

Defund The Police – 1
 Brendon Glenn Memorial – 1
 Rally for First Baptist Church of Venice – 1
 Letter – 2
 You Know You're From Venice – 2
 V for Venice – 4
 Jason Davis Remembered – 6
 Will Trumps Minions sabotage election – 6
 Fundraising for Maurice Brown – 6
 Paintings by Wendy Brown – 7
 The Message – 8
 Poetry, No Calendar – 9
 Marty's Stuff – 10
 Dr. Naomi Nightingale's Dissertation Abstract – 11
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August 2020 #459



Grace McCarthy, Kendra Moore, Lydia Ponce, Paulina Pierce, Dr. Naomi Nightingale, photos by Margaret Molloy and Eric Ahlberg

Sunday, July 5th. Defund the Police: Rally for Black Unhoused Lives.



photo by Margaret Molloy

Defund The Police Rally Speech July 5 Oakwood

by Grace McCarthy

Who here has a little sister?
 Who here was a ringbearer in a wedding growing up?
 Who has a grandparent that spoiled them as a kid?
 Who here was an athlete in high school?
 Who here graduated high school?
 Who here has a son?
 Who here came to LA with a big plan for what their life is going to be?
 Who here realize that plan might not work out?
 Who's ever been unemployed?
 Who here has experience homelessness? Now homelessness is defined as not having a permanent residence this includes couch surfing living in your car living in a shelter or living on the streets so let me ask again who here has experienced homelessness?
 Who has a family and a mother they know loves them?
 Who here is 29?
 Who here is black?

These are all things you had in common with my cousin Brendon Glenn who lost his life at the hands of an LAPD officer in 2015. Jackie Lacey stood in the way of him getting justice and she has stood in the way of 608 families that we know of. Even the police chief said that Brendon's death was a homicide but Jackie Lacey stood in the way. I'm not going to talk about the day he died I want you to know how he lived. We know the story of how Brendon died it's the same story as all these other families murdered unjustly. Murder is never just. When we say say their names we don't mean just watch the video of them in their most vul-

continued on page 2

Brendon Glenn Memorial Speech.

by Chaka Forman

My 1st son has always been the most sensitive person in our house, and since he was a small child, old enough to verbalize his thoughts, he has empathized with the suffering of the homeless. He would ask, through the innocent and Uncorrupted eyes of a child whose minds see right and wrong so clearly, "why doesn't anyone help them daddy, why doesn't everyone stop and do something. Why do so many people look away?" And as we would drive and hike and walk the streets of Venice, one of the now most affluent areas in one of the most affluent cities of one of the wealthiest states in the richest country in the world, it was difficult as a parent, to try and answer his questions, to make peace with his suffering, to explain injustice, inhumanity and cruelty to a child.

And now today, his little brother comes with equally difficult questions to answer, "what is tear gas daddy, did the rubber bullets hurt, if you go to a protest will you come back, and the hardest of all, when did they start not liking black people daddy?"

And as we come together today, to gather in memory of Brendon Glenn, in solidarity with unhoused lives and black lives, and in recognition of the American story so many of us have been hiding from, or hidden by, the intersectionality of Brendon's story is all of our stories.

You see Brendon's fate was sealed, like many of ours, by the twin evils of American society, the two pillars that we all walk through when we are born inside this country, the two components that from inception, needed each other: racism and capitalism. You cannot separate the two. One is an economic system that requires the exploitation of a set of people, and the other (race) is the means by which that set of people was created, then divided, then subjugated.

continued on page 3

Venice Rallies For The First Baptist Church Of Venice

By Jon Wolff

The First Baptist Church of Venice is an historical African-American church building located on the corner of Westminster Avenue and 7th Avenue in the heart of Venice. It has been at the center of a struggle for almost three years now between the Community of Venice and the forces of gentrification. The church represents an institution founded in Venice over a century ago. When the building was purchased in 2017 by a rich White couple who intended to gut it and turn it into their own private mega-mansion, the Community rose up to reclaim it.

The activist group, Save Venice met regularly in front of the church every Sunday afternoon to strategize, and also to inform Venice neighbors and visitors of the fight to save the church. These continuous vigils kept the struggle alive, week in and week out, until the onset of the current pandemic made regular meetings problematic. It seemed as though Save Venice was locked in a stalemate with the gentrifiers. But then, almost overnight, enthusiastic support for the church caught on and spread like wildfire.

As the nation and the world responded to the murder of George Floyd, and people in every city demanded accountability from law enforcement, Venice's own issues of racial inequities were suddenly in the spotlight again. The First Baptist Church of Venice, which had stood as a beacon in the Venice Black Community for over a hundred years, became 2020's focal point for mass rallies, events, and protest marches.

The Westside Local of the Los Angeles Tenants Union (LATU) concluded their May protest caravan with a rally in front of the church. LATU's action called attention to the housing crisis endured by renters during the pandemic. The Union chose the church site as the destination for the caravan because of its symbolic

continued on page 5



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Hello,

I have a story about a very popular restaurateur in Venice that is acting with a massive landlord to evict artists and small businesses during the pandemic, as a continuation of their extreme gentrification of my community. I've received a retaliatory eviction for calling the Health Dept. on the highest of high-end places in Venice, next to our very own exploding skid-row, where the owner had COVID19 but none of us tenants were informed of that + no cleaning is EVER happening. I have stacks of photos of the over-flow operations of said restaurant-- they are appalling, and go back to 2017. 500 local residents signed a petition to stop their liquor license, yet it was approved. Range Rovers, Porches, Audis pull up next to a tent-city w/ overflowing porta-potties (courtesy Mike Bonin) to grab their white bags of \$26 sandwiches + \$8 coffees.

Zack Galifinakis spoke out publicly against the project opening near his new private residence, and is 100% against them.

The owner was tipped off that the Health Dept. was coming and was informed of the identity of who filed the complaint.

The sanitary conditions in the employee area (where I have my studio) are seriously alarming (rats, feces, flies) and there is no adherence to the Corona-virus guidelines, though they pretend like they're following those guidelines next door, where people can see.

This story involves one of the biggest land-holders in Venice (Google is a tenant) and how they have pretended to support creative Venetians but have actually left them in buildings that are rotting, leaking, and entirely unmaintained and unsafe. I have access to 20-year tenants and tenants from Abbot Kinney ("the coolest street in America", GQ) where the landowners are demanding rent during a global pandemic shutdown.

I've recently won the "Legendary Women Artists of Venice" 2020 award and am being harassed by a local business predator who will take my studio over as soon as I vacate it. My 74-yr old artist neighbor is being tossed so the restaurant can have that space as well.

Not sure if this story interests you, but maybe you know someone.

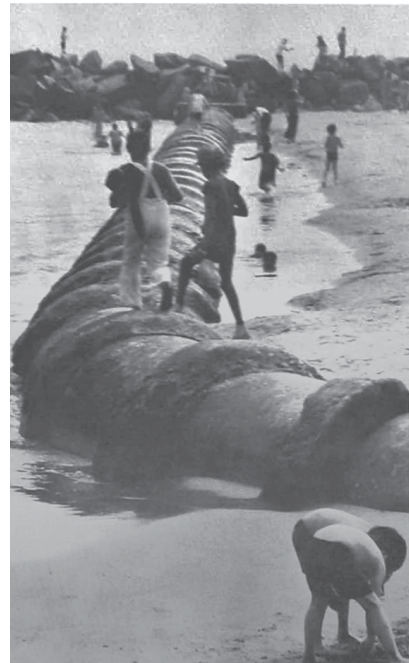
Thanks for reading,

be well, MB. Boissonnault

*You know
you're
from Venice
if/when..*

If you played on the pipe as a kid..

By Larry Vignolle



You Know You're from Venice if/when.. Is a mischievous, nostalgia Venice community page on Facebook where Venetians, traditional and newer, share their memories of Venice.

Please submit to the paper or join us online:
vog.news/youknow

Defund The Police- continued from page 1

nerable moment broken in the hardest time that they had in their life. We mean know who they were understand that they had a life and dreams like you and a child a career a family that loved them. We all have the right to be alive.

Thank you, Grace McCarthy

**THIS
STOPS
RIGHT
NOW**

Graphics from Art For Change

**DEFUND
The
POLICE
DEFEND
BLACK
LIVES**

Chaka Foreman continued from page 1

Brendon could have been in my family, he looked a lot like me, could have been my blood brother really, and he, like me, is caught and trapped in the inescapable web of a country that devalued his existence on every level. To be poor and black in America is by design. It is not an accident. It is by design. I know many of us have comfortably turned our heads from this ugly truth, but it is our truth, and we come together now in 2020 in the spirit of truth.

We do come together in the spirit of truth right?

Brendon's truth, Margaret Mitchell's truth, richard Castillo's truth..... our unhoused have become the forgotten of the downtrodden. There is no more time to run from the systematic economic deprivation America's black people have been forced to endure, and the legacy of poverty we are now viciously trapped in, relegated to housing projects, environmentally unsafe neighborhoods, reduced to being the unseen and unhoused, and locked out of the wealth acquisition the rest of the country had access too.

And his case for me highlights two things - one is police brutality and excessive force, and the other is police protection and the governments repeated unwillingness to prosecute police.

Until we smash this system where District Attorneys refuse to bring police in front of a jury, protected by "probable cause," "qualified immunity," "my life was in danger,"

"he was going for my gun," "he had super human strength," we will watch this story again and again. We have a system that must be changed when the color of my skin makes me suspicious and justifies a 911 call which ends up with me being dead when I have committed no crime.

In Brendon's case, it is sickening because his murderers own police chief recommended prosecution, the cop whose gun he was allegedly grabbing says he didn't feel anything, an independent civilian review board recommended prosecution, and in comes your finest DA, Jackie Lacey, to say there isn't a case. Not gonna prosecute.

We got a systems problem. It's time for a new one.

This is now a revolution and a reckoning of the American story, the story that for too long has had a vested interest in our separation, a story that from its very inception was rife with contradictions with the words freedom and justice for all, while black people had no semblance of freedom, as we moved through a series of bondage, first chains and whips, then into fear, terror, and nooses, on through forced segregation and into our modern day reality, when someone can call the cops on me for anything they see as a threat, most noticeably the color of my skin.

When our indigenous ancestors were all murdered, or herded like cattle and marched together straight into homelessness, but the history that we are still force fed in K led us to believe that Americas original genocide was a fanciful tale of a great feast and a child's game of cowboys and Indians. When the western lands we stand on were annexed by military might and taken from Mexico, a country still scarred from its own takeover by an different set of European Colonizers, a country who's indigenous Aztec population had already been buried under disease and war and the oppression of european colonial imperialism.

America, whose stench of its origins which excluded women from political process, by design, excluded Asians from legally entering the country, a country from which the regime of Nazi Germany laid their blueprints after carefully studying United States Jim Crow laws, still reeks.

When George Floyd was murdered, a piece of all of us died, and a protest began and here we stood, and the Protest turned into an uprising and the uprising turned into a movement, and now here we still are, the movement is a revolution.

I said a few weeks ago that this is the resistance that is rising from George Floyd's last breaths, but now as I sit with the protests that have become the largest protest movement in American history, let that sink in, you, we are a part of the largest social movement for equality in American history, every state of the Union

3 • August 2020 • FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

has people rising up, I realize that not only do we have each other as accomplices in the fight, we have the collective force of our millions of ancestors guiding us.

To quote one of my heroes, James Baldwin, "America, all of your buried corpses are beginning to speak."

And the corpses are asking we fight more than police brutality, more than 400 years of colonial occupation, more than our history, we are fighting for a way of life.

We are fighting against a belief system that has pitted us again each other, that teaches little boys and girls that the only choices are in the edges, black/white, rich/poor, young/old, man/woman, fat/skinny, blue eyes/brown eyes, gay/straight. We are gathering to break down the polarities that America has chosen for us, that have so profoundly divided us, against the words that only serve to deny our togetherness and simultaneously strip us from our uniqueness. We are fighting for acceptance, recognition of the spaces that exist in between us, where we can safely love each other in the middle.

We are fighting for a new way of life, and Silence is no longer an option.

People of color and the poor have been forced to live on the edges and choked from the center, and we cannot escape it, and Privately, in the darkest hour of night, white people know this truth too.

That's why you are here.

You know that the level of hate and subjugation that has been around the necks of your bi-poc brothers and sisters is no longer sustainable, and the senseless and inhumane deaths we now see daily have jolted you, shocked you, and you are now waking up and you will not have it any longer. You are tapping into our collective pain and suffering, and healing it with love.

And it won't be easy, because the seeds of hate are strong, and I will walk away from here and I will see some of you, in my moments of weakness, in my moments of pain, and I will see my oppressors, The trauma embedded in my DNA will see my enslavers who stole my ancestors from their homes and packed them on ships to serve their vision and their needs, I will look at some of you and see the people who marched through my ancestors land, lied, cheated, and terrorized us while claiming it home. I will look at children in cages at the border and see my own children in their crying eyes, and I will wonder how I can join and claim anything that purports to be "American." I will watch you turn a blind eye to the lady in front of the 7-11 and you write her off to being drunk or crazy, and her pain will be my pain.

And I don't know what you will think when you and I cross each other's paths under a moonlit night, or at the beach, or in the store, or when any one of us cross the path of someone we are taught is the "Other" but all of my soul knows that today is the day, to look at each other and smile, and know that when we peel through our pain, our love awaits each other and is infinitely stronger than any hate our country has taught us.

Hate is the easy way out, because again to paraphrase Baldwin, hate hides our pain. And we are all in pain, the whole country is in pain.

So I, Chaka Forman, vow to not run from the hurt that's inside me, and I ask you to not run



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continued on page 5

V for Venice by Gerry Fialka

One of the great benefits of being in Venice, California is that one can walk around and share fiery, funky and fun conversation every day. We run into our friends and take the time to be together. I ran into Zed, and he informed me of a BLM (Black Lives Matter) march. I went and was moved. We are blessed with amazing revolutionaries. I am grateful to hear the powerful speaker Chaka Forman, and the articulate teacher Soni Lloyd, who is the Howard Zinn of Venice High School. That day, and most every day, I experienced the “Vitality” of Venice. Venice is “IT” (Innovations & Transformations in the era of Information Technology).

I am grateful for the inspired and inspiring dedication of Venice people. I don’t need Facebook and Twitter. I thrive on direct experience, eye contact and live verbal exchange. Epiphanies in everydayness happen in Venice many ways, every day.

I asked two stalwarts -- Mike Bravo and Lydia Ponce -- to answer these 5 questions:

- 1- What is the difference between rights and responsibilities?
- 2- What is the difference between rebellion and revolution?
- 3- “Anarchy is making rules for yourself, not others.” - Utah Phillips. Who is entitled to make rules?
- 4- “Where the people fear the government you have tyranny. Where the government fears the people you have liberty.”- John Basil Barnhill. In the 2005 film V for Vendetta, this quote was paraphrased “People should not be afraid of their governments. Governments should be afraid of their people.” How do you personally handle false fears (such as “the war on drugs”) ?
- 5- Discuss “them or us” and “divide and conquer.” “In order to become the master, the politician poses as the servant.” - Charles de Gaulle. Charles Baudelaire wrote that the devil’s greatest achievement was to have persuaded people that he does not exist.

+++++

Mike Bravo responded:

Rights evoke a sense of entitlement, an unearned privilege, perhaps in the case of US citizenship. Responsibility puts accountability back in one’s lap. As humans, we have rights to many things like, water, home, food, etc. Responsibility is making sure that those things are protected and available to us, and future generations.

Revolution is a distinguished and pronounced process of progress and betterment. It is training for victory. Rebellion is more immediate. It is more like forcing an imposing power to back the fuck up.

Who is entitled to make rules will always be debatable. What words and rules we accept as being conducive for the well-being of our spirit and our responsibilities to all life is up to us.

I meditate. I pray for guidance. I listen and look for clarity and guidance. It never fails.

They are us. The greatest gift one can have is a worthy opponent. A good opponent allows us to see the best we have to offer. Divide and conquer is how the oppressor wins. Age old tactic. The deGaulle’s quote is just a regurgitation of

this idea from Tao Te Ching (Chinese classic text credited to the 6th-century BC sage Laozi) “He who is exalted by the people does so by serving below them.”

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Lydia Ponce responded:

Responsibilities are something you are taught within your culture and in keeping with your spiritual alignment to your Higher Power - in my case, Creator.

Rights are typically written and given, BIPOC (Black, Indigenous, and People of Color) have demanded our rights since 500 years plus. What right do these so called Founding Fathers have to create a document that lies and says all men are created equal and we are not. There’s no mention of women. . . please look at how Indigenous People were written as merciless savage Indian in the Declaration of Independence (DOI). The Constitution and the DOI were not written to include us, BIPOC, and it was never meant for us.

Creator provides our inherent rights as human beings. There is no justice on stolen land and no justice in kidnapping, raping and killing Indigenous and Black relatives to dominate for profits. The Doctrines of Discovery and Manifest Destiny reveal the historical theft, blunder and racist dominance supporting whites supremacy and attempts to justify white history to qualify these documents as truth and justification...but we know better.

The revolution isn’t here - yet. The difference is great. We haven’t had a revolution - there’s only white men’s wars. Yeah you tell me about 1776!!! We are all arriving at new truths and closing gaps, the missing truth in USA history. When I think of revolution, I think of it as Ché, the Zapatistas and of course Egypt. That’s a revolution. Revolution is relentless, altruistic, and some die on their feet for generations to not take shit any more from the power elite or the gooberment.

Rebellion is steady - we’ve had a recent uprising and the rebellion is currently the steady plan to continue to communicate that the fuckery must end: oppression, marginalization, false documents of ordinances, policies, and systems that support white supremacists’ capitalism and profits.

Rebellion and revolution is ending the continued genocide of BIPOC, USA political ill will globally. Rebellion is other countries not taking D’uhmerikkka’s shit anymore, too.

The entitlement of making rules doesn’t exist for community of color. We have Elders. As Indigenous People - we look to do what’s best for the people. We have tribal leaders and Elders. What other people in the main stream society typically have hierarchical structures of organizing... of decision making. We must have community circles that overlap and are connected to each other.

Entitlement rule is typically white male- we ain’t doing that no more! Can you imagine commissions of Elders - aunts, uncles, grandpas and grandmas having community oversight for the local gooberment municipalities?

They’d get more done than ever and the budget would be proper, just and fair!

I see the damage done with the false war on drugs and the people that are slowly recovering from that. We keep that history in front so when

the youth need to know, you have a grip of resources and information to share with them. We listen to the youth and we are available for them... we pass the knowledge and the skill set to research, READ, and how to discern. Discernment is priceless.

Keep the stories close to our spirituality because there will always be someone with a different version and that’s where we can co-exist. In the cross cultural differences to honor those differences, not to fear or hate differences. Take the time to find similarities... understanding offers patience as a side affect. Tolerance is temporary.

As these atrocities happened to the people living here, the torso on Turtle Island, we must heal together as more is been revealed, more lies, more hidden history and rebelling to put an end to the erasure of BIPOC history. It is our duty to care for the Elders who are our libraries and to nurture our children, they are the unwritten future.

As a Mayo-Quechua woman, I have looked at the deeds of men with business plans on two continents - Turtle Island and Pueblos Indigenas de Sudamerica. My heart recovers more and more I heal from the trauma inflicted on my Ancestors. I rise to my day in pray and in gratitude, always.

I am honored you asked these questions and want to provide these thoughts in the VENICE Beachhead. Perhaps we can start a community circle for further discussion. We can imagine and create a healthy future for all.

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Another local hero for me is Eric Ahlberg, who does alot of the work getting this newspaper published. He is very smart. He loaned me his copy of the 2020 book Set the Night on Fire: L.A. in the Sixties, by Mike Davis and Jon Wiener. It is the monumental Los Angeles history of rebellion and resistance, a “movement history” examining the history of Black, Chicano, LGBT, women’s, and student activism in the city. The authors probe the battles between young people and the LAPD on Sunset Strip and at Venice Beach. The counterculture provides another focus—the Ash Grove folk music club, the LA Free Press, the Venice Beachhead, and KPFK Pacifica radio.

This comprehensive 788 page book on local revolution includes a chapter that is essential reading for all Venice activists since its deep research covers Venice Beachhead history. Chapter 30 is titled The Battle for the Last Poor Beach: Venice (1969). These 14 pages are required reading for anyone who is really serious about change in our community.

Many literate folks know the importance of City of Quartz: Excavating the Future in Los Angeles (1990) by Mike Davis. He often gets kicked out of LA because he reveals too much. Preeminent American writer, political activist, urban theorist, and historian Davis is not interested a “reformist” approach. He contends that most reforms have failed because they treat the symptoms rather than the cause: economic and political inequality. He argued in Ecology of Fear: Los Angeles and the Imagination of Disaster (1998) that realistic solutions lie in a radical transformation of the city and of capitalism by the global working-class.

Davis, along with noted author Jon Wiener,

continued on page 11

First Baptist Church of Venice - continued from page 1
importance for People of Color and working people in Venice.

Weeks later, LATU, with Venice activists again chose the First Baptist Church of Venice for the start and finish location for their march to Abbot Kinney Boulevard and the office of Tami Pardee. Tami Pardee is the realtor/developer known for her rapacious practices in and around Venice. In the eyes of most Venetians, she is gentrification incarnate. Her name is on too many sites of demolition and displacement in Venice. The Union rallied at the church, marched to Pardee's headquarters, as well as other gentrifier offices on Abbot Kinney, and returned to the church near Oakwood Park.

The June 7 mass protest rally met on the steps of the First Baptist Church of Venice. Multiple speakers addressed the overflowing crowd on this warm Summer day with impassioned calls for justice. Hundreds of new supporters were added to the ranks in the fight for the church.

This year's Juneteenth celebration was held in Oakwood Park, in the shadow of the First Baptist Church of Venice. Local church leaders, activists, and students spoke to a huge gathering of participants, both young and old. The record of Black History and the significance of 2020's turning point in Black History were communicated to eager listeners. Once again, the church and its history stood as the solid background for the event.

The organization, Services Not Sweeps began their protest march at the First Baptist Church of Venice. Hundreds of protesters walked the streets of Venice and paused at locations where unhoused people had been killed by police. This day-long memorial included speakers with profound personal connections to the victims of police violence. And the march concluded on the steps of the historical church in the heart of Venice.

During the month, teach-ins were conducted in front of the First Baptist Church of Venice. Dr. Naomi Nightingale spoke to groups of activists new to the struggle. She told of the history of the institution of the church from its origins in 1908. It was built on land owned by Arthur Reese, the personal friend and influencer of Venice Founder Abbot Kinney. Building materials were donated by Kinney's wife. It served the Venice Black Community when restrictive covenants kept African-Americans contained within a specific neighborhood in Venice. As the Community thrived in spite of the restrictions, the church congregation grew. They dedicated money, time, and energy into building the existing church on Westminster and 7th. In 1968, the church's pastor, the Reverend E.L. Holmes led the congregation from the old church to the new church that stands today.

Dr. Nightingale spoke of the recent history of the church. She talked about how Horace Allen became the pastor of the church, and how he borrowed money against the church property land. He took out five loans, each to pay off the previous loans. Allen then sold the church in 2017 to wealthy, White media mogul Jay Penske and his wife Elaine Irwin. Horace Allen took what was left of the money and moved his operations to a location in Westchester, which he subsequently drove into default. Some church members did file a lawsuit about the sale of the church in Venice.

Dr. Nightingale catalogued the battles that Save Venice has waged to reclaim the First Baptist Church of Venice. A writ application to

Chaka Foreman continued from page 3

from it either. It may be many years before history reveals the accomplishment of our present awakening, and we cannot change the beginning of the American story, but we can rewrite it from here.

We have to rip off our shackles of bondage and bare our hearts open to the world and say here we are. See me. We have to tear at the broken treaties and dance on our Mother Earth and howl at the moon together and say here we are. See me. We have to bust open the human cages at the border and return children to their mothers and say here we are. See me. standing together, enough of us, standing together screaming an end to the old story, we write the

compel the City to do a proper Mello determination for the building was rejected. An application to the Cultural Commission was denied. The hearings with the West L.A. Planning Commission and the L.A. City Council found no support from local politicians.

Until now.

Councilmember Mike Bonin has agreed to take a second and fresh look at the whole permit process regarding historical designation, as well as the Penskes' plans for "re-use". Maybe the powers that be are finally seeing the real value of the church. Its history, longevity, cultural significance, spirituality, and meaning are evident each and every week in Venice.

If some individuals have thought that the First Baptist Church of Venice would no longer serve as an icon and a central meeting place in the Community, then they were wrong. They were phenomenally wrong. Support for the struggle is growing. More and more people are joining the fight. Years of hard work by Venetians will be rewarded in the end. And it's not too late for you to share in the victory.

Go to: savevenice.ca

The great Rep. John Lewis just passed away after a lifetime of fighting for all of our civil rights and freedom. Graphic below by Mike Bravo.

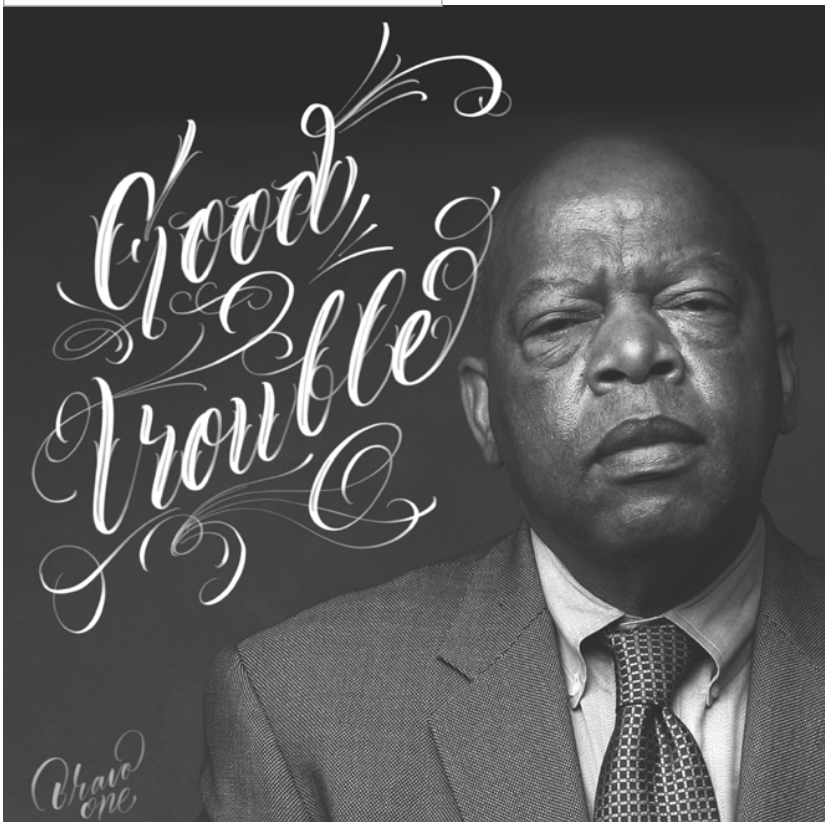
5 • August 2020 • FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

new one. When patterns are broken, new truths will emerge.

Love is here today, standing for our unhoused, love is knocking down statues and monuments of our oppressors, Love is standing in front of city halls and courthouses across the country, love is demanding recognition of our ancestors land, love is shattering our assumptions of gender and sexuality, love is our black and brown standing together, love brings you here today, and Love will go to the ballot in November and claim the office of every position top to bottom in our democracy away from people who don't stand for our freedom and our equality.

Ask yourself forevermore, Where are you when your brothers and sisters are being oppressed? Today you are here, tomorrow..... Hold my hand. Walk together, sit with our biases, and our collective love will overwhelm them and piece by piece dismantle and destroy every system that eats at our souls and replace it with the Love that existed before any of us were here.

The revolution is here today, and we will be here today and tomorrow for black lives, for unhoused lives, for black land, for Latin x lives, for LGBTQ plus lives, for Muslim lives, for disabled lives, for autistic lives, for Asian lives, for indigenous lives, for children's lives, and we had better double down and be here for the life of our Mother Earth. Black lives matter. One love.





Community members held a memorial for Jason Charles Davis, shot by the police in the 600 block of Rose avenue in Venice, on Wednesday July 15, 2015. The poem below is from his memorial page on Facebook. Top photo by Margaret Molloy, left is Jason Davis.

On Rose Avenue

In our silence when the gun stops speaking, as the blood's imperial course is run, and the ruthless rupture of a membrane speaks, the witnesses gather, moon to sun, into a dream of cool unbreaking.

We feel our grief turn into stars, a tunneling of lead cuts source to source, the wind grow nameless with this grief, memory of a rising witnessed rapture. Rage lives in us for such a taking. This is not the way to live, to die with a trigger's sudden twitch. This is not the way to die, to live remembering how autumn takes a leaf down fluttering into the older death. In the silence, as our screams call halt to this invisible, inevitable march, our days glide on the rivers of their leaking, a wind, a moon, a sun, our bone a sheath for the ravages of gun and fragile flesh. Jason, homeless, frantic in his waving madness, must have felt the blade of death glow as he slashed the air. Nothing anymore will turn fresh as autumn in a gutshot glade.

On Rose Avenue, no stain is left to scrub out from the sidewalk crack. On Rose Avenue, the Taser's ache still echoes on. Sunlight twisted in his hair, there on Rose Avenue. His home was in the dying bed, wind, moon, a sun, his bones a sheath. Thousands now have watched him writhe online in the silence of an unscreamed pain. In our madness, guns go on speaking. This is not the way to die, no home in memory or sight. Where were Jason's argonauts, his doubled courage shining inward toward the night? Rage lives in us for this taking. Has he now in dying madness come to Colchis for the Golden Fleece? Passed by the Sirens with their open eyes and photographing phones, seeking passage from a voyaging pain? We feel our grief turned into stars, see the dead rise up, grow sane. His home was in the dying bed. And so we cry for what burns true on the sidewalk, on Rose Avenue.

by Philip Lee Williams

Who Will Confront Trump's KKK/Gestapo at the Polls This Fall?

by Harvey Wasserman

Now that Trump is sending actual troops into our streets, the shape of his planned coup d'état is becoming ever clearer.

A critical piece will be an outright armed assault on the polling places during this fall's election.

While claiming the fall election will be "rigged," Trump's minions say they'll raise a 50,000-strong vigilante army to terrorize "suspicious" (i.e., young, non-white, non-millionaire) voters at the polls.

Trump's GOP has already raised \$20 million for anti-democracy lawsuits. While claiming the fall election will be "rigged," Trump's minions say they'll raise a 50,000-strong vigilante army to terrorize "suspicious" (i.e., young, non-white, non-millionaire) voters at the polls.

Here's the premise:

On November 3, thousands of KKK/Gestapo-style "Trump volunteers" will swarm over the usual long lines in critical swing state/minority-heavy precincts. We've seen their neo-Nazi ilk in Charlottesville, among the Proud Boys, etc.

Many will be armed and dressed in military garb. Lacking legal credentials, but likely at gunpoint, they'll demand ID and other "proof" of voter qualifications.

Their purpose will be to drive away potential anti-Trump voters and turn the election into chaos.

This country has a long history of organized, violent assault at the polls. In the 1800s, countless black citizens were murdered on election day or just prior because they intended to vote. They were routinely shot or lynched by the Ku Klux Klan and other White Supremacist terrorists.

Historians often portray the slaughter as random racism. But KKK terror/lynching has been very political, primarily aimed to undermine the black community's potential power.

Team Trump clearly intends to do it again this fall. There's been an early warning. Last year the gerrymandered Ohio Legislature passed a \$1 billion bailout for two dying nuke reactors on Lake Erie. Outraged opponents petitioned for a statewide referendum to overturn the hated rip-off.

Polls showed a popular vote would bury the bailout while arousing a strong left constituency for the 2020 election.

But signature gatherers working to get the issue on the ballot were physically assaulted by "blockers" – Trump terrorists. With no police protection, the campaign failed.

In Ohio 2004, Republican operatives, with state approval, invaded African-American precincts to terrorize voters.

This year, expect much worse. Trump's GOP will deploy trained, highly-paid professionals to turn the election to chaos. Except where there may be students, they will NOT be assaulting white precincts.

Trump screams at Vote by Mail (except in red states, and when he and his family themselves vote). Any ballot cast by anyone who is not a white-millionaire-Republican is considered "fraudulent."

GOP operatives are now denying mail-in ballots to citizens of youth and color. Where

election-day lines develop, Trump's thugs (along with the Coronavirus) will prey. It will be a very public lynching.

To fight back, we must restore to the voter rolls the 16 million citizens Trump has already purged. They must be reached, restored, and made ready to vote.

We must also guarantee that Vote by mail functions properly.

All eligible voters must get a ballot well before election day. They should be mailed or walked into election centers far before November 3rd. Election monitors must see that the ballots are properly checked in and protected.

For voters coming in person to the polls, there must be sufficient numbers of paper ballots available. Election protectors must be there to guard both the voters and the vote counters.

Trained in nonviolence, election protectors need to seriously outnumber Trump's KKK/Gestapo and be willing to stare down the barrels of their guns.

Throughout history, in the US and world, countless citizens have been assaulted and murdered for far less than the nonviolent eviction of a demented dictator.

There are barely five months until election day. There is nothing Trump won't do to become president for life.

Troops are already in the streets. The coup is in progress. The fall election must be protected.

What will you do about it?



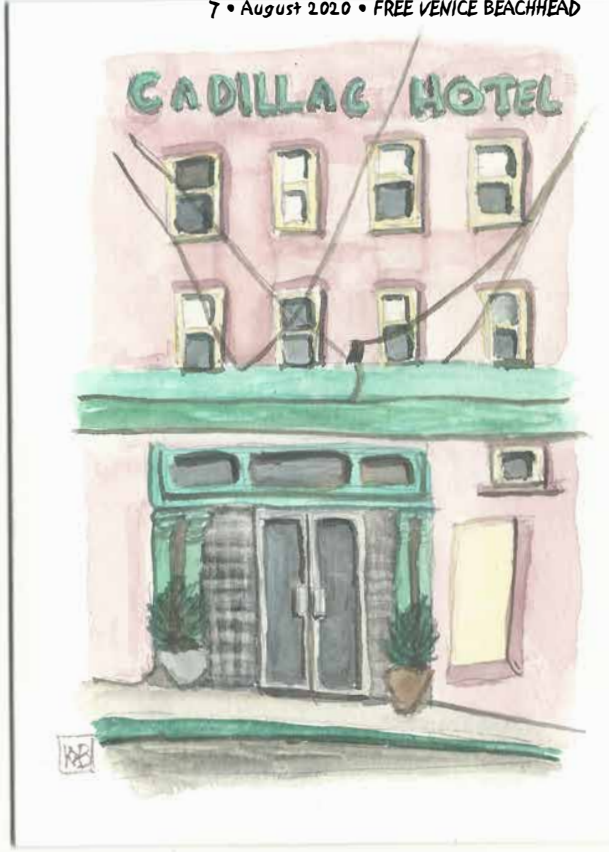
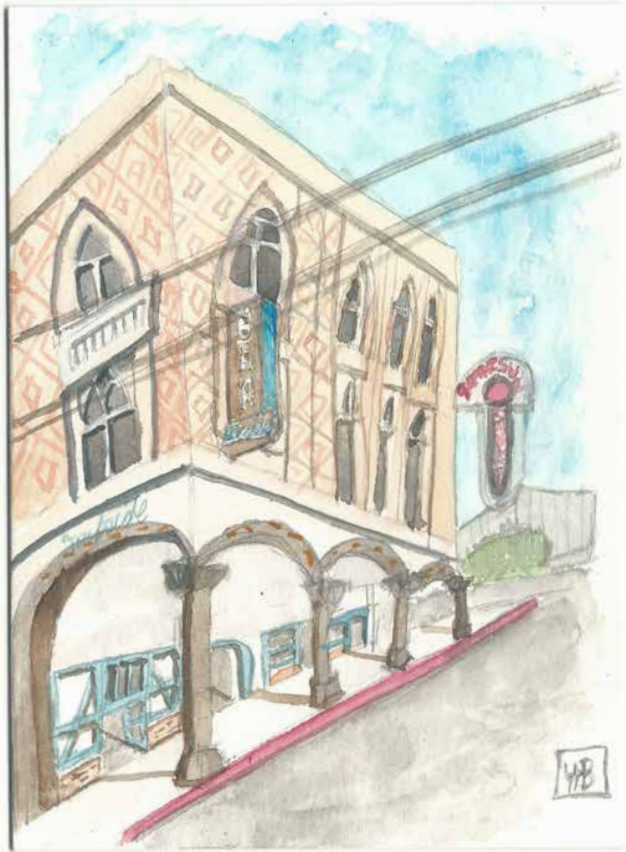
My name is Zekaia. This is my son, Maurice Brown Jr. He was arrested in March of 2018 for 30+ counts of felony robbery. Maurice has served in the US Army and is suffering with mental illness. And he also has NEVER been in trouble with the law. We learned that some of the charges against Maurice aren't any crimes that he actually committed and now he is facing 96 years. Every Public Defender assigned to his case had dropped his case without reason. Finally, one Public Defender was assigned to his case but with no receptive mindset. As his mother, I noticed that he wasn't receiving the fair representation he deserved, so I reached out to our communities for monetary support to obtain a private lawyer. Unfortunately, the private lawyer has not kept her word in representing my son and we have not been able to get hold of her since COVID. So we have officially turned to another lawyer to get my son the fair legal representation and currently raising money for this lawyer. If you have it in your hearts and wallets, we are asking for any help to get us to the \$20,000 needed for this new lawyer.

Thank You and Please Donate and Share

To donate to GoFundMe <https://www.gofundme.com/f/we-fight-for-maurice>

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paintings above by Wendy Brown



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Photos above by Eric Ahlberg



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The Message

by Alan Rodman

Who awakes? Tripping 1969 sundown near Clubhouse by Speedway off into the Pacific perched way out on salty old crab sanctuary barnacle decked Venice rocks, I have been once twelve and visionary, watching those glittering submarine periscopes twirl, winking betwixt the waves -- every peak a periscopic beacon beckoning only me, personally, as I speculated, oh so psychedelized, into the huge oceans of time timeless beyond sand sandless over millennia of eons of repercussions as the crashing surf roared, crashed then hissed to me a secret word deep into my ears -- when far off another song gradually emerged, a familiar voice began to make herself heard also, as my far waiting mom, Frankie, plaintively called "Alan! Alan!" distantly harking to me to come back off the rocks honey, because sun was set and tide was rising and now "time" to go "home," said she.

Who is awake? Today this nonagenarian tortoise speaks up in the land his voice is heard once more, and so he leads me, as the daily particular squirrels appear again at my door to begin the day. Now the crow returns as my finches foretold, because creatures trust me to offer something good. These old red roses once of my mother know me well, so they are opening to me today.

Each one of these I still notice is alive vibrant, breathing out and in -- all wiggly like the busy Brownian movement of atoms and particles colliding in all their randomly bustling pedesis, bumping rudely against molecules so uncertain in position yet expanding endlessly and very much living.

We keep our own solitudes. We dream reunion, waiting to return.

You call this living? I have. Each being seems so aware of my presence, feels to me alert to my every intention, and appears ready for my own reassuring song of friendship if only a hand held up that tells no harm.

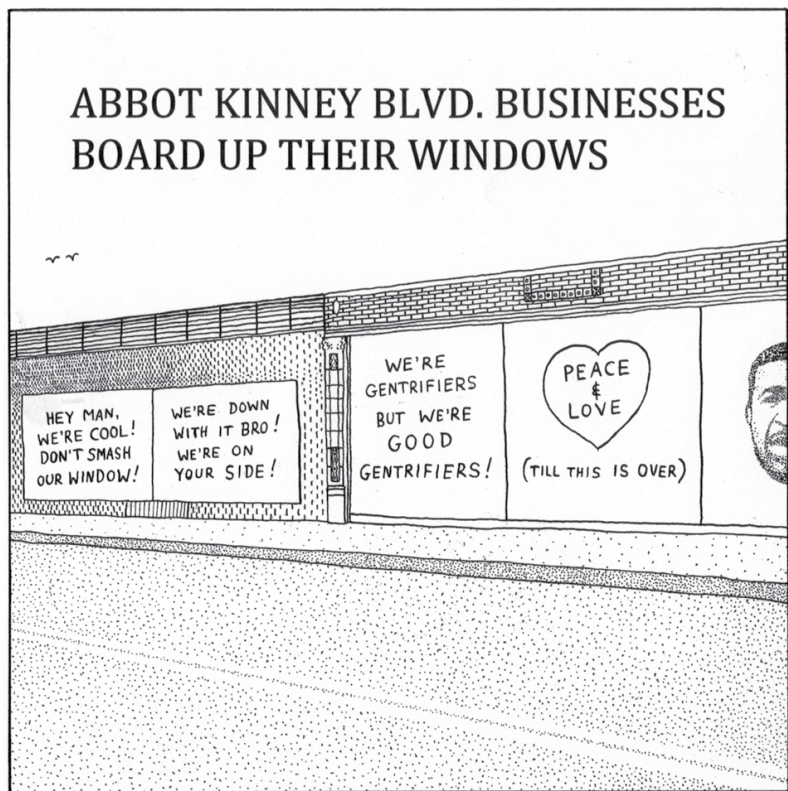
Waves and rocks and animals as well as ants and plants yes even plants and ants and animals as well as rocks and waves have waved, just to me, and rocked me right to sleep, animated me to get up and move on, even as ants they guided my attention down beneath the surface soil into dark cool depths of quiet, and rooted my life back into the earth.

Going home with my mom on that trippy day back in 69, all those nobly swaying sky tall palms near here on Ocean Avenue bowed courteously toward me in that late afternoon's strong breezes, gesturing significantly for my comprehension. They mainly seemed to mean, "Welcome! We know where your thoughts lie today. We who are rooted here," they swayed to me, "on the bluffs over the broad Pacific, see far into everything, we know who you are, now awakened, and we recognize you today!"

They seemed almost choreographed together, as they all reached gracefully toward me, indicating with their rhythmic fronds, their semaphore signals -- just to me -- spelling out my personal benediction of the palm, a raised hand in blessing, as each tree became a tall buddha, offering me encouragement to bend yet stand. That was 1969, on my first trip, and they all seemed to know.

The connection had been established.

I slept at long last that evening on the chaise lounge out by the good doctor's pool, by whose



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avuncular guru guidance my wide eyes had been up late and high, deciphering the very stars and galaxies hanging, truly dangling only just overhead sparks across velvet all that night. Then my mother softly brought me a cover, as Orion guarded over me and the Seven Sisters watched us all with their kindly eyes. At midnight an owl spoke to me, only once asking, "Who?"

When I woke, fresh, I was myself again, all normal once more in the next cool morning -- an eon, a lightyear and several lifetimes later -- small birds were again reporting to me in their songs that shiny waves were curling out there still waving to me their ancient message that all would be well, come what may, once again this brand new day was on. I rose up, found myself -- renewed -- and sure enough, I felt at home.



"The Tribe Project is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit creativity accelerator & transformational art space based in Venice Beach. Get involved @ www.thetribeproject.org"

Dedicated to the
Colonial descendants of thieves
rapists
kidnappers and
murderers
for land:

Keep your doctrines of discovery hands and your
manifest destiny plans
With your family secrets and trinkets
Memories of your wretched past
Your DNA reeks of
smallpox blankets gifted
when you fake smile
Your voice trill with in-fluctuation
at the end of a sentence everyday in
2020 sounds always like a question perhaps you
aren't certain
if you can get away with these crimes
at these times...

Those gold bits found in streams long ago weren't for
you and yours
and that silver spoon trust fund check direct deposit
you receive
drips in blood
and do you hear the screams?
Don't you?
Children separated was it
1879 or 1979
or just today
The screams travel far
and pierce your ear drums
Pilgrim descendants trained to ignore it
and drown out the sounds of
those who didn't surface
once thrown overboard

What
makes
a
good slave?
As she comes to your home
on time every Friday
to make it sparkle and smell clean
past your stench of owning cheap labor but you will
never own her dreams...
do you know her children's names?
She witnesses the waste of food
you toss out and
your eco -clever
momentary fashionable
Save the Planet -
Tshirt collects dust
until you repurpose it
by gifting it to your housekeeper...
does she have a teen girl in high school or about
that age?
And you feel good about it
Might even tweet about it -
too bad you don't have
plastic containers to gift her
your left overs.
Not once did it cross
your slave owning heart to
pay her what she deserves
to keep your filthy secrets -
old money.
Blood money secrets.

Blood money that pays for
The privilege to be safe
To be healthy
To eat well

To be housed
To be free
Without a glare that results
with a call to cops,
you are never suspect.
Your white fear
is protected and served.

Friday ride shares to the same
street to your neighborhood
This time is shared,
creates and keep housekeepers'
community circles
a support of sisterhood,
beautifully different
suspicious beauties
wrapped in gifts of skin colors
the sun blessed
Creator knew the fortunate ones
The ones who know
the dark night sky
blessings of Ancient ones
The Ancestors who join in laughter
as the teen girl pushes her books aside
to taste a glutton free organic meal
unwrapped from tinfoil and heated after it traveled
from the other side of town...
she laughs because the stories are unbelievable.
There's healing she knows,
on a new path never traversed by other family
members, she's the first.
She must finish more pages
as the numbers
advance on the bottom right corner
Everyday her warrior heart
grows stronger
because her roots
keep her planted
long enough to graduate
from high school
to dream of college...
to dream to lift her family
and to lift her community
all of them.
This small offering of nutrition
only afforded
as it was someone else's
left overs...
Much is over due.

— Lydia Ponce

Moo bird p&a

by paula alan rodmanhirsch

p:
Oh the hummingbirds are hueing
and kittycat is cooing
while the fog is blowing
circles 'round the sun.
It's a fluffy day for doing
once the tortoise does his mooing
and all will be delicious,
maybe fun.

a:
Yes the old opossum's barking
when the skylarks are out parking
while the people wear their masks
or just stay home
maybe make some fresh hot java
stay away from flaming lava
tackle all your tasks
or write a pome

9 • August 2020 • FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD
Bird With Two Right Wings

And now our government
a bird with two right wings
flies on from zone to zone
while we go on having our little fun & games
at each election
as if it really mattered who the pilot is
of Air Force One
(They're interchangeable, stupid!)
While this bird with two right wings
flies right on with its corporate flight crew
And this year its the Great Movie Cowboy in the cockpit
And next year its the great Bush pilot
And now its the Chameleon Kid
and he keeps changing the logo on his captains cap
and now its a donkey and now an elephant
and now some kind of donkephant
And now we recognize two of the crew
who took out a contract on America
and one is a certain gringo wretch
who's busy monkeywrenching
crucial parts of the engine
and its life-support systems
and they got a big fat hose
to siphon off the fuel to privatized tanks
And all the while we just sit there
in the passenger seats
without parachutes
listening to all the news that's fit to air
over the one-way PA system
about how the contract on America
is really good for us etcetera
As all the while the plane lumbers on
into its postmodern
manifest destiny

Lawrence Ferlinghetti

Imagine the Face

By Alice Connelly Nagle

There is a distant
and constant whining
of sirens, blocks
or miles away. Now
a whirring of helicopters,
blades that thump
and fade into the
dark of a new kind of
prison. I am locked in
my small kitchen world,
caught in its fragrance of
salmon, sweat, and
disinfectant.
There it is again,
the crying of distressed
police cars. Some pines
have been cut and
the black air is open from
the yard to the Bay,
not far from lights where

terror bristles.
The birds
must be asleep,
asleep or hiding,

waiting for the relief of
morning. Suddenly a burst
of firecrackers, or guns,
a grey light like fog
or gas, though no-one is seen
in the neighborhood. No children's
voices, just crackling sounds
and the silent restraint of

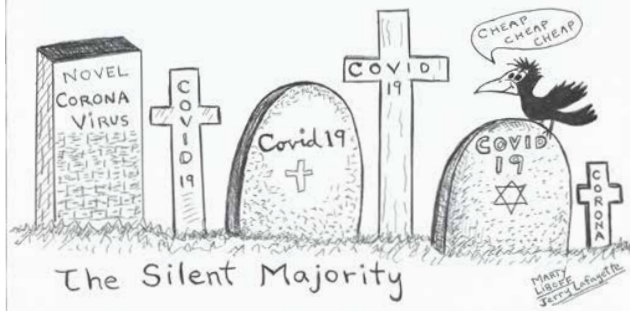
unopened flowers. George Floyd
is so dead. Imagine the face
of someone you love passed
onto his body. Imagine

a public and torturous death.
It makes me think of the Christ
of my childhood, a nailed man
we were asked to study, hanging

from a cross. Imagine
so that we would understand
him as God, but also
human. A son.

THEY WERE HERE
POEM

The REPUBLICAN HEALTH PLAN -



SOMEDAY WHEN WE'RE OVER THE CORONA
(sung to, Somewhere Over the Rainbow)
by Marty Liboff

Someday when we're over the corona
and we won't die.
Someday when we're over the corona
we'll party & get high!
Someday when we're over the corona
we won't catch flu
and the dreams of not wearing masks & gloves
really do come true.
Someday I'll poop upon a toilet
and wake up where toilet paper and panic
worries are far behind me.
Where troubles melt like cough drops
we'll go back to our jobs & open shops
that's where you'll find me.
Someday when we're over the corona
and we won't die
birds are less than 6 feet apart
why then, oh why can't I?
If happy little birds don't catch it & die
beyond the corona
why oh why can't I?
When we're over the corona
we won't die, we won't die, we can fly...

CALENDAR?

BEYOND CLOSED.ORG

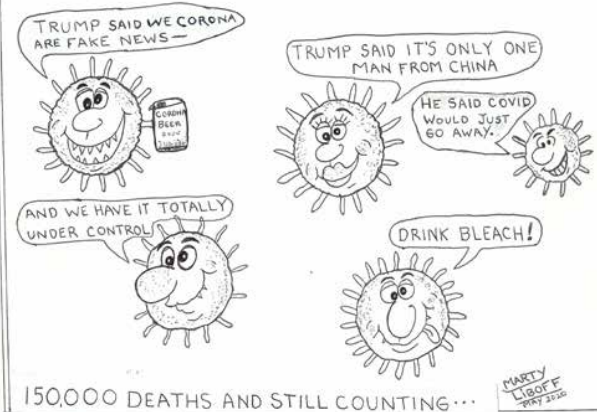
MANY BELOW ARE CLOSED CALL FIRST
Ongoing Events
Have to re-think this

Probably all closed due to Social Distancing Rules.

Location Guide

- **Abbot Kinney Public Library**, 501 S. Venice Blvd. 310-821-1769, fovl.org
- **Beyond Baroque**, 681 Venice Blvd. 310-822-3006, www.beyondbaroque.org
- **Electric Lodge**, 1416 Electric Ave. 310-306-1854, electriclodge.org
- **Pacific Resident Theatre**, 703 Venice Blvd, 310-822-8392, pacificresidenttheatre.com
- **SPARC - Social and Public Art Resource Center**, 685 Venice Blvd. sparcmurals.org
- **Townhouse**, 52 Windward.
- **Venice High School** 13000 Venice Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90066 (310) 577-4200
- **Vera Davis Center**, 610 California Ave. under remodeling.
- **Westminster Elementary School**, 1010 Abbot Kinney Blvd. (enter auditorium from Westminster Ave) 310-606-2018
- **Unurban Coffee Shop** - 3301 Pico Blvd, Santa Monica, 310-315-0056

BLACK LIVES MATTER
by MOISHE MATZOBALLS
Millions of voices cry out from their graves
Millions of voices cry out-
Black Lives Matter! No justice, no peace!
Dark shadows of our past still haunt us-
Hundreds of years of slavery, repression, brutality, murder-
Cold, cold graves, flesh rotting, angry spirits,
sad ghosts...
Death by police.
Black lives didn't matter-
A Black life worth no more than a bullet.
Cops have such a thrill to kill-
beat, strangle, shoot
an ancient tale of racism.
White people have forever ignored the cries.
D.A.s and police unions always protecting cop's crimes.
Freedom and justice doesn't come in a book of Laws-
It comes from the heart and soul.
We must fight for it.
Be ever vigilant...
We are all One- the dust and tears of God-
A Miracle of Creation.
The Great Spirit calls on you now-
The ghosts of the Dead call on you now-
Black Lives Matter!
Stand up for everyone's Human Rights
Black Lives Matter!
The sun is rising, it's a new Day-
It's time to stop the hate-
LOVE will show you the Way...



SORROWS -marty liboff-
So many of us walk in pain
so many have sorrows
Life has sent us storms and rain
on our paths Death and illness follows.
We never know the torments others went through
until we share our stories of Life
we never know what made them sad & blue
all their grief and strife.
Our loved ones get sick and die
so give them all the love you can
we miss them and cry
we never know the Divine plan.
Our journeys can be bad and mad
wars, sickness, accidents, poverty
try and stay happy and not sad
be free and let it be.
Give all your love today
give your loved ones a hug & kiss
for tomorrow the Grim Reaper we pay
and our loved ones we'll miss.
Even Kobe, rich, famous, young & healthy
couldn't escape Death
it doesn't matter if you're strong & wealthy
we never know when it's our last breath.
Get together now and share love
our Time we never know
we soon may be angels above
so let your love show and grow...

DO YOU NEED LEGAL ASSISTANCE REGARDING YOUR HOUSING?

Receive FREE legal help on the
third Saturday of each month.

Upcoming Dates:
Oct. 20
Nov. 17
Dec. 15

10:00a - 12:00p at Venice Community Housing
720 Rose Avenue, Venice, CA 90291

CALIFORNIA
WOMEN'S
LAW CENTER

If you have any questions, please contact the California
Women's Law Center at (323) 951-1041 or info@cwlc.org



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OFFICE HOURS

FOR NEW LATU MEMBERS

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BLACK
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MATTER

LAUGHTEARS

Established 1953

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provides “an indispensable portrait of an unexplored chapter in history” -Publishers Weekly. Read this vital primer *Set the Night on Fire: L.A. in the Sixties*. They write: “We invite younger historians and activists to enlarge and revise our account of this crucial but misunderstood decade.”

Reinvent and reimagine. Re-evolution. Be bold. Be courageous. Be brave.

Davis & Wiener include the aspirations of the Beachhead’s founder John Haag: “Free Venice was the logical offspring of a vibrant neighborhood political culture. John Haag, publisher and editor of the Free Venice Beachhead, explained that their vision went beyond stopping the bulldozers: ‘Would you believe dancing in our Venice streets? Non-violent police? An art festival the length of Ocean Front Walk? A Venice radio station? Cooperative, low-cost housing? An art cinema and sidewalk coffee house? Experimental theater in the Pavilion? Schools that could teach what the kids wanted to learn? Venice planned and run by the people in it? A newspaper created by Venice writers?’”

Check out Sasha Frere-Jones’s review of *Set the Night on Fire* entitled “Los Angeles Is Burning” in *Bookforum* April/May 2020 issue. His thorough coverage includes mention of Angela Davis. I wish she’d run for President. He writes: “Some of the pressure that built in Los Angeles during the ’60s was released in the moment of Davis’s flight and subsequent acquittal. Her widespread popularity represented a turn in opinions about the police and the justice system. None of which ensured any long-term relief, in the black community, from police pressure, but all of which changed the nature of consciousness around these issues, laying the

groundwork for a new audience, like the one that greeted Mike Davis in 1990. Everything is still on fire, and more people can see that now.”

Davis & Wiener write: “Venice was the kind of place where windows would display posters reading ‘Angela Davis: Sister You Are Welcome in This House’ while she was underground.”

How do we change consciousness now? Frere-Jones recommends watching Angela “in *The Black Power Mixtape 1967–1975*, a 2011 documentary that used footage shot around the time of her trial. Davis is as calm and collected as she is polymathic and fearless, an American template for the revolutionary life.” What does the revolutionary life mean to us now?

Davis & Wiener write: “Art Kunkin’s LA Free Press (aka the “Freep”) sponsored free music festivals. The 1968 ‘Bastille Day Bash’ on Venice Pier featured Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention and other bands, including the Paul Butterfield Blues Band and Ramblin’ Jack Elliot. ‘Wear costumes and masks,’ the Free Press poster said. ‘Do your thing on the beach: swimming, body painting, sculpture, sand castles, listening, loafing, dancing, playing, freaking... Be kind, be pure, avoid busts.’ 25,000 people showed up.”

In the 60’s, Frank Zappa declared “I’m not black, But there’s a whole lots a times I wish I could say I’m not white!” and “I will love the police, as they kick the shit out of me on the street.” How do YOU update these words for our current times? What does courage mean now? How are you seeing and creating a new V for Venice?

Abstract from Dr. Naomi Nightingale’s Doctoral Dissertation with links to presentations.

The United States of America has more than 2.3 million persons incarcerated in state and federal prisons. In 2011 more than 700,000 prisoners were released from prisons back into the communities, mostly urban, from where they came. Upon their attempt to re-enter society, persons released from prison are faced with overwhelming odds threatening their successful reentry at every critical element necessary for life and wellbeing—food, housing, health care, treatment for drug addictions, employment, counseling, family support and close personal relationships. This research reflects the voices of African American men who tell their personal stories of criminal life, imprisonment, recidivism, and the point at which they turned from crime to desisting—breaking the cycle of recidivism. *African American Men Who Give Voice to the Personal Transition from Criminality to Desistance* discusses the attractions of criminal life, challenges to desisting and finally making it through society’s unforgiving social, economic and political gauntlet. Narrative is story and narrative inquiry is a way to understanding and valuing lived experiences through story. Narrative inquiry methodology is the qualitative methodology used in reflecting the stories as voiced by the participants in this study. This dissertation is accompanied by 16 MP4 video files and a Dissertation Summary [PDF]. Six of the MP4 files are embedded in the Dissertation PDF and 10 are embedded in the Dissertation Summary. All are accessible as supplemental files. The electronic version of this dissertation is at AURA <http://aura.antioch.edu/> and OhioLink ETD Center, www.ohiolink.edu/etd

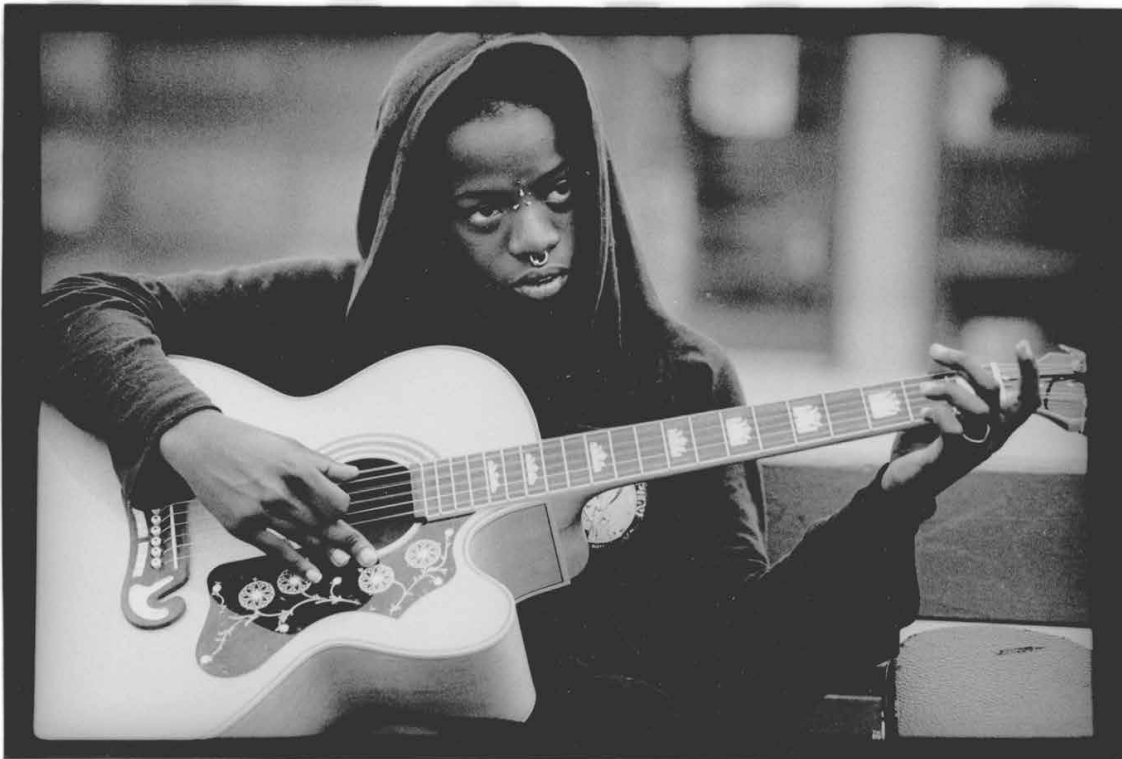


Photo above is of Sunny War by Dave Healey. We again apologize for the outcome of Dave’s photos that we printed last month and which came out way too dark. This photo has been adjusted so that no dark areas are more than 80% saturated. Dave’s lovely black and white prints are lusciously dark, photo paper can be 100% saturated, newsprint not so.

VENICE CELEBRATES JUNETEENTH



Tommy Walker; Reverend Lemuel Mossett III; Reverend Robert Shipp, all photos by Margaret Molloy



Soni Lloyd, Reverend, Miguel Bravo

