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A DEATH IN VENICE

by
P.S. Barber

“There is no such thing as society.”

-- Margaret Thatcher

At the lowermost point of a southerly sloping intersection, California Avenue ends to form the bottom half of a long “T” with its horizontal top, Abbot Kinney Boulevard. Situated at the northeast corner of that crossroads for the last quarter century, ABBOT’S HABIT has been a locals’ gathering spot, serving the community as the neighborhood’s primary nosh & coffee shop.

Every kind of anyone imaginable has passed through those doors, through the decades: Naked Poetry and Naked Bikers; sun soaked riff-raff off the beach; nascent lovers alongside the anguished unrequited; stars born, stars dying; poets, pimps, pugilists, priests and pirates; every stripe of wannabe or has-been; the profane and divine, musicians, miscreants, saints, sculptors, painters, writers; some taking their first steps, others on their last legs; tourists ad nauseam; junkies, gangbangers, surfers, skateboarders, people headed up and down, already lost or being found; the world’s hoi polloi California Dream-in’; those with way too much, those who’ve begged their morning cup of joe.

We’ll look upon their like no more.

The doors to our local coffee shop will shutter soon, never to open again, taking with it the greater part of a spirit that’s been a beacon of Venice. Innumerable stories circulate of how the Habit-habit begins directly upon arrival to our beach village: the funky stop is the inevitable first place one lands when washing up on our shores. Its central location, like a vortex, draws people in; its welcoming brick façade and green awnings and red-neon come-on “COFFEE” as eclectic locals hang inside and out – all serve to make Abbot’s a natural meeting place for every soul strolling the well-worn sidewalks.

Nina Sant’Angelo has owned and operated Abbot’s Habit for the last 16 years, partnered with Noah Farrell, who originally opened the coffee shop with another partner in 1993. A few years ago, Nina bought out Noah and has, since then, run the shop by herself; but recently it’s gotten too difficult to make ends meet with rising rent and, at the same time, serve her community and employees.

So she’s done. And importantly her decision has to do with not just being beat up by the economic vicissitudes of the changing boulevard, but with the colonizing of it by CORPORATE RETAIL, altering the street’s innate and naturally-evolved identity, original culture, its authentic Venetian look and feel.

It’s no mystery what’s happened these last few years, the transformation taking place right before our eyes at an ever more accelerated rate. Nina seems like a modern day Cassandra, her store’s closure a warning to Venetians about the grim fate facing their neighborhood. And like Cassandra, Nina is excoriated by some residents while others blithely disbelieve her dire portents. But make no mistake -- closing Abbot’s Habit is a significant sign that the founding and unique BOHEMIAN SPIRIT of Venice is palpably coming to a very quick end; unfortunately, many other Venetians feel the city’s essence is already long gone.

Talking with Nina, one’s reminded of a time when the boulevard housed watering holes like the original Hal’s, where world-class jazz was played live, Joni Mitchell’s

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JOHN REED’S GLASS WINDOWS

by Jon Wolff

John Reed is an architect. He works and lives in Venice. His office is located at 657 Rose Avenue in Venice. You can easily recognize his office by the large glass windows on the outside. John Reed is also a landlord and a developer. He has built many buildings. They too are recognizable by their glass exteriors. Many of them are in Venice. And John Reed is currently a member of the Venice Neighborhood Council.

Before his election to the VNC in 2016, John Reed served on the Land Use and Planning Committee, which is a standing committee that advises the VNC. In his early years on the Committee, John Reed demonstrated a good knowledge of the code and often voted in the interests of the Community of Venice. After an unsuccessful run for higher office, John Reed’s perception of things in Venice changed.

Perhaps John Reed’s picture transformed while he watched, with resentment, from the windows of his Rose Avenue property, as charitable organizations did the good work of feeding unhoused people in Venice. Maybe his vision of Rose Avenue didn’t include just everybody. Indeed, John Reed’s views were expressed clearly when he said, as quoted, “Just watch me. I’m gonna own Rose outright!”

And own much of Rose Avenue he does. He’s responsible for the retail store and ice cream shop at 542 Rose Avenue. His original proposal was for a restaurant with full bar. When that didn’t work out, he settled for ice cream and a clothing store called Parachute. But there was to be more than that. Upstairs on the property is a kind of hotel room. It’s a single unit hotel. Actually, it’s a Short Term Rental unit managed by the manager of Parachute and it’s illegal. It’s not zoned for an STR.

John Reed’s vision can be seen elsewhere in Venice. That ugly building at 479 Washington Boulevard and Ocean Avenue is his doing. It’s supposed to be a luxury designed live/work space but with no parking space provided. Not surprisingly, it’s listed by Tami Pardee.

John Reed’s panoramic view of Venice also extended to Indiana Avenue. Or, at least the building extended to the property line. It resulted in the loss of eight units as well as the people who lived in them.

You’ve seen the historic buildings on 811-815 Ocean Front Walk just north of Brooks Avenue. They’re the ones with the elaborate and colorful murals all around. Some say that they’re the oldest residences on the Boardwalk but John Reed wants to tear them down anyway. John Reed sees them as residential/retail/restaurant property.

If overdevelopment in Venice is a major problem, it’s because of the City of L.A.’s Land Use and Planning Department’s practice of issuing, what are called, Venice Sign Offs. The City is being sued over these VSOs because they are, essentially, shortcuts for the developers on the application process. They allow projects to go forward without the public scrutiny that might otherwise stop them. Greg Shoop was the man on the Planning Department who was responsible for many of these over-the-counter VSOs and he was a friend of John Reed’s when John Reed was on the VNC’s Land Use and Planning Committee. The City received numerous complaints about the generous issuance of VSOs. Eventually, Mr. Shoop was transferred within the Department to the Boyle Heights Division.

John Reed, however, stayed on the VNC’s Committee continued on page 3

SAFE PLACE FOR YOUTH
“HEROES” GALA
SUNDAY, JUNE 4th!!

by Lisa Robins

There are new kids on my block. Actually, they don’t really look like kids. They look like they could be threatening... streetwise, dirty, some with an attitude...like they’ve been living in the urban jungle...they have.

One time I found a vape pipe on the ledge of my daughter’s window. Another time I found sneakers in my tiny front lawn next to the circle of chairs around our fire pit. For a while someone was stashing their sleeping bag in our bamboo. I wondered if they were sleeping in our yard.

They congregate in what appears to be an alley near my house a few days a week. Lots of them. Playing their music...hanging out...waiting.

For SPY to open.

I think...this is dumb...they bring the homeless into my hood, but they don’t house them...place doesn’t open till 1...do I really want a bunch of down and outers right across the street?!

There’s a part of me, a part I’m not too proud of, that goes “Oh my god...look at all those scummy people loitering near my house”. Hey, not in our backyard! I feel myself turning into one of those people...the NIMBY’s.

But wait a minute. Why did I move to Venice? What kind of a person am I??

One of the guys who work there parks in front of my house. He’s super cool...extremely friendly and respectful...I tell him that I’m finding stuff in my yard... he listens sympathetically and assures me they take the concerns of the neighbors very seriously, and coach the kids to respect the neighborhood. The problem eases up... Turns out he’s one of the Spy “outreach” people... those who go into the homeless community and spread the word. I’m really glad, because the guy is so friendly and likeable I can’t imagine anyone turning away from his help. He lures them into this alley in Venice. Across the street from my home.

It’s the back door to 2469 Lincoln Blvd. the home of SPY, a drop in center for street kids

SAFE PLACE for YOUTH provides access to critical resources for young people ages 12-25 experiencing or at risk of homelessness.

SPY is free and low barrier with no requirements (like being drug free) kids can use services no matter what shape they’re in

SPY’s mission is “to inspire, nurture and empower the resilient human spirit of homeless youth by providing immediate and lasting solutions, one young person at a time.”

SPY saves lives.

It was founded in 2011 by Alison Hurst who moved here from London in 2001. She saw all the homeless kids, with little to no services. Her response to a system that doesn’t work was to take action.

Alison, along with members of her family and friends, began by offering food and clothing from the trunks of their cars, graduated to Oakwood Park, where she and her team of dedicated volunteers rented space in the church to cook meals, which evolved into a drop in center at Westminster Sr.Center. From there, Safe Place for Youth (SPY) was founded, modeled on programs provided in England, with its more socialist economy.

Five years later, under her leadership as Executive Director, Alison has been joined by a team of 15 staff members and 15 regular volunteers. SPY is regarded as the lead agency for homeless and at-risk youth in West Los Angeles.

Late Councilman, Bill Rosendahl took notice and helped them obtain their current space on Lincoln 2 years ago, forged connections with business partners, and advocated funding from government agencies.

SPY has now been on Lincoln for 2 years enjoying great rent, a great location near transportation, and most importantly near homeless youth congregating on the beach.

I crossed the street to meet with Rachel Stich, SPY’s very lovely and compassionate, very pregnant, Deputy Director of Development and Administration.

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

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Letter from the Not The Editor

We hear through the occasionally reliable and perpetually productive Venice grapevine that Snapchat wants to buy out the Beachhead. We are not sure what the Beachhead Collective Members would fetch for selling out their souls, but we also expect everyone has their price, and there is big investment here, and we wouldn't be the first Venetians to sell out, take the landlord's money and get on out of Venice or at least stop bitching about what the rich and powerful want to do to screw the residents.

The Beachhead would be a tough asset to acquire, we have no assets. We generally oppose private property, and in particular intellectual property. O sure we run the occasional copyright symbol, because it gives authors and artists some feeling of protection, but "No one owns the Beachhead". We have no official status other than a bank account which may be empty by the time this issue is printed. We have no Articles of Incorporation, Bylaws, Board of Directors, or assets. We also have the journalist's motto: "To comfort the afflicted and to afflict the comfortable." That could be waived in a consent decree. We have no intellectual property, only the loyalty of our readers and the words and art of our writers and artists.

That said, I want to pitch you now. Like I was saying about the bank account....

SUBSCRIBER - \$35.00/Year, Copies mailed.

SUSTAINER - \$100.00/Year - This is our lifeblood. Please join our sustainers and you can select two free "I am a Beachhead" t-shirts.

WRITER - We need most of all for you to embrace citizen journalism, we want you to write for the Beachhead. We can help.

JOINER - The Free Venice Beachhead Collective. There is no better way to get to know your community Interns, Student Journalists, Artists, we want your work!

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU

JOIN THE UNION!

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

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

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

THIS MEETING WILL BE BILINGUAL SPANISH / ENGLISH.

ELECTION OF DONALD TRUMP HERALDS THE ARRIVAL OF THE TNA

The 420Box Calls for a Constitutional Convention by Pat Raphael

The United States of America often proudly looks at its history, and see a country created as a result of governance unresponsive to the local population. Powers far removed, usurping authority derived from their very own pronouncements, granted themselves the right to tax the energy and value of the colonies, with no consideration of the colonists' interest via representation in the decision-making bodies of those far-removed powers. As the creation lore lays it out, this was an unacceptable condition for the Seventy-Sixers to endure. Thus propelled by righteous zeal, they fought to create a nation of the people, by the people, and for the people. Brings a patriotic tear to the eye to see our grand experiment in democracy, grow and evolve by the might of history, to now stand as the preeminent world power. But oh the historical irony -- that the root bears the fruit. We shook King George's crown off our heads, and fashioned in Washington DC another powerful crown, far-removed and unresponsive to the interests of local populations all over our great land. Now Washington DC is taking the value of our taxed energy, to fulfill the special interests of the elite few who control all our institutions.

The election of Abu Ivanka makes clear that the process for choosing our Chief Executive is irretrievably broken. Right from the start, the rules of that process do not put the people front and center -- thus the electoral college. Then, overlay on top of this undemocratic system, artificial gates raised by interested private corporations (the Democratic and Republican parties), we get in the end, election results deemed illegitimate by an increasing segment of the population. This time around, the objections to the result of Drumpf 2016 seem even more stark. After all, it is fashionable, here in Venice, to don the 'F*ck Trump' tee, since we share a similar distaste with all the other major American cities who overwhelmingly voted against him. And we look closer and see how the result was also affected by the many hands that tilted the process scale (Bern, baby, Bern...).

So now what? An executive branch carrying an air of illegitimacy due to a flawed electoral process; maybe turn to the legislature? There too we look closer and see a walled city, well protected from the encroaching will of the people. How systematically convenient is it that the total population of blue districts is higher than the total population of red districts, yet there are more red congress members than blue congress members? ...and not by a little bit either. Remember this is the same imbalance that created the 3-million vote difference between the winner of the popular vote and the winner of the electoral college. In this, the illegitimacy of the executive branch is covered and enabled by the gerrymandering illegitimacy of the legislature. That is how one party, with less popular support, have maneuvered themselves into a permanent majority in the House of Representatives.

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SCENES FROM THE MOVIE

The TAMI PARDEE STORY

SCENE 1: TAMI PARDEE "REMODELING" A HOUSE IN VENICE

SCENE 2: TAMI PARDEE "REMODELING" A FLOCK OF BIRDS

SCENE 3: TAMI PARDEE "REMODELING" THE MONA LISA

SCENE 4: TAMI PARDEE "REMODELING" A CHILD'S FACE

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art hung on the walls, Gregory Hines danced on the bar and Chaka Khan sang spontaneously; today, a smaller and frankly anemic version of Hal’s is stuffed and all but lost at the far end of Abbot Kinney, while other corporate stores, now centrally located, boast other retail locations like Paris, London, New York, Rome. “Soon,” Nina says, “all of Venice is going to look like Miami.”

Adidas, which colonized Hal’s old location, had the chutzpa to claim on its construction boarding that it was, “Defining Venice” – until unknown but heroic residents corrected the spelling to read, “DEFILING VENICE,” forcing Adidas to take down their arrogant and untruthful assertion of ownership to our neighborhood which is, in fact, a fundamentally anti-corporate culture.

Back in the fecund days of the Fifties and Sixties, when Venice was primarily an African-American community, there WERE locals like the Reese and Tabor families who began businesses which served their neighborhood, which were staples and necessities to the community; they’re long gone now, too. In fact, the African-American residents were the very first people driven out by well-tested political machinations that unfairly raised taxes, issued spurious property fines which drove out the POORER homeowners (wealthy homeowners now, instead, like to call themselves “stakeholders”). The STAKES they hold, unfortunately, are all too often driven straight into the hearts of vulnerable Venetians.

Until recently, until the suddenly increasing and overwhelming influx of high-end shops that have zero connection to the community, the Reese-Tabor spirit ran through the veins of Venetians, was reflected by the local stores which served the neighborhood: dress shops where everything was hand-made and no single dress was alike; The Sandbox, a local gallery below, where the artist lived above; even Abbot’s Habit was designed to be “of the people,” a place where, as Nina points out, “everything you get here, you can make at home.” At Abbot’s, the coffee is “damn good” and affordable for all, employees and patrons know each other’s names, and whoever enters immediately feels welcomed.

Not so on Abbot Kinney Boulevard anymore and, likely, never again. It’s the way of life, many say, an unstoppable tide of rapacious and predatory capitalism which can’t be rolled back at this late point in an inexorable process of “economic progress”. Besides, it’s the American Way and laissez-faire entrepreneurialism is the most democratic of forms, isn’t it? And doesn’t it, in fact, IMPROVE the quality of Venice? Property values go up, crime goes down, the neighborhood dies but big business thrives?

And what’s good for business is good for Venice, or so the refrain goes; little comfort to the hundreds of locals and others who daily depend on Abbot’s Habit and are going to be left out in the cold. And though it’s too late to save Abbot’s Habit, we residents must ask: is it still possible to save Abbot Kinney Boulevard?

Is it possible to still save our neighborhood from this organized movement of stakeholders renting their properties to the highest bidder, regardless of the cultural and social effects on the neighborhood, regardless of destroying the ETHOS and SPIRIT of Venice, obliterating its phenomenal diversity until the place becomes a dulling, homogeneous grouping of brand-businesses and box-houses where no one actually lives but ubiquitous Ubers shuttle visitors in-and-out of what once was a distinctive neighborhood and common community.

This crisis which Venice faces is existential, a life-and-death struggle as ancient as society itself. Thomas Mann, in his novella, “A Death in Venice,” based his theme on Nietzsche’s inventive battle between the Dionysian spirit of passion and unreason (which drives art and creativity), and which is in direct conflict with the life-force of Apollo, where restraint and well-structured forms (economics, in this case) take precedent.

It’s reflected in the long-standing struggle between the primal bohemian freedoms which have defined Venice up to now, and the corporate drive to control the assets and society which those bohemians built. Today this dialectic is misnamed, “GENTRIFICATION.” Misnamed because by now the word’s lost all meaning with its endless repetition, co-opting and purposeful misrepresentation. So let’s forget the word “gentrification,” stop using it: “gentrification” is the brand-retailer’s language, meant to sanitize their organized and well-laid plans for taking over Abbot Kinney Boulevard. “ECONOMIC COLONIZATION” is a more accurate term for what’s been long-planned and is being currently carried out.

This primal struggle for defining the soul of Venice, again, is between the Dionysian spirit, drunk with Eros and creativity – or the manufactured, corporate Apollonian view that organizes society based on, in this case, questions of capital.

Importantly, Mann asserts in his story, there’s a balance to be struck between these two opposing forces if society, or even in an individual, is to survive and ultimately thrive. Hegel’s Master/Slave dialectic, to which Nietzsche owes his theories, also makes it clear that without a balance, the assumed “master” himself becomes a slave to the dialectic: he NEEDS his slave in order to maintain his own position and so is enslaved by his own needs.

Similarly, Venice is of no use to Adidas if the commu-

John Reed - continued from page 1

to help with another project. This was the project for a hotel on Abbot Kinney Boulevard. It was to be, possibly, the largest development ever in Venice. Some have estimated that it would be built on a budget of around \$89 million. It would be situated on Abbot Kinney Boulevard across the street from Westminster Avenue Elementary School. That’s right, a hotel plopped down in front of a school.

Can you picture a major tourist accommodation replete with taxis, tour buses, airport shuttles, and Uber cars all cutting in and around each other every day on Abbot Kinney? John Reed can. He saw a river of tourist traffic in front of a school for Kindergarten through 6th grade children as absolutely acceptable. The People of Venice didn’t view it that way though and they came out and spoke against it at a VNC meeting.

Here, John Reed’s wife, Marissa Solomon, who was a VNC member at the time, scolded a Community Leader at the meeting for speaking out. Ms. Solomon said, “Shame on you!” Yes, John Reed’s wife called another person shameful for protesting against a monstrosity in the form of a hotel. But really. Is there anything more shameful than a development as obscene as this? Well, John Reed sees things differently.

John Reed is a shrewd developer. And he is also a careful member of the Venice Neighborhood Council. He wants what’s best for developers but he has been known to abstain from a vote when he sees that the majority will vote in favor of a new project. He knows when to hold back and let the others be the bad guys.

However, at the April meeting of the VNC, John Reed was seen clearly by the Venice Community. He is the Chairperson of the Rules and Selections Committee and, that evening, he proposed an amendment to the Council’s bylaws. John Reed sought to change and strike out the Code of Ethics and Standing Rules that prohibit a Councilmember from voting on issues where he or she might have a conflict of interest. In his view, there was no such thing as a “conflict of interest”. His proposed amendment was undone due to the understandable backlash against such a despicable suggestion. The public outcry caused John Reed to say that what he said was the opposite of what he meant. The one change that was made was that the Committee would no longer handle grievances. But what’s the point then?

In this current age of the importance of political discourse, we often use the term, “Transparency”. Transparency is that agreement in a civil society where all members of the Community are able to see the inside of the political structure and nothing unseemly is hidden. One would think that the People of Venice can expect a reasonable degree of Transparency into the workings and dealings of the Venice Neighborhood Council. Certainly, an architect who puts giant glass windows on all his buildings can appreciate greater visibility. That is: Transparency. Maybe. But we’ll be watching.

A CALL TO ACTION!!
STOP THE U.S. WEAPONS SALE TO SAUDI ARABIA
STOP THE KILLING OF INNOCENT CIVILIANS
President Trump cut a deal to sell Saudi Arabia \$110 billion in U.S. weapons
Saudi Arabia uses American weapons to daily MURDER thousands of Yemini women and children in an illegal war of aggression.
CALL CONGRESSIONAL REPRESENTATIVE TED LIEU
TELL HIM TO VOTE AGAINST THE SAUDI ARMS SALE
(323) 651-1040
lieu.house.gov
For more information on the Saudi genocide in Yemen, please read BEACHEAD April issue #425, “Africa Agonistes,” pg. 5

SPY continued from page 1

Originally from La Canada, she’s lived in Venice for the past 10 years. One of the lucky ones, her parents raised her to believe that “everyone deserves the same opportunities”. After receiving her degree in communications and PR she didn’t know what she wanted to do. But Rachel feels the injustice, the failure of society and feels she can make a difference

She worked for non-profits, and has been with SPY for 1 ½ years. I ask her why ages 12-25? I understand 12-18 (although honestly I’ve never seen really young kids) But 18-25? They don’t really seem like kids to me at that point.

Rachel reminded me that those are vital years for making the transition from child to adult. High school ends, and many kids from troubled homes are kicked out or run away. Foster care ages out at 18, and those kids have a 60% chance of being homeless.

They sleep under freeway bridges, in cars, at the beach...I see encampments on Lincoln Blvd and 3rd street to name a few.

According to the Los Angeles Housing Authority’s 2015 Homeless Youth Count report, there are approx-

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imately 6,150 homeless youth on the streets any given night in LA County.

Very few are homeless because they believe in an “alternative life style- living out of the box”. Most are there due to layers of trauma, and many have no support system.

“One of the fastest growing unhoused populations, transition-aged youth (TAY) are at-risk of becoming chronically homeless without sufficient resources and supportive services. The young people we serve at SPY find themselves homeless or at-risk of homelessness through no fault of their own. Of the youth that we engaged with in 2016, 59% reported being kicked out by a parent or caregiver or running away from unbearable home environments that includes physical and/or sexual abuse, homophobia, parental mental illness, or substance abuse. 23% reported becoming homeless as a result of their previous involvement in the foster care system. Youth experiencing homelessness deal with a complex set of issues related to disconnection from family and community, abuse and neglect, significant past trauma, grief and loss, mental illness, criminalization, a history of low family income, and exclusion from education. This translates into few prospects for education, employment, or social participation, and can manifest into psychological distress and trauma.”

Additionally there are the “hidden homeless” such as those living in their car, or sleeping on a friend’s floor.

Rachel’s noticed how her lack of sleep (due to pregnancy) has changed her own mindset and attitudes. “Imagine”, she mused, “never being able to get a night’s sleep. One thing leads to another... sleeping on sidewalks, worried about theft, scavenging for food, dealing with the elements, trying to keep clean...it all becomes a full time job leaving little time to take the steps required to lift oneself off the street. These kids aren’t lazy.... nobody wants this life, no one chooses to be homeless.”

Loss of dignity coupled with exhaustion exacerbated by untreated mental illness or mental health issues and/or substance abuse, along with a severe lack of affordable housing create a recipe for this epidemic of homeless youth.

The rift between the rich and poor widens and our youth falls into the crack

“It’s a victory for these kids to be able to take a nap in a safe place” Rachel points out.

I feel ashamed that I judged the sleeping bodies on my street.

It’s heavy stuff...But Rachel tells me this age is still so resilient, have their lives ahead of them, providing the opportunity to intervene. The chronically homeless are harder to get off the street.

The top priority is care and connection, knowing that someone’s on their team.

I asked her what she thinks it would take to get them off the street?

She showed me around.

The drop in center is open T, W, & Th. from 1-5 –for meals, clothing, shower, or just a nap.

M & F mornings SPY hosts other programing.

My new friend, Rob, along with other staff, volunteers, and the LGBT center engage TAY through street outreach and direct them to SPY.

Kids check in, then sign up for services. Everything’s on site.

New at SPY is a sit down case manager to assess needs and offer services, like a concierge.

There are 2 showers, and a large closet providing clean (donated) clothes.

Meals are 100% donated, homemade, and served by volunteers in an outside space. Snacks, hygiene products, sleeping bags and backpacks are given to go.

A Wellness Center sponsored by Venice Family Clinic provides health and dental care, and

MediCal enrollment is provided.

A caring case management team offers support for pregnancy and parenting

The Healing Arts Space uses art as a way to connect, including music groups, meditation and yoga, and the UCLA Creative Minds Project provides UCLA undergrads who facilitate creative arts therapy groups and drumming circles.

Additionally, there’s a Digital Art Space: featuring music production, graphic design, and 3-D printing.

Life skills workshops can lead to paid internships to build resumes and adopt professional etiquette (currently there are 4 homeless interns with paid internships for 6 months. I met 2 and never would have guessed they were homeless)

For kids ready to work there are job postings, and help in applications and building resumes.

5 youth recently got jobs in urban farming/gardening through the Urban Farmer Workshops.

5 Keys Charter School provides education special-continued on page 8

Lincoln Place Stalwart Carol Beck Dies

By Jim Smith

Carol Beck died in her sleep in her favorite easy chair in her beloved Lincoln Place apartment. Her peaceful death was in contrast to a turbulent life which began in New York City, took her into the U.S. Army and finally to the biggest fight of her life, to save Lincoln Place. On the way, Carol, also known as the writer, C.V. Beck, acquired medical disabilities, including a bad heart which killed her last December 3. She was 73 years old. The Beachhead just recently became aware of her passing.

Beck arrived in Lincoln Place in the mid-1990s when it was a reasonably-priced and relatively tranquil place to live. She had two cats, made friends with her neighbors, including feral cats in the neighborhood, and settled in for a peaceful retirement. Nevertheless, she had the foresight to join and become active in the tenants union, called the Lincoln Place Tenants Association (LPTA).

Before long, Developer Robert Bisno gained control of Lincoln Place with big plans to level the entire 40 acre complex and build expensive condominiums. His application for a permit was denied by the city. Nevertheless, his company, Transaction, launched an early morning sneak attack on unoccupied buildings just before his attorney was due in court to seek permission for their destruction.

Few people were present to watch the unannounced assault, but one of them was Beck. She described the scene for the Beachhead: “approximately six or more security thugs of the owner, one wearing full battle regalia, including Kevlar vest, gun, handcuffs, baton, two ammunition belts and jack boots (were present)... When the judge heard our case by 9:30 am, the buildings were flattened. American Wrecking had four dozer-excavator things, were working fast and furiously. In their zeal to have this despicable deed done ASAP, they neglected to shut off the gas mains to the buildings and also knocked down telephone and cable lines to adjoining buildings.”

The president of the LPTA, Sheila Bernard, recalled how Beck’s fast action foiled the developer: “One time, when some buildings were threatened with demolition, Carol parked her car blocking the demolition crew while our legal team was scrambling to obtain an injunction. Without her act of protest, we might have lost those buildings. She would also set up individual little protests wherever and whenever she could.”

Things went downhill fast. Bisno, whose corporation was in financial trouble, sold Lincoln Place to AIMCO (Apartment Investment Management Company), one of the biggest landlords in the country.

She continued to submit articles to this paper and by February 2005, C.V. Beck was a Beachhead Collective member, one of those who was responsible for the overall operation of the paper. She remained on the Collective until August 2007, when Lincoln Place was mainly out of danger. Meanwhile, Lincoln Place tenants experienced the largest mass eviction in Los Angeles history on December 6, 2005 when 52 fami-

lies were thrown out on the streets. Beck and a handful of others were protected from the rapid evictions due to their disability status.

Beck immediately organized a tent city across from the front of Lincoln Place. Along with assistance from David Busch, who took the night shift, Beck operated Tent City nearly around the clock. It provided shell-shocked tenants, and their supporters, a place to commiserate and plan their next move. Tent City slowly wound down and finally called it a day about two years later. Beck was there from start to finish.

Beck was generally a private person who didn’t talk about herself. There was one exception. It came in a short article she wrote in the March 2008 Beachhead, entitled “Bunny Luv.” It seems that back in the early 1960s, Beck had applied for a job as a Bunny in the New York Playboy club. The Bunny supervisor who interviewed Beck was none other than the soon-to-be- well known feminist and founder of Ms magazine, Gloria Steinem. Beck didn’t get hired, for which she was grateful. “I didn’t want to wear 3 inch spikes.”

In addition to helping evictees in need, Beck had a soft spot for other needy people and animals. Bernard remembered how “She befriended several homeless people, and offered them showers at her house. She loved animals and rescued a number of cats.” Beck shared with this writer that she would “prowl” the Lincoln Place grounds, checking up on her long-time homeless feline friends. She related how she once had confronted a man who was with two off-leash and fierce looking dogs that in Beck’s opinion were a terrible threat to the cats. Apparently, she proved to be more fierce that the dogs and their owner swiftly retreated from the premises.

Beck’s concern for the underdog (and undercat) will continue after her death. She willed her small savings to animal charities, Bet Tzedek legal aid, and to the civil rights organization, the Southern Poverty Law Center.



Above: Carol Beck, Lincoln Place

KEEP MOVIN' 'EM AROUND

MOVE 'EM OVER HERE
MOVE 'EM OVER THERE
KEEP MOVIN' THEM AROUND
THEY AREN'T IMPORTANT
ENUFF TO CARE ABOUT

MOVE 'EM OVER HERE AND OVER THERE
AND THERE

AND WHEN WE GET TIRED OF IT,

MAYBE WE CAN...

PUSH 'EM INTO THE OCEAN!!!

NO ONE WILL MISS EM...WILL THEY?
WHO WILL BE NEXT?

– C. V. Beck
February 2005

The Sunshine Maker, Nick Sand, Dies

By Jim Smith

Nick Sand was not a Venetian, but his creations had an overwhelming impact on our town and the world. Sand, who died of heart disease on April 24 at age 75, created the purest and one of the most powerful forms of LSD, called Orange Sunshine. While "acid" continues to be taken regularly throughout the world, including Venice, the 1960s and early 70s were its heyday, and most of it was made by Sand.

Orange Sunshine was made in the shape of tiny barrels and was also called Orange Barrels. Each barrel contained 300 micrograms of the substance. His annual "Christmas Acid" in blue barrels was twice as strong. A typical hit of acid in 2017 is around 100 micrograms, or less.

Sand was funded by the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, an Orange County group which also imported hashish from Afghanistan, marijuana from Mexico and created a powerful strain of pot called Maui Wowie. Sand ultimately produced about 130 million "hits" of acid.

Quite a few of Sand's hits found their way to Venice. Many Angelinos preferred Venice for urban tripping. In Venice, one could walk on the sand and imagine he/she was Moses communicating with God. Just meandering up the walk streets and canals of Venice was another popular activity. In those days, most Venetians had no fences and left their doors and windows open. This enabled trippers to smell the pot and listen to music wafting out of houses and apartments. Sometimes they would be invited inside by total strangers.

This was also the site of a symposium held monthly by a Venetian woman which attracted psychedelic luminaries visiting Los Angeles. After dinner there was time for locals and dignitaries to mingle before a talk began on some aspect of psychedelica.

The Brotherhood was a different type of tripper. They were mostly street kids who indulged in petty crimes and one day unknowingly stole a bag of acid in a robbery. It was a mystery substance but they took it anyway. The Gates of Heaven opened wide and they forsook violence and embraced love and peace. They still indulged in crime, but of a far different kind.

The Brotherhood, and Sand, were part of the messianic wing of the higher consciousness movement, which was quite strong at the time. They took Timothy Leary under their wing. He lived with them for a while on a ranch near Idyllwild. They even got him busted out of jail and then out of the country. They put on rock concerts, including one with Jimi Hendrix called Rainbow Bridge.

The existence of the Brotherhood and the expertise of Sand supposedly called forth their mirror image in the creation of the Drug Enforcement Agency. Mass raids in Laguna Beach and elsewhere made fugitives out of the well known Brotherhood leaders. But the rank and file carried on. They even had a retail store in Idyllwild. When I visited with a friend, who was known to the staff, we were received warmly by two long-haired greeters with shining eyes. They had just received a shipment of pot from Mexico which filled the converted house from floor to ceiling with neatly-

wrapped kilos (2.2 pounds). As walk-in customers, we were welcome to buy from one to a hundred or more kilos. "Want some Sunshine or Hash? It's in the back room." This was probably California's first dispensary, and its best. Business was so open that the local cops must have been paid off.

Sand was indicted in 1972 and sentenced in 1974 to 15 years in prison. Instead of doing the time, Sand became a fugitive for the next 20 years. He was caught in British Columbia, where he was still cranking out tabs of acid. He served time in both Canada and the U.S. Sand was in prison from 1996 to 2000, a far shorter time than the original sentence.

His last public appearance was at a psychedelic conference in Oakland the week before his death. He watched the screening of a new film, *The Sunshine Makers*, about him and his colleagues who tried to change the world.

In a speech to the conference, he asked rhetorically, "are we here to make war or are we here to make love?" For Sands, the answer was eternal love.

In fact, Sands and the Brotherhood did help change the world, and Venice is living proof of that. The psychedelic experience has changed nearly every aspect of our culture from music to language to the attitudes of millions of people. The political revolution hasn't happened or we wouldn't have to put up with people like Nixon and Trump. But so far about 35 million people have dropped acid, and the number keeps increasing.

Pano Left Us, But He Lives On

By Greta Cobar

“Death is part of life, and we don’t like this part,” said Dorothy Spirus, Pano Douvos’s niece, at the memorial held at Beyond Baroque on May 28 to commemorate the life of long-term artist, poet, political activist and former Beachhead collective member Panagiotis Douvos, whom we all knew as Pano.

He passed away on May 2, just days before his May 12 ninety-third birthday. Born in Altadena, he moved to Venice shortly after the end of World War II, which he fought in after being drafted.

At the memorial his younger brother Angelo Douvos spoke of the three years that Pano spent overseas fighting the Nazis. He took part in the Battle of Bulge, where there were more casualties than in any other WWII battle: 17,000 soldiers in six weeks. Pano was just short of his twenty-first birthday, and his infantry was sent into the concentration camp Dachau. What Pano found there was shocking and marked him for the rest of his life: people starving, all skin and bones, bodies, and everything in between. “No one should see what he saw,” said Angelo.

“The only thing the soldiers had with them at that time were cigarettes, and when they gave the prisoners the cigarettes, they ate the cigarettes,” Angelo told

“I joined the Wednesday night workshops to learn how to be brief, but I don’t want to be brief about Pano,” said Steve Miller, who spent many years alongside Pano in the workshops. Steve went on to praise Pano for bravely standing up to newcomers who challenged the traditions by which the workshops operate.

Sophia Spirus, Pano’s great-niece and Dorothy’s daughter, was also present at the memorial, and stories were told of Pano and Dorothy both being USC graduates, while Sophia is currently finishing her second year of college at USC. Not coincidentally, when Sophia received her introductory pamphlet upon being admitted to USC, Pano’s picture as a student having attended USC was featured in the pamphlet!

Bill Attaway, famous Venice clay artist, joined in, visibly moved by having just spread Pano’s ashes off the breakwater rocks here in Venice. “He’s surfing now. People were out there surfing, and Pano’s ashes joined in with the surfers, he’s out there surfing now,” Bill said at the memorial. The two met while Bill was installing his sculpture column by the basketball courts, and Pano was playing basketball.

“He played ball into his 70s, maybe 80s. Always told me that I need to drink more water,” Bill said.

Afterwards Pano started visiting Bill’s studio, and the two hanged out every playoff at a bar on Main St. According to Bill, “WATER!” was the only response Pano ever gave the servers trying to get him to buy something at the bar.

“There’s a thread that connects us all – in this life and beyond,” was how Bill concluded.

As Zed Aquarius reminded us all, Pano was a determined, fearless walker all the way to the day when he left Venice. Most of us will have to get used to not seeing him periodically around town, around the Boardwalk and the Levine Center, where he frequently went for lunch.

Ginger Drinkwater honored us with her presence, and told us of the time when she met Pano in art school, over 70 years ago. “

He was such a big part and influence on my life. Through the years Pano was always there for me,” she said.

“Greek picnics and dancing” is what Ginger remembers of their younger years. She fondly told a story of Pano visiting and staying with her and her husband in their tiny apartment, and how the three of them shared a bunk bed. “My husband and I slept on the bottom and Pano slept on the top bunk bed,” she said.

“He was a Renaissance painter,” stated Ginger to the vocal consent of the audience. Well known in Venice as a sculptor, painter and drawer, Pano’s work was previously exhibited in the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and the Pasadena Art Museum. All the way into his 90s he continued attending a weekly figurative drawing class at the Emeritus Santa Monica College.

“He was one of the old, real originals left on the beach,” Marty Liboff stated.

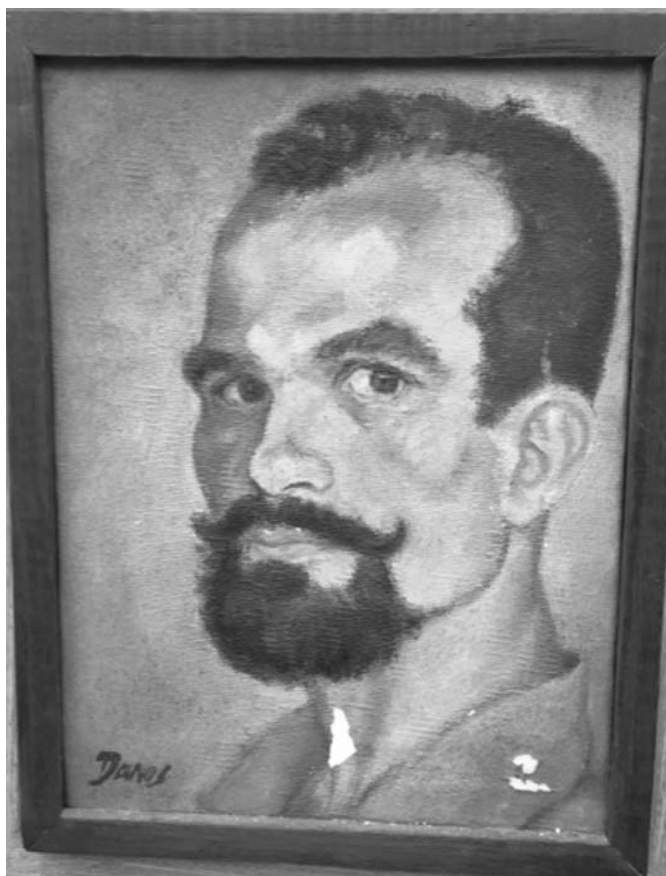
“Another Venice treasure is gone,” said Emily Winters.

“We are very proud of being Greek,” said Dorothy, referring to Pano and the rest of the family. Indeed, the ceremony was followed by Metaxa Greek liquor in the Beyond Baroque’s newly re-designed beautiful back garden.

The Beachhead is grateful to Pano for the many years he spent volunteering as a collective member, both in the 1970s and the 2000s. He wrote many articles and poems for the paper, advocating for affordable housing, rehabilitation of prisoners, and vehemently spoke against the Playa Vista development, the military, and the import of middle east oil. Most of all, he wrote about his love for Venice.

Pano was an important part of the Venice community, and his departure is a great loss for all of us. However, he lived life to the fullest and we appreciate the many, different ways in which he contributed. He inspired me with the masterpiece of the life he created for himself. When I interviewed him in 2014, he summarized his life by saying: “I’ve never had a credit card, I’ve never used a computer. I pinch pennies.”

Pano is survived by his brother Angelo, his nieces Dorothy and Natalie, his nephew Alex, his great-nieces Sofia and Lauren, and his great-nephew Leo.



Above: Self-Portrait, by Pano Douvos
Year unknown

“Venetians could be catalysts for change to a co-operative peaceful society. Women could influence their sisters to get out of the Army...then influence the testosterone tribe to say no to war. We won’t go.

Conflict resolution by arbitration will stop war senselessness. Venice America can be the small-acorn start of a Venice Sunshine Festival for all the world.”

Excerpt, *Venice and the next 100 years*, By Pano Douvos, Beachhead, July 2005

“So, Governor Terminator, I say you are not a good leader. I accuse you (of malfeasance and hypocrisy). You can expect a short stay on high, you can expect that your title will be soon relinquished, going from Terminator to Terminated. We will have to bid you adieu, more sooner than later.

P.S. Perhaps, Governor, all is not lost. You, too, can go straight and be rehabilitated. Life is a paradox, instead of striving for money and power for success, instead of following the money trail as the mantra goes, to get answers, you will prosper doing the exact opposite. Turn from money and power to ethical purity. Go to the People and their aspirations, share your fortune. They will guide you, they will give you a ride on their cart...when they have inherited the earth.

Solitary contemplation now will spare you solitary confinement later.”

Excerpt, *A DAY IN THE LIFE OF OUR GOVERNOR, THE PERPETRATOR*, By Pano Douvos, Beachhead, April 2005



Brothers Pano and Angelo Douvos, Peace and Freedom Party tent
Abbot Kinney Festival, 2013

Photo: Greta Cobar

us. Later on, when the supplies came in, they were in the form of concentrated food, which, as Angelo said, was not the best thing to give to the literally starving-to-death inmates. This story hit right home for me, because my grandfather, who was the same age as Pano, was freed from a concentration camp in a state of near death and he had to spend months in the American Red Cross hospital before he gained enough weight to be able to walk away. Also, because my grandfather drank the concentrated milk that the Americans were passing out, he suffered from digestive problems for the rest of his life. This might not be how it happened, but it could have been that Pano freed my grandfather out of the concentration camp!

Pano was a big part of the Venice community and he was very well-known as an artist and poet, but not so much as a former WWII soldier. Things that happened during his time in the infantry he was not able to even talk about, such as the death of his older brother George, who was like a father figure for Pano. Losing George in the war traumatized Pano and had a life-long impact on him.

“Pano had an anti-war stand – he was against war toys, such as toy soldiers,” said Dorothy, his niece. She was the master chorale of the event, and was very close to Pano and visited him weekly while he was living in a nursing facility in Playa Del Rey. He moved there two years ago, after falling and hitting his head near his Venice apartment. He had been living in the clown building on Rose and Main since 1975, in a low-cost apartment. Unfortunately that apartment is no longer available for low-income residents, and it now costs what most artists like Pano cannot afford.

“Eight percent of artists make it on their work alone – the other 92 percent either have another job or their wife is working,” Pano told me when I interviewed him for the September 2014 issue of the Beachhead.

Richard Modiano, Executive Director at Beyond Baroque, who makes the best events in Venice possible by maintaining with such excellence the wonderful venue that Beyond Baroque is, was also part of Pano’s memorial. “We are glad to be able to honor him here, he spent many hours and days here,” Richard said, referring to the Wednesday night poetry workshops that Pano regularly attended.



Above: Pano at his own memorial. Looks like he drank the Metaxa and skipped the water this time. Photo: Greta Cobar



Election of Trump - continued from page 6
tives, thus relieving the whole of the body politics from the push and sway of the people’s interest. Down goes another branch...

What about the courts? There are many historical instances where the last line of defense, where the people held one last hope for redress, rested with the courts. The powerful elites know this too. That’s why for years now a systematic campaign has been underway to maintain a conservative court, even as the people grew more liberal. It has been euphemistically called a lagging indicator to suggest that the courts take time to change, and that the lifetime appointments were meant to keep the courts reacting slowly. If foul play is not alleged in the case of scaly Scalia, it must be seen that the other side caught a break. Perhaps liberals would have wanted a better guy making the pick than the Droner-in-Chief, Barry O, but at least they can hope for a marginal move leftward. naw kid, they playin’ chess, while you playin’ checkers -- reactin’! The rules are pretty clear: the presiding executive gets to fill any vacancies created during their term. Yet this lost of ground in the power game was just too much for them to take, and in all of our faces, the “original intent” guy’s seat was denied to whom the rules give the right to make that appointment. Can an observant public, ever put any confidence in the court as presently constituted? Now that one member of the court oozes that distinct orange tint (like he’s been rolling in cheetos dust or something), doesn’t that delegitimize every decision coming down from a court with a stolen seat? A trifecta of illegitimacy is achieved when the party who gerryman-

watercolor by K. Wolff 1972

dered for themselves the control of the legislature, gives cover to the executive to ignore the constitution, so that the judiciary can remain in the hands of their partisan teammates.

Where do we turn for solutions? When we consider the imaginative ingenuity and problem-solving creativity of the American people, we recognize that often when problems fester in government, it is likely not because we can’t put our heads together and come up with a solution. Instead, the money trail usually leads us to a special interest that is actively preventing the people’s solution, in favor of whatever version of the problem best serves their bottom line. ...and over time the people become awoken to this process, and the glare of our many problems insist too strongly for solutions. Here’s the trap: just when we can’t take it any more, and we are ready to insist on major changes, a bunch of solutions (which really aren’t solutions) begin to absorb that change energy... Suddenly, we’re out there marching every weekend, beating drums and yelling our throats hoarse, all the while dissipating and draining our change energy -- and nothing changes. Or we put all of our hopes into a fringe candidate from the right or the left (think DocPaul or Kucinich or the Bern), but we get them to run in their electoral process -- sometimes getting sooo close, but again and again, we only take moral victories to go with our heart-breaking defeats at the polls (we’ll get em’ next time), and NOTHING CHANGES.

While there are places in this country where people don’t know what is going on in our elections, we are

fortunate that here in Venice, so many of our friends and neighbors have been paying attention enough to see clearly the true state of our democracy. When our nation needs thought leaders to re-imagine what a more locally-responsive, people-centered approach to governance would look like, it will turn to places like Venice where the pulse of creativity is flowing with living art, culture, and technology. It’s our country’s places like Venice, where men and women are undergoing spiritual maturity and are learning to co-exist and thrive together. These places offer a different type of dialogue in the midst of these growing spiritual beings, where conversation generates and dissipates a more refined purity of truth among the participants. We strove for many months to maintain such a space on the boardwalk, where we could refocus on the central value of dialogue, and create a safe space for conversation. We call it the 420box -- that last enclave of guys and gals on the north end of the OceanFrontWalk -- the first attraction coming in from Santa Monica. Over a period of many months during the last election cycle, we at the 420box engaged in a series of conversations during which we realized that we should find worthy outlets for all the positive change energy bubbling up here in Venice. We saw no value in the convenient channeling of our change energy into outlets of “the system’s” choosing. We were tired of protesting, and wanted instead to profess something in our gatherings. Stop coming together just to yell about what we’re against, but gather to dialogue about what we are for. One such worthy outlet, is to direct our change energy towards the creation of a Trans-National Alliance.

The TNA is a way to organize ourselves and deliver governance services (such as health care, education, social services, neighborhood security, etc.), to the members of the trans-public, with transparency and open-sourced efficiency, while being outside of the controlling hands in Washington DC. When the solutions (which are not solutions) manifest, they have a way of frothing up a whole lot of activity (like meetings and teach-ins and protests) without producing tangible, real-world results to which we can point. Chief among the aims of the TNA is to produce efficient outcomes that reinforce our collective will, and have those outcomes scale-able, with success building upon success, and a positive state of growth leading to more measurable outcomes. We have advantages that they did not have in Seventy-Six, that we can tap in to, to make our decision-making locally sourced and inclusive. Say a specific TNA function group wants to vote on a particular policy consideration. Since today, there’s an app for that (which we built, with code we sourced ourselves, during and open and transparent operation of that TNA function group’s work) we can use all of our input and include all of our votes and go forward according to the result of the “wise crowd’s” will.

The origin of the TNA, being dialogues we had hanging out, it must be clearly stated that many of the first principals that are the TNA’s core defining traits came out of conversations beginning with Michael “the lord jesus christ” Charles, with Don -- low key in the background adding wisdom and insight, passion from clear voices like Anna (MC KOA), input from David “the love guy” Busch, Yetti (may he rest in peace), that crazy jew Jarrod (or whatever name he thinks the mossad got him operating under) -- who always offers such interesting real world insight into a modern day operation of Mosaic

law... now if he’d just stop with the self-sabotage! the guys at OccupyVenice, along with countless unnamed regulars and walker-bys to the 420box. Thanks too to Terrance, one of those true believers -- he’s the guy who would stay orange even if The Boss shot a couple of tourists in Time Square. Voices like his adds to the dialogue, to have an otherwise smart guy, whose world has been conditioned to accept everything coming out of Washington now that it is his guy with the power. We

continued on page 7



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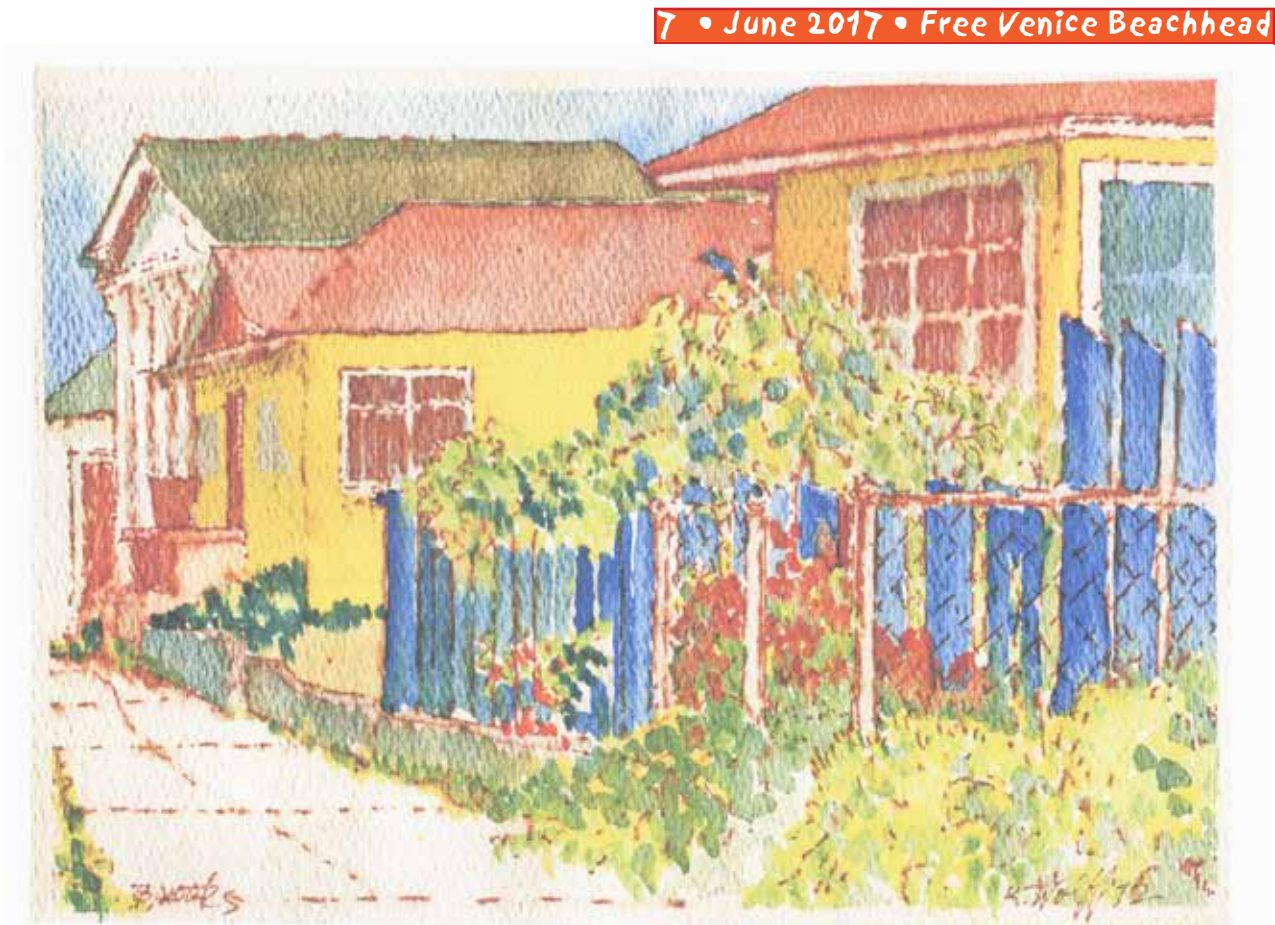


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“a responsible maintenance company”

Election of Trump - continued from page 6
also could not hang out at the 420box, there for hours at a time, having these awesome conversations, if Becky, and groups like CBC weren't cooking... (we love you Becky -- up to FOUR days a week now!). We have people like Martha who love us, and keep us informed about every little decision made in the halls of power, that may affect us on the beach. We'd never know how entrenched the problem really is, if people like her weren't trickling down the information. And Saffron, who saw the value of this paper, and connected us to the BeachHead, so that now we have a platform to reach a mass readership. Thanks, also to the staff and money contributors of the Free Venice BeachHead for staying in the fight and doing it for the right reason. Keep on keeping on, is what the old hippies told me... We herald here the arrival of the TNA, because it is time to open our ranks to the community at-large, and tap in to the great capacity contained here in Venice.

We call, together, for a gathering of the Trans-public, to dialogue into a working model, the creation of a Trans-National Alliance constitution. Yes, it's shadow government time, people. But we do this not as a replacement or challenge to current or existing local, state, or federal government. The spirit of the TNA is active disengagement from a dysfunctional and illegitimate power structure. We purposely want to STOP GIVING THEM OUR ENERGY. We've come to realize how little we want or need from Washington DC, so we are now accepting to let them do as they will, while we actively gather here presenting our own solutions, aiming for the most local impact. This is just us, asserting that we can peaceably assemble, and that assembly has the aim of enabling collective decision-making. We want to put on paper, our principals of inclusivity, personal freedom, and collective service to community. We want to elevate and centralize human rights to be our chief consideration in the most transparent operation of our open-sourced governance and decision-making, so that whatever we do, we're doing it together, for us all.

Bring some herbs (or not), let us sit down and have a conversation. Offer your ideas, your capacity, your resources... help us document this process. We need AV equipment to faithfully capture what is taking place so that members of our alliance who are not in attendance can access these dialogues. We need digital real estate (web site, hosting, social media management, etc). We also need to create a TNA app. We need visual aids and art, to express the TNA to the public passerby



watercolor by K. Wolff 1972

at-a-glance; we need printing. We need to be able to capture our spirit on many platforms, and make the transparent operation of our intention, the main driver growing our alliance.

This is the season to do all this. At a time when our government is headed by the greenest orange menace to ever sit in that chair (yes, he's sooo in over his comb-over, and that inexperience is dangerous to us all), but let us replace that anxiety with positive action. Let us take back our creative power and let us come up with a digital document that reflects our spirit, then let us make it available to the weary public, looking for an outlet to express their heart of positivity. The process will remain open all summer and input is sought from as many sources as are willing to contribute. By the end of the Venice season (say around halloween), we should have wrapped up our constitutional convention and have a final document to print on the pages of The BeachHead. Yes, join us!



CALIFORNIA WOMEN'S LAW CENTER

The California Women's Law Center and Venice Community Housing
FREE LEGAL HOUSING CLINIC
For All Beach Cities Residents

Venice Community Housing

Landlords in Venice, Santa Monica and other coastal neighborhoods continue to try and force tenants to vacate their affordable apartments, most of them regulated under Rent Stabilization or Rent Control laws. Profit is often the motive, and tenants are losing out. You can do something - but you must seek assistance!

Receive free legal assistance if you have been evicted or harassed by your landlord!

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10:00am to 12:00pm
Venice Community Housing, 720 Rose Ave., Venice CA 90291

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

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- * a landlord is **offering you cash** to vacate your apartment
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To **RSVP** and ensure your spot contact Amy Poyer at: amy.poyer@cwlc.org

This is a **FREE** legal clinic sponsored by the California Women's Law Center and Venice Community Housing and staffed with housing attorneys

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The Art of the Cooks of Peace Press
June 3 - July 1, 2017 Arena 1 Gallery

Reception and Opening, Saturday, June 3 5 – 9PM
Live performance by the Chambers Brothers, 7pm

Carol Kaufman, Henry Klein, Jan Martin, Mary Peterson, Linda Shelp, Maud Simmons, Christina Schlesinger, Anni Siegel, Steve Volpin, Nancy Youdelman

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The Chambers Brothers, American gospel, rock and soul band best known for their 1968 hit "Time Has Come Today"

Saturday, June 17, 2017 2 - 4 pm.
The Poets of Peace Press
Dinah Berland, Michael C. Ford, Deborah Lott, Bill Mohr, Julia Stein, & LA Youth Poet Laureate, Rhiannon McGavin. Curated by Peace Press Editor Dinah Berland.

Saturday, July 1, 2017 2 - 4PM
An afternoon with Gary Tyler

Once the youngest person on Death Row in the United States, accused of murder despite lack of evidence, Gary spent 41½ years in Angola Prison, Louisiana, before being released in 2016.

Arena 1 Gallery 3026 Airport Avenue, Santa Monica CA 90405
www.santamonicaartstudios.com

Death in Venice continued from page 3
nity becomes a sterile town, fetid and coldly corporate, bankrupt of its natural bohemian influence and Dionysian soul. And while no good Venetian in their right mind will ever set foot inside the Adidas store, we can all continue to assert our indomitable bohemian spirits, fight the Powers That Be, let our Freak Flags fly, and be creative in our fight against the current corporate blitzkrieg.

One thing we CAN’T DO is fight each other: divide and conquer is the enemy’s long-term tactic and it’s been very effective. Venice is infamous for its internecine conflicts, numerous opposing positions that clash – meanwhile, the Brand Retailers waltz away with what they want.

If Venetians are serious about stopping the corporate takeover of their neighborhoods, they must start to work IN UNISON against those who would openly rape the city for their own profit, who have no interest, concern, or living investments in Venice.

Roger Webster, a long-time Venetian and partner in Perloff-Webster Realty (which owns the lease on Abbot’s Habit) also decries the changes taking place in the neighborhood, emphasizing the need for Venetians to fight from, “the top down,” meaning residents can only have an effect against the forces of corporate greed by addressing our representatives, like Mike Bonin, forcing THEM to defend our neighborhoods against international Retail Brands and their predatory goals.

But right now, Webster says, there’s too much, “inbred fighting” and Venetians are so polarized that, “the city’s not doing what’s good for itself.” He suggests Venice needs a new vision for itself, perhaps based in the old, but not simply for nostalgia’s sake; instead, as a flame for the future.

“I see Venice as an estuary. A spot where life replenishes and re-nourishes itself,” Webster claimed, “not a place that’s necessarily dying off, leaving one with bitter memories of better times.” The trick is to force our Representatives, using our power as citizens and as de facto Venetian visionaries, to serve OUR purposes or we’ll promise to vote them out!

If we simply give ground without fighting, Adidas wins. So in the memory of Abbot’s Habit, all its meant to our neighborhood the last 25 years, in the spirit of Dionysus, the Reese and Tabor families, the myriads of people who’ve passed through this soon-to-be-gone coffee shop – FIGHT FOR YOUR CITY!

The closing of Abbot’s Habit should MOTIVATE our community to fight the brand-name bullies who have no sense of what Venice is, ever was, or ever will be; resist the dulling influence of Google and SnapChat employees who hide out in their corporate bubbles, never venturing from their safe havens to become authentic Venetians; resist the pricy restaurants not truly intended for anyone who actually lives in town; resist the corporatization of Venice.

ALL VENETIANS need to UNIFY in COMMON CAUSE and SAVE OUR CITY’S VISION OF ITSELF! At the same time, we MUST NOT ALLOW outsiders to define our future as one which has no place for us. We bear a moral culpability ourselves if we stay on the sidelines and simply bemoan the current or impending state of affairs. We are Bohemians, Dionysian dreamers, artists, sinners and saints – but above all, we are Venetians. And the demise of Abbots Habit is our Clarion Call – either we put aside our differences or we risk losing everything. Because, as Ben Franklin wisely observed on the brink of an earlier revolution, “If we don’t hang together... we will surely hang apart.”

SPY continued from page 3
ists for a GED high school diploma: currently 10 youth enrolled.

Mail and phone services, computers and internet access are available.

Within a legal clinic, Public Counsel assists with ticket clearing, legal advocacy and "Know your Rights" workshops.

Family reunification can sometimes be achieved by helping to find family, and pay for the trip home.

Limited transportation assistance is given along with bus tokens.

LA County Department of Mental Health provides weekly mental health information, support and links to mental health services.

Exceptional Children's Foundation- Provides mental health services through counseling, crisis stabilization, mediation, grief and loss support, and anger management.

Los Angeles LGBT Center- joins outreach as well as offering support to drop in youth

Recovery meetings are provided once a week in a 12-step format tailored for youth.

“Spy Squad” empowers TAY by inviting their input into their own recovery.

Pet care is provided by Animal Wellness Center, MDR, and Karma Rescue

THERE IS VERY LITTLE HOUSING ANYWHERE in LA, but Spy has connections. The St. Joseph Center provides weekly Rapid-Rehousing assessments to ensure youth have access to available permanent-supportive housing, SPY has some relations with landlords. When possible, SPY connects kids to openings at shelters-SM, Harvest Home (Prenatal). The Youth Coordinated Entry System increases access to housing. 14 youth were housed last month

All stepping stones to changing their lives...

Who knew all this was hiding behind this unassuming storefront?!

Having this home, across the street from my home, gives SPY the ability to expand and grow their programs. Their budget in one million dollars, with 94% privately funded. 75-105 youth utilize their services per day

“I won’t stop”, Rachel vows, hope keeps her going. And it can keep the kids going too.

In 2016, 1,132 kids received support through their range of free services and low barrier programming.

No one else is doing this on the Westside. SPY part-

ners, and does joint street outreach with My Friend’s Space, a similar organization based in Hollywood, and the LGTB Center, while Westside adults are served by the St Joseph Center.

The good news is that our politics are finally beginning to be more proactive.

Councilman Bill Rosendahl was a huge supporter, and Rachel tells me that Mike Bonin has picked up the ball and has done a great job at prioritizing the issue. Sheila Kuehl has stepped up homeless prevention and given funding.

County Measure HHH is giving funds for upcoming housing projects- The city is currently looking at all property they own and every city property has to find a place for housing. This includes the parking lot at the west end of Washington and the old bus depot on Pacific.

“Venice Dell Pacific” (Venice and Pacific) plans to provide low income housing developed by Venice Community Housing.

Here’s a link to the City website outlining some of their plans. <http://clkrep.lacity.org>

County Measure H- provides funding for supportive services (like SPY) HOORAY!

Local business connections include Snapchat (who funds SPY’s volunteer program, installed 2 bathrooms, has given bikes for youth, and provides meals 3 x month), and Google (who granted their digital arts lab).

SPY is raising its profile by hosting VNC community meetings, attending meetings, and hosting forums at private homes.

So perhaps there’s hope on the horizon.

On Mother’s Day, while walking toward my teenage daughter on our way to the beach, I came across a guy with a backpack sitting on the sidewalk on Windward. He asked me if I had a couple dollars to spare. I had no money on me so I told him no, and started to continue walking. I took a double take and realized he may be younger than he first looked. “How old are you?” I asked. “18” “Are you homeless?” “Yes”.

“Have you heard about SPY? Safe Place for Youth?” “Yeah...I heard of it.”

“Where are you sleeping?” “Oh, here and there... “

“Did you call your mom for mother’s day?” “I don’t have her number.” (Hmmm)

“So...did she kick you out? Or did you run away? Or...”

“A little of both..”

Unfadeable to the Ignorance

By Mike Sonksen aka “Mike The Poet”

In spite of prevailing fear and division in the state of the union
We are unabashed and unaffiliated with unethical living
We are unbreakable, unfadeable, unavailable to the prevailing fear
trying to strangle what is beautiful
We are unrelatable to the sickness, unattainable to wickedness,
we denounce your labels
We are unscalable, you cannot climb these tables
We are unphasable to your walls, no one is illegal
We are not unreasonable, we are unbelievable builders of bridges
We are unhinged in our vision, we are unbending
when it comes to decisions connected to citizens
We unlabel religion because we are all God’s children
We are unabashed in our love, unaffiliated with the fuzz
We are unbound to borders, unclouded in what we denounce,
We will not shut up
We are uncensored in the cut, unrelenting in the quest for justice,
we sing for Sandra Bland, we elevate Eric Garner, we remember Trayvon Martin
We believe Black Lives Matter, these are not alternative facts
We understand the American tradition is the lie of innocence,
We unsubscribe to the lie of the civil war that attempted to transform
enslavement into benevolence
We are unappeased to the powers that be
We can’t unhear their lack of sympathy for Black citizens killed by police
Or the two Indian-born engineers shot in Kansas City
Or the dozens of bomb threats on Jewish community centers
or the unconstitutional travel ban of immigrants
We can’t unhear the silence of so many, the unrepentant violence is too much
This is why we will not shut up
Remember that we are supposed to be the country of “give me your tired,
your poor, your weak,”
We are supposed to be the land of the free and an international sanctuary
though the reality is more like an imperial presidency
And so WE the people must forge new histories aligned with equality
Because WE the people are not the enemy
The future is unpaved and unmapped, we are unsatisfied with the past
We are unabashed in our quest to remake the world
Our activism is not blasphemy, it is the original spirit that started
this country
We are not on the wrong side of history
It is this confidence in true justice and what is righteous that empowers us
This is why we are uncensored, unbreakable, unfadeable to the ignorance

“You should go to SPY” I urged...”they could...they would help you ...”

What could have been a threatening man became a boy who missed his mom right before my eyes and I so hope he’ll take advantages of the services this terrific organization offers.

What if this were my child???

I’m proud to welcome SPY as our neighbor and will look for ways to integrate them into our shared community. I contacted my neighbors to see if they had any thoughts pro or con about having SPY as our neighbor. One person reported that he, too, has noticed a bit more loitering, but no one has had any negative encounters or problems, and some didn’t even know they were there. Most enthusiastically responded to my idea to serve lunch there once a month. I spoke to Taylor, our rep from Councilmember Bonin’s office and he noted that SPY was obviously positive for the region, and the risk would be a negative impact locally. However, he reported that in his 1 ½ years as deputy there have been no complaints that he can recall...a remarkable thing!

He reiterated their enthusiastic support for the organization which has blossomed from a fledging seed of an idea to a self- sufficient organization.

It’s a respectful, safe place allowing the kids to exit survival/jungle mode for a while.

No longer a NIMBY, I Want to be part of the solution

I vow to become a YIMBY (Yes in my backyard! Well, maybe not in my backyard, but across the street? AOK)

If not us, then who? If not now? Then when?

Ways to help:

If you’re reading this and you’re homeless, or at risk of being homeless, check out SPY!

If you see homeless youth, tell them about SPY!

If you have money- give to SPY!

Buy a ticket to the upcoming fundraiser Gala, Heroes, which provides 20% of their yearly budget to add to their drop in center/programming. 20 local restaurants are giving food and beverage donations. The gala costs \$10,000 and raises \$200,000

Purchase tickets and more info at: www.spy2017gala.eventbrite.com

Donate cash, time, and/or talents. Give clothes, toiletries or commit to a meal once a month.

Organize a clothing or food drive from your congregation
continued on page 11

THIS PAPER IS A POEM.

The Candle and Shooting Stars
By Larry Li

Our children cannot dream unless they live,
They cannot live unless they are nourished.

Do we still remember when we made the first wish,
In the front of the candle or the shooting stars?
But did they came true?
Or they have changed, lost and faded.

We lost the tiny little hope,
The hope that we can easily come up with,
And it is also easily to be forgotten,
Because we are dying for surviving.

Figure out how to live a meaningful life,
Not to become the machine of works.
Fill up our brain with literature,
Not the sly smell of opportunism.

Poetry is never luxury,
Happiness neither.
We can left our children not only wealth,
But also Wisdom.
Teach them with the spirit of brave,
Nourish them with the selfless passion.

Therefore, do not reject them,
When they say:”Can I kick it?”
Stand up and support them with:
”Yes, you can!”

Do not let our children lose the passion like we did,
Do not let them hide their hopes until they are lost,
Because our children cannot dream unless they live,
They cannot live unless they are nourished.

- Larry Li is 18 years old and has been speaking
English for two years.

THE DIN FROM MY DEN
BY MIRA WILDER

I imagine in this world
There are places of silence
Peaceful, serene
No sign of violence,
Maybe the sound
Of nature to ponder,
Is out there,
Somewhere,
Way out yonder...

But not from my corner
Of life where I'm living,
Rife with the noise
Of everyday minion...
And I might go crazy,
If I let it bother
The decibel level
Exceeds any standard...

Small craft Airplanes,

rumble overhead.
Sounds of scratchy raking,
Leaf blowers blowing at 6 am
The racket here is deafening.
Radio stations blare the beat,
Engines clank, N tires screech,
power tools, grinding, obbligato.

TVs blasting throughout the day...
then I hear a hubbub
shouting...slamming doors!

yelling 'I'm gonna put you away'...

Lawn mowers put-ting, hammers hit the head

all in the name of progress...
police and fire trucks and an ambulance to the
scene...

Helicopters circle,

the criminal fleeing...

12 gang motorcycles race around
A dog is barking out of control
the owner Yells... God dammit NO
Someone singing...a little off key...
Adele; 'Hello'...

Sandy
by William Moore

The lucent stars and endless sky Won't ease the pain,
though I try My only ally is my youth
Yet deep cuts are left to soothe And here I stay
For five dollars a day

Working in the luscious green fields This painful beauty
never yields From dawn 'till noon I must endure As my life
aches without a cure And my hands bleed away
For five dollars a day

In the face of cold and rain
The biting cold cuts my soul again
I own nothing but my words and actions I obey and work
without distractions And my family can eat and pray
For five dollars a day

I am just a child wanting to be free
Of the incessant labor that condemns me I work, and work
against the heat
The days are a blur, as they repeat And I fade away
For five dollars a day

HOLLYWOOD + HOMELESS
by Kristine Gloviak
Too insignificant to matter?
Watching J-Lo + Kardashians
S P L A T T E R.
their shape and appeal
while the Homeless
S Q U E A L
“Please pass me the platter!”

Child of the Ride
by Joanna Silva

You see the river and are in.
Your eyes skip over the dock, dismiss the boat,
were amused at the raft, but you abstained.
That water's life - fierce, breathing, beautiful.
It kills, it welcomes, and it is blind.
Unbroken knowing. One moment is plenty.
It is sad, good, it's too heavy, and funny, all in between
and including the cutting, floating, choking,
the punches and the falls.
You're not bothered. You're blessed by what is sandy, where
is slippery, why is scraping, when is stopping, what is peaceful
is not easy, how is what we need to forget.
Everything is wet and you're grateful.
Face above whitewater is joy, currents
simply do nothing, or bulky, implore, enlist.
Serve. Truly. Survive and be gone.
You are in the Water.
Go with friends, go cursing, alone, go crashing,
be clear, be amazed, be bruised,
be firm, flow unsinkingly.
This...
You stop speaking now
everywhere has no words
this is arrived

oh you

by alan rodman

oh you we do the morning right
all your jewels are polished bright
your little cough has had enough
your pretty head has been to bed
your wrist wrote me a list
your back is getting slack
your eye is seeking pie
your lip is on a trip
your legs
would go for some eggs
your pink epiglottis
is among the hottest
dreaming of you
has kept me active
your intangible quality
makes you attractive
your je ne sais quois
isn't wearing a bra
it's filled with awe
from what i saw
your very soul is on a roll
and so says the latest poll

9 • June 2017 • Free Venice Beachhead

Nothing CAN
by Mira Wilder

5 angel lamps
a micro wave oven
old apples shrinking in a bowl
a wooden Buddha
2 trumpets
a random Beach Boy drumstick
strewn clutter flaws of imperfection
aged in an aging apartment
Nothing can fix this mess up,
Nothing CAN.

Odd matching chairs
a shaky worn table
an old curtain cover
glass floating atop
legs unstable
random chords
broken frames
bills scattered unpaid
remind me daily
typing away
Nothing can fix this mess up,
Nothing CAN.

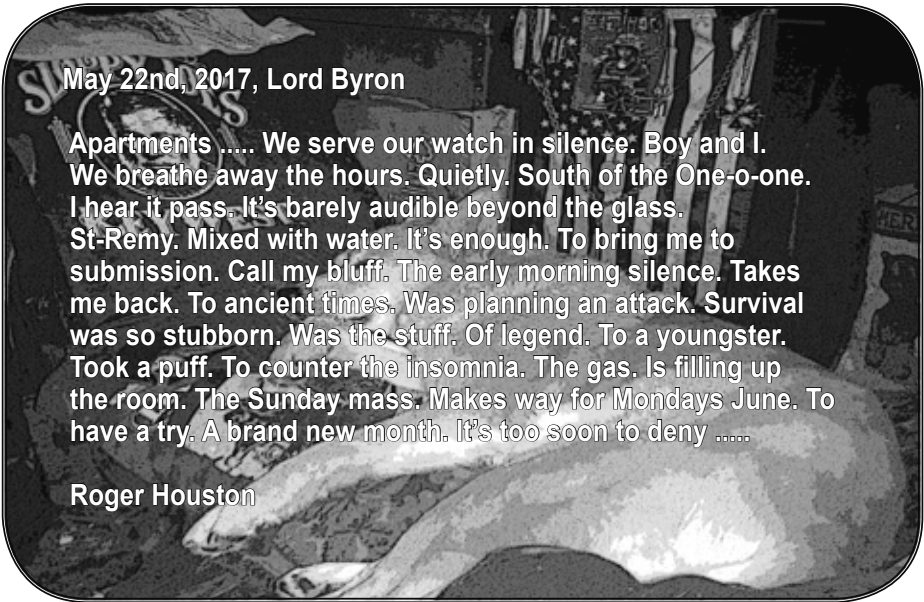
Books piled high
metaphysical eye
a bronze statue of Tara holds bracelets
sweet tea by my side
a silver tea pot filled with change
a keyboard and a recorder
a mandolin hardly played
years of collecting cds
and a 60 inch television
gifted as a joke
to choke my life
as I lay watching
Nothing can fix this mess up,
Nothing CAN.

What'll I do with all my junk
years from now it'll still be crap
clothes from the 80's
Mothers jewelry
given in guilt for pedophilia
photographs
strewn broken frames
from my last matrimonial disaster
Nothing can fix this mess up,
Nothing CAN.

I don't take care of my hands
No patience for that
barely hanging on
ruminating the past
invisible apparitions say
never dared anything
or got out of my own way
afraid of my own shadow
yet here I am today
Nothing can fix this mess up,
Nothing CAN.

I can call a maid of foreign descent
call a hauler or file a complaint
I have a neighbor a hell bent bitch
locks me out of the apartment
while my dog takes a piss,

and I know...
I'm the only one who can deal with this!
Nothing can fix this mess up,
Nothing CAN!



May 22nd, 2017, Lord Byron

Apartments We serve our watch in silence. Boy and I.
We breathe away the hours. Quietly. South of the One-o-one.
I hear it pass. It's barely audible beyond the glass.
St-Remy. Mixed with water. It's enough. To bring me to
submission. Call my bluff. The early morning silence. Takes
me back. To ancient times. Was planning an attack. Survival
was so stubborn. Was the stuff. Of legend. To a youngster.
Took a puff. To counter the insomnia. The gas. Is filling up
the room. The Sunday mass. Makes way for Mondays June. To
have a try. A brand new month. It's too soon to deny

Roger Houston

2 June Friday 8:00 PM
LAUREN HENLEY AND MOLLY BENDALL
Experience an Evening with L.A. poet, Molly Bendall (most recently, Watchful) and high desert poets, L.I. Henley (These Friends These Rooms) and Jonathan Maule (Dogstar). Regular admission. Members FREE.

3 June Saturday 1:00 PM – 3:00 PM
KISS ME AGAIN, PARIS A MEMOIR BY RENATE STENDHAL
Best-known for her photo biography of Gertrude Stein, Lambda Literary Award–winner Stendhal will read from her memoir that recalls a time in 1970s Paris when women were in fashion and every woman, gay or straight, fell in love with women. Stendhal will be joined in conversation with investigative journalist and documentary filmmaker Anne-christine d’Adesky whose forthcoming book, The Pox Lover (University of Wisconsin Press), examines LGBT activism in Paris and New York during the 1990s. The event will also feature a short book trailer with Parisian sights and sounds. Regular admission. Members FREE

3 June Saturday 5:00 PM – 7:00 PM
SALLY KIRKLAND IN CONVERSATION WITH NATALIE FORD
Check the website for details. Regular admission. Members FREE.

3 June Saturday 8:00 PM
POETRY IN MOTION
This season Poetry In Motion will feature special events and solo performances. Check out the PIM website evebrandsteinpoetryinmotion.com and Facebook page for more information. Special General Admission – Advanced tickets \$15 on Eventbrite; \$20.00 at the door, \$10.00 Students/Seniors; Members \$8.00.

4 June Sunday 2:00 PM
BAGGAGE REVIEW
The Baggage Review presents a collision of music and words as the all-improvisational band Baggage plays host to a revolving cast of bands. Singers and songwriters will not only play songs, but also read their poetry and lyrics, and otherwise incorporate spoken word into their music performance. \$5.00 donation requested but no one turned away for lack of funds.

4 June Sunday 5:00 PM
POETS & WRITERS PRESENTS CONNECTING CULTURES
Since 1989, P&W’s Readings/Workshops program has sponsored thousands of literary events in California, connecting diverse writers with diverse audiences. To celebrate this ongoing initiative, we asked partner organizations to present some of their favorite local poets, fiction writers, and creative nonfiction writers.

4 June Sunday 7:30 PM
WE AIN’T GIVING UP VENICE: LIVE MUSIC!
Eileen & the In-Betweens is a five-piece social justice indie folk band from New Mexico on their West Coast and Canada “We Ain’t Giving Up” tour playing uplifting music (featured on NPR) “to protect water/fight fascism/love queers/welcome refugees/tear down walls to”! Donations appreciated. www.eileenshaughnessy.com

8 June Sunday 8:00 PM
GRUPO FALSO BAIANO: BRAZILIAN MUSIC!
Grupo Falso Baiano from the Bay Area will perform intimate choros and traditional sambas from their new album with members Brian Moran on 7-string guitar and percussionist Ami Molinelli. To feature “An Evening in Rio” they will be joined by vocalist and Los Angeles resident from Rio de Janeiro, Katia Moraes. In addition, they will be joined on Violin and Mandolin by Ted Falcon who after living in Brazil for the past 7 years has returned to Los Angeles. Regular Admission. Members FREE

9 June Friday 8:00 PM
PETER WORTSMAN, HOWARD RODMAN & JOHN O’KANE
Peter Wortsman’s publications include a book of

flash fiction before the form had a name, A Modern Way To Die (1991); a travel memoir, two stage plays, and a novel, Cold Earth Wanderers (2014). Howard A. Rodman is a screenwriter, novelist, educator and is President of the Writers Guild of America, West. John O’Kane has published many articles and essays, as well as pieces of journalism, poetry, fiction, and creative non-fiction, in a variety of publications. Regular admission. Members FREE.

10 June Saturday 8:00 PM THREE ROOMS PRESS AND BEYOND BAROQUE PRESENTS: ¡DADA IN LALA 2!
A Disruptive Performance Event Hell-Bent on Blowing Minds plus the Official West Coast Launch of Maintenant 11: A Journal of Contemporary Dada Writing and Art. Regular admission. Members FREE.

11 June Sunday 5:00 PM
VOICE IN THE WELL
Public Works Improvisational Theatre presents an evening of lively cultural arts programming that celebrates the talents of many local writers, storytellers, poets, musicians and comics. Every month, we explore literary and social themes for your pleasure and enjoyment. Hosted by Eric Vollmer. Regular admission. Members FREE.

17 June Saturday 11:00 AM – 3:00 PM
MINI MASTER CLASS: TANOSHII TANKA WORKSHOP
Come join poet and writer Genie Nakano for a writing workshop on tanka, an exciting form of poetry. Tanka, meaning “little song.” \$50.00 general, \$35.00 members, \$15.00 to audit. Limited to 15 participants. Reserve spaces on Eventbrite.

17 June Saturday 8:00 PM
CHARLOTTE INNES READS FROM DESCANSO DRIVE
Charlotte Innes will read from her first book of poems Descanso Drive (Kelsay Books,) described by poet Sarah Maclay as “finely wrought work... at times like a melding of Plath and Boland.” Regular admission. Members FREE.

18 June Sunday 5:30 PM – 7:30 PM
BEYOND WORDS: BEAUTY AND RESISTANCE
BEYOND WORDS is a reading series that presents work by innovative and highly influential writers of fiction, poetry and creative non-fiction with a theme of Beauty and Resistance. Hosted by Jon Hess. Regular admission. Members FREE.

18 June Sunday 8:00 PM
BEYOND 24 FRAMES
“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. Regular admission. Members FREE.

23 June Friday 8:00 PM
CHRISTOPHER MERRILL READS WITH DAVID ST. JOHN
Christopher Merrill has published six collections of poetry, including Brilliant Water, and Watch Fire, for which he received the Lavan Younger Poets Award from the Academy of American Poets; translations of Aleš Debeljak’s Anxious Moments and The City and the Child; and has edited several volumes. David St. John is the author of twelve collections of poetry (including Study for the World’s Body, nominated for The National Book Award in Poetry), Regular admission. Members FREE.

25 June Sunday 2:00 PM
THE NEBRASKA GIRL OPEN READING
Sign-ups at 1:30 PM. Hosted by Wyatt Underwood. FREE but donations gratefully accepted.

Puppetzilla Puppet Slam - June 4th, 2017
Show at 7:30pm, After-Party at 9pm
Steve Allen Theater, 4773 Hollywood Blvd
Los Angeles, CA 90027
Admission: \$15
<http://bit.ly/2pQCITw>



laughtears.com

June 6 TUES 6pm McLuhan-Finnegans Wake Reading Club at MDR library 4533 admirality way free

Wed June 7, 8pm HOW FILMS SHAPE OUR BEHAVIOR? Reality performance artist/paramedia ecologist Gerry Fialka probes the hidden psychic effects of cinema with fun interactive dialogue and short films AT Electric Lodge 1416 Electric Av Venice 90291 310-306-1854 <http://electriclodge.org/> free parking Donation\$10 (no one turned away due to lack of funds) “Any presentation of Fialka’s work is guaranteed to rate as a mind-bending affair. Framed as an evening of “short films and interactive discussion,”... It’s a veritable stampede of visual strangeness, theoretical acrobatics and sociocultural redefinition, all delivered through the singular prism of Fialka’s self-defined prime directive: ‘exploration of the hidden psychic effects of human inventions.’” - Jonny Whiteside LA Weekly
June 10 SAT 4-6pm MESS – Author & Educator Peter Tan interview at unurban 3301 pico FREE <http://laughtears.com/mess.html>

June 11, Sunday, 8pm - Making Sense of What’s Right In Front of You: Recycled Films at beyond baroque 681 venice blvd - New York filmmaker Mark Street joins RIA LIVE CINEMA (musicians, dancers, poets) immersion into post-hypnotic hyper-maximum stimulating interactive multi-media art. Free

June 12 MON 4pm - at unurban 3301 pico FREE 5pm=NORTH BY EL NORTE (2016, 90 minutes) Director Mark Christensen’s (in person). If you take an X-con and give him the opportunity to a voice, he would say “I always wanted to build a wall to keep the Americas out.” Perfect timing. An engaging story that effects all of us in Mexico and the US. Danny Trejo challenges the idea that the wall can be challenged and over come by perseverance love and determination. With Douglas Spain, Patricia Rea, Emilio Rivera. Hear Mark Christensen interview by Gerry Fialka = <https://archive.org/details/20150914markchristensen> 4pm preshow with rare films and music.

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

June 22 - 26 Gerry speaks at McLuhan Media Ecology conference in SF Bay Area <http://www.media-ecology.org/activities/>

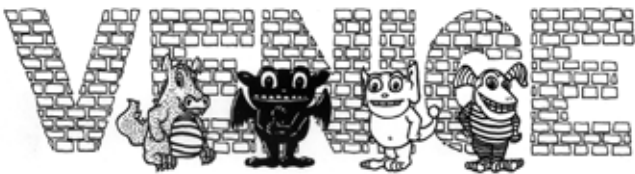
June 24 Sat 7pm Jazz Funk Fest at unurban 3301 pico FREE <http://www.laughtears.com/jazzfunkfest.html>

June 25, Sunday 7pm - Oh, Mr. Faulkner, Do You Write? at beyond baroque 681 venice blvd venice ca FREE - Jimbo Barnett’s (in person) sensitive documentary on a one-man show about Nobel Prize-winning author, William Faulkner, as portrayed by John Maxwell. Free admission, donations appreciated.

June 26 Mon 6-9pm Laughtears Salon 6-9pm at 212 Pier Santa Monica free - politics, art culture discussion free

Location Guide

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



SPY continued from page 8

tion or whatever group you belong to.

Encourage a local business to give 10% of their profits.

RAISE AWARENESS

Not having the time to research England's economy, I posed this question to our smarty pants friends:

Anyone know how socialist England is? Someone recently said that England had a more socialist economy than the US, with more services for homeless. Can anyone back that up, or refute it?

We append a comment we recieved.

Not very. Most of the socialist-flavored policies and programs introduced by the Labor Party after WWII have been systematically dismantled by both the Conservatives under Thatcher and her successors and New Labor under Tony Blair, including privatizing national industries and services and destroying the labor movement. In fact, Jeremy Corbin is running in this election on a more socialist platform than Labor has pursued since Blair, including re-nationalizing the railroads and providing free and universal education through university (the latter doesn't seem very socialist, though, when you remember that capitalist Germany offers it even to non-Germans). The only major "socialist" program that still exists in Britain is National Health, and the conservatives and neo-liberals are doing their best to cripple that; and, anyway, how socialist is something that is offered by every civilized nation but us? That said, as far as addressing poverty goes, yes, the Brits have pursued programs over the past 20 years that have dramatically reduced poverty there at the same time that poverty has risen significantly here, even though many of the economic issues facing Britain and the U.S. are the same. The U.S. spends significant amounts to reduce poverty, compared to most European countries, Britain included, to little effect. One difference is that they tend to do much more than we do to prevent poverty from taking root in the first place. For example, it is much easier to rise in class in EU countries than here, which is a huge brake on the development of a culture of poverty. Many people are kept from falling into poverty by programs like guarantee minimum incomes. And, of course, no one in the EU (or Canada or industrialized Asia) is driven into bankruptcy by getting sick. Britain isn't socialist, but it has many more social and economic safety guards than we do. –

Ongoing Events

RADIO VENICE

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

OCCUPY VENICE BEACH

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

COMPUTERS

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

FOOD

• Free Food Distribution. Tuesdays Noon, Thursdays 12:30pm, Fridays 1pm. Vera Davis Center.
• Sign up for Food Stamps (EBT Cards).
Vera Davis Center. 310-305-1865.
• Free Vegetarian Food Saturdays through Wednesdays 4:00 PM. OFW & Dudley.
• Mar Vista Farmers Market. Sunday 9:00AM - 2:00PM 3826 Grand View Boulevard.
• Venice Farmers Market. Fridays 7-11am, 500 North Venice Blvd.

KIDS

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

MUSIC

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

MISCELLANEOUS

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

YOGA AND DANCE

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

AA

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

SARA OMARI

When I was able to drive a car, many ears ago, I would have my car maintained and the wheels rotated twice a year. I was working as a substitute teacher for LAUSD.

I had to have reliable transportation and I kept my Thomas Guide close.

One day I was in Lancaster, the next in Long Beach, so I made sure my car was in great working condition, having every noise diagnosed and if needed, repaired.

I no longer can drive because of my partial paralysis and haven't for some time.

I now depend solely on my electric wheelchair, or "scooter" as I like to think of it.

Something is definitely wrong with it.

It speeds up unexpectedly when I am changing gears, and is jerky and sometimes does unexpected things that make me concerned. I am sure if someone who knows about these machines could look at it, they could have it running in top form right away.

At my former home facility, my wheelchair was well maintained, and cleaned every Wednesday night while I slept. Also, the towels that cover the chair, that I sit on, were washed and replaced daily.

At my current home facility, my wheelchair has not been cleaned since I received it nearly two years ago. The towels upon which I sit are sometimes changed weekly, sometimes not. It has not been serviced or maintained in any way.

Before I had this wheelchair I had had another electric chair and accidentally pushed a button with my elbow, that made it roll back over a worker's toe and she said, "You did it on purpose!" and then she orchestrated my punishment by having my chair taken away.

My lifeline was gone.

I was given a manual, very uncomfortable wheel chair that was extremely difficult for me to operate because I am paralyzed on one side. I was unable to get to the "Call Button" when I needed to. Also, because of my condition, I have to sit in this chair continually for 8-10 hours.

I would appreciate a knowledgeable person checking on this extremely important machine I need to function and considering how much money was spent on this machine, you would think they would want it maintained.

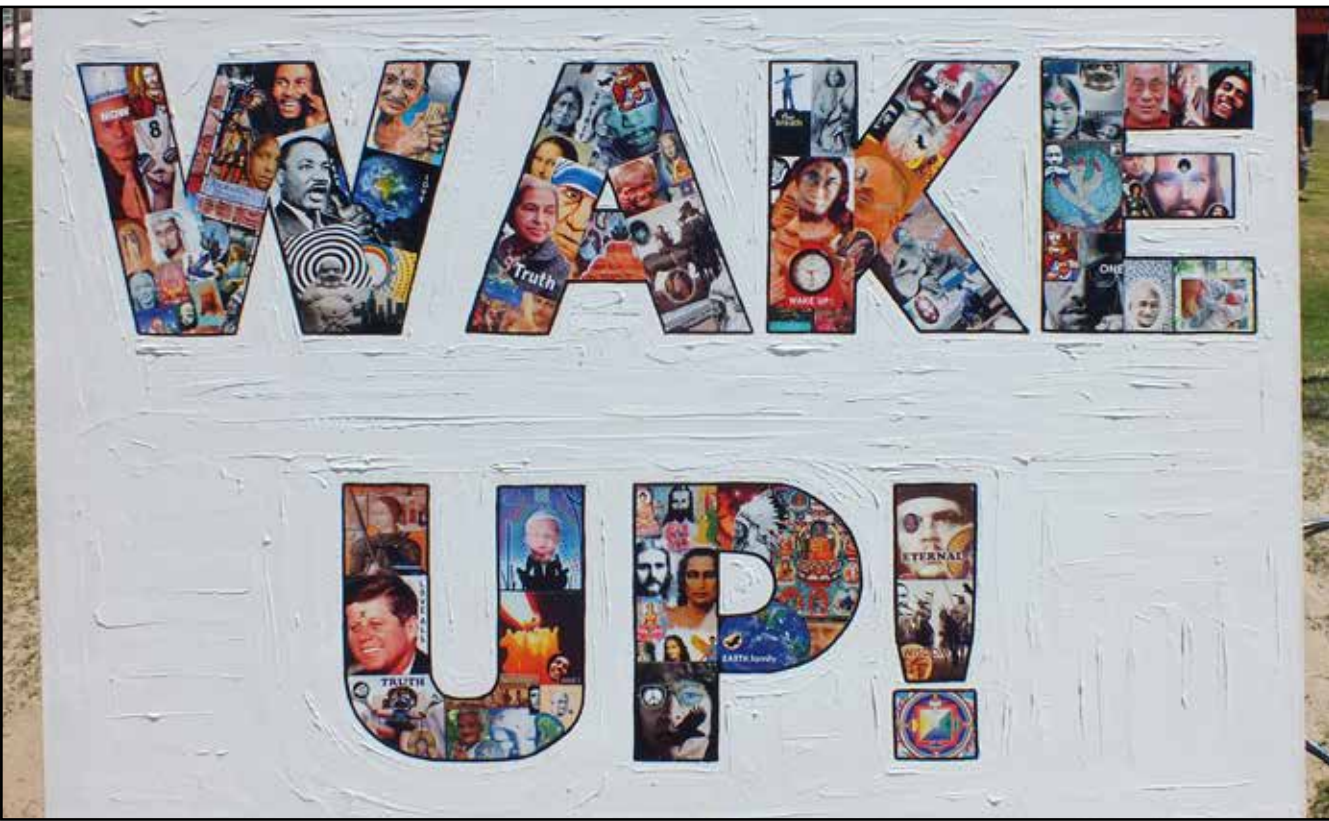
Sara Omari

Word For the Wise: Miscible, Adjective Capable of being mixed

VENICE JAM SESSION AND MUSIC WORKSHOP

by marty liboff

We are forming a Venice community jam group and all musicians are wanted. The plan is to meet every Thursday from around 2-4 P.M. starting June 15 at the Israel Levin Center at 201 Ocean Front Walk. It is the cool old building with the mural around it. Bring your guitar, drum, bass, sax, flute, tambourine or whatever and join us. It will be a free Venice jam session and music workshop exploring the Blues and other music. We don't know what this will turn into yet? The direction we go all depends on who shows up, but anyway it will be a lot of fun! It is sponsored by the Jewish Music Institute of L.A. but you don't have to be Jewish and everyone is welcome. So dust off that old violin, clarinet, harmonica and cow bell and head on down to Venice Beach and let's make a lot of music! For more information contact: Sherri Kadovitz at (310)396-0205 or skadovitz@jfsla.org



All Photos by Eric Ahlberg