promptly followed his first act by writing an equally void and shitty check from a second bank.

I called the Bureau of Automobile Repair in one of Venice's sister towns, Culver City. The phone answerer immediately recognized "Harrison Trucking". The representative thanked me several times for my particular accounting and he suggested calling the Labor Relations Board, the I.R.S., the Social Security Administration and other government agencies. Funny, he never took my name.

The I.R.S. referred me to their criminal investigations department. But this department concluded nothing could be done without my physically seeing Mr. Halman falsify W-4 forms. The knowledge that Mr. Halman prepared no such forms fazed them not at all. They did not want my name. Perhaps these agents were located in Venice? I know they moved out of their Marina Del Rey/Slauson street location.

Social Security administrators were irritated that I had not (supposedly) consulted the I.R.S and/or the Unemployment Offices! The Labor Relations Board turned out over the phone to be the police department...or more specifically, an internal-union, disruption-investigatory unit of the police department.

A surprisingly talkative officer attempted to have me call the "National Labor Relations Board" to collect my lost wages...so I convinced him that the NLRB most likely did not have jurisdiction over 'Halman'. This understanding only arrived following the much heavier conversation regarding just precisely why this so-called "labor union department" always arrives late to the many false arrests made by their co-working LAPD officers at my old union hall (coincidentally located near 'Harrison's')? Then he took my name! Ha,...and I took his too.

He cleverly called back to suggest the police department's bunko forgery division regarding the phoney checks, and he finally recommended the State's Labor Commission. The Labor Commission, located dead-center downtown offered a beautifully recorded phone message, guaranteeing me practically (like had every other speaker this day over the phone), that my pay would be forthcoming!

Hours later in the same afternoon, Robert Pearson (alias Eli Halman) called to tell me he had my cash. Not because I had been on the horn all day to government agencies...but rather (I do believe) because I had neglected to show up for work at his west of downtown, east of Venice, California location.

And when I revisited "L.A.SMOG", Mr. Multi-names put out but two of four days pay. Now Venice, where the Hell are you??

Ex-Venice Reporter: Big W

Subvenetian Parking District Blues

Audacity, Duplicity
Bureaucracy--the life for me.
Money filters thru my palms
while laws are broken without qualms.
A cash register relationship
Social registration trip
Occupation station whip
Bite my aspirin
Eating Maxithin
Next thing ya know,
Ya won't know anythin'
But--you know what?
Ya I know what--
Anorexia Nervosa:
No ifs, ands or
Butts.

Dig yourself a swimming pool
even if you are a fool
How to spend the day today?
Give your TV set away.
Play weird games with Scotch tape.
Postulate on give and take
watch the Lakers--stay up late
watch the neighbors fornicate

Ashes to ashes
dust to dust
do you
think (?)
nuclear war is
a must...

Only if pinheads reside in the White House,
Only if dimbulbs do fuck up Glasnost;
If President PacMan pushes the button,
We'll all get to join in the roast.

5/23/88 By the Chain Gang--Malcolm Tent,
Shipford Branes and Annie Bananny ©



It was dawning on Ed that maybe his conscience wasn't such a good guide after all...

"Cats are smarter than dogs..You can't get eight cats to pull a sled through the snow."
- Jeff Valdez

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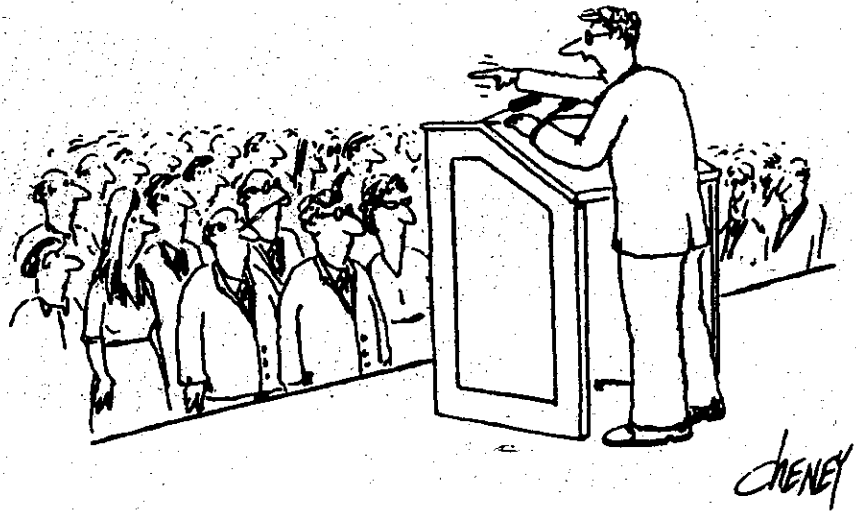
Pan-Africanism cont'd from pg. 1

They drop pressure drops on our heads. Now Sunday before Memorial Day another African died, it happened right here in the heart of Venice. Death touch the African community one more time here in Venice.

Venice this long time African community with its outside on lookers of racial hate, and money grabbing dogs, in bedded in their mines, got another chance to watch another African die in this strange land. We the African people in the United States must and will unite against the oppeserman, who lives under a capitalistic system and only a few of them have the capital. We are fighting hunger, homelessness, drugs, oppession, police brutality, muggings, rapes, robber, killing of every kind. But yet we still mark this oppeserman by selling his drugs, killing for him in war-times, posituting our women, abandoning our families, doing what they do to get the capital, and when we get caught, we spend countless years behind their prisons. We still try to live like them. We also try to live by their laws, knowing they were not written for us. When they set up this system of government, we were slaves, and not consider humand beings, therefore their consitution is false. They wiped out the true owners of this land, and at the same time enslaved another nation of African decendents, taking to some far off shores. I remember in grade school having to recite a the words of Patrick Henry, Give me liberty or give me death. I wonder what would of happening if that would of been an African slave who said this, he would of surely died. They spent over four hundred years trying to strip us of knowing our true selves, and where we originated from. They kept us from obtaining knowledge, so African could learn to read or write.

get justice and the right to pursue happiness. Africans here in a Babylon find one and get involved, get organized, get ready to take that flight. We have begun many a flights, but we have never finish any. I am sure like my forefathers of this land, when we got the right to vote, we were glad, but while you and I were gloating over voting, the oppeserman was sharpening his new weapons and skills of how to kill, and destroy us. The new weapon drugs. In the early sixties, marijuana was taken off the street of N.Y. and replaced with heroin, which could be bought for \$1. In the seventies another drug was added called PCP to the rest of the stuff that was out there. Then the eighties roll in and along came the rock, or crack, better known as cocaine, and you can get a hit for \$1. Yes my brethern they have sharpen their weapons, the weapon of low paying jobs, high rents, relaxed laws, more prisons, even death to our children, the Atlanta Ga. killings. Now here in Venice, they are pumping into the minds of our youth, gangs and gang warfare. This is only propaganda to increase more African deaths and violence in our streets and communities. Money is a new weapon too! Money that they control and dispense out bit by bit, the welfare system, drug money, drug money traded for guns, the contra scandal should of woken every African here in the U.S. that you are the target. We Africans here on this soil have known the depths of this genocidist nation, we have begun a flight and have wons some battles, but we have only just begun... Until our land is free, totally free of this nation, will we be free...

Africans Unite. Join the A-APRP. P.O. Box 43624 Washington, D.C. 20010



"Hey, you... no, not you, the guy next to you... nope, farther over... no, not him... you... no, not you... the guy with the maroon tie... yes, you! Fuck you!"

WAYS TO ENJOY ELECTION '88



This is that nation of genocidists, this is that perverse nation, the Bible speaks of. This same nation takes away from the truth of God, and corrupts the other nations with lies. These allied nations have joined together to detroy all the indigenous peoples everywhere of their land, home, liberty, and happiness. They believe that their doing this in the name of some god, you nor I never heard of.

The Lord of Host will run this flight with the indigenous peoples everywhere, trying to keep or regain whats rightfully theirs.

WE THE AFRICANS OF THIS STRANGE LAND MUST UNITE.....

We here on this soil that does not belong to the United States government but to the native American that was here when Columbus came will stand and band together for the truth and justice we deserve. Then will it bring about the total liberation and peace to the nations of this world.

Then will it stop the colonization of Great Britian in Ireland, it would bring the Jews out of the Palestine, where they now occupy their land. This would end was like Vietnam, Korea, and El Salvadore, most of all it would stop Apartheid in South Africa.

I say to the white so called Afrikkaners, you are a joke, you and your lies to keep the indigenous people of that land oppesed.

Get the hell out of my land, you don't belong there, get out and leave my gold, my oar, my natural resources, and leave my people alone, we can survive without white intervention, we can build and run our own nations the way we feel is right for us.

Africans unite, Africans fight, Africans at home or aboard must come to know just who your enemy is. Africans take a stand against this oppeserman. There are many organizations aimed at these goals, to free our homeland, Africa. To

WHAT ARE YOU, FUCKIN'

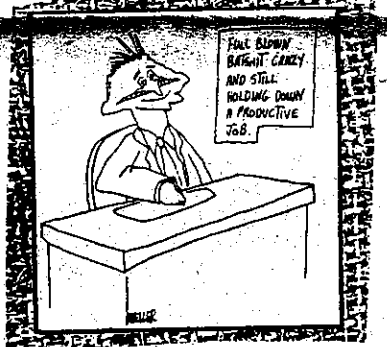
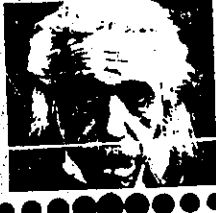


STUPID?

Who 'n you kiddin' Your 'Old World' bag is all wet. Dry off! It's The New Age & it's time to clean up this mess cuz humans are an Endang. red Species. The Planet can do just fine without us. Most folks we I not take Cosmic Responsibility, so Global Genocide seems eminent. Clean it up. If not for yourself For The Children. If you're so Goddamn selfish about Life, maybe you should DIE before you do any more damage to The Universe. Think about it, if you can. See you in Church.



So, WHAT ABOUT it?



Odyssey

© L. Taha 1987



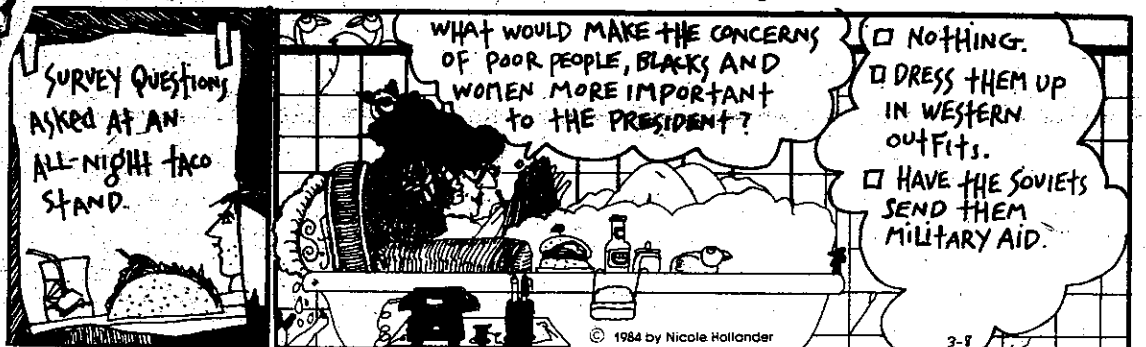
As more and more roaches caught on to the old Roach Motel trick, new varieties had to be introduced to stay one step ahead of them.



After their successful escape from the meat packing plant, Oscar and Buttercup attempt to board a plan for India where they hope to gain asylum.

SYLVIA

by Nicole Hollander



© 1984 by Nicole Hollander

3-8

Community Events

Church in Ocean Park- FUNDRAISERS ! ! ! !
Fish Company, August 8, SM Pier Carousel, Aug. 29
Call 399-1631 for information

Jennifer Robin "Jazz at the Clocktower" Santa Monica College, Aug. 6. For info; 452-9352

Sierra Club meets August 8, 7:45 P.M. at Burton Chase Park. Ruth LeBow will speak on the topic "Geology in the Santa Monica Mountains" For info, call 641-4028

YOUTH LEADERSHIP TRAINING: (213) 485-3821
August 2, 9 and 16, L.A. City Hall, 8:45 -1:45

BEYOND BARUQUE: 681 Venice Blvd. (213) 822-3006
August 12; Roberta Smoodin and Patricia Geary
19: Jeffery Valance
26&27: Michelle T. Clinton + Keith A. Mason
Members, \$3, Non-members \$5

Laugh Lovers Singles (49 +) meet August 28 at the Red Onion, 4215 Admiralty Way, Marina del Rey
Reservations necessary; call (213) 388-8155

The 1st Unitarian Church of Los Angeles
2936 West 8th St. L.A. (213) 389-1356
August 7; Kenneth Cloke on 'Conflict Resolution'
14; Ted Hays, 'Social Justice & Capitalism'
21; Joe Spencer 'Preservation in L.A.'
28; Frank Jones speaks on 'Modern Law'

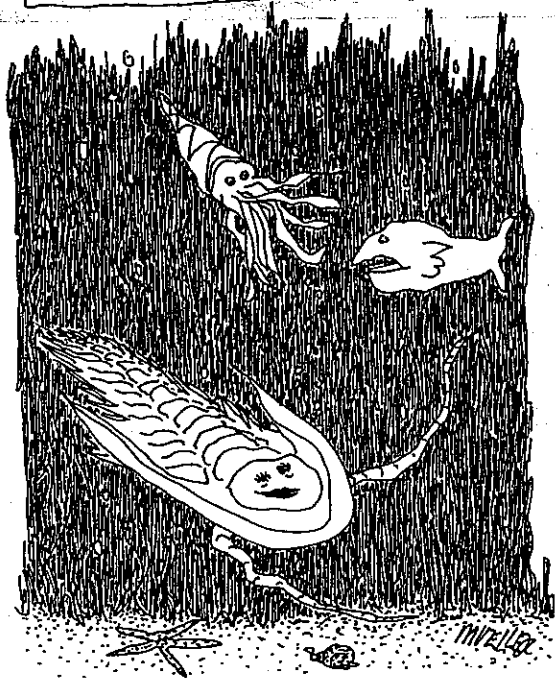
Alcoholism Center for Women; (213) 331-7805
August 6- Anger Management
13- Reparenting the Child Within
16--Incest Survivor Support Meeting

Venice Skills Center ; 392-4153, Vocational classes, High School Diplomas M-F, 8-4

COMMUNITY EVENTS SUBMISSIONS

The Beachhead welcomes calendar listings from all areas of the Community. Please try to get your listings to us at least three weeks in advance of the event.

SHIRLEY MACLAINE IN HER CAMBRIAN PERIOD.



HURRAY FOR CYNICISM



CARTOON BY P.S. MUELLER

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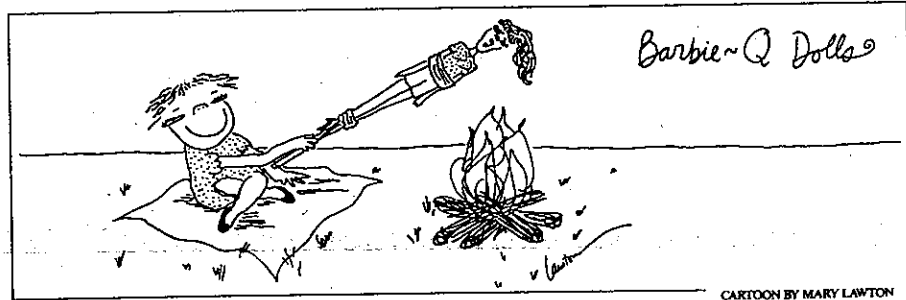
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CARTOON BY MARY LAWTON

We are fortunate to live in a community known the world over for its Ocean Front Walk and beach, its art, architecture, independence and creativity. Venice is an unique and fragile community.

The VENICE TOWN COUNCIL is here to provide a forum for expressing concerns; and to preserve the historical nature, low-rise residential character, and cultural and economic diversity of the Venice community.

Since the VENICE TOWN COUNCIL is open to all and its activities tend to reflect the concerns of its most active members, its history is one which echos the times and concerns of the Venice population. We have had an impact upon this community — more responsible development, more parking in new construction, more comprehensive services for the homeless than would have been without our involvement.

We continue to monitor large and small projects which impact the quality of life here — Lincoln Place Apartment evictions, Playa Vista, Marina Place, Admiralty Place. The Venice committee on Santa Monica airport and the Venice Historical Society are spin-off organizations from Venice Town Council ad hoc committees.

If our goals sound like your own, you are invited to join. Together we can make a difference.

NEXT Venice Town Council MEETING
Thursday at 7:30
August 11, 1988

Location:
Senior Citizen Center, Westminister Park
1234 Pacific Avenue

FEATURING:
Councilman Marvin Braude for NO OIL, INC
Jim Clouse for HEAL THE BAY

BE THERE

TOPICS:
Pollution, Trash, Sewage,
Venice Storm Drain Runoff Telephone: 281-8323

erence. Dues are a modest \$15.00 per year plus \$5.00 per year for each additional household member that wishes to vote. This membership includes a monthly newsletter. Membership meetings are the 2nd Thursday of each month at 7:30 pm, usually at the Old Venice City Hall, 681 N. Venice Blvd. Telephone: 281-8323



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