

FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

SINCE 1968

CHEE WAH WAH

December #422

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FEED THE PEOPLE TURNS THREE



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Feed The People turns 3.

3 years of Feeding the houseless on Sunday Nights.

3 years of community support.

Written and photos by Eleuterio Navarro

Thank you to the original members of Occupy Venice for being the genesis of this program, Tudor Popescu, Rob Dew, Mike Chamness, Lydia Ponce, David Busch, Clark Davis, VitoJoseph Convertinai, Deniz Guevarra, Naz HB, Sirgei Agalzoff, Jet P Lab, Vlad Popescu, Stephanie Tratto, I know I'm forgetting many others.

Very Grateful to Food Not Bombs for providing us with monthly rations of Brown Rice and Beans, Tanya Selig and Sabino Portillo, you guys Rock Big time.

Also grateful to Trevino Farms and Tutti Frutti Farms at Santa Monica Farmers market for proving us with low cost organic produce wich we use to cook these wonderful meals and also distribute volunteer students and families in need.

Much gratitude to professor Gillian Grebler From Santa Monica College for enlisting your students to help every semester , also PTK Honor Society and Sustainable Works at Santa Monica College for sending members every week as well

It's exciting to see young people come out serve their community.

Gives me hope for a better tomorrow.

Mike Chamness and Vlad Pospescu 3 years of dedication and support to this program says a lot about your dedication and love to your community.

Mike Vermont is very lucky to have you and Venice will not be same without you.

Mary and Clark Davis,Karen Daniela Rodriguez, Sonja Humes, Sepideh Kashanian, Jenny Wang, Myla Reson and the countless volunteers that I forgot to mention here, Thank You as well!!!!

A Special thank you to my star volunteers: Mai Pham Thanh, Michele Lozano, Wendy Lockett, Joe Cotten for helping me keep things organize and straight, for coming in on Wednesday and Sundays, for staying late to help with clean up when all is done.

Your dedication to this program is truly inspiring.

Joe Cotten if were not for your handy work in keeping the lights running and other handy work needed it would be hard to do. Thank You.

Thank you to Sepideh Kashanian, Julie Mann, and David King for all your behind the scenes support that makes this happen.

Looking forward to see this program evolve and the adventure that awaits us as we make it happen.

A MEMORIAL TALE OFVENICE

by-Marty Liboff (with a little help from Gerry Fialka and friends

Spirits of the dead- come forth and show us the way... Just a silly old man's memories of Venice Beach. Ancient dreams- morning arises- tomorrow never comes. There are no yesterdays or tomorrows or as Janis Joplin once said, "It is all just one long day!" In the shadows of Abbot Kinney's folly have lived the souls of thousands of beautiful faces and characters. Venice Beach- my outdoor church full of love and madness and people of all walks of life from different lands and universes. THEY KEEP TRYING TO WIPE US AWAY BUT WE ARE STILL HERE! People and places of long ago still live and haunt the Ocean Front Walk. The rich and famous and the poor and unknown from the world over forever wash up on the shores of Venice Beach. Blacks, Whites, Hispanics, Asians, Indians, Jews, Christians, Muslims, Buddhists, Hindus, atheists, communists and madmen all sharing life together in a melting pot of love. The high and mighty and the low and lowdown. So many have gone before us and paved the way and changed our lives and then went on their journeys to other planets or have sailed across the river Styx to paradise. The universal dance of life...

Sometimes a sadness comes over me. My heart still sees the old places and the ghosts of those we have loved and died; Eric'Big Daddy'Nord with the Beatniks in the Gas House, the old Saint Mark's Hotel, my mom Ruthie and Harold and Moe selling bagels and chocolate brownies in the bakery, listening to poetry with the Beachhead founders John and Anna Haag in the Venice West Cafe on Dudley Ave., having breakfast at the Lafayette Cafe, Joseph selling falafel and playing belly dance music in his Finjan Cafe, Arnold the Kosher butcher, the L&M Market and Deli and Henry's Market, Sponto doing art in his gallery, P.O.P. And the pier with fantastic amusement rides, the Aragon Ballroom with Lawrence Welk and later the Cheetah Club with all the famous rock stars, Al James sitting on his throne in front of the Phoenix House, Milton telling us stories about Miles Davis, Sidewalk Bob with his long beard doing Venice tours, Lawrence Lipton and Stuart Perkoff bringing the Beats to Venice, Miss Daisy singing gospel on her antique Gibson guitar, Jim Morrison writing a song by the shore, Werner Scharff buying up Venice for cheap, Dr. John healing people on Windward, Ted Hawkins singing the blues, Philomene Long writing a poem, Swami X standing on a bench and joking about the world's problems, Dr. Geek with his big hat doing his rap, Uncle Bill playing his life on a piano, Tibor painting like his pals Chagall and Picasso, the mighty soul of Carol Fondiller, peace activist Phil Chamberlin tossing epiphany footballs on the grass, Hiya Norga Eric, kookie Cosmo, Swedish Lisa petting all the pooches, sweet wonderful Gail, Phoenix the sax man, Abraham's wife Dianne walking her dogs and doing her art, poet and writer Steve Richmond, Sonny painting and playing

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CHANGES

by Jon Wolff

There was once a movie theatre in Venice. It was called the Fox Venice Theatre and it was right there on Lincoln Boulevard and Vernon Avenue. The Fox Venice showed full length feature movies. They showed classic movies, foreign films, cult films, rock movies, and horror movies. Sometimes, the actors or filmmakers would be there in person to speak to the audience. The Fox Venice put out a calendar of screenings for each month. Every refrigerator in Venice had a Fox Venice calendar stuck on it. Admission in the 1960s was fifty cents. The price went up over the years but, if you knew someone who worked there, you could get in for free.

The interior of the Fox Venice Theatre was of the classic, ornate movie house design. There were Art Nouveau murals on the inside walls of the auditorium depicting giant women crouching, rising, and dancing. The ceiling was a huge, illuminated purple oval with a texture like satin.

The Fox Venice Theatre lasted into the 1980s but it eventually closed down and became an indoor swap meet mall. The exterior still looks like a theatre. But it is changed.

Also, on Lincoln Boulevard, there was a toy store. It was called Jumbo's Toy Store. It was big and overcrowded with children's toys. It had cool toys and not the lame toys of today that are produced overseas and are made of cheap dull-colored plastic. Jumbo's sold monster toys and metal toys and toys with electrical plug-in heating units. All their toys are collector's items now.

Jumbo's Toy Store eventually closed down. It became Builder's Emporium for a while and now it's a Ross Dress For Less. The building is still there but it is changed.

Everyone has enjoyed Cafe '50s on Lincoln Boulevard. Some may not know that, before it was a '50s "style" diner, it was an actual '50s diner. It used to be called Java Time. The clock over the entrance told you that it was "time for java". Right now, Cafe '50s is closed for repairs. We hope that it opens soon. We wonder if it will change.

Many in Venice remember the pier between the Venice Pier and the Santa Monica Pier. It was called Pacific Ocean Park, or P.O.P. It had amusement park rides and seal tanks and high-dive acts. P.O.P. was closed down and fenced off and, for years, it just sat there with its rusty old rides and a man-made mountain on the end of it. Occasionally, in the summertime, P.O.P. would catch fire. You'd get a phone call from someone saying, "Hey, P.O.P.'s on fire again" and everyone would go down to the beach in the evening and watch the flames accompany the setting sun.

P.O.P. was eventually torn down. At first, it was only cut off below the surface of the water and motor boats wrecked themselves passing over the pilings. Later,

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Beachhead Collective Staff:
Eric Ahlberg, Mary Getlein, Alice Stek.

The FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published monthly 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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To: Venice Beachhead Publication
Ira koslow, president venice nc

Fr: Jim Mazzarella, downtown

Re: venice bid wins approval

I just read nov 16th argonaut newspaper. More people voted Against a bid but big business's voted yes and it carries more Weight. This sounds familiar !!

Do not expect a decrease in crime with a new bid. Venice street Crime will probably go up like in downtown. I lived on spring and 6th most of my 3 years here. It's the sunset strip of downtown. Street crime has continually gotten worse. A bid has no impact.

As previously mentioned, lapd crime stats for full yr 2015 rated The downtown area #1 in the whole city in violent and property Crime. There are at least 5 bids in downtown.

Another example : on this morning tv news (ch 7) it was shown that 1 Woman was murdered by 2 other women on venice and main? This is ground zero for venice. I know exactly where it was shown. No bid can stop any street criminals. I see it almost daily down here.

Dear Free Venice Beachhead

I did the analysis below back in Jan of this year and sent it over to Gloria Allred. No one in the mainstream media or LAHSA even mentioned this issue until 9 months later.

This is how inept LAHSA mgt operates.

I was way ahead of everybody which means top womens rights Lawyer Gloria Allred was also ahead of everybody.

Regarding Janet Jackson as my choice to team up with Ms.Allred, the Jackson family (Janet) were my neighbors growing up in Encino on 5005 Hayvenhurst ave. Do a search for proof. I worked at Warner Bros Records and Dreamworks Records for a total of 15 years as head of marketing research. Janet and I have similiar work backgrounds and know the same people. She was the real life girl next door.

Good day to my former USC Business Law professor:

Given the info I have sent in the past plus current you now have full knowledge to match anybody on L.A. homeless women. As I previously mentioned LA homeless women have the biggest percentage increase in the homeless population.

Homeless women get no media attention.

Gloria Allred and Janet Jackson can team up and create a campaign message that will reach millions.

Your last message informed me that your current case-load projects are enormous preventing new side projects. What's so big about representing 29 women in the Bill Cosby case ?!! +

Analysis: according to LA Times, LAHSA is reporting that Venice had a "23% drop in homeless from 2015" 900 is the total count, down from 1,297 (900 divided by .77)

That equals 397 almost 400 homeless got housed !! Right, and I am moving to Carbon Beach, Malibu next to billionaire David Geffen !!! I do not believe it. Contact lahsa and ask for the detail (back-up) on how 900 was derived. What's the methodology ? You won't get the information. LAHSA uses entry into permanent housing for its count. This is meaningless. A large percentage leave within a year. It's a revolving door. City homeless is increasing so how does Venice go down ?

LAHSA is all smoke and mirrors, as a result LA Times is reporting bad info.

- Jim Mazzarella

LOCALS NEWS

LA settles federal lawsuit in the shooting of Brendon Glenn for four million dollars. Venice Attorney James DeSimone, representing Glenn's mother Sheri Camprone said: "This will bring some sense of closure to the family of Brendon Glenn. They will never get over his tragic death. It still seems surreal to the family. Every time I speak with Sheri it's very difficult for her."



above; Brendon Glenn - From Beachhead archives

Venice Business Improvement District approved by special voting district and the LA City Council.

After the City Clerk denied the last Venice Business Improvement District for failing to listen to community opposition, this time the objections were listened to and then promptly ignored. The proposal was approved by vote of those included in the district and then approved by the LA City Council, despite many objections by residents, and businesses within the district.

Planning Commission's Ruling Denies the Office/Retail Project for the Venice Boardwalk at Sunset.

Dear Friends of Venice and opponents of the proposed 601 Ocean Front Walk Office Project,

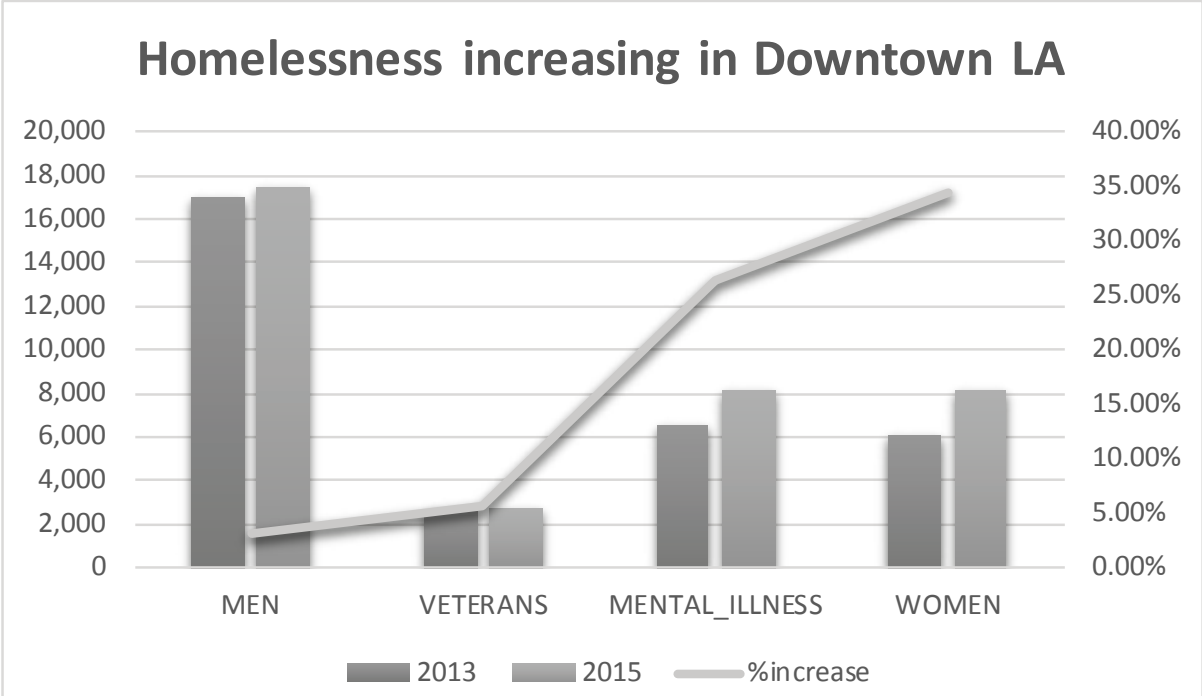
The proposed office/retail project for the Venice Boardwalk at Sunset Ave was denied by the West LA Planning Commission on September 7th, reversing a Zoning Administrator's earlier approval of the project. Recently, on November 10th the Commission issued its Determination Letter defending its Sept. 7th vote to Deny. The Letter is strongly worded and hopefully difficult to challenge in court. The developer now has 90 days to file a legal challenge.

The Commission denied the project on grounds that it was out of scale with the neighborhood, the cumulative impact from build-out along Speedway and Ocean Front Walk had not been considered, further measures were needed to mitigate the congestion and traffic, and development for primarily office uses was inappropriate for the Venice Boardwalk in a "Community Commercial" zone.

Let us know if you would like a copy of the Commission's Determination Letter.

Some folks on this e-mail list are closely involved in opposing the project while others including visitors from far away just signed a letter of opposition. Regardless, the breadth and depth of outcry was an important factor in our victory, and we thank you all.

SustainableVeniceBeach.org



Dr. Strangelove: Or How I learned to Stop Worrying, and Love All The Nazis Here In Venice

by im.human

Eight days after the earth moved in VENICE--while just standing on the sidewalk merely talking to a friend, I was personally screamed at--and then physically threatened by a nut-case: a bi-polar, 220 lb, 30-year-old Trump supporter:

An ignorant--part-time, off-duty security guard--wearing an Iron Cross, and a dirty face, and filthy, dirty, leather.

Who demanded that “Trump has won! You scumbag liberals need to get out of town now... We are taking over!”

Big Nazi--and he was on his way to Subway.

TO PANHANDLE.

Big Nazi

Just to get enough to eat.

FACT.

Because he couldn’t get full-time work from anybody. I followed him, and he got even more threatening; and in my face: I confronted him; and demanded he explain himself and he refused. So as he was frothing and threatening--I just turned and walked away.

I walked about 50 yards then turned back, looking him in the eye even from there--and I could see him bulking up again.

I get no government checks--but I had 2 dollars in my pocket. I walked all the way, looking him in the eye--and he staring and bulking up back; I got up to him and gave him an honest friendly smile, paused: pulled the money out; as he was now again screaming and in my face and waving his fists--and said:

“I came back because I have something to give you.”

“If you want it.”

“Here, this is yours.” I revealed the money. And extended it to him--in my hand.

He stopped; and turned pathetically grateful. Really nearly drooling with happiness. And inane with nothing but silly, groveling, gratitude;

“For me?!?”

So holding out the money--in my extended fingers, I said, and now looking at him (with just a little of an honest smirk) “if you’ll take it:”

“From me.”

For I am homeless in Venice also. He drew back--but I smiled calmly and sincerely again--and sincerely said, “No here, I want you to have it,” And he calmed down: smiling, himself; like a kid getting his Halloween candy--and said with his own little bit of a self-satisfied smile, “OK!”

And we talked for the next hour. I urged him to read “A People’s History of the United States.” And a few other things. He’s been homeless since he was 20. He’d read Nietzsche and Mein Kampf.” I’ve seen him twice since; he’s quieted down and very reserved. He acknowledges me, and says he just wants a job. He’s trying hard, really hard, just to get a job--ALL you Venice people. He just wants someone to offer him a JOB. We talked a little more. I tell him how I created my own job for years--organizing foodlines and lived on the street and gone to jail; after quitting my “job” in maintenance for the City. And that I have still gotten everything I need since. I don’t think he will threaten me again. I think he is now thinking about his way a little bit more.

As he is out here now homeless--since he’s been 20. And looking for a job here.

Meanwhile, this is my own proof that hate everywhere now is not just being hyped. They are feeling unleashed. Even in Venice. And we now know--even in the White House’s inner circle. And I have experienced it personally. As already many others here in Venice.

It’s a fact--and kids in high schools and middle-school playgrounds--are already horrifically at it--all over America now too.

But yeah, Soros is paying them too, right?

RIGHT.

It has begun. And now, the OTHER FACT IS that on DEC 19th stopping 270 votes is the simplest thing that can stop it and save at least this next generation of Americans from living their lives under the open bragging of racists and fascism.

Friends, we must do everything we can to uphold the real law on Dec 19--and in the most powerful, and courageous, acts of love and peaceful Democracy and just law; and in the name of a justly upheld and finally rightly interpreted Constitution--stop it. There are many efforts to do this. You MUST participate in it: And as a part of this, also we must ALL urge and support all electors--who will, as a first step, to now stand against ANY AND ALL open racists in the White House--at the very least abstain from voting for Trump or Pence on Dec 19th.

For We must know all their names on Dec 19th. And they must know that we know them;

And the eyes of all in the earth are on them that day.

And that we will never give up and follow them everywhere to stop them.

And we will never forget.

And we must vow now--to keep the White House

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Memorial - continued from page 1

guitar and telling how he wrote songs for Jimi Hendrix, politricks with John Thomas, Monae Lei Momi forever a child of sunshine and smiles, dancing with Betty the old bikini ukulele lady, that wild little brat Jay Adams creating the art of skateboarding, wacky Arthur walking like Groucho Marx with his false teeth falling out, Millie Mims a saint of Venice feeding the homeless, Bobby the World’s Greatest Wino, Ernie playing guitar, James Mitchell and the Muddy Bottom Blues Band, Danny’s Deli, and at the Levin Center there was Morrie Rosen helping the poor and elderly, Carol forever a hippie, and sunshine Pauline with a huge smile at 102. Venice Beach, the outside insane asylum with its nuts and crazy drunks like Riff Raff Ralph, J.C., Crazy Mary, Jo Jo and Zorro yelling profanities. The Venice dogs like Bagel the bagel eating basset hound, Danke Dankster with a frisbee in his mouth, and Lisa with dollars stuck in her doggy bikini. And so many, many more... Let us know who we missed. Our hearts break when we think back at all the angels of Venice who now sing and dance in heaven. Their wonderful spirits beam down on us from above. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust... All that they left behind is their love... I’m sure when we get to those pearly gates before Saint Peter he will tell us heaven is beautiful but not nearly as cool and fun as Venice was!

Everyday the beach front changes- someone new, someone dies, someone goes. The sea winds blow you away and the winds blow you back home again. Abraham took his drums and new wife Rachel and moved away. Rasta Randy moved to Hawaii and van-o-leer Patty moved back east. Majid the puppetman and his wife moved to Paris. Jim Smith and Erica from the Beachhead along with great artist Earl Newman and beautiful Gypsy Camille all moved to Oregon. Mesu drumming on Rasta Hill was deported back to Belize and so was cool Mervyn. Musicians and singers David and Rosalyn moved to New Orleans. Some we know not where they are like musician Butch Mudbone, and Sandman Scott making love to his sand babes. And a kiss to all those sweet Venice gals who left and broke my heart. All rivers run to the sea and someday your love will return. There are always new shops, artists, vendors, musicians, nuts and homeless with new art, songs and poems. Some move away, others die and more are born. It is always that way. And soon maybe the Beachhead may end... So it comes, so it goes. The ocean waves wash away the sands of time and someday someone will say, “Did ya hear that old dready with the one eared dog croaked?” And everyone will say, “Who dat?”

Spirits of Venice still haunt my life. Dreams of the dead still live on in my soul. The ocean waves wash away the tears and years- soon come, soon come. Let us give thanks and praises to those who went before us and showed us the way. Amen...

- Gerry Fialka adds:

Betty AND ELTON, Ralph, the cosmic king of the Boredwalk, peace activist Phil Chamberlin and culture jammer Gerry Fialka tossin epiphany footballs with Haley Damian (son of Margaret and Peter, who still serenades us) and Charles seaweed man Political Bill Mitchell soapboxin the truth, Sponto gathering the community.

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Changes - continued from page 1

the job was completed and now photographs are all that remain. It changed.

Over on Main Street, just south of the Trading Post Liquor Store, there was a mini mall. It had a dry cleaners. It also had a neighborhood hardware store owned by a guy who was kind of mean, until he got married, and then he was very nice. Next door to that, There was a laundromat. An actual laundromat was right there just one block from the Boardwalk. It was called Supersuds Laundry and it was managed by a tough but nice woman named Ruby. She had a short black crewcut and she wore black plastic frame glasses and a pocket chain.

Eventually, the mini mall was torn down. Now, there’s an ugly office building on the site with a wall and a fence around it. It is very much changed.

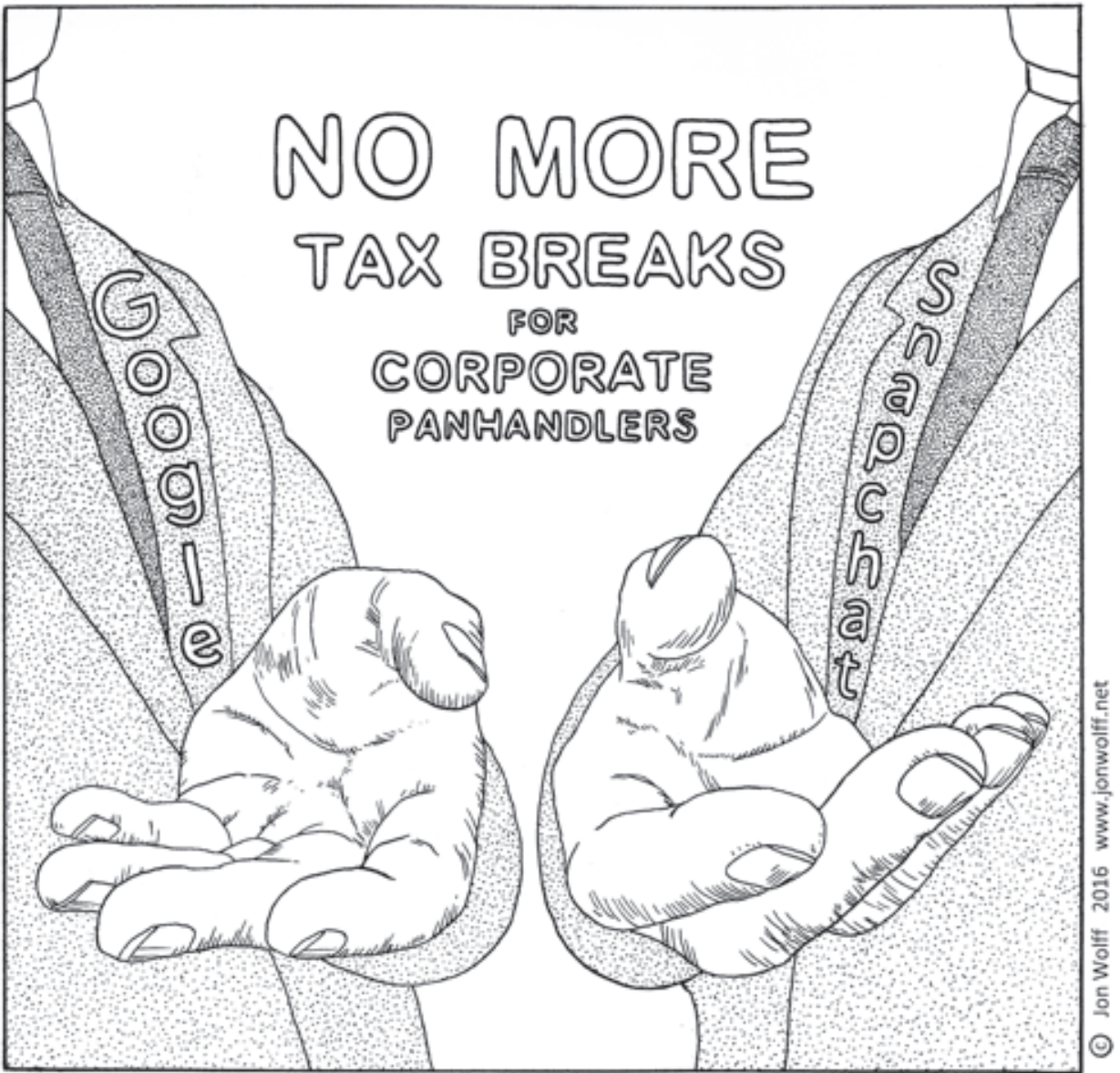
There are numerous other examples of the changes that Venice has endured. But you get the point. It seems that one thing is always being replaced by something else and, too often, by something worse. When was the last time you saw an ugly gray building get torn down and a beautiful colorful one get built in its place? And why do evil developers come to Venice to change everything good into something bad?

Why do the police and, soon, private security officers come to Venice to harass people who don’t have the money to fight back? Why do tech corporations come to Venice to push people out of their neighborhoods and break up communities? Why does the City of L.A. allow all of this to happen?

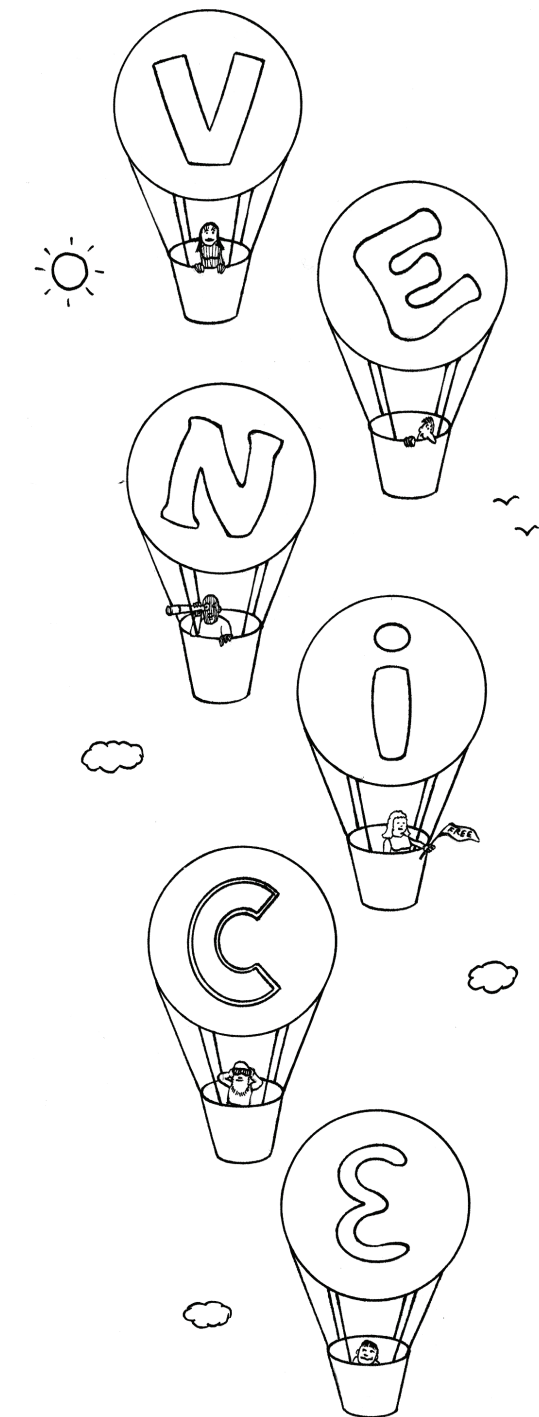
Well, who says that the bad stuff is any more permanent than the good stuff? Bad stuff has come to Venice in the past. There were plans long ago to build a freeway through Venice and those plans were defeated. There were maps and designs for turning Venice into another version of Marina del Rey and those designs never worked out. The L.A.P.D. used to bring their riot gear to Venice to bust up gatherings and, today, there are still people gathering in Venice for music and political demonstrations. Venice has endured worse. Venice isn’t ending any time soon.

The same processes that change Venice can act upon those who come to harm Venice. A political change could make developers who flout the laws and convert apartment buildings into hotels face criminal convictions this year. The tech corporations that now operate in Venice could see changes in the internet culture that cause them to fail and go the way of others of their ilk. Their names could fade from memory and their buildings in Venice could change into low-cost rental units for families and young artists. The coming economic downturn could change the property values in Venice. Smart speculators would do well to get out of the market now and the owner of a prominent real estate company in Venice could find herself on the bottom floor when it all comes crashing down. Who knows, a change in the weather could create the conditions where a guy who’s dedicated himself to criminalizing the unhoused gets hit on the head by a meteorite. It happens.

Maybe someday, twenty, thirty, a hundred years from now, a kid playing bongo drums on Venice Beach will read these words and not know of any of the bad things listed herein. And he or she will say, “Nothing changes.”



TIMELINE 2017- During Donald Dump’s Presiden-
tial inauguration massive demonstrations take place. Sec-
retary of State Rudy calls out the troops. A phony coup
is staged and martial law is declared. All dissidents are
rounded up. Secretary of Communications Sarah speaks
on all media that TV, radio, the press and computers are
now taken over for our own good. The banks are nation-
alized. Hillary, Bernie, Obama and other liberal leaders
are arrested and given lobotomies and forced on TV to
declare their allegiance to our fearless leader Drumph.
1984 was just a little late. Guantanamo is enlarged and
all liberal leaders are relocated there for their own safety.
All Muslims are deported. All non White illegal aliens are
forced into work camps to build the great wall. Pot smok-
ers are sent to re-programing camps and given shock
treatments. Terrorist acts give the Donald an excuse to
nuke all Muslims in the Middle East and we seize their
oil. The Attorney General and other racists on his cabinet
get the Donald to vaporize Africa to get rid of inferior
races. All Latin America below the great wall is forced
into slavery and birth control and sterilization chemicals
are put in their food and water. Europe is taken over by
fascists and all non pure Whites are sent to the newly
renovated Nazi concentration camps- “Arbeiten Mackt
Zu Frei”. Our courageous fearless leader and his best pal
Putin together take out N. Korea, India and Pakistan with
H-bombs. Wide scale riots occur in California and N.Y.
and troops are sent in. L.A., San Francisco and N.Y.C. are
bombed leaving millions dead and starving. An attempt-
ed assassination of the Donald prompts him to suspend
the Constitution and all civil rights. Blacks and Jews are
forced into walled and guarded ghettos where sterilization
and starvation takes place. Manzanar and other camps are
reopened to house Asians. Michael Moore, Jon Stewart,
Jimmy Kimmel, Alec Baldwin and Stephen Colbert are
publicly hanged on TV. The Donald has Rosie O’Donnell
electrocuted saying she is too fat to hang and personally
pulls the switch on TV while yelling, “You’re fired!”
There is an accidental on purpose H-bomb dropped on Is-
rael. We and Russia attack China together. Israel and Chi-
na fire their missiles and Donald’s mad generals convince
him to first strike Russia and then Putin fires his missiles.
The Donald runs to his underground bomb shelter with
the Sports Illustrated bikini girls and Putin runs to his
bomb shelter with a bunch of Russian hookers. Both soon
die from sexual exhaustion and over use of Viagra. The
cockroaches inherit the earth... The End.



The Election from Hell

by Eric Ahlberg

Most Venice Voters are depressed and angry. The core
of Venice voted 90% for Hillary Clinton. You have to
go several miles away from Venice to find a precinct that
voted less than 70% for Hillary, and even farther to find
the few districts in LA County where Donald Trump won.
We live in a super-liberal bubble. Across the country
Democrats were more popular in cities, and the most
populated metropolitan areas.

This campaign has seen the scale of fake news, fac-
toids, and disinformation grow exponentially. Teams
of Social Networkers flood online news and Facebook
feeds with paid political porn. The innuendo of corrup-
tion, black ops, racism, classism, and sexism. It was, to
use The Daily Show’s appellation, the victory of Bullshit
Mountain. It proved that if you lie long enough and long
enough, and with generous funding, you can fool enough
of the people, some of the time.

Has fascism taken over the US Government?
Unfortunately there is a good argument that it has.
It is heartening to see many governors and Mayors
re-assuring their people that there will not cooperation
with a war on Muslims, Jews, and immigrants.

Now the mainstream news media, which had expressed
some outrage at the racist, sexist, classist, anti-immigrant
pronouncements of Herr Trump, is trying to blame the
fake news on Russia and the Alternative Media. This is
laughable because the mainstream media is the source of
the fake news that led to the Vietnam War and The Iraq
War, as well as many other injustices and wars.

Here is some more reading.
<http://www.alternet.org/election-2016/13-top-theories-how-trump-won-and-why-clinton-lost-whats-your-theory>



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Below, some of your friends, and some of your enemies are running for City Council Seat CD11, against Mike Bonin.

11/14/2016
12:14 pm

CITY OF LOS ANGELES
OFFICE OF THE CITY CLERK - ELECTION DIVISION

Page 6 of 10

2017 PRIMARY NOMINATING ELECTION CANDIDATES
NOMINATING PETITION FILING STATUS
(by Office)

| Candidate's Information | | | Initial Petition | | | | Supplemental Petition | | | |
|---------------------------------------------|--------------|----------|------------------|------------|--------|-------------|-----------------------|------------|--------|-------------|
| Ballot Name | Final Status | Fee Paid | Date Issued | Date Filed | Status | Status Date | Date Issued | Date Filed | Status | Status Date |
| MEMBER OF THE CITY COUNCIL, DISTRICT NO. 11 | | | | | | | | | | |
| MARK RYAVEC | | | 11/12/2016 | | | | | | | |
| MIKE BONIN | | | 11/12/2016 | | | | | | | |
| BRIAN PAUL | | | 11/12/2016 | | | | | | | |
| MARIA DRYDEN | | | 11/12/2016 | | | | | | | |
| RON FRIERSON | | | | | | | | | | |
| BRAD S. AARONS | | | 11/14/2016 | | | | | | | |
| MARC ROMAIN | | | | | | | | | | |
| TIM REUBEN | | | | | | | | | | |
| AMANDA SEWARD | | | 11/14/2016 | | | | | | | |
| DAVID EWING | | | | | | | | | | |
| ROBIN RUDISILL | | | 11/14/2016 | | | | | | | |

Venice Nazis- continued from page 3

EMPTY until we do.

WE MUST REFUSE ANY ACCESS WHATSOEVER TO THE WHITE HOUSE TO ANYBODY who now refuses to denounce all fascism and racism before they enter the White House--and has been granted the lawful recognition of the majority of all the people of this country--that they believe that person at that word. How dare even a Republican, of "the Party of Lincoln" with any pride, or respect for even his own Party, allow a President or Vice President to get their Electoral College vote: who refuses to denounce the KKK; or will build a wall, or even advocate deporting ANY undocumented person--without this nation first imprisoning and stripping of its "Citizenship" any and every so-called "CITIZEN" or CORPORATION that, for even one minute enslaved a person for ANY labor; and without giving them all their equal rights, opportunity, medical care, and minimum wages.

Let, until then justice prevail: let any and all deportations begin with the "Citizens" here: who broke THEIR law; rather than the shivering exploited strangers who come-and came here--and took and take on servitude with no rights; just to escape their exploitation and lack of their right to the full human dignity and rights and equal opportunity of that of any CITIZEN of this COUNTRY anywhere elsewhere.

And let us demand--the end of all forms of borders and banks and monetary systems here that are an impediment to that fundamental characteristic of freedom and a democratic society, or any so-called "nation" of "democratic" "laws."

And lest you believe this is not possible--or that the majority of the people of America do not ALREADY embrace this--and have done so for over a Hundred and Twenty-nine years ALREADY--then read the book:

Looking Backward.

The most widely read novel of all time in America--for all of 100 years. And the single most important founding book of the modern US labor movement.

My dude, they, these terrified children of ours--are certainly not faking it. No matter how much you scrutinize and deny what is now right in front of us These children around this nation are not creating fake news. They are already living it. And for alls sake, We Must Stop Racism in the White House On Dec 19.

TO DO THIS--This petition below needs your witness NOW: It needs you to spread it NOW:

Every person in this nation must at the very least sign this now: your children; your wife; the guy who delivers your amazon package; the undocumented gardner in your yard.

It has gotten over 4 million signatures already. IT is the largest single petition out there already. And it must rightly have 20 million--from all of us--at least by December 19th.

Have you signed it? What have you signed?

What have you done to stop the horror of December 19th?

https://www.change.org/p/electoral-college-electors-electoral-college-make-hillary-clinton-president-on-december-19?recruiter=1970728&utm_source=share_petition&utm_medium=facebook&utm_campaign=autopublish&utm_term=des-lg-share_petition-reason_msg

AND BELIEVE ALL WHO SIGN THIS: BETTER To support afterwards--the impeachment of Hillary Clinton-or any republican whatsoever, that the house may seek to somehow next appoint, rather than let these electors crown these racists and fascists:

Donald Trump, and Mike Pence, now on December 19.

A day that will be the beginning.
Or the end of this candle.
And just to let folks know--I never panhandle.

love.

...and the Wolf chewed up the children and spit out their bones...
But those were Foreign Children and it really didn't matter."



From www.citywatchla.com

Listen up, ‘Eliterati’ -- Venice Residents Hire Law Firm on Retainer!

By Marian Crostic And Elaine Spierer

IMAGINE VENICE-Well, that hasn't happened yet -- but it won't be long before Venice residents really do hire a fully engaged law firm just to represent all their neighborhood concerns and interests.

Sick and tired of endless meeting hours, organizing and talking, talking, talking with city officials in one city department or another and the California Coastal Commission, residents are organizing. When all that talk falls on the deaf ears of the "deciders" and legitimate questions and problems blown off, the noisy annoying resident rabble will rise up -- and they are doing that now.

Serious misdeeds are ignored and rules regularly broken. Our "deciders" quickly and efficiently serve constituents with "juice." In case you don't know what "juice" is... it's those big landowners, developers, "Silicon Beach" powerful techies and "hot" restaurateurs who have lots of power, real influence, spend plenty of money paying for consultants and who put lots of dollars in politicians' coffers. Voila! Parking requirements get changed secretly, bar operators get permits to take over public parking spaces for their private moneymaking use and building and safety rules get massaged with private "adjustments." Public property deed restrictions are ignored and bogus building permits issued. Might makes right in Venice now. There are so many pissed off people around here and so many real problems, they don't know which war to join.

Residents have engaged the services of law firms to force enforcement of the rules. Groups not yet in full combat are consulting with lawyers now. Residents want development decisions based on the rules and that's not happening now in Venice. Lobbyists, consultants of one stripe or another are running the show. Residents don't have those kinds of warriors on their side. Banding together and hiring lawyers to even up the playing field is mandatory in Venice now.

Don't think for a minute that residents want to spend their own dollars, putting in endless frustrating hours of personal time exhausting themselves because they love a good fight. Every one of the "hot" issues here in Venice is all about residents' unmet expectation that the rules on the books are for everyone and the rule of law is important to the "deciders."

There are a half dozen neighborhood associations already formed to level the playing field. It is war.

Lax enforcement allowed a massive amount of our housing stock to be taken over by the Airbnb's of the new economy, restaurateurs have pages of unenforced citations on the books. Zoning Administrator conditions are ignored. Citations mean nothing. Secret deals at Building and Safety and Planning are a daily occurrence. Right now there is a taking of a Deed restricted public recreation property for a homeless use. Residents' complaints and suggested alternatives are ignored. It's not hard to understand why this neighborhood group hired a lawyer to fight the city and protect their neighborhood from predictable future problems. Residents now believe that only a lawyer will get their voices heard.

Residents "manning the barricades" are not a bunch of crazies. They are from every neighborhood. Each of the recently formed Neighborhood Associations has its own crisis to manage. They want to assure their efforts yield real results -- there is a coalescing of neighborhood groups which never occurred before. Maybe now, the "little people" will finally get some R-E-S-P-E-C-T.

Residents just want the rules enforced. They want an end to the rules-avoiding secret deals made for the powerful. They are not asking for anything more.



5 • December 2016 • Free Venice Beachhead

The New Venice

We don't know how many commercial buildings and how many residential apartments were converted and taken over by Snapchat this past year or two, but it is getting easier to recognize a building housing the Snapsters.

How? Take a look. (photos below)

The Snapsters now have their own quasi police force. These private security people are all over our town from Abbot Kinney to Ocean Front Walk -- reminding us of San Miguel de Allende where every rich person's villa had an uzi-wearing guard outside on 24 hour patrol.

It sure looks like our new fabulous people just don't want to mix with Venice's un-washed. So much for all that PR: "We love Venice's culture and we love being here." These are our new Venetians. We know they just love to hang out on Abbot Kinney and drink at Venice's pubs and bars -- it won't be long before we see their security force everywhere they are -- protecting our new elite.

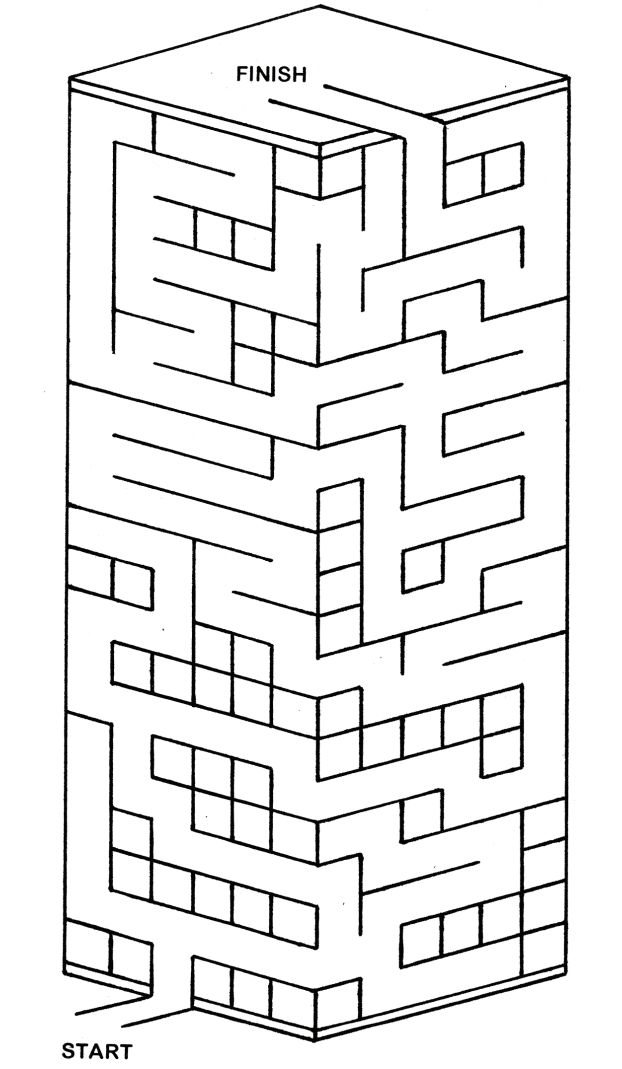
This is what we have become. First the takeover of our neighborhoods by Airbnb and the rest of the STR Wall Street gold rush tycoons who have turned our neighborhoods into neighborhoods of strangers -- and now, our new "Silicon Beach" eliterati who even have their oven private security protection to keep us away from them.

The sharing economy and the social media crowd have brought a tide of money to Venice, got their huge tax breaks from the City, and are filling the coffers of our politicians -- but what have they taken?

We are concerned, longtime Venice residents who no longer want to watch what we treasure about our community melt away. Our aim is to lead the conversation clarifying, informing, and uniting us in the preservation of our unique community.

We hope you will find interesting new thoughts here as we ImagineVenice together.

(Marian Crostic and Elaine Spierer are Co-founders of ImagineVenice.) Prepped for CityWatch by Linda Abrams.)



Long term prospect for Venice property not so good.

Global dirty energy corporations’ relentless drive to exploit our earth is leading to an environmental crisis. Polar caps are melting and ice sheets are breaking off. The metling ice releases methane, accellerating the global warming process. The drought that began in the eastern mediterranean in 1998 is likely the worst drought of the past 900 years. Predictions of global sea rising can range from five feet to eighteen feet. Below is a map of local flooding if the sea rises ten feet. If you look at the entire map of LA County, Venice is the hardest hit. This kind of flooding could also occur during a Tsunami. It appears that Republican Congress and White House will be barreling ahead with drill baby drill, polluting waterways and landscapes all over the US and the world, while the Militarized Police assault any interference. Yes, the planet was despoiled, but for a wonderful time we created a lot of value for shareholders and Wall Street and Venice Property Owners.



Excerpt from “Notes From Technotopia: On The Cruelty Of Indifference An anti-gentrification philosophical tantrum”

by Guillermo Gómez-Peña, 2015

Dear Ex-local artist, writer, activist, bohemian, street eccentric, and/or protector of difference...

Imagine a city, your city and your former “hip” neighborhood, being handed over by greedy politicians and re/developers to the crème de la crème of the tech industry. This includes the 7 most powerful tech companies in the world. I don’t need to list them: their names have become

verbs in lingua franca; their sandbox is the city you used to call your own.

Their Faustian iDeal involves radically transforming your city within a few years into an unprecedented “creative city,” a bohemian theme park for the young techies and “hipsters” who constitute their Darwinian work force. It comes with dormitories, food courts with catchy theme bars and entertainment centers. Sounds like science fiction, que no?

Imagine that during the reconstruction process, the rent - your rent - increases by two or three hundred percent overnight. The artists and the working class at large can no longer pay it. You are being forced to leave, at best to a nearby city, at worst back to your original hometown.

The more intimate history you have with the old city, the more painful it is to accept this displacement. You have no choice.

While you hang on by a thread waiting for the eviction notice, every day you continue to lose old friends and colleagues you might never see again. They were less lucky than you and got evicted earlier. Heartbroken and exhausted, you spend a large part of your civic time attending anti-gentrification demonstrations and collaborating with other artists and activists in anti-eviction actions and techno-artivist projects, but still it only gets worse by the day. The number of dramatic eviction cases increases constantly and both the diminished politicized citizenry and the progressive media begin to experience compassion fatigue.

As your community rapidly shrinks, so does your sense of belonging to a city that no longer seems to like you. You begin to feel like a foreigner and internal exile: freaky Alice in techno-Wonderlandia; the Alien Caterpillar who inhaled. Unless you own your home and studio, as a renter, your hours “here” are numbered and you carry this feeling of imminent orphanhood like a very tight and stylish noose around your neck. After all, you perceive yourself as a dandy.

Imagine that all the classic and familiar places in your hood including funky, decades-old Latino restaurants and immigrant bars full of memories and ghosts, barber & specialty shops, bohemian sex clubs, experimental art galleries, indie theaters and bookstores –yes, shops where

Snapchat Buzzkill

SnapChat kills a 20 year old honey bee colony.

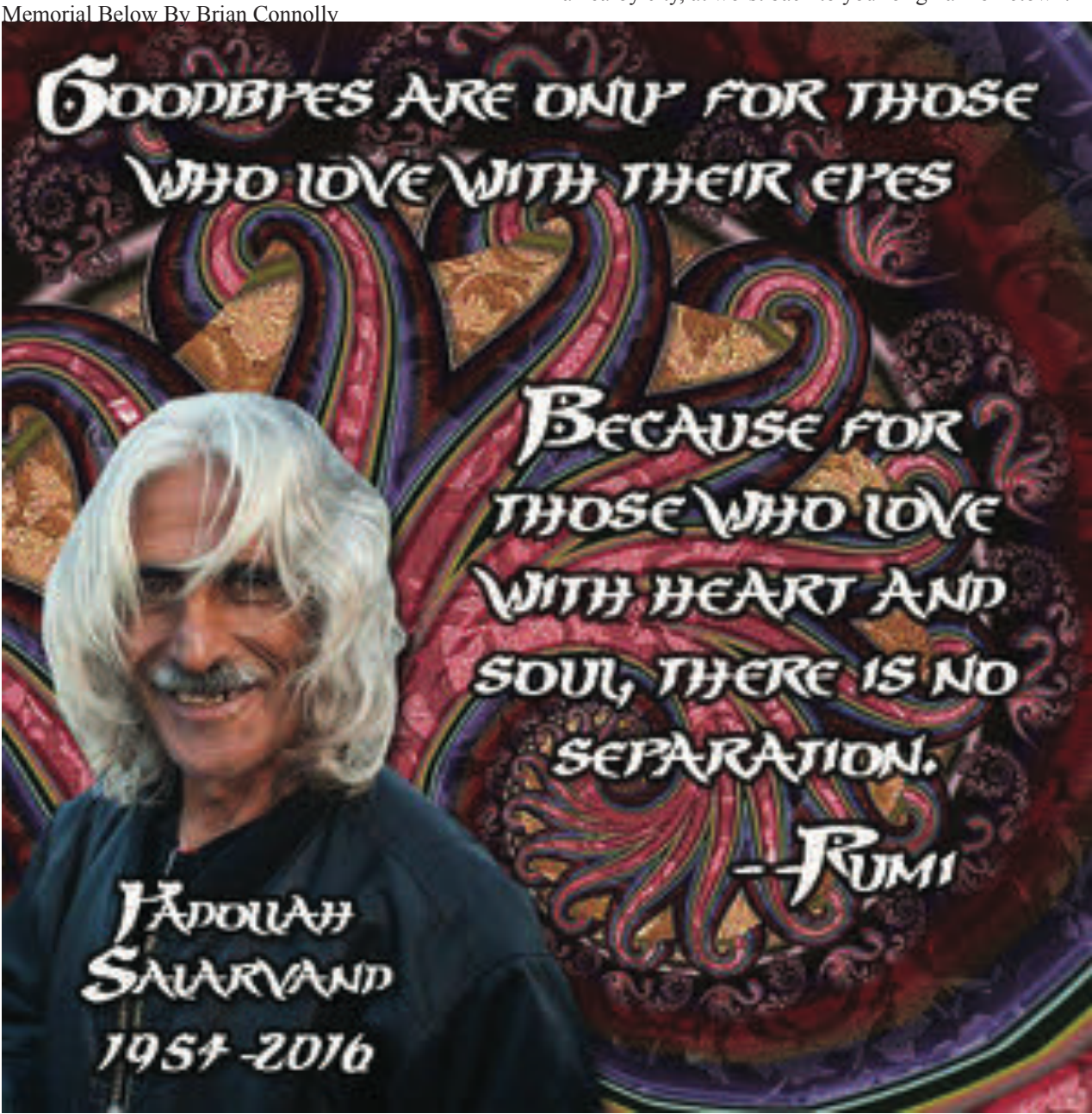
By Bryan Brogers from Venice Walk Streets · 25 Nov from nextdoor.com

I was very sad/angry to find out that my new neighbor SNAPCHAT decided to have a 20 year old honey bee hive murdered in a tree directly in front of my property, 3 doors away from the building they just rented on Cabrillo and Westminster. This hive had been here for decades not causing any problems.

They had someone cement over all the bee hive entrances and stuffed fiberglass insulation inside. I broke it open as soon as I saw and pulled out the insulation but looks like they sprayed poison inside the tree. The honeycomb is all black now and no bees. I’m sure the queen bee was killed.

I had talked to their security guy a week earlier about the bees. He said someone had seen some bees buzzing around there outdoor balcony lights so they wanted to kill the hive, but no one was stung or affected. I told him that I was protective of the hive and not to mess with them, and we exchanged phone numbers so he could call if there were any further concerns. I was never notified.

Anyway, horrible news and Snapchat is a horrible new neighbor to be aware of.



bound books are sold, -- the emotional spaces which have been your main source of inspiration, creativity and community -- are also forced to close because the pinche greedy landlord tripled the rent overnight or some millionaire bought the building or the entire block to rent out micro-units to airbnb. And all the new laws and acts protect him. Your imagination becomes a painful exercise in forced tolerance and providential acceptance.

In a few months, these wonderful places that for decades provided the city with a strong cultural identity are destroyed and reopened as (get ready) homogeneous “live/work/play” spaces, “micro-condominium” buildings and tech plazas in the works. Coño! The new city begins to look like a generic global metropolis imagined by Italo Calvino. To make the lives of the transient work force somewhat pleasant, hundreds of similar smart cafes, trendoid restaurants, overpriced “eateries” and “celebrity bars” open up in each neighborhood. Even the last standing old-school dive bars are being “discovered” (a euphemism for taken over) by the transplants via their Yelp or Foursquare mobile app. But you, no matter how long you lived here or how much you have paid in rent – even if it is enough to own your hipster remodeled Victorian upper unit - You are not welcome.

You hit the streets again: What you used to call an average priced dinner is way above your price range now. Your sacred \$4 night cocktail, now served by an aloof “celebrity bartender,” costs \$15 and your daily jugos and licuados, now called “cold pressed gluten-free organic cleansing juices,” go for \$12 in a “recyclable sustainable” bottle. But don’t worry: Remember that this is just a perverse exercise of radical imagination, or rather, a psychomagic challenge to deliver your daily dose of survival humor.

Imagine that your own building, a legendary (ex) artist building is now just another revolving air&b miniunit for zombie techies who make well over \$200 grand a year, but behave not unlike obnoxious teenage frat boys. If you are the only one of 3 Mexican tenants left, when you open the front door for a new neighbor, they either perceive you as the building’s janitor or report you to the manager as a “suspicious character.” And yes, in Technotopia: your new identity is that of “suspicious character.”

The nightmare unfolds: Full of Maseratis, Ferraris, Porsches and Mercedes Benzes, the private parking lot is now protected with barbed wire fences and a digital display keypad encoded by microchips; and so are the “vintage bike” racks and trash containers. Video surveillance cameras are omnipresent. The new management wishes to keep the homeless, the day laborers and the “scary” young “people of color” at a distance...that is, before the cops get them. They are unpleasant memories of the old city of sin and compassion; kids from former distasteful and economically disadvantaged, at-risk neighborhoods.

The newly empowered cops drive around the hood looking for (criminal) “difference.” The homeless and the “gang bangers” aren’t the only ones being removed from the streets to make them safe for the new dot.com cadre. With them go the poets, the performance artists, the experimental musicians, the frail transvestites, the politicized sex workers, the gallant mariachis, the cool low-riders, the urban primitives, the angry punks, the defiant radical feminists and the very activists who used to protect us all from the greedy landlords and politicians who conceived of this macabre project.

It’s the latest American version of ethnic and cultural cleansing. It’s invisible to the newcomers, and highly visible to those of us who knew the old city. The press labels it “the post-gentrification era.” ...

7 • December 2016 • Free Venice Beachhead

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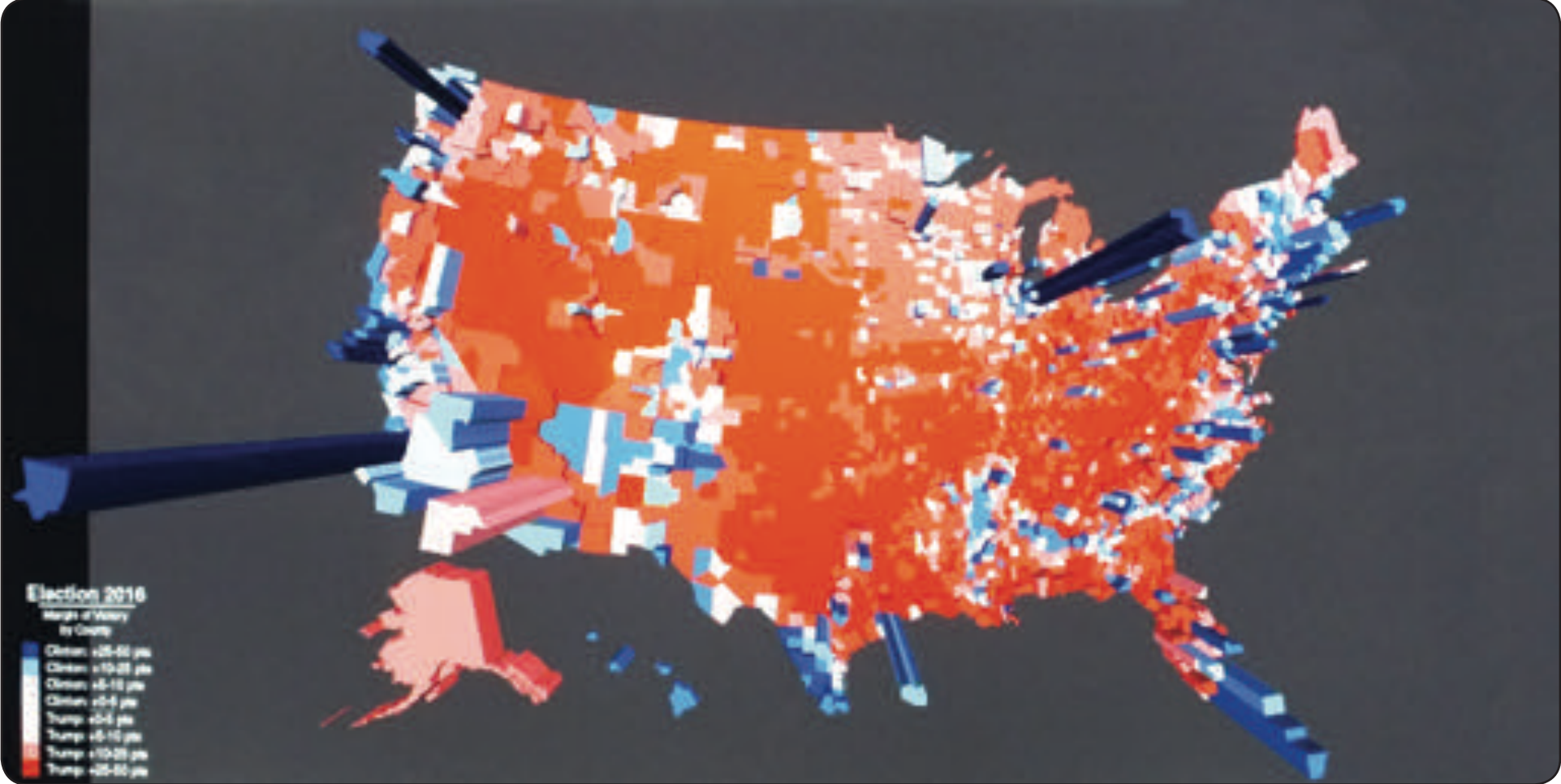
Hi There,

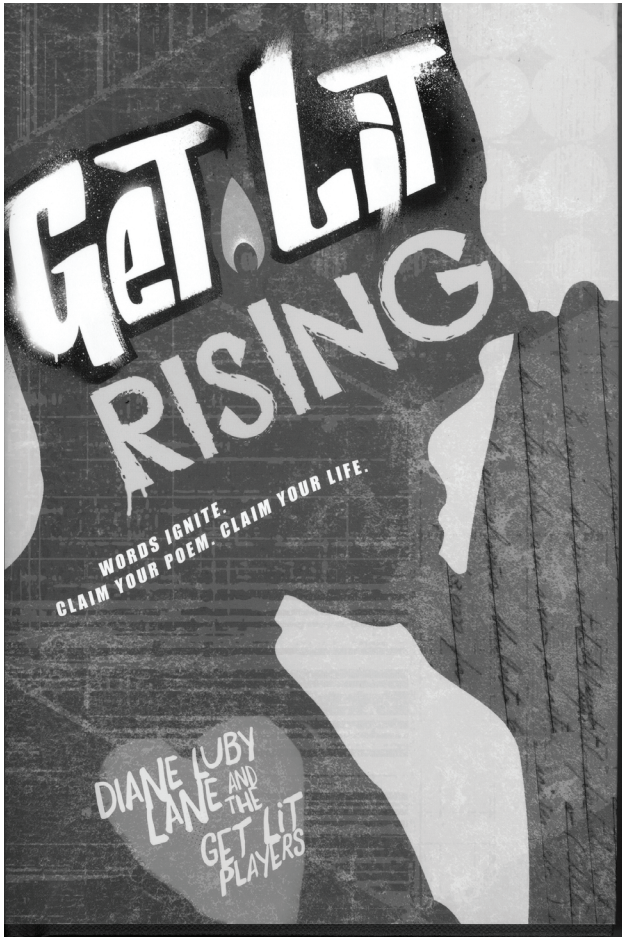
Hope all is well. Just wanted to follow up on the below and see if you were interested in covering the Chicken or the Egg’s work with local shelters?

On the first Sunday of every month, the restaurant teams up with #HashtagLunchbag to donate special lunchbags to shelters. Each bag comes filled with nutritious food and a personal inspiring note, lovingly written by volunteers. We had a couple of celebrities volunteer at the last one, please let me know if you would like to cover our next event on Sunday Dec 4.

- Nicole Bryant
YES! - NotTheEditor

The graphic below illustrates the number of winning votes per county, and this shows the big city vs everywhere else difference in voting. Republican gerrymandering translates the popular vote loss into an Electoral College win.





Book Review: GET LIT RISING

by Diane Lane and the Get Lit Players. Published October 2016 by Simon Pulse, Beyond Words, and Simon and Schuster. \$21.99.

I have worked in support of the Get Lit Players, and, as a member of the Ash Grove Music Foundation Board, we try to include the Get Lit Players in our regular shows at the Improvisation Comedy Club in Hollywood, and for any public performances we produce. This because they are a shining light and inspiration to all of us.

“The Get Lit--Words Ignite organization has been transforming the landscape of teen literacy by empowering a new generation of teens in literature, self-expredssion, and performing arts.” - from the jacket.

“ I have wept at the profound effect that words can have on all of us and have been reminded of the purpose and mission of poetry itself. I have seen young poets from Get Lit go from alienated youth to college-bound scholarship students.” - from Tim Robbins’ introduction to “Get Lit Rising”

“The power of Get Lit Players is not just the poems they’ve mastered from Walt Whitman, Langston Hughes, and Pablo Neruda, but also their own stories, images, fears, thoughts, visions, and hopes. “ - from Luis Rodriguez, Poet Laureate of Los Angeles, in his preface to this book.

This is book more than a collection of poetry, it is a guide book to free your soul and a curriculum for middle and high school students and teachers.



Rhianna McGavin is member of the Get Lit Players. Here is a selection from her chapbook “Leaf 3”.

ionize
cannot shake this blue light it beams back from windows and
computers we lie awake
watching devices glow as a false sun
how bright our phantoms pulse in terabyte winter smells the
same and the silicon surface of memory surveys a very
human virus twisting before the web camera of 576
megapixels the better to see you
with median nerves stung from picking the precious minerals
which coat the wires
all from the school lecture nothing unwarned of the binary in
hurt remaining
still when the screens wax blank into mirrors 27 tons of
smoothed metal ask
Do you consent to the terms and agreements

Below is a response poem, from Get Lit Rising, responding to “The Negro Mother” by Langston Hughes,

The Negro Brother
by Walter Finnie Jr.

My fellow sisters and brothers
I must tell you of mother.
She won’t be coming home, so listen to your brother:
we have a major situation on hand,
but for me it’s not my first time.
Just imagine seeing different men
in and out through the night,
I used to look with such fire in my eyes
so many tears to cry,
and not enough strength to try
and stop the fools.
Had my mind swimming like pools,
but as a young dude it really wasn’t nothing
that I could do but as I grew up and seen
the different things, I piece together the scene
so I can make it out of the bad dream
that I call my life.
Children, I have sacrificed my life to better yours.
While I try to keep you jovial,
I’m praying she don’t overdose
I’m dealing with these overflows
and wearing the same clothes,
it’s such a shame, bro, but it’s not a game, bro.
But it’s very stressful,
that’s why I let these words flow
like a river or a Pac verse
I’ve seen the worst, I put my baby brother in a hearse
and it hurts.
But I don’t give up, and that’s because I live up
to my own expectations, dreams, memories, and goals
gotta know the separation.
And it’s ironic that this drug has my mom and I have you kids,
but now I have to sell this drug just to pay the bills.
But now it’s time for school, so have a good day, kids.
Now I’m calling my mother . . .
Hello, Mother, it’s me, your firstborn.
You named me Walter after my dad,
do you remember me, Mother?
Well I’m glad you didn’t answer
cuz I got so much to say so,
when you come to, just put it on replay.
Look, I’ve been taking days off
my feelings got me way out
I wish for a better life,
but I just watch this play out
a way out I’m trying to find it and it’s destined
to me, I put my heart into this verse
as it caresses the piece, I’m sleep
my dreams is like my life just pressing repeat,
don’t sleep much so when I sleep
I’m having scarier dreams I seen my
mom’s on the corner.
With them arrogant fiends the
car pulled up, bussed 3 shots
the end of that dream, I screamed.
Busting out sweats, I get to wiping my neck
and then I pray that she’s okay, then I’ll just light me a spliff . . .
I trip and then I let go. Like it’s the end of that road,
I know, so cold, but still, man, I could never lose hope.
But I’m tired of the problems from you,
and it only hurts cuz you’re my mom
and you know that I love you
nothing gets put up above you,
not even my education
and important as that is,
damn it’s devastating,
but this is how you repay me?
Ma, that’s scandalous,
I’ve been shot at, jacked, jumped, stabbed,
and just damaged, just to get you back at the house.
I even ran from the police with some crack in my mouth
just for you.
It’s been months since I’ve seen you and the kids, too,
you left us all heartbroken that’s what you did do.
Now I’m babysitting your kids, you see the colors of our skin?
You just another statistic, but me . . .
I’m different
got the strength of 10 men
and though this life is intense, I guarantee we resist it
I’m talking about your sickness, because your
heartless decisions have affected your children
while I’m pushing them toward success
so their lifestyles would be different.
You been missing so much it’s to the point we really ain’t
tripping,
so on my end,
not one damn f-u-c-k
will be given.

THIS PAPER IS A POEM

Islands Adrift

by Nick “Muay” Sena

In this volatile existence
of cataclysmic genesis
seismic shifts
& volcanic eruption
In an archipelago of beings
who have emerged
as if phoenix’s
from the ashes of
natures paradoxical creation

7 billion insignificant islands
collectively adrift
in proximitous solitude
islands of diverse nature
some vibrant and fertile
teeming w/ life and development
still others just cooling magma
not yet hospitable to growth
Magma’s neophytes
all steam and radiant ignorance

we are but islands adrift in this vast archipelago
of autonomous solitude
others parasitic
most an amalgamation
some abberations
all characters in
this cosmic play
of karmic debt
resulting from our
volitional actions
of thought, speech, and deed
both past and present
Islands adrift
paths dictated by
the ramifications
of illusory free will
& undeveloped potential

SWEET DREAMS OF YOUTH

by marty liboff-

When I was young...
I dreamed I could make the world a better place
I'd end war, solve the the problem of race
and go to outer space
Maybe I could cure cancer & the common cold
and I might put all wars on hold
I would get the Israelis & Palestinians to love one another
and everyone would be like a sister & brother
I could solve global warming and pollution
and with murder & robbery find a solution
I'd end starvation and disease
and get innocent prisoners a release
I would get the commies & capitalists to get along
and get Republicans & Democrats to smoke a bong
and sing a happy song
I might end poverty and homelessness
stop the world from being such a mess
I'd get all religions to be pals
end the battle of the sexes between guys & gals
I'd even get cats & dogs to stop fighting
and stop mosquitoes and fleas from biting
But after getting out of school
I became just another corporate tool
I stopped dreaming of solving the world's ills
instead I thought of fancy cars and paying bills
I worked from 8 to 5
and watched football & drank beers at the local dive
I no longer dreamed of being different and bold
just another like any other growin old
I had dreamed of being an artist, musician and actor
writer, poet and moon walker
Instead I wear a suit & tie
and watch life go by-
until I have a heart attack and die
goodbye...

Right of Way

Majid Naficy
August 26, 2016

I have the right of way
With my white cane
Which, like Moses’ rod,
Is a path-opener.
At the intersection of San Vicente
The surge of cars stops
And gives me the right of way.
I proudly tap my cane
And after fifteen years of denial
Finally pass the Red Sea
And step onto my Canaan.

who lives

by alan rodman

who lives in glass houses alone
quite literally shouldn't
throw out a stone

those who live in vast houses, to boot,
should not stow a throne,
even if cute

he who leaves grass houses all broken,
were better off still
to just roll and smoke em.

THAT NOVEMBER NIGHT

I watched as years of hallucinated progress slipped through the fingers of six generations, hysteria, anger as we stood in disbelief, shaking in our boots, looking for anything decent that could come of the shock and awe moment we witnessed that November night, acceptance far from a thought for friends, who will become targets of hate, victims of rhetoric; in a sea of bigots there is no justice, doling out some kind of crazy, but that is protected and there is nothing equal about protection, except if you are white and yes, that is what it's all about folks, the hokey pokey, just turn yourself around, everywhere, everyday it lived just underneath the surface of the blister where no one wanted to look because they knew, day after day the tide was changing and white people, scared of some unknown monster *they* said was coming but never materialized, nightmares created by the real monster living inside, hearts filled with hatred and hands holding a gun because ain't nobody gonna take the guns that will surely kill one of them, alcohol and opiates, all it takes for something to go wrong and it isn't the target of their hate that comes knocking, it's the three-year-old who innocently opened the door and paid the piper with soul years, funk-hole tears but not for black lives cut down, cut short, no justice in the high court for those lives, who cares because *they* don't belong here even if they pay taxes, work hard and love the same God, because you can't love Allah – that *freedom* was painted over red by a bucket of pig's blood, hitting the Mosque door, crashing loud thud, interrupting prayers again to make the point, you don't belong here, never accepting all of *us* belong here, Native Americans, forced reservations no foundation to build a tribe nation, listened to the white man's quiet narration because *they* don't belong here either, except more than a family with two mothers, or fathers, not brothers of the doubters that any two people choose to love in spite of threats from *above* because true love comes in many forms, without norms, facing the hate, we must remember there is strength in love, we are all club members, let's do what Michelle told us to do, go high because that low is so far down into the depths of hell we would be swallowed up inside the fear monster driving this ship, Instead let's be a partnership showing love to haters, being love agitators, not cruel instigators, because we are better than hate, now open the floodgates in every single state without violence, wield a sword we can stand for, stand beside each other and let's build a human

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s. d. fletcher



The Yellow River

by I.P. Freely

(with altercations by alan rodman)

The old chief took several cups full, the night before he woke in his teepee. Urgently, he rose with the dawn to the sound of cascading falls just outside. Last night's rains had kept him awake with the drip drop of a leak above his head...

He desperately needed to peer thorough the tent flap to see the women brewing the strong morning chicory that wafted fragrantly through the encampment.

The leaves on the trees were dripping from shining droplets of dew which sparkled in rising sunlight. The splashing of the flushing meadows was music to his ear as he rose and strode out quite quickly, to stand, manly, by the glistening bushes which fringed the sleepy camp. A breeze rushed through trees whose yellow leaves rustled like the rushing of great rivers.

A peahen sang out plaintively. And with a flood of glad relief, the morning tides of activity rose toward fullness in the turbulence of midday, but finally were poured out even to the last drop, as the chief was sitting peacefully by the pools of paradise.

I Should Fall

by Rachel Robinson

He doesn't pretend not to notice when I sip vodka at night. He doesn't get upset or simply look away. If I take it too far, he is there to make sure that I am safe and that I don't fall when in fact I fall all over him.

He understands when my emotions are out of control. He doesn't tell me that I am not normal or need to be made whole. He simply holds me and lets me let go. That is when I fall That is when I fall all the more for him

When he sees me reach for my dreams and I come up short, he doesn't blame me or say it wasn't worth the effort. He knows that I can fall and it's okay because I fell for him.

9 • December 2016 • Free Venice Beachhead

PLAYING AT BRIDGE WITH A WALL-BUILDER (NO TRUMP)
by Hal Bogotch

Scapegoating How did we not see?
Race baiting How did we not see?
Fear and loathing How did we not see?

Alt-right venom How did we not see?
Proto-fascism How did we not see?
Killing the Klan with Kindness How did we not see?

Floating the birther canard How did we not see?
Grabbing Miss USA by the curlies How did we not see?
Worshiping Mussolini How did we not see?

Son of a discolored slumlord How did we not see?
Towering minds bow down How did we not see?
Warming up flamethrowers How did we not see?

Eviscerating climate nerds How did we not see?
Our celebrity misrepresents us From NYC to DC
Goose-stepping into power vacuum From NYC to DC

Architecture of monolithic ideology From NYC to DC
Making a Honduras of our hopes From NYC to DC
Throwing scraps to an Oliver Twist ending From NYC to DC

2016 1941 1776 0.
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12:51 Friday, 11/11/16, Adullam..... Remembering when I was just a boy. I found a poor lost dog. We would de-
ploy. A vacant car. Inside. A wintery day. We spent an
hour. Then I walked away. Now Leonard Cohen's taken
leave. Depart. Left totally. Killed by a broken heart.
And Donald Trump is president-elect. The Bureau Fed-
eral will soon detect. Round up illegals. Give a running
start. A massive bow will send a fiery dart. With little
left to chance. It's safe to say. That we shall all bow
down on Judgment Day. I have a wonderous dog. He's
such a joy. Returning me to when I was a boy Roger
Houston

Money at War on Worldwide News
by Kristine Gloviak

Money in a cocktail lounge in an affluent Hotel
is the same money on San Pedro or Santee
alley or Hell

Hell is where the war is, where society dwells
knowing little of manicures and pedicures

Knowing much of farewells !

Tube News farewell !

as if the News was Off !

CALENDAR

LAUGHTEARS.COM

Dec 6 TUES 6pm McLuhan-Finnegans Wake Reading
Club MDR library 4533 admiralty way free

Dec 10 SAT 4-6pm MESS – Poet-playwright S. A. (Steven) Gerber interview at unurban 3301 pico FREE <http://laughtears.com/mess.html>

Dec 12, MON 6pm PXL THIS 26 toy camera film festival
at Unurban 3301 pico blvd FREE
<http://laughtears.com/PXL-THIS-26.html>
PXL THIS Facebook = <https://www.facebook.com/events/291091181284555/>

Dec 18 SUN 7:30pm Leonard Cohen Celebration - live music and rare film clips at beyond baroque 681 venice blvd, free

Dec 20 TUES 8pm SUZY WILLIAMS jazz and blues at Coffee Gallery 2029 N Lake Altadena CA 91001 626-7986236 <https://www.coffeegallery.com/showsat.htm>

Dec 21 Wed, 6-9pm: MOM- MEDIA DISCUSSION at beyond baroque 681 venice blvd venice ca FREE

Dec 24 and Dec 25 Jazz Funk Fest and 7 Dudley Cinema postponed till 2017

Dec 26 MON Laughtears Salon 6-9pm 212 Pier Santa Monica free - politics, art culture discussion free

Jan 3 TUES 6pm McLuhan-Finnegans Wake Reading
Club MDR library 4533 admiralty way free

Jan 14 SAT 4-6pm MESS – Filmmaker Henry Schipper interview at unurban 3301 pico FREE <http://laughtears.com/mess.html>

Jan 15 SUN 7:30pm Subversive Cinema at beyond baroque 681 venice blvd, free (ADAM CURTIS- POLITICAL FILMS and discussion)

Jan 18 Wed, 6-9pm: MOM- MEDIA DISCUSSION at beyond baroque 681 venice blvd venice ca FREE

Jan 22, SUN - 14th Annual VENICE FILM FEST - Colorful history of films made in Venice California, and celebration of the otherworldly happenings at the legendary Venice West Gallery (birthplace of the Beats), aka Sponto Gallery with live performances. Experience the essence of Spontofication Rituals in art, music, poetry and the freedom of creativity. FEATURING RARE COSMO video footage including the SUNNY ZORRO art show at Sponto and more.

Jan 23 MON Laughtears Salon 6-9pm 212 Pier Santa Monica free - politics, art culture discussion free

Jan 28 SAT - 7th annual POETRY OF VENICE PHOTOGRAPHY - 2-4pm=panel discussion , 4-6pm=Opening for PHOTO SHOW in Gallery, free admission Paramedia ecologist Gerry Fialka hosts a panel discussion of award-winning Venice photographers, who explore landscapes of the human psyche and push pictorial representation beyond! Examine the trance-inducing transforming power of cameras in our community by way of McLuhan. With B MEADE, KRISTY CAMPBELL, MARGARET MOLLOY, Dave Healey Todd von Hoffmann, Peter Tan, TRISH ELLEBRACHT, Ned Sloane, Aisha Singleton, Regina Barton
Facebook - <https://www.facebook.com/events/373926132998864/>

beyondbaroque.org

9 December Friday, 8:00 PM Angles of Reflection: 10 Los Angeles Poets The Monday Poetry Salon Anthology Angles of Reflection: 10 Los Angeles Poets (Arctos Press) with Marjorie Becker, Jeanette Clough, Dina Hardy, Paul Lieber, Sarah Maclay, Holaday Mason, Jim Natal, Paul Lieber, Jan Wesley, Brenda Yates, Mariano Zaro, and your host David St.John. Regular admission.

10 December Saturday, 8:00 PM Pandemonium! Punk! & Panic! An evening of wild uproar, unrestrained disorder; tumult, and chaos flavored with Punk attitude and Panic in Year Zero! With Special Guest Puma Perl, S.A. Griffin, Iris Berry and Jon Hess. Regular admission.

12 December Sunday, 1:00 PM Wide Road to the Edge of the World Legendary poet and teacher Jack Grapes reads from his new book, a collection of 301 highly personal yet universal haiku. Special admission.

12 December Sunday, 2:00 PM in the MIKE KELLEY GALLERY Soap Box Open Reading This is your home. Bring your words. The mic is yours. Sign-ups begin at 1:45 PM. There is a five minute limit. Hosted by Jessica Wilson. FREE, but donations are always welcome.

12 December Sunday, 7:30 PM LITERARY BOB: A CELEBRATION OF DYLAN'S NOBEL PRIZE Bob Dylan, Poet Laureate of Rock and Roll, won the 2016 Nobel Prize for Literature. This evening celebrates his lyrics and music with an emphasis on his evocations of great writers going all the way back to Shakespeare and the BibHosted by folk singer Ross Altman; PhD in Modern Literature. Regular admission.

16 December Friday, 8:00 PM The Poetry of Social Justice Final Reading in the MIKE KELLEY GALLERY The Poetry Salon presents The Poetry of Social Justice Final Reading, featuring powerful, purposeful writing that addresses issues of the day. Come hear new, urgent work conceived in empathy and raw experience. Hosted by Kelly Grace Thomas. Regular admission.

16 December Friday, 8:00 PM The Dark Kingdom of Kenneth Patchen A celebration of an American poet whose published catalogue, since 1936, defended our world from those who still seek to defile it in rituals of blood and madness. Recitations from Patchen's vast body of work by Aram Saroyan, Herbert T. Schmidt Jr. and Michael C Ford. Hosted by S.A. Griffin.

18 December Sunday, 5:00 PM Voice In The Well: "Joy To The World" Help us celebrate the Holiday Season in Storytelling, Poetry & Song! *Special Guest Performers TBA* We are a group of writers, poets, and performers who believe in the transformative power of art. Our Performing Arts Ensemble seeks to breathe new life into classic works of prose, poetry and playwriting, while also encouraging new creative expression within the greater community of California. Hosted by Eric Vollmer. Regular admission.

18 December Friday, 7:00 PM Subversive Cinema MUSIC and POLITICAL FILMS and discussion Hosted by Gerry Fialka. FREE but donations gratefully accepted.

BEYOND BAROQUE CLOSED 12/23 – 12/25



AnswerLA

Noon, Saturday, December 17, 2016

“Street Protest & March: Unite to Fight Trump & the Billionaire Class!”

El Pueblo Historical Monument

125 Paseo de la Plaza, 90012

near Olvera Street & Union Station, downtown Los Angeles.

for more information contact Answer-Los Angeles
answerla@answer-la.org

323-285-6545

Donald Trump is a racist, sexist bigot and we must build a resistance movement to challenge his program and defeat the billionaire class! He and his extremist appointees have inspired a militant fight back including: the Fight for \$15, the undocumented youth movement, the Movement for Black Lives, Standing Rock, Occupy, Trans liberation, and more. Trump and the billionaire class hope to roll back the forward march of these struggles. This country needs a real political revolution. Join us in the streets!

Email AnswerLA@Answer-LA.org for more information, to volunteer, or to endorse this action.

Stick this on your refrigerator so you won't forget!

Our Gift To You!

FREE! FREE! FREE!

ORSON BEAN

In His Rollicking Adaptation of Charles Dickens'



Friday, Dec. 16, 7:30 pm
Saturday, Dec. 17, 5:30 pm
Sunday, Dec. 18, 5:30 pm

ALL ARE WELCOME

Kids sit up front on the floor

NO RESERVATIONS NEEDED - COME EARLY
NO COLLECTION WILL BE TAKEN



815 Venice Boulevard, Two blocks West of Lincoln Call 310-821-2740

FLVenice.org

JFS { Israel Levin Senior Center

OPENING RECEPTION OF THE
JFS { ISRAEL LEVIN ART GALLERY

Join us for the opening reception of Photographer & JFS { ILC member Ned Sloane.

For over 40 years, Ned has documented the life of the Venice Beach Community. He uses his creative and amazing talent to produce one of a kind and surrealistic works of art with the lens of the camera. His work has been featured in Art Forum Magazine, and Christopher Merritt's book *Pacific Ocean Park: The Rise and Fall of Los Angeles' Space Age-Nautical Pleasure Pier*.
To preview Ned's work go to nedsloane.smugmug.com



Friday December 16, 2016

1:00 – 3:00 p.m.

JFS { Israel Levin Center

201 Ocean Front Walk, Venice, CA 90291

For more information and to RSVP contact Sherri Kadovitz at (310) 396-0205 or skadovitz@jfsla.org by December 12



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Nutritional Warehouse (310) 392-3636

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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

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 Print-
ing. 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 Com-
munity. <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 Ba-
roque.

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
- **Dannys** has Closed. 23 Windward Ave Venice- 310-566-5610
- **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



The Vitals Machine

by Sara Omari

The Vitals Machine is a mechanism for measuring the heart rate, blood pressure, oxygen levels, tempera-
ture, and respiration.

Over 40 years ago, taking “Vitals” meant sitting in a chair. I was told to relax my arm, with the hand being tested bent at the elbow with palm opened, while the other hand was to lie in my lap.

Now, about four times a day I have my “Vitals” checked, generally by a nurse’s assistant. Sometimes, I’m told to dangle my arm, sometimes I am lying down, and sometimes my feet are dangling.

There seems to be no concern for proper administra-
tion. If the nurse’s assistant’s cell phone rings during the process, the nurse’s assistant will usually answer the phone, and the process I am undergoing is left incomplete. We get to start all over again once the call is over!!!

If there is no reading, the nurse’s assistant will claim they will send a Registered Nurse, but rarely do. I have repeatedly asked if the nurse’s assistant would re-
take the test under the “proper” conditions as I believe them to be, but they will not.

If my blood pressure is judged to be too high, I am given a medication to lower it. If we don’t get an accurate reading, I may not get the medication I need, and/or I may get medicine I do NOT need. Either way, this causes A LOT OF ANXIETY AND CONCERN, not on the part of the worker, but certainly for me!

I have been told the machines they use to take the “Vitals” are only calibrated every 6 months or every year. I was shocked and stunned at the stupidity of not checking a machine that is used so frequently. I would think as often as these are used, they should be checked daily or weekly.

On the rare occasion, when a Registered Nurse checks my “Vitals”, I usually have a blood pressure reading of 120/70. This is supposed to be a “good” reading. The Registered Nurses seem to know what they are doing, but some do not.

The process of taking my “Vitals” four times a day, is a process that causes me a lot of anxiety and confusion, especially with those nurses I find difficult to understand.



HOLIDAY SEASON // MOONLIGHT GLASS

--- GLASS CLASS GIFT CERTIFICATES ---

(Glass blowing CLASSES make great gifts)

You can purchase certificates by phone or email or in person with cash/check or credit card.
Gift Certificates and Flyer can be emailed if purchased by phone/email.

---- ANNUAL HOLIDAY SALE---
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18th, 12 - 6pm
This day (ONLY), I will be offering 10 minute “Mooney” coaster classes(\$25) to those interested in smashing their very own molten glass into coasters as gifts for friends/family. Fun...and a good gift story

705 Hampton Dr, Venice CA 90291
PHONE - 310 399 0999
johnmooneyglass@gmail.com

FEED THE PEOPLE



Button from the 60s - via Bob Zaugh

