

FREE VENICE SINCE 1968 BEACHHEAD

February
2017 #423

INSIDE P.O. BOX 2, VENICE, CA. 90294 • www.venicebeachhead.org • free@venicebeachhead.org • 310-281-6935

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Figure 2. Photograph taken on August 22, 2016 of an aquatic weed harvester (aqua vegetation removal equipment) from Aquatic Environments, Inc. next to piles of recently cut cattail vegetation.

BONIN'S BALLONA BAD

by John Davis

Los Angeles Council District 11's Mike Bonin has placed one of his publicly paid staff on the board of a private business, without legal authority, without any public disclosure, and without the knowledge and or permission of the full City Council. In 2016, one State Agency threatened that business with misdemeanor criminal charges and another issued a Notice of Violation indicating that it may refer unauthorized activities to the District Attorney's Office or the Attorney General's Office for civil or criminal prosecution.

The first notice identified City of Los Angeles, Council District 11, Debbie Dyer Harris. The second noticed the Ballona Wetlands Conservancy, the private business whose office is located at the Playa Vista development and to which Mike Bonin assigned a paid member of his staff to serve on the board of directors.

Dyer Harris responded in an email to other board members, Marc Huffman, of Brookfield Residential (Playa Vista), and Catherine Tyrrell, representing the Friends of the Ballona Wetlands, on 8/24/2016. On behalf of CD 11, Mike Bonin's office, Dyer Harris stated the following:

"Hi, I am suddenly getting quite a few inquiries about this organization and CD 11's position and involvement. I am embarrassed to say I really don't know much of anything. When Fred Sutton left, I said yes to everything without asking questions. My bad...."

Another email from Councilmember Mike Bonin dated 8/19/2016 to David Graham-Caso of CD 11, responding to an inquiry from a female member of the public reads:

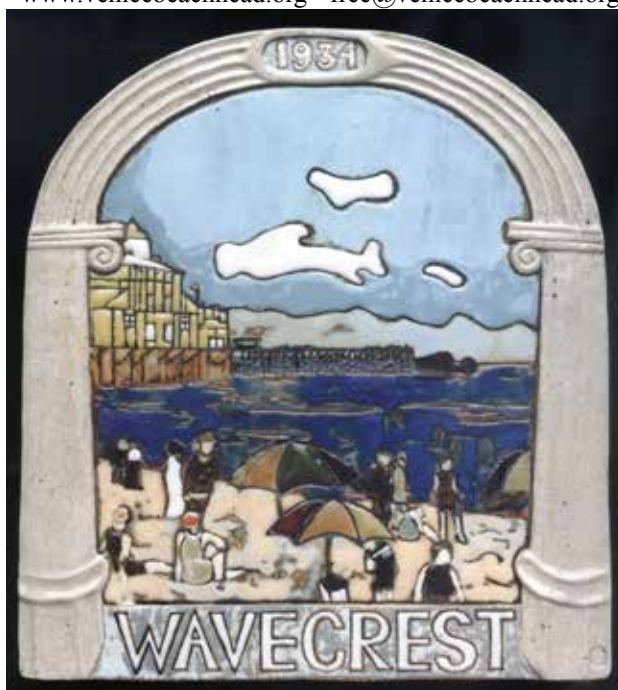
"I have had it with this shit. I thought we had a meeting with her when we all get on the same page with stuff we were helping with her issues and she was going to stop calling me out publicly on stuff like this. I am not the only elected official she knows who sits on this commission. Why did she singled me out? And why can't you fucking reach out to me first."

Bonin's typos are understandable since he responded from his cellphone. His language does, however, reveal how he communicates with his paid city staff internally. At minimum, it is disrespectful and unprofessional.

Los Angeles West Vector Control District, an Agency of the State of California, issued a Notice of Intent to Issue a Public Health and Safety Nuisance Notice of Violation against the private business, including the, "controlling agents and Agencies", on June 24th, 2016. The notice threatened to filed misdemeanor criminal charges against all responsible parties if the issues regarding the Notice were not abated, including the City of Los Angeles.

It regarded the mosquito populations at the Playa Vista Development and on State owned lands West of Lincoln

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above, from *Art Tiles at Venice Beach - A Graphic History 1904-2001* by the Venice Arts Council.

The following work of fiction was written by the late Venice activist and Beachhead contributor Helene Wolff.

IKEYA-SEKI

Craning our necks, straining to see into the depths of a sky moonless but washed charcoal by city lights, we stand out on Wavecrest.

Wavecrest Avenue! The sidewalk that knits our block into a close neighborhood where another two rows of houses, less blessed, would be raveled by traffic. No automobiles course down our "avenue". Once a canal, its waters navigated by gondolas, Wavecrest was drained, filled in, cemented over as a sidewalk and curbed at both ends decades before any of us discovered Venice.

We're out this October 1965 evening for a cosmic event.

Not that everything about Venice isn't pretty cosmic. Take a weekend morning spent sitting on the front steps, hunched against my raised knees and warming my hands on a mug of hot coffee. That can seem reason enough to have been born. I want to be nowhere else but there, wrapped in the lacy, new-washed, sea-scented air, watching Venice wake up. When the sun burns through the haze, it glints off the cement lion crouched on the stoop next door and folds like a baby blanket over my chilly bare feet. Soon it's strong enough to light the magenta Martha Washingtons across the walk to a calendar-quality, thirty-five millimeter slide and, finally, by noon, it thaws the ice plant into a rippling blaze of red and pink, so brilliant I go into the house for my shades. Sunglassed beachgoers, some neighbors, others non-Venetians who parked on Pacific Avenue, pad down the walk clutching their day's necessities--umbrellas, food baskets, canvas seats, books, radios, children. They pat themselves and their beach bags as though wondering what they've forgotten.

Each year, I spend my precious two years of vacation time staying home, luxuriating in such timelessness, such long stretches of languor, routinely to be enjoyed only by the retired, the flake, the wealthy and the very young.

To participate in tonight's happening, I had to leave work ten minutes early. I lucked out in traffic, skipped my usual stop at Hughes Market, and tossed brown rice, mushrooms and half-frozen chicken wings into a skillet so I would be on time for the show. So here I am! Hey, if Comet Ikeya-Seki, the surprise sun-grazer--officially cosmic--is what is happening this evening, I mean to be right here on Wavecrest looking up!

"Southwest thirty degrees, or would it be ten degrees from here...."

"Do you think we'll really be able to see it?"

"There it is! Right above the angle of Weinberg's roof, just left of that tallest palm. Has to be! That one's brighter than all the rest."

"You're crazy, man! That's the exact opposite direction from what the paper says."

"Mommy, which one is it?"

"I feel the earth turning. Lie down on the sidewalk like me and block everything out but the sky."

"Its tail is longer than from here to the sun. We can't miss it!"

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Snatchthat - painting by Barbara Mastey

SAVE DOGTOWN! GET OUT SNAPCHAT!!

by Mark Rago

So... what the hell happened here, Venice?? I've been a resident here for 20 years in the heart of the community between Pacific & Speedway in a small 1-bedroom apartment and I truly wouldn't want to make my home anywhere else in the world. Gradually over the last few years somehow Snap, Inc. has pretty much taken over the ENTIRE neighborhood from the edge of Santa Monica on Navy down to Abbot Kinney & Venice Blvd., back up to Market Street and over to Brooks - a full loop, impossible not to be noticed with all their security guards and employees walking around with badges to let it be known who they are. My question is - When does it stop?? It's bad enough they have an entire street where a beloved local bar used to be, but now they have all of these other properties all over the community! And worse...they just don't seem to care about locals or the character and spirit of our neighborhood. They are transforming our neighborhood into a private commercial district thus destroying the community in a way that's reminiscent of a military occupation!

The same thing that Google and Facebook did 3 years ago in San Francisco is literally happening right here in Venice with Snap Inc. right under our noses - but in San Fran protesters hurled rocks through the windows of Google busses; they protested outside the home of a Google engineer; and they even blocked a bus bound for Google and another bound for Facebook for 45 minutes, hanging a sign on one that read "Gentrification & Eviction Technologies." We here in Venice have yet to do anything. Are we just going to allow this to happen and just allow it to get even worse? Are we just going to accept this?? Seriously.

Now I've seen Venice residents, an extremely tight-knit community that I love more & more as time goes by, raise their pitchforks against hotels on Abbot Kinney, AirBnB's, and permit parking laws yet I haven't heard of anything being done about this Snap Inc. catastrophe that makes all those other things seem minimal. They can't use an entire community like it's their private campus!! And then be allowed to keep purchasing more and more and more properties! It's simply just not right. It's a public community along a state beach - not a corporate bloc.

The worst part about this is the stories I've heard about the security guards bullying and harassing residents and locals! A very respectable & long-time Venice resident was recently harassed by Snapchat security guards on Market between Pacific & Speedway for simply walking down the street! The security guard said Snapchat owns the whole block and she has no reason to even walk there. IT'S A PUBLIC STREET! AND SHE'S BEEN A RESIDENT FOR OVER 20 YEARS!! I've heard other similar stories from other people as well.

This is bad. They have their own new crosswalk at Market/Pacific that I'm sure was only put there for their employees going to their offices (I guess city officials didn't realize that Pacific is already bad enough and there's a traffic light less than 300 feet away). And their security guards do nothing for the community - if they witness a crime like a car break-in or graffiti they only

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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.

The staff reserves the right to make all decisions collectively on material published. There is no editor on the Beachhead. The printing is financed by ads, sustainers and donations. The articles, poetry and art work express the opinions of the individual contributors and are not necessarily the views of the Beachhead Collective.

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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Letter to the Editor

I want to give a shout out to a writer who seems to have been around Venice even longer than me-Marty Liboff! It was great to read your article, "A Memorial Tale of Venice" and hear of all the old personalities and spirits of Venice. When I was originally writing for the Beachhead in the 80's, under John Haag, also founder of The "Peace & Freedom Party", I felt surrounded by so many original, smart writers! I once wrote an article featuring each of the advertisers in the Beachhead: what they did, and where they were located, in the hopes of increasing their business, as I was so grateful for their patronage. It allowed us to continue to write about the very important issues in Venice at that time. Your article reminded me of that one and I loved that you honored so many creative people. I am not sure if there are writer's "meet-ups" anymore for the Beachhead but if there are I would love to host one here at the home for the aged because I am physically unable to leave the facility but would love to discuss the issues.

Sara Omari

WAKE UP AMERICA!

Moishe Meshugge

We awoke on November 9th to find the lunatics running the asylum, hungry sharks in our fish bowl, lions running the zoo, Hitler dressed as a rabbi, lice in the barbershop, crooks running the police, ants nesting in our refrigerator, bank robbers run the bank, termites in the lumber yard, mice nesting in the cheese factory, vampires running the blood bank, Sylvester the cat bought Tweedy bird, fleas adopted the dog, pedophiles own the nursery school, cock roaches in our birthday cake, mosquito larvae in the bathtub, poop overflowing out toilet, alcoholics run the liquor store, Wile E. Coyote taking the Road Runner to dinner and bedbugs took over the bed factory-Many said when they awoke on November 9th and took a Donald Dump they plan to go back to sleep for another four more years. WAKE UP! More than ever we need to watch over the lambs while the wolf is disguised as the shepherd, guard our house while arsonists run the fire department and watch out while the foxes are in the chicken coop. More than ever we need to unite and battle the Devil and his demons with our art, music, painting, writing, voices, movies, poetry and songs. Sing out, speak up and show the world we are not asleep before we lose our rights and freedom to speak up. This election should be our strong cup of coffee to WAKE UP AMERICA!

LOCALS NEWS

Ongoing efforts to oppress the homeless.

Mark Ryavec and the Venice Stakeholders Association deploy MRSA scare i.e.; fake news) to promote their anti-homeless agenda.

This fake news story is likely part of Mr Ryavec's campaign for CD11 Council Seat. The only related truth to it is that the health workers in the area keep a stock of medicine for MRSA.

"No Outbreaks"

County health officials, investigating a report of as many as six cases of the antibiotic-resistant virus known as MRSA (Methicillin-resistant Staphylococcus aureus) in Venice, released a statement that there have been "no outbreaks" confirmed in the area.

Yo Venice, i.e., Melanie Camp, jumped onboard the fake news bandwagon on this issue, spreading fear, uncertainty and doubt.

Here is a letter sent to Rayevec.

"Mr. Ryavec,

I am frankly dismayed that you would use my photo to boost your own agenda, and even promote the ideas, solutions, hard work, and successes of the Homeless Task Force organization as your own. What started out as small donations to the HTF by the Venice Stakeholders Association a few years back, as initiated at the request of LAPD Captain Brian Johnson, resulted in a firm decision on our part to end all communication with you - we found your agenda toward the homeless not to be in alignment with ours. I personally was disheartened by your self-aggrandizing and abusive nature. We asked you at that time to cease and desist, and evidently you still choose not to respect our request. Now, we are forced to publicly ask you to stop.

By the way, I have your emails in archive that will substantiate our position.

Regina Weller

Senior Crisis Chaplain

Executive Director, Homeless Task Force"

michaelkohlhaas.org point us to a tax form revealing the VSA board of directors as of 2012 was Mark Ryavec, Robert Feist, Bonnie Felix, and Michael King.

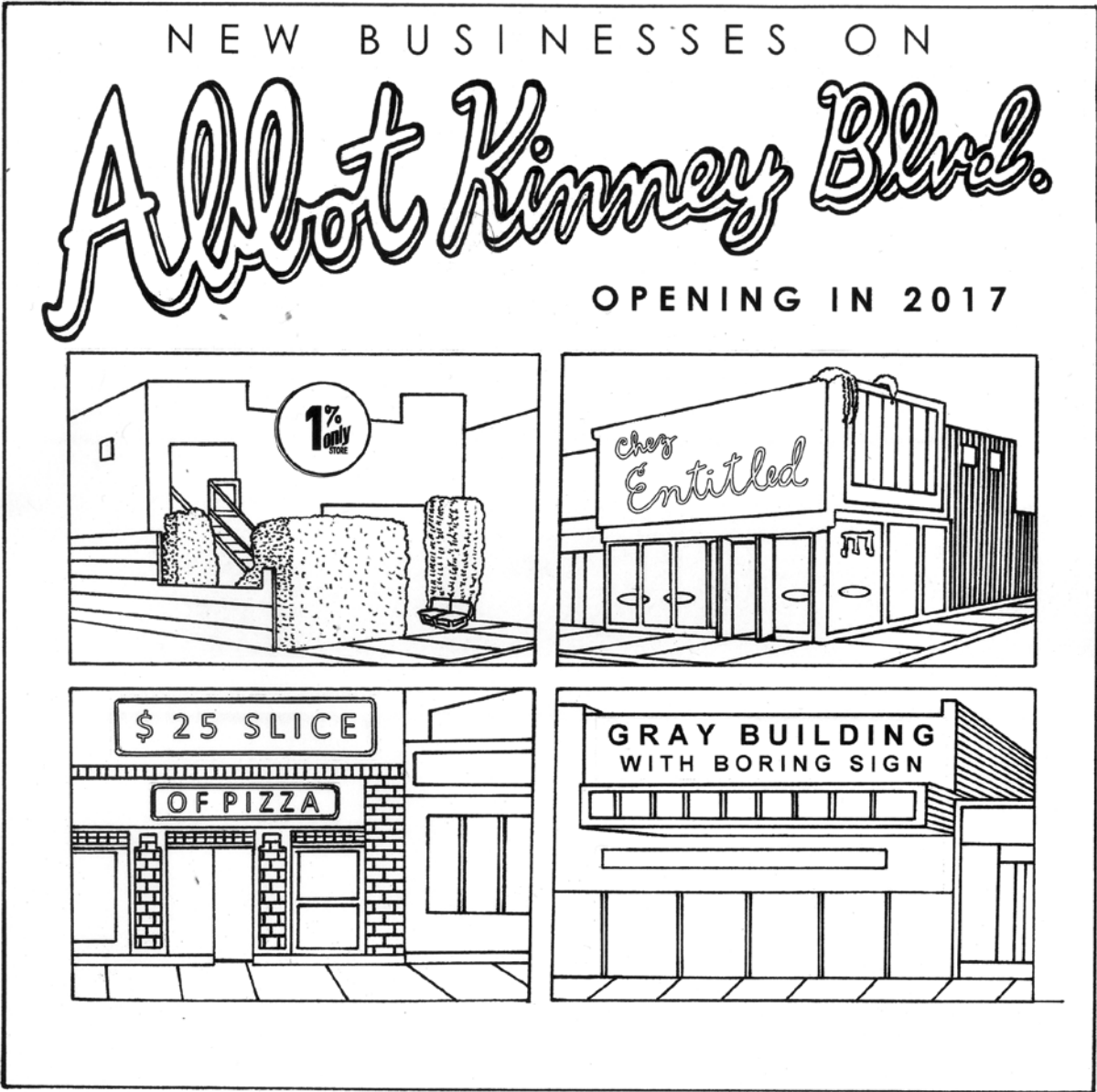
Now that the Venice BID is official, and that proposition HHH passed, opponents have begun sabotage efforts including stacking the boards and committees

Historic core bid executive directrix Blair Besten, nominated for Measure HHH citizens' oversight committee, is opposed by skid row organizers, service providers, and sane people everywhere

"January 24, 2017

"Councilmember Huizar,

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Ballona, continued from page 1

Blvd. It is notable that the outbreak was located near the Playa Vista School. Vector Control stated that:

“These are the highest counts ever recorded anywhere in the District over the last 25 years.”

According to the California Public Health Department website, “Mosquitoes are small blood-sucking insects that depend on standing water to reproduce. Female mosquitoes must feed on blood to lay eggs. They feed by sticking their mouthparts into the skin of an animal, and rapidly sucking blood. Sometimes mosquitoes carry germs like viruses that can be transmitted to a person while the mosquito is feeding. Preventing mosquitoes from breeding and avoiding mosquito bites are the best ways to avoid getting these diseases.”

Bonin’s office failed to disclose this vital public health information to the City Council keeping it secret.

On September 7th, 2016 the State of California Department of Fish and Wildlife issued a formal Notice of Violation to the business of its Fish and Wildlife Code Section 1602. The violation was on wetlands owned by the State of California West of Lincoln Blvd. It regarded several matters. 1. Use of an aquatic weed harvester (aquatic vegetation removal equipment) from Aquatic Environments and areas of recently cut cattail vegetation. 2. Presence of a State and federally endangered and State fully protected species, the Ridgway rail, a bird. 3. Modification impacting the Teal Trail impacting riparian vegetation including mulefat scrub, willow, riparian, sycamore, and cottwood trees in an areas known to support another important bird, the least Bell’s vireo. Impacts included earthwork, depositing fill into a stream, and burying riparian vegetation.

Furthermore, the Notice stated that Fish and Game Code section 1602 requires that a person must notify the Department before 1. Substantially diverting or obstructing the natural flow of a river, stream, or lake, 2. Substantially changes the bed, channel, or bank of a river, stream or lake, 3. Using any material from the bed, channel, or bank of a river, stream, or lake and/or, 4. Depositing or disposing of debris, waste, material containing crumbled, flaked, or ground pavement where it may pass into a river, stream, or lake.

The Department noted that it had determined that the activity substantially altered the bed, bank, and channel of the Ballona Freshwater Marsh.

This non-profit business was veiled in secrecy until the State of California Vector Control informed it that a massive mosquito outbreak occurred near the Playa Vista School.

The violation noted by the Department of Fish and Wildlife may also reflect violations of the California Coastal Act and the State Water code.

Notably, the October 18th, 2012 minutes of the business reveal that it approved continuing the use of, “potable water”, drinking water, for landscape irrigation on the State owned wetlands, in the midst of one of the most severe droughts to impact California. This action was taken without regard to water conservation while if ordinary citizens watered their lawns on the wrong day, they could be fined. The total volume of potable water used for years at the location is still unknown.

Bonin has failed to disclose any of these important matters to the City and people he serves and has engaged in activities that place the City of Los Angeles at the center of a legal, environmental, and public health controversy.

Election Hell

by Eric Ahlberg

There is no way back now. The idiocracy of not-my-president Trump comes on like a Nazi’s wet dream. Did you see how many Republicans flies warned against Trump, endorsed Hillary, and then spun around when bullshit mountain landed in the White Man’s House. Lies are Alt-facts, self-dealing by leaders is in the best interests of the country. It’s like every evil ethical thing the Republicans accused the Obama administgration is now being done by the Trumps administration, and then some. Opportunistic conservative Republicans are all over this. Trump’s attorney for his divorce from Ivana was Roy Cohn, the same attorney who was Senator Joe McCarthy’s attack dog, and his father’s attorney.

While everyone is Venice has an opinion as to why the Democrats lost, one large factor is the deployment of Psychometric Programming of fake news and factoids on Facebook. Voter supression has also been successfully deployed by Republican officials, by purging voter rolls of likely Democratic Party favoring voters and by setting up logistical inconveniences to Democrat leaning districts. Republicans were also successful in gerrymandering states to disempower Democratic Voters.

More about this here: <http://www.gregpalast.com/election-stolen-heres/>

IKEYA-SEKI, continued from page 1

Desire to fly through the Milky Way on that tail is as heavy in the breeze as is the scent of the sea, night-blooming jasmine, incense and curry powder.

White moths flutter around the old streetlight at Royal Court. I look for bats there, and around the eaves of the house at that corner, where bats are said to have been seen. No bats. I’m not certain I believe in bats. Neither bats nor grunion. Perhaps I’m too nearsighted for bats. As for grunion, for me it’s grunion last night and grunion tomorrow night but never grunion tonight.

Are the moths making a statement? Do even Venice’s moths want Venice left alone? I notice that none fly around the vapor light that tops the steel pole recently erupted from the sidewalk in front of Ellingson’s house. The streetlight that nobody wanted. The streetlight that, unfortunately, no one thought to toss a rock at before we gathered tonight.

I spot the dippers and murmur “Ursa Major, Ursa Minor.” But that’s about the extent of it. Oh, I know lots more names--Orion, Capricorn, Aquarius. But don’t ask me to point anything out. Like a few other intellectually inclined individuals, I hold a flashlight to the chart from tonight’s paper. The Pleiades! I know The Pleiades, too! And there they are, the sisters, a graceful necklace hung in space.

“Get off the sidewalk, Nate!” That’s your blood pressure, not the earth turning.”

“None of them looks any brighter than usual, man!” “Mommy, that’s it right there where I’m pointing. That one that’s moving.”

“Honey, can you see it?” “What’s to see! Palm Springs, that’s where you gotta go to see the stars!” “Yeah. Sinatra.”

“There’s too much fucking light here. I’ll bet you can see it down at the beach.”

“Oh, man, I’m not walking down to the beach!” “Out in the desert the sky’s brocaded with stars. Brocaded! Once I went in the pool at three in the morning and was swimming through stars, millions of stars. Stars above me. Stars in the water all around me.”

“It’s too far to the beach. I can see it fine from here.” “It’s too far to the desert!” “Wow!” Venice voices. The soundtrack of a beach town.

“Someone should walk down.” “Not me! I’m going over to Susan’s for a guitar lesson. Besides, I think I see it. I’m sure it’s that one right there.”

“Well, we know it’s one of them up there. I think it must be the one over Weinberg’s roof.”

“Mommy, why is it so fucking light so we can’t see the comet?”

“And they wonder why their kids talk like that!” “Because the city put that stupid freeway light in the middle of our sidewalk!”

“Someone better go on down before it’s too late. The damn comet’s not going to hang around forever waiting for a bunch of freaks to get it together!”

The beach! Desire to be down at the surf shivers me. But the rice is probably done, the cats are waiting to be fed, I have to iron a blouse for work tomorrow. God! It’ll be eleven before I get to bed!

A stray Santa Ana quickens, lifts the blossoms in Mr. Howe’s garden at the Pacific Avenue end of our block, picks up some Dylan along the way, and now we are awash in double-pink oleander and “It Aint Me, Babe.”

I look up, longing to see something extraordinary, longing to sail through space with the sisters.

There’s no real reason I can’t walk down to the beach. But Paul is probably out of the shower and wondering where I’m off to. If I go in now there’ll be time to light the candles and put some records on. Then, after I clean up the kitchen and iron... I don’t have to iron, really. I’ll roast in it, but I can wear the blue jersey tomorrow. Tonight, I just want to lie on the floor cushions with Paul and watch the shadows of the houseplants turn my paint-hungry walls into a night jungle. Last night’s “playing house” scene went a bit off when I blurted out the never-to-be-said “You don’t love me.” Paul, the ever cool, thought that over. “And you,” he mused. “You love someone you made up and tucked tidily over me--like you tuck the Indian bedspreads over the couch and chair.”

That startled me. I should go inside.

Still, I stand out on the walk looking up, and looking around me, treasuring my neighbors.

We are a disparate bunch. Querulous. Cool. Crazy. Dumb. Shy. Genius. Just plain smart. Old. Young. Waitress. Doctor. Lawyer. Student. Musician. Poet. Writer. Artist. Dropout. Jew. Gentle. Black. White. Brown. Gay. Straight. Welfare. Wealthy. (I name us off like a child sorting her very own cache of found sea shells.) We are these things and we are blendings of these things and more--and that’s just us, on this one Wavecrest block.

We are vaudevillians, retired. We are one millionaire, or so it’s rumored--the man is wheelchair-bound and ruled by a nasty-tempered housekeeper whose word we take for it. We are the seventeen-year-old who rented the cottage across the walk from me. He tells me he quit school to write his memoirs. Can one have memoirs

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at age 17? I wonder but don’t want to ask. We are a Reichian psychologist, complete with orgone box. And we are quite a few nouveau Buddhists, several Roman Catholics (albeit all in one family), and ballet dancers both modern and classical. We are multimedia artists. Our attachments to organizations are generally tenuous but our belief in causes still new-minted.

My next door neighbor, a French Jew, was first violinist with Gustave Mahler before the Nazis. “Gustave, you realize, not the other Mahler,” he has told me. I’ve seen Jacob’s snapshots. In one, he and Galli-Curci are part of a group standing arm in arm in front of the casino at Monte Carlo.

Not everyone is outside tonight, though. Only two Susans. God knows how many the block harbors. I’d bet that there’s a Susan in every third house. They’re all Susans, too. The only Susie I know is Joe Langley’s collie. Who knows, anyway, how many people live in all Venice? Certainly not the census takers. I do know that doors refused to open to me when I took the streetlight petition around. And faces I’d never seen on the street opened others. A strong tie binds us: we all think this is the choice place in all the world to live.

The sky glitters, though dimly. But which spark is the celebrity comet? A few stars look extra bright.

It must be six months since I walked along the shore at night. I’ll bet you can see the sky better from down there. I tell myself I’ll go inside in a few minutes. Perhaps I can figure out who Paul really is.

The couch is shabby, so I cover it with something beautiful. Should I pursue this thought? Later, perhaps.

“I’m going down to the beach,” I say. Scott, of Beth and Scott, four houses up, decides to join me. I go inside for my jacket and, since the upstairs shower is still running, turn off the gas under the rice and write a be right back note on the memo pad. I tell the cats to hang in there.

I feel determined as Scott and I stride off, and awfully glad of the chance to walk down to the water at night.

We go straight down, not wasting any more time. It’s about a block and a half to the sand and then about a quarter mile of beach to the water. Ikeya-Seki isn’t scheduled to be visible in L.A. for more than about an hour.

Scott and I don’t know each other and neither of us is a chatterer, so we don’t say much. But a bond develops: We are the representatives.

There’s no crowd at the beachfront, just a few scattered groups, mostly the lucky ones who have houses or apartments on the boardwalk. Some kids sit on the back of one of the wooden benches, their voices soft but clear on the salt air. They are talking of important things and planning to remake a world gone wrong. Several disconsolate-looking beats sit around one of the picnic tables, bongo drums mute. Before the cops stopped them from playing at night, the beachfront was lively until eleven or twelve. I mention this, and Scott wants to hear more. He and Beth moved to Venice only last spring. I bemoan the loss of the coffee houses.

We cross the boardwalk and slip out of our sandals to more easily make our way through the cool sand. The sky grows as we cross the quarter mile of broad beach. “Venice, The Safest Beach.” That’s the slogan above the turn-of-the-century bathing beauty on the poster tacked over my dresser. The tide is coming in, the surf loud. We reach its edge where the water just laps at our feet. Feeling seriously charged with responsibility, we calculate and compare. The sky is black over the Pacific, as fathomless as we could wish it to be, and just where the charts say it should be is a light far brighter than the rest. We can’t make out a tail. But we do realize, despite our longing to see something spectacular, that without binoculars a comet’s tail might be too much to expect.

We are silent now. Thoughts of high school beach parties drift into my mind. Memory scents--driftwood fires, charred marshmallows, damp blankets, and the salty, wet skin and bathing trunks of the boys--tease my nose. The memories seem secure, so long as the Pacific is still rolling in under the starlit heavens.

Scott takes a deep breath, exhales slowly, almost a sigh. We turn and dig our toes into the cool, damp sand, looking back over our shoulders again and again to that visitor from our larger neighborhood.

“Could you see it?” “Yeah. It wasn’t really big, you know. But down there you can sure tell which one it is. It seemed to be moving, and it was far brighter than the others.” “Man, did it have a tail?” “No, we couldn’t see its tail. But it had to be Ikeya-Seki.”

“Man, that’s great! You guys saw it!” “Scott and Audrey walked all the way down to the water. You can see it real good down there away from the lights.”

Everyone had waited for us to come back. Now we all wander off to our houses--in that lingering Venice manner, not wanting this to end just yet. Saying our goodnights. Sharing our cosmic event.

The paper, next morning, states that the spectacular comet with the lemon-lime tail, Ikeya-Seki, was not after all visible to the naked eye in Southern California. “Quite a few people, though,” runs the report, “spotted *continued on page 5*

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Old Ocean Park

by Marty Liboff

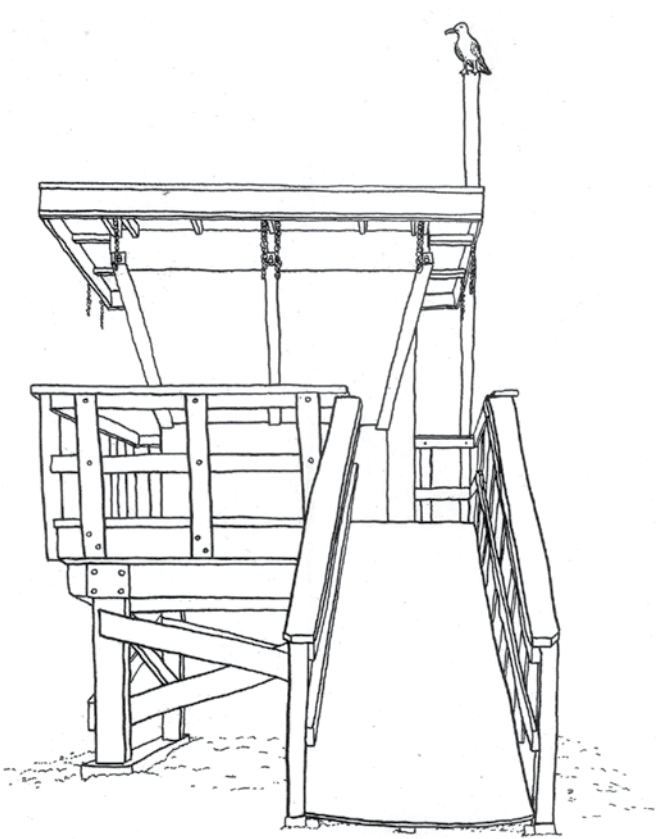
The City of Santa Monica’s newsletter ‘Seascape’ is out and in it there is a short history of the Ocean Park Redevelopment Project that began in the late 1950s. My family and friends lived in old Ocean Park by the beach and everything that is written in the Seascape is all just the propaganda back then that the developers and city council members said to push their project. None of it was true. Old Ocean Park was a vibrant and wonderful place to grow up in. Yes, many people were relatively poorer than those who lived north of Wilshire Blvd. but neighbors kept their little turn of the century homes clean and nice and there were many beautiful old buildings. There was virtually no crime and the Seascape saying there was disease is ridiculous. Pier Ave was a major business street and the Ocean Park Pier was a fantastic amusement and fishing place. There were two movie theaters and the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium that held all sorts of events.

In the late 1950s the pier was bought and turned into the Pacific Ocean Park amusement pier and the city thought they could get rid of all those poor people, many were elderly Jews, and turn Ocean Park into another Miami Beach or Honolulu with lots of expensive high rise hotels and apartments. They used the Eminent Domain Laws in the worst way to tear down the neighborhood. The original plans were to tear down everything from the Venice border north to Pico Blvd. and west to 2nd street. All of old Main Street was to be high rises. If you don’t believe this I have some of their old plans. When the pier went broke after the project gutted the surrounding area there were plans to even build high rises on the beach!

After the project began the area went down the toilet since it literally looked like after World War 3 with half torn down buildings and holes in the ground. All the streets going to the beach were gone and all the customers and workers from the nearby area were evicted and so the pier died and Main Street lost most of its local business. The Seascape says that the tenants were compensated for being evicted. This is totally untrue. Renters like us were not given one penny and the owners of their small homes were forced to take \$5000 for their homes. A few neighbors tried to fight toward the end but their lawyer was shot dead in the Bob Burns Restaurant parking lot and another friend was taken for a ride and threatened. This made us believe that Mafia money may have been involved. Many of the elderly residents had to move to rest homes and most of the poor had to relocate to other cities. We got very lucky and found a place to rent nearby. The only building left on the west side was the old telephone company building that still sits on Barnard Way. It is a beautiful old building as were many in Ocean Park. The only reason it survived is the telephone company still had all the expensive switchboards there and good lawyers to fight city hall.

It took several years for them to finally complete the two high rises that are there now called the Shores. The surrounding area had become blighted because of the project and they couldn’t rent them for high rents. This stalled the grandiose plans for high rises all along our beach. They built the park and a small golf course to clean up the place and try and draw people back to the beach. After some years the area became desirable again and now those little old houses that have survived north of Ocean Park Blvd, are worth from 3-6 million each. The cost of just one of those old junky homes they tore down would be the cost of the entire Ocean Park Redevelopment Project! Looking back, if the city had left old Ocean Park alone they would have taken in much, much more money from the pier and surrounding community then evicting and tearing down an entire great neighborhood.

Thanks, Marty Liboff - Santa Monica



It’s me, I’m Sara Omari and I’m back again!



I had thought of writing a Sept. article about the place I rent, at this home for the aged, but things went askew/awry/off track. The article was going to be about something that happened in Sept. of 2015. The administration on Sept. 18, 2015 accused me of “racially explosive language”. I denied the charges, because I did not use this type of language, and I asked for my accusers to be brought before me. I was also told there was “file on me” and I asked to see that file, and I was ignored. I went from living in a difficult situation, to living in an almost unbearable situation. I had all these unanswered questions, and I could get no one to listen to me. It was a Snafu: situation normal, all fouled up.

I will follow up with this story sometime next year. I want to write about some of the workers at this facility, this facility being east, not east of Eden, but east of Lincoln Blvd. I really appreciate the workers who really work.

I want to write about the difficulty in understanding some of the people who work here, who are from other countries. It is very scary to rely on a person with whom you cannot clearly communicate. I have been told by other residents, that their families requested they have only English speaking assistance. I have never asked that as I feel they would ask me to leave, and have already made it very difficult on me to stay here.

In closing, I would like to take the time to thank the many wonderful people who work for this facility and go out of their way to be kind. There are three super workers whom I trust, and that is most important to me.

Opressing homeless, continued from page 4

We the undersigned Skid Row-based organizations and service providers write you to express our deep concern with the proposed appointment of Blair Besten to the Proposition HHH Civilian Oversight Committee. This appointment is expected to go in front of City Council on Friday, January 27, and we strongly urge you to reconsider this appointment and instead propose someone who is more qualified and has more experience in working with homeless policy and programs.

Our organizations worked tirelessly in last year’s election to ensure that every voter we engaged voted “Yes” on Proposition HHH. LA CAN’s work on HHH alone through door knocking, phone banking, and GOTV efforts resulted in us contacting more than 35,000 unique voters to support HHH. Now that it has passed, proper implementation is key, and the civilian oversight committee is critical to ensuring that these funds are spent wisely. It is also an opportunity to bring experts and advocates on homelessness and housing to the table to provide the valuable input required to make sure Proposition HHH funding is delegated appropriately. Lastly, we believe that there should be representation from those impacted by homelessness. Expertise comes in many forms – and those with lived experience in homelessness and/or working directly with homeless populations is extremely important.

For these reasons and others, we strongly oppose the appointment of Blair Besten to this committee. Besten is a business leader in Downtown LA whose work has actually contributed to the displacement of low-income and/or homeless residents in our community. As opposed to the other two proposed appointees, she has no expertise on homeless services, policy or permanent supportive housing development. Additionally, in recent years she has been opposed to opportunities to get people off the streets and into housing, like the failed Cecil Hotel Home for Good proposal that would have seen 300 homeless people put into housing.

There are far more qualified individuals within Downtown and specifically Skid Row who would be better candidates for this committee. We would be willing to submit potential names, as our organizations have been serving the homeless population in Skid Row for decades.

In closing, we urge you to not appoint Blair Besten and instead make a greater effort to create a committee of individuals who are qualified and fully committed to getting homeless individuals off the streets and into permanent housing.

Church without Walls
UCCEP
Los Angeles Community Action Network
Los Angeles Poverty Department
United Central City East Prevention Project
Can we organize????”

Again LA City officials have passed laws forbidding both rich and poor from sleeping in their cars and on the street, despite the failure of court mandated programs to house the homeless, due to the problem being larger than the resources assigned to resolving the problem. - eric



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SAVE DOGTOWN, continued from page 1
report it and do nothing about it themselves.

Imagine a place like Catalina or an island in the Caribbean or Belize that's the same size as the Venice westside and a company like Geico decides they're going to move their headquarters there: they buy up buildings all over the island, half of their employees move there and walk around with badges and security guards by their sides, they get transported via golf carts (which were never there before) from one office building to the next; the price for cost of living and everything else increases; at the same time bullying the locals who have lived there their entire lives! That's what's going on here! Any egotistical group of newcomers to any town that walk around with badges and hassle the locals with no regard for the community that they're invading is despicable, a tragedy and just not right. If this happened in any of those places listed above or somewhere similar it would be an outrage and a disgrace, which is exactly what this is. It's sad, it's wrong, and something has to be done before it just gets worse. Google and many other companies over the years, tech or not, have come into Venice and have been fine for the most part, but this is a disaster and beyond out of hand.

I'm not sure most Venice locals realize how bad of a situation this has become. According to an article on therealdeal.com, "The company already has more than 200,000 square feet in "Silicon Beach", and plans to hold onto a chunk of it "maintaining a footprint in Venice". Venice Beach is NOT a big area – the beachfront is only 1 mile long! Personally I thought they were finished getting properties after they got both sides of Market Street but looking back they hadn't even begun! Here is an incomplete list of properties they have accumulated:

- 29 Navy Street : Leasing a 25-unit apartment building
- 909 Ocean Front Walk: Leasing about 30,000 square feet
- 913 Ocean Front Walk: Subleasing unknown amount of space at Jerde
- 701 Ocean Front Walk (Thornton Lofts): Leasing 25,000 square feet
- 63 Market Street: Snap headquarters; leasing 8,000-plus square feet
- 73 Market Street: Bought 13,843 square feet
- 248 Westminster Avenue: Leasing 10,525 square feet
- Abbot Kinney and Venice Boulevard: Leasing 40,000 square feet in multiple buildings
- Santa Monica Airport: Leasing 80,000 square feet of office buildings and hangars

So the question is, "What can we do about this?" Should we start protests up and down Market Street? Protest in front of all of their buildings plus City Hall? Should we just annoy everyone we see wearing a badge every chance we get until they feel so uncomfortable that they eventually want to leave?

I urge anyone reading this to speak up with ideas, discuss with your Venetian neighbors, inform everyone of how wrong this situation is so we can stand up and take back Dogtown, otherwise who knows where else they're going to purchase property. They recently acquired Danny's – so what's next? The Townhouse? Maos Kitchen? Oooh maybe La Louver Art Gallery over by Canal Club! Oh wait that's right –THEY ARE ALREADY TRYING TO BUY THAT! On December 6th there was a community meeting concerning the attempt to rezone the La Louver Gallery across from James Beach into an office building for Snap Inc.! There's a 2nd Community Meeting coming up later this month in January (date TBD) which was previously postponed. So there's another building, folks! It Just Does Not End.

I know Venice has always evolved and changed over the years and I accept that, but from my conversations with other Venice locals I am NOT the only one upset and angry about this. It's probably the worst thing that has happened here in Venice in over 20 years. It's not our community anymore! They're taking it away! They're turning our community into their "corporate campus"! Our town is getting ripped apart piece-by-piece behind our backs by people who just don't care! This needs to be discussed and this has to be dealt with! A foot has to be put down and it has to be put down as soon as possible! If I'm wrong about this or in the minority I will accept that and resist, but I think most people reading this agree that it's simply gone too far and the community has got to stand up and stop it before it gets worse – because it will not stop anytime soon, or at all, until our words and voices are heard and something is done about it. Period.



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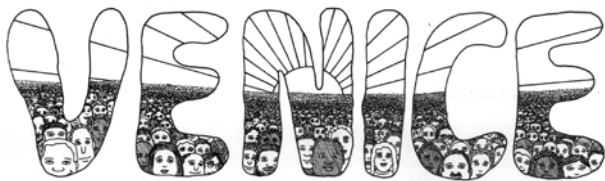
A NON-PROFIT PARENTING & COUNSELING CENTER
12316 Venice Boulevard, Mar Vista, California 90066

IKEYA-SEKI, continued from page 3
Venus, the evening star, which is very bright this time of year and was visible, before the clouds formed, approximately where Ikeya-Seki passed through the sky along the western horizon of Los Angeles." This strikes me as funny, funnier because it doesn't seem to matter.

Wavecrest had its Ikeya-Seki experience and it was just perfect. No need to toss a wet blanket--or Indian bedspread--over Wavecrest's Ikeya-Seki experience.

Paul shouts to me from the alley below my bedroom sunporch. "Audrey, meet me down by the pier. It's

sandcastle day!"



below - Wavecrest Mural, from the Beachhead Archives



CALENDAR

beyondbaroque.com

3 February Friday 8:00 PM
CRAZY UNDERNEATH THE TREES
A collaborative poem written and performed by Darrell Larson and Rob Sullivan which investigates parallel cases of mental and physical breakdowns which lead both men to savage insights, overwhelming despair, and a fragile sense of hope. With improvised, live score from top notch multi-instrumentalists Mike Tempo and Paul Lacques. Regular Admission.

4 February Saturday 8:00 PM
POETRY IN MOTION - evebrandsteinpoetryinmotion.com and Facebook page for more information. .

5 February Sunday 2:00 PM
The Baggage Review Presents: The collision of music and words as the all improvisational band Baggage plays host to a revolving cast of bands whose singers and song-writers. It's a great monthly get together. \$5.00 donation requested, but no one will be turned away for lack of funds.

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

5 February Sunday 8:00 PM
SUBVERSIVE CINEMA - MUSIC and POLITICAL FILMS with fiery discussion. Free admission, donations appreciated. Laughtears.com

10 February Friday 8:00 PM
KEVIN OPSTEDAL and JULIEN POIRIER Born and raised in Venice, California, Kevin Opstedal leaves three decades of road cuts across the entire imaginary West in PACIFIC STANDARD TIME: (Ugly Duckling Presse, 2016). As identity and ideas duke it out in the back-alley of academia, Opstedal surfs an oil slick off Malibu into the apocalypse of style. Julien Poirier has taught poetry in the New York City and San Francisco public schools and at San Quentin State Prison. He was a founding member of the Brooklyn-based Ugly Duckling Presse Collective. Some of his book are: Out of Print (City Lights, 2016), Way Too West (Bootstrap, 2015), and El Golpe Chileno (Ugly Duckling Presse, 2010). Regular admission.

11 February Saturday 8:00 PM
L.A. WOMAN - THE CONFESSION - A middle-aged actress at the end of her rope recounts her life and career, building to an explosive confrontation in this staged reading of the new work by playwright/novelist Richard Setlowe.

Three amazing actresses alternate as star in this theatrical tour de force, directed by Tony nominee Marcia Rodd. Tonight's performance features Robin Ray Eller. Regular Admission.

12 February Sunday 2:00 PM
SOAP BOX POETS 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 Cardenas. FREE, but donations are always welcome.

12 February Sunday 5:00 PM
VOICE IN THE WELL PRESENTS: "WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW IS LOVE"
Join us as we explore how Love Conquers All in Story & Song! Featuring many talented Favorite Performers TBA. Hosted by Eric Vollmer. Regular Admission.

12 February Sunday 8:00 PM
ENEMY IN THE GARDEN: ANTI-SEMITISM IN AMERICA, FACT OR FICTION?
The program will contrast fact and fiction about anti-Semitism in America. Harriet Pike will introduce a fictional family in suburban Long Island of the 1970s caught in the web of an anti-government, anti-Semitic plot. Simon Wiesenthal's Co-Director of Digital Terrorism and Hate Project, Rick Eaton, will then talk about the reality of anti-Semitism in today's America and engage in a conversation with the author. Regular Admission.

17 February Friday 8:00 PM

I WAS GOING TO BE A COWGIRL: LIN BEN-EDEK, ALEXIS RHONE FANCHER AND SUSAN HAYDEN

L.A. poet Lin Benedek, will be joined on stage by Alexis Rhone Fancher and Susan Hayden for a special evening of fearlessly earthy poetry. Reception and book signing to follow. Regular Admission.

18 February Saturday 11:00 AM – 3:00 PM
"THINKING WITH SOUND – A VOICE CLASS FOR WRITERS" WITH MARIE CHAMBERS
The experience as to HOW SOUNDS FEEL propels each of us towards a unique understanding of WHAT SOUNDS MEAN. \$50 .00 general; \$35.00 members; \$15.00 to audit. Enrollment is limited to 15 participants.

18 February Saturday 8:00 PM
SCOTT WANNBERG, THE LUMMOX YEARS
For 10 years, Scott, the ambassador of YES!, was a regular contributor to the LummoX Press. We celebrate the Scott/LummoX years with his friends and other surprises. Regular Admission.

19 February Sunday 4:30 PM
LUNCH BB 30
This new monthly program brings together writers of prose, poetry and creative non-fiction. Hosted by Jon Hess.

19 February Sunday 7:30 PM
SUNDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES
映画の言葉は世界てき です: "The language of cinema is universal." Cinema was the new art of the 20th Century, and this new monthly program looks at past masterpieces and new trends in filmmaking. Guest speakers include actors, directors, writers and critics. Hosted by Jon Hess.

24 February Friday 8:00 PM
THREE DOUG NIGHT
Our annual Three Doug Night returns with new work by these distinguished poets. With F. Douglas Brown, Douglas Kearney and Doug Knott. Hosted by Wyatt Underwood. Regular Admission.

25 February Saturday 8:00 PM
THE POETRY OF RUTH SUSSKIND-SCHNEIDER
The daughter of Jewish immigrants, Ruth Susskind-Schneider reflects in her poetry the rich texture of her life experience from early childhood in Brooklyn to life here in Venice since the 60's. Hosted by Mariano Zaro. FREE to all.

26 February Sunday 2:00 PM
THE NEBRASKA GIRL OPEN READING
Sign-ups start at 1:30 PM. Hosted by Wyatt Underwood. FREE

26 February Sunday 7:00 PM
7 DUDLEY CINEMA
Cutting-edge cinema featuring music, politics and the counterculture. Hosted by Laughtears.com. Hosted by Gerry Fialka. FREE but donations gratefully appreciated.

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Thursday, February 9th – 7-10pm – **Alfred Johnson's** "Notta Birthday Party" with Gary Stockdale, Cynthia Carle, Suzy Williams, Marty Axelrod, Carol McArthur, Michele Brouman, and many other talented friends. Unurban Café, 3301 Pico Blvd, Santa Monica

Saturday, February 11th – 7-10:30pm – **The Pain-killers:** Steve Moos, Don Kirkpatrick (Rod Stewart) with Rick Moors on bass, Al. Keith & Julia Thornton on percussion, Carol McArthur & Lauri Reimer on BGs and SPECIAL opening set by CMA Pop Country Recording Artist Jessica Rose

LA Louver - Charles Garabedian and his Contemporaries - 11 Feb 2017 - 1 Apr 2017. Opening reception: Saturday, 11 Feb 3-6 pm. John Altoon, Larry Bell, Tony Berlant, William Brice, Vija Celmins, John Chamberlain, Richard Diebenkorn, Sam Francis, Charles Garabedian, Robert Heinecken, Robert Irwin, John McCracken, John McLaughlin, Ed Moses, Ken Price, Don Suggs, Peter Voulkos, Tom Wudl

laughtears.com

Feb 7 TUES 6pm McLuhan-Finnegans Wake Reading Club MDR library 4533 admiralty way FREE <https://venicewake.wordpress.com/>

Feb 11 SAT 4-6pm MESS – Artist **Gordon Winiemko** interview at unurban 3301 pico FREE <http://laughtears.com/mess.html>

Feb 13, Mon - **HENRY SCHIPPER FILMS** at Unurban 3301 Pico, free, 4pm - Schipper's engaging documentaries - on Eartha Kitt (42 minutes, 2016) at 6pm Actress, singer, activist, legend, Eartha Kitt's life and career have been wrapped in mystique since she burst on the scene in the 1950s singing instant classics like "Santa Baby" and "C'est Si Bon". A true original, Kitt was a pioneering African American presence on Broadway and in Hollywood, and her turn as Catwoman in the 1960s Batman series brought her mainstream acclaim. Uncompromising in her personal life as well as professionally, she publicly confronted Lady Bird Johnson in the White House about the Vietnam War, and she scarcely worked again in the US for ten years. But a new generation embraced Miss Kitt in the 1990s with films like Boomerang, and appearances on Living Single and New York Undercover. This show explores the woman and the myth. Those interviewed include Reggie Hudlin, Norma Miller, Tessa Thompson, Dick Gregory, Robin Givens and Freda Payne. And Rudy Ray Moore, AKA, "Dolemite" (42 minutes, 2016) at 645pm Underground legend Rudy Ray Moore nailed his legacy in the mid 1970s with a series of films built around the funkiest superhero of the Blaxploitation era, Dolemite. Before that, Moore had built a rep as a stand up comedian and recording artist with hard core comedy routines that would have made Redd Foxx blush. But it was Dolemite, the trash-talking rhymester from the hood, who put him on the map and planted some of the earliest seeds of rap. Interviews include Big Daddy Kane, Guy and Joe Torry, Too Short, Richard Sandfield, and Luenell. Free Jazz with Films at 4pm<http://www.laughtears.com/jazzfunkfest.html>

Feb 25 Sat 7pm **Jazz Funk Fest** at unurban 3301 pico FREE <http://www.laughtears.com/jazzfunkfest.html>

Feb 27 MON Laughtears Salon 6-9pm 212 Pier Santa Monica free - politics, art, culture discussion

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

Love Song Sing-along With The Love Uninhibited Orchestra

February 4 - 19:00-23:00
131 S Topanga Canyon Blvd
Topanga, CA 90290-3146, United States
Make America Love Again!
Sing along with the Love Uninhibited Orchestra
Featuring the greatest hits from the golden age of love songs. \$15 all ages welcome
Loving support provided by Artists Matter.
The Love Uninhibited Orchestra is: Nichele Monroe-vocals, Johanna Moynahan-vocals, Kate Nicholasen-vocals, Matt Phairas-vocals, Michael Moynahan-trumpet, vocals, Timothy Moynahan-trombone, Charlie Unkeless-trumpet, Eli Chenevert-violin, Kanoa Ichinayagi-violin, Henrik Schulz-cello, Josh Herbst-drums, Austin NicholSEN-bass, John Nevolo-guitar, Kahlil Sabbah-keys, guitar, Danny Moynahan-maestro

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

Saturday February 25, 1:00PM - **The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth.** Mountaineer, scout, pioneer, and Chief of the Crow Nation of Native Americans. Written by Mark Weston, presented by Arnold Weiss. Mar Vista Branch Library, 12006 Venice Bl. 310-390-3454, FREE.



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Location Guide

is suspicious.

THIS PAPER IS A POEM

