

15th BIRTHDAY ISSUE

FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968



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BEACHHEAD
MEMORIES
Pages 5-12

December 1983, Number 168, P.O. Box 504, Venice, California 90294 (213) 823-5092

EDITORIAL

BEACHHEAD, Number 1, December 1, 1968

*This paper is a poem.
It is the first of a series.
Your participation will decide
how often we appear.
This paper is a poem for the people.
We decided not to sell it
to some of you,
but to give it to all of you.
It is a poem for all the people.
It is also a paper made by people
who love to make poems
and dig doing a newspaper
which is also a poem.*

*Our subject this issue is Venice.
Our purpose is to create a community.
We would like to give you
a new poem every day.
We hope to do it, for now,
every two weeks.*

*Beachhead is a non-profit enterprise
produced entirely by volunteer workers.
Every resident of Venice
is invited to join our endeavor
and help to decide the outcome
of each issue.*

*Any reader can contribute
in some way to our next poem.
Any Venice resident may join
in our collective staff decisions.*

*The next poem you read may be your own
Venice.*

DEFEND VENICE

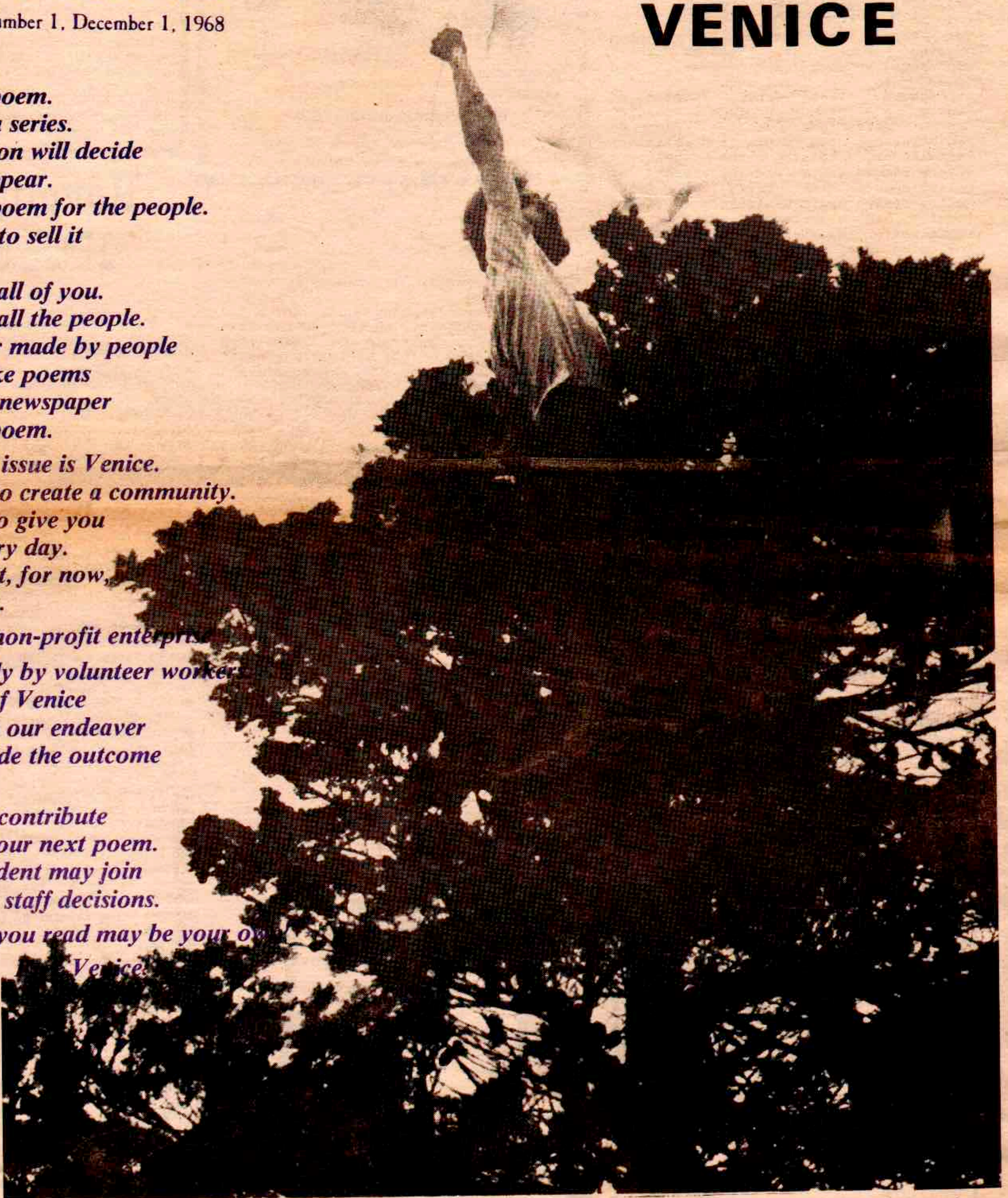


PHOTO BY: RICHARD MACKSON

the free venice resistance



A free lecture and discussion will be held at 1354 W. Washington Blvd, in Venice on Sunday, December 4th at 7:30pm sponsored by the Santa Monica-Venice Chapter of the Peace and Freedom Party. The topic for December will be "The Independence Movement in Puerto Rico." A member of the New Movement in Solidarity with Puerto Rican Independence and Socialism will give a short informal talk followed by an exchange of ideas and opinions among those present.

The Peace and Freedom Party holds ongoing educational programs which emphasize sharing of information and ideas in a relaxed, friendly atmosphere. Last month, "Choice or Chance," a slideshow and tape recording was presented. It examines registration, the draft and military recruitment, raising the questions anyone should ask before registering or enlisting. Mike Derry of Santa Monica-Venice Draft Resistance reviewed local and national draft and registration resistance work and led the following group discussion.

The chapter has been pleased with the favorable response received thus far. Come find out about the Puerto Rican Independence Movement on Sunday, December 4th, at 7:30pm. (Refreshments will be served.) Support the development of a community-wide forum by sharing your views on this topic with others in the Santa Monica and Venice area.

MARTHA AND KENDRA ■


LETTERS

Dear Carol Fondiller,

The truth of the matter is/was, the ARAGON Ballroom sat at the end of the Lick Pier which was in Venice of Los Angeles. The place that became famous for the Swing Shift dances in the early 40's was the Casino Gardens Ballroom at the foot of the Ocean Park Pier. Have other little Tids and Bits if requested.

Love,

Birda Blue

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I am an inmate confined in the Nevada State Prison.

Last night, I witnessed as a younger inmate cut his wrist. The pool of blood all over his cell, inspired me to write the Beachhead.

Here we have a young man in for a first offense burglary, who had to cut his wrist to escape pressure from sexual assault inflicted on him by inmate gangs.

I witnessed this young man complaining about the abuse, to guards and staff members but no one cared.

I think its time for society to ask themselves if its worth it to destroy the life of a 20 year old kid for a non-violent crime.

Certainly society should take action against prison officials who place non-violent first offenders in with more hardened or dangerous inmates.

Abuse to young offenders is common and I think its time for society to take a stand as to what their tax dollar is being used for in prison systems.

I have life without parole so this article doesn't benefit me, I just care.

If you write to me with letters of interest and concern I will answer all and refer your letters to the Governor.

Please print my name and address also, so I might be able to get a few letters of concern to refer to the Governor.

Please care.
 Thank you, Gary Collura #14631
 N.S.P. Unit 6, W- 266, Box 607
 Carson City, Nevada 89702 ▲

FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD
SINCE 1968

STAFF: Carol Fondiller, Emily Winters, Memphis Slim, Elizabeth Elder, Kathy Henderson, Moe Stavnezer, Olga Palo, Joan Friedberg. Special thanks to Arnold Springer and Cheri Beauchamp.

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

Revolutionary Hamburger

Among everyday events, what could be more hum-drum and unremarkable than eating a common American hamburger? Yet in this super industrial age even the most humble pleasures are likely to depend on a complex global division of labor. The lowly hamburger is a case in point.

A typical American consumes 50 pounds of ground beef a year, much of it in the form of hamburgers, most of these consumed in fast food restaurants. Every second, more than 200 hungry customers order one or more hamburgers, resulting in an annual sale of 6.7 billion patties worth \$10 billion.

Recent revolutionary changes in American family and work life; more working mothers, more two-wage-earner childless households, and more singles add up to a prodigious appetite for quick, cheap burgers. But unbeknown to burger lovers, the success of the fast-food hamburger adds up to another kind of revolution.

Between 1960 and 1980, large landowners who produce food for profit in El Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras quadrupled their export of beef to the United States. The boom was good for the ranchers and packers, but it had a destabilizing effect on the peasants and the environment.

In developing countries, an increase in the production of a food for export often makes that food less available or too expensive to be eaten at home.

Despite hefty increases in production, per capita consumption of beef has fallen sharply in Honduras and El Salvador since 1960. In addition the cattle boom has made land less available for the production of staple food crops such as corn and beans. Millions of acres of forest have been cut down and cleared to give cattle a chance to graze. In regions that already have too much land in too few hands, ranching leads to even greater concentration of land ownership and at the same time provides little employment for rural workers.

In the long run the peasants are the big losers. If profit oriented ranchers continue to push the already hardpressed country-folk onto smaller and smaller pieces of land, what can they expect but revolution?

excerpted from Psychology Today
 Marvin Harris Oct 1983

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Dancing at the 3-2-1

Warping in Time

Lynn Bronstein

I haven't gone clubbing much in recent years. The 321 Club, a rock disco in Santa Monica, lured me with its promise of an almost-all-night get-down-party in a youthful atmosphere. But youthful I'm not. I'm over thirty. The music industry demographers have lost interest in me. No matter that I'm more adventurous than many of my age group and have been studying up on the new rock. Would I be allowed to not act my age if I sneaked into this trendy club where there is no minimum age limit? I dressed myself as young and lively-looking as I could and got in line early on a Monday night (Monday through Thursdays are Ladies' Nights at the 321. Females of all ages get in for \$2.00. It's not fair to the guys I realize but being a poverty-stricken over-thirty female, I'll take it).

Ahead of me in the line were three teenaged girls, all blondes, smoking clove cigarettes (the latest trend, especially with Mods, who are the main trend-setters at the 321). When a girl finished her ciggie, she flung it onto the sidewalk, still burning. They were tough-looking girls, the kind I used to be terrified of when I was a teenager. More of them accumulated on the sidewalk as the evening wore on towards the 9 p.m. opening time. Girls mostly, arriving early for the \$2.00 discount. Lots of black and white in their outfits. White men's shirts fastened by belts at the waist, white bobby socks and ankle boots, longish white petticoats, black vests, leather thong earrings, hair (mostly blonde) hanging over one black-trimmed eye. The boys came later, flat-topped punkers and spruced up Mods in three-button suits. The crowd became dense; I found myself back pushed to the wall. For a few minutes I had terrifying visions; I'd survived a riot at a rock concert in 1968; I'd read about the tragedy at Cincinnati in 1979. I certainly didn't want to get squashed to death outside a Santa Monica disco in 1983. Fortunately, at 9 the doors opened and the crowd developed into a line of sorts. The 321 staff carefully let in would-be dancers a few at a time, checking out the I.D.s of those old enough to drink (which almost nobody was), searching handbags and in some cases actually frisking the entrants. I've never liked the feeling of these security precautions but after the momentary panic I'd felt during the pre-opening crush, I actually felt some relief that the staff was doing all this. All right, I told myself. You know you're getting older when you find yourself siding with the security people.

Muscle-bound staff guys directed us past a souvenir booth (bumper stickers, badges, etc. emblazoned with the names of all your fave groups) downstairs to the main dance floor. Mirrored walls, carpeted staircase-dance platforms, crazy black lights flickering, making all movement look like a silent movie. Dance halls haven't changed that much from the 60's, I thought. But the kids wouldn't have known that. I must have been the only non-staff person over the age of twenty. These were high-schoolers mostly. I even heard someone exclaim: "You're wearing Mark Twain (Junior High School) colors." Did they care that I was a slumming adult? I'd tried not to be conspicuous but outside somebody had asked me if I worked at the club. And I'd allowed my hand to be stamped as an over-twenty-one in case I wanted to indulge in a drink. It tried not to think of how out of it I might look--I was wearing a light petticoat and black shoes and a skimpy camisole top and my hair was brushed up as New Wave as I could make it. But for a long time I was the only person I saw who was wearing glasses.

The kids started to dance as soon as they hit the floor. The music was wall-to-wall hard new rock music. Never

a slow dance, never a folksy or sweet pop song. Strictly KROQ hits played by several guys in the dee-jay booth, where a record was set up on one turntable before the record on the second turntable was finished--so there would never be a moment of silence between songs. Girls stood on the platforms, dancing in front of video screens. I found myself on one of these (you can sit on them when you're not dancing) and I began to dance. I made up my own dances, using sign language, yoga, the Five Positions from my prehistoric dance lessons. I didn't care if people were watching me. It felt exciting. I knew that strobe lights were gliding over my body and that the dancers on the increasingly crowded dance floor were

probably wondering who was that sort of mature looking girl with glasses who was writhing around up there?

After about an hour perhaps, the star deejay, Richard Blade, arrived and entered the record booth. If you don't know who the Blade is by now, you obviously haven't seen him on Channel 9's "MV3" video show or heard him on KROQ in the early mornings from 6 to 9 a.m. He's a busy guy--I don't know when he gets time to sleep. He's English, Oxford-educated, sublimely gorgeous, is considered one of L.A.'s most eligible bachelors, and he spins records at the 321 every Monday night. Inside the glass-walled deejay booth, he went right to work with the energy of a hummingbird, setting up records, singing along with them, handing out KROQ bumper stickers, shaking hands, and flirting with the bevy of females who automatically surrounded the booth. Two of them right near me (both I noted, also wearing glasses) wore looks of complete reverence on their faces. One had her hands clasped together as if in prayer.

I found myself once again half-crushed between the bodies of adoring Blade teens and wondered if a term had been invented for the sexual variant in which one puts up with crowding and being pushed around in order to watch a handsome man play records. After a seemingly interminable time spent in this peculiar human situation, I finally made eye contact with the Blade. "Hello," he cried joyfully, putting on his most charming smile and (sigh) clapping a hand on my shoulder. "Now what can I play for you?"

I wanted to say something outrageous. "I like dinosaur music," I said. This obviously confused him because he went away to change the record. On, I blew it, I thought. Why did I want to flaunt my prehistoric attributes? What am I doing here if I am really such an old fogie? I quickly wrote a note saying I was only joking and would he play some Police, Pretenders, etc. And all was well again as Richard flashed me another charming grin. The man likes his job a lot.

Towards midnight there was a dance contest. Members of an Australian rock group called Mental As Anything acted as

the judges, picking the four best couples out of the crowd which now resembled Coney Island on the Fourth of July. It wasn't easy for the Mentals to spot their choices: "Uh--the guy there in the white T-shirt--no, not you, you the one with the white T-shirt, yeah you." Some how, four finalist couples were selected and given a cleared spot on the dance floor. Their talent was gaged by audience reaction. Couple Nober Four got the most applause/cheers and won first prize--a handpainted Mental As Anything T-shirt, plus the group's album and a KROQ shirt.

Then it all began to run together, past and present the night itself and the dreams I had afterwards of an empty dance floor where I danced alone to the thundering music but could not stop dancing. The music never letting up, causing one's ears to pop. I got lost in this dance/youth fever. The release of a certain kind of wild, even violent energy through dancing and loud visceral music, is probably necessary at times. It isn't without its potential dangers (which is why clubs have bouncers). But those who have always believed rock and roll to be an incentive to violence may have it the wrong way round. Cutting loose to rock satisfies, especially for the disenfranchised young, an urge to touch something basic in ourselves that "civilization" demands we hide.

The 321 Club is a world to itself, strongly physical, non-verbal. It's a place to let your body loosen up amid the roar of the music and the constant flashing of the lights, and let the feel of it all get into your pores and scrape them clean. It's not just for the young, but you've got to be in a young frame of mind to venture there. Fer sure.

Note: At press time the 321 was in the process of an ownership change. There will be no change in the Club's dance format but membership applications are currently being given to patrons and a gradual conversion to a private membership only club is in the works. No membership fee has yet been announced. The author is now a member but isn't sure what she's gonna do about that, other than dance and get down. ■

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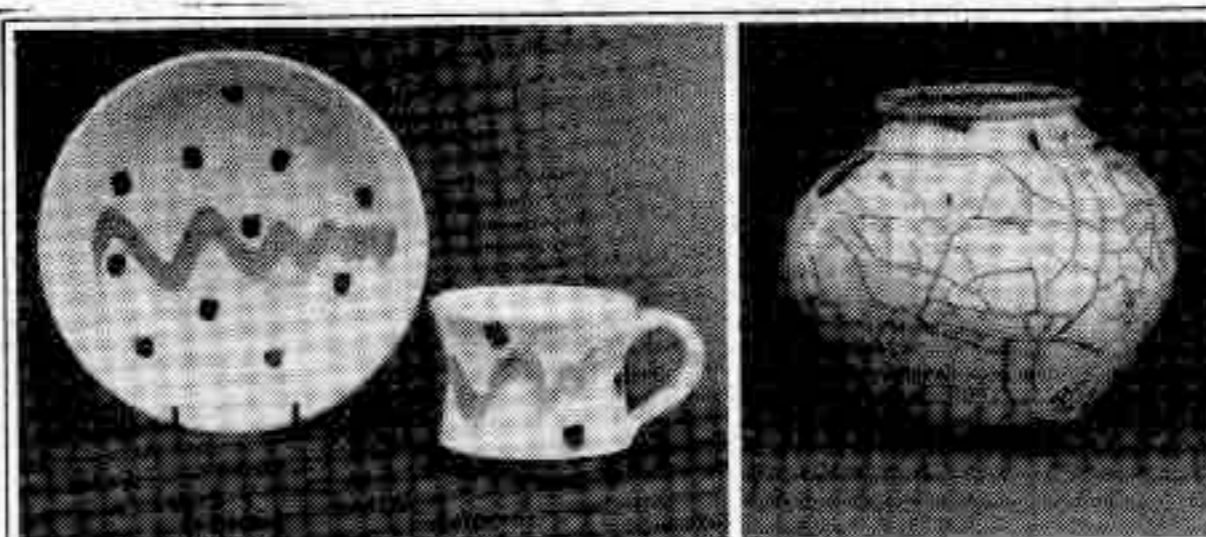
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4 WAR IS A RACKET

A Book Review

by Rick Davidson

WAR IS A RACKET by Smedley Butler,
Major General, U.S. Marines (ret.) 1935

racket - an organized illegal activity; a dishonest scheme; a trick.

Why, in 1983, review a book published in 1935? you may ask. Simple, it's as relevant today as when it was written. And who is Smedley Butler?

Smedley Butler, 1881-1940. First served in Cuba, 1898; described by Teddy Roosevelt as "the finest fighting man in the armed forces". Served in China during the Boxer Rebellion; sent to Nicaragua in 1912 to suppress a revolt; Vera Cruz, Mex. 1914; Haiti in 1915; commanded the 13th Reg. in World War I; 1921 served as Commanding Officer of the Marine Corps Base, Va.

Butler was twice awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor; known as the "Fighting Quaker," he was one of the most picturesque figures in the American military; noted for his personal courage, strictness as to disciplinarian, salty language, and his contempt for "brass hat" military methods.

OK, so what's so important about his book. A few things. First General Butler graphically exposes what the racket of war is by comparing the profits made by some of America's leading corporations the four years prior to World War I with their profit gain for the war years. Some examples, and I quote:

Take our friends the du Ponts, the power people...the average earnings of the du Ponts for the period 1910 to 1914 were \$6,000,000 a year. It wasn't much, but the de Ponts managed to get along on it. Now let's look at their average yearly profit during the war years, 1914 to 1918. Fifty-eight million dollars a year profit. An increase in profits of more than 950 percent.

Then he looks at Bethlehem Steel:

Take one of our little steel companies that so patriotically shunted aside the making of rail and girders and bridges to manufacture war materials. Their 1910 - 1914 yearly earnings averages \$6,000,000. Then came the war.

And like loyal citizens, Bethlehem Steel promptly turned to munitions making. Did their profits jump - or did they let Uncle Sam in for a bargain? Well, their 1914-18 average was \$49,000,000 a year.

And how about copper:

Anaconda, for instance. Average yearly earnings during the pre-war years 1910-1914 of \$10,000,000. During the war years 1914-1918 profits leaped to \$34,000,000 per year.

Does war pay? It paid them. But they aren't the only ones.

Butler goes on listing other patriotic U.S. corporations showing their obscene profit margins. He also gets into what was used and not used.

Take the shoe people. They like war. It brings business with abnormal profits. For instance, they sold Uncle Sam 35,000,000 pairs of hobnailed service shoes. There were 4,000,000 soldiers. Eight pairs, and more, to a soldier. My regiment during the war had only a pair to a soldier. These were good shoes. But when the war is over Uncle Sam had a matter of 25,000,000 pairs left over. Bought and paid for. Profits recorded and pocketed.

Also somebody had a lot of mosquito netting. They sold your Uncle Sam 20,000,000 mosquito nets for the use of the soldiers overseas. Well, not one of the mosquito nets ever got to France!

There were pretty good profits in mosquito netting in war days, even if there were no mosquitoes in France.

I suppose, if the war had lasted just a little longer, the enterprising mosquito netting manufacturers would have sold your Uncle Sam a couple of consignments of mosquitoes to plant in France so that more mosquito netting would be in order.

And the General goes on about cotton, nickel, leather, etc. and some odd little deals, such as:

One very versatile patriot sold Uncle Sam twelve dozen 48-inch wrenches. Oh, they were very nice wrenches. The only trouble was that there was only one nut ever made that was large enough for these wrenches. That is the one that holds the turbines at Niagara Falls!

In Chapter Three the General asks the question, WHO PAYS THE BILLS?

Don't be fooled because Butler's style rings with humor - he's angry. Remember, the General was an American hero who led thousands of men into battle. Expounding on who really pays, Butler says:

But the soldier pays the biggest part of the bill. If you don't believe this, visit the American cemeteries on the battlefields abroad. Or visit any of the veterans' hospitals in the U.S. On a tour of the country, in the midst of which I am at the time of this writing, I have visited eighteen government hospitals for veterans. In them are a total of about 50,000 destroyed men - men who were the pick of the nation eighteen years ago.

Beautiful ideals were painted for our boys who were sent out to die. This was the "war to end wars." This was the "war to make the world safe for democracy." No one told them that dollars and cents were the real reason. No one mentioned to them as they marched away that their going and their dying would mean huge war profits. They were just told it was to be a "glorious adventure."

Then Chapter Four goes into HOW TO SMASH THE RACKET!:

A few profit - and the many pay. But there is a way to stop it. You can't end it by disarmament conferences. You can't eliminate it by peace parleys at Geneva. Well-meaning but impractical groups can't wipe it out by resolutions. It can be smashed effectively only by taking the profit out of war.

Who provides the profits - these nice little profits of 20, 100, 300, 1,500, and 1,800 per cent? We all pay them - in taxation. We paid the bankers their profits when we bought Liberty Bonds at \$100 and sold them back at \$84 or \$86 to the bankers. These bankers collected \$100 plus. It was a simple manipulation. The bankers control the security marts. It was easy for them to depress the price of these bonds. Then all of us got frightened and sold the bonds at \$84 or \$86. The bankers bought them. Then these same bankers stimulated a boom and government bonds went to par - and above. Then the bankers collected their profits. (Bonds were taken out of the soldiers' \$30 a month salary, a total of \$2,000,000,000 worth.) continued on

page 14

Pigs on Horseback

By Carol Fondiller

I keep thinking and talking about the Third World as if they're out THERE somewhere. The condescension in the phrase Third World, and the distancing one's self in the use of that phrase was not apparent to me until I decided to take part in the Nov. 12 march and rally to protest U.S. intervention in Central America and the Caribbean.

It seemed to me, driving to the assembly point that Los Angeles is being reclaimed by the people who lived here and built here before the U.S. was busy fulfilling its Manifest Destiny, or giving Spain a little taste of its own. Whatever. Latinos from all the Americas, Orientals from China to the Philippines, Blacks and not just Afro-American Blacks

but Jamaican, Haitian and West Indian are creating neighborhoods in the great mayonaise-and-white-bread slurb that has until recently defined Los Angeles. Korean and Salvadoran grocery stores, Jamaican record shops, Ethiopian restaurants, purveyors of Middle Eastern delicacies, Mexican wedding/party supplies and Asian banks. Parts of L.A. are--now don't breathe this to a soul--becoming communities that are as diverse and interesting as Venice used to be before it was "discovered" and whitewashed by the restless, rootless Afflu-Hips. So, the journey to the march was as much an eye opener as the march itself. How's that for New York L.A. Zen Zing?

A series of events conspired to make me an onlooker rather than a participant.

continued on page 13

In Chapter Three the General asks the question, WHO PAYS THE BILLS?

THE
FREE VENICE

BEACHHEAD

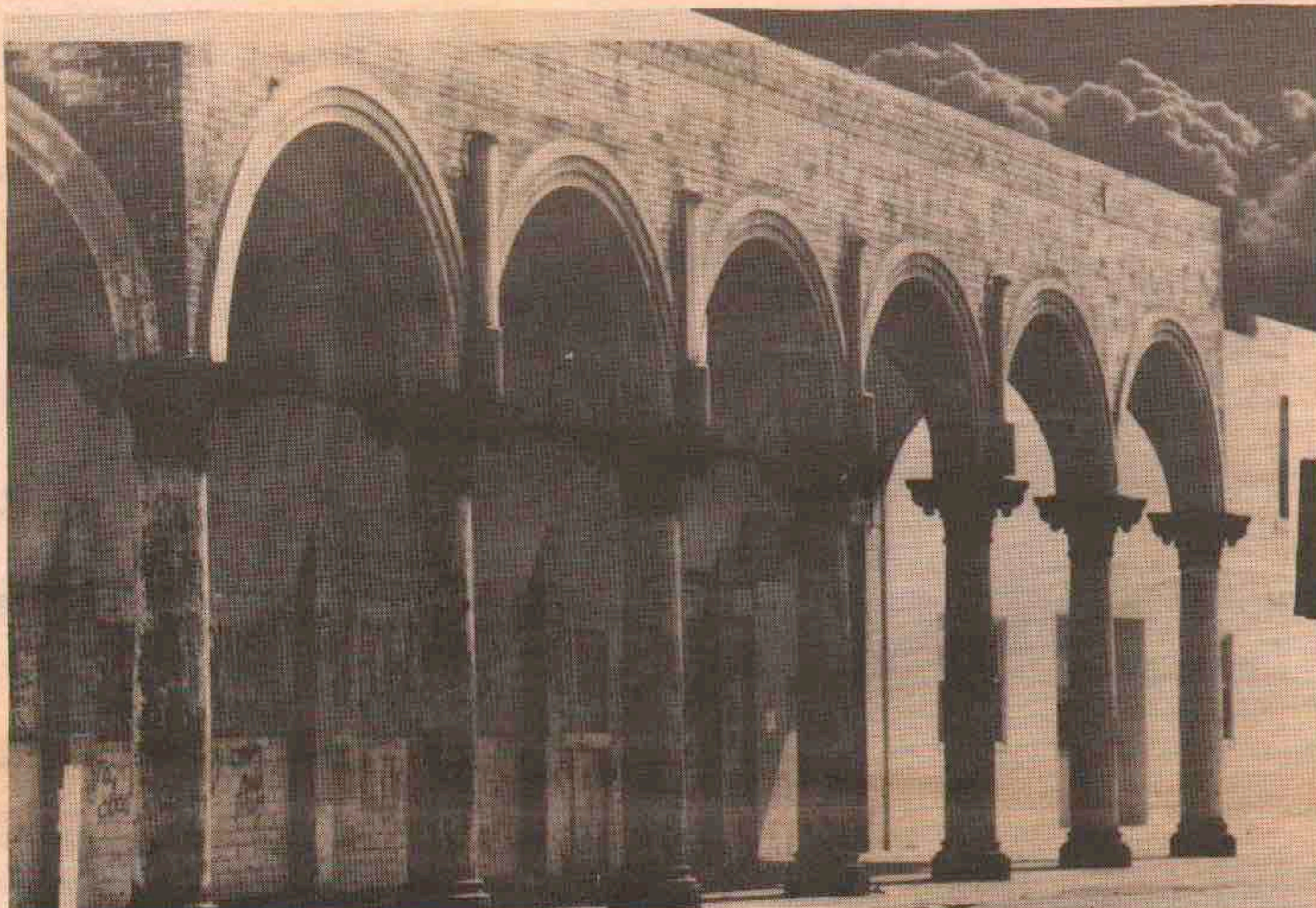


Photo by Rich Mann

Art as Investment...or Recession after touring Rodeo Drive Galleries and witnessing a \$140,000 sale of a Rockwell original at 2:30AM on a Saturday at an open to the public gallerie I was motivated to write that...

In times of economic difficulties, art is the one luxury, pleasure, or joy we buy last---however, we examine art first in the search for inspirational instruction or an antidote to depression. On to other Boardwalks, Rich Mann

BEACHHEAD - Inside To Out

rick davidson

"Write your feelings about the Beachhead." I was asked. "I've got mixed feelings." I said. "Write whatever you want." They replied.

So how about a little history. The first issue of the paper was green; an appropriate color since when it came to putting out a community newspaper we were all as green as you could get. The 'we' I'm talking about was a group of radicals who happened to be working together in the Peace & Freedom (PFP) - a new 3rd party dedicated to Peace in Vietnam and Freedom for minorities here at home. It also happened that we all lived and loved Venice. We felt the best approach to building a new party was to build from the grassroots. Everyone knew that there had to be plenty of roots in Venice since there was so much grass around. (couldn't resist).

Our most pressing need was to reach Venice residents. Sure we had meetings, I mean like every night, but you couldn't get all the forty thousand Venetians in the PFP office; we figured it would take about 2000 meetings to meet with all the forty thousand - we were just too impatient - there had to be a better way. Some wanted to put out a magazine; radio, one off shore past the three mile limit; a film would be fun; but a newspaper was the obvious solution.

We conceived the paper as a poem. It had to be a political statement about our thoughts on Vietnam, racism, sexism, police brutality, land reform, etc., and since our politicians included art, people's art, we wanted a paper that would express

that too; and we wanted it to be free: rather than 'sell' it to some of the people we would 'give' it to all the people. It would also be a collective effort where decisions about the paper would be made by those doing the work - participation was open to anyone...people's democracy in action.

We named it the BEACHHEAD because we felt we were creating a beachhead in Venice from which to extend the struggle throughout LA, California, and the US of A..... a struggle to transform America into a more humanistic society. Even though we were all in the Peace & Freedom Party, we did not all agree on how the transformat-

by CAROL FONDILLER

Write about the Free Venice Beachhead. Easy, I thought. Well, it hasn't been. Something inside me skitters toward the subject and then flits away.

"I felt as if everyone on the staff was fucking each other and I was the only one who wasn't getting fucked", said one ex-Collective member. And it is like that when one joins a small group of people who have been working together for a long time. I feel like that right now having come back to the Beachhead after being away from it for awhile. It's true! It's true!! It's always been true! I've always felt like that with one or two exceptions when I've been fucked and fucked over. And oh, the stories that I could tell if I didn't want to live in this town anymore! The little tensions and eruptions of ego!

ion would have to take place. Some of us felt it could only happen through socialism; some felt it would have to be an anarchistic society; and some felt, we found out the hard way, it should be a libertarian society...later some of the libertarians suggested selling the beach to private interprize because it would be more efficient and cut down on the costs to the public. NO, we were not of one mind. "Let a thousand flowers bloom" was expanded to include bushes, weeds, stones, you name it, it was growing in Venice. You can imagine, our editorial meetings were pure theatre; theatre of the absurd, more times than not.

continued on page 11

And Further Out

"Tell that paper that Werner Scharf is wrong", said Anna Haag, "I haven't changed. I still believe in what I believe. I wanted to make a living (at the Venice West) but he stopped me. He said I sold dope. Maybe I should have. I'd be as rich as he is".

Werner Scharf and Anna Haag. Werner and Anna have always been around in Venice. One time as Anna and I sat in Hinano's, she told me "I might love a man, but I love Venice more". My sentiments, exactly.

One night in 1968, we were at the Peace and Freedom office wondering how to get the news out about the Master Plan and Venice. As I remember it, every paper and media outlet either ignored us or they portrayed us as a band of hip-

continued on page 11

6 Stafflocacca

by memphis slim

I am the voice of Beachhead present. While I'm not the newest member of the collective, I'm the last addition to the inner circle. Yes, Virginia, there is a GANG OF FOUR at the Beachhead!

But the Beachhead isn't us the people; it is a living community institution. We, the present collective, provide the necessary mechanics to keep the issues coming, but the Beachhead lives like the GREAT OZ, independent of mere humans. But like the GREAT OZ, the spirit that keeps the Beachhead necessary is the human spirit; the human spirit provided by our readers, writers and the community itself.

The human spirit of Venice is best exemplified, I think, by we the writers of the Beachhead. Nowhere is the eclectic, vibrant and outspoken spirit of Venice shown more vividly than in articles in this paper.

I can read the cosmic space raps that Carol Fondiller has with herself, read about the latest coastal development outrage courtesy of Mr. Stavnezer and Bob Wells will keep me informed on which ethnic group is revolting. I look forward to the discourses from Dr. Springer on our local heritage and the latest update on the Peace and Freedom front by John Haag. One of our fellows is now financially embarrassed and so I can no longer look forward to travelogues about hating Communism in poor East European countries. And sadly, I can no longer look forward to diatribes from those masters of misinformation, the R.C.P.

On the more positive side, our galloping gourmet, Elizabeth, is still with us and remember she virtually predicted the Grenada invasion 2 years ago. (See

by MOE STAVNEZER

About 10 years ago I wrote my first article for the Beachhead. I don't remember exactly what it was about, most likely development in North Beach (so what's new?), but I do recall that it was pretty mediocre. I didn't own a typewriter then, and when it became obvious that typing one's own article was greatly appreciated by that collective, just as it is today, I went out to a local pawn shop (now gone) and purchased an old Remington manual that worked most of the time. It and I produced passable though smudgey copy with my normal, and only slightly decreased, number of typos (still, not bad for a two-fingered typist).

Well, I now use an IBM Selectric, still write about development in Venice and still love the Beachhead as much now as I did then. As a member of the collective, for the past 3 years, some of my reasons have changed though the bottom lines remain the same. Some years ago, when someone from the O.P. Perspective described the Beachhead as a bulletin board (compared to the Perspective which was a "newspaper") I took it as an insult. Now I think it's a compliment. People who's views and ideas might never see the light of day anywhere else have written important and interesting articles for this paper. Poets have had their works published here for the first time. Photographers and other inventive media people have been given space and credit on these pages. Not bad for a bulletin board, not bad at all.

And for a political activist, like I sometimes am, unaccustomed to seeing one's work actually produce something, the Beachhead is like a miracle. Every month there's a product, the tangible result of work--it's refreshing, gratifying and damn good for the ego! The first issue of

By Elizabeth Elder

When I left New Mexico, I made a "solemn oath" to myself. Having lived up to that point in my life in only two houses, one of them for 16 years, I told myself I would never live in one place for a long time again.

I landed in Venice in 1971 and have called this "home base" ever since. So much for "solemn oaths" at the ripe old age of 21.

It wasn't long after coming to Venice that I began contributing, sometimes under pen names, to the Beachhead. It seemed especially fitting that very vocal and unorthodox folks have a community "voice", a forum like that provided by the paper.

The paper has gone through a lot of incarnations since it began, people have come and gone (and come back), and the look, feeling and substance of the Beachhead have changed considerably from time to time, but throughout its changes and frivolity and seriousness, and places in between and elsewhere, there is a certain, almost indescribable thread that has continued.

Call it structural integrity if you tend toward adult definitions, or just its basic "ness", if you don't. But it is a continual source of amazement that a group of people with often very different realities and priorities can sit down with each other for 3 Saturdays a month and, using "fuel" supplied by an intense and colorful community, cook up a stew like the Beachhead and serve it up to the people of Venice.

Venice itself is pretty amazing. There's something about the spirit of the place that is a genuine miracle in a time of alienation, overconsumption, high-rolling real estate and high tech insanity. There's always something new to be learned or seen or experienced, though not things easily seen by mainstream eyes.



Photo by Rick Sinatra

Caribbean Crisis, 1981) A former collectivist, Lynn Bronstein, still submits her work to the Beachhead and with love and acrimony we usually print it.

These are some of the more regular writers I enjoy reading but there are numerous others who submit equally outstanding work albeit on a less frequent basis. Remember, Beachhead tradition means something to us, that's why Larry Abrams always has a butchered article. Consistency is important!

Those of you who've seen your name or facsimile in print are too numerous to individually name, but you've helped make the Beachhead a reflection of our outstanding community. You've made the Beachhead one of America's best ever community/political/literary publications. It's been an honor to be associated with you folks. Here's to 15 more years! Δ

the paper described the paper as a poem. I think of it more as a piece of graphic art that constantly changes form in order to present information in an interesting and rather eclectic format. Sometimes it fails terribly but more often succeeds wonderfully (pardon my blatant bias). Now I don't claim that the Beachhead is beautifully laid out graphically, but it does seem to have a "sense of itself" that is accepted by the collective staff and the community.

In the past few years 3 other local newspapers have come and gone (The Ocean Front Weekly, The Perspective and the S.M. Free Weekly). On its 15th Birthday the Beachhead continues. One of the oldest of it's kind of papers in the country. To the whole Beachhead family, Happy Birthday and many more. Δ

This summer in Sacramento a young woman was telling me how she had insisted that her fiancée give up his apartment on the Ocean Front in Venice. (She and I were virtual strangers and I doubt that she even knew I lived in Venice.) When I asked her why, her response was "well, I absolutely wouldn't live there. I mean, have you seen all the dog shit?!" All I could say to her was "you're probably right, Nancy, you shouldn't live in Venice." And I thought to myself, that's one reason I do live in Venice, honey, to get away from people who have so little imagination, they can look at a place as dynamic and interesting and unique as Venice and not see any of it because they're looking at the ground.

Well, friends, Venice is still alive and the Beachhead is still alive. If it had been left up to the "wango uprights" to decide, we all would have been plowed under long ago. So here's to the next 15 years. Viva Venice! Your spirit is free. Δ

Puke the Little Duke goes on a fox hunt

Dear Beachhead:

I wrote this for the 100th Issue, but never got around to sending it. It probably could stand some work, if you are interested, let me know.

Yours truly, George Gelernter

Sirs and Brothers. Ah, indeed. Poor Puke the Duke, his pitiful condition was much mournfully worsen, since last we left him, which was pretty many years ago. Hung on the under-eave of Albert Kinney's landmark, before there was a single waterway, he had begun to molder and dehydrate. People looking upwardly noting him affixed there, mistook him for an xtra-large prune (T.M. - Sunkist). But colorful, as his Momma had hung him with bunting, last fourth of July. Nonetheless, Venice, where much could happen, and mostly nearly always does could-so (and predictably) was a firstly fox-hunt, and fearless leader Puke, descended from the royal Duke (who had absconded), heard the call.

Wheezer J. Mock, Land Development Ltd. assaults by appointment, legs busted, 8¢, skulls busted, 4¢, minor torture by negotiation (no arms or private parts), then touring his latter-day fiefdom. "Ho!" he said, "piss to Windward!" Which was not too far from where our Duke, dear entrussed Puke, was gathering cobwebs. Well, needless to say, this was all that Puke required to break his bonds as excessive pride swelled his desicated bod. A crowd of well-wishers screamed his praises. "Faggot!" "Male chauvinist pig!" "Commie queer!" "Dumb bunny!"..... Puke knew that he was loved and needed. He thanked them all, and went straight to the blood bank to draw out his savings, well protected by the ghouls of finance. Only in America (T.M., Chamber of Commerce). And more so in Venice, where you always get it nicer.

The Fox, which was not a fox at all, but a spayed grey cat on (rented) roller skates -- nice touch, courtesy of a fox hunt sponsor, un-named local merchant who would not pay your un-named writer for the plug (remember folks, this free paper isn't free), got started on Monday, Puke made it up by Tuesday, all who were invited (which is everyone in Venice where everyone's invited) on a Wednesday. (My Moon's in Pices) Paid plug. Thanx Brother Devil, puppy that guards the gates of Hell, ego-tripping is good business. My moon's in zilch. Last Chance Mission (services at 2:30 Sundays) caters lunch

lunch, vegetarians will bag it, all the uninvited on a Thursday (see my piece, Venice Free Theater, this issue), Fridays off for Moslems, Saturdays are strictly kosher, in case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded.

But anyhow, as soon as he got started, the fox which was not a fox a day's start ahead of him, his royal worship, royally ascended Puke, birthrightly a most noble Duke, was in trouble again/. How that was worsen trouble than any trouble that had befallen him previous, is the subject of still another column (perhaps), but in the meantime, congratulations to Beachhead 15 years but let's see better coverage of important Venice news in the future. You missed the "Bees Swarm on Abandoned Sofa-Bed on Empty Lot on Canal Street" story last year, and did not cover Jim Richard's "Trash For Cash" sale the year before in the back of the Saucy Dog (ain't no more) nearby which was Neighborhood Legal Services where we used to brainstorm this paper, and nostalgia compels us to remember, a pervious tent, the Venice Blood Bank, requiring a 4 zone bus-ride to downtown LA.. This author now concludes his contribution with an offer of all the words he knows to "be kind to your web-footed friends a duck may be somebody's mother", to any, one who addresses him c/o Beachhead, enclosing one dollar, cash or stamps.

Dear Collectivists,

When Moe called and asked if I would be a sponsor, or patron or whatever, for the 15th anniversary edition of the Beachhead, I agreed. Even after talk to Moe for some time, I have no idea what this honor entails other than sending money which is the main purpose of this note.

I would also like to say, in the way of further qualification, that I have read every issue that the Beachhead has ever published. I have contributed to the paper and when the Beachhead was "Up for Grabs" I put my shoulder to the collective wheel for a while.

I have not enjoyed every item in every issue but the fact that a local newspaper has existed for 15 years publishing what the local folk want to say about local, or any other, issues is one of the real wonders of our time and place.

Keep the faith,
Chuck Bloomquist

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A JOYOUS CHEE-WAH-WAH TO ALL!!

WELL... HERE WE ARE... ANOTHER SATURDAY WITH THE COLLECTIVE PROCESS EXPERIENCE!



I'VE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT TYPING COMMUNITY EVENTS SO I'VE DONE ALL THE TYPESETTING I'M GOING TO DO!

I KNOW IT'S LATE BUT THERE'S AN IMPORTANT TIMELY ARTICLE THAT JUST CAME IN.



WHERE'S THE BEER?

THIS IS TERRIBLY UNAESTHETIC!

TOO BAD! IT'S MY PAGE!



LEFT IS RIGHT - RIGHT IS LEFT... HERE... HAVE A PEANUT!

SAVE IT FOR NEXT MONTH....?



THIS ARTICLE HAS BEEN BUMPED THREE TIMES AND NOW IT'S ON PAGE 10!

AH KEEP TELLIN' YOURS, THERE IS NO MORE SPACE!



I'LL NEVER BE CO-ORDINATOR AGAIN!

OH SH-- WE FORGOT THREE ADS!

WHO HAS TIME TO COLLECT FROM THESE 5 ADVERTIZERS NEXT WEEK?

THIS AD IS A FREE BE BUT THE ORGANIZATION IS IMPORTANT TO OUR COMMUNITY!

NO! WE NEED THAT SPACE FOR AD!

I NEED SOME NACHOS!

MY GRAPHIC STAYS!



THERE'S NO MONEY FOR 4 MORE PAGES!

AAAAHHHHHHH!



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COMMUNITY GIVES

In the deep, dark recesses of my mind nowhere in the shadows of the lost City of Industry...it was a gray day. The presses of the Old L.A. Free Press lay silent after running a slew of anti war tabloids and other stuff that newspaper printers wouldn't touch. In those days and because of the Freep, the CIA, FBI & others, would simply go to these people and tell them...fall in line or we destroy your action...have little talks with your clients & like that.

Standing there in the front office, staring out thru the front door I saw a man with the presence of an ancient warrior. John Haag. John carried the boards for the Beachhead tenderly and firmly toward the counter and laid them down. We acknowledged each other from other times & this day in 1969. We took the boards and the presses did their work 10M times. I was proud to be a small part of the Beachhead then and Anita and I have long been supporters and boosters. To the staff, past & present we salute you! To the readers, 1984 may be the most important year of your lives! Help the Beachhead grow & spread the word! CHEE-WAH-WAH!!!

ESL

If there were not enough of us
the tide wouldn't roll in, it
would crash
If there were not enough of us
the sea would shrink
If there were not enough of us
I'd have given up long ago
If there were not enough of us
why go on, why bother
If there were not enough of us
the Beachhead wouldn't print this
and I'd have to say it
some where else.

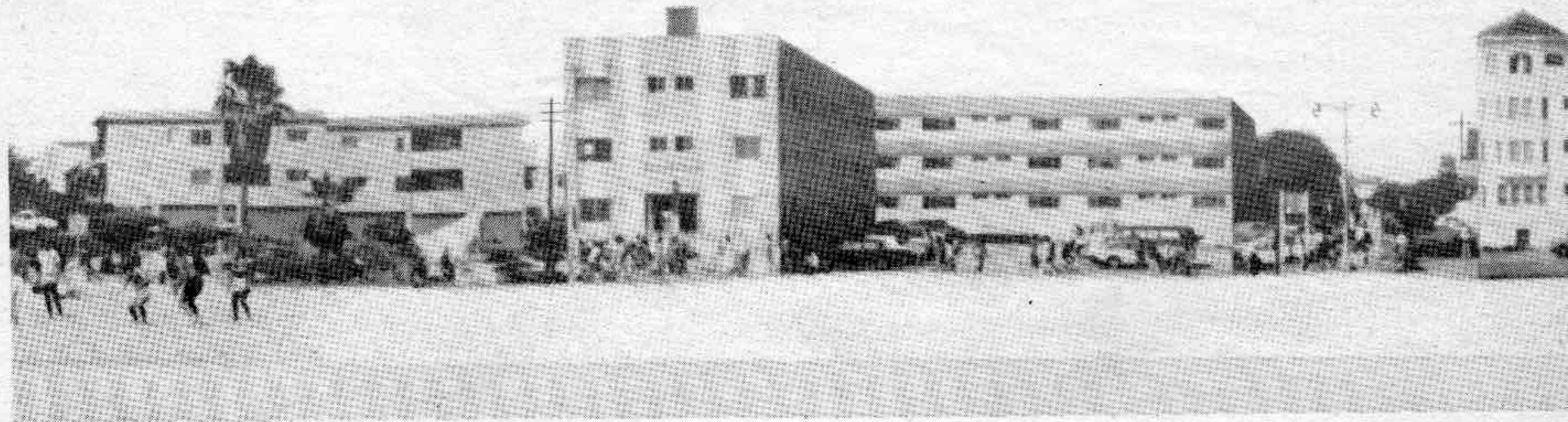
Larry Abrams

by PANO DOUVOS

California is the trend setter and guide for all the states. The first city is the megalopolis of Los Angeles...and it's crown jewel is Venice. It is fitting that this unincorporated capitol-of-the-world has its own harbor De La Marina, its all-nations Boardwalk Promenade, and its inland waterways criss-crossed by people's barges and especially its own voice-The Free Venice Beachhead.

This pugnacious paper has fought hard to keep the life signs of Venice vital & flourishing. From the inside where I was for a short period, it soon becomes apparent what dedicated work was required to keep the paper growing. Volunteer effort is hard to come by, fifteen years of passing the baton--it's amazing. Much credit goes to the long time staff members Linda Lucks Arnold Springer, Carol Fondiller and Moe Stavnezer. Yet there were many who stepped forward to assist in keeping Venice united and to assure its continued place in the sun.

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GOOD BEACHHEAD

The Beachhead does not have the space, time, money or inclination to be a modern objective newspaper printing all news. Its volunteer staff provides advocacy journalism for the progressive views. Essentially working as joint editors, the sessions could be lively and the good of Venice prevails.

For instance Moe and others were correct a while back in seeing that the Rose Ave shopping center was counter productive for Oakwood and Venice. The artists studios to be included sweetened the bait but chi chi we could do without. Recently the paper offers more opposing views. As always submissions are needed I'm sure.

One article I researched concerned the hasseling of conga players on the Boardwalk. It still continues seven years later. Also the oil drilling across from the Sidewalk Cafe was to be phased out by now I was told, yet it continues. But the vigilance of the Beachhead to preserve the rights of humans, also continues thanks to the current staff.

Que Viva El Beachhead.

See ya Dec. 9 at the Beachhead Bash.

Dear Beachhead,

Hi. It's me again. (BOARDWALK BUMMERS: A COMMUNITY PROBLEM AND CALL TO ACTION). We need to do an article before spring about the fact that Dana is allowing the OFW lawn sprinkler system to die. This will result in dead lawns when the rain stops-I.E. next summer during the Olympics why should all that tourist money find Venice attractive? Let them cum to the Monyrina del Rip-Off where Dana MANICURES the lawns for nobody to live on or use but a handful of blue meanies.

ANYWAY...please, please, please publish this about Ruby the LaFayette waitress in your anniversary issue..it would mean a lot to us. (also, you have a B&W photo of Ruby at her counter which would go perfectly with it...also she is still coming out with a book of her experiences soon so advance promo appreciado-she deserves a break today***---**&'&@?*-**

RUBYSONG

by Randy Brook C/O '83

AA ruby is a precious gem
A crimson flame so bright
And you are like your name, my friend
A warm and shing light.

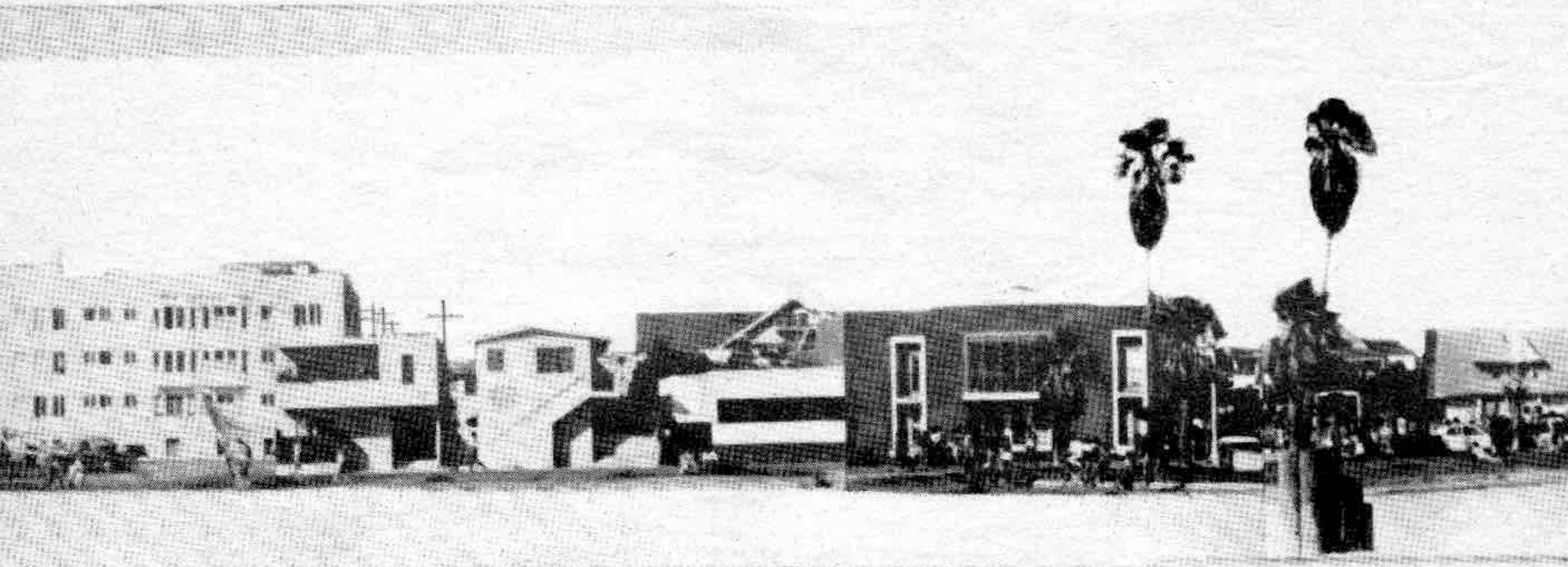
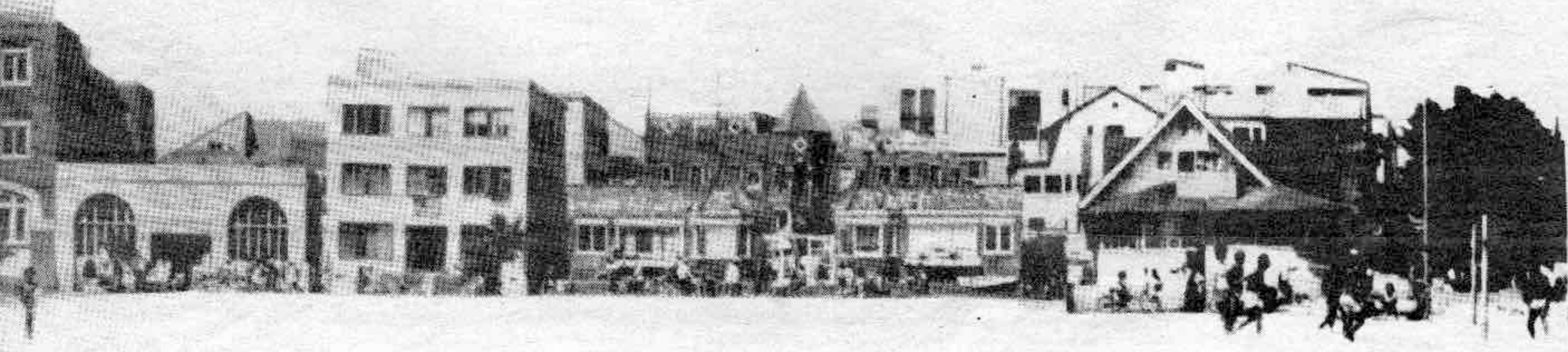
All the love and strength you bring
Gentle quiet and sweet
Mother to the orphan-children
Wandering the street.

Oh the stories you could tell
From your point of view
Bringing water from the well
to people passin' through.

What these actors on this stage
Tragi-comedy?
What these passions-love and rage-
Pride and jealousy?

What this flik'ring flame of life
swiftly slipping by...
That e're we scarce believe we're here
it comes our time to die.

So Ruby bring the coffee 'round
We'll drink a cup to you
A "good-old-girl" with heart of gold
who helps each day be new.



**B
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H**

Photo by Rich Mann

As dawn breaks over the western waterfront, we find bedraggled urchins dressed in rags clearly marked: "Property of Free Venice Beachhead" out panhandling for spare two-dollar bills on Ocean Front Walk. "Do you believe in freedom of the press?" they beseech quite humbly before adding, with a snarl, "or are you a prototypical American Fascist Oppressor who would see us rot for want of the truth?" Faced with such Logic, those accosted quite naturally pull out the two-dollar bills they can find and hand them over to the urchins. One offers to supplement his \$18.00 dollar donation with a check, but the offer is refused. "Two-dollar bills are an article of faith," says one urchin in retort, "while checks are tools of capitalist oppression. We spit on your checking account." Finally, though, the urchins run out of strangers to accost and are reduced to asking each other for two-dollar bills. Naturally, they find each other a fertile landscape for these exchanges but manage to increase the day's take not one iota, nor two-dollar bills. "We need fresh turf," says one. "Yes," says another, "this requires relocation to a spot more infested with manipulative monry-mongers, steeped in materialistic and pointless quests for superficial enrichment and ridden with anxiety and guilt over their unwillingness to contribute to the greater good." "What you mean, jivemonger, is we need some new suckers!" says the first. "Right?" "What I mean," replies the second, "is that the dialectic..." "Aw come on, interupts the first, "lets go stand by the Ace Gallery and hit on some Art Pigs. They deserve to support the Beachhead. It's art if anything is."

J.B.



"I love it." Wait, I wanna keep talkin' about LAAFS"
 "A while." "Three years." Let me see...
 "I always give away copies" "Its great to see my articles in print." "They put my picture in with a duck."
 "I wonder if THEY read it." "Oh sure."
 "I used to leave it on THEIR doorsteps."
 "Makes a sense of community." "Chocked full information. "I can read things in the Beachhead that I can't read anywhere else."
 "And its always there." "Like the ocean" "What?"
 "And as long as there'e developers, Marinators & REagans, I know there will be a Geachhead." "Don't forget Newport canal!" Do you think we'll ever be as big as the Weekly?"
 "Never." "Oh shut up." "What did I say?"
 "It's really a historical type of documentation. I bet if someone went back and read all the Beachheads they'd have a good idea of what has been happening here." "I just hope it goes another 15 years." "So why do they keep saying che-wah-wah?" Marc ■

by MARY Lou Johnson

And a "chee-wa-wa" to you dear Beachhead!
 Gosh! Fifteen years.
 The interviewer asks, "What has the Beachhead meant to you?"
 Hard question. Not because it has meant so little, but because it has meant so much.
 Initially, it was a source of insight into the community where I had lived for five years but whose struggle for survival was only vaguely impressed on my consciousness. Living on the Ocean Front Walk between Hamburger Square and Windward, I seldom ventured north of Windward or east of Pacific. North Beach, Oakwood and the Canals. All unknown quantities. The Beachhead taught me Venice.
 Later, as my viewstyle and lifeview changed, I found easy entry into the community and the Beachhead had opened the door. I no longer just lived in Venice, I had become a Venetian! I got "che-wa-wa-ed" into the Peace and Freedom Party, the Town Council, demonstrations, appearances at the L.A. City Council meetings, Coastal Commission hearings and all the venues where Venice and the Establishment met head-on. Lest you think it was all strategy & seriousness, I also got "che-wa-wa-ed" into a lot of parties and pot-lucks; music and poetry; and some of most caring, supportive & charming, witty, knowledgeable people that anyone would want as friends.
 The Beachhead not only enabled me to read about what was going on in my community, it also provided a vehicle for me to

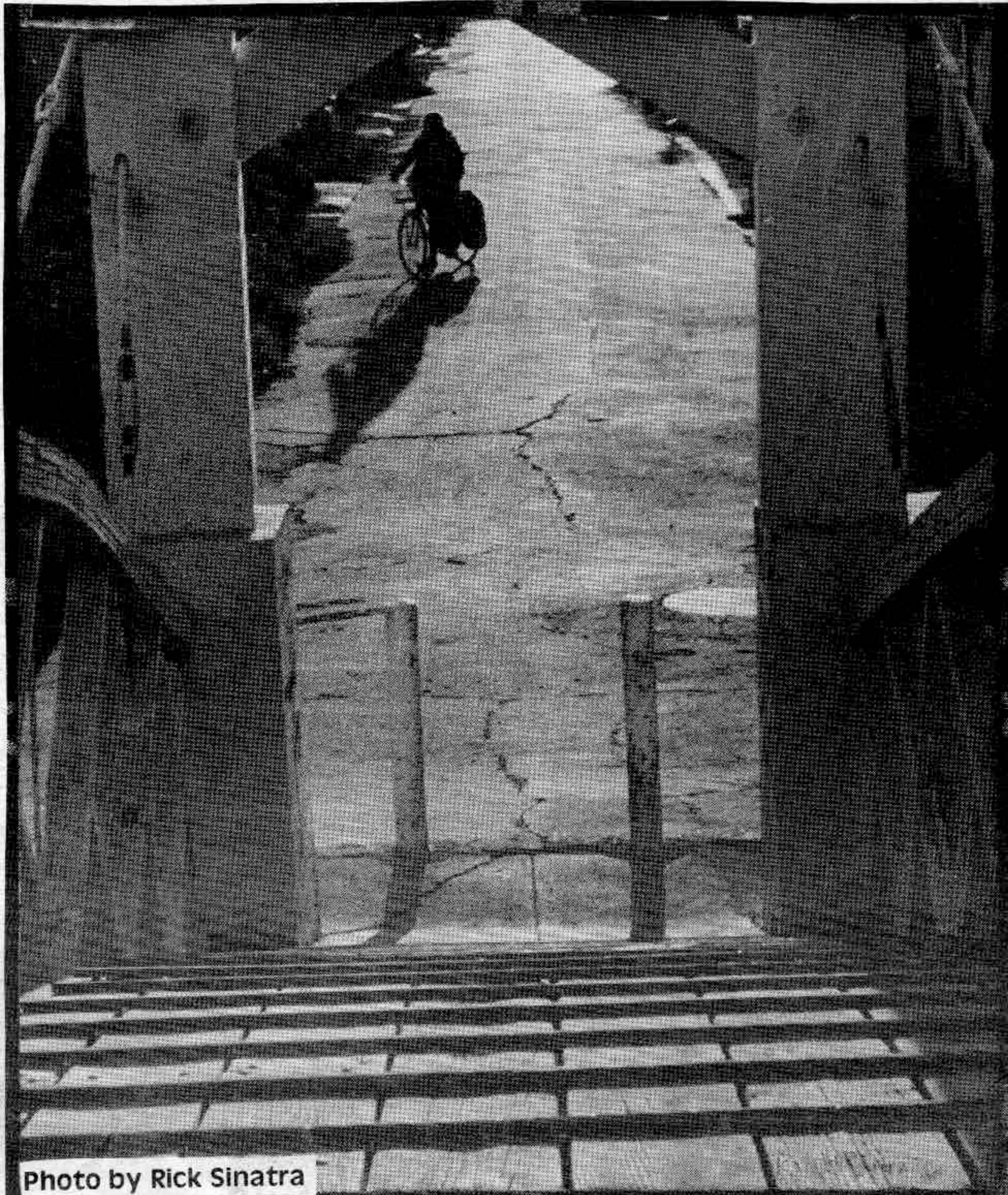


Photo by Rick Sinatra

write about it myself. There were times when this little paper allowed us to communicate with each other when, for some reason, we weren't even talking to each other. Dialogue with people outside the community was facilitated. I used the Beachhead as a resource for the five years that I was involved as a trainer in the Family Coordinator Project at UCLA.
 However, the Beachhead isn't something I look back on, but something I look forward to. It's hard for me to whip up much nostalgia for what is to me so current, vital and integral to the community. I pop into the market at the beginning of each month, rummage around the paper rack till I find the stack, place it in a prominent place so other people will be sure to see it, grab a half-dozen copies or so (more, if I have an article going), and sashay on home with a satisfied feeling. What more could anyone want---and for free.
 So, my love to you, little paper, littke Chee-Wa-Wa. You're brave, reliable, fun, informative and you fit perfectly when folded into the bottom of my waste basket.▲

"BAZA'S DREAM"

By Andersen Van Hoy

Almost everyone in Venice knows him, especially the artists, poets and musicians. He's called "Baza", a.k.a. Bob Alexander.
 Baza has lived in Venice since 1938. He's poet, artist, supporter and lover of Venice arts, politics and its people. He's also the reverend of the non-denominational Temple of Man.
 At age 60, Baza, (who describes himself as a "stubborn sonuvabitch") still has a dream for Venice and all of its artists and political activists and supporters-in-general. And Baza's dream is about to come true.
 A Venice tavern supporting the arts and open political discussions will hopefully be opening this coming year, 1984, all under the auspices of the non-profit Temple of Man. It will be open to all who wish to share good food and drink, political philosophy, new films, painting exhibitions, jazz, accoustic music (not electronic), etc. But most of all, says Baza, people will be sharing fellowship and womanship.
 It's all based on Baza's vision of "how-it-once-was" in Venice and "how-it's-going-to-be" again, . . . that is, if a location can be found and a bit more financial support comes through.
 Already Baza's dream tavern has had several large contributions, among them, the Armadillo and Company Distributors of Venice. Edwardo Ferrer, owner of Armadillo, which distributes new-age political magazines, recently gave \$5,000 towards the tavern's opening.
 Interested investors are actively being sought to share "Baza's Dream".●

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RICK SINATRA

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pies, or if they listened to Curt Simon, Werner Scharf and other speculators, we were commies intent on destroying the American way of life.

Jane Gordon, myself, John Haag, Anna Haag, Jay Jamieson, and I think, Rick Davidson and Phil Chamberlain were there. John Haag said, "Why don't we start a paper?" Anna Haag organized fund raisers and I helped. During the '60's and '70's, I learned how to witness police sweeps. The L.A.P.D.'s crack team was called the Metro Squad. I found that some of the police thought the presence of a person with a pencil and paper more threatening than a person with a gun.

The Beachhead has always been a renters' paper. Always in search of a place with a large workspace. As rents rose, space grew more cramped. So, there's always been an air of suspense about the paper. Some people, looking at this gypsy paper, would say, "I can do better than that", and would proceed to show those uptight politicians how to do it right. For a while, their periodicals would show up beautifully printed and laid out on good stock, with colour and lots of advertising. After a few months, despite the stylish print sock-em-out lay out, these papers would disappear and that ugly, flimsy rag whose pages turned yellow in the sun after one hour, would still be slogging along.

I set the record straight for Anna Haag, I might as well get something off my chest that's been bugging me for years. I know that this has nothing to do with the fifteenth anniversary of the Beachhead, but when has lack of relevancy ever stopped me? I'd been working on one collective for about five years when all of us decided we couldn't do it any more. We were getting rigid. We were taking longer and longer at paste-up. We couldn't stand the thought of taking the paper to the printer. So we wrote an editorial titled "Beachhead Up For Grabs" requesting that those who were interested come on over and take in on. And they did! Imagine our surprise when we read an article in the Los Angeles Times about alternative press in the West Side, that stated that we broke up because of femi-

nist issues. No way! At that point, the people working on the 'Head happened to be women. Most of us were and I believe are, feminists, but we put out a community newspaper. This funky, grubby paper chock-a-block with grumpy, indiosyncratic opinions letters poems and reprints from other alternative presses doesn't belong to a soul, and therefore, has a Soul bigger than all it's pages put together. It belongs to no one, therefore to everyone. We have no editor, therefore, everyone's an editor. I feel that for all the nitpicking, backbiting, snarling and insanity that goes on in the secret meeting place of the collective, that all the collectivites past and present feel they don't own the paper, they only take care of it. The community, and when I say "community", I mean those of us who don't have the ear of the media or the government. Those of us who are sleeping in cars or who are one step away from sleeping in our cars, which means anyone who makes less than \$30,000 a year and "owns" or rents their homes.

The problems that faced Venice in 1968, that brought the Beachhead into being are still here.

As a matter of fact, the Beachhead speaks to everyone who doesn't own their own businesses, isn't white, is older than 40, younger than 21, isn't male, doesn't have adequate health insurance, is a single parent who is still living in Venice because "ambiance" hasn't been discovered on their street, and does not think life begins and ends with how many people you have the power of eviction over. The Beachhead is for people who believe that they have a right and an obligation to make decisions about their destiny in the community they choose to live in, even though they are thought of as expendable and undesirable by City Hall and speculators because they can't afford the outrageously inflated rents. They have chosen Venice as a place to live. Not a place to leave when things get rough and return to buy up the place when the Olympics are coming.

The BEACHHEAD is YOURS. USE IT. Che Wah Wah!

GOOD BEACHHEAD cont.

A BEACHHEAD VALENTINE

My time in Venice is a track that parallels the life of The Beachhead - or as it's properly called: The Free Venice Beachhead. (I've always liked the double meaning of the name, since it seems both a call to action and a celebratory shout) The week I arrived in Venice Issue #4 had just hit the streets, and I recall dropping in at the cluttered house on West Washington Blvd. that served as office, distribution center and crash pad.

Fearless Leader John Haag was on the telephone somewhere, hidden amidst stacks of bundled back issues; Steve Clare (I think) was just in with a report from the scene of a local political demonstration; Earl Newman was upstairs pumping out posters.

Over the years I've put in my own two cents worth: (an observation of the Venice Town Council (does anyone out there even remember the Venice Town Council?); alarm calls about various matters coastal; strange tidbits from the moldy files of The Obscure News Service; a verbal reply to the chi-chi chic media as it analyzed us for the readers of Vogue Magazine.

But aside from these minimal contributions, The Beachhead experience for me has been one of lots of receiving, lots of learning, lots of new perspectives, and - thanks to Carol What's Her Name - lots of laughs.

Perhaps most deeply I recall a painful series of articles about someone called 'Greenie' - that disturbing, provocative true story of a local resident who broke the exceptionally flexible Venetian stan-

dards of behavior and transformed this community of freedom into a living hell for one of our more sensitive citizens. Sure, they made a TV movie about her story. Sure, they even passed new laws to help change an outrageous situation. But The Beachhead had the story first, and told it better than anyone.

So, 'congrats' and thanks to all the folks who have been members of The Beachhead family over these many years. And to those who read this newspaper but have never been part of the social activities putting it together - you don't know how much fun you're missing.

All Hail The Free Venice Beachhead - fulfilling the grand tradition of American journalism. Henry Pulitzer would be amazed.

All Hail The Free Venice Beachhead - fulfilling the great American tradition of letting the good times roll! Abbot Kinney would be glad.

Lance Diskan

PHOTOGRAPHER

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The staff of the Beachhead has changed over the years. New people join as others leave - some leave Venice, other just left Beachhead work due to more pressing political work. Venice Peace & Freedom activists were running all over LA, California, and the US, including Hawaii.

There was always a struggle to balance and integrate the issues of the Vietnam War with the issues of Venice. We wore two hats: Peace & Freedom and Free Venice. To most of us there was a direct connection between the policies waging the war in Vietnam and those trying to drive people out of Venice, but it was not always clear to everyone. More time was spent in political debate than the actual process of putting out the paper. When it happened simultaneously it really showed in the paste-up.

I continue to write and support the paper because I feel it is important to have a people's paper - the politics of the, what its name...the Evening Outrage, certainly aren't mine. And sometimes the politics of the Beachhead aren't either, but at least I feel I have some access (limited at times) to "our" Venice paper.

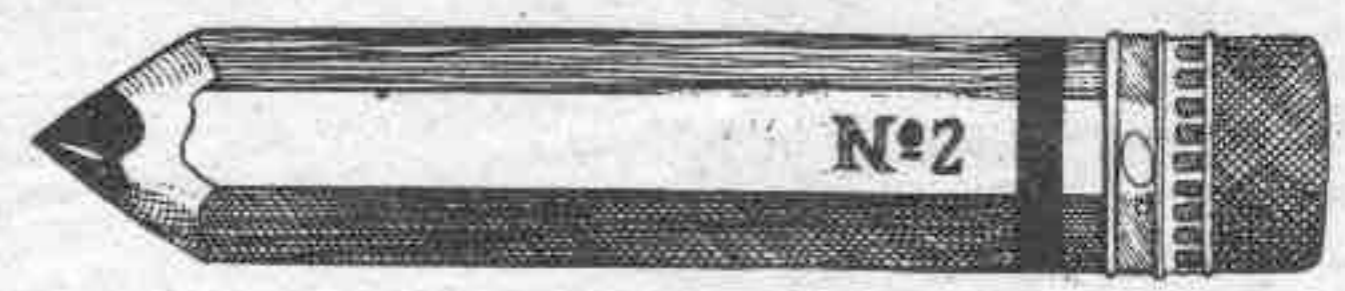
So I say thanks to those willing to spend their Saturdays writing, editing, pasting-up, printing and distributing, as well as, trying to get funds to pay for it, but I do have a few criticisms I want to share.

The most important criticism is that [redacted] and that's what it comes down to. But that's not all, I also feel that the way the staff [redacted]

Now again, what it means is that the staff [redacted] and Goddamit the staff continues [redacted] But don't get me wrong, I still feel it's a great community paper, ex_c [redacted]

I guess to me the most important criticism, on a personal level, is that the staff over [redacted]

One final criticism, and this deals with continued on pg. 28



Dear Beachhead:
Congratulations for still hanging in here! I remember when I first held your baby-soft pages in those early days after your nativity, 15 years ago.
In that year we were fighting to keep the canals from becoming an extension of the Marina. It was the year of the Tet offensive in Vietnam; & in our country, while H.E.H. was being nominated to oppose R.M.N., mayor Daley's police were battering demonstrators in the streets as if they were cattle in a Chicago abattoir.
Things have changed: we're both older. But you have aged gracefully; hardly any of your wrinkles show (except occasionally on the letters-to-the-editors' page).
In 43 years, if the world hasn't been blown into radio-active pieces, I'm sure there still will be a Beachhead....HAPPY BIRTHDAY, BEACHHEAD! LONG LIVE THE PEOPLE'S POINT OF VIEW!
S. E. Mendelson

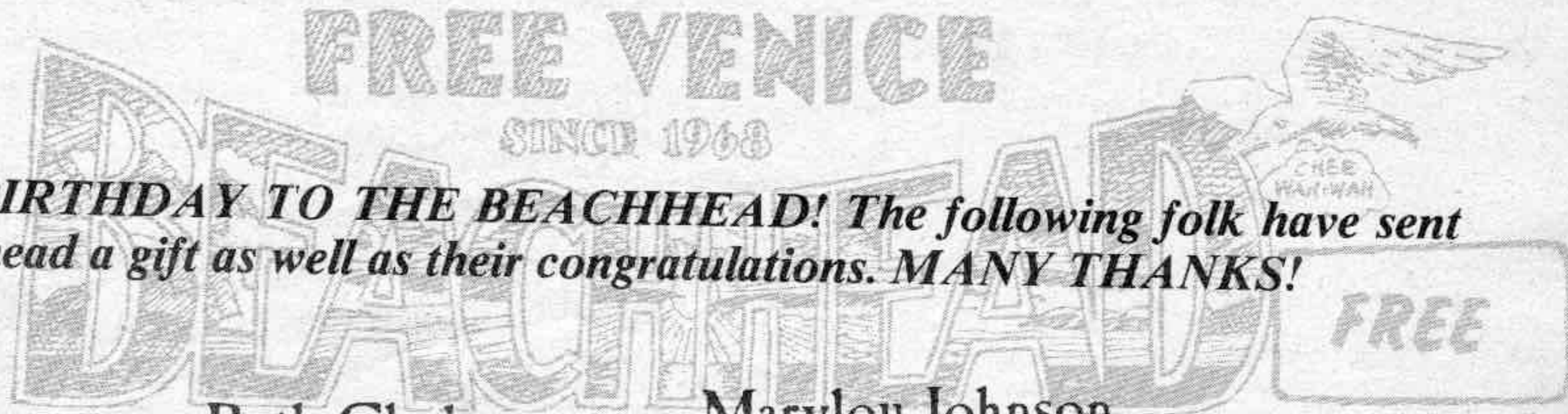
Dear Beachhead staff,
Although I did not finish the article I was planning for the 15th Anniversary issue due to other commitments.
I want you to have this small contribution to continue the good work of "our" paper.
In struggle & friendship-----
Sandy Blixton

inside

FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO THE BEACHHEAD! The following folk have sent the Beachhead a gift as well as their congratulations. **MANY THANKS!**



Ruth Clark

Marylou Johnson

Chuck & Terry Bloomquist

Steve Kelley, Kate Keeling & Jonathan

Susan Millmann

-
- Judy Abdo
 - Larry Abrams
 - Bob & Anita Alexander
 - Doug Apel, Louise Sherley & Clara
 - Dora & Alisa Ashford
 - Susan Baker
 - Phil & Chana Bell
 - Jim Bickhart
 - Sandy Blixton
 - Randy Brook
 - Marge Buckley
 - Steve Clare
 - Church in Ocean Park
 - Kendra Cole
 - Joan Cory
 - rick davidson
 - Evelyn Ross Elder
 - Elizabeth Elder
 - Ed Ferrer
 - Ellen Friedman
 - Ruth Galanter
 - Danielle Greco
 - Ethel Gulette
 - John Haag & Martha Kaplan
 - Osah Harmon
 - Assemblyman Tom Hayden
 - Arleen Hendler
 - Cyndi Kahn
 - Marvena Kennedy
 - Pamela Koslow & Gregory Hines
 - Rep. Mel Levine
 - Melanie Lewis & Ian Lewis
 - KerryAnn Lobel
 - Ariana (Karen) Manov & Mollie Lowery
 - Jerry McCabe-Erin Furniture
 - Nancy McCulloch
 - May Michel
 - Tom Moran & Marilyn Groch Moran
 - Sandy Moring
 - The Board & Staff of OPCO
(Ocean Park Community Organization)
 - Ed Pearl
 - David Petit & Lynn Naliboff
 - Laurie Pincus & Phil Brimble
 - Prudy, Beau, Tad, Holly, Missy & Harry
 - Nancy Rader
 - Tish Reid
 - Sterling Robbins
 - Morrie Rosen
 - Ron Rouda
 - Arnold Springer
 - Moe Stavnezer
 - Sue & Wendell
 - Sue Viets
 - Lynda & Athena Vitale
 - Bob Wells
 - Carol Wells & Ted Hajjar
 - Westside Women's Clinic
 - Ronni Wickare
 - David Yettra-King of Ozone, Age 95
 - Kay Yohana

Community events

SINGLETARIANS PRESENT:

Sunday, December 4, 8 p.m.—**POETRY AND MENTAL HEALTH.** Dr. Arthur Lerner, PH.D. Director of Poetry Therapy at Woodview Calabasas. \$3.

Sunday, December 11, 8 p.m.—**HEALTH CARE CRISES AND HUMAN RIGHTS.** Dorothy Gilden, M.A. (Founder-Coordinator Mastectomy Recovery Plus). \$3.

Sunday, December 18, 8 p.m.—**HOW TO RAISE YOUR SELF ESTEEM CREATIVELY.** Barbara Rosenbau, M.A., MFCC, therapist in private practice. \$3.

Sunday, December 25, 8 p.m.—**CHRISTMAS DAY, JOLLY JINGLES, MUSIC & DANCE, SHARED TIME & GOODIES.** No time to be alone, so be here to share the atmosphere we'll make together. Forbes Hall decor will provide the holiday setting and music to run from carol to ballroom. Chat and refresh and dance as you like. Bring somesnack or dessert for six and you enjoy the variety of color and taste: and your spirits will be "upbeat" all around from the giving and taking. \$3.

All of the above events take place at:
Forbes Hall
1721 Arizona, near 18th
Unitarian Community Church
Santa Monica. 394-4318

WAR cont'd. from pg. 4

The only way to smash this racket is to conscript capital and industry and labor before the nation's manhood can be conscripted. Let the officers and the directors and the high-powered executives of our armament factories and our steel companies and our munitions makers and our shipbuilders that provide profits in war time as well as bankers and speculators be conscripted - to get \$30 a month, the same wage as the lads in the trenches get.

It was a good idea in 1935; it's even a more capital idea today. So how about a referendum to CONSCRIPT INDUSTRY, LABOR & ELECTED OFFICIALS in case of a war? any war, declared or not. But that's not enough, and the General knew it:

Maybe I am a little too optimistic. Capital still has some say. So capital won't permit the taking of the profits out of war until the people - those who do the suffering and still pay the price - make up their minds that those elected to office shall do their bidding, and not that of the profiteers.

Another step necessary in the fight to smash the war racket is a limited plebiscite to determine whether war should be declared.

So let's add a WAR VOTING ACT where only those who must do the fighting and dying vote on going to war or not. Of course, we'll have to figure out how to include our "limited wars" and our "non-wars" like Vietnam and El Salvador.

It's worth noting General Shoup, also a Marine hero of a more recent vintage, spoke out against our involvement in Vietnam in the early 1960s. One of his quotes ran:

America should keep it's money grabbing hands out of Indochina."

CERTAINLY IT'S TIME TO GET OUR HANDS OUT OF CENTRAL AMERICA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Rick Davidson

To update Smedley's proof that "war is a racket" let me quote from a recent article from a United Press International (UPI):

"In the latest revelations of alleged overcharges for military parts, Senate investigators say the General Dynamics Corp. proposed selling the Air Force a 12-cent hexagon wrench for \$9,609 and two 3-inch steel pins for \$7,417 each.

Just business as usual under capitalism.▲

BEYOND BAROQUE FOUNDATION LITERARY/ARTS CENTER

Friday, December 2, 8:00 pm.—**RICHARD PRINCE,** fiction reading \$2.

Friday, December 9, 9:00 pm.—**MINUTEMEN RASZEBRAE** TRAGICOMEDY—Three Bands perform \$5.

Friday, December 16, 8:00 pm.—**LYDIA LUNCH,** reading from stories, plays. \$4.

681 Venice Blvd. POB 806 Venice, Ca. 90291
(213) 822-3006

Venice Branch Library, 610 California Ave. will present a Family Holiday Program on Wed. Dec.14, at 6:00 p.m. Mr. John Mosley from Griffith Park Observatory will present a "Travelling Telescope Show." His slide show and talk will feature the Christmas Star. Each person who attends will have an opportunity to view the sky through a telescope. Both children and adults are welcome to attend this free program.
Contact Person: Lucille Cappas 821-1769

L.A. Actors' Theatre & Citizens for a Better Environment present a special benefit performance of Henrik Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*, Sun. 12/4, 7:30 PM, L.A. Actors Theatre, 1089 N. Oxford Ave., LA 90029. Wine & Cheese Reception. \$15 donation includes membership in CBE & sub to "Environmental Review". Info: 824-1984.

An Open House for educators & parents who seek viable solutions for our accelerated world, Sun. 12/11, 7:30 PM, at Play Mountain Place, 35-yr. old nursery, elementary & jr. high school, 6063 Hargis St. at Wash. Blvd., LA 90034. Info: 870-4381.

Jack Canfield, noted educator & author of *PS100 Ways to Enhance Self-Concept in the Classroom* will explore new horizons in education in a presentation 12/9, 7:30 PM in Room 224 of Andrus Gerontology Center at USC, LA. Sponsored by the Holistic Education Network, Admission \$3. Info: 705-8954, Directions: 743-6060.

"A KLEZMER BASH", Sat. 12/10, 8 - 11 PM, a fun-filled dance/concert of Eastern European Jewish folk music & hot Yiddish jazz, featuring LA's Ellis Island Band, Jewish humor, and ethnic food from Gorky's Cafe, West Wilshire Multi-Service Center, 141 S. Gardner St., LA. \$5 donation benefits New Jewish Agenda, LA. Info: 650-0060, Ext. 708.



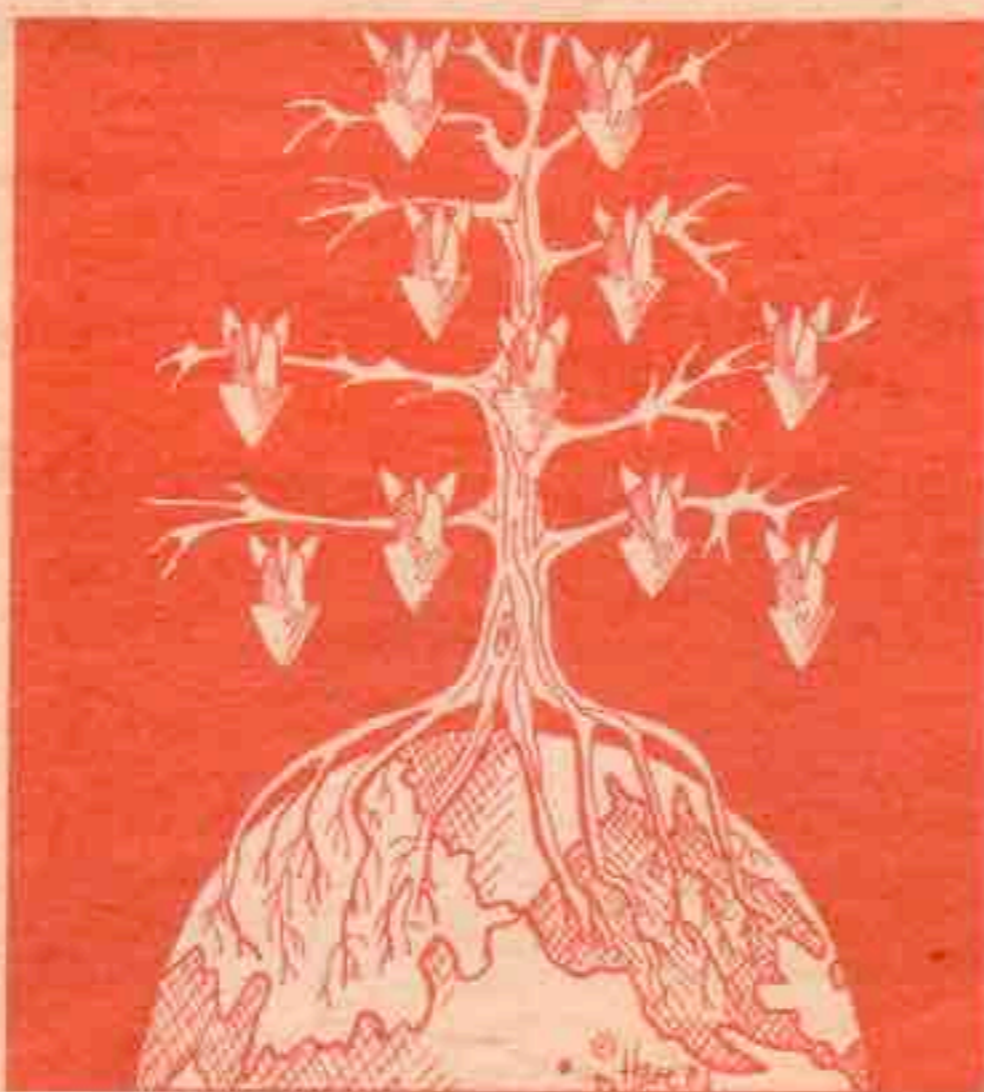
Joyce Marcus, Los Angeles

SPARC-CHICANA VOICES AND VISIONS: A NATIONAL EXHIBIT OF WOMEN ARTISTS

An exhibition of works by 27 Chicana artists from Arizona, California, Colorado, Michigan, New Mexico, and Texas will open Saturday, December 3, 1983 and continue through January 21, 1984 at the Social and Public Arts Resource Center (SPARC) Gallery, 685 Venice Blvd. in Venice.

SPARC Gallery hours are Wednesday through Saturday 11am to 5pm. SPARC is a non-profit, multi-cultural art center dedicated to the production, exhibition and distribution of public art. The exhibition is funded in part by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

THEATERPOLITICS



Today the scale and the horror of modern warfare — whether nuclear or not — makes it totally unacceptable as a means of settling differences between nations.

Pope John Paul II at Coventry, England May 30, 1982

We at Tao Healing Arts Center, Shiatsu Massage of California are giving the following Dec. workshops:

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SENSAWARENESS MASSAGE FOR COUPLES & FRIENDS by GINGER CLARK 12-17-83, 9:00 - 4:00, \$30.00.

BASICS OF ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND SWEDISH MASSAGE by Ginger Clark, 12-3-83 9:00 - 4:00, 12-4-83 1:00 - 6:00 \$60.00.

Classes meet at Tao Healing Arts Center, 2309 Main St., Santa Monica, Ca. 90405. Phone 396-4877/396-2130.

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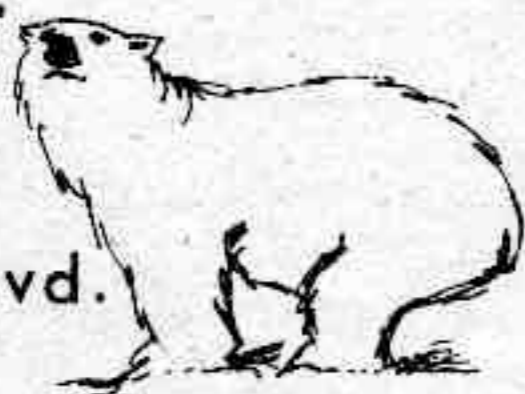
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continued from page 4

I couldn't find my hiking shoes, and my feet, after years of marching against capital punishment, H.U.A.C., Vietnam, arms build-ups, for Women's Right to Choose, renters rights, and so on and so forth, just gave out. So I ended up wearing zoris, slipping and sliding on wet grass and mud the texture of cream sauce on that rainy Saturday.

My good and trusted paranoic instincts told me that I would risk injury if I attempted to negotiate the route to the rally. So Mary Lou and I stood on Wilshire Blvd., cheering the marchers on. "Oh, there are the Buddhist monks" moaned Mary Lou, "I want to march with them!" Talk about feelings of guilt and inadequacy. Because I was effectively crippled, I was preventing my friend who drove me to the demonstration from marching. The grey day, the soft silk rain,

bright umbrellas and banners, and the yellow-slickered mounted police turned the march into a Renoir painting.

Refugee groups from El Salvador, Concerned Laity, the Lawyers' Guild, students and refugees from all over Latin America, Asia and the Carribean, women's groups, about 4,000 human beings were marching down Wilshire Blvd. on a wet day in Los Angeles telling the U.S. government to keep it's hands off and nose out of the policies and lands of other countries.

It was the first time in a long time that I'd seen so many diverse racial and ethnic and political groups marching together. Even the Revolutionary Communist Party was behaving itself.

I assumed that the mounted police were present to prevent injury, direct traffic and keep the peace. Over the past 2-5 years the police seemed to have become a little less brutal in crowd control. But from what I could see, the mounted police (that's all that was vis-

ible on the march route) were using their horses as instruments of provocation. One marcher told me they avoided eye contact.

One woman broke ranks to distribute leaflets to the onlookers. Two mounted police, one male and one female, came up behind her without warning and nudged her with their horses nearly knocking her down. They could have told her not to break out of the march. Two women wearing good black coats and square mean black patent leather bags were watching the march, "Look at that cop! He's just pushing those marchers with his horse!"

The marchers snaked by and we clapped and cheered them on. We decided to skip the rally. We went to get the car and drove alongside the march for a little while. Mary Lou took out her Another Mother for Peace banner and hung it outside the car door, while she honked her horn and cheered. A mounted policeman on a nice black horsie with a white blaze down its face pranced over. "Look, lady, if you want to join the march, park your car and get out and march. Otherwise, put that banner inside the car and stop shouting or I'll give you a ticket." Neither of us thought to ask what the ticket would be for, and because the police, and I mean all the mounted police seemed so belligerent, and in some cases seemed to be watching for an incident that they could help ripen into a riot, we complied. We regretted it instantly,

"Woudn't it have been something to have gotten a ticket for that?" sighed Mary Lou, "We could have taken it to the Supreme Court!"

Maybe the stars in their wisdom, and in conjunction with our individual planets had something else in store for us. How's that for an El Ay thought?Δ

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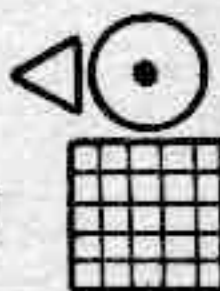
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The Grenada Grab

15

By Andrew Liberman, organizer
for SANE anti-nuke campaign

After the lively protest against the barbaric U.S. invasion of Grenada, which took place on campus at Cal State Northridge, a leaflet was circulated late in the day posing some questions. Signed by a group calling itself the CSUN College Republicans, it is now important to address the points.

(Staff note: The leaflets four points, which it cited as "FACTS;" were: 1) "Prime Minister Maurice Bishop along with cabinet members were executed in a bloody coup after trying to improve relations with the United States." 2) "A 24 hour "shoot to kill" curfew was imposed by this military coup, placing all lives, both foreign (sic) and domestic in jeopardy." 3) "The Grenada Invasion occurred only after a request from, with the co-operation of the Organization of Eastern Caribbean States, and other Caribbean nations." and 4) "The U.S. Marines met with Cuban military resistance and captured Soviet and Cuban personnel along with arm and ammunitions.")

That Prime Minister Maurice Bishop and cabinet members were executed in a coup after trying to improve relations with the U.S. is the first (my emphasis added). Bishop did come recently to the U.S. with aims of friendship. We are only told this now after he is dead. The U.S. was never interested in having anything to do with him or his progressive government. And had no interest in building ties with that established government of Grenada.

This leads to the question of whether the U.S. in fact had a hand in his assassination which directly paved the way to the U.S. invasion. This same sort of scenario has happened before, as in Vietnam under the Kennedy Administration. In fact, this October invasion had been planned as early as 1981, with the "war games" off Puerto Rico. Bishop and other Grenadians knew that, and tapes of speeches made in Grenada before the invasion now reveal it to the world.

Cuba and the USSR did not support the coup against Bishop and they said it. Their workers and advisors were there under Bishop. Now without Bishop they are dead, captured or on the run and the U.S. is there.

The "shoot to kill" curfew imposed before the invasion, and one of several pretenses for the invasion, was in fact never a threat to Americans. Officials at the medical schools there said at the time that the only danger would come if the U.S. invaded. Communication links had existed between the new government, and reassurances were given by them to the medical school as reported in the L.A. Times.

The so called Organization of Eastern Caribbean States, which supposedly requested U.S. intervention, have been puppets of America and still are. They rely on millions of dollars in aid from the U.S. dole. Even if their "request" for the invading forces was less of a distortion than what it really was, what kind of example does this continue to set for the future? Are we to invade Monaco when its neighbors say so, because it is in our "interest"? That term "our interest" has become about the most arrogant tool in our language yet. For, when the so-called democracies of El Salvador, Honduras and Guatemala "request", we go in and plunder and pillage another sovereign state--Nicaragua--to whose interest will that be? Certainly not to the people of that little nation, who just want to protect their way of life. And not to us as citizens wanting to remain alive on this planet, in peace, without the ominous threat over us of nuclear disaster.

If America had as much regard today for International Law, and "morality" of nations as it spoke of during the "Iranian hostage crisis," those men in uniform there in Grenada would be home working instead of shooting a gun at someone. Today, every country in the UN Security Council has condemned the Grenadian invasion, with their vote or abstention against the U.S., including France, West Germany and England.

Guardian/CPP



NUZZ, GRANMA, HAVANA

As to the fact that in the invasion Americans captured Soviet and Cuban personnel, it is a moot point. Grenada asked several times for U.S. help in building the airport in order that they could bring tourism to Grenada. That island is more beautiful than Hawaii, visitors say. As their economy is very poor, a military base, which only the U.S. Government claims was being built there, wouldn't help much. And now reports are that the only foreign power building a military base in Grenada will be the U.S.

Since very little press has had the freedom to circulate in the war zone and in only militarily supervised instances, we don't really have an objective report of this "arsenal of arms," discovered and attributed to Cubans and Soviets. Why wouldn't they be Grenadian supplies? If the U.S. is so concerned about guns and ammunition which could supply the whole population of the island (some 110,000 persons by the way), why isn't the U.S. concerned about the arsenal of weapons the American public (210,000,000 persons) maintains "to protect our freedom?" Even Nancy Reagan proudly showed off her pocket sized crime stopper just after John Lennon was gunned down in New York.

And as for the possibility of a "hostage crisis", it was only a reality after the marines landed.

The fact is that the U.S. continues to invade and sometimes take over sovereign countries in the name of "democracy" or "our interests", or whatever phrase suits the moment. The result is to further and further isolate what today is perceived as the strongest nation on earth. But unless America learns from the smaller nations it so despises the lesson of trying to build at home, within, rather than militarily abroad--the prediction of Economist Seymour Meltman that the U.S. will soon evolve to a second-rate power in the world of nations will be our future. ■

Police Story

by LOISE NEVELLE

"That was disgusting" the woman said angrily.

"Yes" I replied,

"That's the way the police are" she exclaimed as she walked away.

She and I had just watched a Santa Monica police officer as he "did his duty" of telling a lone street musician that playing music on the Mall was not permitted. He had done so by coming up quietly, kicking away the musician's instrument case, shouting at him, shouting at me because I had that moment walked up to the player with the intention of giving him a quarter and had then attempted to the musician in the presence of the policeman. For this I, who had up to that moment regarded myself as a respectable well dressed older woman, suffered a sudden demotion of my self image from "respectable citizen" to that of one with no more rights than those of the illegal musician.

"So that's how it is here now" I thought as I walked away. Before I left to live in Mexico police in the LA area were conducting a publicity campaign, wistfully declaring in print that citizens should be fonder of them. Apparently, I decided, they no longer care about their image.

Much has happened since then: I've recently seen a man knocked to the ground arrested and taken off to jail for trying to grab abck his sleeping bag when a policeman snatched it and threw it into a garbage truck. I later read that the policemen stated the man had "attacked him."

I have heard from witnesses about dogs beaten across the head for barking at a policeman. This was reported as "vicious dog attacks officer." One witness who told the dog's owner that he would testi-

fy that there had been no attack was threatened by the officer with an ominous "I'll see you around later."

Another witness told of the searching at gunpoint by two plainclothesmen of a man early one evening on a private parking lot because he mentioned to friends in a car that they were plainclothesmen.

"You shouldn't have told them we were here" was the reason given.

Then there was the girl stopped early one evening on her way to the public rest room on the beach by a shout of "Stop. Where are you going?" by a plainclothesman in a target practice stance a few feet away.

"In the dark I could not see whether he had a gun or not but it looked like it. I was frightened" she reports.

After some rough questioning he permitted to continue to the ladies room.

And how about the case of the girl oicked up for vagrancy by a lone officer in a squad car? Instead of taking her to the station he took her to a secluded spot in the canal area, raped her, took her money and told her "If you tell anyone I'll really get you." An unusual case? I am told not.

Naturally this girl did not report this. None of those mentioned reported the "incident." They were afraid to. Afraid, they said, of worse treatment if they did.

This is called "police harassment." Wouldn't "police brutalizing" be a better term?

"Don't tell about what the police do or they will harass you," a local businessman friend told me after I had written a carefully documented account of one police action.

So now one reads in the LA Weekly of a police riot at a rock concert in Huntington Park. The public media called it "Police quell a disturbance." Two older female reporters on the scene, who were beaten after they had announced themselves as reporters tell it differently: Teenagers fleeing the club were knocked down on the street and beaten. Often several policemen beat with their nightsticks one fallen teenager. There was no sexual discrimination: girls were beaten equally.

A policeman was heard to say to another that he really enjoyed that, had had a great time.

One of the women reporters was hospitalized with a broken rib.

At another rock concert reported the young were thrown down a flight of stairs.

I wonder whether the parents of these bloodied teens were satisfied merely to say "That's the way the police are"?

A rock club owner is quoted as saying "I've been all over the world and I've never seen a (Police) department like this! It's pure hysteria" My guess from what I read in the foreign journals and heard from Europeans in Mexico and England is that this could be a world consensus of opinion.

Should we settle for "That's disgusting but that's the way the police are"? Or does such cynicism give covert acceptance to unethical police behavior?

Or should we try to do something about it? Police illegal acts are usually visited upon those least able to defend themselves. Whether these acts are police policy or the work of the "occasional bad apple" why not report them to suitable agencies or the press? In cases in other cities citizen surveillance of police has also been effective, but it must be done with police permission.

Before we leave this subject perhaps we should consider the simple facts of the matter: Who are the police? Who pays them? What is their job? Police are citizens, they are paid by us from our tax money, their job is to enforce the laws for us in an established manner. They are themselves expected to be law abiding citizens. Hopefully they should display as much courtesy as do other citizens.

Police are in fact our employees. They are not an army of occupation as some have cynically come to regard them and as some policemen have come to regard themselves.

The whole subject is an extremely unpleasant one. Ignoring it will not make it go away. Honest legal police are essential to a democracy. Do we deserve less?▲

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