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Would violence push Snap out of Venice?

by Megan Cox

Living on Speedway, every now and then I hear a local Venetian yelling at Snap employees – stuff like, “Venice is a Community, not a Campus” or “Get Out of Venice”. The residents here are angry and frustrated and they want to let it be known that Snap’s presence here is unwanted and the more that Snap employees hear these loud words, the more the employees themselves might actually WANT to leave Venice. Besides, that’s exactly what Snap has been telling the press and the community they will be doing eventually anyways, even though businesses all over town still complain how Snap is trying to take over their present space.

No one likes to be yelled at every day – especially if it’s something they don’t consider their fault or have any wrongdoing in or believe themselves to be part of the problem. And one can’t help to wonder if more harsh words and actions, and more physical abuse rather than verbal abuse towards Snap employees, would actually make a difference and solidify their departure.

Social wisdom over the last several decades has held that violence is an unacceptable option. However, we as Americans live in a bubble filled with social media drama, reality TV shows, scare tactic politics and an ever-changing social structure that pushes to fit whatever social agenda mainstream media pushes that week. While this bubble allows our citizens to live in one of the greatest countries on Earth and to live a life relatively void of some of the evils the rest of the world encounters on a daily basis, it does create an unrealistic view of violence and its application to solve some of life’s greatest problems. Those who say “Violence is not the answer”, most likely never stared death in the face or encountered some of the greatest evil that plagues our society. In reality, violence often solves some of life’s greatest issues.

The words “Violence is not the answer” is really only a politically correct slogan. It’s far from actual truth. It’s never the answer – except when you sometimes actually have to deal with reality. History has shown that on many occasions, violence has been the answer to many different problems whether it be self-defense, preventing a crime, or using it for wartime tactics, just to name a few, so... could that be the answer to Venice’s problem with Snap? A first reaction to this thought for most people is of shock and dismay and that it’s certainly NOT an option, but after getting past those first initial thoughts of disgust lets think about the question itself... Would violence actually push Snap out of Venice?

The verbal abuse they endure on occasion is already unacceptable and too harsh for many people to justify, but isn’t that what Snap security guards were doing to the locals from the very beginning? It’s no question that Snap has come in and taken over Venice with a bullying

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THE ARCHITECTS HAVE A BAD DAY

by Jon Wolff

The Land Use and Planning Committee is a standing committee of the Venice Neighborhood Council. It currently meets twice a month in the meeting room of the Oakwood Recreation Center in the heart of Venice. The Land Use and Planning Committee (LUPC) is made up of Robert Aronson, Tim Bonefeld, Joe Clark, Ramsey Daham, Michael Jensen, Mehrnoosh Mojallali, Brian Silveira, and Daffodil Tyminski. The LUPC Chair is Matthew Royce. Many of the LUPC members are architects. Many of the new buildings in Venice are projects of the LUPC members.

The Land Use and Planning Committee reviews cases for remodeling, conversions, changes of use, and demolitions of buildings in Venice. The Committee hears from the applicants and representatives of the projects as well as from the citizens who oppose the projects. They vote to approve the projects and make their recommendations to the VNC. The VNC then hears further presentations and, with the recommendation of LUPC, approves or denies the projects.

When you walk down a street in Venice and you see those notices on the fences of beautiful old houses stating that the house will be torn down and a big ugly box will be built on the site, you’ll know that the process started in front of the Land Use and Planning Committee.

On July 27, 2017, LUPC met at their regular time to hear cases but also to hear a presentation from the Los Angeles City Planning Department. Planners Jonathan Hershey and Hagu Solomon-Cary spoke before LUPC about the department’s efforts to bring the city zoning laws into conformity with those of the California Coastal Commission. The California Coastal Commission is the State body that came into existence in the 1970s to protect coastal communities from local government corruption and the ruin of our coastline. The City Planning Department is now working to bring L.A. codes up to the standards of the California Coastal Commission.

This would mean much for Venice. It would mean clearer standards for height, frontage, and even the angle of the roof for new buildings. It would mean a more consistent adherence to the standards that are repeatedly referenced by those who attend VNC meetings: Mass, Scale, and Character. That is: how big, what shape, and will it look anything like the other buildings on the block?

The City of L.A.’s rules for the rest of the city would be separate from those in the Coastal Zone. The rules that apply to Venice, as required by the Coastal Act, would require the city authorities to consider the existing buildings in Venice, and also the consistency and compatibility with the environment. They might even discourage builders from tearing down multi-family dwellings to make big ugly boxes for rich couples.

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A Long Kiss Goodbye ... to Venice Beach, California

by Frank Strasser

After living and painting in Venice for 40 years, I’ll be leaving my longtime home in a few months’ time. I will dearly miss neighbors, friends, a few old haunts, and the gifted musicians and artists I’ve been blessed to collaborate with over the years. Mostly, I will miss the Venice of yesteryear. My beloved community has changed dramatically in four decades. Some of it has been interesting and part of a natural evolution, but there’s a point beyond which all the progress money can buy obliterates the soul of a city.

When I first moved to the Venice Canals in the 70s, the hood had a menacing edge. Folks were trepidatious to venture west of Lincoln. To maintain a respectable front, local shopkeepers used Marina del Rey zip codes to lure unsuspecting customers, who (perhaps rightly) feared overexposure to freaks and counterculture. To the majority of Venetians, that edgy, undiscovered, deviant, depraved, and twisted place was nothing short of paradise. We knew that a warm heart and gentle soul lurked beneath the gruff, intimidating exterior.

As a local artist for four decades, I’ve always been challenged to differentiate the real from the imagined Venice. Some of my art depicts “Retro Venice,” a quirky and eclectic community of renegades who party in brightly painted cottages along colorfully landscaped canals. It’s a joyful world of bon vivants who drink, gab, and shoot pool in local dives, warmly welcome strangers, offer a buck to those who’ve fallen from grace and end up on the street, off the wagon, or off their meds after losing Uncle Sam’s battles in Nam or Iraq, or who failed to keep a murderous pace set by the Joneses.

“Utopia” means “No Place.” Maybe Retro Venice never existed beyond the imaginary borders of a blank white canvas. Yet Utopia exists in my vibrantly painted Retro collection ... somewhere beyond the haze of my own memories.

As dazzling new hotspots pop up where old haunts once pulsed, I feel an urge to turn back time -- like George Bailey, incredulous at the crass horrors of Potterville. Yeah, change is inevitable. Evolution happens. Gentrification takes its toll. This isn’t my town anymore. The City of Angels wasn’t built on sentiment, after all. LA never had a love affair with history. The nonchalance with which iconic landmarks have come crashing down is flat-out heartbreaking – no surprise local preservationists couldn’t save Ray Bradbury’s old digs. A Craftsman bungalow where the longtime Venice denizen began clacking out The Martian Chronicles was razed and supplanted by a New York-based art gallery that went belly up after three years. At least history wasn’t wiped out for a vape

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Dear Beachhead,

The “Lit Show” last Saturday night at Beyond Baroque starring Suzy Williams and Brad Kay, was one of their best efforts. The house was packed. Their annual event has entertained us for 12 years giving us the best of the Venice we know and love. Suzy and Brad out did themselves with musical wit, charm, talent, craft so unique to them. The band was perfect. They are all truly a Venice treasure.

An unfortunate incident at the end of the show that occurred was terrifying and gives us pause to think about how our society does not address and care about mental illness.

A man in an obviously, agitated altered state came into the show. He became enraged and started to attack the people around him with a table cutting knife. People surrounded him with folded chairs and tried to subdue him. They chased him out the door and he was arrested a few blocks away. There was a lot of chaos but the drummer and others took charge, the paramedics arrived immediately, and the police soon after. A witness noticed that the man’s shoes were marked county issue which meant he had recently been in jail or a county institution.

Fortunately, although one man had small cuts on his arm, no one was badly hurt and there was no great damage. This was a random attack by a person out of control. But an alert!!

When you see a person who is abnormally agitated, who do you tell? What do you do? What kind of security do we need, where and when?

Homeless people occasionally wander into Beyond Baroque generally looking for food. They are pleasant and not a problem. This event is not usual for Beyond Baroque!! A first as far as I know.

Despite this tragic end, I have great warmth and pleasure in my memories of the “Lit Show”!

- Emily Winters



Mr. Venice sez...

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because it's
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Dear Beachhead,

If you had the money Snapchat has wouldn't you buy all the beachfront property you could? It's a great investment.

They're ruining the true spirit of Venice? Give me a break: the 60's have been over for more than half a century.

D. Schraier long-time resident

- *Not—the—editor responds:*

Thank you for asking me a question for which you will be sorry I answered.

Yes, if we had all the money we wanted, we would buy up the entirety of Venice, tear out the streets and make this a lovely car-free zone with lots of supportive housing, free music, free weed, with fully nude love-ins every day on OFW, creating great values in our community.

Of course those who remember the 60's were not there, and those who were here in the 60's are pushing 70 and dropping like flies if the Beachhead Obituaries are any indication.

It seems to me that everyone who comes here ruins Venice, you can't make a Jim Conn Omlette without breaking a few eggs. If we must discuss the “true spirit” of Venice then let us hark back to the communal tribal ways of Native Americans, and then the invasion of the Europeans, the exploitation of slaves on Missions, the full colonization of California, including polluting industries, and construction over toxic dumps.

It was cheap rent which first drew artists to Venice, and now it is expensive rents which are driving them out.

So it would them seem that the death culture spirit of Venice is genocide, pollution, and land speculation, exploitation of workers and oil.

It was into this wasteland that the artists of Venice came, finding common cause on social justice issues.

Yet boosterism is always about dreams, come to Venice, chill, and find your dreams, leverage your property's inflation value to cover the fact that you are not really a creative person, you just collect the rent, and keep the inflation heat on it.

Of course, the course of gentrification involves the leader of the Chamber Of Commerce and many other landlords illegally evicting rent controlled tenants and illegally converting to hotel or Airbnb.

Is making money is the measure of success, i.e. the true spirit of Venice? Certainly for many it is.

We believe Venice is currently made up of 33% Grey Panthers, + 20% Young Activists, 20% rehab, ok I am pulling these numbers out of my shorts. Movoto.com says 35% owner occupied. 65% renters. 21% of Venice households make less than \$30,000. 49% of households are singles.

Oh but these are lies, damn lies, and statistics. Nobody goes back in time, we always seek the future, and try to bend it toward justice and freedom.

Perhaps, in 2060, for the hundredth anniversary of the 60's, we will have a big houseboat parties in our new global flooding zone. And the artists will come back.



attitude and most bullies need to be put in their place to finally be stopped. “Evil” Spiegel is no different than a schoolyard bully that uses the local politicians and developers much like a student brown-noses teachers and principals as his disciples walk around like they own the town or run the school. Most schoolyard bullies need to be put in their place by a bigger bully before they finally stop their own actions. Until some form of retaliation occurs that is harmful to the bully and his supporters, Spiegel and his Snap employees, they will just keep doing what they are doing without any remorse.

Most people would not enjoy going to an office every-day where local residents are yelling at you or constantly annoying you every single day, let alone if more violent actions were taken. It would get old fast. Employees would start asking their superiors why they have to endure such actions in their workplace every day and company morale would be extremely low. Somehow working at the beach every day wouldn’t be so great. And some would try to stand up to it and put an end to it themselves which would surely end badly in some way, shape or form. And as much as Snap’s security guards linger and bike around Venice, their employees still walk around everywhere without their presence. All it takes is one employee of Snap to get physically beat up or a couple scuffles at night and word will get out that the locals have played nice for way too long and they’ve had enough and it’s time to get serious. Yes, there are cameras everywhere now and eventually a couple people might get arrested and have to deal with the consequences, but the message would be sent and it would be a clear one – especially if it happens multiple times. The more chaos that is created, the more pressure it is for Snap to be honest and stick by their words and actually leave Venice. It’s their presence alone that is the ultimate cause of the problem and their departure is the only solution. The residents, the press, the city and the world would start asking more questions and the pressure for them to move would be much more extreme, with everyone hoping they leave as soon as possible before another employee gets their \$5,000 laptop knocked out of their hands, their badge ripped off, or much worse. Word would get out and Snap’s real estate actions would be even more scrutinized. Stock holders, investors and anyone that reads the news would start asking and wondering why these poor young kids are getting beat up on a daily, weekly or monthly basis and when will it stop and the local politicians and real estate developers would have only themselves to look at in the mirror for being part of the problem. Snap would be put on the spot and forced to answer a lot more questions from a lot more people as a result of these altercations and their business model of secrecy would suddenly be a lot less private.

As everyone knows, it wasn’t that long ago that Venice was infested with an extreme amount of gangs and many locals have been quoted as saying, “I’d rather have gangs than tech companies” here in Venice. Some gangs still exist, but their presence against Snap employees has been non-existent and it’s fair to say this never would’ve

happened 20 years ago for multiple reasons. It’s also fair to say this would never happen in a place like New Jersey. If Snap was doing the same thing in many parts of the northeast that they are doing here in Venice they would simply have to pay - either by sharing their profits or by blood or by their immediate departure. A mafia that has any respect at all would never allow a bunch of rich bullying computer geeks to take over their beach town like a cancer and get away with it without any repercussions. It simply would not happen. In fact, they laugh at the slogan, “Violence is not the answer”.

It’s also worth noting that if we can’t have confidence in the powers-that-be: the politicians, city officials, the Coastal Commission, and the VNC, is it that wrong to take the law into our own hands? If they are all going to remain corrupt, turn a blind eye and cohort with real estate developers and property owners and side-step the law using payoffs, bribes, illegal tactics, backroom handshakes and illegal zone changes to take over our community, are we supposed to stay defenseless and lay down our fists and pitchforks and just allow it happen? They can side-step the law but the residents and victims of these bullies cannot?

I think most people are surprised or even shocked that there hasn’t been any physical violence since Snap has invaded the community. Given the protests against Snap, the animosity they created and their bullying attitude, there have been very few altercations. However all it takes is one stupid comment taken the wrong way, one drunken bout of stupidity, or one prime opportunity and that could all change very quickly. Hundreds of people and businesses have been displaced, people’s lives have been ruined and yet to my knowledge there have been no broken windows of employees homes that live in the neighborhood, no water or piss mistakenly dumped on employees heads, no accidental collisions with laptop holders, and only mild graffiti – all of which could easily be done outside the view of their incompetent security guards and neighborhood cameras. And even if their security guards did get involved, as one local put it, “at least it would give them something to do”.

Snap came into Venice like bullies and ruined people’s lives with their money, greed and ego. They are lying to the community, lying to the press and they are taking over Venice one property at a time and they don’t care about the repercussions or what anyone else thinks, otherwise they wouldn’t be doing it. In a civilized society, violence is rarely the answer. But when it is - it’s the only answer. It may not be the best way to settle differences, however sometimes it’s the only way to prevent them from being settled for you. “Violence is not the answer” is most certainly a false slogan as it pertains to many things in life - perhaps a more truthful and accurate slogan that should be more common and remembered instead is: “You end up with what you put up with”.

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Long Kiss Goodbye – continued from page 1
lounge or tat parlor ... unless there’s one there now.

As a teenager in the 60s, I often hitchhiked to Venice Beach from Culver City. Nothing surprising ever went down in my drowsy hometown suburb east of Lincoln Blvd, and I was irresistibly drawn to the squalid carnival atmosphere of the Venice Boardwalk, where pot-smoking vendors hawked dayglo tchotchkes and Tie-dye jazzmatazz to slack-jawed tourists while the scraggly, foul-mouthed Swami X delivered Zen-tinged riffs in a gruff Bronx staccato, spewing rapid-fire F-Bombs at hecklers like our own hometown Don Rickles.

In the 70s, after graduating from LMU with a Lit degree, I embarked on the obligatory trip to Europe and quest for self. I tuned in, turned on, dropped out, read the requisite subversive literature, and honed my native skills at questioning authority. When my wanderlust and money ran out, I fled home from April in Paris to June Gloom in LA I found a cheap studio on Strongs Drive, an alley tucked snugly between Venice and Washington Blvds, and a short stroll from the historic canals and Venice Boardwalk.

Inspired by Monet and van Gogh, I sketched ramshackle cottages, scraggly gardens, crumbling sidewalks, cow-licked palms, and iconic bridges. In my studio, I listened to a neighbor play the accordion on her patio. To a steady flow of jaunty gypsy melodies, jazz standards, and the sentimental familiarity of Beatle medleys, I worked to capture the Venice of yesteryear in acrylic on canvas. Little did I know I was living the Bohemian dream.

I rendezvoused with Muses after midnight, mulling the immensities life had to offer in this place, at this age, to the rhythm of a foghorn and Mother Nature’s waves slapping the concrete pilings of Venice Pier. I strolled amidst shrouded film-noir streets at ungodly hours to hunker down with Herman Hesse at The Meatless Mess Hall and scribble snippets of poetry on wobbly tables shared by kindred spirits at the now-defunct Cafe, once open 24 hours, now dead and gone forever like other local haunts: The Comeback Inn, Lafayette Cafe, Blue Moon Saloon, Crabshell, Roosterfish, Hal’s, Omelet Parlor, Abbott’s Habit, Fox Venice Theatre, and Brandywine Cafe.

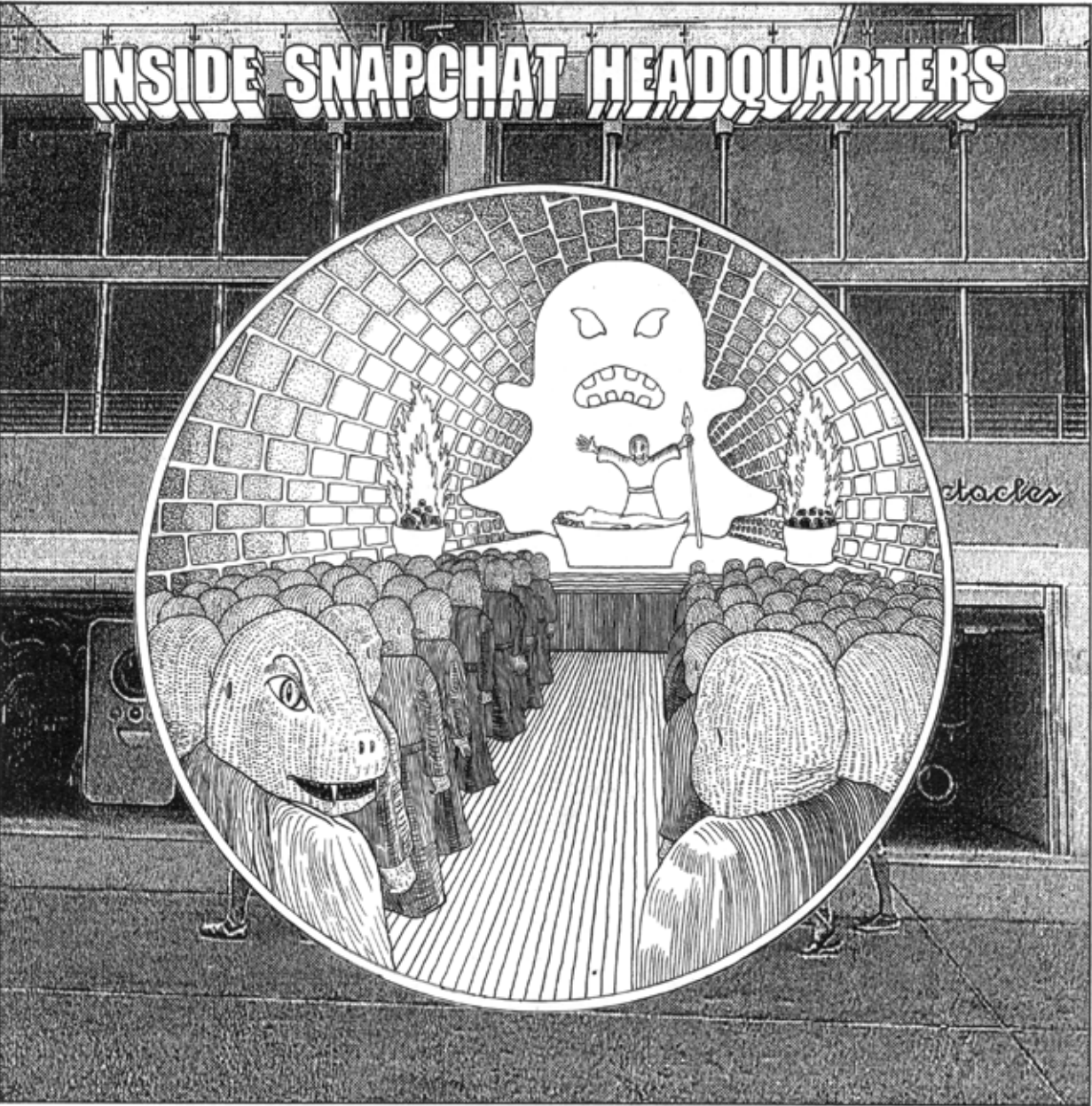
Whilst I reminisce about good ole days of yore, Venice wasn’t all grand and glorious. A fetid stench wafted off mossy green canals on sweltering summer days. I stumbled on a few dead bodies in dark alleyways. A rowdy biker gang, The Heathens, ruled the local dive bars. Hina-no’s served kickass burgers, cheap beer, and bloodshed. The Sunset Saloon featured live music seven nights a week. My musical tribe risked our lives for rock and roll. Knives flashed, fists flew, hurtled beer bottles whizzed past my ear as I belted out Roadhouse Blues and Sympathy for the Devil. Then one dark day in the 80s, the music died. The Sunset closed down. It reopened a year later: all gussied up and soulless. Suddenly the Marina del Rey, disco, Reaganomics, and the 80s reared their ugly heads.

One stunning spring morning I stepped outside my studio to take a break and looked up the street just as a huge, beautiful, century-old eucalyptus toppled to the ground. Chainsaws and bulldozers mauled a 100+-year-old Craftsman home and garden. It was Day One of several long, loud years of “progress” on my street. Half the block was demolished, and most of my neighbors evicted, evacuated, here no more. Each day a Mercedes with tinted windows would roll up. A man in sunglasses and a suit stepped out. Call him Mr. X. He stood intently watching his row of shiny new three-story investment boxes rise, as decades of history collapsed in a heap of dust and rubble. I knew my days in Venice were numbered. (Cue up The Doors: “This is the end, beautiful friend.”)

But sufficient to the day are the lamentations therein. I’m no fan of modern Venice, but as local legend Jim Morrison once sang: “If they say I never loved you, you know they are a liar.” I spent the best 40 years of my life here. I could not have asked for a better place to express myself as an artist or be lovingly embraced for my work, my music, my philosophy of life. My art has been featured in the Free Venice Beachhead and Journal of The Venice Historical Society. Two of my images were chosen by the Venice Family Clinic to raise funds through the VAC’s holiday gift card program. I helped create a mural on behalf of the homeless in downtown LA with acclaimed muralist Judith F. Baca at The Social and Public Arts Resource Center (SPARC). In 2005, I helped organize a Venice Centennial Celebration in the Venice Canals, featuring local art, and music by The Canaligators. I was invited to perform an original song at the first anti-war protest in Venice against the present conflicts in Afghanistan and Iraq. At a Marci Winograd rally, I assisted brilliant essayist and dissident Gore Vidal up and down stairs to the stage, where his resonant voice and rhetorical acuity belied his physical frailty.

In late autumn, I’m leaving my love, my muse of decades, behind. She will always live long and strong in my heart, and in the meanwhile, I’ll cherish my last summer in her arms ... dreaming of days gone by.

As I’ve done for 40 years, I will continue to paint and share my interpretations of the world. My work can be found at: frankstrasserfineart.com, or contact me at: frank@frankstrasser.com.



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Red pill or Blue pill?

by Pat Raphael

Do you choose to awaken from the slumber that you have been systemically put to sleep in? Or will you actively close your eyes to maintain blissful ignorance? Not everyone is ready for a state of full awakening, so choose carefully. Only awakening reveals the coordinated lattice-work of overlapping functions working in perfect harmony to keep the population asleep. Think you got what it takes to break free and wake up? Then it's time to more clearly understand the component parts of this well-oiled machine that continue to advance the interests served by our sleep.

Venice is full of those who have walked their own path, and found their own way to awaken and break free from the matrix. A bunch of us awakened souls, have gathered at the 420Box in the north end of the OceanFront Walk, between Ozone and Navy. We are raising up, from the ground level, a multi-platform media empire to sound the wake up call on as many mediums that our network can produce. We are asking the creative community in Venice to join us as we show how the sleep yet remains, and look for the input of clarity that can come when art and culture is used to sound the alarm.

From our free vantage point, well outside of the control mechanisms in use by the matrix to sustain its operation, we've developed a perspective that allows us to see clearly; and now we want to infect that clarity to all who consume our media. Whenever we arrive at understanding, or dig deep to find truth, we want that process to be open and transparent, and want to disseminate freely the results that we uncover.

We declare here the intention of the 420Box to lay bare the tools of control at work in the hands of the architects. We see how these tools maximize their effectiveness when they are operating unconsciously on a population, so we are here to arise consciousness. None of these individual pieces should be seen as good or bad on their own. Instead, maintenance of the matrix depends on the mass of sleepers to develop a relationship of imbalance with any or as many of these mechanisms of control as may be, then that imbalance becomes the diversion to prevent a state of full awakening. Let us take a look under the hood, and see how this engine is running.

---SELF--- Tiny lil' you are nothing and can effect no change on the great big world, or you are so smart and capable that only you can change the world. Our minds can trap us inside either one of those ditches, by developing an imbalanced relation to self. It all starts with you the individual, and that great store of capacity that you bring to the table. This immeasurable greatness is only magnified when we learn to work together with the greatness of others. A balanced relation to self sees we we we, and seeks collectivism and communal considerations in decision-making. This poses a great danger to our economic system driven by rational self-interest, so in stride with the knowledge of our great capacity, the emphasis of me me me, is used to tip us to imbalance and cause the divisions that keep us separate. Suddenly, even though we can accomplish so much more together, we are conditioned to only seeks our own self-interest, and remain so predictably divided.

---MONEY--- After an imbalanced and egocentric view of the world has fully set in on as many sleepers as possible, the next tool of social control comes in giving everyone something to chase. The system of money that we've derived -- complete with dreams of Horatio Alger in our heads: 'just work a little harder and rags to riches is right around the corner' -- keeps going of its own momentum when we voluntarily make the one-per-center's capitalistic system of inequality the store for all our hopes and dreams. When we think that our piece of the pie is within reach, it becomes harder to see that the pie was never baked with us in mind, and like that mule chasing the carrot, we run and run and run, but never seem to catch a bite. Check out the movie "In Time" for a nice take on the social function of money as control -- except with life as the currency.

---RELIGION--- Thank god that a large segment of the population self-limit their own behavior for the sake of a reward in the sky or for fear of torture down below. Control is maintained and all arguments cease when it can be told that 'god said so'. The standardization of morality through religion is a useful tool of social control, but of course we are looking for an internally developed sense of right and wrong driven by our true judge, the conscience. Morality that requires external motivation can easily be corrupted, but until that mental rapture takes place and we've refined within our own spirit a true compass of right and wrong, religion is a good way station.

---SEX--- Yes it feels sooo good, but aside from the physical pleasure, it also fills an ego and emotional void. The way sex can seep into the subconscious, the speed and ease with which it can serve as the reward to motivate, makes sex too potent a tool of social control to not be in the arsenal. This is why sex has been weaponized through pornography, hyper-commercialization (sex sells), and the distorting of the sexual spectrum by shifting the gender roles.

---POWER--- In what ever sphere it manifest, out in front (like government and politics) or behind the scene (like the faceless movers in the shadows), the goal of acquiring power has a way of keeping things in place. The thought: let's not blow it up and start from scratch, just put x or y in there and it will be all better.

---MAGIC (or the supernatural)--- There are things that we can not explain. In those grey areas where we have no answers, leave it to the architects to step in and cobble together their own explanation. Areas like astrology or extra sensory perception or even angels and demons, has a way of keeping us wondering, and as we wonder, those who speak the loudest insist that they have the answers, but a closer look at their answers usually shows just another way to keep the grip of control.

--SPORTS--- Not just because it gives people an outlet for their passions, but also the economic benefits of sports as large-scale public works project. From the Greek coliseum to the new home of the rams at L.A. coliseum, sports have been used to put the population to work. But it is also valuable for uniting the people around a common form of entertainment. Additionally, sports as a tool of social control gives the youth a way to remain active, to learn to follow instructions, to work cooperatively, to respect authority (the ref), etc...

---HISTORY or TIME or TRADITION--- The idea expressed in all three concepts is that they who control (or affect) collective remembrance control the present. The winners write the history because public perception of the past is too critical a function to leave that power in the hands of another. This is why awakened people do not rely on someone else to give their version of history, but dig deep to uncover the truth for themselves.

---RACE--- That old divide & conquer... but who is doing the dividing? and what are they conquering? Race as a social construct can prove especially useful shorthand for those who do not want to think. It is easy (and lazy) to define people base on racial generalities rather than taking the time to see each person as an individual. But at the same time we are kept fighting each other for the crumbs, the architects are united in maintaining their system of inequality that gives them the whole pie. Why go after the system if I can simply be told that I can't make it cause the Mexicans are taking all the jobs, or I have nothing because we are giving it all to the blacks of welfare... These lies are more easily peddled when their is an underlying 'otherness' to the target. In other words, if we see the great human family, and that all of us deserve dignity and access to the economy, and we don't fall in to that zero-sum thinking, and as united we will look up to ask how all the wealth got dammed at the top... but oh, naw, don't look there. Just hate the Indians who took your job through globalization...

---PLEASURE--- drugs, partying, feeling good... I can devote my entire existence to the pursuit of pleasure -- causing me to lose sight of the big picture. Awakened people recognize the value of their mind and the maintenance of their freewill, thus avoid addiction driven dependency. Strung out people who no longer think rationally, or pleasure seeking that removes the anchor to the real world only leave a decaying husk, of no threat to the system. "No drugs or alcohol so I can get the signal clear" -- Andre BenJamin of OutKast

Thanks to Brother Ray Leniger, in whose book, "The 10 Gods of Egypt", where I first saw this list compiled.

There, of course, are more tools at work in the hands of the architects to maintaining their grip of control. We who want to ring the alarm to cause greater awakening in our environment, recognize that we can only give what we possess. We are continually at work, actively seeking greater understanding to share. We see clearly, too, that we are of no threat to a united system of inequality if we ourselves do not unite and learn to work together. We ask the creative voices in Venice who have found their clarity to come to the 420Box and share ideas with us.



Fish and Wildlife Verses Coastal Commission

- John Davis

Charles Bonham, the Executive Director of the California Department of Fish and Wildlife (DFW), has directed the Agency he controls to drain the Ballona Wetlands. The illegal drains were installed over ten years ago and the agency kept them a secret from the public.

Grassroots Coalition, a local non-profit reported the violation to the Coastal Commission. After an exhaustive investigation, the Commission sent several letters to DFW requesting it to stop.

Bonham and DFW flatly ignored letters. He failed inform the public or other affected Agencies of the illegal activity. It took a lawsuit to get him to react.

The drains were installed by a private business, Playa Capital LLC, owners of the adjacent Playa Vista project, before the wetlands were purchased by the State.

Bonham, DFW, and Playa Capital were taken to court by Grassroots. The reason was in support of the Coastal Commission letters demanding the activity cease so the Coastal Commission could evaluate the harmful impacts to the public wetlands.

Grassroots set terms to apply for a Coastal Development Permit to stop the drainage. DFW and Playa Capital conceded by settling.

The Commission letters say that the draining has adversely affected wildlife, plants, and groundwater recharge. The drained water was not used for a beneficial public purpose as law requires but simply dumped into Ballona Creek.

~~The violation will reach a flashpoint when the Commission meets at King Gillette Ranch from August 9 — 11th in the Santa Monica Mountains near Calabasas to consider an application to cap the drains.~~ HEARING CHANGE NOTE: At the last minute the Coastal Commission Planner determined the application for Coastal Development was incomplete. The hearing for this application will be considered at a later date now.

DFW employees lied point blank in the application for the Coastal Development Permit.

They stated that the drains are not in a wetland, which is not the case. DFW also said that the drains are not in a sensitive habitat area which is also untrue and that there are no geological reports, when in fact the California Department of Conservation declared area is a Seismic Hazard Zone. Furthermore, the drains are in an active oil and gas field. There are mountains of geological reports.

Since gaining control of Ballona around 2004, DFW has claimed it wants to, "restore", freshwater wetlands by bulldozing a giant basin and filling it with salt water. That is not a restoration at all, but a creation of something new that is not there today.

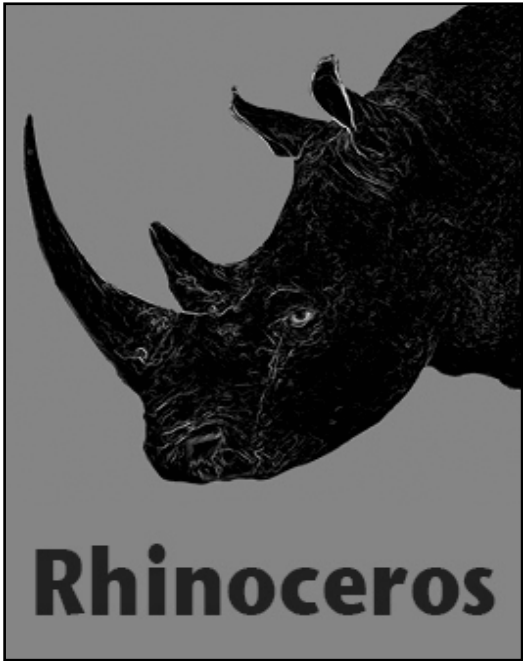
Since the freshwater wetlands stood in the way, Bonham continued the illegal draining to get rid of them once and for all. Massive amounts of fresh public water have been wasted while wildlife and plants have suffered, all because this rouge Executive Director decided to violate the law in abuse of his public position. His job description does not include causing Agency he controls to violate the California Coastal Act.

Bonham wants salt water, not freshwater. The Agency's ill-conceived plan has been delayed since 2012.

The Coastal Act holds that such a violation of the Act could require a restoration order that requires the violator to restore the area to the state it was in before draining. This means bringing back the freshwater that was taken away, not replacing it with saltwater as the Agency proposes.

Patricia McPherson, President of Grassroots notes that a complaint of violation of the U.S. Clean Water Act was provided California Environmental Protection Agency which will conduct an investigation.

You can find out more about the hearing by visitng the Coastal Commission website at: coastal.ca.gov and Grassroots Coalition at saveballona.org.



**“Closed For Transformation”
“Rhinoceros” at Pacific Resident Theater**

Review by Suzy Williams

There is no better play than Eugene Ionesco’s masterpiece, “Rhinoceros,” to depict the absurdity of our political times. And no better production possible than our own Pacific Resident Theatre. Ionesco was a key player in the 1950s “Theatre of the Absurd” movement, along with Camus and Beckett, and the play still speaks an uncanny truth ... through impossibilities. It also seems to address our current swift changes in Venice - the gentrification, all the strangers next door, and our old neighbors gone.

The story is about an alcoholic law clerk, Berenger, living in a provincial French town in 1959, beset with first one, then two, then ... MANY more rhinoceri. One by one his friends and acquaintances succumb to transforming into these fantastic, ugly beasts. Among many of the twists in this frightening and funny-as-hell play is that the man who has the biggest formal weakness (he’s a drunk) is the last holdout. It is he who is not shocked by the first stampeding pachyderm*, having said, “I can’t get used to life.”

The cast is superb, of course! (We do get a little spoiled with the PRT shows!). Everyone is an ace. My favorites were Alex Fernandez, (aka Guiermo Cienfuegos, the director) who played the uptight, judgmental, Jean, Berenger’s “friend,” who does the most excellent job of turning rhino. A tour de force! Carol Weyers is enchanting as Berenger’s love interest, and she gets full rein of the choice Ionesco moments of panic, anger, kindness and comedy, with her giant eyes and pixie hair. Peter Ebling is a very notable comedian, playing a rustic townsman, sort of a French Cockney, and also Botard, a co-worker whose fascist leanings begin sprouting all over, before he goes all the way to Rhinocery. I loved Sarah Zinsser, a comic master, and Jeff Lorch, as Dudard, a “sensible” friend of Berenger’s. He reminded me of a slim William F. Buckley, and his style of nonchalant logic was mesmerizing. Keith Stevenson, as Berenger, kept us empathetically anchored in a lovable character.

The staging was first-rate with its startling perspectives, layouts, and hallways; rooms folding up and morphing, ladders creating the illusion of two stories, and windows surprisingly opening at fresh heights. Very intelligent. VERY Pacific Resident Theatre!

Melinda West provided charming entertainment with her small accordion. The original soundscape by Kangaroo Rat (Tim Desrosiers & Anna Bell) at the opening and throughout, with glockenspiel, melodica, foot tambourine and accordion, was delightfully evocative.

Bouquets of roses to director Guiermo Cienfuegos, and artistic director Marilyn Fox, for another great evening of provocative entertainment.

*Pachyderm: Any of the thick-skinned, non-ruminant ungulates, such as the elephant, the hippopotamus and the rhinoceros.

Architect’s Bad Day – continued from page 1

But how did the members of the Land Use and Planning Committee feel about L.A. bringing the Coastal Zone up to speed with the State laws? Well, being just an advisory board, they were visibly frustrated that real government officials were telling them what they could and couldn’t do. They spent a lot of time haranguing the presenters with details and they let their architect sympathizers in the audience monopolize the meeting. They felt that the rules would impede their progress in reshaping Venice.

Usually, the VNC members and the LUPC members will sit and stare at people who come to the meetings to plead for them to vote against projects that harm Venice. They usually thank the people for their input and then vote to approve any project, no matter how horrible it is, that violates the standards of Mass, Scale, and Character. This time, LUPC was on the defensive.

They talked of all this being a reaction of the anti-developers. They said that the only way to solve Gentrification is to let builders build what they want to build. They felt that these standards would somehow cause parking problems. But this time, the representatives from the Planning Department did the calm smiling and nodding. And the LUPC members did the pleading.

It remains to be seen what effect all this will have on Venice. The Planning Department has scheduled a meeting on August 8 at the Westchester Municipal Building on 7166 Manchester Avenue to continue this discussion. Certainly, many who are against the Department’s efforts will attend and complain. But it’s clear that the VNC and LUPC and the architects of big ugly boxes aren’t immortal. “Progress” can go any direction we choose. Maybe, by going over the heads of the local quasi-governmental gang, the Law and the People of Venice will prevail.

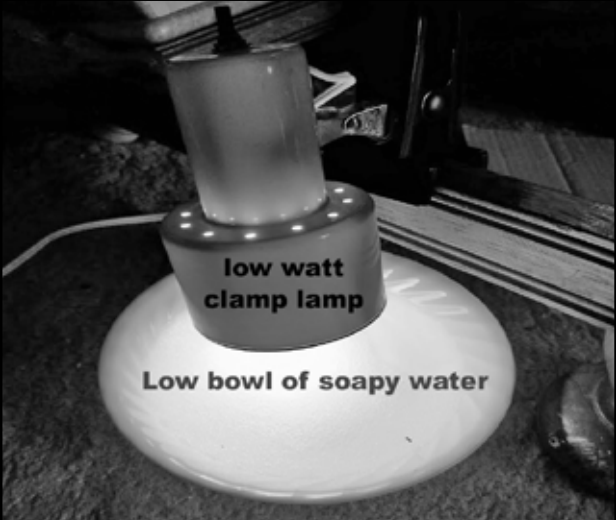


Photos above by Vitor Martins for PRT

**Fighting Fleas and Ants
by Eric Ahlberg**

Here are some techniques to help you get rid of fleas and ants.

Fleas are attracted to mammalian body warmth. Here I use a low bowl half-filled with water with a few drops of dish soap in it. I put the bowl on the floor near a table leg or anything I can clamp a clamp lamp to. I put a low-wattage bulb in the clamp lamp. The



little fuckers will jump at the lamp and then fall into the soapy water and drown. It’s quite gratifying. It can take weeks to kill all the fleas, depending on how deep the infestation is. You can change the water every few days. Put these anywhere there seem to be fleas.

For Ants I use Chinese “Miraculous Insecticide Chalk”.

“Ant chalk, also known as Chinese chalk or ‘Miraculous Insecticide Chalk’, is an insecticide in the form of normal looking chalk. It contains the pesticides deltamethrin and cypermethrin.

While the active ingredients are legal in the United States the chalk is not legal there. Labeling often falsely claims the chalk is “harmless to human beings and animals” and “safe to use.” Chalks have been found to cause serious health problems and deaths. Packaging, often containing lead-based inks, generally does not list ingredients. Despite its illegal status, “Chinese Chalk” is illegally imported from China and sold in corner stores in the United States.” - Wikipedia

Despite it’s “illegal” status, you can find it for sale on Ebay, or often on the cash register counter of many stores in Chinatown.

Of course the pesticide industry has caused “serious health problems and deaths.” too. Responsible methods of deployment are required. Draw a chalk line or two, across the trail of ants. This is best done in the most inaccessible location, where your pets or rug rats will not get it on their paws, and lick them clean. Wash hands. Wait 10 minutes and the ants are mostly gone.

Diatomaceous earth is often used for ants or fleas. indoors or outdoors. On the level of ants and fleas diatomaceous earth looks like a pile of broken glass, and walking across it pierces their exoskeleton. This product can also be a problem for pets and toddlers because you do not want them to ingest diatomaceous earth.

Nutritional Warehouse (310) 392-3636
2118 Lincoln Boulevard Venice, California, 90291
Whey Protein 2 LBS \$15.99
Pre-Workout Gaspari Superdrive \$9.98/oz only \$4.23/oz with this ad.
Virgin Organic Coconut Oil 14oz \$7.99
Kombucha Mix Case of 12 \$36.00
Real Water Case of 12 one liter bottles \$16.99





The Lit Show!

SUZY WILLIAMS and songmaster BRAD KAY performed songs with lyrics taken from classic literature on Saturday July 22nd at Beyond Baroque Literary Arts Center at 681 Venice Blvd.

You've read the book, now you've heard the song!

Supported by a top notch band Suzy and Brad performed their 12th annual "Lit Show" for a packed house of enthusiastic fans.

THE LIT SHOW repertoire includes the likes of J.D. Hafiz, Kurt Vonnegut, Edna St Vincent Millay, Samuel Beckett, Raymond Chandler, Truman Capote, Vladimir Nabokov, Rudyard Kipling and more. Dorothy Parker wrote a song that Billie Holiday sang. Tennessee Williams wrote a song that Marlon Brando sang as a rambling troubadour in The Fugitive Kind. Lonely House was written by Kurt Weill and Langston Hughes. Jack Kerouac & Allen Ginsberg wrote Pull My Daisy with David Amram



SUZY WILLIAMS has played Carnegie Hall with Stormin' Norman & Suzy, performed with Pilobolus Dance Company, and has worked with Van Dyke Parks, Buster Poindexter, Marc Shaiman, and film director Nicholas Ray. Bette Midler, Horace Silver, Roosevelt Sykes, Ann Magnuson, Eubie Blake, Odetta and Hadda Brooks have praised her passionate singing and vibrant energy. Suzy's voice is vibrant and lusty...great gusto and bold emotion." - Nat Hentoff, Cosmopolitan. "Williams' energy must be seen to be believed...a natural performer."

BRAD KAY, composer, pianist and historian, has led bands in Los Angeles since 1965. He has collaborated with Danny Elfman's Mystic Knights of the Oingo Boingo, Firesign Theater's Phil Austin, jazz pioneer Gerald Wilson, writer Harlan Ellison, director Tim Burton, and Suzy & Her Solid Senders. Kay plays cornet and piano with Janet Klein & Her Parlor Boys. "No one I have ever met is more dedicated to music than the great pianist Brad Kay...he is ever searching for infinite harmonic variations, love and a soulful sense of humor in his music." - George Winston.

Some of the comments:

Fabulous, Brilliant, Captivating, Funny, Sexy Goddess! Our LoveBug, our One & Only Suzy! Thank you Darling for yet another great as ALWAYS-LIT SHOW! XO



Suzy Williams "Folks , I do believe you're gonna dig this! Spruced-up my Cyrano, and Brad Kay's Robert Louis Stevenson is STEAMY! Herr Michael Jost will thrill on a Borges, Carol Mac Arthur's great talent will be fully utilized, Dabney Ross Jones makes her Lit Show Debut singing Shaw, tres operatique! The band is FANTASTIC with The Leftover Cuties rhythm section, the handsome Charlie Unkless with his fine trumpet stylings and Matt DeMerritt on sax, flute and melodica. I gotta stop gushing, and memorize my Ruth Buzzi for the Mark Twain Laugh-In! Love to see you there!"



LOVED the show, it's clear that Suzy Williams and Brad Kay are absolutely brilliant!! Please do them more then once-a-year?!!

you are spellbinding, always

- "A large nose is the mark of a witty, courteous, affable, generous and liberal (WO)man. Cyrano de Bergerac

En Garde!

Suzy, the consummate character actress!

"moment of triumph for Suzy Williams & Brad Kay & their fantastic band...the moment of the last crescendo of the night, the moment of standing ovations & pure joy... love, bravery & music will prevail...Thank you Suzy Williams & Brad Kay for this incredible show..."





a lovely Bromeliad, near Brooks and Lincoln, photo and prisma by Eric Ahlberg



K. Waff '72

8 • August 2017 • Free Venice Beachhead PANDEMONIUM AT BEYOND BAROQUE

By Lisa Robins

“I will not go into that good night without a good fight” was the title of the very last song of Suzy Williams and Brad Kay’s annual “Lit Show”, their “dozenth foray into the audible musical side of your bookshelf” at Beyond Baroque Literary Arts Center on Saturday, July 22nd.

The song lived up to its name, “lit”erally.

I had a bit part in this year’s show: a couple of lines in Mark Twain’s Laugh In, which came towards the end of the show. We dressed as 60’s hippies (what a stretch) and frugged, jerked and ponied our way through a number spiced with Twain’s ageless witticisms.

I was hanging out in the lobby during the second act, working on the delivery of my two Twain zingers. There were others floating around; Gerry Fialka, Suzy’s husband and the producer of The Lit Show, was ducking in and out of the theatre, a large man who had come late was catching his breath on the lobby couch, and my friend, who was playing Mark Twain in the show, messed with his moustache. Leftover cheese, crackers and grapes along with half a bottle of wine that had been served pre-show and at intermission were on the table.

A man wandered in. Medium height, thin and wiry, black, probably around 30ish, dressed in an old dark suit with a backpack. He seemed pleasant enough, but appeared to be a distressed street person judging from his stench, which was noticeable from across the room. He helped himself to some snacks and more, as we later learned. After sitting on the couch in the lobby for about fifteen minutes, the man started into the theatre, holding the half full bottle of vino. He politely offered me and my fellow actor some of the wine but we shook our heads, “No thank you.” As he entered the doorway, Gerry stopped him, saying he couldn’t bring the whole bottle in. So the man poured a huge serving into a plastic cup like the rest of us, went in, and took a seat along the left wall.

I had conflicting thoughts about the whole thing thus far...I thought, “How cool to let a homeless man enjoy some entertainment -- culture and free goodies. But he seems a bit weird and didn’t pay and smells horrible.” I felt sorry for those sitting next to him. I thought for sure the man must be homeless since in my experience that particular smell only comes with an extended length of time without bathing. But lots of homeless people find ways to bathe and stay clean, showers can be found. But only during the day. Where the hell are our sanitation facilities? Many other countries have ample public restrooms and showers, why are ours so hard to find, especially at night?! Anyhow, a smell doesn’t make him a bad person. I generally feel safe with the homeless, sometimes even protected by them. I know that many have jobs and we don’t even know they’re living on the street...who am I to judge? I’m one of the lucky ones.

But still, this man feels a bit strange. My “instinct” kicks in. When I was young, my parents were divorced and I visited my dad in New York City. He sat me down when I was about twelve and taught me “jungle instinct” so I’d have a chance at being somewhat safe wandering the streets of NY’s concrete jungle on my own, which I always loved to do. It consisted of three basic steps.

1) Catch the person’s eye but don’t hold it long as if you’re inviting them/ don’t scowl either like you’re trying to provoke them. This lets the stranger know you see them but aren’t afraid. This works most of the time (although I generally like to give a little smile).

2) If you sense a threat, RUN.

3) SCREAM.

At first glance this man off the street seemed like Central Casting for “threatening black man” but I was not going to be that kind of person. First of all, my limited history of threatening situations have come mostly from insane white guys. But more importantly, I’m a Venetian. We don’t act like that. My antenna went up, but I didn’t want to be prejudiced about race or living conditions. And that overcompensation could have been what prevented me or anyone else from stopping this man from entering the theatre, even though he didn’t have a ticket and reeked.

But I had a show to do. Our number was next so we ran onto the stage and had a blast recreating Laugh In with Mark Twain’s one liners. Suzy’s Ruth Buzzi impression was brilliant (she is a gifted character actress as well as the powerhouse singer we know and love). I was going for a cross between Judy Carne and Goldie Hawn in my bell-bottoms and cap.

After our bit, I hovered in the back of the house to watch the end of the show, the Good night/Good fight song. Suzy led everyone singing, “The answer is L-O-V-E.” As the rousing song ended, and the capacity crowd of approximately 100 guests cheered Suzy, Brad, and their band, the song lived up to its name.

I saw a young couple in the middle of the audience rise. The man also rose. (A standing ovation was in the process of happening.) According to some accounts, the man had been staring at this woman, (as well as looking wildly around) ever since he had entered the theatre,

instead of watching the show.

The guy with the girl seemed to say a little something. (I learned later it was, “Can I help you?” in the tone one takes when their loved one is being threatened.)

That was all the man needed to set him off. He lunged at the couple, who were just to the right of him separated by one patron, and a fist fight started. Pandemonium ensued...The two front rows of occupied folding chairs were folding and falling like dominos as people screamed. I suppose one could argue that the guy with the girl provoked the man, but that’s a weak argument when it took so very little to trigger his rage.

From the back of the theatre I had a bird’s eye view.

I saw the man reach into his right pocket and all of a sudden I saw his elbow rising and falling. It took a second for me to realize it was a stabbing motion!

Someone shouted, “He has a knife!” Apparently he had stolen the knife from the cheese plate. It was a small sharp kitchen knife, perhaps meant for cheddar not brie, and he was using it to attempt to stab the guy with the girl.

All hell broke loose.

At that point my own survival mechanism woke up and, realizing I was right next to the door, and not knowing if anyone had a gun or what this man might start doing, my dad’s training kicked in, and I ran.

I escaped the theatre, ran out of Beyond Baroque’s front door, bolted to the left, and hid.

After about ten seconds of crouching behind a bush, the man ran right by me, barely two feet away. I was scared he’d choose the same hiding space as me, but luckily he kept running full speed east on Venice Blvd, passing Pacific Resident Theatre, who had no idea anything was amiss at their neighboring venue.

I reentered Beyond Baroque and took in the wreckage.

Chairs overturned, people sobbing, traumatized by the violence, bewildered Brad and serious Suzy forced to deal with this incident while still high on their performance.

Many called 911. After giving them the address of Beyond Baroque, they kept asking for the cross street. I wondered, “Can’t the police use GPS like the rest of us?!”

The fire department came immediately (they are next door and someone had run to get them); the police arrived about fifteen minutes later. They interviewed the shaken couple, looked at the evidence, and before we knew it we were out on the street and it was all over.

The assailant was caught by the police within ten minutes a few blocks away, in front of the house of a couple of audience members.

When I spoke to the police station, the watch commander reported “A suspect confronted a victim with a kitchen knife ... The victim was treated and released at the scene ... The suspect was detained without incident.”

The Argonaut reported that “Assailant’s name is Jeremy Solomon, and he has an extensive rap sheet...Prosecutors have filed two attempted murder charges against Solomon — one for the intended victim, the other for a woman who incurred a cut on her hand while trying to intervene.”

The man left a slipper, like Cinderella, only instead of being glass, LA County was written on the side. Irony since there’s an exhibit currently on display at Beyond Baroque of amazing art work and portraits of incarcerated artists. I have not been able to discover if the slipper was from jail or a mental hospital.

The post-Lit Show event has led to a maelstrom of heated debates.

Should we have let the man in? What should we have done? Whose responsibility was it to judge? How far should we go to be kind to those less fortunate than us? Where is the line?

How do we get better sanitation services for those living on the street? Where are the mental health services?

Should Beyond Baroque have house security? Should every show bring in their own security?

But won’t that raise costs and take away some of its free spirit?

Should the producer have made the man pay? Should all our shows be on a sliding scale of ability to pay? Should the producer have stopped him because of his smell? Is that fair to the others in the audience?

Gary Gordon said, “Isn’t it great to know Venice isn’t totally gentrified?”

The universal undercurrent is the heartfelt love the community holds for Beyond Baroque. The community response has been to rally around our beloved venue and its artists, to protect and respond in a compassionate manner. “This event must not create a stain or fear.” Pegarty Long, a passionate patron, filmmaker, photographer, producer and sister of the late poet laureate of Venice, Philomene Long posted, “I don’t stop going to movies because there have been attacks and I won’t stop going to

Beyond Baroque because there was an attack.”

That being said, this has been a wake-up call and could have been so much worse. There are some common sense fixes already being put into place (see Beyond Baroque’s response in this issue).

Many have noted that this is not about the homeless, it’s about the mentally ill and our lack of services and funding for that segment of the population who have been discharged from hospitals and released onto our streets. Someone posted, “Until we (our country, cities etc.) unite to address the homeless and mental health issues we are facing, I fear this type of thing and others will continue to increase. So sorry the people at beyond baroque, such a peaceful and artful place had to experience such a terrifying thing.”

Along with the primary victim’s wounds, several other audience members were scraped and bruised from the fracas. One posted, “It was miraculous no one got seriously hurt, so grateful. I have a small puncture wound on my leg, a horrible image in my head I can’t shake but I’ll be ok...will take some time for this to fade away.”

Pegarty posted, “The guy who was being attacked was pushed on the floor and fought him off so strongly I thought he was having a seizure.” (Irony since earlier in the show someone in the audience did have a seizure.) “The attacker kept stabbing him with a knife.” (Although the man was stabbing with full intent, he made very little real contact.) “We were really lucky that the man attacked was such a fighter and eight Beyond Baroque men took the guy down from behind and then started throwing chairs..I hate it when they start to use the word heroes, but they were..... He (the victim) sure was strong He kicked and swung his arms and kept the assailant off him so well that he only had two minor cuts, one on each arm, in the end.... When he was able to get up the first thing he did was comfort his girlfriend who was very upset. He was thinking more of her than of himself.”

There are some who would blame the victim for instigating the violence. Perhaps if he hadn’t said anything, the man would have simply finished his wine and left. And then gotten in a fight the next place he went. As far as I’m concerned, nothing justifies a fist fight over a simple comment, let alone pulling out a knife. It’s kind of like blaming the girl in the short skirt for the rape. In my opinion, this was a clear case of the reaction far outweighing the possible cause. And I don’t even think the “cause” was the reason for the reaction. The man was on a different plane of reality.

An esteemed Beyond Baroque poet and professor emeritus, Ricardo Quinones, observed that more than anything what makes this so middle class is that we’re analyzing and assessing the whole rigmarole ...what went wrong where? The bottom line was that he was a nut and we were all extremely lucky. His simple solution? Stench equals mental illness equals possible danger. Not all homeless people smell, but people who smell like that are generally homeless and need services and to be cared for, not necessarily invited in without proper attention and protection against potential danger. Ricardo noted, “There is a distinction between the man and what he became and what he could do.”

We let the man in, not what he became, and not what he did.

But the worst part was the man upstaging the afterglow of the glorious Lit Show.

Brad quipped, “Aside from that Mrs. Lincoln, how did you enjoy the show?”

Brilliant....The Lit Show was absolutely brilliant.

From Beyond Baroque: “We will offer complementary memberships to members of the audience who attended The Lit Show with Suzy Williams on Saturday July 22, 2017. Please note that this event was not produced in-house by Beyond Baroque; BB provides security for all of the shows that BB produces, and from now on we will make sure that other producers hire security as a condition for using Beyond Baroque’s premises. Nor will sharp knives be allowed on the food service table lobby.”

The following is from Brad Kay:

“This disturbing incident happened at the very tail end of our annual production of “The Lit Show,” with Suzy Williams and Brad Kay. I had just exited the piano, and was standing with Suzy, receiving generous applause and a standing ovation, when instantly there was a sudden brash commotion with chairs flying and people screaming and fleeing! I saw a steak-knife-wielding man hurling himself horizontally across rows of folding chairs, and people bashing him with more folding chairs. He cut a wild swath through the crowd, which was hurtling itself in any direction to get away from him. Bedlam!! I was swept up in the crowd, and found myself on the walk outside Beyond Baroque. I heard the man had dropped the knife and bolted out of the building. He quickly was arrested.

Going back inside, dreading the worst, I was relieved
continued on page 9

THIS PAPER IS A POEM.

BY THE POLLUTED SEA
(as sung to; “By the Beautiful Sea”, by Billy Murray)
marty liboff

By the Sea
By the Sea
By the polluted Sea,
You and I
Will die
getting sick in DDT and Pee-
When each sewage wave
comes rolling in
we’ll be Stuck
in muck
from a garbage Bin-
and we’ll float in radioactive Water
Pesticides Over and Under
and then Up for Smoggy Air!
Industrialist are Rich
Oil Barons are Rich
so what do they Care?
We’ll ride our Sailing Sloop
Over oceans of medical waste and Poop
Or Ride our surfboard in Weed Spray
and washed up dead bodies in the Bay-
I Love to be Beside
Your Graveside,
Beside the Smelly Sea
Beside the Toxic Seaside,
By the Poison Sea-
By the Sea
By the Sea
By the Polluted Sea...

Trumpology Ideology (7 Haikus)

Trump’s relationship
with lies, lies with Russian ties
Cheating’s his M.O.

Hiding his taxes
and refusing to comply
Lies, Russian ties.

Ideology
of an ALT Reality
Hence, Trumpology.

Fabrications, twits
When words, come out of his lips
Hence, Trumpocolipse.

Fake News President
Liar in chief, new precident
Ego Mania Rules.

Trump thrives on chaos
creating distraction, hence
divide and conquer.

Money is of course
the ultimate goal, which may
hasten his downfall.

- B. B. Shapiro

Pandemonium – continued from page 8
to learn that no one was seriously injured, although I saw shallow cuts and abrasions on a couple of people. But that actually was quite minor damage considering the violence. The most afflicted person was the wife of the guy who had been the object of the attack. She was trembling and shaken and beside herself, saying, “He attacked my husband!” repeatedly. He kept saying, “I’m okay! Really I am!!” I stood in the group surrounding her. We tried to calm her down, but she wouldn’t be calmed, at least not right away.

Only after the fracas abated, and the police and firemen arrived, did it dawn on me that Suzy and I were victims as much as anybody, even though we escaped physical injury. Suzy and I had worked like Spartans for three months to create and rehearse this 2017 edition of “The Lit Show.” It was a spellbinding entertainment, held before a wildly appreciative and enthusiastic packed house. Then this joker hijacked the moment, snatching defeat from the jaws of victory. One moment, a hit show, the next, chaos! ALL memories of our hard-won artistic triumph violently erased and replaced with grim reality.

DID I mention that earlier in the evening, toward the end of Act One, a woman in the front row suddenly toppled over? She had blacked out – a heart attack? a heat stroke? – was revived, and had to be escorted gingerly to the exit.

I always want to slay the audience, but I draw the line at people in the audience actually being slain!’



The Blind Man and the Anosmatic

The driver wanted me to sit in the first row
Where disabled passengers sit.
I said: “The light hurts my eyes”
And stepped into the dark isle.
There, over the top of bus tires
Was an empty seat.
I squeezed my duffel bag overhead
And sat down.
I said hi to the person next to me
And took a big gulp from my water bottle.

She was born in Germany
Had short hair and bright eyes.
She worked in San Diego
And went to San Francisco for a tour
To escape loneliness at Christmas.

She talked, I listened
I talked, she listened
Until when on I-5
We passed the town of Coalinga
And reached Harris Ranch
Where suddenly the stench
Stabbed me like a dagger.
I held my nose and said P U!
But found out that my seatmate
Was an anosmatic by birth
And could not smell anything.

I said: “You are immune to the stench of animal abuse
But don’t you miss the fragrance of flowers?”
She said: “I sometimes wear perfume
Although I cannot smell it.
One should also smell bad odors:
Burning bread, leaking gas
And the smell of dishonesty.”
I said: “And the good scents of Christmas:
Pine trees, gingerbread
And the sweet smell of Santa.”

Then I took two tangerines
Out of my duffel bag
Offered one to her
And peeled the other.
She had shared with me
Her great secret.
But I had not told her
That I was blind
And could only see from the corner of my eyes.
She was anosmatic and could not smell
But I detected my own odor.

Majid Naficy
December 28, 2007



14:13 Sunday, July 23rd 1017, #19, Lord Byron Apartments A Sunday afternoon. Month of July. Approaching Leo’s border. Don’t know why. But Tuesday is my birthday. And what’s more. The twenty-fifth I will turn sixty four. Don’t feel so old. Once did. But that was then. Much younger now. Than when I first began. The long lost memories are now revealed. No longer long forgotten. Walls were scaled. What seemed so long ago. Venn diagram. This lofty footing will be where I am. The twenty fifth is standing at the door. Will you still love when I’m sixty four? I’m nearing Leo’s border. Let me try. To measure out a small piece of July Roger Houston

9 • August 2017 • Free Venice Beachhead
ENLIGHTENMENT
marty liboff

I climbed up a mountain to speak to the Lord
but God was too bored
and I froze my nose and fell down
and broke my crown-
I went into the woods to seek enlightenment
and a chipmunk
who thought I was a nut
bit me in the butt
and I was chased by a bear
and I pooped in my pants from the scare-
I went down to the sea to find wisdom
and I became a beach bum,
I almost drowned, got sunburn and had to pish
and got stung by a jellyfish-
I walked in the desert to get awareness
I got lost and nearly died of thirst and was a mess-
I went to the jungle to seek higher consciousness
and was almost swallowed by a hippopotamus-
I took up yoga and gave it all I got
but got all twisted up in a knot-
I tried to sit and meditate
but I fell asleep when it got late-
I sought Truth and joined the Catholic Church
a priest molested me in my search
and I fell in love with a nun
but got none-
I tried to become a Jew
and be one of the Chosen few
but they wanted to cut the tip off my dick
so I ran real quick-
I tried Buddhism and sat under a Bodhi Tree
I had to give it up when I had to pee
and a monkey threw poop on my head
because I looked like I was dead-
Protestants had me pray for sects
but all I could think of was sex-
I sung Hare Krishna
and they shaved my hair
and to my despair
I’m now a non-hairy Krishna-
I tried drugs to expand my brain
I smoked my own shit and went insane-
I traveled the world paying gurus, wise men
saints and seers
but got more wisdom from drunks and beers-
I awoke one morning listening to the birds singing
and the sun was smiling
and I found if I just be myself and do my thing
dance, do art and sing
and with each day’s start
ya put a little love in your heart
the answer to my rhyme
is that truth and happiness is inside you all the time....

I Do Not Write Poetry for Eternity

I do not write poetry for eternity
I write for here and now,
For you and me,
For two singing larks by the window,
For a homeless mother and her child whose screams
Woke me up last night,
For my son Azad who is not Azad anymore*
Having no time to read my new poem,
For my lover Wendy who is the first reader of my poetry
And helps me with its translation,
For my readers in exile and prison,
For an Iranian tattooer on Venice boardwalk
Who saw the inscription of my poetry on the wall
And was the first one to let me know,
For an American veteran at the bus stop
When on my return from Wednesdays’ farmers’ market
Recited a Khayyam’s quatrain
And I rewarded him with four tangerines.
I do not write poetry for eternity
I write for here and now
And always put the date of composition
Under my poems.

Majid Naficy
July 18, 2017
* Azad in Persian means “free”.

CALENDAR

BEYONDBAROQUE.ORG

August 4 Friday 8:00 PM – MASON'S NOISE PARLOUR – The quarterly presentation of L.A.'s best young talent is curated by local singer-songwriter Mason Summit. Regular Admission. Members FREE

August 5 Saturday 8:00 PM – DAVID ZASLOFF: A MUSICAL COMEDY – Jazz Comic, multi-instrumentalist, David Zasloff's solo show encore presentation. Directed by Eve Brandstein. Regular admission.

August 6 Sunday 2:00 PM – THE BAGGAGE REVIEW Singers and songwriters have the opportunity to play their songs and to read their poetry or song lyrics, or otherwise incorporate spoken word into their music performance. \$5.00 donation requested but no one turned away for lack of funds.

August 6 Sunday 5:00 PM – FIRST SUNDAY OPEN READING – Our popular monthly open reading. Features this month, TBA. Hosted by Steve Goldman. Sign ups begin at 4:45 PM. Five-minute limit. Free, but donations always appreciated. In the Scott Wannberg Bookstore.

August 6 Sunday 5:00 PM – LA POESIA FESTIVAL Open mic and featured readers hosted by Antonieta Villamil. Potluck party in the lobby. FREE but donations appreciated.

August 11 Friday 8:00 PM – SPECIAL MEMBERS EVENT – Check the website for details. Hosted by Jon Hess.

August 12 Saturday 8:00 PM – L.A. WOMAN: ENCORE PRESENTATION – A middle-aged actress at the end of her rope recounts her life and career, dramatically building to an explosive confrontation in this debut staged reading of the new work by playwright/novelist Richard Setlowe. Three amazing actresses alternate as star in this theatrical tour de force, directed by Tony nominee Marcia Rodd. Regular admission. Members FREE

August 13 Sunday 2:00 PM – SOAP BOX POETS OPEN READING – Sign-ups begin at 1:45 PM. There is a five minute limit. Hosted by Jessica Wilson Cardenas. FREE, but donations are always welcome. In the Gallery.

August 13 Sunday 6:00 PM – CABARET WITH TEQUILA MOCKINGBIRD – Music, poetry, story telling and films. Regular admission. Members FREE

August 18 Friday 8:00 PM – HEAVEN WAS DETROIT Essays on Detroit Music from Jazz to Hip Hop with M. L. Liebler, Brian Smith, Herb Jordon, Jaan Uhelszki, Pat Thomas, George "Mosley the Punk" Moseman, Joel Martin & Melba Joyce Boyd. Brief Reading & Short Film by Brian Smith. Music by Recording Artist Cindy Lee Berryhill, M. L. Liebler & The LA Coyote Monk Poetry Band (with Willy Aaron, Dave Soyars & Pat Thomas, Carole Hoste.) Regular admission. Members FREE

August 19 Saturday 7:00 PM – MAUREEN COTTER'S ANNUAL EXTRAVAGANZA! – Music, story telling, and Maureen Cotter's wild wit. Come one, come all! Regular admission.

August 20 Sunday 2:00 PM & 7:00 PM – BARRA GRANT: ONE WOMAN SHOW. – Miss America's daughter tells all. Directed by Eve Brandstein.

August 20 Sunday 4:30 PM – BEYOND WORDS: BEAUTY AND RESISTANCE – BEYOND WORDS is a reading series that presents work by innovative and highly influential writers of fiction, poetry and creative non-fiction with a theme of Beauty and Resistance. Produced by Jon Hess. Hosted by Richard Modiano. Regular admission. Members FREE.

August 25 Friday 8:00 PM – GORGEOUS STORIES Performances from Terrie Silverman's famous workshop. Regular admission.

August 26 Saturday 4:00 PM – KRISTINA MARIE DARLING: DARK HORSE – Kristina Marie Darling's awards include three residencies at Yaddo, a Hawthorn-den Castle Fellowship, and three residencies at the American Academy in Rome. More information about her writing can be found at kristinamariedarling.com. Regular admission. Members FREE.

August 26 Saturday 7:00 PM – THE 8TH ANNUAL PHILOMENIAN – Join us in remembering the poet Laureate of Venice Beach, Philomene Long. Line up and schedule will be announced closer to the show date. Please check the website. FREE.

August 27 Sunday 2:00 PM – THE NEBRASKA GIRLS OPEN READING – Hosted by Wyatt Underwood in The Poets Garden. FREE

August 27 Sunday 7:00 PM – RIA - see laughtears.com below.



Laughter, Music, Storytelling

Maureen Cotter's 13th One Woman Show



**Aug 19, 2017
Preshow Party @ 7 PM
Show @ 8 PM**

**Beyond Baroque
681 Venice Blvd
\$15 at the door**

**Los Angeles, California, USA
No Justice, No Peace: Los Angeles 1992-
on the 25th anniversary of the LA Uprising**

**Until- Aug 27, 2017
California African American Museum
600 State Drive
Exposition Park, Los Angeles, CA 90037**

LAUGHTEARS

Established 1953

Aug 12, Sat, 4pm MESS KPFK Radio host/activist Geri Silva interview at Unurban 3301 pico FREE

Aug 16 Wed 6-9pm MOM - MEDIA DISCUSSION at beyond baroque 681 venice blvd venice ca FREE

Aug 20, Sunday 7pm Subversive Cinema at beyond baroque 681 venice blvd free Psychedelic Rock'n'Roll film

Aug 26, SAT 7pm JAZZ FUNK FEST at Unurban 3301 pico, free, Live funky ass music

Aug 27, SUNDAY 7pm LOS ANGELIC MIND-UCK Multi-media art party with RIA LIVE CINEMA (live music, dance, poetry) at beyond baroque 681 venice blvd venice ca FREE - Reinvent a Los Angeles arts icon AND perform them as a character from any 50-60's TV show, like Aunt Bee as Johanna Went, John Cage as Mr Haney, Gomer Pyle as Simon Rodia, etc. James Joyce wrote, "And let me be Los Angeles" -Finnegans Wake (1939) JOIN IN.FaceHook= https://www.facebook.com/events/1732746177025639/?active_tab=about

Aug 28 Mon 6-9pm Laughtears Salon 212 Pier Santa Monica free - politics, art, culture discussion, free

www.unurban.com

Weekly Events at UnUrban

Tuesday: Go Club @7pm, Open Mic Komedly @9pm (sign up at 8:45)

Wednesday: Velvet Guerilla Cabaret (Open Mic Poetry) @9pm, sign up 5min prior.

Thursday: Live Music Showcase* @7pm

Friday: Open Mic Music @7pm, sign up in person at 6:30pm

Saturday: Live Music Showcase* @7pm

August 5 – Alex Soschin and the No Name Band

August 12 – A Little Indie Night Music

August 19 – Folk Rock and Blues

August 26 – Jazz Funk Fest

Sunday: Almost Vaudeville w/Brad Kay @2pm, Mews Small and Company @5pm, "Funny Feminist" Comedy Show @6:30

Public Works Improv Presents "Summer Time, Summer Time!"

Sunday, August 13, 2017 at 5pm

Beyond Baroque
681 Venice Bl, Venice, CA 90291 – (323) 762-6073
For this Sunday Matinee, we celebrate Summertime Memories!

Featuring: Brenda Varda, Andrea Kittelson-Muhammad, Karen Rontowski, Robin Roberts, Cynthia Levin, Steven Anders & Gary Gordon

Hosted by Eric Vollmer /

DOOR \$10 / (Students & Srs \$6) Mbrs FREE

Location Guide

- **Abbot Kinney Public Library**, 501 S. Venice Blvd. 310-821-1769, fovl.org
- **Beyond Baroque**, 681 Venice Blvd. Poetry Bookstore, Literary Events. 310-822-3006, www.beyondbaroque.org
- **Electric Lodge**, Dance, Theater, and Exercise Classes 1416 Electric Ave. 310-306-1854, electriclodge.org
- **G2 Gallery**, 1503 Abbot Kinney Blvd. 310-452-2842, theg2gallery.com
- **Pacific Resident Theatre**, 703 Venice Blvd, 310-822-8392, pacificresidenttheatre.com
- **SPARC - Social and Public Art Resource Center**, Mural Workshop, Print Making, Exhibits and Programs. 685 Venice Blvd. sparcmurals.org
- **Townhouse**. 52 Windward.
- **Venice Arts** 1702 Lincoln Blvd, Venice, California 90291
- **Venice High School** 13000 Venice Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90066 (310) 577-4200
- **Vera Davis Center**, 610 California Ave. 310-305-1865
- **Westminster Elementary School**, 1010 Abbot Kinney Blvd. (enter auditorium from Westminster Ave) 310-606-2016
- **Unurban Coffee Shop** Open Mics, Showcases, Featured Performers, Meetings. 3301 Pico Blvd, Santa Monica, 310-315-0056

Ongoing Events

RADIO VENICE

4:20-6:30pm Sundays (not in August) Live Music Webcast from Breakwater Studios, : www.radiovenice.tv/live/

OCCUPY VENICE BEACH

• 8:30 pm Sundays People's Potluck at 3rd & Rose. Feed the People. Volunteer or donate - 424-209-2777. General Meeting After.

COMPUTERS

• 2:30pm, Mon-Fri. Student/Homework Zone. Computers, iPads, homework resources and a trained computer aide to assist students grade 4-12. Free Printing. Abbot Kinney Public Library.
• Tues/Weds 8:30-6pm, Thurs/Friday 8:30-5pm. Free Computer Use. Vera Davis Center.

FOOD

• Free Food Distribution. Tuesdays Noon, Thursdays 12:30pm, Fridays 1pm. Vera Davis Center.
• Sign up for Food Stamps (EBT Cards). Vera Davis Center. 310-305-1865.

• Free Vegetarian Food Saturdays through Wednesdays 4:00 PM. OFW & Dudley.
• Mar Vista Farmers Market. Sunday 9:00AM - 2:00PM 3826 Grand View Boulevard.

• Venice Farmers Market. Fridays 7-11am, 500 North Venice Blvd.

KIDS

• 11:30am-noon Wednesdays. Toddler Storytime. Abbot Kinney Public Library. Free.

MUSIC

• 9pm Wednesdays, Venice Underground Comedy, Townhouse, No Cover
• 11pm Wednesday - Burlesque, Townhouse, No Cover
• 8pm Saturdays, Brad Kay Regressive Jazz Quartet, Townhouse. No Cover
• 2pm Sundays, Almost Vaudeville W/ Brad Kay at the Unurban
• O'Brien's Irish Pub Live music most nights.
• 1:00-4:00 PM Every Saturday and Sunday Free Live Music, Fisherman's Village, 13755 Fiji Way, MDR 90292

MISCELLANEOUS

6:30-9:00 PM Sundays - Venice Electric Light Parade, meet at Windward Plaza.
• 9-4pm, 2nd and 4th Saturday, every month. Venice High School Flea Market. 13000 Venice Blvd.
• 4:15pm, every Thursday - Chess Club. Ages 6-15. All levels welcome. Abbot Kinney Library.
• 11:30am-2:30pm, every Sunday, weather permitting. The Venice Oceanarium (a museum without walls). Venice Pier. Free.
• 8:30am, 2nd Fridays. Bus Token Distribution. First 40 people in line will receive a free bus token. Vera Davis Center.
• 5:30pm, Sundays. Open Mic Night. Twentieth Church of Christ, Scientist. 132 Brooks Ave. Free.
• 7-10pm, 3rd Wednesdays. MOM: Meditations on Media. Beyond Baroque. Free.
• 10am Sunday Morning Gatherings of Creative Community. <http://goo.gl/BbsDV2>

YOGA AND DANCE

• Mondays 8-9am Heal One World: Community Yoga, The Electric Lodge - Free
• Mondays, 1:30-2:30pm Dancing Through Parkinson's, Electric Lodge, Donation.
• Thursdays 11:15 AM-ish Yoga in the park at 4th and Strand, Ocean Park, 310-306-7330 - Gerry and Suzy.

AA

Saturdays Midnight at Beyond Baroque
Sundays 9:30am, Beyond Baroque Theatre.
Thursdays 7:30PM Mike Kelley Gallery, Beyond Baroque.

The California Women's law Center and Venice Community Housing FREE LEGAL HOUSING CLINIC

• For All Beach Cities Residents
Landlords in Venice, Santa Monica and other coastal neighborhoods continue to try and force tenants to vacate their affordable apartments, most of them regulated under Rent Stabilization or Rent Control laws. Profit is often the motive, and tenants are losing out. You can do something -but you must seek assistance. Receive free legal assistance if you have been evicted or harassed by your landlord!

JOIN US on the 3rd Saturday, (Aug 18) 10:00am to 12:00pm at Venice Community Housing, 720 Rose Ave., Venice CA 90291

If you or a loved one is living in an apartment built before 1979 and have received a notice to vacate, or have already vacated an apartment, for any of the following reasons:

- 1) The Landlord is moving into the apartment, or
- 2) The landlord's family member is moving into the apartment, or
- 3) A resident manager is moving into the apartment, or
- 4) The Landlord is going out of the rental business (an "Ellis Act Eviction"), or
- 5) The Landlord wants to convert the building to condominiums

Then this **FREE legal clinic is for you!**

You should also attend this FREE legal clinic if a landlord is offering you cash to vacate your apartment, if a landlord is harassing you to try and make you voluntarily vacate your apartment, if you suspect that your landlord has committed fraud in evicting you, *you are a VETERAN who has been unable to find housing or denied accommodations in your housing facility

RSVP: Amy Poyer at: amy.poyer@cwlc.org

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU



JOIN THE UNION!

Los Angeles Tenants Union
West Side Local Meetings
1st and 3rd Wednesday; 7-8:30pm
Oakwood Recreation Center
767 California Ave., Venice, CA 90291

westsidelocal.latu@gmail.com
424-272-1618
Solidarity Casework hotline: 213-986-8266

Get to know your neighbors!
Get to know your rights!

THIS MEETING WILL BE BILINGUAL SPANISH / ENGLISH.



NO DEJES QUE ESTO TE PASE A TI



¡ÚNETE AL SINDICATO!

Sindicato de Inquilinos de Los Angeles
Reuniones de la Sección Oeste
1er y 3er miércoles; 7-8:30pm
Center de Recreación Oakwood
767 California Ave, Venice, CA 90291

westsidelocal.latu@gmail.com
424-272-1618
Línea de apoyo solidario de casos: 213-986-8266

Conozca a sus vecinos!
Conozca sus derechos!

LA REUNIÓN SERÁ BILINGÜE EN ESPAÑOL-INGLÉS.



Larry Bell for Artists' Grid Continuum
Rena Small 2010

ViCA
venice institute of contemporary art

presents

VENICE: NOW & THEN

August 5 - September 9, 2017

Opening Reception: Saturday, August 5 5-8 pm

Curated by Juri Koll

Catalog Foreword by David S. Rubin

Martha Alf
John Baldessari
Bob Branan
Jean Edelstein
Doug Edge
Ned Evans
Scott Grieger
Victor Henderson
Juri Koll
Ann McCoy
Catherine Ruane
Rena Small

Mike Kelley Gallery

Beyond Baroque Literary Arts Center 681 N. Venice Blvd., Venice, CA 90291
By Appointment: 310-957-7037 #venicenowandthen

VENICE: NOW & THEN

Celebrates the History of Art in Venice

(July 27, 2017/Venice, California) Continuing it's program of exhibitions featuring the art world legacy of Southern California, the Venice Institute of Contemporary Art (ViCA) is proud to present "Venice: Now & Then" opening Saturday, August 5, 2017 from 5-8pm, at the Mike Kelley Gallery, at 681 N. Venice Blvd., Venice, California 90291.

Curated by Juri Koll, two or more works have been selected from each of the artists' body of work - one completed very recently, and one from early in the artists' career. Many of these art works have never been exhibited before and are historically and contemporarily significant. Each of the artists has spent at least 40 years exhibiting their work - and lived and worked in Venice. The catalog published for this exhibition opens with a foreword by David S. Rubin, former curator at such institutions as MOCA Cleveland and the San Antonio Museum of Art, and features never-before-seen historical material such as original photographs from the late 60's and early 70's in Venice

"Venice was a bit of ghost town in the late sixties - a kind of heaven by the sea." Ned Evans, July 2017

Additional materials as well as commentary on life as an artist in Venice in the 60's and 70's will be included. Insightful essays are featured by esteemed authors including Betty Ann Brown.

"Venice: Now & Then" follows on the success of "Venice: Here & Now" which featured mid-career artists who live and work in Venice. The Mike Kelley Gallery, with annual support by the Mike Kelley Foundation, is located at the Beyond Baroque Literary Arts Center, 681 N. Venice Blvd., Venice, CA 90291. The Arts Center celebrates it's 50th year in 2018. The exhibition continues through September 9, with a closing reception from 5-8pm. Further details on the exhibition can be found on Facebook. For inquiries: juri@veniceica.org

August 26, 2017
Windward Plaza
1 Windward Ave
Venice 90291
11:00 am to 7:30 pm



50TH
ANNIVERSARY
SUMMER OF LOVE

Strawberry Alarm Clock; Barry "The Fish" Melton
with Peter Albin, Roy Blumenfeld, Greg Douglass, & David Aguilar;
Cubensis; Ginger Merkin; Cristina & The Blue Vanes;
The Champa 67 Experience;
ArtQueen's Great Planet of Apparel Art;
Turtle & Anonymous; Ann Cohen;
Ya Harissa Bellydance; Samba Soul & Tropibloco



DIABOLO



ZELDA'S
CORNER
ANIMAL
HOUSE
VENICE
14 WINDWARD AVE
VENICE - NEW CLOTHING - BOOKS - MORE



Marriott.
MARINA DEL REY

VENICE BEACH
SUITES & HOTEL
venicebeachsuites.com



HINANO'S CAFE
OFFICIAL AFTER SHOW
WITH THE BROBOTS

Facebook.com/VeniceBeachMusicFest **www.VeniceBeachMusicFest.com**