



Postcards from Venice Beach

Salutations from California! What a thrill to be walking along the shores of Venice Beach again after all these years! The history envelopes me. A '60s bohemian hang-out of eclectic proportions, a girl I knew used to call it "beach Berkeley." Muscle guys lined the shore in an attention-grabbing competition of bulk—chest bare, shorts tight, arms flexed and oiled, with barbells gripped tightly in hand. Along the boulevard rollerskaters danced through the flowing notes of street musicians. And the dope-smokin' counter-culture was there to save the world.

No doubt, it's not the same place it once was. I got lost in a sea of tourists. Not many locals around here anymore, except at night when the gangs control the streets.

But still, if you listen really carefully, breathe the air ever so slowly and close your eyes, the spirit of bohemian days past still hangs in the wind. A little Michael Jackson strutted his moon-walking stuff. And Chad Taylor showed me a couple of apple-eating techniques I hadn't tried before. Guess I'll have to get me one of them unicycles. (If he ever makes Letterman, I'll be able to say I knew him when.) Of course, they're still trying to save the animals and Yhudi's healin' herbs sure do help the agin' bones.

Wish you were here. Come soon before the fault gives way.



photos by
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