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August 2022 #473

# Happy 117th Birthday, Venice!



Photo by Paulo Freire Lopez

## People Of Venice Come Together For Juneteenth Celebration

By Jon Wolff

This year's Venice Juneteenth event took place in Reese-Tabor Oakwood Park on June 18. A large gathering of multi-generational Venetians came together on this sunny Saturday to celebrate the national holiday that is considered to be the true Independence Day for African-Americans. There was music and free barbecued food for everyone. There were tables for Venice community organizations and entrepreneurs. There was an inflatable castle for the kids. It was a joyous day for Venetians both young and old. And it was enjoyed on the grass, in view of the First Baptist Church of Venice.

Tommy Walker began the proceedings, welcoming all the local pastors. Pastor Robert Shipp conducted the opening prayer for the day. Marvis Davis asked for a moment of silence for the bereaving families of people who have lost their lives. About the First Baptist Church of Venice, he said, "We're going to see it open soon."

Dr. Naomi Nightingale led everyone in a recital of "Lift Every Voice and Sing". She introduced a new plan to install a Walk of Fame around the park, which would include the names of notable people from the Venice Community. She talked about the ongoing effort to enforce the dog leash laws in the park. She acknowledged Sonya Green and Alvin Tabor, present at the event. Ms. Green is the granddaughter of Venice Founder Arthur Reese. Mr. Tabor is the great nephew of Venice Founder Irving Tabor. Dr. Nightingale said that Black Americans are not free yet, and that Justice demands that we not look away.

Rita Cofield is the Associate Project Specialist at the Getty Conservation Institute. She is an architect and teacher, and her research for the African-American Historical Places Project was used to secure historical designation for the First Baptist Church of Venice. She spoke about her thesis on the Black pioneers of Venice, and

*continued on page 3*



## My Favorite OFW Artist: DCastro

By Greta Cobar

This July 4, as we honor Venice on her 117th birthday, let's revel in the creativity and uniqueness that she was born upon and continues to foster. For no matter how much change our Venice has gone through over the years, the ever-present constant is art. And a fine example of that tradition going strong today is the art of DCastro, which is a quite proper example of the beauty, originality and creativity that Venice stands on and proudly continues to exhibit.

Experiencing DCastro's artwork shocks the viewer into awe. No matter how many museums and galleries you visited, you have never seen anything like it. And most likely no previous art experience has surprised, impressed, stroked or baffled

you quite as strongly. Ironically, it uses the most primitive technique of natural light to change the viewer's experience from day time to night time. By using the very basic, natural effect of sunlight one painting becomes another depending on where the Earth is in its 24 hour rotation. "Nobody before me had this idea – in this civilization – maybe in another one," stated DCastro.

Just like the dusk breaks and the world comes alive in the morning, so his paintings change from black and white into color, with lots more to see and experience, once the sun is out. His passionate narratives about the artwork open yet other worlds

*Above: Flags – watercolor – artwork by DCastro*

*– Continued on back page*



Eric Ahlberg, Alice Stek, Fehmi Yildirim, Suzy Williams, Lisa Robins, Marty Liboff, Jon Wolff, Enyaj Pitchford

The FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published by the Beachhead Collective as a vehicle for the people of Venice to communicate their ideas and opinions to the community at large. The Beachhead encourages anyone to submit news stories, articles, letters, photos, poetry or graphics of interest to the Venice community.

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To submit material, include your name and telephone number. Anonymous material will not be printed, but your name will be withheld on request. No payment is made for material used.

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## *Gary Featherstone explains the Oakwood Park Name Change*

Here's what people need to know about the Black Community in the Oakwood area. Some of you have already heard about the name change of Oakwood Recreational Park to Reese-Tabor Park and Recreation Center. And some of you have even went as far as to question why the name of "Glenn Featherstone Field" is on the fence of the baseball field. Well, if you are originally from Venice, you would already know the answer.

Oakwood Park, what does it mean to me? In 1963, I started my baseball career by being a bat boy for the Little League Dodgers, where my father was the manager. At the age of nine, my father needed a catcher, and he taught me how to catch behind the plate. For three seasons, I played at Oakwood Park for my father. At Oakwood Park, we competed against ourselves, Black kids, because all other ethnic groups went across town to Penmar to play baseball. Oakwood Park is where we grew up. For historical reasons, it was proposed that the name of the park be changed, to reflect our Black History. And what better way than to name the park after Reese-Tabor. Allow me to explain. Arthur Reese was the first Black man to work and live in Venice, who came here in 1902. Irving Tabor, the cousin of Arthur Reese, was a lad of seventeen years old when Abbott Kinney asked him if he could drive. Irving replied yes, and Abbott Kinney hired him as his chauffeur. When Abbott Kinney died in 1920, he left his home to Irving Tabor. When White folks complained about Black folks living by them, the Tabor brothers cut the house up into three parts, and moved it to where it stands today, at 6th and Santa Clara, a Los Angeles Historical Cultural Monument. The Tabors started a cement contracting business, putting in foundations and most of the sidewalks in Venice. Joseph Tabor was the first Black mail carrier in Venice. It must also be noted that Black workers were the predominant workforce that dug the canals. When Pacific storms of March 1905 destroyed the Venice Pier and attractions for their expected premiere, it was Black crews who skillfully put Venice back together for its grand opening on July 4th, 1905. These are Black people who paved the way for other Blacks. Is there anything wrong with wanting to recognize our history and share it with others? What better two men to represent us by placing their names on the park we helped build. For those of you who are opposing this designation without legitimate reason, please remember there was a time when you asked us for our support in building and erecting that statue on windward. So we are asking you to support us likewise. Keep in mind that even though the name will be changed, it will always be OAKWOOD PARK to us. My next post will explain why Glenn Featherstone is recognized. He's a legend.

- Gary Featherstone

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\* THE BAR IS OPENING \*

The new BAR Center at the Beach at 201 Ocean Front Walk, Venice will open soon. Don't expect to get a beer at the new BAR. It is not a bar but a community center. Formally the Israel Levin Senior Center, it is now called the BAR Center in honor of major supporters Bennett & Allison Rosenthal. It is operated by the Jewish Federation and will have various Jewish activities. However it will now be a community center for all ages. The first floor will house the Senior Center with programs provided by Jewish Family Services LA.

The Senior Center had an Open House on July 22 that I attended. The three story building has a spacious bottom floor for senior programs and various other activities for all. There is a great open upper deck that can be used for programs of all kinds. The new building was designed by Haggy Belzberg of Belzberg Designs.

The BAR Center will resume senior programs starting August 1st with exercise classes. They haven't set a date yet for senior lunches but they think they may begin sometime in late August. As of yet they haven't hired a new director for senior programs. It will be very hard to find someone to replace Sherri our last director who was wonderful.

Senior classes will be on Mondays and Wednesdays. New classes may be added later. Senior programs are open to seniors of all faiths and backgrounds.

Mondays at 10am- Fit and Fun with Shifra.  
2pm- Arthritis Foundation Exercise Program  
with Phyllis.

Wednesdays at 10am- Yoga with Allyn. 2pm-  
Arthritis Exercise with Phyllis. Reservations  
required at [bschwartz@JFSLA.org](mailto:bschwartz@JFSLA.org)

The new BAR Center at the Beach plans to host all sorts of activities and programs. There will be an emphasis on Jewish programs but there will also be many activities for everyone. In the future there will be classes, lectures, music, art, parties, holiday celebrations and programs for young adults and children. We hope It will be a great addition to our community.     marty

From The Nation, 6-27-2022

edited by Edward Ferrer

What is it about being Black in this country that is bad for the body ?

– Regina Mahone, *The Nation*

...Every time something happens to you and you're the subject of discrimination, the systems of your body rev up, whether its your heart rate, your blood pressure, the stress hormones, or even if its everyday stress-someone thinks you're stupid compared to other people, they follow you in a store, or you walk into the elevator and people recoil. All that stuff makes you upset enough that, if it happens over and over again, it creates a kind of accelerated aging. what really struck me was when the Covid numbers came out and we learned that Black people got worse cases of Covid 10 years younger than than white people . because our bodies were already damaged by living in America.

Linda Villarosa, author *Under The Skin: The Hidden Toll of Racism on American Lives and on the Health of Our Nation*.

Edward Ferrer



expressed her gratitude to the Reese, Tabor, and Powell families of Venice.

L.A. City Councilmember Mike Bonin marked this weekend as the first time for Juneteenth to be recognized as an official holiday in L.A. He pointed out that this is a nice recognition but that it's not reparations. He said that he is pushing for reparations in City Council. Mr. Bonin felt that he hadn't done enough for the Oakwood Community until the Elders of Oakwood motivated him to do more.

Venice Activist Laddie Williams spoke about the organization Venice Coalition to Preserve the Unique Community Character of Venice. She reminded everyone of the Save Venice group's four year fight to save the First Baptist Church of Venice. She called for reparations for the People of Oakwood. Ms. Williams recognized the peace, love, solidarity, and family of this Community Day. And, to the greedy developers in Venice, she declared, "We're still here and we ain't goin' nowhere."

Venice Elder Jataun Valentine spoke to the crowd via cellphone from another location, as the phone was amplified through a microphone. Ms. Valentine is known throughout the Community as the Queen Mother of Venice. She said, "I am excited to see such a big crowd. I am glad to see everyone together. It's important to get different groups together celebrating something worthwhile. I never thought I would see all the changes that we have created together. Keep up all the great work. I am proud to have been part of working with everyone to create these changes. Together we can get things done. Divided means no positive changes. Keep on creating trouble. Love everyone."

See Photos of Juneteenth on pages 6-7.



### Original Save Venice

By Eileen Archibald

Original Save Venice is a group of Venetians who are dedicated to preserving Venice history, sharing love and positive intentions focused on preserving the diversity of Venice, de-gentrification interventions, and inclusivity of all socioeconomic status, culture, race, and ethnicity. All members are volunteers. Many current Venice residents and neighbors in surrounding communities invested their love, dedication, hearts, and funding donations with collaborative efforts to Save Venice. Unfortunately, there was a disappointment of trust, with alleged misappropriation of funds, which has created a divisive rift in Venice. As stated, all members are volunteers, no one was employed by Save Venice. The core group of Save Venice is now known as "Original Save Venice".

In 2017, Laddie Williams and Pamela Anderson started meeting on the steps of the First Baptist Church of Venice to raise awareness of the sale of the property with the seven tied lots and the plan to develop a large mansion that would oversee Oakwood Recreational Center. A Go Fund Me account for legal funds was started, with Miguel Bravo as administrator. A total of \$9,631.00 in funds were raised for legal costs. Miguel Bravo was informed by Laddie Williams on multiple occasions, with other Save Venice

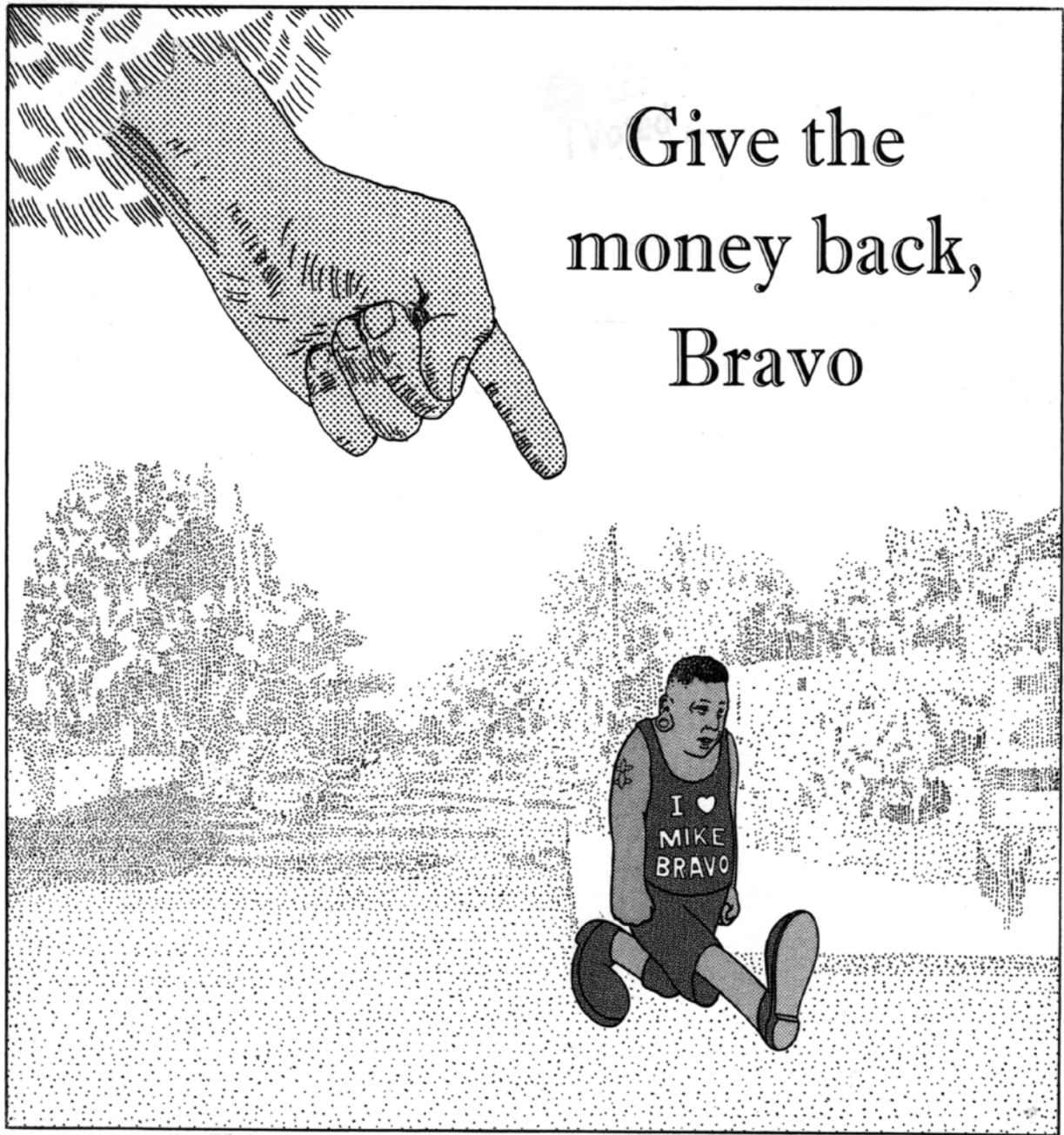
members present, to deposit the funds into the Venice Coalition to Preserve the Unique Community Character (VCPUCC) account, as two signatures are required for expenditures. Mr. Bravo did not follow directions and deposit the funds to the VCPUCC account. The Save Venice group was not aware that there was a problem with the accounting of the donations and expenditures. About May 30, 2021, I became suspicious after spending \$98 for Venice Neighborhood Council voting outreach and asking Miguel Bravo for reimbursement at the First Baptist Church of Venice steps. I was informed by Mr. Bravo that there were no funds remaining to be reimbursed.

Mr. Bravo did not follow directions, and the transferred funds from Go Fund Me went directly to his personal bank account. On July 13, 2021, a meeting was held with Miguel Bravo, Laddie Williams, and Naomi Nightingale. At the meeting, Mr. Bravo gave some receipts and accounting regarding funds he had allegedly spent for the legal fund. All of the donated funds were gone. Mr. Bravo made a verbal commitment to reimburse any funds used for personal expenditures. At a Save Venice Zoom meeting recorded on July 15, 2021, Mr. Bravo admitted that some funds were spent on personal items such as food, vitamins, and electronic devices. Mr. Bravo stated, "I got comfortable with the money." Mr. Bravo attempted to apologize, and agreed to present a detailed accounting of deposits and a re-payment plan for any personal expenditures at the next Save Venice meeting. Assistance was offered to utilize Excel for the detailed accounting to separate legal costs and personal.

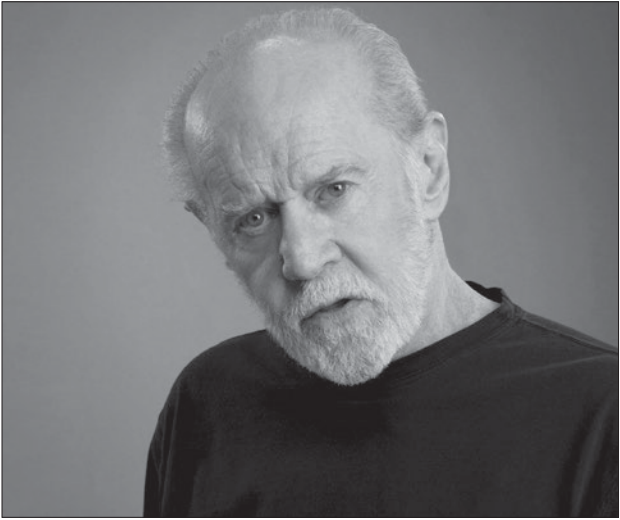
Instead, Mr. Bravo ghosted the Save Venice family by changing his phone number and email, and blocked many from social media platforms. Ethically, when one makes a mistake, one owns the mistake and makes amends for it. At this crucial time in Venice, we need to be united and not divided. Allegedly, other websites, such as the Beachhead and Save Venice have been sabotaged and held hostage by Mike Bravo. False news is being spread about the Venice community on these pirated websites.

Many in Venice are feeling shocked and disappointed. Miguel Bravo disappointed the community who had expressed unconditional love and support to him. Mr. Bravo never followed through with the agreement made to reimburse Save Venice funds spent on personal items.

The Original Save Venice community is very disappointed about Mr. Bravo's behavior, such as never following through on his commitments to reimburse Save Venice for any personal funds spent that were designated for legal funds. Save Venice members have provided every opportunity for Mr. Bravo to own his mistake, and to make amends to the community donors.







## There’s No Place like Home, By George

by Gerry Fialka

Thanks to everyone who keeps the conversation going by responding to my George Carlin article in the June issue.

<https://.com/2022/06/05/george-carlin-is-home-by-gerry-fialka/>

“The alternative to violence is dialogue, which is a kind of encounter interface with other people and situations.” - Marshall McLuhan. We develop critical thinking skills and advance as a community with conversation.

Kelly Carlin sent in from the center of the universe: “Thank you for connecting the dots and re-rooting us to that land that holds much for my family.”

Andrew Nicholls told me that George would say, “The best thing about living at the beach is that you only have assholes on three sides of you.” Andrew, author of “Comedy Writer - A guide to creating comedy for print, TV and stage”, was head writer (along with Darrell Vickers) for the “Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson.” They also wrote for many more including Garry Shandling and George Carlin. Check out my two interviews with Andrew on my podcast “I’m probably wrong about everything” on youtube. Part one [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uHjUny\\_Dn-0](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uHjUny_Dn-0)

Part two: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZG-PL09k39Zc>

Missi Calvey explores the human condition with amazing video art on her youtube channel MIS-SICs’ART

Be sure to watch the 4 minute masterpiece “Somnambulism” she made inspired by the quotes she read in my article. Without me and her talking at all about the article, she combined the George Carlin and Thornton Wilder quotes with the “Wizard of Oz” and Disney’s “How to Play Baseball” to make engaging enlightenment.

Check “Somnambulism” on youtube <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bHjIRwupvMU>

and my recent interview with Missi Calvey InnerViews#101 [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=beV-s\\_Yklps&t=3876s](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=beV-s_Yklps&t=3876s)

Most important, Missi’s video returns us to the epiphany scene at the end (or is it the beginning? ala Italian philosopher Giambattista Vico’s cyclical history trope recurso) of the 1939 film Wizard of Oz. Since McLuhan broke the Finnegans Wake (1939) code, he may quip “The Wizard of Us.”

Recall Judy Garland (celebrating her 100th year in 2022) lying in her bed surrounded by her friends and family:

Hunk: Remember me? Your ol’ pal Hunk.  
Hickory: And me? Hickory.  
Zeke: You couldn’t forget my face, could you?  
Dorothy: But it wasn’t a dream. It was a place, and you [Hunk] and you [Hickory] and you [Zeke]... and you [Professor Marvel] were there. [Everyone laughs] But you couldn’t have been, could you?

Auntie Em: We dream lots of silly things when we...

Dorothy: No, Aunt Em. This is a real, truly live place. And I remember that some of it wasn’t very nice. But most of it was beautiful. But just the same, all I kept saying to everybody was, ‘I want to go home.’ And they sent me home. [Everyone chuckles again] Doesn’t anybody believe me?

Uncle Henry: Of course we believe you, Dorothy.  
Dorothy: Oh, but anyway, Toto, we’re home! Home! And this is my room - and you’re all here! And I’m not gonna leave here ever, ever again because I love you all! - And oh, Auntie Em, there’s no place like home. There’s no place like home.

Carlin is the atomic dog, like Toto, pulling back the curtain to reveal the hidden. Create the disease and offer the cure? Is that advertising? The broom (skywriting) is the tool. So that’s what Dorothy/Judy is told to get if she wants to return home. Let us pry. How can we further fuse interpretive parables about the Wizard of Oz (Us) and the percepts of Marshall McLuhan to transform the very subject that we are examining?



The Wizard?: “Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain.”

Dorothy: But how can you talk without a brain?  
Scarecrow: Well, I don’t know... but some people without brains do an awful lot of talking. . . .

Dorothy: Toto, I don’t think we’re in Kansas anymore.  
Venice is truly a real live place, and sometimes seems like a dream, too.

At Sponto Gallery’s JazzFunkFest, a reality in Venice, Eric Ahlberg used to recite Carlin’s “Modern Man” routine as a kinda rap-poetry. Here’s a except:

“I’m a non-believer and an over-achiever, laid-back but fashion-forward. Up-front, down-home, low-rent, high-maintenance. Super-sized, long-lasting, high-definition, fast-acting, oven-ready and built-to-last! I’m a hands-on, foot-loose, knee-jerk head case pretty maturely post-traumatic and I’ve got a love-child that sends me hate mail.

But, I’m feeling, I’m caring, I’m healing, I’m sharing-- a supportive, bonding, nurturing primary care-giver. My output is down, but my income is up. I took a short position on the long bond and my revenue stream has its own cash-flow. I read junk mail, I eat junk food, I buy junk bonds and I watch trash sports! I’m gender specific, capital intensive, user-friendly and lactose intolerant.” Now that’s the real deal, pure uncut George Carlin.

Another Venice local told me about his cousin Stan Lewis, who set up Stan’s Music Shop in Shreveport, Louisiana in 1948. The business eventually grew to six retail stores (whose costumers included Elvis and Dylan), a nationwide mail-order & distributor service, and multiple record labels. His brother, Ace, met Carlin back in the mid 50s when he was stationed at Barksdale Air Force Base and worked as part-time disc jockey at KJOE. Stan -- a record distributor -- pushed new records to Carlin including a mistakenly shipped exclusive Elvis song “All Shook Up.” Carlin played the record on air and got instant nationwide attention. Ace says Carlin could be found coming in to their record store just about every week to borrow the likes of Woody Herman and Stan Kenton for his radio show. “He’d play them and then he’d bring them back the next day and I could tell this guy was going somewhere,” said Ace. During the past fifty years, Stan Lewis traded birthday and Christmas cards with Carlin. “He was just a normal person, very friendly,” said Stan. The Lewis brothers say Carlin never forgot his roots. <https://www.ksla.com/story/8543809/george-carlins-ark-la-tex-connection/>

Carlin taught us to be critical thinkers, even if it meant

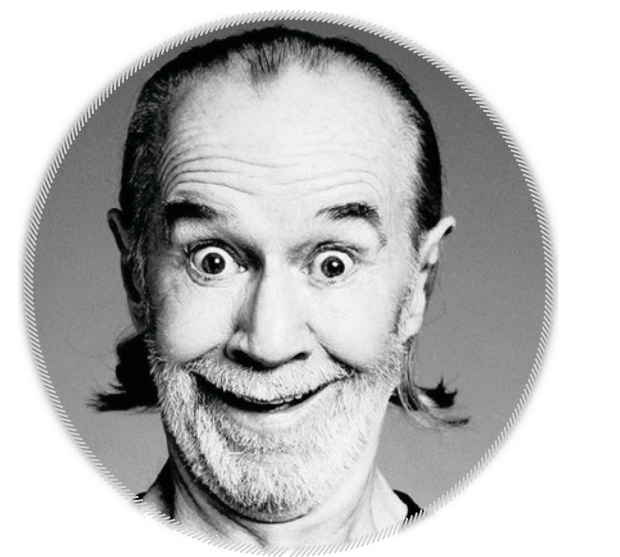
not agreeing with him. Todd von Hoffmann - Venice resident/historian and Tourney Direktor of the upcoming 9th Annual Gopher Scramble - A Completely Unauthorized “Caddyshack” Tribute benefitting The Venice Heritage Museum, had some thoughts. von Hoffmann wrote: The recent TCM doc Dean Martin: King of Cool, reinforced that he a big golf enthusiast. The other king of cool, Steve McQueen, played golf with Jackie Gleason in “Soldier In The Rain”. Golf is cool and for GC to talk shit about The Great Game shows, with all respect, not a thinness of, but definitely an unfinished character. For someone to say they hate golf is to declare oneself undeveloped at best and suffering unrecoverable playground damage at worst. Perhaps GC thought this was a thrust at The Establishment Elite. How little he understood about this humbling egalitarian pastime. All I hear in that bit is a boy crying, “I never earned my father’s approval!!” If he had been an Anglophile like me he might have read P.G. Wodehouse and his wonderfully hilarious, grandiose & absurd golf short stories. George was a breakthrough, he had to suffer derision & criticism that would seem laughable today (which only served to make his success sweeter, naturally), but his remarks about golf make it clear that he had a lot of growing left to do. I’m sorry I never got the opportunity to introduce him to Royal Penmar - Hackers Haven by-the-Sea. It’s where Bill Murray and most of his brothers have played as well as Charles Bronson and Cheech & Chong. GC could have learned a lot from a few rounds with those guys or my golfing buddies.

Back to Oz (Us) . . .  
Dorothy: Oh, but anyway, Toto, we’re home – home! And this is my room – and you’re all here – and I’m not going to leave here ever, ever again, because I love you all! And... oh, Auntie Em, there’s no place like home! . . .

“There’s no place like Venice.”  
Glinda (the good witch): Now those magic slippers will take you home in two seconds

Dorothy : Toto too?  
Glinda: Toto too.

GEORGE TOO ! Thanks Mr. Carlin . . . for keeping us in conversation. “Converse” is from the French converser “to talk, open communication between,” also “to live, dwell, inhabit, reside” (12c.), and directly from Latin conversari “to live, dwell, live with, keep company with.  
We do feel safe at home.



*Side Note:* Maryjane is looking for places and collectors for her extensive VENICE HISTORY archives from 1967, inclusive of ephemera/fliers announcements, posters, T-shirts, books and even canal bottles dug out in 1994... and many ARGONAUTS and FREE VENICE BEACHHEADS papers, plus other Venice magazines. She is UNable to continue storing such really! One may also see her Venice History videos tapes, 18 so far and 2 more in a month and then likely @ 4 over next year from now on YOUTUBE “Venice History Tapes” Link = [https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCPdPf4rTEvaW-GjVPOC5SXjQ/videos?view\\_as=subscriber](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCPdPf4rTEvaW-GjVPOC5SXjQ/videos?view_as=subscriber)  
Maryjane’s land line = 310-226-2903 Please NO texting and she is NOT daily on computers !  
She suggests that long life Hotels and Restaurants might wish sections of such for halls and rooms and event rooms and patios, and perhaps stage, film, video, props collection for projects.





## Our Original Founders Were Indigenous Women Who Controlled Their Own Bodies

by Harvey Wasserman/Reader Supported News

The real Founders of American society were not the 55 rich white male interlopers who staged a coup d’etat in 1787-9 ... and whose misogynist progeny have always wanted to ban abortion.

Our true Original Founders were the Indigenous matriarchs who ran most of America for thousands of years before the first whites set foot here.

For tens of centuries they controlled their pregnancies by herbal means. The idea that any government (tribal or otherwise) could rule a woman’s uterus would evoke disbelief and contempt from men and women alike.

In fact most North American tribes were run by women. The chieftains were commonly male. But they were chosen and could be removed at will by the matriarchs, who ran the homes and gardens, raised the children and made the major decisions about the future of the tribe.

As one Indigenous matriarch has explained, the men were allowed to be chiefs because “it makes them feel important and it gives them something to do.”

There were indeed tribes where men dominated. For many white “Christian” historians, the idea that females ran any society remains impossible to comprehend.

The US Congress denied our First Peoples the right to vote until 1924. In a 1980s hearing on banning peyote, Chief Justice William Rehnquist was heard to say that the First Amendment “does not apply to Native Americans.”

No Indigenous Justice now sits on a Supreme Court hell-bent to colonize the female uterus.

Trump’s MAGA cult wallows in fear of feminism. A score of iabuse charges against him remain unresolved. A ban on abortion would force his rape victims to victim to bear his spawn.

From 800 broken treaties to eco-suicidal impositions and more, the Trump/Bannon/Putin/Tucker White Supremacists aim to obliterate our Original Indigenous rights.

But the First US Constitutionals—including George Washington, John Adams and Ben Franklin—gratefully acknowledged their debt to the Indigenous. That legacy was memorialized in a 1987 Congressional Resolution approved while Nancy Reagan sat as our ruling matriarch.

The true cradle of American democracy was the Hodenosaunee nation, spread across what’s now upstate New York.

Called “Iroquois” by the French, these People of the Longhouse pioneered the world’s most advanced democracy, linking the Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga and Seneca. Their Confederation, said Franklin, ran “better than the British Parliament.”

Their 113 Codicils—predecessor to the Bill of Rights—guaranteed individual rights and freedoms. A woman’s right to choose was everywhere assumed for thousands of years before the whites came.

Those rights permeate our culture. A woman’s power to control her own body is enshrined in our Indigenous Originalism. The Court of the People must finally embrace its righteous power.

Harvey Wasserman’s People’s Spiral of US History is available via solartopia@gmail.com and at on-line publishers.

## The Heartbeat Law fallacy: It’s NOT a heartbeat!

By Enyaj Pitchford

As the SCOTUS brings us closer each day to the Gideon dystopia of Margaret Atwood’s Handmaid’s Tale, let us try to fully understand the fallacy of the “heartbeat law”. Let’s begin with understanding what a heartbeat actually is. A heartbeat , according to the Texas Heart Institute, is a two-part pumping action that takes about a second. As blood collects in the upper chambers (the right and left atria), the heart’s natural pacemaker (the SA node) sends out an electrical signal that causes the atria to contract. This contraction pushes blood through a series of valves into the resting lower chambers (the right and left ventricles). This part of the two-part pumping phase (the longer of the two) is called diastole.

The second part of the pumping phase begins when the ventricles are full of blood. The electrical signals from the SA node travel along a pathway of cells to the ventricles, causing them to contract. This is called systole. Other valves now shut tight to prevent a backflow of blood, while other valves are pushed open to force the blood from the right ventricle into the lungs to pick up oxygen,(and release toxins in the form of Co2) Then, oxygen-rich blood flows from the left ventricle to the heart and other parts of the body; and so the cycle continues, pushing blood from the body, to the lung to get oxygenated and back to the body and to the lungs again.

This is NOT how the fetus functions at 21 days! Since blood carries the nutrients in the body and the body cannot grow without nutrients, the body needs to have blood circulating around in order to feed its developing organs. It does not have an organ with four chambers. Does it circulate of its own volition, NO! It circulates from the pumping of the mother’s heart registered through the umbilical cord. No mom’s heartbeat, no fetal heartbeat. They are one and the same. This is the same circulation that goes on in any primal creature, including plants, which uses another matrix than blood, chlorophyll for the most part,to keep them growing. This is NOT a significant moment in development; it purely ensures development. A matter of fact, LUNGS do not develop until 26 - 36 weeks! So, at 26-36 weeks you may say we begin to develop a functioning heart. Even if a baby is born with lungs at 5.5 months, it can only survive with medical assistance, and not just because of an incubator. It needs to be injected with a surfactant that assists it growing three months of lungs in just 30 minutes. A brilliant medical miracle for sure, that has saved many premature babies. It will still need hospital care and supervision to survive.

So, once again, the religious right has used our limited knowledge of science to blind the public into an emotional frenzy over its false facts. Once again, we need to promote our civil liberties, and our constitutional rights for the pursuit of happiness. Freedom of choice is a health choice as any other. Our health as a nation, our health system choices, will continue to be stripped away, if we allow this SCOTUS which represents less than a quarter of the American population, to pilfer our civil liberties and our health and happiness. We need the ERA, the Equal Rights Amendment, to gain traction and move forward now more than ever. Isn’t it time? And like Malcolm X said, we need to keep our religion in our hearts and keep our eyes on our common enemy, which, at this point in time, is a gang within the SCOTUS, fixing to tear down women’s rights as easily as they destroy the Clean Air Act and other environmental protection laws, enacted since the 60’s. And the Roe vs Wade overturn, can threaten access to contraception, acceptance of gay marriage and allowing interracial marriage. There is no question that they are in for the long haul to destroy this country at its core. The question is, are we in for the long haul, to get our rights back and push forward to equality on a livable, sustainable planet with a right to pursue our happiness?

Angst and Gestalt at 99 cents and Rose: Mental Meanderings by Enyaj Pitchford

The blood moon eclipsed and mystery hung over the West side in the guise of a dampen blanket of a dense gray stillness. I couldn't sleep, awaiting a promised interview to be considered for a of a scholarship to render my studies free of debt. To have the luxury of getting a degree without the added weight of despair just lit a restless yearning within me. As if my dreams could really come true, finally I couldn't sleep all night. The moon, the finals, the screams of the homeless, disturbed gal whose psychosis is so complete that it affects her speech to where the cry of mother's name "Mona" is morphed into a desperate, loud, screech, that only a Harpy could rival; a cry of "mauhrdar;" Hitchcock could have used her for a fletching ominous overtone, wailing in the corner of a set. She cries because her mother and brother, each own their luxurious two-bedroom condo, lock her out. (Who can bear her? Who is supposed to bear her?) And so sometimes, as the night winds blow, and she, dressed in greasy rags, dirt-stained skin often colored red from picked sores, bellows and curses and kicks objects to get their attention in the hopes of, I don't know, pooping, eating, sleeping, money for drugs? One out of ten times, they let her in. You can hear her brother, with his own unique psychosis, I hurl insults at her as she makes what sounds like a dog tied to a whipping post until she trails off to return in a day or so. The sounds of a trampled animal, her cries to her family for help, unanswered, are haunting. They bring disturbing images to mind. And so the next morning, I prepare for my 6am zoom, and arrive five minutes early, hot tea in hand, to hear that wasn't I supposed to come earlier, like an hour ago? I assured them that they were mistaken; and I'd remember well if I made a five am appointment; it's not something I'd agree to casually. But I am well aware of the 4 am rise on the ashram life. Anyway, in the nicest of ways, the full scholarship was shrunk to a 25 percent off with a "perhaps if I can get permission for that much" and then after the call I realized the residency part, six of them, was extra; they were 1400 each, lodging extra. Once again finances thwarted plans of licensure. I'm beginning to hear voices of my elders. Begin where you are. You already know this stuff. Work with what you got. I'm rethinking everything I've been planning. Somewhere in my mind, I hear my grandma saying" You make plans and God laughs."

Well, I was so tired and upset by my meeting; and Atticus II appeared. His predecessor disappeared for months and then reappeared for just one day in the fall. He loudly and ostentatiously announced his appearance, ate my food with much gusto, and then ran off, like a favorite, ardent lover, off to new adventures. But squirrels and good lovers are often like that. I was glad that young Atticus II was as interesting as his father and hoped for no more. My little birds came by as well. But as I put out the food and made my call to Atticus II, my departing neighbor girl came from behind the garbage can and meandered to a spot of sun against the brick wall. She looked up at me and I cried "watch" and Atticus II made a grand leap from the telephone pole to my balcony, like a brilliant acrobat. She sat with a relaxed, delighted smile, full of life that I never witnessed on her before. I pulled away; I learned not to labor her with attention or she may poop by my back door in response, as she did years ago, when I tried to reach out to her.

I feel like just lying about all day but there are things to be done. I push. I missed my classes, since I was so tired, and slowly went about my chores.

I kind of randomly drive away from traffic, and toward Venice and decide the Whole Foods, 99 cent corridors will do. It seems so pale a place; the memories that stream before my face; a time before either were there. But even when Whole Foods came with its distinct force of gentrification there was a buzz, however faint, that I couldn't much relate to, but still a buzz once was here. Now it feels like an endless corridor with things you've

*continued on page 8*



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wood Park — Photos by Paulo Freire Lopez



photos at page bottoms by Eric Ahlberg



seen elsewhere, and lots of it. The word VENICE is cleverly and meticulously formed from the tasteless crois drink, those fizzy flavored mediocre drinks, with a fake French name. They cover the entrance wall hiding the masterpiece of a mural painted by our local legend Francisco Letelier. I walk past the line at the self-checkout counter, wondering why they would stand in a line only to check themselves out? I am served promptly by a vivacious young African American girl who, along with the Mexican Security guard, share the briefest of a dalliance, and undercurrents of impatience wave all around me. As if she's wasting time, when she is in a waiting period for the customer to make his payment. It's a curious occurrence. I decided to sit outside, after a moment in the stagnant air by the indoor tables. There's a man with petitions. He's not faring very well. He's straight up asking people if they are registered to vote and if they want to sign a petition to help the homeless get sheltered. No one has a moment, nor an interest, though you can barely go five feet without some sign of the homeless disaster around us. One well dressed and distinguished African American man announces that he doesn't know if he wants to help the homeless. That kind of triggered something in me. What happened to that man to make him even think of saying that, never mind actually articulating it?! It was like the tip of the dystopia nightmare taking over my once beloved community. I felt like replying, "So we should just let the bodies keep piling up all around the streets? Live in a paradise where we gotta step over them to get anywhere? What the hell kind of nightmare are you visualizing for the future?!" I held my tongue. I should not have watched the last episode of Outlander last night. I think the season finale rattled me too much, but no spoilers here.

I had already suggested to the guy, with his petitions, to let people know it's a tax on properties sold over 6 million and that the money would also provide for local schools. Or else the local homeowner imagines his taxes going up again. But he won't listen. So, at this point, I'm getting a really grim feeling inside. I should have just gone home, but instead I decided to get some cellulose-based sponges to clean with at the 99, Of course, I see the lavender plants at the entrance, and remember a candle votive for my prayers. I'm happy to find St Judas, as I'm feeling terribly betrayed, and la manita, because I need a little hand. There are big gaps in supplies, I have to settle on the plastic sponges, yeech. I go in line.

Where did the politics come from? No clue. But there it was in the middle of the line. And, did I hear a comment or disturb the slumber by making one, I dare say, I do not know? But I knew my dissonant nature was restless. The hypocrisy, the gentrification, the struggle and the discontent; it was pulsating through the silence and something had to be said. Or did it?

But, regardless, words were spoken. The phrase "the homeless" is the greatest trigger word of the day. And that is immediately followed by Red and Blue fingers pointing and the lines drawn. Red and Blue, like some giant Crayola crayon; they really lack poetry next to one another. I

guess that's why they share the white between them, which then becomes the dominant force and concern. Hmmm.

Well, like a lot of people I know, I'm never going to be a Republican, but I can't relate to the current concept of a Democrat either. So, I find myself in the presence of a moron, trapped in this dichotomy. Funny enough, he keeps calling me a moron, with a fifth grade reading level, and I'm telling him, "I don't need a news reporter to tell me how to think. I have two eyes and I can see for myself. I actually form my own thoughts. And besides, why are you so focused on the symptoms of the problem and not the solution? You tax 24 billion; a fraction of what the top 5 or so people have on the planet; you tax it at 30 percent and solve a lot of problems right away. In The 50's and 60's by the way, corporations were taxed over 70 percent! Those 'good old days' people

like to reflect on; where people had a home, a car, an education and even leisure on a one parent income." And he calls me an off-track moron and a commie democrat dumb ass. Oh, I know, it's about to hit the fan, your Trump was such a brilliant man. A shining shit show in the heavens. I'm a Jeffersonian dumb ass", he quips." Now here is where, if I had had my gestalt earlier, I would have pointed to our similarities and cooled things down. It would have been 'nicer' in a kind of peacemaking way, I suppose. It would have been more considerate to the people in the store, I suppose. But anyway, I guess it wasn't in the stars that dystopian afternoon. The Americano and cookies did NOT help. So instead of being optimistic and encouraging and humble and saying' "oh you're into self-sufficiency, cottage industries, and living off the land? I mean, hell yeah. I totally love that.!" But instead, I'm like. "That's great.

It's great to be self-reliant on the back of your slaves". "You moron", he yells at me." You got a fifth-grade education". I'm like, "hey mister, I wouldn't know that from any school book. Your hero Republicans edited that info out of it. I know that because I read original texts of the times. Not only did he have slaves, he had children with one of them. And when the mother of his child asked him", and yeah, I'm getting louder and heated, and I'm suddenly aware the people serving me at the register are both African-American." Well, when the mother of his son asked him to set their own son free, from slavery, he refused. He kept his own son as a slave on his land! What an asshole. And the mother, the one he loved so well and begged to go to Europe with him, well when she did go, she split on him and was free. Gone, bye bye to another oppressor." "Oh, what a moron you are' And I was getting tired of his insults. He says' ' I like people who work for a living. I don't like the homeless. They're all on drugs". Oh, here we go! "The homeless are all on drugs? You can't even open a restaurant these days without serving beer or wine at 11 am. There are liquor stores every ten blocks, pharmacies, hospitals, and more marijuana shops around me than pizzerias in Little Italy; everybody here is on drugs. And how the hell are you supposed to get from homeless to working every day? You can't even shower, you sleep outside in the gutter, and if you get paid 15 an hour, you can't even afford a place working your ass off full time. What then?" Again, he says it, "You moron, you're so off subject. I was homeless. I was homeless for 15 years. I know what the homeless are like."

And I ask, so how much rent do you pay? "I pay 400 a month."

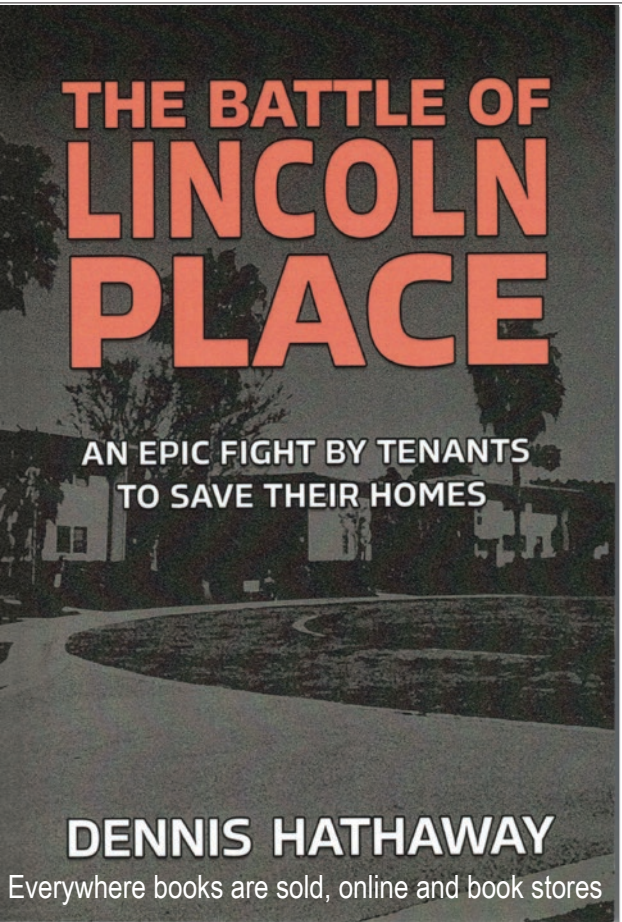
And now, I'm too embarrassed for this guy to say the obvious. Yet he's got me pissed off at the same time at his bigotry. So, I lose it and say, what a jackass you are. Now, he's hurt and insulted. I insulted him. He starts looking for sympathy to the crowds, the shoppers. I don't know what's going on with my captive audience, but I'm definitely beside myself. And he calls me a cunt, bitch, tramp, whore. And I just have to say," oh, poor white man; thinks it's ok to insult a woman but can't take one coming at him. Oh, look at that poor white man acting all scary, puffing out his chest, feeling so entitled." "BITCH CUNT Whhhore...And he's gone."

Then I have to say it. And I say it loud for everyone to hear. "Stupid fool. Takes him 14 years and subsidized rent to get off the streets and he hates the homeless and says it's all their fault. Then he's going to vote Republican, for the very people who'll take away his subsidized rent and kick him to the curb once again." A line formed behind me. People were looking at me. My African American cashier and packer continued to urge me to just relax. Wasn't the place for politics but no one was mad. A few women close to my age had a spellbound look. "I'm Not going to apologize", I say aloud. "Sometimes I just can't stand the hypocrisy and sometimes I just get to air my feelings. I just feel oppressed by the ignorance. And I'm from a time where people spoke their mind and I'm proud of my roots."

For better or worse my irrepressible Italian American emotional fire with my Waspy cutting

intellect, combined with working class NYC in the 70s values; I'm just used to more freedom. Freedom of ease of expression, or movement, of dreams coming true with determination. Of self-determination. I go home, feeling out of sorts though. I really didn't like being upset with that man. I'm thinking I had an opportunity to enlighten in a gentler way and reimagine a more perfect ending, an ending where no one is mad and wisdom is shared and hope is reborn. My son comes home; sees me looking at tongues and how to diagnose them, and yet he knows I'm out of sorts; he sits next to me. I tell him my day. The zombies in line at the self-checkout. I mean WHAT is the point of self-checkout, If the cashier is open and faster? The place is so empty; there's rarely more than two people spending 200 dollars on their six items ahead of you. What's the hurry? My son points out that these tech people just avoid human contact all they can. After laughing aloud from my tale, and thinking that sometimes you have to shake things up to dispel things, he brings up the idea of tolerance. He reminds me that it's only tolerance if that person really irritates you, and in kind you are patient, understanding and non-judgmental. Being tolerant of homeless, gays, different races, isn't tolerance if you have not issue with them. But I do have issues with conservative bigots. It's moments like this that I know why I had kids; to have new doors of perception open to you when you're stuck; that, and to deal with your multitude of tech issues.

And so tonight I will Light my candle to St Judas, the greatest of sinners and betrayers, and light my candle to the little hand of the holy child, who represents the future, and hold tolerance and hope and faith dear as I face my next day. That, and patience, patience and patience, imprinted in my brain, as the mantra of survival.



**THE BATTLE OF LINCOLN PLACE**

AN EPIC FIGHT BY TENANTS TO SAVE THEIR HOMES

**DENNIS HATHAWAY**

Everywhere books are sold, online and book stores

The Battle of Lincoln Place is a stirring account of the courage and perseverance shown by the tenants of a large, historic apartment complex who stand up to the greed and heartlessness of their corporate landlords, whose questfor profit threatens to destroy their longtime homes. It follows four women who lead the hundreds of working class and elderly tenants in a desperate struggle on the streets, in the halls of government, and in the courts of law and public opinion, along with a fifth woman who fights for recognition of the forgotten Black architect whose innovative ideas about community and social interaction were featured in the apartment complex's design. It is a story of heartache and joy, of despair and hope, and finally, of the triumph of the human spirit over the forces of indifference and disdain faced by some of the most vulnerable members of our society.



HOUSELESS IN VENICE

– by MOISHE FARSHUTEN

LA is the homeless capital of the USA  
more & more come here everyday.  
No end in sight  
creating a terrible blight.  
We're the world's richest country  
how could we let this be?  
It is a national shame  
politicians say everyone else is to blame.  
160,000 in California alone  
a disaster we've sown.  
Parents, schools & capitalism failed us  
while the rich say what's the fuss?  
The trade schools and factories are gone  
they tell us to move on.  
Family farms bought by corporations  
an exodus of our populations.  
The family structure is broke  
instead video games, booze, meth & coke.  
My parents kicked me out  
said I was a worthless lout.  
Lying on the ground  
there's no compassion to be found.  
The news shows us as animals  
madmen and criminals.  
We're just like you  
but bad luck and no choice what to do.  
Ya know it is true  
it can even happen to you.  
The economy goes bad and ya get ill  
can't pay the electric, gas & rent bill.  
Couldn't pay the mortgage on my home  
so now on the streets of LA I roam.  
Can't work I'm disabled and sick  
my dad was a drunk prick.  
They raised my apartment rent  
so out on the sidewalk I went.  
My ex kicked me out of the house  
he was an abusive louse.  
COVID ruined my business  
now my life is a mess.  
They closed my store  
now I sleep on a cement floor.  
My company moved to China  
manufacturing in Mexico and India.  
They closed all the well paying factories  
and built more & bigger penitentiaries.  
Can't get a job in this city  
LA has no pity.  
The crappy jobs I got  
didn't pay a lot.  
I am not homeless, I have a tent  
I'm houseless and don't pay rent.  
I only get housing in jail  
I'm too poor to get bail.  
NIMBYS want me out of the neighborhood  
they'd have me killed if they could.  
They got the cops to have my tent trashed  
lost everything I had stashed.  
Cops left me only the clothes on my back  
and a few things in a sack.  
Don't know where to go  
please police bother me no mo.  
Things are so hard today  
I don't know where to stay.  
I'm goin mad livin on the street  
cold or hot with nuthin to eat.  
Sometimes I'm sad & mad  
when it's cold it is bad.  
Many see us a problem  
thinkin we're all criminal scum.  
Most are honest, good & kind  
so please change your mind.  
We just try to survive  
eat, sleep & stay alive.  
The rich just walk by

A PHILOSOPHER'S MEMORIES OF VENICE  
APARTMENT

– by John Thomas

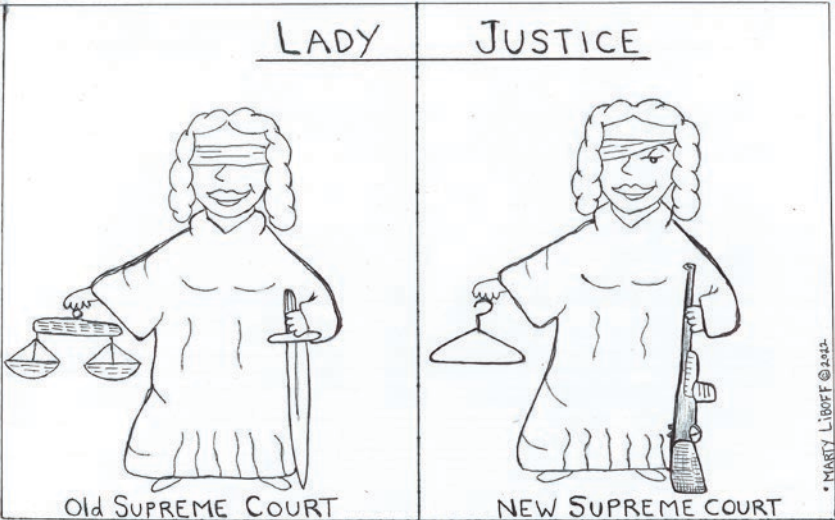
That was one bad and  
buggy place, Snorky.  
Cockroaches all over  
the house and into  
everything.

Kid, what would you  
do if just after the  
first fine mouthful of  
morning coffee, you  
realized that you had  
swallowed a half grown roach?

I'll tell you what I did.  
It wasn't easy, but I  
convinced myself that  
I had swallowed not a  
cockroach but a small  
brown moth. That  
idea I could live with.

I haven't always lived  
in splendor, as I do  
now at the Ellison,  
Snorky, but I have  
always been master  
of my mind.

they'd like us all to die.  
Instead of food & medical aid  
we get another police raid.  
Lots of money spent on the problem  
but it all is wasted by the system.  
Social services & cops get funds for the homeless  
but they don't want to end the mess.  
Politicians & cops say they know the solution  
just give them more money is their magic potion.  
Very little money actually gets to the poor  
instead everyone else gets a big score.  
We need safe parking and places to camp  
out of the rain and not be cold & damp.  
We need job training, psychiatry, apartments  
food, clothes, medical care, love & low rents.  
More shelters treating us kind  
not like prisons screwing with our mind.  
We need trade schools & skill centers  
good jobs so we can pay & be renters.  
So much can be done  
instead neighbors just complain & run.  
There will always be poor  
but they still need a home & a door.  
There is little compassion & love  
we pray for help from you and from above.



9 • August 2022 • FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD  
AT THAT STILL POINT

– by John Thomas

That perfect morning long past  
when we strolled beneath the tall trees  
we walked on coins of sunlight  
our bare feet were stained  
by wild strawberries.  
And if they could prove  
that it had never happened  
what would have been proved?  
For it is everywhere this faint scent  
of crushed strawberries.  
It does not notice time and proof  
and she and I  
at that still point  
where what they call reality  
touches the edge of the forest  
they call the world of dreams  
just there  
another innumerable sunrise  
intercepts us  
fixes us  
golden in its radiance  
forever

A SAD AMERICAN PRAYER FOR THE GREAT RECESSION  
– by S.A. Griffin

spirit the authors of this great recession to occupy the shad-  
ow purgatory where they have colluded to amass mega  
fortunes according their own plastic math and trickle down  
voodoo

let it rain

let them sleep in poisoned trailers and awaken in skid row  
flops on the nickel

in slaughterhouse ghettos and pharmaceutical prisons as  
madhouse angels ongleaming wings of perverted chance

let them live confused and forgotten in the streets  
babbling murdering fictions penned by abandoned cities  
collapsing into the land like  
crippled expletives

paint them behind bars of their insatiable greed  
profile them beyond borders and sentence them to die  
juiced by electric dreams ofhopelessness and despair

let them wallow and sink into a sad and final  
quickshit of their own design  
let their children be born addicted to the  
outer darkness of a black spring  
left to feed at the feet of great mountains  
of fetid refuse  
let them drink burning water from the fractured funeral earth  
conscript these soldiers of fortune to fight their own endless wars  
let them wear the teeth the dead like a chattering necklace  
and walk the wounded miles

hotwire their flesh with gunfire and cannonroar let them feel  
the irradiated chill of one billion half lives  
glowing beneath their skin

line their throats with the frenzied  
prayers of their untouchable citizenry  
slash their salaries  
foreclose onthem  
make them live a diet of instant karma  
subject to their laws and jealous gods  
who know no mercy

let them remember  
even before their own remembering the  
truth as they  
have shaped it from so much  
blood red clay





RIP Lance Diskan  
6/22/2022

Lance Diskan's credits include:

- Venice Community Organizer
- Venice Historian and Archivist
- Venice Beachhead Contributor
- Member - Free Venice Astronomical Society
- Facilitator - The Venice Family Clinic
- Manager, The Fabulous Fox Venice
- Producer: VeniceNight (1978)
- L.A. City Council District 6 Constituent Relations Deputy

Below is from Virtualvenice.info Remembrances of Venice.

L.A. City Council District 6 Constituent Relations Deputy Diskan describes this as "the t-shirt I commissioned for Venice Night in 1978," and goes on to say, "I took various graffiti images (including the main red slogan from the long-gone oil drilling derrick at the foot of Windward), and then famous East L.A. graffiti artist Chas Bojorgez executed a silk-screen 'sandwich' of the multiple images for the final design. If you can 'read graffiti', you will see the line 'Concept: Lance Diskan' at the bottom of the shirt."

**Lance Diskan on Ocean Front Walk**

Every person's "Venice years" are carried along with them forever.... I can see the pine trees outside my window, and the San Francisco Peaks rise above town in a beauty that can never be taken for granted. But part of me is still walking down Speedway; checking my P.O. Box at Windward Circle Post Office; dropping in on friends in the Canals; eating burritos at Penmar Park or a late-night burger at Cafe 50s; heading for another meeting to fend off the City's attempts to merge and meld my hometown into just another somewhere. Part of me will always live in Venice.

I was lucky enough to spend a quarter-century (1968 - 1992) in Venice-of-America, and those years will color my life until the day I die. My very Being is organized in Venetian ways: the way I understand and practice politics; my time-tested values about the nature of friendship; my appreciation of community; my longing for the California beach; my appreciation for racial, sexual, age and human diversity; the sheer enjoyment of nutso people on display on Ocean Front Walk; the cautions about police behavior having spent years as a photographer for the ACLU Police Malpractice Complaint Center in Oakwood; the awareness of the value of process - not just product. There are just too many Venice Lessons learned and incorporated to count.

This week I celebrate a decade since I moved away from my Venice roots - but I'm still in contact with my Venice associates on a monthly basis. I try to keep in touch with the current struggles and issues that confront Venice. I maintain my contacts with those with whom I shared struggles for years to 'Keep Venice Funky'. I return to visit my old haunts, stroll OFW, drop in unexpected on friends; try to find a special poster on a telephone pole that can be added to my Venice Collection; shoot a few new stills or video; eat a meal at a favorite restaurant, and of course watch the sunset where America comes to an end.

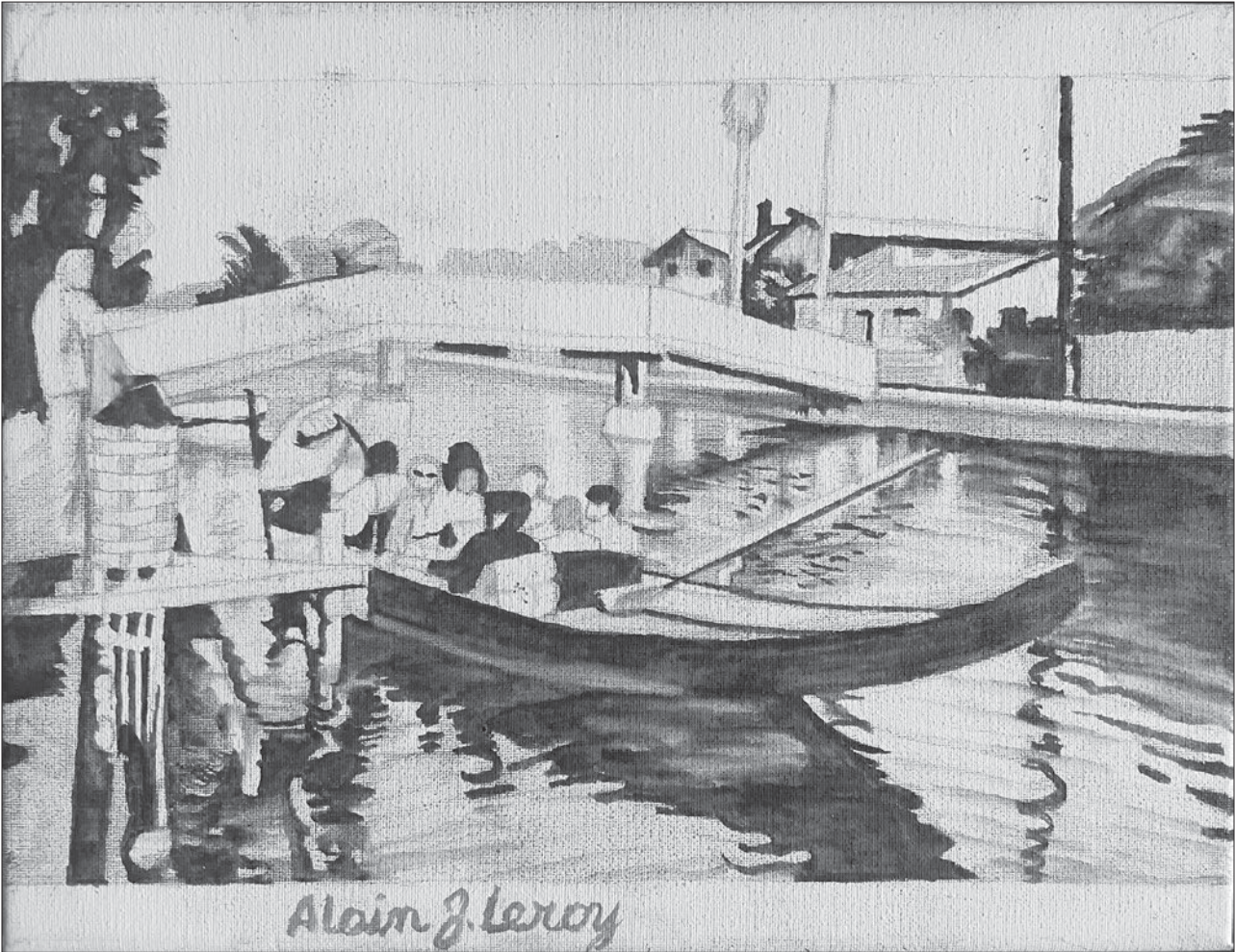
I remember my very first sunset in Venice. In 1968 I had joined the VISTA anti-poverty program in order to work with Native Americans in Arizona. Instead I was sent to Venice. Instead of living in the wide-open West, I was 'sentenced' to Los Angeles - the environmental armpit of America. I was utterly dejected. After spending my first night on Vic Wilson's floor in Oakwood, and an initial reconnoiter of the community, I headed down to the beach for sunset. As the sun dipped below the horizon people standing along the tide-line began to applaud. I had never seen anything like it. Surreal and funny and strange - a perfect metaphor of the Venice I would come to know and love over the next 25 years. I knew then that Venice was not just another place; I knew then



A large gathering Saturday honored the renaming of Pisani Place to Orson Bean Way. That was the very spot his life was upstaged by a careless driver.

that Venice was someplace special. I knew then - even after just one day - that I had found a home. It's nearly 35 years later, and Venice is still my spiritual home. Nobody leaves Venice.

(Added early 2007) Last time I was on OFW I noticed that the parking lot at the foot of Thornton Avenue (I lived at 34 Thornton for many years) was fenced and set for construction of "artists lofts". This is (was) one of the last open spaces along OFW, and I expect that the building is at least half-way constructed by now. At the very heart of North Beach, this piece of property between to Casa de Roma (on the north) and Claire Faulkenstein's studio (on the south) was set for construction many years ago, but we (Thornton Avenue residents) appealed the project to the Coastal Commission and the building permit was denied. How the new 'lofts' got a permit is unknown by me, but no doubt a (sad) testimony as to the dis-integration of community.





CALENDAR
beyondbaroque.org

A Poetry Reading with Holaday Mason, Mariano Zaro, and Judith Pacht
Friday, August 5, 2022
8:00 PM PDT
In person at Beyond Baroque
Join us for a reading of new works by poets Holaday Mason, Mariano Zaro, and Judith Pacht. Enjoy a night of literary innovation with these mainstays of the Los Angeles poetry community at the historic Beyond Baroque Literary Arts Center.

The Déjà Vu--Live: A Performance by Gabrielle Civil
Saturday, August 6, 2022
7:00 PM PDT
In person at Beyond Baroque
Join Gabrielle Civil as she activates her latest black feminist performance memoir the déjà vu with flashbacks and premonitions: black dreams & black time. Incorporating reading and storytelling, movement and moving images, the déjà vu--live will blur boundaries between the page and the stage, embodying memory, grief, and love; then and now.

A celebration of new works by poets Kevin Ridgeway, Zara Lisbon, Jose Hernandez Diaz, and Mathieu Cailler
Saturday, August 13, 2022
8:00 PM PDT
In person at Beyond Baroque
Poets Lisbon, Ridgeway, Hernandez Diaz, and Cailler will read poems that are meant to stimulate, educate, and entertain. By turns, humorous, evocative, and poignant, audience members will walk away with a deeper understanding of themselves and the world around them.
Monday Night Fiction Workshop with Raquel Baker by Zoom. 7:30PM Free
Wednesday Poetry Workshop with Jose Hernandez Diaz via Zoom. 8:00 PM Free

In The Gallery:Telepathic Evanescences
June 17 - August 6, 2022
Telepathic Evanescence: Collaborative Artworks by Will Alexander and Byron Baker. Please join us for an opening reception, a reading of Alexander's Pulitzer Prize nominated collection Refractive Africa: Ballet of the Forgotten and a panel conversation with Alexander, Baker, Carlos Lara and Harold Abramowitz that converges on the subject of creative telepathy and the higher state of mind. Telepathic Evanescence features a series of paintings born out of a spontaneous creative exchange between Alexander and Baker.

Local Music:

Venice West 1717 Lincoln Blvd. Venice
thevenicewest.com 424-443-5222 Door Varies
August 7 – Ivan Neville & His Phunky Friends
August 9 – The Bonedaddys
August 13 - Venice
Aug 27 – Peace Frog
Aug 28 – Pato Banton
Pacific Resident Theatre
703 Venice Blvd. 310-822-8392
August 7 – El Duelo – Rick Boston & Michael Jost
The Trip Bar, www.tripsantamonica.com
Mostly free or Pass the Hat, one drink minimum.
2101 Lincoln Blvd, Santa Monica, CA 90405
(310) 396-9010
August 9 – Natalie Jacobs – Samba
August 16 – Mark Jacobs – Tasty Guitar
August 30 – El Duelo & Suzy Williams
Mondays: Open Mike with live painting.

LIFT EVERY VOICE IN VENICE
ARE YOU HUNGRY? FREE FOOD AT VENICE BEACH
(Times and places occasionally change)
\*Hope for the Hearts of the Homeless- Pam & Joel and friends. Coffee, pastries, snacks. Thursday & Sunday around 9:45 am. On the Ocean Front Walk near Ozone Ave.
\*You Matter- Michael's picnic with friends. Tue. & Thur. around 11 am. North border of Venice on the Ocean Front Walk near Ozone Ave. Also Sat. around 8 am near Dudley Ave. Hot dogs, burgers, snacks, fruit.
\*Oasis Network Inc. with Dan & friends- various groceries, bread, fruit, vegetables. Sat. & Sun. around 9am. Ocean Front Walk by Dudley Ave.
\*Venice Equity Alliance- fruit & vegetables. Wed. 12:45pm. 132 Brooks Ave.
\*St. Joseph Center- their clients, To-Go Meals. M-F 9:30am-12pm. 663 Rose Ave. Also weekly food if you register at (310)396-6468 ext.313
\* St. Mark Church Free Food Pantry
Every Saturday from 11am to 1pm
940 Coeur d'Alene Ave, Venice 90291 (entrance Garfield Av) Vegetables, fruits and other food items. No registration needed. Drive-thru and walk-in options. Call St. Mark Parish at 310-821-5058 or email us at loavesandfishes@stmarkvenice.com

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this paper is a poem
¿NO PUEDES PAGAR LA RENTA? ¿PROPIETARIO TE ACOSA? ¿TIENES MIEDO DEL DESALOJO?
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Únete al Sindicato de Inquilinxs
Lado Oeste
1er y 3er miércoles de cada mes
http://bit.ly/westsidezoom
Email: westsidelatu@gmail.com para aprender mas





Above: **Thornton Tower** – Venice landmark since 1910, located at Thornton and Speedway, as seen during the day and at night. Acrylic on canvas. Artwork by DCastro.

– Continued from page 1  
of meanings and messages.  
The expansion felt when a psychedelic kicks in is how I would describe witnessing one of DCastro’s artworks change from black and white into color. In addition, experiencing his artwork on OFW compared to experiencing it in his studio is comparable to being sober versus being on a psychedelic – because of how he uses light to change the artwork.

“What I have always loved about DCastro’s artwork over the decade it has adorned OFW is how it vividly transports a markedly Brazilian spirituality to Venice, making a unique contribution to the cultural and international richness this special neighborhood by the sea has to offer” – Scott Cooper, Adjunct Faculty in Visual & Media Arts, Emerson College, L.A.

Originally from Brazil, DCastro is a self-taught artist who graduated from university in hospitality. Although he’s been an artist since he was a little kid, he never dedicated 100% to art until 2008, when he quit working in a bank in Brazil because “I needed to have this experience and to do what I love,” DCastro said.

“Venice chose me. I came here in 2009 and started painting my first watercolor series here in Venice. I did other pieces previously in other media. The community accepted, embraced and supported me, which helped me. I appreciate having the opportunity and the convenience of free expression space on OFW (Ocean Front Walk), which is better than any gallery in LA. I want more artists to come and exhibit here to beautify OFW every day – not just on the weekend. I’m trying to encourage and promote other artists, and I’ve incorporated several others’ pieces in my own shows. I’ve been supporting other artists and collecting their work since I got here,” DCastro said.

*‘I am absolutely just blown away. I thought I knew what painting was and what art was, but you’ve taken it several steps higher than where I thought the artwork*

*and painting could be at. This is hands-down the most incredible piece of art I’ve ever had the privilege of experiencing.* – Zachary Turner, art student, Santa Monica City College

“DCastro’s magnificent painting “Thornton Tower” is a masterful portrait of this historic, still standing strong, majestic building which lives in Venice, California. The imagination of DCastro offers us an original use of space and time, early 20th century merging with 21st as we notice Charlie Chaplin walk out from the spiral staircase, and the creator of modern dance, Isadora Duncan, dance. Urban legend has it that she lived in Thornton Tower. It is an honor that a painter of such esteem lives in Venice and in our building, which he so perfectly illustrates.” – Pegarty Long, Film Producer, Thornton Tower resident since early 80s

DCastro exhibits and sells his artwork on OFW and Thornton Ave. daily. Although he is still a struggling Venice artist, his brush with fame includes his artwork being featured in the New York Times and on shows such as Californication (as the background for stars like David Duchovny), House of Lies, CSI Cyber LA, Training Day, Star Trek and others. He has sold prints to over 60 countries and his artwork is currently featured in two galleries, at the Hawthorne airport and in Irvine.

“My artwork consists of spiritual poems. One day in the future my art will be recognized as a new style of art. My artwork might help people be more spiritual – be more connected with our family, community, world. Inspiring people is what inspires me. I’m not religious, but I am spiritual,” DCastro said.

“I’m blown away by the permacultural aspect of DCastro’s work! In gardening, permaculture refers to growing plants with up to ten functions. Each DCastro painting, as he intends it,

functions additionally as a poem, a song, a dance, a unique philosophy, and is history in motion and a teachable moment in time, besides being the most outrageously psychedelic eye-candy.” – Erica Snowlake, former Beachhead collective member; Artist; Editor

“In 2010, after selling some of my Venice watercolors, I decided to come up with a new art creation that stands on the trinity of a new philosophy, a new technique, and a new style. The new philosophy consists of seven elements: modernity, contemporaneity, innocence, simplicity, spirituality, happiness and poetry. The new technique is the use of light and dark. And the new style uses repetition, music and uncommon use of the principles of perspective to produce movements and effects of 3D,” DCastro said.

“DCastro’s art encourages you to contemplate deeper thoughts. To go beyond the canvas and to hear the song, learn the history, celebrate the poem, all as a way of bringing you into the story and sharing his joy of creation.” – Beth Allyn, Ms. Venice

Art can and should be a hammer with which to shape reality, as Bertolt Brecht famously stated. But it is and has been a mirror of that reality as well. DCastro’s art serves both of those purposes by addressing current issues such as environmental crisis as well as the pain, control and hope that are part of our modern human experience. His art is an excellent example of today’s groundbreaking post-modern contemporary art period because of the strong, thought-provoking message of each of his pieces and because of his innovative techniques that incorporate movement, music, poetry and dancing. I never really experienced a canvas come alive before I visited his studio.

You can find DCastro’s artwork on OFW and Thornton Ave. daily, on social media under dcastroarts and you can also contact him at [www.dcastroarts.com](http://www.dcastroarts.com) and [dcastroarts@gmail.com](mailto:dcastroarts@gmail.com).

“DCastro is the new Picasso, the most underrated artist I know, but the BEST artist I know” – Jaicomo Caruso, Artist; 4th grade student, Westminster Elementary School, Venice



Above and Right: **Intelligence, Technology and Environment** – artwork by DCastro, acrylic on canvas – one artwork with two different views: during the day and night. “In the daytime the painting has color and it portrays a beautiful, healthy, colorful and happy world, with an ocean full of fish, green grass, blue sky and sun shining. On the other hand, at night the color is grey and there is fire on the mountain. The point is that we need to connect the three pieces of the triangle, namely Intelligence, Technology and Environment for our survival,” DCastro stated.

