

FREE VENICE SINCE 1968 BEACHHEAD

FREE

Another 'October Surprise' Revealed

or Why Are There So Many Crooks in the Bush Family Tree?

By Rex Frankel

In the August 6th L.A. Times, hidden in the back of the business section, was an article detailing how the U.S. government's Savings and Loan regulators in October 1988 delayed seizing the bankrupt Silverado Savings for two months, ignoring their own experts, until after George Bush won election as our President. On the board of directors of Silverado was Neil Bush, the soon-to-be president's son. Two months later, the federal government stepped in, and we taxpayers are now bailing out this firm to the tune of 1 billion dollars. As it turns out, Silverado's managers also had illegal business dealings with Neil Bush,

causing the federal government to sue Neil Bush and two partners for \$200 million. However, President Bush's appointees in the U.S. Justice department instead settled the lawsuit last month for only \$49 million, with probably zero coming out of Neil Bush's pocket.

This "October Surprise" has finally made it into the news--almost 3 years later. But, 11 years ago, another "October Surprise" probably occurred. The U.S. Congress this week began investigating whether the 1980 Ronald Reagan campaign, in a close race with Democrat president Jimmy Carter, secretly negotiated with the Iranian government to keep the 52 American hostages a little longer, letting them out the day Reagan was sworn in as president. If Carter had secured the release of the hostages, he probably would have won re-election that



Neil Bush A18 MONDAY, JULY 9, 1990



S&L Crisis Puts President's Son on the Hot Seat

November. The Reagan administration then, they've admitted, began illegally funneling weapons through Israel to Iran, so they could fight Saddam Hussein's Iraqi army. Unfortunately, no "smoking gun" exists, apparently, as the Reagan campaign chairman and alleged negotiator with the Iranians is dead. Reagan soon appointed the supposed culprit, William Casey, to head the U.S.'s CIA, whose purpose is to conduct secret U.S. foreign policy. Adding to the mystery, now-President Bush's itinerary during the time this supposedly occurred is full of blank pages. Bush also used to be director of the CIA. Republicans claim this "October Surprise" story is hogwash and a Democrat political stunt.

Another story hidden in the August 1st Times concerned Prescott Bush, the president's brother. Apparently, he has engaged in business dealings with members of the Japanese mafia, known as the Yakuza, helping them buy up American properties.

Still another hard-to-find Times article July 27th explained how Jonathon Bush, another son of the President, was fined \$30,000 by the state of Massachusetts for engaging in 880 illegal financial transactions, mostly with small investors. This prosecution isn't political, as the state's governor is a Republican.

Now--with so many sleazy characters in the Bush family, why don't these stories make front page news? Simply put, the American press and TV networks have a double standard.

What they lately consider front page news, I've found, is "scientific" polls that "prove" the American public thinks George Bush is just swell. ABC News this week said Bush has a 71% approval rating. The newscasters wouldn't lie, now, would they?

During President Jimmy Carter's term, the press regularly poked fun at Carter's "hick" brother, Billy. Billy Carter's only "crimes" were that he once urinated on an airport runway, and he lent his name to a brand of beer, (Remember Billy Beer?) No Carter family member cost the American taxpayer a billion dollars, or even a million dollars. The disaster caused by President Reagan's deregulation of the nation's banking and S & L industry, however, is estimated to cost us taxpayers 500 billion dollars.

Now, the October Surprise investigation just launched by congress may reveal a mountain of dirt about an 11 year old scandal. But when one goes on right now under the U.S. press corp's noses, and they can't smell it--I'd say the fix is on.

When A President Talks, People Listen.

Mark's Excellent Adventure

By Mark Giacomelli

Dog Town, The Land of Dreams, the place of freaks, artists, yuppie scum, fascists, anarchists, creative geniuses, derelict degenerates, holiness, decadence, the best and the worst of everything--Venice!

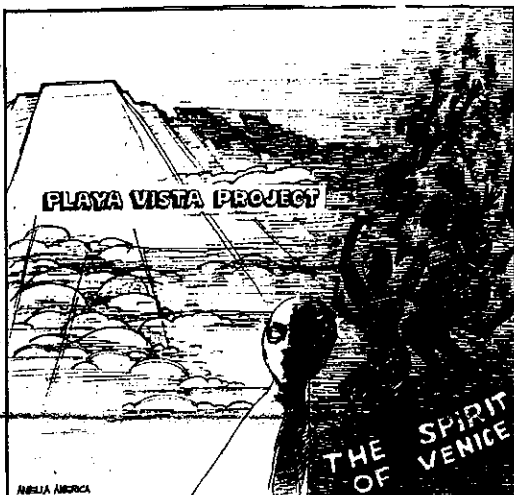
The insanity of it all was killing me, so I had to get away for a while. I packed my bags and loaded them into the Car From Hell. I stopped by the Coffee Bedlam and obtained a triad of trips and salad for eight.

My first stopover was the Monument north of the Springs. A cave, an underground spring, wild herbs, sprouting pine cones, cacti, raisins, nuts, Scandinavian dried bread wafers, paper, pens and a guitar sustained me in my psychedelic sojourn. I wore no clothes, climbed massive boulders, held nightly jam sessions with the birds, the crickets and frogs, made love to the Earth and ejaculated my soaring spirit into the Cosmos, further illuminating the Milky Way. I saw no other human beings and reveled in sacred solitude--my objective.

I continued my journey eastward through the desert lands of California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas, my destination being Austin.

I went to visit an old friend and enjoyed a laughter, a sensuous taste for fine living (like "Lord's bastards!"), a philosophical depth, a rigorous honesty and musical chemistry that I have shared with few others.

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Sleazy Summa Slickers Sucker City Sycophants

The Sad New Age of Jeffrey Dauhmer

By Kelly Ball

Welcome to Cannibal Heights Estates 1991. In the seminal space of one week scientists reached out to the stars to see planets for the first time as we were also forced to look inside the depths of one human soul and find a cannibal. How things reflect.

Closer to home the Summa Hughes Corporation, cannibals of a different sort continue their sleazy drive to build the Playa Vista Project in the Ballona Wetlands. A project that would place 25,000 to 50,000 people, depending on whose counting of course, and way, way more office space than there are homeless people in the streets of this city in a narrow bluff and sea bordered corridor on either side of Jefferson Blvd.

After our great slow growth representative Ruth Galanter was installed in office, Summa Hughes Corporation supposedly gave way to the Maguire Thomas, who was said to have purchased the land. Its great price, undisclosed, was said to be the reason for needing such a large development. Maguire Thomas had to make their share too. Ruth crowed in her second campaign that she had driven Summa out of town. Just where did they go Ruth? Cer-

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FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

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The Death of Venice

A Great Old Lady Departs

By Alice Cramden

You are dying Venice
and our lips cannot console you
nor our small minds fathom the
destruction we carry in our silent hearts.

The ghosts of the Holy Barbarians
Perkoff, Lipton, Baza, et al.
stand ready under the colonnades
to receive your soul in all your glory
as that lady who once was, without
comparison, the holy mother who gave birth
to her holy children who subdued the earth
without compromise for a beat. . .

How is it that you compromise
now on your deathbed with the politics
of opportunism, hypocrisy and cheap
display?

Is it the unbearable pain,
the cancerous futility of it all
that have rendered you incontinent
and heavy with delusion?

I, for one, am sorry to see you die this
way, to have your culture and tradition
stripped from you as you lay naked through
the last rites of your inconsolable death,
knowing that in the end, you were alone.

In the month of June, 1991, the City of
Venice expired quietly in her sleep after a
long and valiant struggle with the cancers of
over-development, gentrification, apathy,
opportunism, and hypocrisy.

She is survived by her family of friends
who will miss her greatly and remember her as
Venice of America, Venice West and just plain
Venice.

Venice of America was born on
Independence Day, 1905. Founded by Abbot
Kinney and envisioned as a cultural enclave,
Venice, always the rebellious child, instead
took the honky tonk route to self-discovery.

Her early years as an amusement center
for the greater Los Angeles area featured the
"Dare Devil Race for Life," the "Race Thru
the Clouds" and other death defying rides.
This undoubtedly shaped her personality and
would later distinguish her as an original
city with an independent mind and spirit.

The world will remember Venice, for
better or worse, as the birthplace of the
Holy Barbarians, the beats or beatniks. The
beats would be known for giving the world a
new basis for living and thinking in the late
20th Century. Destroyers of civilization but
also spiritual builders, they were the
forerunners of the counter-culture youth
revolution that would challenge the status
quo and leave the world forever changed.

Her friends will remember Venice as
simply that little ghetto by the sea where
tolerance and creativity came together for a
beat . . . in celebration of the common man
and the "savage source."

Memorial services and poetry reading to be
announced.

SEX ON THE BEACH



AND JUST WHEN WE'RE
ABOUT TO GO TO WAR FOR IT.

RECYCLE THIS
PUBLICATION

Just Another Prom Night Murder

The Wall Around Berlyn

Before I jump in with both feet, my heart felt
condolences to Mark and Susan Cosman, the parents
of Berlyn Cosman. Berlyn Cosman was killed
Saturday, June 1st. She was shot in the head as she
slept after an all night, after prom party. I grieve
not only as another human being, but also as
another parent. The thought of losing my child in
such a way makes me crazy. I am also a family
member of a victim of violence. One of my younger
sisters was in a room that was fire bombed
Seeking revenge my father and I went to the scene
of the crime. Flame retardant materials confined
the fire to the one room, nothing was left inside.
No arrest was ever made. With that up front let me
get to it.

I'm not writing about the insanity of a child
being killed by another child. Berlyn was only 17,
shot by a 19 year old party-goer. The shooter, Paul
Michael Crowder has been charged with murder,
although witnesses stated he did not mean to do it.
I'm not writing about gun control. Crowder is of
the legal age to buy and own a gun. And according
to the Los Angeles Times, June 5th, three guns
were confiscated from the trunk of another
party-goers car. I'm not writing about the type of
society that allows guns as party favors.

As I read the June, 4th, Los Angeles Times piece
on the psychologists and counselors setting up a
crisis center at Berlyn Cosman's high school I was
glad. They would need help to work through this. A
school district psychologist said in the
story, "These kids said they would never forget
this. They said their whole lives would be affected
by it." She's right, it will. So the flag was lowered
to half staff, and the students at Crescenta Valley
High School were given the help they needed to put
their lives back together.

I'm writing about institutional racism!

Not the institutional racism of March 3rd. that
happened to Rodney King. That's been happening for
hundreds of years. We fight it when we can! I mean
something much more subtle. What about the
students at Jordan High School? Where are their
psychologists and counselors, when one of their
students is killed? What about the students at
Fairfax, Inglewood, Morningside, Poly, Carson,
Belmont, Eagle Rock, L.A. Manual Arts? And all the
other High Schools that have had students die
violent deaths, off and on campus. The story of
Berlyn Cosman got three days of press in the
Times. Tragically, she is not the first attractive /
athletic / popular student to be killed. What about
the inner-city kids, or don't they count? Sure, we
get the story of the nine year old killed in a
drive-by shooting. But what do the fellow students
get? Does the teacher tell everyone that little
Cashawn moved?

Why Crescenta Valley High School and not all the
other schools? Is it because they have a large
minority student populations and just have to deal
with it on their own? If so, then not only must
these students deal with physical violence, but
economic violence as well. If anything these are
the students that need this kind of help. Some of
them think dying young and violently is natural.
And we never learn their names, their ages, what
they did, or what they dreamed.

I don't want to hear any bullshit about how it's
not in the budget! We get what we pay for; how can
we not afford to help the future? We as a society
have become far too good at turning away those who
are hurt / scared / infirm in any way! Daily we
turn out the mentally unstable onto our streets.
When we do this with our children we perpetuate
the disaster! Do the right thing America! Live up
to the paper, liberty and justice for all!

My heart felt condolences to Mark and Susan
Cosman, and all the parents of the un-named
children who have died violently

By Michael T. Jackson

Dead Dear, Dear Dear, dear Roger Mahony

Dear Roger Mahony,

You protest too much, upon your
ascension to the princehood of your
church. Your report that your soul is
full of sin comes as a surprise. Haven't
you heard..... sin has been out since the
sixties. With the advent of the pill and
Zen the verities of men's souls have been
seen in a different light. In fact since
those enlightened days many former sins
have not only been erased, some have
even been found healthy and part of the
native order. So dear Roger when you
check through the valise of your sin,
don't worry too much. We're all working
this through together. We the docile
sheep of Los Angeles await your shepard-
ing.

Only perhaps if you had been part of
an organization that taught six year
old children in its schools that to miss
its weekly franchise meetings without
asking not only permission but forgiveness
was to be condemned to eternal damnation,
then perhaps you might have some sin.

Or perhaps if you were part of an
organization whose leader was recently
seen glad handing the president of the
united states whose government had most
recently been butchering small children
for a principle, throughout Central
America most of whom were members of the
same organization that its leader had
sworn to serve and protect, well that
would be considered in poor taste and
just might be sinful.

Or perhaps if you personally had
issued an edict that nobody obeyed, and
you didn't at least excommunicate them
and still chose to wear the robes of
universality, that could be viewed as
vain. Its such an old fashioned sin
however, and besides everyone does it
now; especially here in LA that hardly
anybody notices anymore. Even an old
cardinal sin like that has lost much of
its pzang.

Or mayhaps: you had been part of a
group that when it dealt with the human
soul, and preyed (so to speak) upon things
that are difficult at best, claiming all
along that you knew best while you preach
preached guilt and shame, well that could
be thought of as pretty naughty.

Or lastly Roger to set your mind at
ease, sin is so hard to come by these
days. Only perhaps if you were part of an
organization that say had a long history
of repression and control, that had
tortured and murdered 100's of thousands
of women unto the millions for their
alleged psychic abilities; that had car-
ried on some of the cruelest waves of
terror that Europe had ever known, plung-
ing all of Western civilization into gr
great periods of suffering and ignorance.
And if somehow some of that bias towards
women and superstitious ignorance not
only remained today; but proved to be
more than just a quaint set of medieval
anachronisms, a carefully crafted system
of mind control fueled by the manipula-
tion of fear and guilt for your person-
al grandizements and material well being,
then that would be getting pretty close
to sin. But even then dear Roger, we
could probably work all of this out, so
in the meantime we won't call it sin,
however I'm...tempted to call it Treason.

Sincerely, Kelly Ball

LAPD's Operation Cul de Sac

by Jack Gardener

"This identifies a community, and a lot of magical things happen when a community is identified."

— LAPD Assistant Chief Robert Vernon, in front of an iron barricade in South-Central Los Angeles.

"They got us trapped in — like a home-prison. It's just not right."

— 17-year old Latino youth who lives in the barricaded "community."

One day in June, Jorge Gonzales (names of interviewees have been changed) and some of his homeboys noticed some unusual activity at the end of their block. A group of city workmen, surrounded by several policemen, put a cement planter in the street. Then they lifted a large wrought-iron gate and placed it so that it covered the width of the street from the planter to the curb. The sign on the gate said: "Road Closed."

"We came over and said, 'What are you doing?'" Jorge says, "and the cops were like protecting the people putting up the barricades, just in case we would argue about that." The police told the youths that the neighborhood had voted for the iron gates at a meeting at Jefferson High School. "But none of our parents went," he says. "They didn't even know about it. 'Cause you know, it don't matter for them, they're just Latinos."

The meeting that the cops referred to had been called by city officials in 1990 to convince residents of this South-Central neighborhood that blocking off some of the streets would be in their best interest. Mayor Tom Bradley reportedly showed up to do the convincing.

But the barricade guardians may have been overstating the results. One resident told the *Los Angeles Sentinel*, a Black-owned weekly, that the meeting "was heated, and it seemed that there were more people opposed to it than for it."

Nevertheless, as Jorge and the other residents discovered, city authorities were determined to push ahead with the program.

What the program entails was laid out in official city documents, although the bureaucratese requires translation. It means police barricades — and a whole lot more.

The LAPD's Project Summary states:

"Operation Cul-de-Sac is a specialized method of concentrating police resources in a carefully selected, high-crime neighborhood. It involves the physical barricading of selected streets to artificially create a 'community' coincident with a very high level of police activity, community mobilization and crime analysis."

Translation: The LAPD selected nine streets in a two-square mile area near Jefferson High School to block off with permanent barricades. Within that "artificial community", there has been an intense police presence — foot patrols, bicycle patrols, cruising cars and specialized paramilitary details such as the anti-gang CRASH unit.

At the same time, police are to direct programs that are usually reserved for people with social service skills. Such projects include tutoring former truants, providing "cultural awareness" for immigrants and, according to the documents, an "aggressive...parent vs. child" anti-drug program. To carry out this "community mobilization," the school district has given the LAPD office space and other rooms in several schools in the area.

Last but not least, the "crime analysis" component of Operation Cul-de-Sac turns out to be a neighborhood computer database run by the LAPD. Information plugged into the Cul-de-Sac computer ranges from traffic tickets to parole and probation notices to all kinds of investigation reports, including field investigation interviews. In other words, virtually any contact between a civilian and a cop in the barricaded zone is likely to produce names, addresses and other vital statistics for what is, in essence, an LAPD computerized register of zone events and individuals (including their property). This information is also relayed to the mainframe computer at LAPD headquarters downtown.

The LAPD's guinea-pigs for this experiment in police control are nearly all Black or Latino. The neighborhood used to be completely African-American, and Black people still make up forty percent of the households. But the neighborhood has changed in the last few years. Now, according to a police survey, the majority of people in the neighborhood are Latinos — "a disproportionately high percentage of non-English speaking immigrants" which "exacerbates" the crime problem, say LAPD documents.

Some residents think the ethnic makeup of the neighborhood has a lot to do with why it is barricaded. "The police want you to be a prisoner," says Charles Saunders, a 25-year old Black man. "They think that all Blacks should be locked up, that all Mexicans should be locked up. They just blocking everybody out."

From residents of both ethnic groups, complaints about police abuse behind the barricades are common. Youths say that police assume they are gang-bangers; if they deny it, the cops "assign" them to a gang, and fill out the appropriate field investigation report. Many residents say that any gathering of young people, including in their own yards, is prohibited. One 12-year old says that his parents won't even give him a birthday party for fear that police will disrupt it. Residents are also incensed at what they say are openly racist attitudes displayed by police in the zone. "They make 'jokes' about your race," says Jorge Gonzales. "We don't think it's funny."

Police claim that the overwhelming majority of the residents want the barricades, and cite a LAPD-conducted survey they say showed 91 percent in support. One obvious question: how might the element of coercion have come into play in such a poll? One Black man who openly opposed the program says he was subject to so much police harassment — including being arrested at an anti-barricades protest demonstration in the Pico-Union area (where temporary barricades have been installed and permanent ones may be on the way) and held in jail for ten days — that he finally just moved out of the Operation Cul-de-Sac area. A Mexican youth, who appeared on a local news program complaining about the barricades, says that the following day he was harassed by police for "talking bad about them on TV."

There are some residents who support the barricades. The captain of a neighborhood block club appeared at a city-sponsored media event to celebrate the installation of the barricades. Several homeowners in the area, most of them elderly, offer effusive praise for the police and say that the new situation makes them feel safer. Police cite statistics showing that crime, especially drive-by shootings, have undergone a drastic drop since the program began.

But other residents dispute those statistics. They claim that drive-bys and other serious crime have never been prevalent in their neighborhood, and that the police are

deliberately inflating the statistics to make it seem that the barricades are working. These residents think the barricades have nothing to do with street crime — which they see as a product of a society where discrimination and economic deprivation are everpresent and intensifying. "They say they're going to stop gangs and drugs but it's not," says Martha Vasquez, a Latina in her early '20s. "All they're doing is suppressing the people who live here."

While the Jefferson High neighborhood is the only one where Operation Cul-de-Sac is officially in effect at the moment, officials consider it an "ideal test bed" for a plan they hope to spread to areas throughout the city. And city documents describe the program as an example of "community-based policing" — the latest trend in policing nationwide. The recently released report of the Christopher Commission, while acknowledging that there are criticisms of Operation Cul-de-Sac, recommended that the LAPD adopt community-based policing citywide.

Jorge Gonzales has his own understanding of these plans. "They just want to start with the lower ones and go to the higher ones," he says. "They want to lock up all the neighborhoods."

Jack Gardener is a contributing writer for the Revolutionary Worker.

TAKE DOWN THE BARRICADES STATEMENT!

Under the leadership of Chief Daryl Gates, the LAPD has been in the forefront of an ominous national trend to repress the people, especially people of color, under the banner of the "war on drugs and crime." Operation Cul-de-Sac in the Jefferson High School neighborhood is a profoundly disturbing development in this trend.

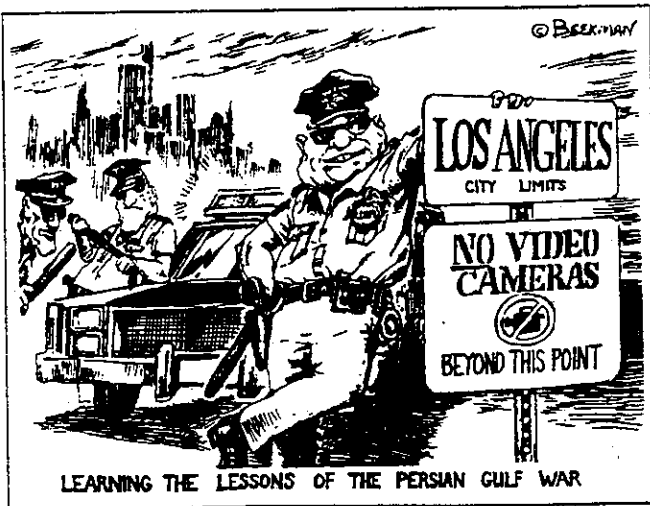
We the undersigned demand the dismantling of Operation Cul-de-Sac and its apparatus, including the following:

- Take down the permanent barricades that block off the neighborhood's streets.
- Stop computer documentation of events, residents and visitors in the neighborhood and destroy the computer files.
- End LAPD control of school and community programs.

We may disagree on the source of and solution to crime, but we all agree that programs like Operation Cul-de-Sac, which turn whole neighborhoods into prisons in the name of law and order, must be opposed. We will not tolerate the existence of this program in the Jefferson High School neighborhood nor its introduction into any other community.

In the wake of the Rodney King beating, the extent of LAPD brutality, racism and sexism has become well-known. A program which gives the LAPD the potential to exercise control over virtually every aspect of people's lives sets a dangerous precedent. We cannot "wait and see" where this will lead. Operation Cul-de-Sac must be stopped now.

WE DEMAND: **TAKE DOWN THE BARRICADES!**
DISMANTLE OPERATION CUL-DE-SAC NOW!



The following excerpts from the "Report of the Independent Commission" show the routine practices and sick racist mentality of the police.

"The LAPD's Mobile Digital Terminal (MDT) system is a sophisticated communications network through which patrol cars are linked with headquarters and each other by computer terminals in each car. Officers transmit messages by typing them into the terminal in their patrol car and receive messages on the terminal screen. The MDT network offers the advantage that it cannot be monitored by civilians as can police radio communications. Under LAPD policy and regulations, the MDT communications are subject to monitoring by supervisors who can read messages coming across their terminal screens, and auditing by the LAPD Communications Division, which can review printouts of messages stored on computer disks.

"Given public concern over the MDT messages from officers involved in the King incident, the Commission staff reviewed all MDT communications between patrol cars for approximately 180 days selected over the 16-month period from November 1989 through February 1991.... There were a number of messages...in which officers from all geographical areas of the City talked about beating suspects and other members of the public:

- "Capture him, beat him and treat him like dirt."
- "Everybody you kill in the line of duty becomes a slave in the afterlife."
- "Then U will have a lot of slaves."
- "Wake up...the susp on our perimeter got caught, but he got beat by a BB bat"

"Tell [cop name omitted] to use a baton next time"

- "Did U arrest the 85 yr old lady or just beat her up"
- "We just slapped her around a bit...she's getting mrt [medical treatment] right now."
- "We prond him straight out of his jaguar..." [a pron is a high voltage electrical dart gun]
- "He is crying like a baby."
- "Well dont seatbelt him in and slam on the brakes a couple of times on the way to the sta..."
- "I hope there is enough units to set up a pow-wow around the susp so he can get a good spanking and nobody c it..."
- "We'll start with beat the drunk and go from there gotta go now talk to u later."
- "The last load went to a family of illegals living in the brush along side the pas frwy.... I thought the woman was going to cry....so I hit her with my baton."
- "Did you really break his arm"
- "Along with other misc parts"
- "We have his oriental budy for 11364"
- "Great...does he need any breaking"
- "They give me a stick they give me a gun they pay me 50Gs to have some fun."
- "If i find it ill be O.I.S. time. [officer involved shooting] God I wanna kill something oh so bad"
- "Im gonna bk my pursuit susp. Hope he gets ugly so I can vent my hate. Hrr Hrr...Ah."
- "U won't believe this...that female call again said susp returned.... I'll check it out then I'm going to stick my baton in her."
- "That officers would feel free to type such

messages as those listed above into the Department's official computer communications channel, knowing that the communications were subject to monitoring is, in the Commission's view, evidence of a serious problem with respect to excessive force in the LAPD.

"This review revealed an appreciable number of disturbing and recurrent racial remarks. Some of the remarks describe minorities through animal analogies....

- "Well...I'm back over here in the projects pissing off the natives"
- "I would love to drive down Slauson with a flamethrower...we would have a barbeque."
- "Sounds like monkey slapping time."
- "What's happening...we're hunting wabbits"
- "Actually muslim wabbits."
- "If you encounter these negroes shoot first and ask questions later."
- "I almost got me a Mexican last nite, but he dropped the dam gun too quick..."
- "The Commission repeatedly heard accounts of African-American and Latino males, often in expensive or late model cars, or in parts of the City where they might be considered out of place, being stopped for no apparent reason or for one that appears on the surface to be a pretext. The existence of this practice...is also vividly reflected in a MDT transmission...."
- "U can c the color of the interior of the veh....dig."
- "Ya stop cars with blk interior"
- "Bees they naugahyde."
- "Negrohide."
- "Self tanning no doubt."

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Racist Pig Oinkings



DUST

By J. L. Martin

I trace my finger in a line
across the stereo cabinet
and a sudden blackness shines beneath
the dust

I am amused
Some of my friends scold me
about my housekeeping (and/or lack thereof)
the papers, the dishes, and the dust.
I have no shame.

(At this point, the gender of the poet becomes
obvious - No one ever gave Robert Frost a bad
time about the state of that apple orchard)
The well-intentioned chide me about the dust
on the shelves, on the stereo cabinet, on the
floor

I remain amused
My housekeeping suits me, and
I don't have to answer to anyone else.
My time is spent on more important things.
I tell my friends it is a part of my philosophy:
Dust, I say, is an important means of
measuring the passage of time.

I trace my finger in an unending perfect line.

Summa Slickers...from Page 1

tainly a company led by Nelson Rising, the veritable campaign manager of the very mayor of Los Angeles would be beyond reproach. No funny business here.

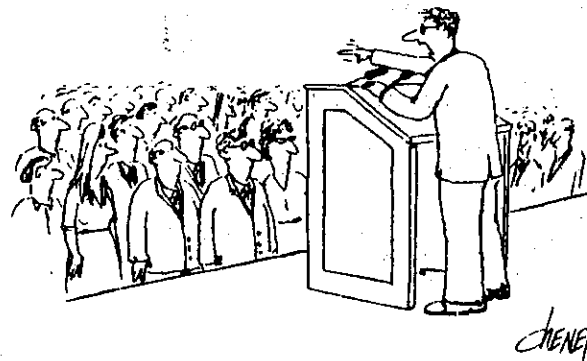
Well things didn't change too much. I am told that even in her first campaign for which she criticized Pat Russell for the same thing, Ruth took not only a high, but a very high percentage, up in the 80's of campaign donations from outside the 6th district, against the expressed wishes of at least many of her constituents. As for Playa Vista, some of the office space was changed to residential to supposedly mitigate traffic concerns and this was going to fix everything up. Ruth then appears out of nowhere, like Stargirl, with some blather about Constitutional Rights and what I remember mostly is that young men were literally captured and arrested by Pentagon officials and turned to mush on the field of battle while CIA arms merchant companies like Summa lied and stole and slurped at our blood....

.....it kind of makes what's left boil.

I seem to remember that that bloodied and most recently dismembered document, the Constitution, the fruition of many centuries and many cultures had a lot to do with defending and promoting the common good, as well as the common person, a defense from the rapacious. And that the inalienable rights of a company whose known record of bribery to public officials, its past connections to organized crime, its record of deceit and tax dodges, its greedy manipulation of war and its profits amounting to billions of dollars and millions of lives....is nowhere to be found.

Having our lives put on a lottery system, suddenly owned and disposable, forced to war against our will, having our guts, flesh, blood, brains and shit blown to quivering pools of mucilaginous slime on the nighttime news wasn't that inviting really. Forced into the murder of a good and kind people while the ones who seemed to somehow own us reaped vast fortunes.....it never seemed to jibe somehow with Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. Forcing supposedly free 18 year olds into someone else's battle was a pretty cowardly thing to do as we seem to find with most bullies.

And now Ruth is telling me that everything is just OK. I remember a few years ago a series of phone calls I had with Rubell Helgeson, Ruth's chief planning deputy about Summa and the project and how she so sunnily one day announced that Summa was now no longer part of Playa Vista. My how foolish of me not to have known from the beginning. Things were going to be different. Two weeks



later though I called back to ask Rubell if there still might be a possibility that the new company, Maguire Thomas might still have financial ties to the Summa Corporation. Yes she said they did. Apparently this was not widely mentioned or known. Last June 6th under some pressure from Rex Frankel, Nelson Rising admitted at a del Rey homeowners meeting that his company did indeed still have ties with now "behind the scenes" little ol covert Summa and I ask once again Ms. Galanter: "Just where have you driven them and how far?" What kind of dumb shell game is it that you somehow expect the rubes in Venice to believe. Perhaps Ruth Lansford could help out with an answer on this one too.

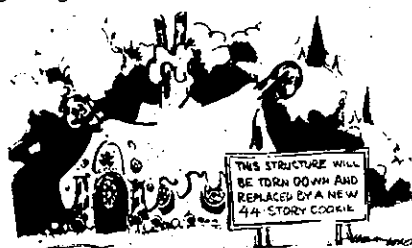
And where afterall is the John Wayne Set when you need them the most.

"Summa Russeling," "Town Council Sues Over Hughes," and "The Wolf Is At the Door" are three very good articles by Moe Stavnezer and there were others from past Beachheads warning us about what was happening with Pat Russel, Summa and the Playa Vista Project. Ruth is now saying that some of her campaign aids made overstated promises during the first election while she was in the hospital and she doesn't mean to keep them. How convenient. Is she selling you out Moe like she is the community? Carol Fondiller, you wrote that you knew there would be times that you would disagree with Ruth. Isn't this one of those times? The fate of a large project for a while seemed to hinge on the lawsuit of former community activist, Arnold Springer if he would drop his lawsuit after a large transfer of funds. Is this what you want Moe- to see this lie come into our community after all the shady zone changes, and political "contributions" and secret liasons and shallow name changes that have brought it so far, as if once again it was a given.

Oh yes the reflection of cannibalism is alive and well. Sometimes we come to decisions in our lives, some of them seminal, where the ramifications years down the line are not seen or considered, or the damage they might do. And I remember that we live on a very small planet, balanced and spun in space, an opalescent wonder, that is one big wetland. And I remember that she is under attack and that she id abused and used, devoured and ravaged by both greed and stupidity, where her bays and depths are sullied and her sky is wounded, and I just wonder how much importance we should be seeing in the wetland down the block. The choice before us is clear: We can ignore the Summa threat, let this embarassingly stupid project continue, as we embrace the new age of Jeffry Dauhmer or we can postpone the larger decision until a little bit later as we build the Howard Hughes Memorial Peace Park.

As we continue to reach out for the stars and those other planets and as we continue to look within our souls to root out that which is not worthy and to heal that which is ill every decision that we make counts. In the meantime I think its pullup the drawbridge time for us peasants We don't seem to be as free as all the talking about says we are. Tyrants still make our backyards into their butcher blocks, into whose machines we are fed. Is the bombing the crap out of Kuwait to set Bechtel up to rebuild it any different than storing someone's heart that you've cut out in the fridge for a bite later.

Dinosaurs got so big that they developed rudimental brain cells in their butt just to move their hind quarters around. Its the best description of bureaucratic government that I ever heard. It didn't work too well around tar pits though, and the entire city of Los Angeles is about to fall into one.





CASEY MCFARLANE POINDEXTER NORTH

Khristmas at Kennebunkport Kountry Klub

By Rex Frankel

"We're not just Nazi's--We're Nazi's that care!" went the victory cry at President Bush's 1992 Khristmas victory "bash". Operation Campaign Storm had been a huge success, even more so after Saddam Hussein endorsed the Democrat's candidate, Seymour Gribnitz. The other Democratic contenders all pulled out in the primaries, after the generally apolitical Gribnitz was endorsed by all 4 television networks. Many people called him a Stealth Democrat because his views were such a mystery before and during the campaign. His campaign slogan, "Vote for Me--I'll Figure Things Out" was nevertheless disquieting to veteran Demo's and elating to Republican power brokers, who rolled over Gribnitz with attacks on his ownership of a Japanese car, an unpaid parking ticket and overdue library books.

Alas, Dan Quayle was off at a book signing party for his third Nazi how-to guide, "101 Ways to Goosestep", and so he couldn't be at Der Fuhrer's side.

Following re-coronation, Herr Bush decreed as his first act the end of civil rights, saying they cost too much, and the only people who need civil rights are criminals anyways. Barbara Bush spent the winter enjoying her hubby's Christmas present to her: the deforestation of all of Northern California.

Meanwhile, Congress was earning far too much money to care how Bush fleeced the Fatherland during his 1st term, and looked the other way when Bush appointed his son, Neil, to run the FDIC. Neil promised to run the nation's banking system in a "prudent" manner, much the same way Neil had run his previous federally-insured business ventures. This fit Herr Bush's campaign slogan of "keep it in the family" to a T, and Bush went on to appoint nearly every adult member of the Bush family to high federal posts. Herr Bush also sought to keep family ties strong in the nation's poor families by introducing revised jail policies. From now on, the entire family goes to jail when one member commits or is entrapped into a crime.

But back to the party. Entertainment that night was the group with the "hit" video of 1991, Daryl and the Billy Clubs, doing "How to be Arrested". Rappers Republicans With an Attitude came next, rousing the crowd to ritual acts of politically correct violence. Finishing up the evening's fun were Sandra Day & the Extremes.

Following the entertainment, the crowd watched a ritual execution and burning of the Bill of Rights. All were ordered to have a good time, and did.

This is Robbing Leach signing off until next time.



from the book 'What's the Deal?'

Recipe for October Surprise

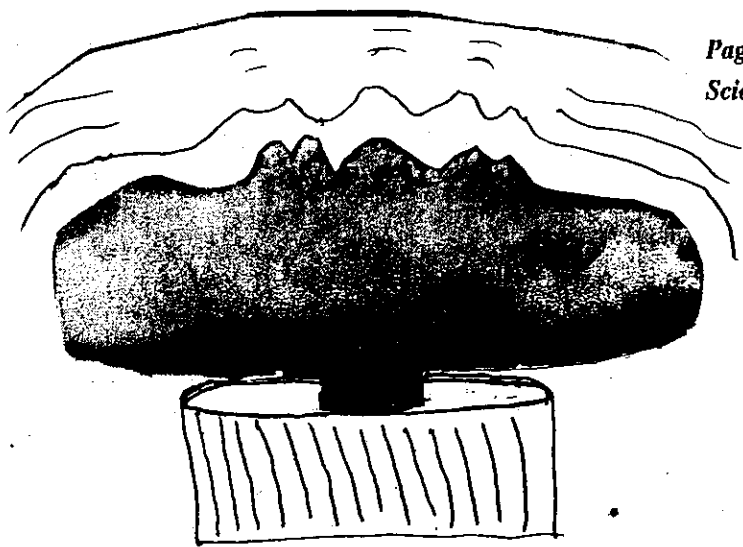
Ingredients: 1 Small country loaded w/oil
1 U.S. Embassy
52 hostages
1 U.S. presidential election
Liberal amounts of CIA influence
Enough facism to set the mixture

Take one U.S. Embassy and place it in a small country loaded with oil. Fill with 52 hostages and set it aside in a hot place.

Meanwhile, combine the presidential election with liberal amounts of CIA influence.

Place election over hostages in a direct heat and let simmer for 452 days. Roll in facism and continue to add CIA influence in large amounts. Let rise to a ridiculous height. Bake until sentiments harden, and set. WARNING: Do not open the oven. Nothing ruins an October surprise faster than the light of day hitting any of the ingredients. To serve: It is best to chew it over for awhile but for God's sake, don't swallow anything called "October Surprise".

By Judith L. Martin



Mushroom Cloud Souffle

Shit Happens

Comparative analysis of world religious philosophies

Taoism	Shit Happens
Confucianism	Confucius say "Shit Happens"
Buddhism	If Shit Happens, it really isn't Shit
Zen	What is the sound of Shit Happening?
Hinduism	This Shit Happened before
Islam	If Shit Happens it is the will of Allah
Protestant	Let Shit Happen to someone else
Catholic	If Shit Happens you deserve it
Judaism	Why does Shit always Happen to us?
Atheist	Shit Happens for no apparent reason
Agnostics	Farts Happen
Jehovah Witness	Let us in and we'll tell you why Shit Happens
Hare Krishna	Shit Happens Shit Happens Shit Shit Happens Happens Shit Happens
Pagan	Shit Is part of the Goddess, too!
Scientologist	Feces Occurs



Soured Venture Puts Neil Bush Under Fire Again

■ **Financing:** The President's son invested \$3,000 in a company that paid him \$160,000 a year. Taxpayers may absorb losses.

By WILLIAM J. EATON P.O.-1
TIMES STAFF WRITER May 3, 1991

WASHINGTON—Neil Bush, the President's 36-year-old son, invested less than \$3,000 in an energy firm that paid him a \$160,000 annual salary for nearly two years, while two venture capital firms lost \$2.3 million of federally guaranteed investments in the company, a House committee staff report showed Thursday.

An analysis of the transactions by the staff of the House Small Business Committee, however, said there was nothing "illegal or improper" in the financing of the firm, Apex Energy Co., by the two investment companies. Both are controlled by a friend of the President, Louis Marx Jr.

Neil Bush resigned as president of Apex last April 1 after it failed to discover methane gas fields and recovered only a small amount of natural gas while reporting sharply mounting losses.

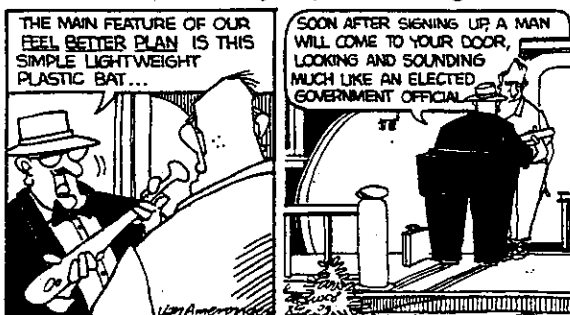
The two investment firms—Wood River Capital Corp. and its subsidiary, Bridger Capital Corp.—are in liquidation and owe the Small Business Administration a total of \$29.3 million, the report said.

Neil Bush and a partner, Brent J. Morse, an experienced oil and gas prospector, started Apex Energy Co. as a Delaware corporation on May 22, 1989, with a combined investment of \$3,000. They held 51% of the stock.

Even though Wood River and Bridger were having financial problems at the time, the report said, they invested \$1.5 million in Apex stock and loaned the firm another \$850,000 in hopes that Bush and his partner would discover methane gas in Wyoming.

In a separate matter, a federal regulator ruled last month that Neil Bush engaged in conflicts of interest as a director of a failed Denver thrift. He and other former directors of the Silverado Banking, Savings & Loan Assn. face a \$200-million negligence lawsuit filed by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp.

BALLARD STREET By Jerry Van Amerongen



Los Angeles Times

Mark's Excellent Adventure—from Page 1

En route I was given an overdose of southern hospitality by the State Troopers of Texas. The Car From Hell required the use of a screwdriver to start the motor, I had no driver's license and the long expired registration was not in my name. But I think what pissed off them good ol' boys the most was that this long haired radical from Venice came barreling through their county without no eeen-surance. And it was the stacks of previous issues of the Beach Head, with their police related headlines, bound for distribution in Austin, that prompted them to the immediate use of handcuffs.

Sitting before a small town, nazi judge, I demanded my right to counsel before entering a plea. He said there were only 2 public defenders in the whole county and it could take weeks, then added that if I plead "nolo" he would cut me loose in the morning. I said I wanted an attorney and he said, "Lock him up!"

The next morning the judge re-read all the charges against me and one of them was "not wearing a seatbelt". This really pissed me off because I was wearing a seatbelt. I entered a plea of "not guilty" to all charges and demanded a speedy trial by a jury of my peers. He told me that it could take months. "That'll be fine," I said. "Lock him up!" he responded.

A half hour later, a fat, ugly, mindbogglingly stupid deputy tried to get me to sign some ridiculous papers allowing them to classify me as a "repeat misdemeanor offender" and another allowing them to use whatever cash I had to pay for any medical expenses that would arise while in custody. I refused to sign anything and was returned to my jail cell.

As I lay on my bunk, I thought to myself, "Welcome to Texas, Ace!" I reflected upon all that I had left behind and whispered out loud, "Venice, I love you so much!"

It would have been alot cheaper to fly or take a bus, but I was seeking a spiritual

experience that only the solitude of a personal vehicle would afford. Besides, recent Supreme Court rulings have allowed police officers to enter a bus and search passengers at random, with those refusing subject to expulsion, possibly in the middle of nowhere. Along with that, the Nazi Nine have decided that coerced confessions are ok when obtained "in good faith".

In other words, cops can hijack your bus, strip search you, ram a flagpole up your ass, plant dope on you and then beat a confession out of you!

Within an hour I was released and went straight to the nearest bar. Then I hitched a ride to the towing yard and reclaimed the Car From Hell. I didn't have to pay to get it out because the judge owned the damn place and he wanted my ass out of that county before sundown!

I made it to Austin that night just in time for a gig at a club called Scandal's on 6th st. My friend's band is called Frailiens and I got to do some of my originals.

Austin is an ultra hip town; a cultural oasis in the middle of, well, Texas! Austin has an excellent network of food co-ops and chain stores that sell organic produce, thanks to the dilligent work of former Texas Agricultural Commissioner, Jim Hightower. Hightower first caught my attention back in 1984 when he said, "We got to take from the Rockefellers and give to the little fellers." Kinda wish he'd run for President!

Texas Governor Ann Richards has suprised everyone. As the keynote speaker at the 1988 Democratic Convention, it was she who made repeated use of the catchphrase, "Where was George?" With the continuous onslaught of one fascist decree after another in the Texas legislature, and the Governor's conspicuous silence and lack of a public presence, Austin is wondering, "Where the hell is Ann?"

Richards initially came out against the Gulf War, but when I arrived in town they had started putting up this huge yellow ribbon which stretched all the way around the capital building. This all culminated in a mindless orgy of national chauvinism to welcome the troops home from the blazing cinders of Baghdad. This took shape in a parade of several hundred hicks, suburbanites and yuppie scum waving flags, spilling beer all over themselves and chanting, "We're number one!"

This was more than offset by the several thousand people who came out to protest the war and to mourn the shattered lives of the innocent children of Iraq.

The music was great, as it always is in Austin. The music industry is, in fact, the life blood of Austin's economy. But money is pretty tight there so musicians are usually not paid very well. In an act of poetic symbolism, the people of Austin held a blood drive to help struggling musicians in medical emergencies.

My favorite band in Austin was the "Bad Livers", basically an acid-grass band, with banjo, fiddle and stand-up bass. Their renditions of Jimmy Hendrix tunes were hilarious. The bass player is a John Belushi look-alike, with a southern drawl. His method of ripping through those quick licks is borderline violent. He's the only guy I know who actually breaks strings on the upright bass. None of them drink, either, which surprised the hell out of me.

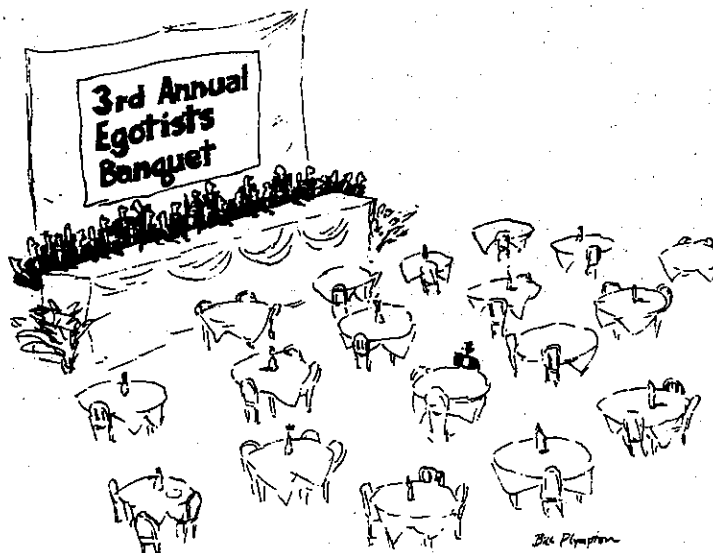
But I sure did, as I joked around in French with a guy named Didier, from Paris. He's a chef at Chez Nous, Austin's finest restaurant. I took him up on his offer to dine there one night and was treated like royalty. We hit the clubs later and got royally drunk.

After a few nights of riotous living, I woke up one bright morning, hung over with the same sort of insane depression that ate away at my spirit in Venice. I realized then that it was not the insanity of Venice—which I actually thrive on!—but my own alcoholic mind that was causing my depression.

I began Jonesing for my two year old son in L.A. and with some sadness, said good-bye to the friend I had come all that way to visit. I told him of my depression and my need for sobriety, and he suggested that I go with him to meet a bunch of his friends. We went to a place called the "pink house", full of Austin's hippest slackers, some of which were in Linklater's film, Slacker, now playing at the Nuart. They were gathered together for an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. I found I could deal with life's painful realities without numbing myself to them. I didn't have to inebriate myself anymore.

"Trizzle, trazzle, truzzle, trome, time for this one to come home" and the Car from Hell takes a crap! The water pump. No big deal, just take off the old one and put on a new one. I ended up busting part of the alternator in the process. Oops!, there went the power steering pump. Oh, no, not the battery, too! Hey, my fucking starter!!

I hopped a bus to the auto parts store. Laughing in



my face at my calamity, they offered me the consoling refreshment of an ice-cold beer, and said they'd be able

to place an order and I'd get the necessary part at top dollar in 3-7 days. And with a well-spring of expletives, I declined the brewsky and made a run for the pink house.

The Car From Hell was ready to roll in one week. The last thing I did before leaving town was to see Slacker. I laughed my ass off. After the film I went to a cafe across the street, had a double espresso, smoked a camel, dropped off my last load of Beachheads and started heading back west around midnight.

At around 4 in the morning I ran over a large metal object in the road which punctured my gas tank. Gas was gushing out and within a few minutes, I went from 3/4 to empty. I just barely made it to a roadside rest area, where there was a telephone. I waited for sunrise and realized that on an early Sunday morning I would have little chance of connecting with a roadside repair service. I looked in the Yellow Pages for auto repair open 7 days and found none.

Then Alcoholics Anonymous caught my eye. I called, they came, fixed my gas tank, bought me breakfast, put gas in my tank, and me and the Car From Hell were back on the road.

We made it as far as Arizona, about an hour east of Tucson. The cops got me for driving with the flow of traffic (about 70 MPH). Off went the Car From Hell behind a towtruck, and with it,

a part of my insanity which I had grown attached to and was painful to let go of. It had to be wrestled away by "a power greater than myself."

The cop left me in the desert, miles from anything, and after about 4 hours of trying to hitch a ride, I gave up and started playing my

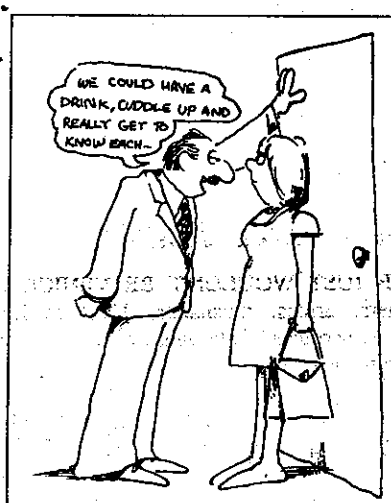
guitar. Some guys in a VW bus stopped to hear me play, liked it and took me all the way to LA on their way to Santa Cruz. They offered me beer and tequila. It sure looked good and I wanted some but told them I couldn't do that anymore.

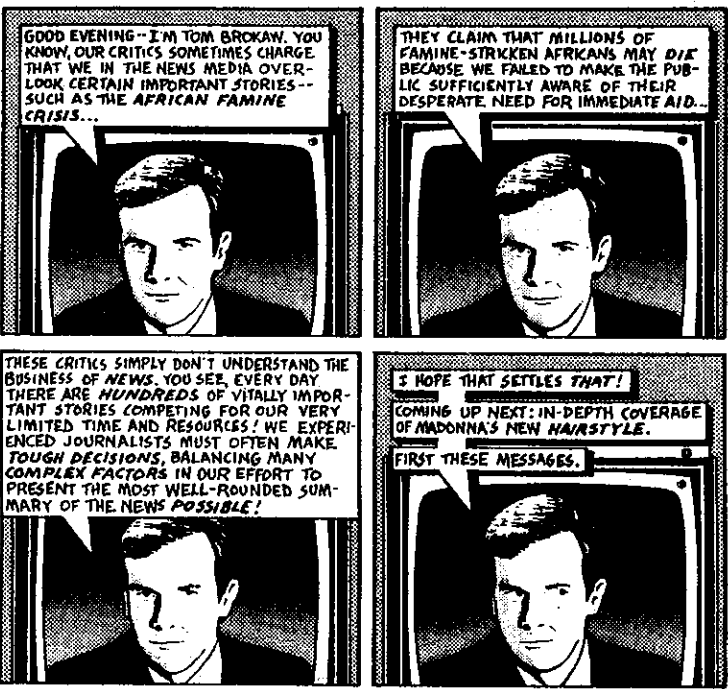
The driver thought it was pretty cool that I didn't drink and wanted the same thing I had. I laughed to myself, remembering all the hell I'd been through. But when he said that picking me up was the best thing that ever happened to him, it increased my faith all the more.

When I finally arrived home, holding my son in my arms, gazing out my window at the sunlit ocean, I found everything I needed to live a full and meaningful life, one day at a time:

The serenity to accept the things I cannot change
The courage to change the things I can
And the wisdom to know the difference.

NUDE PSYCHOTHERAPY





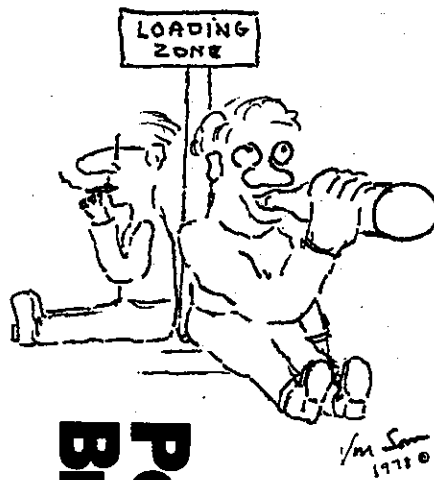
The California Abortion Rights Action League
Needs YOUR Help. Call Robin Schneider at
(213) 393-0513.....

ZIGGY By Tom Wilson

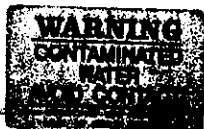
Electric Cosmologus

By Mark Giacomelli

The garden is waiting
For us to come
As we Fuck the Earth
For petroleum
So how can we get off?
The sun!
You know that we should
And the wind
Blows so good!

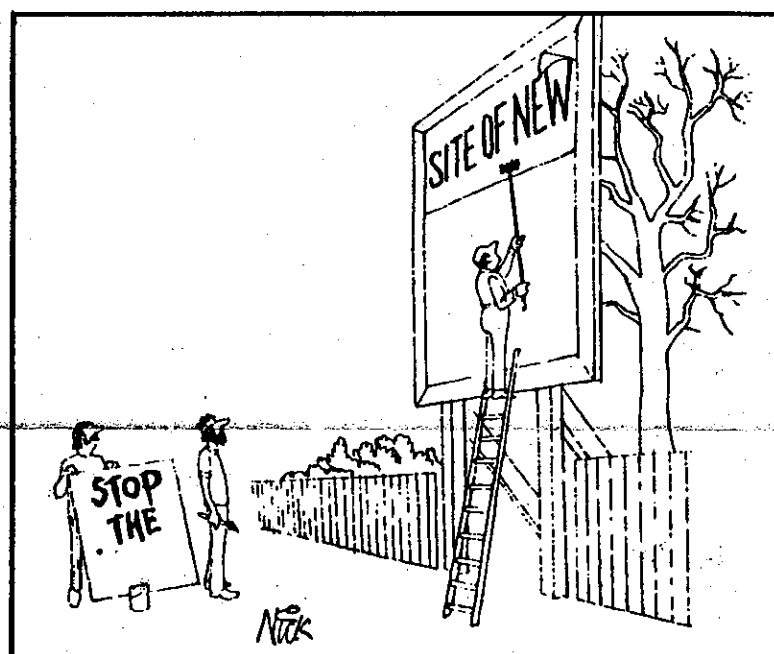


Police
Brutality



Heal the Bay.

CAN YOU SAY
EĒP
SNÖRPSH
NOW?



Punch

ACTION ALERT

IF YOU'VE EVER WANTED TO SAY "THANK YOU"
AND SHOW SUPPORT FOR VENICE BEACH'S
MANY WONDERFUL STREET PERFORMERS,
ARTISTS, MUSICIANS, ETC., ETC....

NOW IS THE TIME!

VENICE JUST WOULDN'T BE VENICE without the creative and hard-working street performers, artists, musicians, Tarot readers, comedians, mimics, folk healers, clowns, magicians, acrobats, skate dancers, palm readers, psychics, hair wrappers, astrologers, political outreach tablers, etc., etc., etc.

**Your Help is Needed Right Now to Insure
Their "Boardwalk Rights" are Protected!**

WE WILL NEED YOUR ATTENDANCE AND
SUPPORT AT AN UPCOMING

L.A. CITY COUNCIL MEETING

A VOTE WILL BE TAKEN SOON on a resolution recently introduced by Venice Beach's City Councilwoman Ruth Galanter which would protect the rights of political, religious, philosophic and ideological non-profit groups to solicit donations on the beach walkway. We want similar protections in writing for entertainers and artists as well. We feel our Councilwoman will be supportive.

THURSDAY AUGUST 15th--10 A.M. L.A. City Hall
200 N. Spring Street, City Council Chambers
This hearing may be rescheduled--call SHAPE at
399-1000 for up to the minute info.

/ANNOUNCEMENT/ANNOUNCEMENT/ANNOUNCEMENT/

Meetings of CAST (Ad Hoc Committee Against Secret Trials) are happening on Thursday evenings at 7PM in the ACLU bldg, 733 Shatto Place. This group takes on secret trials, the death penalty, and the degradation of the Bill of Rights and other vital issues by educating the public about pending legislation and promoting community activism. For more information, call (213) 413-2935, or come to a Thursday evening meeting, or write to CAST at P.O. Box 4631, Los Angeles, CA, 90051. Your awareness and support is vital to the continuation of democracy in this country.

PSYCHE-DELI

BURGERS & DOGS
on whole wheat buns
w/choice of salad
(ries \$1.00 extra)

Tempe
Turkey \$3.95
Lentil

Tofu or
Chicken \$2.95

SOUPS

Soup Du Jour w/napo
Veggie Chili corn muffin
Bowl \$3.50 Cup \$2.00

SALADS

Caesar \$3.95
Potato \$1.25

SPECIALTIES

Fresh Turkey or Corned Beef Sandwich
w/choice of bread & salad
\$4.95

Honey Mustard Chicken w/brown rice & salad
\$4.95

Turkey Italian Sausage on French Roll
w/sautéed red & green peppers & onions
w/green salad \$4.25

Steamed Veggies & Brown Rice
\$4.00

Japanese Soba Buckwheat Pasta
w/mushrooms, green onions & sesame oil
\$4.25

Veggie Quiche or Spinach Lasagna
\$4.25

Lox, Bagel, Cream Cheese, Tomato & Onion
\$4.95

SIDES

Waffle Fries
\$2.00

Waffle Chili Fries
\$3.50

Bagel & Cream Cheese
\$1.50

We Use and Serve Only Filtered Water

5 Dudley Ave. Venice 392-4533

THE STREET PERFORMER 'GANG VIOLENCE SAFETY SCAPEGOAT SYNDROME'

It has been said that the street performers, artists and entertainers, etc., are creating a situation that is inviting gang violence. **HOGWASH!** If anything, they are helping to deter gang violence by providing entertaining and artistically creative activities for young people to be involved in and many of the Boardwalk performers speak out via music and art their firm opposition to drugs and gang violence.

It has also been said the street performers, artists and tablers are making the Boardwalk unsafe in advent of police or ambulance emergency. In actuality, artists easels, outreach tables, etc., along with public benches, trash cans, recycling cans, and telephone poles along the Boardwalk west side strip provide a "sideline sanctuary" to safeguard people who instinctively move to either side, hence opening the middle of the Boardwalk for an emergency vehicle. Also, the west side of the Boardwalk is where bicycles are entering and exiting the bike path. The benches are routinely filled with senior citizens and mothers with baby carriages. **THE WEST SIDE IS A PEOPLE SIDE - NOT A VEHICLE SIDE!** S.H.A.P.E. makes the following suggestions and commitments:

We suggest the city post Boardwalk signs reading: "In case of ambulance, fire or police car emergency please move to either side." Also, S.H.A.P.E. performers, etc. will offer assistance during an emergency by swiftly urging crowds to move to either side. (It should be noted that stationary crowds gathering around a performer are easier to move than mobile crowds.) We urge that private vendors on the east side of the Boardwalk also be alerted to do the same. The Boardwalk crowds, although still heavy, are less than in previous years. Still, off-Boardwalk emergency alternative vehicle routes should be used first. S.H.A.P.E. will also urge that artists' easels and display tables be moved back a few feet.

The bottom line is S.H.A.P.E. wants to work with our Police, elected officials, and community groups. But we want them to work more visibly with us also. The street performers and artists, etc., etc., bring in literally millions of dollars each year to the Venice Community, not to mention the many millions of smiles and happy feelings. They shouldn't be made scapegoats, intimidated or harassed. They should instead be honored as local heroes!

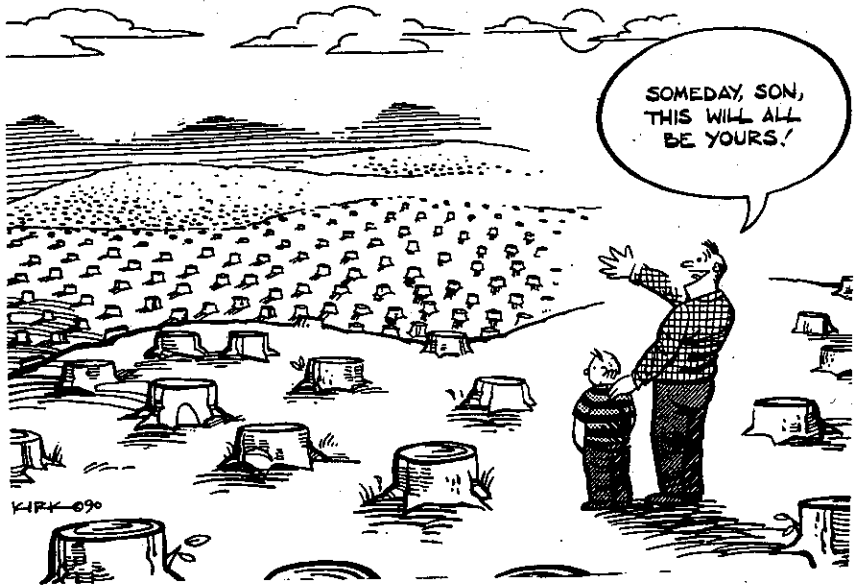
Thank you,

Jerry Rubin

Jerry Rubin,
S.H.A.P.E.

Typography by The Wits

The Bill of Rights



EPA=Eternal Pollution Agency



FUTILE
PREPAREDNESS
AGENCY

The Outlook

WEDNESDAY
August 7, 1991 *

Inmate gets right to sue over Quayle drug claim

WASHINGTON — A federal judge on Tuesday refused to throw out a lawsuit by an inmate who says he was barred from talking to reporters before the 1988 election about his contention that he had sold marijuana to Dan Quayle.

Inmate Brett C. Kimberlin is entitled to pursue his claim that his First Amendment right to free speech was violated, U.S. District Judge Harold H. Greene ruled.

Kimberlin brought suit against J. Michael Quinlan, director of the Bureau of Prisons, and Loye W. Miller Jr., who was director of public affairs for the Department of Justice in 1988.

Kimberlin contended that after he told some journalists about his contention that he sold marijuana to Quayle in 1971, he was placed in administrative detention three times. Quayle, now vice president, has denied using marijuana, and no evidence has surfaced to back up Kimberlin's claim.

The inmate's lawsuit contends he was placed in isolation to prevent him from discussing the claim before the Nov. 8 election and to punish him for his previous contacts with the media. **NO SMOKING GUN?**



News Correspondents Claim Media Bought Military Spin on Gulf War

By TERRY PRISTIN
TIMES STAFF WRITER

CBS News correspondent Betsy Aaron has covered conflicts for 27 years, but it was not until she reported on Operation Desert Storm that she felt so cut off from the realities of war. So skillful were the military briefings and so impressive the images of pinpoint bombing, she said, that it was easy to be lulled into forgetting that multitudes of Iraqis were actually dying.

"We got into bed with the military," Aaron declared Friday at a Women, Men and Media symposium on war coverage. "There's a price to pay when you climb into bed with someone."

The military's spin on the war was "bought by our bosses" and affected what she and most other network reporters were later able to broadcast from Baghdad, she said, adding that it was deemed "not good business" to raise questions about the conflict.

April 6th, 1991

Page B-6, L.A. Times,



Issued by
Soakem, Milken
& Burment
(The Name You Can Trust)

FREE OF WHICH DRUGS?

The Partnership for a Drug Free America receives funding from Phillip Morris, which sells beer and cigarettes, drugs the Partnership doesn't try to free America from. While the Ad Council does do alcohol spots (such as "Drinking and Driving Can Kill a Friendship"), it doesn't address smoking, because, according to the Council's Eleanor Hangle, plenty of organizations do anti-tobacco ads.

Ad agency DDB Needham worked on a joint Ad Council/Partnership campaign, "Cocaine: The Big Lie." It also worked on a big liquor ad, attaching a 2000-pound, 16-foot bottle of Crown Royal whiskey to a billboard with the message, "Ready for another Chicago winter?" "When it was being erected," a Needham executive told the *New York Times* (11/16/90), "there were lines of people standing around saying, 'That's great! I wish it were real!'"

Anti-drug campaigns are a bit hypocritical when undertaken by agencies and companies whose primary energy is devoted to hawking cigarettes and alcohol.

Article I

¶ Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

Article II

¶ A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

Article III

¶ No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

Article IV

¶ The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

Article V

¶ No person shall be held to answer for a capital or other infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service, in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, with-

out due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

Article VI

¶ In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which districts shall have previously ascertained by law; and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have assistance of counsel for his defense.

Article VII

¶ In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States than according to the rules of the common law.

Article VIII

¶ Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

Article IX

¶ The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

Article X

¶ The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

Forced Abortions

Randall Terry of Operation Rescue predicted on your January 17 radio program that in 30 years we will have forced abortions for families with two children. It could happen much sooner than that!

I read a recent report that said having more than two children is ecologically harmful. Planned Parenthood has its forced-abortion program being tested in China. Ted Turner and Molly Yard support it, and now there's building research data to support such a policy. Three years might be a better prediction than 30.

Ronald J. Gilbert
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Let us hear from you! Focus on the Family welcomes your comments on articles and subjects addressed in this magazine. Portions of your letter may appear in an upcoming issue. Be sure to address your letter to: Magazine Editor, Focus on the Family, Pomona, CA 91769. Please include your telephone number.

HYSTERIA



What's a Liberal who's been mugged? A Conservative!
What's a Conservative who's been arrested? A Liberal.

