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# Perfect Partnerships Provide Provisions during the Pandemic

By Enyaj Pitchford.

This past Wednesday I had the pleasure of having a quick chat with Eleutarrio, aka Eleu Navarro, a long time community activist, Master Gardener, father and food distributor to those in

need. He helped create an alliance with the Christian Scientist Church on Pacific and Brooks in Venice, which provides the space and the insurance to run a very successful food program. He brought in the Venice Equity Alliance (VEA, run by dedicated BeachHead staffer Jon Wolff), who provides the bulk of the food in his truck each Wednesday, come rain or shine, and Food Cycle LA, who serve as the broker between them and the different stores that donate food. The program has been going on for over a year and a half. People line up at 12 pm each Wednesday afternoon at the Church and are never disappointed. Lots of people help set up and get the boxes of food from the cars to the tables and ready for the crowd to come and

Everyone leaves with their bags over full with fine produce and other goodies. It's a great balance of skill and spontaneity that keeps this collaborative effort fun and effective.

Thank you all!

# **ARE YOU HUNGRY?** FREE FOOD AT VENICE **BEACH**

(Times and places occasionally change)

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

:::(These organizations all need your donations and help)::: THANKS

### THE VENICE SIGN STORY

By Jon Wolff

The following is from a recent conversation with Venice Sign Restoration Team Project Manager Todd von Hoffmann.

In late 2003, the Venice Centennial was coming up. Venice resident Todd von Hoffmann saw a need to preserve Venice History. He had loaned historic Venice artifacts to the popular bar Danny's on Windward Avenue in Venice Beach. He had postcards showing the Venice Sign that had hung across Windward in the time of Venice Founder Abbot Kinney. The buildings that held the original sign were still there on Windward and Pacific and, in fact, the ring bolts that once held the sign were plainly visible. Restoring the Venice Sign seemed natural. Von Hoffmann pitched an idea to Sandy Kievman, the field deputy for then L.A. City Councilperson Cindy Miscikowski about re-creating the Venice Sign.

Von Hoffmann studied old photographs to figure out how big the sign letters were, and he and his team made cardboard cutouts to determine the right size by comparing them with overlaps on a computer. The building owners agreed to make the project happen, and two Venetian-owned companies helped out, chiefly Pat Wojciekowski of DesignTown USA and Kip Smith of sign manufacturer Heaven Or Las

Everyone in Venice came together, and people volunteered countless hours to the Venice Sign effort. They formed a Venice Sign Committee. They received a \$10,000 grant from LA Beautification. The Garacochea family lent the newly empty Pioneer Bakery space for a benefit fundraiser that raised over \$9,000, thanks to a performance by the band VENICE. Their newly elected champion was Councilperson Bill Rosendahl in the form of his Field Deputy Mark-Antonio Grant who saw the proposal and famously said, "All I can tell you is, THIS is going to happen."

Von Hoffmann contacted the Hollywood Sign Trust who generously shared their trademark, licensing, and organization structure. Why reinvent the wheel after all? Venice Chamber of Commerce President Robert Feist arranged for the Sign Committee to come under the umbrella of the Chamber with fiscal receivership status, meaning autonomous budget and decision making. As the Chamber is a for-profit entity (501c6) this would be a temporary arrangement until a similar Hollywood Trust type non-profit 501c3 could be formed befitting the cultural status of the sign.

Ann Everest of General Real Estate Management (the Scharffs had been early supporters) stepped continued on page 3

Bonin Recall Shenanigans, and how some Democrats ally with Republicans. by Eric Ahlberg

Support Independent Community Journalism

OK so I joined Team Bonin. It was an easy choice for me to make, given that all the wrong people were against him and they were posting slander and lies about him across social media. On his team are some younger Bernistas. My Team Bonin peeps seem like really good progressives. I was happy to join a team that mostly worked in social media. You should too, imagine what you could do.

My goal was to get some help deconstructing the narratives that many locals were promoting on social media. I was quickly rewarded with the exposé that Republican operatives were doing the heavy lifting of financing the signature campaign, and that this was part of Republican efforts to recall, Governor Gavin Newsome (recall failed), Seattle City Council member and Alternative Socialist Party member, Kshama Sawant (recall failed). Now San Francisco Public Defender Chesa Boudin, George Gascon, and Mike Bonin are still being targeted.

The Republicans have been doing this for years because they think lower turnouts for recall elections give them a better chance of unseating Democrats. They seem to have found some allies in Venice, or should we say they found each other. Mark Ryavec tried to unseat Mike Bonin in the last CD11 election and failed. Did he need help from the party that won't account for their Jan 6 2021 insurrection? There are few Republicans on the Westside, and running as a Republican is toxic for political campaigns in most of California, and perhaps most so in Venice.

What we do find are Democrats In Name Only, DINOs, who support some liberal talking points, but also pander to fear of crime, and particularly the fear of the encampments of poor people, and they are in opposition to Permanent Supportive Housing being built in Venice.

There was begat the DINO - Republican alliance. Imagine you were a Libertarian Republican, WTF do you do after Trump has drained all the air in the room? Imagine you were a rich Republican Conservative...or actor, how could manifest your destiny?... By beating on popular liberals, the entire Republican Party knows that, and nearly all Republicans love that, and so they begat several recalls, by blaming all the people sleeping under bridges and stealing bicycles on Liberal Democrats. They have a sort of wicked glee about it.

About \$170,000 was spent on the Recall Signature campaign. That is more than was spent on the last CD11 election. The campaign was funded by a 501c4 which can hide their donor list. All to hire pro signature gatherers to tell everyone to save the homeless by signing this petition.

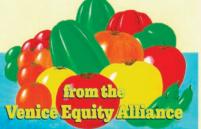
The disposition of the Recall is up to the City Clerk to verify the signatures and report by January 18, 2022. They must schedule the recall election. Mark Ryavec suggested that they might just merge it with the June Primary, which wouldn't be good for the recallers. A separately scheduled recall election would cost about \$1,000,000.

This campaign is interesting in that there is money and political consultancy in the play. Who is run-

continued on page 3



132 Brooks Ave in Venice





132 Brooks Ave en Venice

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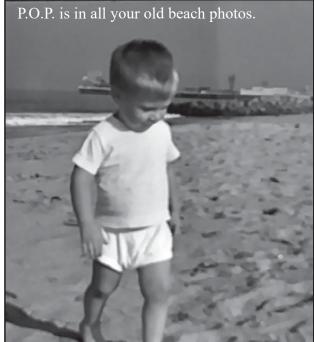
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### DISPLAY CASE AT VENICE LIBRARY FEATURES BLACK HISTORY

By Jon Wolff

With Los Angeles Public Libraries currently open for in-person visits, the Abbot Kinney Branch Library on Venice Boulevard will once again be available in February for the annual Black History Month display in the lobby display case.

For years, library patrons in Venice have enjoyed the pictures and information provided by the Venice activist group Save Venice. The display has included historical photographs of early Black families in Venice who are the ancestors of the Venice Black Community today. The newspaper selections have told the history of the struggles and accomplishments of the Black Community in Venice. Save Venice plans to install an especially informative and enjoyable exhibit this year.

Save Venice is the group that has worked for over four years to reclaim the historic First Baptist Church of Venice. The church served as a spiritual and cultural beacon for the Venice Black Community for decades until it was fraudulently sold to private owners in 2017. The volunteers of Save Venice were able to secure historic monument designation for the church this past year. The church stands as a symbol of Black History in Venice. The 2022 library display will include images of the church and its founders.

Make time to visit the Abbot Kinney Branch Library in February to see the display. Both adults and youth will benefit from this unique Venice experience.

# Venice Equity Alliance Opposition to Sweeps

Venice Equity Alliance (VEA)

stands strongly in solidarity with unhoused residents in Venice and across Los Angeles, and works to promote and defend the human rights of people forced to live on the streets and sidewalks due to the housing affordability crisis and other forms of oppression in our City.

VEA members regularly work alongside unhoused residents in multiple ways, providing water and food, care and support among neighbors, know your rights outreach and education, monitoring of police and sanitation activities among unhoused communities, and more. We are deeply committed and aware of the daily struggles faced by those without housing, among which government-sanctioned "sweeps" are the most brutal and unjust.

VEA is adamantly opposed to any version of "sweeps" of encampments or other public spaces where unhoused people live or regularly occupy. These "sweeps" have taken multiple forms over the past many years. We oppose the criminalization of homelessness via police (LAPD, Sheriff, others) interactions, including arrests, citations or harassment focused on forced displacement or other threats of enforcement. We oppose the methods that City Sanitation has employed, as they have generally used harassment, citations, and illegal or improper seizure of people's belongings instead of cleaning the streets and assisting unhoused residents in cleaning. We oppose the lack of posted and written notices within Special Enforcement Cleaning Zones (SECZ) 24 hours prior to "sweeps" and "comprehensive cleanings". We oppose the use of park rangers to threaten and remove unhoused people from public parks, and especially oppose the efforts to arm park rangers with guns. And we oppose any similar effort by government or their contracted agencies to arrest, cite or otherwise forcibly remove people from public space while Los Angeles continues to have the most dire lack of affordable and supportive housing options, or even shelter options, of any large city in the country.

VEA instead supports and promotes a health and housing-based approach to homelessness in our communities. When housing, or appropriate shelter, is available to a resident, all efforts must be made to assist people in moving into housing or shelter they have individually determined is acceptable.

When housing or appropriate shelter is not available, which is unfortunately most of the time, the City should focus on providing basic health infrastructure and services such as water, restrooms, showers, COVID prevention, street based health care services, and others as well as provide respectful street cleaning services that promote health and safety for unhoused residents.

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# Venice Justice Committee's Free Legal Clinic and Venice Equity Alliance

December 18, 2020, Ocean Front Walk By Laddie Williams

The Venice Justice Committee offers free legal clinics to the unhoused, representation in court for violation tickets handed out by LAPD, charging of phones, and providing other services or referrals. Venice Equity Alliance (VEA) assists in food giveaways of fresh bread, fruits, and veggies every Wednesday at the Christian Science Church in Venice, assisting families in the Venice Community in whatever way they need assistance. The two groups joined together and met on Ocean Front Walk to hand out food, clothing, blankets, and legal advice to the unhoused people of Venice, Ocean Front Walk, and surrounding communities in Venice.

Peggy Kennedy states, "At the last Venice Justice Committee clinic one of the attorneys acted on behalf of one of our clients by addressing a disability rights violation by a local social service provider."

Lydia Ponce states, "Many people have clothing, blankets, and much on shelves in closets never used. We, VEA, volunteered to offer much comfort to our unhoused relatives. Donations are always appreciated by everyone."

There was "joy" and "happiness" and "appreciation" that the people of Ocean Front Walk were fed, clothed, given blankets and warm clothes, along with hope from the Venice Justice Committee about their rights. Venice Equity Alliance gave "LOVE". It was shown to the people, all wrapped up into one event. It was a joyous time during the holiday

Thank you Venice Justice Free Legal Committee, and Venice Equity Alliance. "Venice Lives."

Venice Sign - continued from page 1

up to loan the Sign Committee monies needed to complete the project as well as provide their construction facilitator and contractor. Daniel Samakow was instrumental in coordinating the completion of the project. To repay GRM, Samakow and von Hoffmann designed a Venice Sign plaque that hung in Danny's. Donors could sponsor a bulb while local organizations could sponsor a letter (\$100 and \$500 respectively). Through their efforts, donors quickly came in and their names were added to the plaque.

The project complete, Venice celebrated the first lighting of the sign in 2007. VENICE took the stage again and L.A. City Councilperson Bill Rosendahl and Ted Lieu pulled a giant knife switch that the Committee had rigged. A great night for Venice.

Then came the downward spiral. While new Chamber President Alex Rosales was the first to complain about monies still needed to repay GRM, he and other chamber members did little or nothing to find new donors. David Moring (who joined the Sign Committee and then attempted to appoint himself chairman) reported repeatedly to the Chamber Board that the Sign Committee was a Chamber sub-committee and not under fiscal receivership. This falsehood became the "truth" to new chamber members.

Sign Committee meetings became increasingly frustrating for von Hoffmann. A plaque honoring the Venice Sign Restoration created to celebrate the Centennial of Abbot Kinney's Venice-of-America had long been discussed. Donna Lasman, Moring, and Rosales designed their own plaque declaring Chamber ownership of the Venice Sign trademark and warning against use without permission. This was done behind the back of von Hoffmann and Samakow. Venice arch-villain Carl Lambert spoke to Jose Bunge who agreed to have it mounted on his building. Bunge told von Hoffmann later that he was under the impression that he (von Hoffmann) was aware of this. Von Hoffmann raised hell with Lasman who said he had been copied on the emails, which was a falsehood. She could not produce one.

At a subsequent Sign meeting, Moring and Lasman announced that they had granted new licenses for use of the Venice Sign trademark to several businesses, which came as a surprise to von Hoffmann and Samakow, as these had never been discussed in

continued on page 5



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Election Shenanigans - continued from page 1 ning? This is still up in the air, as the shape of the election and the recall forms, but both Traci Park, and Jim Murez have declared candidacy for the CD11 seat.

Traci Park has a video interview Rise Together, an organization which shares the downtown office suite address of Reed and Davidson, a full service Political Consultancy. They are for hire and appear non-partisan, the better to work for both parties.Her video is not impressive. Did she hire them or were they vetting her? But the consultancy's job is to sell the candidate, for a substantial fee. This would include whatever the candidate can afford, mailers, social media managers, interview bookings, coach-

Here is a quote from her website (tracipark.com): "Traci is running for City Council because our City needs new leadership and the time for change is NOW! Broken promises and failed ideas on bedrock issues have shattered the relationship between the City and its residents – and our problems have spiraled out of control. For too long, current leadership has ignored the voices of the families and businesses that make up our district. It's time for that to change." This is rhetorical boilerplate for any challenger, coming on with a negative campaign.

Who's gonna buy Jim Murez a political campaign? He has similar rhetoric about the failures of the City. If they both run they would split the opposition vote, good for Bonin.

Both will need to crank up the rhetoric to get media attention.

The challengers and the recallers both try to leverage crime to blame the incumbent, another rhetorical trope for the ages. There was the alleged attack on Buscaino, at his press conference on Venice Beach, and blamed on Angel, a young woman who was camping nearby, and who only dropped her knife. Ryavec was present at this. The police reacted when she picked up the knife and forcibly wrested it out of her hands. She was not threatening anybody and nowhere near near Buscaino. His campaign manager saw the opportunity to make the boring press conference, which was denouncing the beach encampments, into a viral story, where Buscaino was attacked. Fake news 102, improvisation? There was the dog that was burned, an act that was attributed to poor campers down the street, without evidence or police confirmation.

Every crime in Venice is blamed on the city not doing it's job keeping the streets safe. Skyrocketing crime is blamed on houseless campers.

It's easy to repeat over and over until many believe it. Reliable crime statistics are hard to find, LAPD only lists calls and arrests, so it is hard to construct trend data to support the "skyrocketing crime" meme. The LAPD is very political in their public information, telling some stories that they are suceeding at fighting crime, but they will use inflated statistics to scare the audience, to ask for support to do more, to lobby to protect their funding.

Sure, people are frustrated that poor indigent people are living in tents in our neighborhoods. They are as criminal and crazy as the people in houses. If anybody camping on the street is held illegal, then all poor campers are criminals. This is the crime that the recallers seem most agitated about, it's their strongest and most passionate issue. Bonin's been too lenient. We need the sheriff to run those varmits out of town. Children — cal exercise, for they must always be processive witnessing poor people and their desperate acts. out of town. Children are also props in this rhetorical exercise, for they must always be protected from Therefore no supportive housing can be built close to children. Appealing to parental protection, with anedotal stories of past and future tradgedies, it is well worn rhetorical scheme. Be afraid. The core well worn rhetorical scheme. Be afraid. The core brand of Fascism.

In National and

In National and State Democratic platforms it is called for housing to be built for the poor in every odistrict. Yet Democratic constituents can be Ken and Karen obstructionists on this issue.

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### Abbot Kinney-----1850-1900

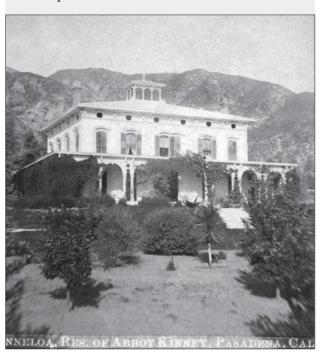
by Marty Schatz

Abbot Kinney, the creator of Venice, California, led a fascinating life, one filled with adventure, scholarly pursuits, public service, and business enterprises. Born in New Brunswick, New Jersey on November 16, 1850, from the time he was a teenager Kinney traveled the world extensively in

After the family moved to Washington D.C. where his father worked as a government lawyer and an uncle served as a U.S. Senator from Connecticut, Abbot, just 16 years old, was sent to Europe to finish his education. Over the next three years he studied in France, Germany, and Switzerland. It was while he was in Switzerland in 1869 that he went on a walking tour of Italy and first witnessed the grandeur of Venice. This experience made a lasting impression on him.

Among his many talents, young Kinney had a knack for picking up foreign languages. By the time he was an adult he could speak six languages fluently: English, Spanish, Italian, French, German, and Arabic. The last of these he acquired while acting as a purchasing agent for the Kinney Brothers Tobacco Company, a highly successful company started in 1874 by his older brother Francis, with headquarters in Manhattan, New York. For several years in the later 1870's Abbot was stationed in Alexandria, Egypt and then in Macedonia, purchasing Turkish tobacco and shipping it to the Kinney Brothers factory in New York, where it was mixed with domestic tobacco and rolled into cigarettes. When the Kinney Brothers Tobacco Company was sold to the much larger American Tobacco Company in 1890 both brothers became very wealthy.

A life-long asthmatic, Kinney struggled with the extreme temperatures and humidity on the East Coast and for many years sought a climate that would be conducive to his respiratory wellbeing. After one lengthy trip to Australia and the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii now), he arrived in San Francisco in the winter of 1880, intending to take the railroad back east to visit family and spend time in Florida. But nature had other ideas. Huge snow drifts in the Sierra Nevada Mountains closed all east-west railroad traffic so, stuck on the West Coast, Kinney began exploring the area. One day while in San Jose he met a woman who informed him that there was a facility in Southern California which offered effective treatment for people with respiratory ailments, the Sierra Madre Hotel, located just outside Pasadena. With time on his hands, Kinney purchased a round-trip railroad ticket to Los Angeles thinking he would check out this facility and then return to San Francisco. Lo and behold, he was so smitten with the climate in this locale and the beneficial effect it had on his breathing that he made up his mind to settle here. Purchasing a 550- acre piece of property from an old beekeeper, he built a large home and planted thousand of citrus trees. He called the farm "Kinneloa," or "Kinney Hill" in Hawaiian. Needless to say, Kinney never used the "return" portion of his railroad ticket.



Kinneloa

During the period when Kinneloa was under construction Kinney would sometimes stay at the Kimball Mansion, a boardinghouse located in the nascent downtown area of Los Angeles. Once, while staying there he met another resident of the boarding house-- a woman, 20 years his senior, who earned a living as a travel writer. She had a passionate interest in the injustices suffered by the "Mission Indians" at the hands of white settlers and the U.S. Government. Her name was Helen Hunt Jackson. Sensing a sympathetic soul in Kinney, and impressed with his fluency in Spanish and knowledge of land laws, she invited him to travel with her on a 6 week fact-finding junket to several Indian villages lying between Los Angeles and San Diego. With the help of Jackson's friend, Edward Teller, who was head of the U.S. Department of the Interior at that time, they were hired by the U.S. Government to visit these villages, determine the conditions of the indigenous population living there, and recommend any lands they might be relocated to if they had to move. Their report, filed in 1883, eventually led to Congressional passage of the Mission Indian Act in 1891. Equally, if not more importantly, many of the events and scenes they witnessed on their travels made their way into Jackson's best selling novel, Ramona. At once a story of cross-cultural romance a la Romeo and Juliet, a historical treatise on the Spanish and Mexican occupation of Alta California, and an indictment of those who perpetuated gross injustices upon the Native American population, Ramona led to awareness of and protections for the Mission Indians. The book ultimately influenced tens of thousand of people to migrate to southern California, and motivated people to preserve and restore the Spanish Missions that dated back to 1769.

While Jackson died tragically less than two years after the publication of her novel, she hoped Abbot Kinney would become a full-time Indian agent and look after the best interests of her beloved Mission Indians. Kinney, however, had other ideas. In 1884 he accepted an appointment to a three year term as the very first Chairman of California's Board of Forestry. A deep thinker on the subject of Forest and Water management, in his capacity as Chairman Kinney railed against private interests at the expense of the public good, disparaged inefficient government practices, and appealed for a more scientific management of public resources. Among his achievements during this period was the establishment of the first experimental forestry station in the United States, located in Rustic Canyon in Santa Monica. In addition, along with his friend John Muir, Kinney helped establish the San Gabriel Reserve as a protected area. Today this area is known as the Angeles National Forest.

Finally, Kinney would later publish two books summarizing his forestry work, Eucalyptus (1895) and Forest and Water (1900).

During his tenure with the Board of Forestry Kinney often traveled to Sacramento to present reports to the state legislature. It was on one of these trips that he met his future wife, Margaret, the daughter of a California Supreme Court Judge. Maggie, as she was known, came to live with Abbot at Kinneloa. However, summertime temperatures were so oppressive they decided to build a home in Santa Monica and live there during the summer months. Located at Ocean Avenue and Margueritte St, "Mayflower Cottage," as it was affectionately called, became Kinney's first base of operations on the Westside.

In the years that followed Abbot Kinney broadened his investments in real estate. He purchased the land we now know as "Pacific Palisades" but sold it to Henry Huntington, the railroad magnate, during a downturn in the economy. He also owned buildings in downtown Los Angeles on Spring Street and the Abbotsford Inn on the corner of 8th and Hope streets. Moreover he purchased property in the West Adams district, which was then considered the "country",

Abbot Kinney: 1900-1905

by Marty Schatz

At the turn of the new century Abbot Kinney was nearing his 50th birthday. By this time he had traveled extensively, built himself a fine home called "Kinneloa", sought to mitigate the injustices inflicted upon the "Mission Indians', oversaw the California Board of Forestry, published 4 books, and became a real estate developer. As if this wasn't enough to keep him busy, on Jan. 6, 1900 he launched yet another venture, a weekly newspaper he both owned and for which he wrote editorials. The newspaper debuted as The Saturday Post.

The first issue of The Post Abbot Kinney stated the mission of the newspaper: "The Saturday Post occupies a position unique in the field of local journalism. By reason of its being a high-class literary weekly story paper, it will satisfy a demand where there is no competition---The Saturday Post is the only paper of this character on the Pacific Coast. Realizing the public demand for a better class of literature than that which is ordinarily furnished the family, through the medium of the daily or society paper, the management has secured copyrights of the best and most absorbing short stories and serials of modern gifted pens."

Thus, in future issues one could always find a serialized story written by Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, or a number of other writers popular in this period of time. In this respect, it resembled an earlier form of Readers' Digest. But it also included "News of the Week," brief stories about local and statewide events, and quite a bit of advertising, including ads for Abbot Kinney's books (Eucalyptus, Forest and Water, Twilight Until Dawn) and real estate ventures. At this time he owned the Abbotsford Inn on the corner of 8th St. and Hope in downtown Los Angeles, parcels of land in the West Adams district (then considered "the country"), as well as an interest in the resort at Ocean Park. All of these ventures were advertised in The Saturday Post.

The Oct. 13, 1900 edition of the paper saw a new feature: a banner on p. 10 proclaimed, in large bold-faced lettering..... "Editorial Comments on Current Events, Abbot Kinney".

For the next four years Kinney wrote, each week, a full page of his views on a variety of world, national, state, and local issues he deemed to be vitally important. On the international front he wrote pieces on the Boer situation in South Africa, The Unity of the Spanish Speaking Nations, Russian designs on Macedonia and Manchuria, and the cultural practices of the Chinese. The scope and depth of his appreciation of these issues is quite remarkable, whether you agree with his positions or not. He was continued on page 5

developing a subdivision called "Kinney Heights", an area where many Craftsman style homes still stand today. Later, along with partner Francis Ryan, he would purchase a swath of beach property extending from what is today Ocean Park into what was then called the Ballona salt marshes, today we call this "Venice".

In the neighborhood of Ocean Park (now incorporated into Santa Monica), Kinney and Ryan built a pier and a country club, established tennis and polo tournaments, and sold building lots to eager vacationers and year-round residents alike. Trolley service was provided by the Pacific Red Cars to downtown Los Angeles and the future looked bright. But then Francis Ryan, who was only 47, had a fatal heart attack and things changed. His widow married H. Dudley, who soon thereafter sold his share of the business to a syndicate who Abbot Kinney could not see eye to eye with. They agreed to have a coin toss, whose winner would get to choose between retaining the developed Ocean Park area or taking on the thoroughly undeveloped swamp area to the south. Kinney won the toss and all who were present felt sure he would choose the developed area. But Kinney surprised them, choosing instead the marshy area favored by duck hunters. And thus, a long ago dream of building a "Venice-of-America" began to take shape.

Abbot Kinney - continued from page 4 also very concerned with the consequences of the Monroe Doctrine as it related to the Philippines and Cuba. In the same Oct. 13th, 1900 issue, he wrote editorials entitled "Open San Clemente Island," "Street Railroad Franchise," "Restriction of Suffrage," "Public and Private Laws," and "The Future of Local Real Estate". In the March 10th issue Abbot Kinney writes an article called "The Value of Our Climate," in which he claims that Southern California has the best climate of anywhere in the world:

Southern California alone possesses an all-the-year-around climate for the world's civilizers. Think of the extremes of cold and blizzard in the East and the other extremes of debilitating summer heat in such cities as New York and St. Louis and then think of San Diego, Redondo, Oceanpark, Santa Monica, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, whose residents are never locked into closed rooms by frost or sun-fire.

He then goes on to speak about the extreme heat in South American locations such as Buenos Aires and Montevideo. Kinney concludes his editorial by stating: "There are people

living here today who will see a million inhabitants in Southern California here for its climate". Oh, if Kinney could see what SoCal looks like today!

During the first year of publication The Saturday Post had a circulation of 11,000 per week. The paper was normally between 15 to 20 pages in length. On April 27, 1901 Kinney changed the name of the paper to "Los Angeles Saturday Post," and it remained with this name until its last issue on Feb. 24, 1906.

By now there were recurring weekly columns, such as In the Theater, the Woman's Department, the Automobile Department, and the Camera. In contrast to other dailies or weeklies, there were no sports pages, though Kinney did recount in the July 11, 1903 issue a series of tennis matches in which he took part at his resort at Ocean Park.

There is no doubt that Kinney saw his role as a promoter of all things Southern California. He touted the fabulous climate here, the abundance of fresh fruits and vegetables, the magnificence of the mountains, desert, and ocean, and the charm of its many communities. Beginning with the Oct. 27, 1900 issue of The Saturday Post, Kinney dedicated specific issues to promoting a distinct locale. In this issue we are treated to a complete history of Pasadena. In other issues we are regaled by tales of San Diego, Loma Linda, Ocean Park, Santa Barbara, Long Beach, Redondo Beach, San Pedro, and Santa Monica. These issues tended to be longer. For example, the May 25, 1901 issue had 24 pages. Long Beach was featured in the June 15, 1901 issue of the Los Angeles Saturday Post and it had 32 pages! These locale features also displayed full page photos or collages of photos on the front page.

As time went on, Kinney newspaper contained more and more advertising. Not only did he advertise his own books and properties for sale, there were a myriad of ads selling most anything you could think of. Beginning in the Feb. 6, 1904 issue, a full page of "Classified Advertisements" appeared. Among the services offered were: florists, physicians, hotels and rooming houses, detectives, employment offices, mediums and palmists, investments, pianos, dentists, legal, wines, bath houses, wallpaper, vegetarian restaurant, steam laundry, groceries, etc. The William H. Hoegee took out a full page ad listing all items you would find in a sporting goods store/outdoor store. There were guns and ammunition, hunting and fishing clothing, fish netting, hunting boats, tennis, golf, baseball, football, boxing, and croquet supplies. Also offered for sale were rubber and canvas horse blankets, oiled horse

covers, and burlap by the bale. In this era when the automobile began to replace horses and carriages, it's fascinating to see the overlap appearing in the classifieds.

W.K. Cowan advertised the sale of the Waverly No. 21 Electric Vehicle, touting it as "The Most Remarkable Electric Vehicle Ever Produced." He claims it "Runs 60 miles on a charge. Weighs about 850 lbs. Cost but a half cent a mile."

In the early months of 1904, just as construc-

tion on the new town of Venice-In-America was commencing, Abbot Kinney used his newspaper to wage war on the Southern California Fruit Growers Association and, in particular, its president, A.H. Naftzger. On the front page of the February 27th issue of the Los Angeles Saturday Post the banner now exclaimed the new campaign against the Fruit trusts and the railroads that supported them with the words—Fruit, Forest, and Farm. Below he directly addresses Orange Growers, saying:

Great Problems Facing Them— The Industry in Danger—Excessive Freight Rates Sapping Out Its Life—Millions of Dollars Lost to the Fruit Shippers as a Result of Cheap Cars and Poor Car Service for which they Pay an Exorbitant

Rate—Growers Must Demand Relief and Demand It in Such a Way as to Compel Attention and Action

The Post Enters into the Fight for the Growers—It is in the Fight to Stay and Win

Beginning with this declaration of war, every subsequent issue carried on the fight against the Fruit Growers Association. Eventually Abbot Kinney managed to persuade government officials to convene a panel of six commissioners—3 chosen by Kinney and the other 3 by the Fruit Growers Association—in order to render a verdict on the charges Kinney alleged. Despite the massive effort Kinney mounted to win his war, the August 24th issue of the Los Angeles Herald proclaimed:

Board of Inquiry Exonerates Head of Southern California Fruit Agency

Abbot Kinney's Charges Do Not Convince Commissioners

The article below this headline states each of the six charges Kinney brought against A.H. Naftzger and the Fruit Growers Association—all of which were dismissed. After this embarrassing loss and with his Venice project in full swing, Kinney seems to have lost interest in the newspaper. He relinquished much of his editorial duties to Frank Peltret, the Post's manager, while the newspaper continued for another year and a half before its final issue appeared on February 24, 1906, In its pages there was no acknowledgment that this was the final issue nor a reason given for its demise. It just ceased publication.



including questions about emergency measure related to COVID-19. To receive free legal assistance please contact

cwlc@cwlc.org or (323) 951-1041 to schedule your reservation.



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Venice Sign - continued from page 3 committee. Moring announced that they had created their own sub-committee. This was an amazing confession of bald-faced deceit to von Hoffmann and the generally non-confrontative Samakow. It was apparent that Lasman, Moring, and Rosales were working toward one goal: Complete control of the Venice Sign and eradication of those who did the work to restore it.

At another Sign Committee meeting, Moring presented von Hoffmann with the next big lie. He reported that he and Lasman had concluded that the Restoration Team had lied about the fundraising, and reported as much to the Chamber Board. This was years after the fact, and they had not contacted anyone (GRM, LA Beautification, Mark-Antonio Grant) to corroborate before making this accusation. When von Hoffmann demanded to see the Chamber Board to dispel this blatant falsehood, Moring's response was, "We don't have to meet with you." Alex Rosales, when informed of the accusation, wrote von Hoffmann back saying, "Sorry you feel that way."

Von Hoffmann went directly to Rosales' place of business, Control Printing. Moring and Lasman had convinced Rosales, again with no corroboration, that the monies raised by the band VENICE fundraiser were, in fact, monies from the Chamber. Believing the lie, Rosales saw no reason for von Hoffmann to have his "day in court". Todd von Hoffmann called this slanderous and said that the City had overseen the project for years, all above board, and that the Committee was composed of volunteers who were never in it for the money. Von Hofffmann gave copies of the financial report to the Chamber board. But the Chamber continued to perpetuate the lie.

Chamber member David Moring believed that the Venice Sign Committee was a sub-committee of the Chamber. Moring wanted to be the head of the Committee but the people on the Committee insisted that it was a democracy. Todd von Hoffman told him that under fiscal receivership the funds that were raised were not the business of the Chamber. The Chamber's attitude was that the Committee had done a nice job but now the Chamber would take over.

The Venice Sign Committee had accomplished so much independently and the Chamber had done nothing. Then the Chamber put their own plaque on the column under the sign that said that the sign was the property of the Venice Chamber of Commerce and that anyone wishing to use the image of the sign would have to contact the Chamber. Chamber members Donna Lasman, David Moring, and Alex Rosales had their own little committee. Carl Lambert had joined that committee and facilitated the installation of the Chamber's plaque. Moring had got new people to license the image of the sign without the consent of the Venice Sign Committee.

A new Chamber president took office and time went by. The Chamber sent a letter to von Hoffmann firing him from the Venice Sign Committee without ever hearing his side of the story.

Todd von Hoffmann spoke at a Venice Neighborhood Council meeting with members of the Chamber of Commerce on the Council. He told them that they had no business celebrating anything with the Venice sign until they answered for their actions. They only remained silent and hoped the issue would just go away.

With new business interests coming to Venice every year, the Chamber of Commerce is always busy courting anyone with money. Newcomers may think that it was the Chamber that restored the sign and that they alone are responsible for it. There are sign lighting events, but the individuals on the stage taking bows are liars and frauds. They have their pictures on the Chamber website proclaiming their leadership in Venice. But leadership can't exist in a moral vacuum.







Tony Eudave - 1963 Chevy Impala - Cinco de Mayo/Penmar Park - Venice, Cal. All photos above by Todd Von Hoffman

# Venice Photo & Film by Gerry Fialka

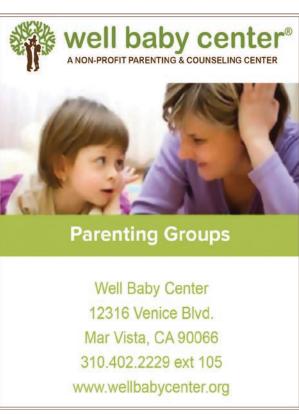
Venice is rich ground for photography and film. Every year we celebrate our community with award-winning Venice photographers and filmmakers, who explore landscapes of the human psyche and push pictorial representation beyond! Examine the trance-inducing transforming power of cameras in town by way of fiery discussion. Join us Saturday, Jan 22 at 2pm online for The 19th VENICE FILM FEST and Jan 29 at 2pm for The 12th POETRY OF VENICE PHOTOGRAPHY Laughtears.com RSVP: pfsuzy@aol.com for link.

As far as I am concerned, taking photographs is a means of understanding which cannot be separated from other means of visual expression. It is a way of shouting, of freeing oneself, not of proving or asserting one's originality. It is a way of life." - Henri Cartier-Bresson http://truecenterpublishing.com/photopsy/decisive moment.htm

"Sculpture as place" - Carl Andre, who also said in 1968: "The photograph is a lie. I'm afraid we get a great deal of our exposure to art through magazines and through slides, and I think this is dreadful, this is anti- art because art is a direct experience with something in the world and photography is just a rumor, a kind of pornography of art."

In the book Understanding Media, the chapter entitled Photography: The Brothel Without Walls, Marshall McLuhan writes: Awareness of the transforming power of the photo is often embodied in popular stories like the one about the admiring continued on page 8







Artwork above by Jon Wolff

Venice, What a bitch you are! Seducer of many Who upon you hung their star. Having loved your naked alleyways, Still dipped in dew at dawn. Racing my bike, free as the breeze Gleaning elderberries and herbs with ease Why did you let them wipe away your mystery? With botox lips, you've slipped into an endless strip mall! With eco flair and vegan ware Gouging paychecks into the biosphere. Still, I remember your enchanting shaded streets, Where ficus roots ripped apart, and hewed Ancient stones of concrete dappled in chicory and filaree blues

And yellows of dandelion and sour grass hues!

Now bare and leveled and emptied of all heart! But I still remember the electric lines, ashen and hoary adorned with relentless blue saucer morning glory And hippies sprouting the seeds to make a natural LSD. Now wannabe sham mans gather at Cafe' Ingratitude Shopping for fools who fork up 250\$ for flight to the moon With Botox babes with silicon boobs They replaced the barefoot natural beauties, who, with their unconscious splendor. shook the Muse. and drew the World to taste of it's blissful bender. But now, though creativity flows freely from a tap, An endless assortment of the best of this and that Smoke filled rooms, edibles People pay, night and day to keep getting higher and higher, Which only lasts between their endless search to fulfill empty desires, For the loss of She has left such a gap In the societal cloth, so oft torn and rendered

That the Muse has forgotten how to truly surrender. The noose of high rents enrages their souls, but this truth, they dare not vent Why, I do not know? Instead their anger befalls the unhoused, who in squalor sprawl. And few are left to defend the right of the poor

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to live anywhere at all... Because truth be told, all that glitters, is not gold and the beaches cannot be bought and sold But are entrusted to generations to care for as time unfolds. And one day, as we all know Change will come, and karma will show That the earth will shake just a little harder. And the wind will howl a lot louder. And the waves shall roll faster and higher. And all the falseness of Babylon will fall once again. The drunken clown of Rose, will fall on its head! Venice, you Bitch, I have patience for your return! And how I shall dance on the grave of your resurrection. Releasing the dove to ride upon the wings of the

Once again, your sweetness will return. SELAH

By Enyaj Pitchford

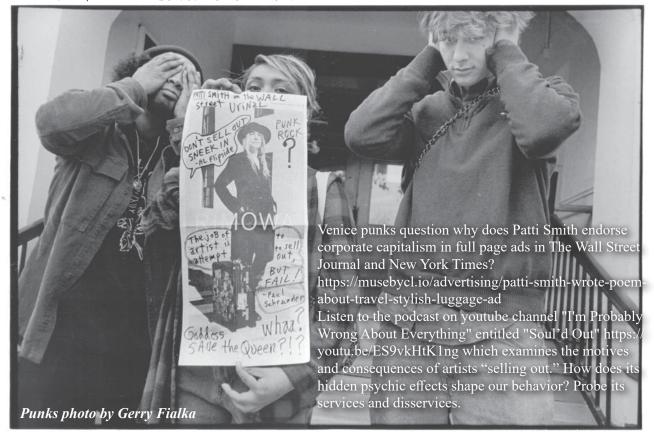
Eagle's insurrection.



A Wildly Colorful Year - 2022 Fine Art Calendar

We have featured Frank Strasser in the Beachhead many times, he is one of our favorite Venice Artists. Here you can buy this colorful calendar of his paintings. You can put it on the wall, or take it apart and hang them separately. They always make me smile about my Venice. https://www.frankstrasserfineart. com/shop?





Venice Photo - continued from page 6

friend who said, "My, that's a fine child you have there!" Mother: "Oh, that's nothing. You should see his photograph."

In Camera Lucida: Reflections on Photography, Roland Barthes writes, "By attesting that the object has been real, the photograph surreptitiously induces belief that it is alive ...; but by shifting this reality to the past ('this-has-been'), the photograph suggests that it is already dead." He goes on to argue that every photograph, "whether or not the subject is already dead," suggests death, since by capturing a specific moment, that moment and the person who experienced it immediately become a part of the past, something that will never exist again. Once someone is photographed, that photograph, and everything it captures, ceases to exist as it is, and becomes instead a verification that it has existed. "The photograph does not necessarily say what is no longer, but only and for certain what has been." Barthes: "In photography, the presence of the thing (at a certain past moment) is never metaphoric." Simply, Boyhood (the Richard Linklater film) ratifies this boy's existence, an existence that has passed through time and formed according to the moments that he lived. - Philip Conklin

Laszlo Moholy-Nagy: "The real photographer has a great social responsibility. He has to work with these given technical means which cannot be accomplished by any other method. This work is the exact reproduction of everyday facts, without distortion or adulteration. This means that he must work for sharpness and accuracy. The standard of value in photography must be measured, not mere-

value in photography must be measured, not mere-

ly by photographic esthetics, but the human-social intensity of the optical representation."

Photography has become almost as widely practiced an amusement as sex and dancing....So successful has been the camera's role in beautifying the world that photographs, rather than the world, have become the standard of the beautiful...The destiny of photography has taken it far beyond the role to which it was originally thought to be limited: to give more accurate reports on reality (including works of art). Photography is the reality; the real object is often experienced as a letdown. - Susan Sontag

To speak of the image is often to speak of an object with a set of specific boundaries. It is to elevate image to the level of a category. Underlying this approach is the search for the visible. Frozen, the image becomes concrete. The visible can be named. What then happens to motion and to the passage of time? Are the configurations on the screen, the patterns of light and dark, the flowing presence and absence of people and objects, an image? Can this plurality and heterogeneity be reduced to the singular? Should it be? The concrete image can then become like a word or like a text. - Ron Burnett

To understand the medium of the photograph is quite impossible, then, without grasping its relations to other media, both old and new. For media, as extensions of our physical and nervous systems, constitute a world of biochemical interactions that must ever seek new equilibrium as new extensions occur. In America, people can tolerate their images in mirror or photo, but they are made uncomfortable by the recorded sound of their own voices. The photo and visual worlds are secure areas of anesthesia. - McLuhan http://www.sfu.ca/media-lab/426/

readings/thephoto.htm

The great French critic Andre Bazin noted: "One way of understanding better what a film is trying to say is to know how it is saying it." Explore the hidden psychic effects of photography and film. Join us at Laughtears. com Check out= https://davidhealeyphotography. com/ and https://mydadtakespictures-blog.tumblr. com/



Both Venice Film Fest & Photo shows are live zoom events, free and open to the public. RSVP to Gerry Fial-ka at pfsuzy@aol.com for the zoom links. And check out:

Margaret Molloy's photographs visit: https://www.margaretmolloyphotography.com/

Tim Corvin's films visit: Captain Cloud Productions | Facebook and Captain Cloud Productions (vimeo.com)

Dave Healey's photographs visit: https://davidhealey-photography.com/ and https://mydadtakespictures-blog. tumblr.com

We do media archaeology. Film archivist and experimentalist John Cannizzaro provides this ultra rare 1930's newsreel footage of monkeys, goats and outrageous people on Venice Beach https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LIDkErMdvNI

He has restored Leland Auslender 60's Venice footage Venice Beach circa 1960s https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8jIRb-01ibI&feature=youtu.be

Venice Beach in the Sixties - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A1Y6GYvQ56w

Venice Art Gallery Opening circa early 60s https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bCWp\_-tex-o

Fialka & Bruno Kohfield-Galeano's The Brother Side of the Wake Redux https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=k-Bj0UdpFEWo&t=4s and MoSide https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OakQ2sPXs2c

& https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YM342xK58tM Solomon Turner in Utopia by Farina, Fialka, Turner https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nqAK\_DMz-ZOc&t=15s

Sonny Zorro https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VVt-JvisQDX0

Venice Ralph Trailer by Fialka & Eli Elliott https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=msnvtmTl2WQ

Ned Sloane's Venice history photos at http://nedsloane.smugmug.com/

SEE more PHOTOS by Todd von Hoffman, and Gerry = https://poetryofvenice.shutterfly.com/pictures

Click on "Pictures and Video" at https://poetryofvenice.shutterfly.com/

photos on this page by Dave Healey, except top left.



### Marty Liboff's Alta Caca Songfest

WOULD'A, COULD'A, SHOULD'A -marty liboff Would'a, could'a, should'a JC, Krishna, Allah, Buddha. Maybe if I would'a gave her a kiss she would'a been my miss? Maybe I should'a gone to school then I would'a not be a dumb fool? I could'a done this and I could'a been in bliss. I could'a done that and I could'a been a rich fat cat. If I would'a got that job I would'a not be a poor slob. If I would'a not been raised in a slum maybe I would'a not been a homeless bum. I should'a drove my car straight ahead and I would'a not crashed & be dead. I should'a married someone rich I would'a live in a mansion & not a ditch. I could'a practiced music all day I could'a been in an orchestra today. I should'a bought Tesla stock I would'a not be in hock. If I would'a not been a drunk I would'a not stunk & be in a funk. We all could'a, should'a, would'a we could'a be laughing & singing ha ha ha, la la la...

### I WANT A GIRL

(a love song)-marty liboff

I want a girl to call my own I'm tired of being alone. Women, I want one oh, it could be so much fun. I'm an all American male so why can't I find a gal? I don't need five, eight or ten I only want one sexy woman. One sweet, beautiful miss to hold my hand & give me a kiss. Love, amore, liebe, te amo pretty gals tell me to go blow! Women keep breakin my heart love keeps tearing me apart. I never know what to say then I think of something the next day. I can't find my mate I can't even get a date. Pretty babes everywhere I go I ask em out and they say no! They're at the market, beach & mall they can be fat, skinny, short or tall. I meet em at a party or bar they laugh at me hardy har har har. I meet em at a pool or at school girls think I'm a stupid fool. I meet em on a dating site they see my photo and die of fright. I watch pretty gals go by I say hi and they say bye! I dress up in cool clothes they say I'm short & have a big nose. I buy a fancy sports car they say they want a movie star. Girls get me to spend all my money but none want to be my honey. I go out with a gorgeous gal & she just wants to be a pal. They can be blonde, brunette or redhead I ask em out and they say drop dead! I can't figure why I can't score just because I'm ugly, dumb & poor. I tell her I love her with all my heart she runs when I blast a stinky fart. There ain't no wedding bells just because I'm a boring jerk with smells. When I ask a gal to be my girlfriend I just get a kick in the rear end! Cupid's arrow missed it's target pretty girls say forget it! I try to give her a kiss and a rose I get kicked in the balls & punched in the nose! I'm a big loser all the time that's why I wrote this silly rhyme. Love, love, love is it from the devil or heaven above? Somewhere out there is a girl for me even if she has a tail and lives in a tree. Maybe I'll just get a dog and cat they don't care if If I'm bald & fat. One day I'll meet a girl she'll be a pearl & give me a whirl.

Someday I'll meet my sweet wife and I'll be happy the rest of my life. Oh, I finally found my beloved she's ugly,600 pounds & nuts in the head. But can't you see she loves me! She loves me!

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

\*marty liboff Dogs are man's best friend they love ya till the end. You can have goldfish, gerbils or frogs but there's nothing like dogs. Their ears can hear miles away with balls they like to play. Pooches smell the slightest scent they are Heaven sent. There is nothing cuter than a puppy they always make you happy. You can have a pet bat, rat or gnat and a pet cat is where it's at. But a dog is your pal when you leave they will howl. They protect you and your home that's why I wrote this poem. Bow wow, bark bark, ruff ruff, they'll love ya when times are tough. Dogs take you for a walk they can even lick their own cock. My dog chews up my chairs, shoes & socks he likes to eat steak, chicken, bacon & lox. When he's happy he wags his tail he doesn't like spinach, broccoli or kale. We take a walk when I'm feelin blue and I carry a bag to pick up his doo doo. They like to sniff doggy pee on a fire hydrant, lamp post or tree. Dogs love ya if you're rich or poor whether you're brilliant or a bore. Dogs are very smart but there's nothing worse than a dog fart! Your lover may leave ya alone but your dog will love ya for a bone. When we're sad we don't know how they lick our face and say bow wow. Please rescue dogs from the pound take them home and feed em ground round. An expensive dog or a free mutt they all like to sniff butt. Some people love parrots, snakes and hogs but the greatest and best are dogs. Clifford, Lassie, Pluto, Scooby- Doo Rin Tin Tin, Toto and Snoopy too! Dogs give ya unconditional love they are sent from Heaven above. Dog spelled backwards is God and that ain't odd. So when you pet a pooch give them a smooch.

LOVE IS PARADISE (a love song) -marty liboff See the light your eyes are the stars you have infinite sight our love on Jupiter and Mars. The sun & moon shine the brightest is your soul search & ye shall find let's dance to rock & roll. Life is a dance and a song dancin, dancin, dancin bang your gong romancin, romancin, romancin. Love is in the air try, try, try take a chance and dare and don't ask why. The Big Bang is your heart love is the universe a kiss is the start a galaxy in this verse. We'll dance the night away kissing in the moon light don't ever go, please stay you know our love is right. It's fantastic when 2 are 1 when we both care our love is brighter than the sun we're walkin on air. There's no one else but you I love you more than life I'll always be true through happiness or strife.

Our future is bright our love will last hold me with all your might we'll forget the past. We're swingin in Heaven let's roll the dice just say where and when your love is paradise...

Venice Beach, Venice

Beach (sung to New York, New York) marty liboff Start spreading the booze I'm leavin today I want to be part of it Venice Beach, Venice Beach. Those vagabond shoes are goin to Venice Bay right through the very heart of it Venice Beach, Venice Beach. I want to wake up in a city that doesn't sleep and find I sing for the thrill top of the garbage heap. Those little town blues are melting away I'll make a brand new start of it, in old Venice Beach. If I can fake it there, I can make it anywhere it's up to you, Venice Beach, Venice Beach... I want to wake up shitty drunks & stoners always sleep, and find I do number One top of the pissed, king of the shill a doin number One... The little town blues are melting away I'm gonna make a brand new fart of it in old Venice Beach, and if I can make it there I'm gonna make it anywhere it's up to you Venice Beach, Venice Beach, Venice Beach, Venice Beach...

WILL I LIVE OR DIE -marty liboff-(to-David MD) On the way to surgery today gonna pray, OY VAY! Will I live or die I'm depressed and cry. Will I die during the operation or from an infection or complication? Death always seemed so far away now it could be today! When will I go nobody can really know. Maybe I will get well or off to heaven or hell? We never know when our Time is up we never know what's really up. If I croak who'll feed my dog & cat and take care of this and that? I can spend all my money before I die eat steak, ice cream and pizza pie. Take a trip to Spain, Greece and Rome write a novel and a poem. Go to Vegas and bet it all and if I win spend lots at the mall. Climb Everest & the Matterhorn surf in Hawaii and star in porn. Take a trip to outer space run a Boston Marathon race. Take shrooms, acid & smoke a bong then compose a concerto or rock song. I can paint a Picasso, Van Gogh or Gauguin learn guitar & piano before I'm gone. Buy a fancy sports car and hang out at the nudie bar. I can sing opera at Carnegie Hall spend all my money & have a ball!

But if I recover and don't die

On the way to surgery today

and hope I don't die!

I'll be broke with big bills, oh my, oh my!

So maybe I should wait to spend & buy

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gonna pray, OY VAY!

TO BE -Party Marty Farty-'To Be or not to Be' heed my plea always question authority since they never agree try and see what YOU can see let your mind fly and be free since nothing ever fits us to a T you can be what you want to be I want to be me let's sing & dance and have a party be happy and laugh with glee ha, ha, hee, hee we can't escape ourselves or flee but we can change our destiny we're but apes on our family tree and we're all one big family even if we're from another country ah, please excuse me while I pee or as the French say, wee wee

I'M AN OLD FART ( a folk song) marty liboff I'm an old fart I'm an old fart I have cancer & a bad heart. I'm an old geezer I'm an old geezer my smeckle shrived & I can't please her. I'm an alta cocker I'm an alta cocker I fall asleep early on my rocker. We are the senior citizens high blood pressure & bunions & other ailments by the dozens. I have acid reflux & can't hear I have pains in my rear I need to pee after every beer. My teeth are in a jar they took away the keys to my car I use a walker and can't go far. Sex is a memory of long ago now I'm constipated and can't go I can't remember anything I used to know. I forget where I'm going and where I'm at I forget my name and I'm blind as a bat and I also forget this and that. I'm old and I shit in my pants I'm senile and I yell in rants it's no longer what I can but what I can't. I pee in a diaper and my bed I walk like I'm carrying a ton of lead sometimes I think I'd rather be dead. The years just seemed to slip away when I take a walk I lose my way so now I just kvetch and cry Oy Vay! My back & knees hurt and my hair is gray the doctor says I'll be dead any day any day, any day-Oy gavault I'm an old fart I'm just falling apart I'm an old fart I'm an old fart today and all I can say is Oy vay!!!

\*YIDDISH=smeckle(penis) alta cocker(an old shit) kvetch(complain) OY Vay(Oh pain! Oh woe!) Oy gavault(Oh God!)

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This is a picture of the old juke box from Venice Teen Post with Olla's memorabilia

## Meet a Local Legend: Olla Mitchell

by Enyaj Pitchford.

Olla Mitchel is not tall, she is not loud. But she has a strong presence. Her reserved manner reveals an inner tenacity, and a wisdom that is waiting for the opportunity to assert itself and share with those willing to listen. She has a penetrating gaze that shows she's seen a lot and is not afraid to hold tight to her position. Her piercing eyes, and unbent back has come up against many a battle to save the children and her community over the years from oppressive lies and fears due to racist beliefs and habits. She is never one to be fearful of setting the record straight.

People refer to her as an advocate, to which she'll reply "well, that's what everybody calls me." But to her, she's just a mother, a grandmother, a neighbor and a friend and part of a local community, doing what has to be done to protect the children. And protect the children she must, because injustice has been superfluous in her sphere. But there's something about an unyielding black woman, with a clear vision, and a steady voice that demands to be heard and sends those with bad intentions running for

Ola was born on alarge farm thather family owned-inTexarkana,AK. {She asks me ifIknow what president came from those parts, and I guess Clinton, correctly.} One of her earliest recollections is seeing her little sister being born at home with a midwife. Her father and mom had five children. Her dad died young, at 38, at home, so the youngest two didn't know him. His mother, her grandmother, died eight hours later. Her mother had three more children while in Arkansas over the next decade.

I inquired why she wanted to leave her farm and family. She said there were no men to help and there was so much work to be done. They were impoverished. Her oldest sister married young, out of high school and came out to the West coast and settled in Venice. Six months later she went back home to get Ola, who was 13 then. She stayed for the summer but when she went back toArkansas, she was noticeably sad. She made up her mind that she was going to return back to Venice. She told her brother that they had to get out. They told their mom that they both were going to leave if she didn't take them to Venice, so her mom ventured out to start a home there to bring all her children to.

Ola and her baby brother had to stay with their cousins across the woods, down the road from her grandfather until her mom could resettle and send money for them to come out West. This was even a mile further from her school than before. That year the bridge broke, so her grandfather laid some planks out over the ditch so that the kids could balance and get across the road. Quite adventurous! She remembers that she would sometimes been wet

in school from the rain and snow all day long, but she never got sick. One family tried to give her their used shoes, but she was too proud to accept hamidowns.

But when Olla had her 15th birthday, her mama came out to get her and bring her and her brother to their new home. She was in the 9th grade when she came to Venice again in the late 50's. Her mama had started a home with a man she knew from her hometown in Arkansas, who also came out here looking for a new start in life. Together they would have two more children making the family a total of ten kids!

Ola finished school at Venice High and worked in a variety of jobs. Back then, she said black folks were known to be good with their hands, so she was able to get jobs in the many small industries in the local neighborhood. In one job she was wiring up a coil that would go inside a rocket. It was delicate, fine work. She got some of her relatives to work with her once she started working. Then she worked atU-CLAin aclericalposition.

But what the locals know her for is her community work. Olla always has articles or books and memorabilia on black culture to share with folks. Her home is like a mini black history museum. She frequents the Committee for Racial Justice meetings, and always brings a handful of the BeachHead papers with her. She has been an advocate of her children, her nephews and her grandchildren in the schools. She had to come up plenty of times against administrations discriminating against children of color and she was not going to stand for it. For her, education was of great importance and she would not allow anyone's prejudice to interfere with a child's right to finish school. She was the unofficial guardian for her grandchildren for years when their parents' housing and relationship were unstable. The kids stayed withher parttime. When the school board sent a representative to see where their room was she told them "I don't care where they sleep, as long as they get to school each day. They can sleep on the couch or the floor. Whatdoes that matter?" Needless to say, they didn't come back and the kids' schooling was not interrupted. She showed me an article written abouther eldest son in the LATimes. Her youngestis Stan Mitchel, the "VeniceAmerica"filmmaker. Like so manyAfricanAmerican families, no matter how upstanding,, their lives are not free of incident with the police. Her eldest son Cecil, who was an award winning athlete for SAMOHI and a respected teacher at the high school ,was confronted by police in a surreal incident. He was hunted down, beaten, humiliated and filmed for a TV series. The anger and frustration and humiliation he endured, changed her son. His life fell apart and never mended. "He was a good man. And one day he was in Venice and the police just decided to beat on him and pepper sprayed him in the face. He was never the same. "Ola said as she showed me the article in the paper talking about the incident. It said that there was nothing to show the young man had provoked the police but he was nonetheless beaten badly. He never recovered mentally from the incident. He was 29 years old then.

The article reported that KRZ media "Life on the Beat" crew and the LAPD were sued in a false arrest

and illegal use of force. They taped the incident of him being forced to the ground, handcuffed , and pepper sprayed for allegedly resisting arrest He was never formally charged. And KRZ media subsequently destroyed the tape to protect the police. An accusation denied by the media company who couldn'tproduce the footage. As the LAnewspaper said "whatis relevant to their program is apparently everything that keeps the LAPD in a good light".

I personally remember

this show destroying other lives at the time. I had a friend, one who was an early pioneer for rent control and renter's rights in Santa Monica and who was a brilliant Spanish guitarist. His van had once been raided by police and filmed for this show. It was supposed to be a set up for a heroin trade. They found nothing but the customary joint of marijuana and harassed my dear Ernie so badly, he never recovered from the incident.

Ola was asked to write a story about her early life at a class she took at Santa Monica College. It was on "what left an impression of you as a child."" Well", Ola says in her characteristic surely way, "I wrote about my mama being alone in town with two young children. Sometimes my mama would dress me and my brother up and put braids in my hair and take me and my little brother 'uptown'" She remembers one particular incident. "We were walking around playing behind my mother, when a white man called over to my mother behind them and said "You'd better come and get these kids out of my way before I walk over them." My mother stopped suddenly and said "Yeah Mister, and if you do, I'll put my foot in your ass too! So we know where Ola's impressive character developed from!

Ola holds the key, through saving documents, on local black history. She spoke of Matt Travis, a man she knows as her neighbor. Matt Travis is listed in the 1950 to 2010 Black history book on Santa Monica; one of four black community members listed He was a black Santa Monica policeman, who was not allowed to arrest white people. In the 70's he became the first, and 'last', Ola will add,, black mayor of Santa Monica. "I guess I sleep, but I'm always in somebody's business" says Ola. And we all can thank God for that!

The Family Development Center of the AME Church, at 18th and Michigan, created a senior building to help the local black and brown community that were displaced when the 10 freeway was extended into Santa Monica. She says they "were a very hard working.caring group of people". Ola was put on the board of the Famed Santa Monica Redevelopment Corporation. She was given the title of the keeper of Historical Perspective and Community awareness. "I don't know why they think I know stuff. I guess I'm nosey!" she says as we have a good laugh together. She had done similar work at the Vera Davis Center in Venice as well. And keeping in the family tradition, her brother ran the Venice Teen Post in the 70's on what is now Abbot Kinney,b;vd. to help the Black and Brown community, Ola still has the original juke box with all those great hits adorning her living room. Helping the community runs deep in the Mitchelli bloodline.

"All my life I've been trying to keep people together, children with their families. I've welcomed young people in my doors and always wanted to know how they were doing and how I could uplift them". Olla has seen a lot of injustices, but she keeps on fighting the good fight and educating the youth and anyone else who's got an ear to listen to the history of the African man in America. She's a true gem in the neighborhood, and keeps it feeling like a home.

# WORRIED ABOUT THE RENT? TIRED OF LANDLORD HARASSMENT? AFRAID OF EVICTION?



Los Angeles Tenants Union Westside Local 1st & 3rd Wednesday of each month 6:30-8:30pm

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# ¿NO PUEDES PAGAR LA RENTA? ¿PROPIETARIO TE ACOSA? ¿TIENES MIEDO DEL DESALOJO?



Únete al Sindicato de Inquilinxs Lado Oeste 1er y 3er miércoles de cada mes http://bit.ly/westsidezoom Email: westsidelatu@gmail.com para aprender mas On the Booksellers' Street of Baghdad

By Majid Naficy – March 19, 2007

Written after the March 5, 2007 blast on the booksellers' street named for Mutanabbi, the great Arab poet (915-65)

I saw Mutanabbi returning from Persia.
He had heard the sound of Tigris, by the Kor River Calling him back to Baghdad.
On his way, he had given his sword
To the Qarmati rebels in Gonaveh
Because he knew that from then on
He would have no friend but the pen.

He had told himself: "I, Mutanabbi, poet, prophet and swordsman Moved into the desert from Kufa With the bedouins of Qarmati revolt Looking for the secret of brotherhood. I went to Aleppo with Prince Sayf of Hamdan To stand against the Frank crusaders And traveled to Persia with King Azod of Daylaman To spread the seed of Arabic poetry. Now I want to return to Iraq Only to look from the bridge of Baghdad At the fishermen in their nutshell boats Who are gently rowing on the Tigris River. I want to see the gnostic Mandaeans in their white towels Making ablution in the shallow waters While looking at the North star, And from the diners on Abu-Nuwas St. I want to buy lentil soup and Masqoof fish Barbecued on pomegranate sticks. How happy it is to walk around Near the reeds by the river And watch the kisses of a young couple From behind a palm tree, How happy it is to sit by the old harpist And listen to the story of the Tigris River Rushing from Mountains to the Persian Gulf, How happy it is going to the Turkish bath Before muezzin calls to prayer And surrender one's body to the caressing fingers, Cotton washcloth and bubbling soap And when taking dry towels Ask the receptionist for a glass of ice water,

Mutanabbi told himself:
"I am becoming a child again
Enchanted with playing words".
Looking down from the bridge of Baghdad
Mutanabbi saw nothing but blood
Running constently in the Tigris River.
Fishermen were hunting the dead,
Farmers planting human bones,
Mothers giving birth to headless babies
Behind bushes and sand domes,
The beheaded running in the shallow waters
And the water-sellers shouted in the alleys:
"Fresh blood! fresh blood!"

Then in a happy mood

Going to the House of Wisdom

And seeing the dazzles of joy

In the eyes of the youth."

On the booksellers' Row, a red fog
Had covered the sky and the earth.
Muhammad, the binder, was looking in the ruins
For the cut-off head of his brother.
Father of Hussein, the hummus-pedlar,
Was talking to one of his son's shoes.
Shatri, the book-seller, was shedding tears
Running behind the half-burnt leaves of poetry
In the alleys on the east-side of the Tigris River.
He was humming one of Mutanabbi's couplets:
"Even the blind can see the letters
And the deaf hear the sound of my poetry."

Mutanabbi stood.
His robe clung to his skin
And his headdress was wet with blood.
He asked himself:
"People or Books?
Books or people?"
Should he put down the pen
And take the sword again?
The Tigris did not answer.
It was running fast
Like an arrow shot from a bow.

### The Breakup

I am not the one.

I am nothing Nobody I'm a snake My love is a sin. I'm suffocating you Forget me Reject me I cannot protect u. I will lie I will hide I'm bitter I'm bad I'm dirty Leave me. I'm the pain I'm the noise I'm your enemy U will regret me. I'm a thief I will steal your time Your freedom Your dreams. Walk away I will neglect u

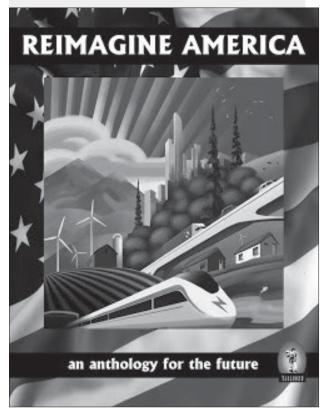
by De Efe

### The Past Two Years

I'm a mistake u made.

I've found such wells of compassion even I didn't know that I had.
Digging so deeply within me reflecting on good and the bad.
Seeing the creator in others
Deeply grateful for every day
Learning to smile through the heartache so perhaps I could light someone's way.
Love is always the answer (not just because I'm a Cancer) but cuz that's what i want to relay!

- Carol McArthur



Poetry is really a weapon. It's a spiritual weapon for the transformation of the world. - Jack Hirshman

The State of the world calls out for poetry to save it. - Lawrence Ferlinghetti

That pretty much sums up what I feel about this book. More than fourty poets, and with beautiful art prints.

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this paper is a poem

### 11 • January 2022 • FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

### AMERICAN DREAM

By D.L.Lang From "Reimagine America" 2022, Vagabond Books

I dream an America that recognizes its past failures, and chooses to learn from them, rather than sweeping them under the rug, and gas-lighting those who speak the truth.

I dream an America truly by, of, and for the people that serves the best interests of all of her people, teaching respect for all rather than perpetuating inequity.

I dream of an America where our basic needs are met whether we are young or old, battling illness or able to work.

I dream of an America that is accessible for all peoples, increasing mobility and opportunity regardless of disability, so that all may achieve their potential.

I dream an America where people are no longer persecuted for loving another human being, nor for expressing their inner truth.

I dream an America where poverty, hunger, unemployment, and homelessness are a thing of the past.

I dream an America where our bill of rights grants free access to housing, health care, food, water, electricity, Internet, and education.

I dream an America

that ceases to target our black and brown siblings, that practices rehabilitation and redemption instead of executions and mass incarceration.

I dream an America
that has ceased to study war,
ceased to use violence as punishment,
ceased to manufacture weapons,
ceased to kill our fellow human beings,
and teaches peace, dialogue, and forgiveness instead.

I dream an America
where love, compassion, and openness
is valued more than
greed, competition, and business,
learning to work together for the common good instead of
the common dollar.

I dream an America whose businesses have ceased to plunder the resources of other countries, ceased to exploit workers around the world, ceased to put money above quality of life, and instead work to uplift all peoples.

I dream an America that cares about her planet, treating our Mother Earth and all of her residents with dignity, respect, and care.

I dream of such an America that I have never seen. One day it shall no longer be a dream.









