

FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

BEACHHEAD



October 1988, #225, P.O. Box 504, Venice CA 90294, 399-0584, ISSN-0884-9641, Circulation: 10,000

No Place Like Home

The next Beachhead
Collective meeting takes
place October 9th at
Tenant Action Center,
Lincoln Blvd.
at Sunset Avenue.

To the Venice Community:

My name is Kathy Sullivan. I write under the pen name of Alice Cramden for the Venice Beachhead. Lately, I've been disturbed by some rumor and innuendo by some of you directed towards myself, my husband Larry Sullivan (i.e. Memphis Slim) and to a greater extent the current Beachhead Collective for printing "certain" articles.

Rumor has it that Alice and Memphis are racists for having written two of these "certain" articles and the Beachhead by association is going down the tubes.

I see no need to defend the Beachhead as the Beachhead has been in existence for 20 years and will continue to survive because it has upheld the truth. While at times, it has held unpopular positions and has been controversial, it has for the most part, arrived at these positions and controversy through soul-searching self-criticism and integrity.

I see no need to defend Memphis, he is quite capable of defending himself.

However, I find myself in the most untenable position of having to defend myself and my writings. And while I'd rather be doing something else (anything else) than sitting here at this typewriter defending myself today, I feel that enough is enough and I would like to take this time and space to set the record straight.

1. I am not white. Nor am I black, brown or purple, just kinda off-brown. I am just me. Yes, I write under an Anglo name, Alice Cramden. I was given that name by

Setting it straight



some of you in my community. You see, some of you use to call Memphis and I "the Honeymooners". It was probably a joke, but what the heck, we could take a joke. After that Memphis started calling me Alice.

You asked me why I don't use my real name when I write, as if to imply that I don't stand by what I write. I know a lot of people who don't use their real name because they have jobs to protect or they just prefer to remain anonymous for various reasons and that is understandable. But that is not my reason. There is no grand scheme or plot. I am not in hiding. I have lived on the border of Santa Monica and Venice most of my life. I am a local girl as they say. I just started writing for the Beachhead with

that name and there just wasn't a reason to change it. However, when I went to Cuba, I used my real name and my real name is on the real FBI list I'm sure.

2. You say I don't have the credentials to have written my article, "Knights of the Living Dead," the article, about crack in Oakwood. You say that I never go to community meetings, that I am not an activist, and that I don't know what I am talking about.

Well I certainly am not the activist some of you are, but I do my best. And the Beachhead is a community paper, and if only activists were allowed to write in it, well, it just wouldn't be the Beachhead anymore. And credentials...I have credentials...the hard knocks in life variety.

You see, my friends, I was that person you so often try to help in your community meetings. I was a mother, head-of-household with two kids. I lived in low-income housing. I was on welfare. Poverty? I know about poverty first hand. I know what it is like to live on beans and tortillas. I know about struggle and the effort it takes just to keep a roof over your head...latch key kids...I know about latch key kids first hand...and community meetings...? Well actually, I was just too damn tired to go.

And crack. I know about that too...unfortunately first hand. I've taken my daughter to the Care Unit. I've been there when she's called me "bitch"; when she's knocked down our bedroom door because she thought someone was trying to kill me and there wasn't even anybody in the room. I've seen, first hand, my daughter's

Continued on Page 4

The Wrong Road

by Nicky de Jesus

As I walked through the court building & booked at the pale walkway and the marble walls, headed towards Mr. Garcia's office, I really thought about what I had done, & why.

It was the third goddamn house I had been caught robbing.

And I had a month and a half until my stay at Placement was over.

From one end of the corridor, I heard my

name called, softly. I turned. It was my mom. I was embarrassed to see her, but walked up to her and said nothing but hugged her for a long second. All she had to say was: "Why, Nicky, why?"

"To send you money, mom. I would have made it on my own, anyway." And then, with a sigh, she said: "Let's go talk to Mr. Garcia and see what happens next. You had a month and a half to go, Nicky."

"But I hate it in there, Mom. She said: 'Juvenile Hall won't be any better, just worse.' That was true, but I didn't tell her that. When we got to Mr. Garcia's office, he said: 'Sit down, Maria' in Spanish, with a smile on his face.

Then he turned to me, wiped the smile from his face and said: "Sit down, Nicky!" "What happens to him next" my mom asked.

"He won't go to Juvie this time; they didn't press charges" he said, and she said "Thank god" and I said "Me, too, with a devilish grin on my face until Mr. Garcia looked at me. "But" he contin-

ued, he will be transferred to a different Placement and in a more dangerous

area, more into downtown."

"But isn't that even more of a dangerous place?" mom asked and he answered: "Yes, but maybe that will keep Nick off the streets. You see, there are only 10 kids at this Placement. It's a house run by a few young people. Now, they can still get passes if they earn them and there are no walls." Mom was about to say some thing but Mr. Garcia continued: "The kid won't go anywhere. It is too rough of an area and he will be picked up and sent straight to Juvenile Hall. Do you understand that, Nicky?" I was so stunned I said 'ya' right off and then: "Isn't there any other way?" Both Mr. Garcia & mom looked at me at the same time. So I gave it all up at once. Then Mom asked when did I start. "Right now" he said.

"I am personally going to drive him over!" I butted in: "What about my clothes and stuff?" and he answered "I will pick them up for you later" as he stood up and put on his jacket. Mom hugged me and said she loved me and then asked Mr. Garcia "how long will Nicky be in there."

"I don't know, I really can't say but I will let you know when I find out" he told her and she asked "When's that and he said it was up to the judge, who would

"let me know at the hearing. For now, just rest, Maria. He's going to get out with a clean slate." Mom said, to me, "Stay, Nicky" and I said: "Yeah, sure."

She added: "Now, take care of yourself. I love you, and will get in touch with you after work and see how it's going here."

I asked: "Does this place have a phone?"

and Mr. Garcia answered: "Yes, it does, with, I believe, a 15 minute time limit" and mom said "okay" and "take care" and then she walked out of the office. Mr. Garcia got out my file and said "You really f----- up this time, Nicky."

"I know, I know."

He continued: "Did you get anything?" & I said "No, they were low-class WASPS" & Mr. Garcia said: "Where did you learn that word?" and I said I had learned it from some dude on the T.V. And then,

"Does this place have a T.V.?" and he answered "Yes, but you have to share and watch what the majority wants to watch or not watch at all." I walked Mr. Garcia to his car. As we reached his car, I got a scary feeling in my stomach. I always do right before I meet new people. Mr. Garcia's car door was stuck, so he had me hold my folder and used his brute strength to open it. Mr. Garcia was a 37 year old Mexican American Parole officer. He had a stocky build and wore a moustache. But, all in all, I was pretty hip to him because I was a Mexican, too.

I always thought that he and my mom had something going but mom didn't mention it and I never questioned her. Anyway, my mom was about 10 years younger, with a nice build and beautiful brown hair and big brown eyes.

As we stopped at the light, I saw a bunch of chucos looking me over, so I looked them over. One flipped me off. The light turned green and I turned my head and mouthed "f--- off" and then I

Continued on Page 4

Letters

Congratulations

Beachhead!!!!

Dear F.V.B. Collective,

Happy Anniversary !! You're so good as ever and I always enjoy reading from cover to cover each month, especially Carol. I just love Essie !! Please accept my contribution, and I'd love a poster ! Please send all further correspondence, and I can't wait to be back !!! Love to all,
Linda Lucks

In Their Own Self-Interest

The Local Coastal Planning (LCP) process is a critical event for the Venice community. The end result will determine the extent to which commercial development will be allowed to expand. The current pace of commercial growth spells disaster for the community since Venice, especially the "Beach Impact Zone", is already overimpacted and overutilized.

The City has an obligation to develop objective and comprehensive growth criteria for Venice. Planning for commercial uses must be accomplished in a rational and responsible manner.

Councilwoman Galanter and the Planning Department have not shown any interest in determining the commercial development capacity of Venice. That issue is simply not part of the Planning Department's LCP public workshop program. The Department's official LCP draft land use plan actually seeks to expand commercially zoned land in Venice. Councilwoman Galanter expressed her inclination to approve current requests to rezone sixteen residential lots to commercial in the Beach Impact Zone.

Recently the Planning Department introduced pro-development bias into the LCP process, an event reported in The Outlook on September 8, 1988. The Department assembled a group of mostly Venice developers and architects and designated them as "facilitators" to LCP resident discussion groups. Quite conveniently, the Planning Department failed to disclose the fact that most of the "facilitators" have a financial interest in the outcome of the discussion groups to which they were assigned.

I objected to the designations and also asked the City to withdraw any official status for the developers in order to eliminate a conflict of interest: each developer's financial interest is in conflict with his/her obligation to remain impartial as a City-designated "facilitator".

At a public meeting Mr. Jim Bickhart, aide to Councilwoman Galanter, strongly defended the Planning Department's action. The council office later proposed rotating the developers to discussion groups where their projects are not at stake. This idea does not address the conflict of interest problem because there is a basic unity of goals among the developers and each will further the interests of the others no matter where they are assigned. The only solution is for the City to withdraw the "facilitator" status of each developer. The developers will then have the same status the rest of us have as volunteers.

In the meantime Ms. Catriona Bryan, a City Planner in charge of the LCP program, is quoted in the Outlook as stating, "I had no intention of hidden agendas". This is a remarkable statement since Ms. Bryan organized the "facilitator" plan (the "agenda") and she failed to tell the public who the "facilitators" are (hence: "hidden").

Venice residents opposed to over-development voted overwhelmingly for Councilwoman Galanter, but it appears that the developers still have the upper hand at City Hall.

Steven Schlein
Ocean Front Walk
Venice

For more on this subject, see page 5

To the Editor:

I wonder if one of your readers can help me. I'm hoping someone can remember Mrs. Peggy Williams or her family. She lived at 1089 Nowita Place in 1970. I understand they bought a house in 1972 in the same area. Mrs. Williams' grandmother and mine were sisters in Cambridge, England. I would like to know about that branch of the family.

Thank you.

Barbara V. Mott
85 Central Street
Abington, MA 02351

Dear Editor:

Currently, there is some debate about what to do about the deteriorating sidewalks in the "canal section" of Venice. I would like to propose a unique solution. Replace the old sidewalks with new ones created by artists and architects. Select several architects and assign each a block. Have him or her design a sidewalk for that block of Venice. This way the sidewalks can be replaced without losing the character that makes them so attractive. Perhaps also, the cost could be underwritten by these architects and artists or their sponsors.

Sincerely,

Ed Taylor

Philmenations

Dear Beachhead,

Atlanta this summer was crystalline and clear. Under the eye of a black mayor, the Greek immigrant son, and his Jewish bride, were nominated for a likely White House incumbency, the Democrats now having a black and powerful God.

Liberal as the Democrats are, the Republicans progressive like them, no longer a horror to the earth, even socialist parties may be said less liberated. This new way to win comes right in the year of the Peace and Freedom party, qualified for matching funds. The economic collapse of the early 1980's was quietly known as Washington, D.C. during the Carter Administration.

Though I myself would never march to the sea to make salt, nor march on Selma, Alabama, (nor bring a baseball bat to bear on the demonstrators even the dull and brittle will come to understand that what has begun on three continents, using simple math, requires a more mainline publicity.

My ejection from the secretary of the Marina Mar Vista Democratic Club, by executive board vote, in the summer of '87 contextually frightening though it was, nearly means that I have walked away from that group. My role in the Galanter campaign was successful in raising funds, unsuccessful in communicating over a space of three months: the warning of violence to her personally. There was no security or protection. Her subsequent policy on the homeless put some of my friends out of work, I myself a victim of police reported battery. None of her people got fired. No one resigned.

Yet Atlanta this time out was no march to the sea.

The idistance from Atlanta to Washington, D.C. spans the centuries that have begun to disappear. I will certainly vote for that newer form peace movement. With respect to the re-application of the 44th AD, even the Republican is more of the new era, so I will likely vote PFP and send another check.

With respect to geometric math, adequately show herein over the last several months, that faculty will not allow on campus what politicians have debated and have begun to put in place is no shame to me. Faculty either accepts the minor redistributive tax code changes, the giant federal deficits, the lowest unemployment rate in fifteen years, the falling dollar, (from the

early notes.); or they do not. I am not yet 42. Barring me from campuses in this state and others, and therefore math in the journals, those are the scribes and pharisees, who love to be called "Teacher", of the older battle against any new elitism on Earth. That may have been suggested by Marshall McLuhan, but was supported by John Kenneth Galbraith.

No faculty relent. I myself have no doctorate. Who then will say the arithmetic of geometry can be taught?

Sincerely Yours,

Philip W. Gregg, M.A.



Malcolm Tent, Diane Nickerson, Kathleen Alvarez, Beth Miller, Carol Fondiller, Kathy Sullivan, Memphis Slim, Sara Omari and Judith L. Martin

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.

BITS AND PIECES

By Geriatric Jack

When the insurance industry plans to spend \$43 million on ballot propositions it is time to cover your ass. The Deukmejian Supreme Court just decided that you can't sue an insured's company for "bad faith". "Bad faith" is when the insurance company refuses to settle fairly. With these two things in mind you better get to the polls in November even if you are turned off by the candidates.

PROP 100 YES YES YES

Provides a rate discount for good drivers, institutes rate regulation for health insurance, requires state approval of most liability rate increases and reinstates "bad faith" lawsuits which reverses the recent California Supreme Court decision.

PROP 101 NO NO NO

It is supported by Coastal Insurance Co. By limiting the fees you can pay a lawyer it effectively deprives you of legal services.

PROP 103 YES YES YES

Supported by Ralph Nader and consumer groups. Cuts rates, requires state approval for rate increases and makes the insurance industry subject to anti-trust laws.

PROPS 104 and 106 NO NO NO

Sponsored by the insurance industry with about \$43 million. They are using a gimmick called "no fault". This would take most accidents out of the tort system. Forget your day in court if the insurance companies screw you around. They would limit your ability to sue for pain and suffering, protect the insurance industry against additional regulation and by limiting contingency fees deprive you of the services of a lawyer.

YES on 100 and 103 and NO on the rest.

I recently got some mail from a cigarette company soliciting my opposition and money against Prop 99 which increases the tax on cigarettes. In their postage paid envelope I told them I was a heavy smoker and fully supported Prop 99 in hope that the increased cost would encourage me to quit smoking. Yes on 99.

PEE on Prop P

Occidental Oil is spending a bundle to allow them to drill right next to Pacific Coast Highway. Prop O opposes this. Yes on O No on P.

1981-1984 Archives
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15th BIRTHDAY ISSUE

FREE VENICE
SINCE 1968

BEACHHEAD

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

RUSSELLING REAL ESTATE

BY RUSSELLING REAL ESTATE
The Venice Beachhead is a free newspaper for the Venice community. It is published monthly and is available to all residents of Venice, California. The paper covers local news, events, and issues of interest to the community. It is a platform for residents to express their views and concerns. The paper is free of charge and is distributed to all homes in Venice. It is a valuable resource for the community and is an important part of the Venice Beachhead's mission to provide a free voice for the Venice community.

SOMETHIN'S HAPPENIN' HERE

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EAT ME I'M VOP

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PEACE ESCAPE FROM GROUND ZERO

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THE THRONES

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KICKING HABITANTS

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WALK FOR PEACE

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CRIME & RACISM

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STOP REAGAN'S WARS!

BY STOP REAGAN'S WARS!
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UNION BUSTING AT THE VENICE POST OFFICE

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THE BIG BRUSH-OFF

EDITORIAL DEFEND VENICE

BEACHHEAD, December 1, 1968
HELP BRING ABOUT WORLD DISARMAMENT
of Landlords and Cadillac
PARKING AT TROJAN HORSE BEACHHEAD
Accused of Free Speech Venice Town Council: "up or grabs"?

THE POLITICAL ABUSE OF POLICE
ESCAPE FROM GROUND ZERO
CADILLAC OR EDEL? DELAYED GRATIFICATION

VENICE DRAWN & QUARTERED
Venice in the EAST LINE
UP YOUR RENTS!

Blockading The Devil
Duck Napper Nabbed
LOTS OF HARD LUCK

VENICE
KICKING HABITANTS
WALK FOR PEACE
CRIME & RACISM

STOP REAGAN'S WARS!
UNION BUSTING AT THE VENICE POST OFFICE
THE BIG BRUSH-OFF

PLAYLAND FOR THE RICH
FROM WET LANDS TO WET DREAMS

ARCHERS OF THE POOR
TENANTS MOUNT OFFENSIVE MOVEMENT
SEA SPRAY SHELL GAME

THE BIG BRUSH-OFF
OUR PARKING OR PARKING?

OCEAN FRONT WALK

HANDS OFF SANTA MONICA
JESSE JACKSON RAINBOW COALITION

ANNOUNCING NEW OFFICE TENANT CENTER SEEKS ACTION

Peace and freedom
PICKING UP STEAM

"Please Mr. Reagan Blues"

People Protest

Los Angeles Now

Diablo Diary

ALL BLACK AND WHITE?

West of the Rest

Vote Tuesday November 6

Damson Oil Ducks Permits

America and Armageddon

Beyond Baroque's Poetry

BYPASS SURGERY

God is Dead and the World is Crooked

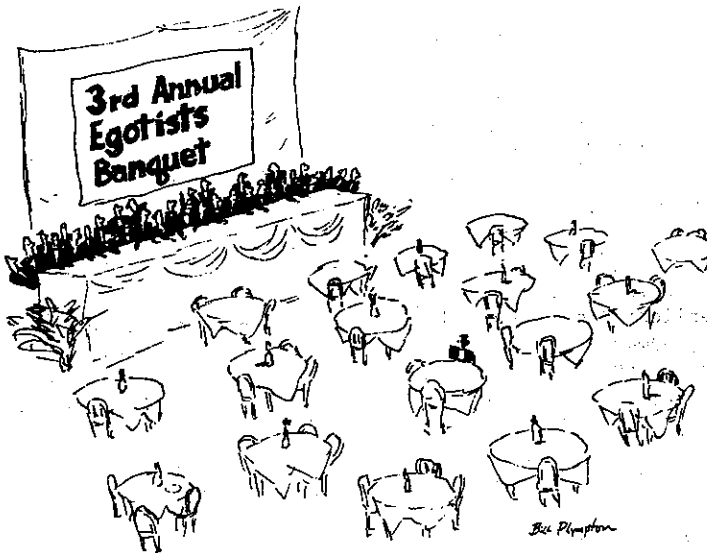
Pavilion Power Play Exposed

unpalette-able

Pavilion Dates With Fate

...Con Dios

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1



turned back to look and saw one chuco throw an apple at the car that never even reached us. I started to laugh and Mr. Garcia asked what was so funny and I turned and pointed to a bum that looked messed up (but that was not even funny) and then Mr. Garcia said: "If you don't get into a good junior high school this September and later on into a good high school, you just might be like that yourself. By the way, how old are you, Nick?"

"This September 22nd, I'll be 13" and he said "7th grade, huh?" and then added: "You're an up front guy but you have to stay out of trouble and stay clean. Things might just look up for you." But I got time. "Just think," he continued, "You will be 18 years old in the year 2000." I never thought of it that way, but kept that thought to myself. We pulled up to this bitching-looking house and a fowy-looking blonde-haired chick came out and said: "Is this the new recruit?" and Mr. Garcia answered: "yeah, he's a wild one" and then she asked me my name and I said: "Nicky de Jesus" and she said "Okay, Mr. de Jesus, I'll show you to your quarters and Mr. Garcia gave her my file and he told me "Take care Nick, I'll be in touch" and he put a big smile on his face. "Bye, Joanie," he

said, and she said, "bye" too.

To me, she said "Oh, by the way, my name is Joanie Walker but just call me Joanie" and I said "How many kids you got here, Joanie?" and she said: "8, but it has a capacity for 15."

Joanie brought me into the room and there were all kinds of posters up, all over the place - there were posters of Hendrix and Zep, Disco, posters of rock, of pot leaves, of motorcyclists, of skiing, of chicks. And I could hear all kinds of voices coming from another room. Joanie told me: "This is our game room. All the kids mess around in here." Everybody looked up and Joanie told them:

"This is Nicky de Jesus" and then introduced me to all the people who were in the room. They were guys who didn't look that tough at all, even though a few were wearing bandanas. "This is Mark, Andrea, Carl, George, John, Lou, Gary and James." A few said 'hi' but the rest continued what they were doing, which was listening to the stereo, watching TV with no sound on, and playing checkers. It didn't seem like such a bad place. There were no other Mexicans, just 2 black dudes and the rest stoned out white dudes. Joanie then took me upstairs to where there were 3 or 4 big rooms that were covered with posters and empty, impacted beer cans, signs like STOP, YIELD and that kind of stuff. I asked Joanie why nobody wasn't out on passes and she said nobody did any work. "What kind of work does one have to do?" and she said "Doing dishes, cleaning your own bathroom" and then she pointed to a stoney-looking bathroom at then end of the hallway. I went in and there was this shower a sink and a toilet and the walls were painted of flowers and trees, but mostly posters of naked chicks. The lights on the ceiling were not white, one was blue and one was red. I really dug this place. The only thing was I was confined to it unless I had a pass, and I had no real privacy. Just then, a big, big guy walked in. He had black hair and a muscular build but with a gentle face. "This is Skip." Skip held out his hand and I shook his big hand and he said: "How do you like

it so far, Nicky?" and I said "It's alright; I really like it. Where's the phone?"

"Right down stairs. It's a pay phone, but it doesn't take any money. By the way, we only have a few rules here, and

that's - you can't go anywhere without a pass, can't stay in the shower for more than 20 minutes, no long distance calls, can't use the phone for more than 15 minutes, no afternoon snacks, no drugs, no cussing and no fighting. Now, if any of these rules are broken, you will not be eligible for a pass for one week. OK? Okay?. Now, you can go mess around and meet the other guys," but Before I left them, I told them straight out that I smoked cigarettes. They both laughed and said: "So, who doesn't?" and instantly I bummed one off Skip and then I walked down to the game room. These 2 dudes walked up to me and said: "Want to sit with us?" and I said 'sure'. They ~~lit up some smokes and said:~~ "Where you from?" and I said: "Santa Monica" So, why aren't you in a Placement there?" "Filled up." "What are you in for?" "Robbery" "What are YOU in for, Gary isn't it?" "Oh yeah, I'm Gary. I'm in for 'ludes an a half reefer." I looked at the guys and then found myself thinking of my grandma and of the last time I had seen her. She had said what she had always said: "Vaya con, Dios mi hijo" and I just knew I had been on the wrong road. *

continued from page 1

SETTING it STRAIGHT

friend lying on the floor with the shakes of paranoia from too much crack...And community meetings...? Well, I was just too upset to go. I've seen a lover lose everything, a business, his home, his family...I was there...we were that family. I know two kids who love their mother very much, but are too ashamed to show it because their mother now does tricks for crack. I've seen a whole community torn apart from the effects of crack and now I am living in a neighborhood where they sell crack on the corner. I feel I would have been grossly irresponsible if I had closed my eyes to it and had not written about it. To be called racist for writing an article about crack (as I saw it) in Oakwood was not half as bad as being called white. Calling me white and then saying I have no right to complain about crack...now that might be considered racist. It seems to infer that if you are white and stupid enough to move to the ghetto, then you have no right to complain about crack and will just have to suffer the consequences. It conjures up the old myth that all black and brown people are gang members, criminals or crackheads, that

there are no decent people in the ghetto so the neighborhood should be left alone or (what they are really saying) left to the dogs. And that if you are stupid enough to move there, then you deserve to live with the dogs, and not complain about the dog food. You see it's been my experience, since I've moved here that it is mostly the black and hispanics that have been most vocal about crack. This very minute I can hear them at the corner of Broadway and 5th shouting..."no hope with dope..." They don't want crack here. And the white people standing with them...they don't want crack here either. And this shouldn't be confused with the gentrification of Venice. These people are not people who are only interested in property values or making a profit from Oakwood. These are just regular folks, black, brown and white alike who just want to improve the quality of their neighborhood so that it is not a continual war zone. Now, is that asking for too much? It is a fact that we will lose low income housing in Venice if something is not done about crack. Crack is low income housing's worst enemy. Over and over again, the critics of low income housing have cited the crack problem as a good enough reason to do away with low income housing altogether. I live next door to a Hud building which is successfully managed. Crack houses have been evicted, crack dealers are not tolerated in that building. This building gives low

income housing a good name. I also live across the street from another Hud building. This building is full of crack houses and dealers. This building gives low income housing a bad name. It goes without saying that if you are for low income housing in Venice, then you should be against crack. The reality is that if crack is tolerated, it will be the death of low income housing. Many "white" people (and partial whites too) have been forced out of other areas of Venice because of the higher rents and/or because they need more space and so have moved to Oakwood. Many of them are renters, just trying to find a roof over their heads. They shouldn't be confused with people who are just out to make a profit from Oakwood. Obviously, there is a major difference and any inference of anything else is sheer pettyness. I have nothing against community meetings...some very real issues and problems have been solved through them and Venice has a real history of community empowerment. What disturbs me is the elitist attitude that if one is not at every meeting, then one does not know what is going on and therefore ones life is negligible and one cannot possibly have anything worthwhile to say (or write). It seems to question...can there be real life outside of the community meeting?! All I ask is that we get our priorities straight. I am not your enemy...I am your friend and I thought we were on the same side.

Another Satisfied Customer

by Sara Omari

The LAPD Pacific Division officer who answered my telephone call that cold and rainy night some years ago laughed at me.

I had just told him I was at the pay telephone at the corner of Lincoln and California in Venice (I was in front of Builders Emporium) and that I did not feel well, that I was a homeless and would he let me stay at the police station overnight, at least. He had replied: "No, you can't do that, but you can go to a woman's detention place 'in the valley' and crash there, for free" I told him I had no bus fare, and that it was almost 10 and I simply could not get over there because it was miles away.

He had replied: "Sorry, that is the best I can think of." But he had actually laughed because I had told him I planned to throw a great big rock through the window of Builders Emporium and THEN he would have to come over and take me to jail.

What he DID say was "Watcha wanna do that for?" "Why don't you call the 974-1234 number. They can maybe give you the number of a place in the Venice area where you can stay for the night." I agreed and called the 974-1234 number. The L.A. County Social Worker on call, that night, who answered, said that in the Venice area, there was only BIBLE TABERNACLE where I might stay, and that I should call, first.

So, I called. The BIBLE TABERNACLE lady who answered was very nice and said: "If you are coming over, better get here as soon as possible. We close the doors by 9:00."

I walked, and walked and walked, a distance of possibly 2 miles, until I got to the BIBLE TABERNACLE, a church. I walked up the steps and knocked on the massive door. A nice young man opened the door and said: "Come in" and then told me to get a blanket and look for a place.

I really didn't know what to expect, as I had never been there before, although I was very happy to have found someone, some place, to shelter me for the night (mostly because of the drizzling rainy weather).

After I got my blanket, I walked up and down the aisles. Actually, I tiptoed. There were no lights on, per se, but there was light streaming in through the windows. To me, it seemed as if there were 100 or more people in there. (By the morning's light, I found out that there were mostly women and children).

Anyway, it seemed as if every teeny, weeny place was taken. Nonetheless, a lady doubled up her two little ones so that it would enable me to squeeze in between two pews, on the floor. "Whee" I said to myself, "I'm glad to be out of that beastly cold."

Before I had dropped off to sleep, I had said my prayers (mostly a list of things to ask god about). Amid coughs and other cries from the little ones, I drifted off to sleep.

In the morning, since I seem to be addicted to coffee, I went around looking for the muddy brew (after I had put my bedding away).

None to be had.

Then some one told me that, in order to get any coffee, I would have had to get up before 5 and would have had to be downstairs to get any coffee. I didn't know.....

I figured that I was happy to have had a place to sleep last night, so, having no coffee would be a minor prob., a mere detail. However, before I could get something to eat, I would have to attend Bible Class.

Fair enough, I thought, it is their house and they make the rules. Furthermore, I thought, at least I didn't spend the night in the rain (Note to pollsters, if any of them read this - some people function better with a spot of coffee, first).

Breakfast was good. Nice and hot, except that there was no coffee.

But, I said to myself: "There are worse things. We took turns cleaning. Then it was time for me to be interviewed.

At that time, I was still a day to day substitute for the Los Angeles Unified School District system but not able to get to work with out a car. I had tried to get welfare, but was told I had fallen through the "safety net" because I was not eligible for welfare, since I was employable and skilled..

My interviewer said I could stay till I got myself together (How many times I was to hear that phrase over the one year, one month and four days I spent living on the Venice streets).

Once, one of the ladies from one of the Christian churches in Santa Monica and who, at that time was working for one of the private social agencies (I had known her socially), refused to interview me. She turned around and told one of her colleagues that I "would survive, her kind always do" and then turned back to me and said: "Come back and see me when your luck changes."

Anyway, back to the story. After I had been interviewed by a very pleasant lady, I walked downtown Venice to run errands for myself.

But, before I did that, I attended an Orientation meeting. It was held at BIBLE TABERNACLE and was hosted by a young, barefooted lady. She seemed to be the mother of two toddlers. She gave us the rules. Then she went into gory detail about the general disposal of diapers and about the general upkeep of the place. So far, so good. About the lectures, I mean.....

However, she soon started in on something different and I felt that I had to speak out. She said that we were trash and no good. I asked her where she got off saying something like that. She said: "Just look around you and see how trashy you all are" - mark #1 against Sara...

Later, and before din din, one of the very young and plastic covered ladies (plastic shoes, plastic raincoat, etc.) strolled over to the rest of us and told us we were dumb. Instead of ignoring her, one of the "there's one in every crowd" asked her "WHY?" and Ms. Plastic told the rest of us that she had just made "\$60 bucks.

Not having learned to keep quiet, (from the morning) big mouth Sara said: "In which case, what are you doing here?" Then we got into a verbal to do match... mark #2

Then, we went downstairs to dinner. We were in a circle but I didn't know I was supposed to hold hands. Someone screamed at me to "hold hands so we can get down to some serious eating" and, not

to be outdone, immaturity, I walked over to the screamer and screamed right back. Mark #3,.....

Sairah.....! (I have veered, I note, from my own meandering. One last observation - A month ago, or so, one of the collective writers told another one of our colleagues that the June issue had been rather negative and that "Sara has a tendency towards the negative" - (I never thought that about myself, but thought of myself as a realist). Soooo, if this BIBLE TABERNACLE story MIGHT sound very negative, BIBLE TABERNACLE DID open its doors to me, no questions asked. Like any business, BIBLE TABERNACLE observes the GOLDEN RULE: WHOEVER HAS THE GOLD MAKES THE RULES. For opening its doors to me, I was, no, I AM, grateful. Noted, that no one, except my mom and St. Joe's ever offered to share food/shelter, EXCEPT to offer sage advise: "If you, Sara, at your age, don't have it together, tough -----!"

THANX 4 sharing, BIBLE TABERNACLE.

Murderers' Row

by Captain America

To those of you who are black who have allowed your dignity, your manhood and your womanhood to be washed away by the sewer pipe that you suck on, is to darken the memory of those who went before you, those who still live for the cause of social justice and equality while existing in some slime pit of the man's prison, waiting on that day when they can also join the wings of freedom and free men. You who sell this poison, on our streets while knowing all along that somewhere a frail and hungry group of black children cries for lack of food because their poverty stricken mother sold her foodstamps to buy your poison, (crack), so that she may once more try to escape her pitiful reality, knowing all along that there is no escape but death if she continues, for you, I can only say this, your skin may be black, but your cause isn't, and for what you are doing to the black people of this nation you should be put before a firing squad or beheaded for implementing the sporadic but systematic genocide of other blacks across this great land. You darken the memory of the slaves who died wishing for just an ounce of the freedom that you now possess. You blame the white man for that which you are committing against all blacks across this nation. You will be the first to blame that the white man is the problem when in fact, the deadliest thing that has attacked blacks in the last twenty years is you, Drug Dealer, Death Seller, you must be taken out before more of us fall to your poison and die.

To those of you who use, your death at an early age is fast becoming a reality which is measured by every puff on the glass horn, you have been tricked by your partner in crime, the drug dealer. You must stand up and expose your killer or die like the animal that he has made you into, without having to reach for another few ounces of freedom. You must try because those who died in slavery and those who died fighting for that ounce of freedom will have died for nothing. You must capture the whole pound of freedom, and those who do not use or sell but turn their head the other way and say nothing, your apathy will become your downfall. ●

In Response to Steve Schlein's letter
(see P.2)

For twelve years Venice has been waiting for a Local Coastal Plan. It was a major campaign promise of Ruth Galanter. Now that we have a short fourteen months to create one, some people are determined to torpedo the process of public participation.

And what has Ruth Galanter been up to while this criticism has been going on?

- slapping the hands of the zoning people over granting demolition permits without public hearings.
- stopping the issuing of any additional Conditional Use Permits for Ocean Front Walk open air vending.
- calling for, and getting a 19 page, 30 recommendation report calling for a Peak Hour Trip Generation Fee increase for developers from \$2,112., to \$5,690. per trip among other tough changes in the Coastal Transportation Corridor Specific Plan.

Instead of looking for a way to impede the community participation in the LCP process we should be supporting these responses to our demands, and proposing additional ideas for a better Venice.

Dell Chumley

VENICE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

DATE: October 6, 1988

TIME: 7:30 P.M. - 9:30 P.M.

PLACE: WESTMINSTER SENIOR CITIZENS CENTER
1234 Pacific Ave.
Venice, Ca. 90291

The Venice Historical Society is holding an Historic Preservation Workshop - "Historic Preservation - What's In It For Your Neighborhood?" A panel of experts will discuss various types of historic preservation. This workshop is specifically geared to the Venice neighborhood groups participating in the Coastal Land Use Plan and Specific Plan process.

It is free and open to the public.

Contact: Betsy Goldman 392-1014

Post Office Box 2012, Venice, California 90294

Venice Town Council

Old Venice City Hall
681 N. Venice Blvd.
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THURSDAY OCTOBER 13th, 7:30 P.M.



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13: Romero Medina	15: Terry Garrison
20: Katie Stuart	22: Jody Allen Sweet
27: Tim McDonald	29: Alfred Johnson

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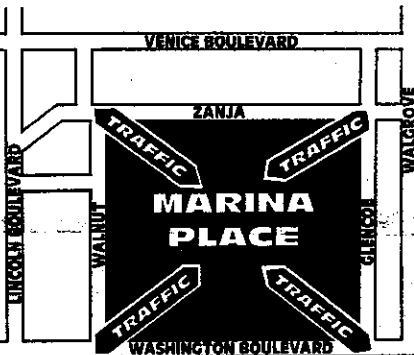
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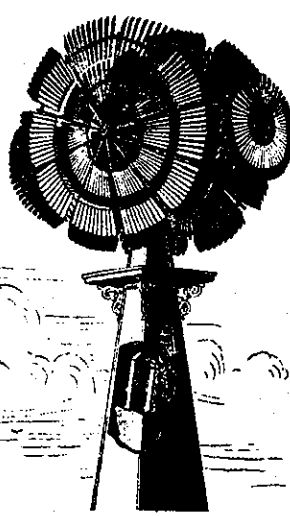


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