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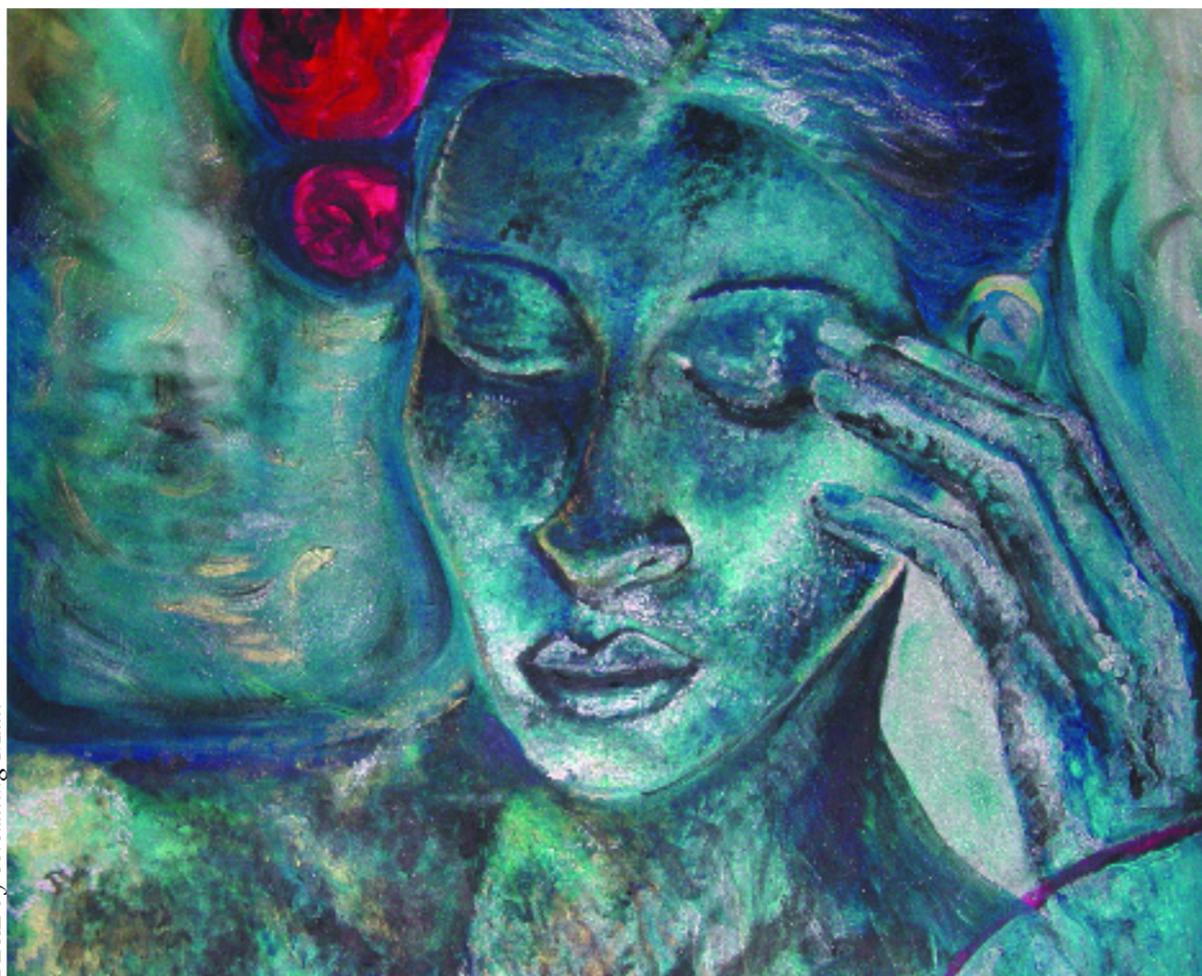
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## A DAY, AND A MONTH, FOR WOMEN

**On March 8, 1908, women rallied in New York City for women's suffrage and against child labor.**

**Women's Day Commemorates that event and is celebrated officially and observed worldwide.**

**It is not officially celebrated in The United States nor are women mentioned in The U.S. Constitution. Women's contributions to the human story have been ignored by all cultures, as if weaving were less important than war. So to all the women who didn't know their place, to all the women who died in space, one month for eons of Women's History. This issue of The Free Venice Beachhead is dedicated to the women heroes and champions, here's looking at you, kids!**



BLUE by Screaming Mimi

## LINDA ALBERTANO



Famous Venice poet and performance artist Linda Albertano is the subject of an interview with Beachhead Collectivist Suzy Williams.

Linda Albertano has been featured at the LA Theater Center, the John Anson Ford and the Wadsworth. Named "Best Female Performer-Poet" by the LA Weekly, she was among those representing Los Angeles at the One World Poetry Festival in Amsterdam. Her words are among those etched in concrete on the Venice Poet's Wall. As a member of the "Nearly Fatal Women," a spoken word trio, she's been sighted in venues as diverse as Cornell University and the Knitting Factory (NY and LA). Her solo spoken CD "Skin" is available on New Alliance Records.

—see page 8

## Susan B, Louisa May, Monica L, and Me

by Carol Fondiller

Women's History Month. What a silly concept, really. As if women's history is separate from men's history, and we had no part at all in the story of human beings.

Men and women are different, our concavities and our convexities are different, but they fit, and nicely. In all the long human history, beginning (according to the written record) when women were treated as property to be traded off, worked and bred to death until now, when thanks to the PILL we can be as goofy and promiscuous as any man getting up in chill dawn quietly putting on our clothes, and stealthily sliding out the pad, just like you, big guy!

Sometimes I hear women who should know better denigrating the women's movement. These women are commentators, lawyers, writers, etc. Not that the women's movement hasn't had its fits of insanity, but the bulk, the heft of the movement has been the story of courageous women who through necessity or choice have taken nontraditional roles or attitudes and questioned authority.

Susan B. Anthony, with almost monkish devotion, preached women's suffrage and got arrested many times for attempting to vote. Others followed in her footsteps chaining themselves to government buildings, getting arrested, throwing themselves in front of carriages to protest the jailing and force feeding of women who were imprisoned in their efforts to get universal suffrage.

Susan B. was ridiculed because she wore her black dress and red shawl to speak to sometimes hostile audiences. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Sojourner Truth, Mother Jones, Rosa Parks, Emma Goldman, Margaret Sanger, oh My Goddess, so many of them...Louisa May Alcott and her subtly subversive stories about inde-

—continued on page 4

## Growing up poor, Latina and migrant

By Yolanda Miranda

I was 12 years old when my family finally stopped migrating to pick the harvest. My older brothers and sisters had grown up following the crops through California and surrounding states, gotten married and had their own families. At last, my father had found a stable job on a 2,000-acre ranch. We got to live in a large two-story farmhouse with a barn that was on the ranch. The house was dilapidated, but we felt as if we had landed in paradise. We lived in the heart of the San Joaquin Valley, half way between Delano and Earlimart, where my grandparents lived.

We kids were delighted that we could attend the same school all year round. I had lost count of how many different schools I had attended while the family followed the harvests. Our joy was short-lived. We quickly found out that we were looked down upon as second-class citizens, or worse.

When we hopped off the school bus, we were greeted by the school nurse who gripped long wooden sticks. She took us, the migrant kids, aside and started running the sticks through our hair looking for lice. Once, she found some on my head. I was put back on the bus with some others and sent home. We were told we could not return to school until we were lice-free. I could see the embarrassment on my mother's face. She told me that no daughter of her's would bring shame on the family by having lice. It was my fault, she said, because of my thick hair. Then she sprayed my hair with kerosene, wrapped my head with a rag and let me scratch my scalp until she decided that all the lice were dead.

I finally was presented at school where the nurse used the long 'chop sticks' to go through

—continued on page 5



**BEACHHEAD COLLECTIVE:**  
A Clover, Pano Douvos, Fast Eddie, Carol Fondiller, Peggy Lee Kennedy, Screaming Mimi, Vessy Mink, Calvin Moss, Lydia Poncé, Jim Smith, Alice Stek, Suzy Williams

The FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published monthly by the Beachhead Collective as a vehicle for the people of Venice to communicate their ideas and opinions to the community at large.

The Beachhead encourages anyone to submit news stories, articles, letters, photos, poetry or graphics of interest to the Venice community. The staff reserves the right to make all decisions collectively on material published. There is no editor on the Beachhead. The printing is financed by ads and donations. The articles, poetry and art work express the opinions of the individual contributors and are not necessarily the views of the Beachhead Collective.

To submit material, include your name and telephone number. Anonymous material will not be printed, but your name will be withheld on request. If return of material is desired, a stamped self-addressed envelope is required. No payment is made for material used. Mail to: P.O. Box 644, Venice, CA 90294. Web: <www.freevenice.org>. Email: <Beachhead@freevenice.org>. Copyright 2003

### Our Mission Statement

Oh Holy Shit  
The Thought Police are rising  
It is the Time  
for the Beachhead's rebirth  
Now is the Time to get your thoughts together  
If you care whether you have a thought of any worth.  
Thoughts left of Center  
Homeowner or Renter  
Put your Head where your Pen\* is  
Send it to us use your wits and if we like it  
We'll print or plagiarize it or tear it into teeny tiny bits  
— by the Slumgoddess

\*Pen: Antique Term for Word Processor or Computer

### Beachhead Sustainers

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**Become A Beachhead Sustainer**

# LETTERS

— send letters to:

Beachhead  
POB 644  
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Email:  
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### Collectivists,

Congratulations on the February issue of The Free Venice Beachhead. It was nice to see so many contributions from my old favorites: Moe Stavenezer, John Haag, Rick Davidson, Lynne Bronstein, and Pano Douvos. The coverage of local events was excellent and even the poetry was super. But the back page alone, to me, completely justifies the resurrection of the paper.

Thanks for all of your efforts,

Chuck Bloomquist

Hi,

I'm an aging beatnik now living in NY who lived in Venice from 1959-1963. I hung out at the Venice West Cafe.

I remember John and Anna Haag when they owned the Venice West, before the council shut it down, when Anna greeted everybody, "Ciao!" and John said his poem "...this little monkey came down from the trees and put a fence around..."

Bill Fleeman

### Send us your dead presidents

Dear friend and reader,

If you believe that Venice needs a newspaper that tells the truth about what's going on in our beloved town, then we need your support.

The Free Venice Beachhead disappeared back in the mid-1990s, but last June we gathered together some veterans and some newcomers and began publishing again. You're holding in your hands our eighth monthly edition of the paper.

The goals and ideals that led to the founding of the Beachhead in 1968 are still our goals and ideals. We want to inform and mobilize our community to threats and opportunities. We love both the idea and the reality of Venice.

The Free Venice Beachhead is, as always, put together by a volunteer collective (see left for our names). However, our printer likes to be paid for its work.

We love our hometown advertisers. But the Beachhead has never survived solely on advertising. We are primarily a reader-supported institution. You might say we're the Venice version of the Pacifica network and radio station KPFFK. As you know, the Beachhead and KPFFK are among the few publications or broadcasters that are not corporately owned.

**That's where you come in.** We'd like you to become a Beachhead Sustainer. We'll only bother you once a year for your hundred bucks. Or if you prefer, send us \$50 now, and we'll hound you for the remaining \$50 in six months.

Here's what you'll get by becoming a Beachhead Sustainer (in addition to the satisfaction of helping the Beachhead survive and grow).

- We'll list the names of Sustainers in each and every Beachhead (unless you tell us to withhold your name).
- If you like, we'll mail you a copy of the Beachhead so you can avoid waiting in line to get one.
- We'll give you a big discount on the price of admission at Beachhead events.
- We'll give you a free business-card-size advertisement in the Beachhead once a year.

Thank you in advance from the Collective for helping to keep a free press alive and well in Venice!

**Count me in as a Beachhead Sustainer!**

### An Impromptu Response

Here's a little impromptu response by one who was there. There is an opinion in circulation here in Venice that people who oppose the oil-fired coup-junta and its war upon Iraq have somehow been misguided and/or impolite in their treatment of one of their alleged political representatives. This Jane Harman. This opinion seems grossly illogical, without substantive merit, and visibly out-of-kilter.

These points:

Nobody in the crowd threw any rotten eggs or tomatoes at Jane. Instead, we patiently waited our turns. And then, as the First Amendment allegedly allows, stated our opinion, as direct objection, to how she had voted in support of the war.

War is, by definition, an either-or business. Here's how that works. When I went to visit Indo-China back in my younger days, or Viet-Nam, I was there for an interesting event called the Tet offensive. Bien-Hoa was being heavily shelled as I rode around in a Jeep clinging with "frozen fingers" to an M-60 machine gun. The offensive over, my squad returned to our own base and we were informed that one other soldier we knew had been killed by a shell which fell short, went through the tin roof of his Quonset hut, and hit him dead in the lower torso.

Sounds a bit gruesome, I'm sure. But consider the irony of it as the point. Because, in reality, the typical and average death occurrence has much to do with simply being lucky, or unlucky. In other words, heroism, courage, patriotism have nothing to do with who dies. And, as soldiers used to put it, who skates.

Consequent of just these two short points, and in direct contrast to this other circulating opinion, I think war sucks; and I don't mind if my elected representative is made directly aware of this, and not in the least.

Moreover, of the age and experience and wisdom that I am, I have small cause and none not to believe what sends young men to die is a combination of the megalomania, and greed, and the will to power of what I call "the controller elite."

Next point. Since the start of recorded history, the bottom line in war is rape, pillage, and plunder. Referring to this war upcoming, the plunder will be oil. Or, profits derived from same for certain businessmen and so-called investors. Which is to say numerically quite large, and therefore well worth the political gamble.

The pillage will be the the extortion of the taxpayers money so that there is not one snowball's chance in Hell those taxes might provide something useful, or necessary; or practical for the suckers by these controller elite.

And the rape, as I see it, is both visible and audible in the person of Fox TV. The thought bend control mechanism designed purposely and deliberately to forcefully deprive the ordinary person of an opportunity to find their own reality-based opinion of this war. And, quite frankly, all war.

In short, and in closing, we do not need lethargy or a wishy-washy and comatose mind-set here in Venice about this war. Just say NO TO WAR!!!!!!!

—Fast Eddie

Here's my \$100 check.  Here's \$50. Bill me again in six months for the other \$50.  
 Please mail me the Beachhead every month.  
 Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Phone: \_\_\_\_\_  
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## Good Americans

by Linda Albertano

Good Americans are kind to dogs and children  
 Good Americans give to the thoroughly needy.  
 Good Americans are massively patriotic.  
 Fine Americans express such tender sympathies.

Good Americans have never harmed a living creature.

Good Americans lead basically blameless lives.  
 Good Americans are proud of their personal karmas.  
 Upstanding Americans never hear the screams.

Good Americans tend to their own little gardens.  
 Good Americans don't count their pit bulls before they've hatched.  
 Good Americans breed BMWs for pleasure.  
 Responsible Americans never drive home through Watts.

Good Americans know that nothing is sacred but style.

Good americans shop at Walmart or Lucky's or Saks.

Good Americans own cellphones and portable computers.  
 But loyal Americans own no lampshades of human flesh.

Good Americans are aggressively apathetic.  
 Good Americans can't hear the children scream.  
 Good Americans make a business of keeping their hands clean.  
 God-fearing Americans are only doing their jobs.

Good Americans are not their brother's keepers.  
 Good Americans wear blindfolds on their blindfolds.  
 Good Americans have front row seats in Heaven.  
 Decent Americans don't hear the tortured screams.

Good Americans ask only that God grant them the serenity to accept the things they cannot change and the ability to ignore the things they can!

Good Americans.



## They Couldn't Take Away...

By Bill Fleeman

they took away the  
 gas house & grand hotel,  
 then the venice west where  
 we said our sacred poetry.  
 but they couldn't take  
 away the Muse.  
 she lived in every promenade  
 store front pad, in every  
 grain of sand on  
 venice beach.  
 we absorbed Her, ink  
 of our blood.  
 we took Her with us  
 when we left,  
 to colorado,  
 michigan, and  
 new york.

## Ad nauseum

By Pano Douvos

Defense secretary Donald says to Marines  
 "... you should be proud of your service  
 as long as you live"  
 because of course if you don't live  
 and are killed  
 you won't feel pride or much of anything  
 there in your body bag  
 so we will be proud for you  
 and those patriots who follow you  
 in the proposed war also  
 for the heroes in all future wars  
 ad infinitum  
 as flags wave and drums roll  
 ad nauseum ad nauseum

NEVER IN MY LIFE HAVE I WORRIED THAT I GAVE TOO MUCH. BECAUSE YOU CAN'T GIVE TOO MUCH, AND, IT ALWAYS, ALWAYS COMES BACK TO YOU, IN ONE FORM OR ANOTHER. NOTHING IS EVER WASTED- ESPECIALLY AFFECTION- AND SINCE LIFE NEVER ENDS, YOU FIND YOURSELF GIVING- EVEN AFTER DEATH. I REPEAT- YOU NEVER LOSE A LOVE. IF IT IS YOURS, IT WILL COME BACK TO YOU. IT WILL RETURN.

-Barbata Artie Ligget,  
 (Suzy Williams' mom)

## A FOLKSY KIND OF GUY

By Fast Eddie

young king george  
 was a folksy kind of guy  
 he had his mind in deeper oil pools  
 and his eyes in the sky

young king george  
 loved his war toys, too  
 keeping them plentiful and very nearby  
 didn't want anyone  
 who might become aware  
 of all those deepest dark secrets  
 to let out with the hue and cry.

young king george  
 had things nicely all arranged  
 kept himself well surrounded  
 with other similar strange  
 all who were equipped  
 with the minotaur brain.

young king george  
 disdained flirtin' and dancin'  
 but, to each his own  
 just so long as blue blooded issue  
 was by star -light  
 extremely precisely arranged.

of course young king george  
 never did any work  
 he didn't see why  
 better to stalk the sacred stags  
 with diamond tipped arrows  
 golden of sheath  
 but a very thin light green hidden underneath

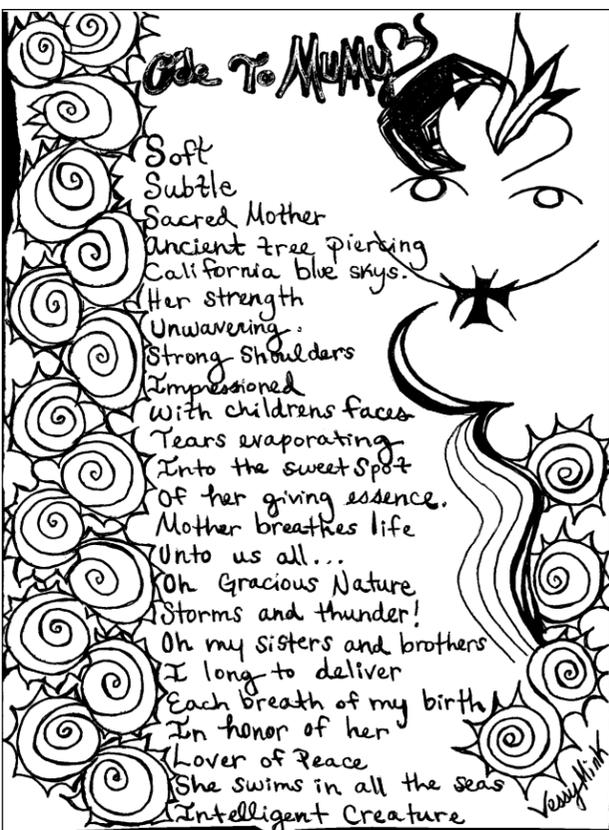
young king george  
 apparently did miss the final glorious ascension  
 however unwillingly the media do say  
 chased a newly mother female  
 into a cave or a woodsy bower  
 on the last hour of day  
 not seen since, either at play or at bay  
 which according to the new virile tanist  
 is perfectly and legally okay.

# POETRY

## Concrete and Clay

By Joanna Silva

I Catch a glimpse of the setting sun  
 between a brick building  
 and a cluster of overly groomed palm trees.  
 Have you seen the full moon over the beach in Venice tonight?  
 Do you ever look up?  
 Can't you see anything that shines  
 unless its behind glass?  
 Glass cannot save us.  
 Do you know about the eclipse tonight?  
 Do you need four walls and a silver screen to know?  
 I walk on the beach  
 and the wind  
 blows the sand against my skin  
 and into my eyes.  
 I chew the grains between my teeth  
 and reach for the paper bag in my back pocket  
 so that I can swallow the dirt.  
 I come to a brick wall and slide my fingers across it  
 where the palm trees cast shadows  
 that bathe the red bricks with shades of grey  
 and  
 I wonder  
 at how  
 concrete  
 can so firmly  
 frame  
 clay.



Strike against war,  
 for without you no battles can be fought!  
 Strike against manufacturing shrapnel and gas bombs  
 and all other tools of murder!  
 Strike against preparedness that means death  
 and misery to millions of human beings!  
 Be not dumb, obedient slaves in an army of destruction!  
 Be heroes in an army of construction.

- Helen Keller

# The Assassination of Lincoln Blvd.

By Jim Smith

In the Middle Ages, towns - such as there were - could be spotted a long way off. They contained streets of primitive huts with a big castle in the middle. Venice may be getting its own castle, if the promoters of the "Lincoln Center project" have their way. A seven-story, two-block-long behemoth would dwarf everything in our little low-rise town.

To accommodate the extra traffic, all street parking on Lincoln between Venice Blvd. and Rose Avenue would be severely curtailed or eliminated. In the mornings, there would be three lanes going north and in the afternoon, three lanes going south. How many small businesses could afford to stay in business without street parking is anyone's guess. Most of them don't have any other parking for customers, who might decide to park and shop instead at the Lincoln Center shopping center's two floors of commercial establishments.

It seemed curious that none of the small business owners on Lincoln came to the hearing to protest the loss of parking. Then it was discovered that the businesses had not been notified. Still it seems odd that none of them read about the project in last month's Beachhead.

In their second appearance, Feb. 17, before the Grass Roots Venice Neighborhood Council's Land Use and Planning Committee (LUPC), the proponents, developer Samuel Adams and Jai Pal Khalsa of the architectural firm Khalsa and Associates, found an audience of about 50 Venetians, who had come out on a holiday, decidedly hostile to the whole idea. Although the Committee allowed only limited public input (one minute or less per speaker), it was clear that almost no one felt the project was appropriate to

the neighborhood.

Initially, many people were impressed with the 56 units of affordable housing (20 percent of the total) that would be provided. However, at the hearing, the developers acknowledged that there was no specific duration for the affordability of the units. In the worst case, the affordable housing could disappear on the first day the project was opened. Additionally, the affordable housing that was proposed is not low-income

## Special Workshop on the Lincoln Center Project

7:30 pm, March 4 • Boys & Girls Club  
2232 Lincoln Blvd. – 2nd floor

housing. A one-bedroom unit would rent for \$1,212 per month, and a two-bedroom apartment would cost \$1,364.

The main complaints of Venetians were that the project is too big (or, way too big), there is no guarantee of affordable housing, and traffic would increase. The project's own traffic engineer, Wes Pringle, reported on a study of a couple of intersections on Lincoln Blvd. which indicated that the project would not increase traffic delays. Under astute questioning by Committee member DeDe Audet, he admitted that the study was more than three years old and did not include other affected intersections in the area.

Marvin Klotz told the LUPC (in less than one minute) that while the east side of Lincoln is not included in the Venice Specific Plan (VSP), and is not under the jurisdiction of the Coastal Commission, the VSP does say that similar development standards should be applied to the east side of the street. The height limit on the west side of Lincoln is 35 feet, but it is 75 feet on the east side (if the VSP is disregarded). The

developer maintains that there is no height limit for the Lincoln Center plots. The sky's the limit!

The Chairperson of the Land Use Committee, Darryl Dufay, delivered an impassioned soliloquy against the project. The stage was set for a vote against the castle. That thought seemed to hang in the air above the committee, almost tangible, while the anticipation grew for one brave soul to make the motion. Then in a flash, the moment was gone and the committee was asking the developers to come back once more to offer more clarifications.

In their second item of the night, the LUPC approved a development at 1511 Abbot Kinney Blvd., next to Brandelli's Brig. It is to be an "artist-in-residence," single-unit, three-story, 3,820-square-foot building. The developer lamented that he couldn't build a mixed-use (commercial downstairs, residence upstairs) project, blaming it on the amount of parking he would have to provide.

Instead of a small business, there will be a "dead zone" with a six-foot wall, behind which an "artist" will wander a residence equal in size to the small homes of five or six Venice families.

### Grass Roots Venice Neighborhood Council meetings

Conservation Committee  
Thursday, March 27 – 6 pm  
Abbot Kinney Library

Board Meeting  
Monday, March 24th – 7pm  
Venice High School - Cafeteria

Land Use & Planning Committee  
Tuesday, March 17 – 7 pm  
Venice Boys and Girls Club, 2nd Floor  
2232 Lincoln Blvd

## Susan B, Louisa May, Monica L., and Me – continued from page 1

pendent courageous women triumphing over adversity and blooming and sharing their triumphs.

In 1920, women were granted the right to vote. Granted the right to vote! Like it was handed to them on a silver platter. See first page in re: the efforts that were made on our behalf so we could stay home and not vote.

Thirty years ago this year, the Supreme Court ruled that women's decisions about their bodies were their own business, and no one else's, and all the king's men could come in, but the government stay out.

Ain't nobody's uterus but my own.

I remember the days before Roe v Wade. There were no maternity leaves for secretaries, waitresses, barmaids, etc., even if you were a secretary in a Catholic Diocese. Advancement for women was nil because "women were just working until they got married."

And if you were a single parent, as in being a World War II widow, you were denied employment because "Suppose the kids got sick and you had to stay home?" Many women lied and said they had no children. The man who sat next to you and did the same job could get health insurance for his family, and get a promotion because he had a family.

Women who became pregnant, in other words, got off the workforce and had the baby, or resorted to unsanitary sometimes debilitating or lethal back alley abortions.

Now the good ol' days of pre-Roe v Wade that the not so Reverend Jerry Falwell, Ashcroft, the Ms. Carpenters and Coulters yearn for, might be coming back.

Each year it seems the bites at the concept of privacy and freedom of choice have gone from timid nibblings to rending, savaging the whole idea of women's right to choose.

In the 1980s I wrote something to the effect that not only was the right to the alternative of a safe clear abortion in danger, the idea of prevention was also on hold. And certainly sex education in schools was also being called into question.

I'm sorry to say that not much has changed. It's gotten worse.

"Traditional Family Values" are being tout-

ed, as in have five kids, one a year, stay at home, home school 'em, go bonkers and kill the children. I over-simplify and I don't mean to minimize the horror of that situation. But in reality, the traditional family as we know and revere it, didn't really come into being until the 19th century and the rise of the middle classes.

The working classes worked their kids, and if they were lucky maybe the kids got a bit of reading and writing. But mostly they were apprenticed out to learn a trade, and the girls stayed home, or went into service or sweatshops.

The upper classes had nannies, wet nurses, and boarding schools that their children were sent to to learn how to rule the world for the boys, and schools to learn how to be ladies and wives for the girls. So much for quality care with the folks.

It seems only the middle classes kept their children close to home until marriages could be arranged and occupations picked. Unmarried women were a problem. They drudged at home or were sentenced to the genteel poverty of librarians or teachers. But now the party in power - with the connivance of the conciliatory and caving under party (who me? a Liberal?) - allowing the no Big Government for health care, affirmative action, decent housing, environmental protection, etc., but lots of oversight on one's thoughts and what one does with one's body is on its Rogue Elephant rampaging of the Bill of Rights and the Constitution, so that in the end it would be difficult to tell the difference between the Shiites and the "Free World."

Freedom means having a choice. The more freedom one has, the chances are that he or she at some time or other will make some choices that will have negative consequences.

I hope that in the future, if there is one, that he and/or she will have enough education and courage to turn the situation around to prevent catastrophe.

For instance, Monica L., who was old enough to drive, drink, and vote was also old enough to make her own choice.

She chose to thong President Bill and polish off his El Presidente.

She only did what hundreds of women did

for centuries to get power. She wanted a job in the White House, despite a stunning lack of ability or dedication, not in the Peace Corps, even if she spelled it differently. She made her choice and thanks to these modern times is literally making purses out of a sow's rear.

Today I see young women making choices of becoming doctors, able to become firefighters, police officers, letter carriers, writers, news readers, etc.

I remember when women couldn't become chefs because it was too stressful for the fragile darlings, and the pans too heavy, although they had to lift fifty pounds of flour and deal with drunks if they were waitresses, and if they prepared meals in a restaurant, they were cooks, not chefs and ergo, paid less.

I remember when women poets were called poetesses, a charming but dismissive term that diminished the seriousness of their poetry. Women couldn't really be poets I was told in all seriousness by a beat poet; they could only be muses to be worshiped. And clean up the poet's pad and comb the puke out of his beard, I thought ten years later.

Women do have a history and it is with men.

Hopefully in the near future if there is one Goddess willing, women's history, Black history, Latino history, etc., will be integrated and told and written about as one big wonderful colorful sad funny tale of the human odyssey to find life liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

So Mote It Be. ♪



# On Seeing "Amen"

By Pano Douvos

When we understand the Holocaust was the most important moment of the 20th century it is no surprise that movie makers have joined those trying to fathom the cause and the meaning of the murder by the Germans of 6 million Jews. The search continues in Costa Garvas' currently showing film "Amen"... with mixed results.

Garvas is universally famed for his Academy Award film "Z" which eulogized the Greek left-wing politician assassinated by the rightist Greek government backed by the British and by the American CIA after the war.

In "Amen" he indicts the hypocritical silence of the Pope who sits on his knowledge of the atrocities being committed by the Germans against the Jews during World War II. The film is propelled by the actions of an S.S. man who attempts to get the Vatican to intervene and to stop the mass genocide.

Garvas was quoted as saying that "We try to understand how 40,000 people - men and women - for four years got up every morning and spent the day killing Jews.

As a World War II infantryman I was just outside the concentration camp at Dachau during the freeing of the Jewish prisoners there. I saw some near death who surely never made it. Thus I find the portrayal of the S.S. man as a sympathetic character jarring.

"Amen's" indication that Germans were good family people, that they loved children, that civilians were forced into bomb shelters that many of their military were casualties on the Russian front possibly was factual. This does not remove the indelible stain of world destruction from German heads. My attention goes to their many millions of victims.

Costa-Garvas wanted to see Germans as humans, to create a film "that gives an account of how the other side works." After mulling over German playwright Rolf Hochhuth's 1963 play "The Deputy" he has now brought out his own filmic variation after 40 years. In my view, a few more months of thought could have changed some decisions.

He can be credited, though, with this first clear filming depiction of the hypocrisy of the Catholic Church. My stance, however, is that his film's meaning was soft-pedaled, the images often subtle where they could have been ratcheted up for a stronger statement.

We do see the S.S. man coming forward and attempting to offer evidence of the murders being committed in the gas chambers. His presenting this to an anti-semitic Catholic church and asking it to deny its faith and age-old beliefs and to speak out to save the Jews... forget it. His other decision to stay in Germany to enlighten his countrymen about the crematoriums; to enlighten a nation of Neanderthals... forget it.

Another big misstep, the SSer chose not to seek help from his newsman contact from neutral Sweden. He failed to leave Germany to give eye-witness account of the gassings. He never shared his knowledge of the camps and the rail lines leading to them. His testimony could have forced the world to admit to and act on the truth, with the resultant saving of thousands of lives.

"Amen" does come through, however, in a demonstration of the moral bankruptcy of the Catholic church with a clear enactment of a clergyman at war's end personally assisting Nazi Dr. Death Mengele on his boat ride to Argentina.

Costa Garvas yet could have hit stronger in showing the fate of the Jews by using actual war-time film footage, for instance. In "Amen" the Jews are essentially "off-stage" except for a couple of incidents of random murders. The symbolism of the trains constantly entering and leaving the camps first loaded and then unloaded was subtle and effective - but not strong enough to best portray the senseless carnage.

We must credit Costa-Garvas for the dramatic energy of his films; an almost crime-story feel permeates "Amen"...even though I looked for more attention to the hard ugly facts of the war. Maybe I am looking for a different film - one featuring the German Holocaust deniers.

Those who "didn't know" would be examined... "Didn't know" about the camps of death by efficient gassing. They believed the Jews were

going to work camps- and, oh yes, their stolen homes and assets would be somehow miraculously returned to them. Somehow the guards, their families and friends at the camps "didn't know," and the railway people and their family and friends "didn't know" and the townspeople near the camps "didn't know." "Didn't know" what the constant smell and smoke was all about...the average German knew.

We await a straight-on film picturing Germans honestly showing contrition for their causing modern history's greatest calamity. Some historical reports speak of World War II total deaths of 55 million...55 million! Two million Jews in the concentration camps, plus 4 million in the gas chambers. America lost 500,000 military killed in action. France two and one half million. Russia 27 million (7.5 military and 19 million civilian.. 19 million! There some reports of a much higher count. The complete role includes among others countless Italians, Poles, British, Australian, communists, gays and gypsies.

So I can do without the man in the black uniform and a death-head insignia on his hat. I can forego studies into the psychological causes behind German atrocities. We will never forget the 55 million dead. We must not for a moment suspend moral judgement. We will never forget...

That's where my viewing "Amen" took me. It is a film of importance. And worth noting your reaction. Despite my reservations concerning "Amen" I honor Costa-Garvas, who examines serious topics with creative flare. He's one in a smallish group. His film offers very timely reminders at this juncture of world history. ♪

## Down at San Juan and Abbot Kinney

By Jim Smith

Some years ago, I was getting my haircut in the now long-gone Rich's Barber Shop which was across the street from the development that is the subject of this article. Ricardo, aka Rich, pointed with his scissors at the half-bulldozed house on the corner. "Sure as shootin' they're going to build some big deal over there that's going to run all us little guys out of here" Rich observed. I sympathized with the barber, and with the house. It had been a nice old Venice frame house with a big wrap-around porch. In the months prior to its destruction, it had been an ad-hoc used furniture store.

Rich had seen the writing on the wall and departed, along with his \$4 haircuts, long before the project really got rolling. What I didn't know then was that a lot of the neighbors, including Lydia Poncé, shared his views - and they weren't leaving.

Can a young mother stick her finger in the dike holding back the flood of big development projects threatening Venice? At times, Lydia Poncé must feel it's impossible. One of those times was on the evening of Feb. 5 after the West Los Angeles Planning Commission voted unanimously for the Abbot Kinney Blvd./San Juan Avenue retail/condo project.

Within a few days, Poncé was again optimistic about new appeals. It's personal with her. Poncé and her daughter live a half block down San Juan from where the proposed building would dump cars out of the underground parking lot. Some of the drivers would have been drinking at the chic new bar. They may choose to avoid Abbot Kinney Blvd. traffic by zooming east on San Juan Avenue, a narrow street with narrow yards where kids play in both.

A lot of Poncé's neighbors signed petitions against the project, 145 to be exact. Most of them would not be able to afford to frequent the new bar or the gourmet restaurant next door, let alone buy a "market-rate" condominium upstairs. They are not the "movers and shakers" of Venice, so their wishes were ignored by the five-member West L.A. Planning Commission - friends of Mayor Hahn. They were also ignored by City Councilmember Cindy Miscikowski, who supports the project.

The Feb. 5 hearing on the 13,200 square-foot project had several moments of high drama. In addition to Poncé, a number of local residents, including John Davis, Fred and Marian Crostic,

## Growing up poor, Latina and migrant - continued from page 1

my hair before pronouncing me fit to attend class. I walked into the classroom with my head bowed down to my chest, unwilling to meet anyone's eyes. I felt as if I was naked. Then I saw my cousin Lupe Valdez. She looked at me and winked. All my fears melted away. When the lunch bell rang, she came over, held my hand and said "Landi, you're getting behind in reading but I'll help you." Help me she did. From then on, although my cousin was only a few months older than me, she became my guardian angel, my mentor and my protector.

As a child and a Latina, I was far from alone in experiencing such pain from being treated as less than a human being. Such events are part of the daily life of women of color as they grow up and live their lives. We can never outgrow it in this society, it seems. Even women who should be honored as respected elders are often treated as if they are still children. Events like International Women's Day remind us that we are not alone. We feel strong when we think of the worldwide solidarity of women of color. Viva La Mujer! ♪

A Women's Survival Guild is available from the L.A. City Commission on the Status of Women. Call: 213-978-0300.

Paul Ryan, John Mitchell, DeDe Audet and me testified against the project. We cited a variety of problems, such as its size, its ability to gentrify (expensive condos and stores that won't cater to the residents of Oakwood), traffic, lack of parking, and its looming presence over Abbot Kinney. This project, if ultimately approved, would be the first on Abbot Kinney to combine three separate lots. Such a precedent could be used to create more big (chain) stores which would drive out the locals.

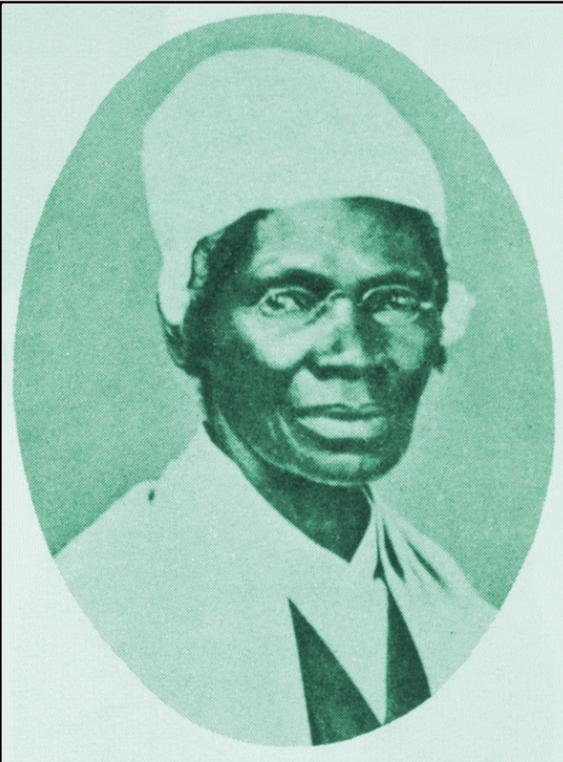
We were followed by the developer's lawyer, the developer, the developer's employees and the developer's friends. Allan Silverman, president of the Abbot Kinney Blvd. Association spoke for the project.

Two members of the Venice Neighborhood Action Committee (VNAC), an Oakwood group, spoke in favor of the project. They said that VNAC had originally been opposed to the project but that Sant had met with the group and convinced them to support it. Jataun Valentine of VNAC said that she hoped some local residents would get jobs at the building, "even if it's just sweeping floors."

Tibby Rothman, publisher of the Venice Paper, spoke enthusiastically in favor of the project. "Michael Sant makes me proud to be a Venetian," said Rothman. She also alleged that certain people were "accusing VNAC of taking a bribe (to support the project)."

After the testimony, the commissioners quizzed Emily Gabel-Luddy, a Planning Department administrator who had ok'd the project last September. Gabel-Luddy explained that although Sant was not providing the required number of parking spots, he had paid the city \$18,000 for each of four missing spots. Besides, Gabel-Luddy said the project had plenty of parking according to city-wide standards. She admitted that the coastal district and the Venice Specific Plan require more parking, but it didn't seem to faze her. As I sat listening to the banter between Gabel-Luddy and the commissioners, I thought I knew how colonials in the British Empire must have felt as they sat, nearly invisible, listening to their patrons discuss their fate.

In the end, after some feigned sympathy for the locals, the commission voted unanimously to approve the project. They added a requirement for valet parking (which seems somewhat counterproductive to the anti-gentrification argument) and for beer and wine only. No very dry Martinis, alas. ♪



## Ain't I a Woman?

Sojourner Truth gave her famous "Ain't I a Woman?" speech at the 1851 Women's Rights Convention in Akron, Ohio. (The women's rights movement grew in large part out of the anti-slavery movement.)

No formal record of the speech exists, but Frances Gage, an abolitionist and president of the Convention, recounted Truth's words. There is debate about the accuracy of this account because Gage did not record the account until 1863 and her record differs somewhat from newspaper accounts of 1851. However it is Gage's report that endures and it is clear that, whatever the exact words, "Ain't I a Woman?" made a great impact at the Convention and has become a classic expression of women's rights.

### The Classic Report

Several ministers attended the second day of the Woman's Rights Convention, and were not shy in voicing their opinion of man's superiority over women. One claimed "superior intellect", one spoke of the "manhood of Christ," and still another referred to the "sin of our first mother."

Suddenly, Sojourner Truth rose from her seat in the corner of the church.

"For God's sake, Mrs. Gage, don't let her speak!" half a dozen women whispered loudly,

fearing that their cause would be mixed up with Abolition.

Sojourner walked to the podium and slowly took off her sunbonnet. Her six-foot frame towered over the audience. She began to speak in her deep, resonant voice: "Well, children, where there is so much racket, there must be something out of kilter, I think between the Negroes of the South and the women of the North - all talking about rights - the white men will be in a fix pretty soon. But what's all this talking about?"

Sojourner pointed to one of the ministers. "That man over there says that women need to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to have the best place everywhere. Nobody helps me any best place. And ain't I a woman?"

Sojourner raised herself to her full height. "Look at me! Look at my arm." She bared her right arm and flexed her powerful muscles. "I have plowed, I have planted and I have gathered into barns. And no man could head me. And ain't I a woman?"

"I could work as much, and eat as much as man - when I could get it - and bear the lash as well! And ain't I a woman? I have borne children and seen most of them sold into slavery, and when I cried out with a mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me. And ain't I a woman?"

The women in the audience began to cheer wildly.

She pointed to another minister. "He talks about this thing in the head. What's that they call it?"

"Intellect," whispered a woman nearby.

"That's it, honey. What's intellect got to do with women's rights or black folks' rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint and yours holds a quart, wouldn't you be mean not to let me have my little half-measure full?"

"That little man in back there! He says women can't have as much rights as men. 'Cause Christ wasn't a woman. She stood with outstretched arms and eyes of fire. 'Where did your Christ come from?'"

"Where did your Christ come from?", she thundered again. "From God and a Woman! Man had nothing to do with him!"

The entire church now roared with deafening applause.

"If the first woman God ever made was strong enough to turn the world upside down all alone, these women together ought to be able to turn it back and get it right-side up again. And now that they are asking to do it, the men better let them." ♪

## An Acre Of Peace In A World Of Terror....

by Marc Madow

Its only about an acre or so on the sands of Venice Beach, where every weekend in a world of turmoil peace breaks out. A few hundred people arrive in mid-afternoon with drums, rattles and everything rhythmic to do what is called the Venice Beach Drumcircle.

The drummers, dancers and onlookers escape from CNN, FOX and ABC's version of the world to do something rhythmic, healing, mystical and yes, sensual. The phenomenon of the drum circle is exploding in popularity all over the world, but nowhere is it done in the almost Woodstock proportions that are seen on Venice Beach every Saturday and Sunday.

While the media exposes new ways that the human race is destroying itself, these people, these members of warring races, religions, and financial strata who would never be seen playing golf together, dance and make awesome music together.

You might call it a daytime, outdoor rave, except for the fact that they're not spinning CD's but rather making their own tribadelic thunder. This harmonious mayhem is a message in a bottle to the world that yes, we can get along.

Venice has long been bohemian. The drum circle fits into this counterculture potpourri perfectly. It begins to happen in the early afternoon when the first few drummers arrive where Breeze Avenue hits the beach.

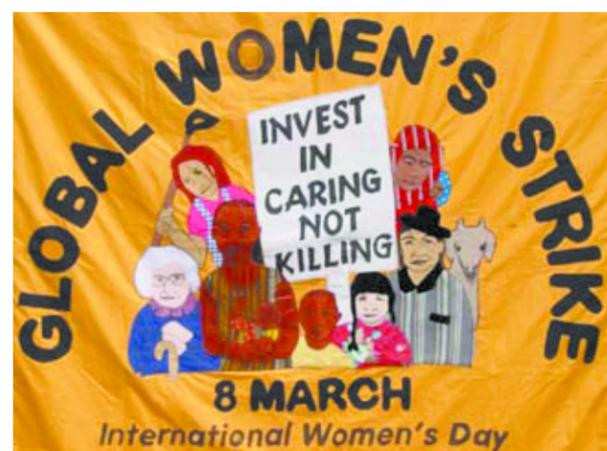
These guys are the regulars who have been coming from all over the city for years. By one o'clock they begin the "calling of the drums" on their congas, djembes and cow bells and begin to elevate everyone's spirits. More drummers, dancers and onlookers begin to arrive, and the group starts to morph into the rough shape of a large circle. By now, burning incense and sage add invigorating aroma to the already intoxicating salt air.

French, German, Spanish, Hindi and Arabic are just a few of the languages you'll hear spoken around the circle by tourists who visit Venice from everywhere. Dancing in the center of the drum circle are these people from everywhere with friends they didn't even know they had. This is a money-free zone where there's nothing to buy and the people are at one with the sun, sky, water and earth. Strangers seem to smile and say "Welcome home."

Children gyrating on their parents shoulders overlooking the crowd imitate the drummers and dancers. African, Latin and Middle Eastern rhythms are all intertwined into a blend by the leaderless drum circle. Nobody controls the drum circle. The musicians influence and inspire each other and the dancers with their drumming. That's what makes it true spiritual synergy. The crowd and the music build steadily all afternoon toward a climax at sunset. This is when everyone celebrates and cheers the setting sun. It's impossible not to be moved by the hundreds of people, burning sage, dancing, drumming, flutes, horns and bells which crescendo at sunset.

As dusk arrives the drumming continues and an altar for world peace is presented with burning candles and flower petals. As the Venice Beach Drumcircle drums and prays for world peace, there may very well be another bomb or bullet shaking the earth somewhere. The hippies had a popular expression which went, "What if they gave a war and nobody came?" The drum circle seems to be trying a variation of this theme by posing, "What if we give a drum circle and everybody comes?" If your life is in need of a little magic, go spend a sunset with the drum circle.

Further information about the Venice Beach Drumcircle can be found at: <[www.venicebeachdrum-circle.com](http://www.venicebeachdrum-circle.com)> and <[www.crazybeach.com](http://www.crazybeach.com)>. ♪



## Lincoln Place Eligible for the National Register

The California State Commission on Historic Resources, Feb. 7, found Lincoln Place to be eligible for listing on the National Register of Historic Places. The author of the nomination is Amanda Seward, chair of the housing section of the Modern Committee of the Los Angeles Conservancy, and resident of another historic neighborhood, the Gregory Ain tract in Mar Vista.

Of course, the Lincoln Place Tenants Association (LPTA) supported the nomination, which validated what the tenants had always known: that Lincoln Place by its very design encourages community among its residents, and provides at 24 units per acre the "elegant density" and rich mix of residents that make Lincoln Place such a good place to live.

Testimony at the hearing in Sacramento included interviews with family members of the architects and some people who were involved in the design of the complex. One such person was fresh out of high school when he was employed as a draftsman by the firm of Wharton and Vaughn, designers of Lincoln Place. That draftsman is now an architect in his own right, and shared many memories and insights into the care and thoughtfulness which make Lincoln

Place one of the best-designed communities of its era.

Eligibility for the National Register will have an impact on the lawsuit being conducted by LPTA against the City of LA. The lawsuit arises from the City Council's decision of November 20, 2002, to grant the owner of Lincoln Place a subdivision to demolish and redevelop the property. The landlord's plan for Lincoln Place is bad for both the natural environment and the human environment for reasons involving traffic and air quality, open space, and toxics.

But with the decision in Sacramento finding Lincoln Place eligible for listing in the National Register, it is especially evident that the owner's plan endangers a historic resource that is not adequately documented or discussed in the eight-year-old environmental impact report (EIR) for the owner's plan, upon which the City based its decision of November 20, 2002, granting the owner his subdivision.

This is one reason the tenants believe they will be successful in getting the City to set aside its decision to grant the owner's subdivision, and make a new decision based upon a supplemental EIR which adequately assesses the worth of Lincoln Place as a historic resource. ♪



## Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Sex Strike for Peace

By Vessy Mink

A new force in Venice, LAFCO (Los Angeles Film Cooperative), will be presenting the Lysistrata Project, staging Aristophanes' war-time protest comedy, where the women conspire to withhold sex until the men were cured of their war fever. The Lysistrata ensemble spans fifty-seven countries world wide, encompassing 600 presentations with dozens of teams of actors and directors who will read this fascinating story in public spaces throughout the day on March 3.

The Lysistrata Project was created in early January of this year by New York actors, Kathryn Blume and Sharon Bower. "Many people have emailed us to say how distraught they feel about the war. Now they feel empowered to do something, and foster dialogue in their own communities," co-founder Bower adds. Blume concludes, "Our purpose is to make it very clear that President Bush does not speak for all Americans. Our message is simple: If you oppose this war, speak up!"

Here in Venice, Julie Christie, Alfre Woodard, Christine Lahti, Mary McDonnell, Barbara Williams, Eric Stoltz, Ed Begley Jr. and Jose Zuniga will appear in a reading at LAFCO's powerhouse cultural space. Michael Heany directs this wild, highly anticipated, "herstorical" event.

Come support The Lysistrata Project on March 3rd! Join the pre-show festivities from 6-8 pm, featuring The Radical Teen Cheerleaders as well as The Vegetables of War, and a few other smashing performances. Hors d'oeuvres will be served. The Lysistrata Project will go from 8pm-10pm. Tickets are \$15. LAFCO is located at 660 Venice Blvd. Email: [contact@lafco.tv](mailto:contact@lafco.tv), Phone: 574-4733. If you are unable to make this event, please visit [www.lpbn.org](http://www.lpbn.org) for a live web cast viewing.



Radical Teen Cheerleaders meet the Venice Peace Movement, Feb. 16.

CELEBRATE VENICE'S 98th  
A Call to All  
July 4th Parties!

Venice's 100th birthday is fast approaching - On July 4th 1905 Venice incorporated as its own city. Later, it was swallowed up by Los Angeles. But the spirit of independence lives on!

All Loyal Patriots and Free Venice Residents who want to gear up for Venice's 100th Birthday in 2005 and hear how Venice came to be and what we can do to kick off the inauguration of celebration starting with the celebration this year.

Please attend the first meeting of the Official Venice Independence Day celebration. Planning committee at 6 pm Thursday, April 3, at the Vera Davis McClendon Center, 610 California Ave.

Venice poet and activist John Haag will be present, to give an overview of Venice History.

How do you want to celebrate? Parades? Poetry? Stories? Dance? Music? Speeches? Bring your ideas, a joyful attitude, the ability to play well with others and a determination to follow through. Be there or be !

## L.A. City Council passes anti-war resolution, Feb. 21

A big cheer for Venice resident and former councilmember of Venice and present councilmember Cindy Miscikowski for voting for the resolution against a unilateral attack on Iraq.



**PEACE-WORK**  
cutting the threads of war

Fashion/Art Show  
Saturday  
March 8, 2003  
7-10 pm  
\$8

**GABAH**  
4658 Melrose Ave.  
Los Angeles, CA 90004  
Info: 626-201-4739



Hollywood - Feb. 15 - More than 30,000 people turned out for the largest peace march and rally in Los Angeles since the Vietnam War.

The Hollywood march - and smaller protests in Santa Monica and Long Beach - were part of a worldwide day of demonstrations against a U.S. attack on Iraq.

Around 30 million people participated on all five continents. Two to three million people marched in London and Rome. The next day 200,000 marched in San Francisco.

# Interview with

By Suzy Williams

**Linda Albertano:** poet, feminist, peace goddess, pre-eminent Los Angeles performance artist, mistress of cataclysmic language, and long-time Venice Resident, has had major shows at Royce Hall, John Anson Ford Theatre, L.A. Theatre Center, The Wadsworth, and has toured here and abroad with Alice Cooper. She is a general all-around creative innovator, working with African instruments, sign language, and purple mohawked punkettes. She claims satire and simile as favorite tools, and costumes and color are generously splashed in her pieces, budget allowing. Last time we caught up with her, she was nibbling fresh arugula in Suzy Williams' and Gerry Fialka's hay strewn Fialka Funny Farm Yard:

**Suzy Williams:** So, let's start with...Linda, how would you describe yourself?

**Linda J. Albertano:** My goodness! I've never had to do that! Well, let's see, I'm eccentric. I'm very tall, that's kind of a central feature of me...

**Williams:** It's true, you are sooo tall. Your centrifugal force would be something to reckon with...

**Albertano:** Oh, and I don't like convention very much, I mean I don't stray far from it, because I've been struggling to fight my way, claw my way into the middle class, to be a card-carrying member of the middle class. You see, I'm from poverty. But mostly, when I feel I'm being pushed into some kind of conventional role, I object! I also object when anybody around me expects me to squeeze into a specific role. See, my mother never told me to get married, so I'm always shocked when I hear people tell someone else to do that. I think, "What gives someone the right to mediate another person's behavior?"

**Williams:** Especially pressuring to have kids. I mean how dare you! It's so huge a thing to blithely toss off.

**Albertano:** Yes, to assume that's what you ought to do, just because they've never thought of other options! That's one of my little rants.

**Williams:** So, let's see... you're eccentric, you're tall, you're fighting with convention, and...

**Albertano:** And....inwardly, aren't we all secretly shy?

**Williams:** That's my theory. I think anybody outgoing is just fighting harder against their other nature.

**Albertano:** When I grew up I was absolutely seen but not heard.

**Williams:** When did you get tall? (Linda is 6'4'.)

**Albertano:** Oh, always. At thirteen, that summer, I started that summer at 5'9", and ended it at six feet. That was the weirdest thing. Door-knobs were in a new place all of the sudden.

**Williams:** Did it hurt?

**Albertano:** Yeah, oh everywhere. And my feet kept getting bigger and I kept saying, "Please God! I want to wear a pair of fashionable shoes one day."

**Williams:** Yeah, like, how big does this thing get? So what was the atmosphere like in



your hometown in Colorado?

**Albertano:** I moved around quite a bit, because I did not grow up with my parents. My parents came from the most horrific, nightmarish childhoods, and were abandoned and abused as children and they had no idea how to be a family, bless their hearts.

**Williams:** You have this wonderful overview, Linda. You've forgiven the world for not giving you a living as a performance artist, brilliant as you are. You've forgiven your mom, and your voice is cheery on the telephone answering machine. You seem to be an optimist, like you might, while being marched into a gas chamber, notice the blue sky and the birds flying.

**Albertano:** It might be genetic, I mean the reason why I've forgiven my mom, is that she is the sweetest, most creative, adorable woman in the world.

**Williams:** And she really loves you.

**Albertano:** Oh, she is my major clacker. My most major person.

**Williams:** Who did raise you?

**Albertano:** I grew up in foster homes. In high school I was in a girl's home, you see...my mom taught me to read when I was four and that's what we did in our house, we read. And then I went to a series of foster homes that were selected on the basis of two things: Have a clean house and send the child to church, which meant that you wound up with the most fundamentalist wackos! And I'd already been exposed to the world of ideas, so it was like being held hostage from age seven through 14. And one of the things that came from being with all these different fundamentalists was that no matter what sect they were in, theirs was the only one that could gain entrance into heaven. So it was Christian vs Christian. So when you get switched from home to home to home, you get a perspective on religion that you really can't get any other way.

**Williams:** So now are you attracted to any religion, like Buddhism?

**Albertano:** I'm really attracted to the Sufis. And once in a while, when the Sufi Master comes to town, I go and do the movement practice and so forth, but I'm not really a full-fledged Sufi. The foster homes allowed no radio, no movies, of course no makeup, no dancing, I mean, everything was a sin, so I love the Sufis, because everything that was forbidden is a sacrament! Good food! Beautiful carpets! Jewelry! Clothing! Music!

**Williams:** So I think that you started out your creative life as a singer.

**Albertano:** I was always attracted to ways of expressing myself, because in the homes, I was not permitted to do that. I could not speak out on my own behalf, or any behalf. I remember the first time I saw a piano, I was so amazed. I wanted to touch the keys. Then I didn't see one for years. But the girls' home had a piano. And I said: "I'm going to learn how to play this" and they said (evil voice): "You'll never learn how to play that." They never let me play more than an hour, and then I was actually forbidden to play, as opposed to all the other girls who were marched up and forced to take lessons. But then, in college, my mom gave me this old, beat-up guitar. It must have been a 20-dollar guitar, and it was made out of the heaviest wood! Cracked and glued-up, and varnished.

**Williams:** And you played that thing?

**Albertano:** Yes, and with the most elastic sense of rhythm! So then I just started writing songs...The thing that happened, tho', was that I went to UCLA and majored in film.

**Williams:** Did you get a scholarship?

**Albertano:** No, I worked my way through film school. I was a waitress.

**Williams:** Wow, you were disciplined! Do you have some films that you like that you made at UCLA?

**Albertano:** I do, but they're on 8 millimeter.... but I did well in film school. I graduated with honors.

**Williams:** You probably were a person, too, who was really interactive with the teacher.

**Albertano:** No. Well, first my teacher interacted with me and told me who I should get to be my cameraman, and what I should do, and my film started looking crummy, so I scrapped it, and never went back to school until the day that I showed my film. But I knew I didn't want to work in the film factory, the film abattoir.

**Williams:** So then you started singing?

**Albertano:** Well, when I graduated, I was offered a job, either as a go-fer for a trailer-house, or I could be the manager of the restaurant that I was working in. Sooo....

**Williams:** Which one was that?

**Albertano:** Victoria Station, when it was brand new. There was one on Sepulveda at that time. And this was great for me because by then I was an extreme feminist. And then especially, jobs were often divided along gender lines. There weren't women bartenders. There weren't women chefs. And in Victoria Station, there were no women waiting tables. So all the women's jobs were cocktail waitresses and hostesses, and the tips were teeny! A three-dollar drink, as opposed to a thirty dollar dinner. So we were working the same number of hours...

**Williams:** And getting just as exhausted....

**Albertano:** Yes, and that just rankled me. At first I started agitating to get a better position, but they didn't want to hear rhetoric, they wanted results. They started cutting back my shifts. So then I set out to do the best job as a hostess, and I did. I could make people wait for three hours for their dinner! They told me I wasn't strong enough to be a waiter, so I pointed out all the runty male waiters that I was beating at arm wrestling every night! Then they decided I'd have to be a bus boy first, so I simply went to the best, most legendary bus boy, wined and dined him and he told me his secret: always move and always move fast, be at a run.

**Williams:** Right! There's washing dishes, and then there's speed washing: that's just washing dishes faster!

**Albertano:** So that's how I became a manager—they did not want a woman waiting tables. And the men they hired for managers were really quite average, I had graduated from UCLA with honors. So I started hiring, lo and behold: women bartenders, women chefs, and women bus boys. But there was a sabotage that started going on.. they wouldn't let me wear pants, but they'd order me to climb up on the roof in my heels and see what was going on ...and they'd say: "You're so stupid, I'm going to make you do this right if I have to screw it into you!" I thought: "This is a cartoon! People don't really talk like this!" But eventually, after much more struggle with the Machiavellian management above me, I was able to bring a suit which resulted in a settlement: that every Victoria Station in America would hire on a gender free basis!

**Williams:** So you made an ERA (Equal Rights Amendment) before the ERA. Wow! I still can't believe they haven't put that in the Constitution! But tell me, were you one of those gals who were reading Betty Friedan and going to women's conferences and such?

# Linda Albertano



**Albertano:** Consciousness raisers, yes. We had our weekly consciousness raising groups at UCLA, and they were really fabulous. I found through those consciousness raising sessions that I had somehow absorbed many, many cultural biases toward women. It was a cleansing process. I remember I said something idiotic once, like: "If I ever have a man who abused me, I would just make him tow the line."

**Williams:** Oh yes! At the University of Venice class on Feminism a couple of weeks ago, I was taught by my teacher, Peggy Lee Kennedy, that the important thing for the evolved Feminist was that we have to love each other as women. Really don't say "Hey, you should really lose ten pounds, honey" And also don't do unto men as they have done unto us.

**Albertano:** I remember going on a radio talk show one night, talking about women's issues, but people had never heard of them. Tho' I was supposed to go on for twenty minutes, the calls were coming so fast and furious that they extended the whole thing for an hour. I mean, in those days, it was revolutionary to hear somebody say that a woman could be a carpenter if she wanted! I also talked my philosophy teacher into letting me do special studies on feminism. He said, "Oh well, I don't know much about it." I told him it wasn't all that different from race issues, these gender issues.

**Williams:** So, after Victoria Station, what did you do?

**Albertano:** I started my singing group, *The Vanilla Dandies*. At that time Charles Duncan, who was a really great songwriter, moved into my house. He had the coolest friends I had ever met in my life – creative, amazing people who came to see me sing, and then they asked me to be in their performance art pieces...and I had never heard of performance art, I had no idea what it was. And that was such fun work. I just loved it! In the early eighties, I met and worked with Molly Cleator and Lin Hixson, the great performance art director, and she got me into a class with Rachael Rosenthal. She is a cultural treasure. The city had a monument put out in front of her studio.

I began to hang out with artists. We did ensemble work and I started doing pieces of my own at the Lhasa Club. To me, I've always been simply writing songs or making movies, it's not performance or poetry to me...it's a song or a movie. People liked it, the clubs would invite me back, and eventually I was performing at places like the LA Theatre Center and Barnsdall Park.

**Williams:** Give me an example of some of the art that you did then.

**Albertano:** There's a piece called "SOS" that was about someone who's in love with somebody else, who is in love with someone else. A circle of sad, rejected people.

**Williams:** Did that echo anything in your life?

**Albertano:** Oh, yeah! (both laugh) Right now, I am currently nuts about Beck. And he doesn't even know I exist! He's in love with someone else! Then I did a piece at the John Anson Ford Theatre and at the LA Theatre Center for a week on de-facto Apartheid in L.A. - It was called "Joan of Compton-Joan of Arcadia." And I had about 30 kids from Compton in the piece. I had been thinking about how we just weren't an integrated society. It troubled me. It still does, because honestly I grew up loving America.

**Williams:** Even in the sorry state that you know it to be.

**Albertano:** America is about justice and peace and freedom and liberty. American values are really solid. They're wonderful. Even tho' I lived in all these nutty fundamentalist homes, I just think that Jesus was a wonderful person, a wonderful human being. I think he was a revolutionary, that he was for the poor people.

**Williams:** He had extra good values. "Be nice to the prostitute." Linda, tho, don't you think you are looking rose-coloredly at the country's values?

**Albertano:** No, I think that whatever the government is, whatever the administration is, or whatever the Pentagon is doing, that's not America to me. I'm afraid of those people and I'm afraid of their values. Most people in America who still want this war with Iraq think that the Iraqis are being deprived of American values of liberty and justice.

**Williams:** You're right. I think most Americans are sweet and innocent.

**Albertano:** If they knew what was really going on, they would be horrified. They wouldn't stand it for a minute.

**Williams:** Especially the women. The trusting wives.

**Albertano:** More of us have to be in politics. Oh! I forgot to tell you about this whole chapter in my life. I sang folksongs with this other tall girl in the USO during Vietnam.

**Williams:** You're too young to have done that!

**Albertano:** Well, I was a zygote!

**Williams:** So what was that like?

**Albertano:** We were out for five months and we did Alaska, Japan, Vietnam, the Philippines and Korea. The Philippines were this Paradise overlaid with the crassness of America. Playboy insignia everywhere. My tour guide was dressed like a low rider. He wore black loafers with giant cleats on them. He had rolled a pack of cigarettes in his t-shirt sleeve and his hair was in a greasy drainpipe. But when we got to this exquisite Pagasanan waterfall, he slipped everything off and dived into the pool and he came up as this beautiful indigenous God.

At night, I would go walking down a county road and the children would come out of their homes and they would just follow me. I felt like the Pied Piper! I must have had 20 or 30 kids behind me on this country road. And they started singing "Doe a deer, a female deer". It was magic!

Then in Vietnam I made friends with some of the children on the street - I had such a good time with them. The soldiers told them to go away. To me they said "They just want your money." That was all such a lie! I later did a piece about it called "Mercenary Children" at

the John Anson-Ford Theatre. Once an American soldier showed me a photo of Vietnamese corpses. And he was proud. That never left me. I was shocked right down to the soles of my shoes. By that, and by the way the American soldiers in Korea would gun their jeeps, leaving the compound, so the Koreans would be forced to scatter or be injured. I really understand why the Koreans were infuriated when those girls were run over recently.

**Williams:** So what were some of your top fave gigs?

**Albertano:** The LA Theatre Center, and The International Poetry Festival in Amsterdam, that was INCREDIBLE! There were poets from all over the world, we stayed at a hotel together, had breakfast, did pieces together, oh! and The Lhasa Club! "Drugs, Politics and Modern Sex," I had a run of that piece there. And I always loved doing Lin Hixson's art extravaganzas.

**Williams:** So what's on your mind for your next project?

**Albertano:** Well, I spend so much time with the music now. I've really enjoyed taking up this new instrument, the Kora.

**Williams:** That's right! You're playing with Prince Diabate now! I think he is one of L.A.'s great stars. He is such a great performer!

**Albertano:** Yes, he's such a master, a real griot, and he's so wise. We played Royce Hall and the Getty Museum, and the roof came off the Getty! Nobody'd ever danced on that stage before.

**Williams:** Oh Linda Albertano, I have loved this time with you so much! Say, do you have any parting words? (both laugh) ...Or something your mother might have said?

**Albertano:** My mother always said: "Never get married! Live with them if you have to, but never get married!" ♪

*Linda Albertano will be appearing, along with Heather Woodbury in a spoken word performance at 8 pm, Thursday, Mar 27 at SPARC, 685 Venice Blvd. A benefit for the Peace & Freedom Party. Proceeds go toward the ballooning registration drive. 310-399-8685 or pfp@freevenice.org*

## Notable women in Venice History

**Judy Baca** – Famous muralist

**Isadora Duncan** – Famous dancer, lived in Thornton tower.

**Mary Lou Johnson** – Peace activist, great party giver.

**Ruth Galanter** – Only L.A. City Council member who lived in Venice.

**Anna Haag** – Community activist.

**Philomene Long** – Famous poet.

**Aimee Semple McPherson** - Evangelist who faked disappearance on the Venice beach.

**Claire Falkenstein** – Sculptor.

**Vera Davis McClendon** – Civil rights, community activist.

**Emily Winters** – Famous muralist.

**Bingo** – Famous homeless person who was murdered. "Daughter of Darkness, Sister of Light. Slide on thru Bingo."

**Marvena Kennedy** – Community Activist.

*Did we leave someone out? Send us your nomination. Beachhead, POB 644, Venice 90294 or Beachhead@freevenice.org*

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**Lucky Sixty Four Win  
Boardwalk Lottery**

By Pano Douvos

There is a new day dawning on the Boardwalk at 151 Ocean Front Walk and Navy - in North Venice. In the first week of March 64 lucky lottery winners will begin their stay at the newly constructed Southern California Presbyterian Homes building. These affordable housing apartments are HUD sponsored for those 62 and older, the rents computed at one-third of monthly income.

The tenants will be moving in the first week of March. The official opening is three months down the line with a Venice celebration including local dignitaries. Sally Little, Vice-President of SC Homes mentions in passing the many obstacles overcome; but her preference was speaking proudly about the amenities of the new apartments. The lucky tenants will enjoy beachfront living in affordable-housing-scarce Venice.

Before detailing the building's final touches, a listing here of the special features awaiting tenants in their new digs is impressive. To provide independent living, a community room is featured, as well as a kitchen, laundry, T.V. room and library.

There is a building administrator and assistant; plus a support staff, with programs and activities provided. Also a maintenance supervisor and emergency supervisor are present and a possible future social worker.

Watching the boardwalk and Navy building go from a hole in the ground to a three-story structure including underground parking was a fascinating nearly five-year show that I visited from my place a couple blocks away.

The end results is a much needed Venice success story. We should write or phone them at SC Homes and say as much. My quibble is with the final paint color selection. It is clashing and not suitable for a dignified Venice senior building. Instead of the two colors (including trim) of most apartments the SC Homes building has four uncomplimentary colors. The lower cinderblock portion being an eye-banging mustard yellow! The unlikely color grouping is white trim plus green, beige and the mustard.

Architect-looking types were standing by the building when I passed there recently. One was the designer of the apartments, it turns out. When I gave the color scheme a bad review, it was a big surprise when it developed that we were in total agreement. The bigger shock was when he made a startling offer to re-paint the building and foot the entire cost of the job himself. Win-Win for Venice.

As an artist type, the matter of color is major. So when you write SC Homes praising their new building, express to them your agreement that a good building structure is only complete with a beautiful face turned to the people of Venice.

Write to Jerry Dinigan, Chairman of Southern California Presbyterian Homes, 1111 North Brand Blvd. SU 300, Glendale, Ca. 91202. Phone 818-247-0420. Web page SCPHS.com. A possible message could say that you would like to see Free Venice free of beige, green and mustard yellow...Or please hold the mustard.

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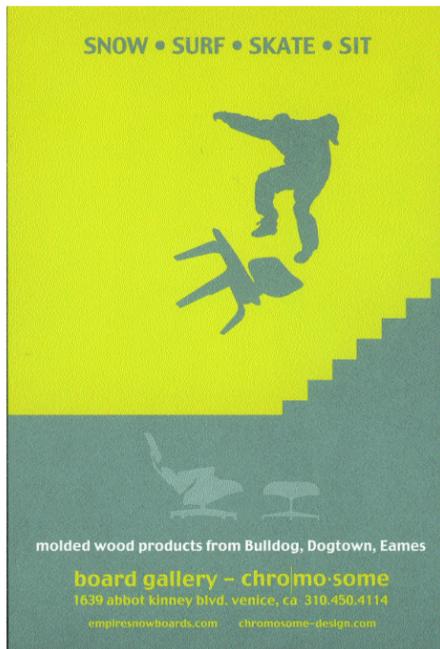


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**Affordable Housing –  
A Groundswell Whose  
Time Has Come**

By Sheila Bernard

In a cozy back room of the Vera Davis Center, 30 Venetians confronted the problems of affordable housing.

A panel included Steve Clare, executive director of the non-profit Venice Community Housing Corporation; Sheila Bernard, president of Lincoln Place Tenants Association; Jim Smith of Grassroots Progressive Candidates; Lydia Poncé, Venice community activist and appellant on the AKB/San Juan project; and Kendra Moore, president of the Oakwood Tenant Action Committee.

Venetians heard the all-too-familiar statistics of high rents, not enough space, run away commercial development, not enough parking, and "what is affordable housing anyway?"

But the attendees were encouraged to think outside the box.

How do we see that affordable housing gets built that serves low-income residents in Venice, rather than bringing in tenants from outside Venice and displacing tenants who have roots in Venice?

How do we protect low-income homeowners from losing their homes due to illness? How do we increase the amount of housing

without impacting parking?

Comments from the audience and the panel suggested that we do this creatively.

Think of "elegant density or diverse density." This doesn't have to mean boxy or bland as the art bunkers that are thrown up on Electric Avenue. Think of play areas in the developments. Learn the jargon of the bureaucracy, and challenge the planning committee when it gives away variances to developers "like candy on Halloween," as Lydia Poncé said. Honor the old graceful hotel buildings and bungalows in Venice.

There need to be more events which highlight the issue of affordable housing in Venice and the urgency of preserving low income housing which is in danger of being lost and not replaced. 795 units are in danger at Lincoln Place, 246 units at Holiday Venice could be lost as well. Sixty units of HUD-subsidized housing at 5 Rose Ave. are already gone. Fifty-seven units at 1 Venice Blvd. may go soon.

Eight thousand units a year are needed just to keep up with the growing L.A. city population.

Creating affordable housing in Venice will take education, organizing and engaging in demonstrations and political lobbying. It will take a groundswell that cannot be ignored at City Hall.

The 30 Venetians will meet again. Maybe next time there will be 60 Venetians. And maybe you will be one of them!

# FILM

7 Dudley Cinema, SPONTO GALLERY, 7 Dudley Ave, Venice, CA 310 399 2078.

<www.81x.com/7dudley/cinema>, also contact **Gerry Fialka** at 306-7330.

- Wednesday, Mar. 5, 8:00 PM – **The Subject Is Sex** With Lilli St. Cyr, hillbilly Porn and Cartoon smut. SF's **Stephen Parr** of Oddball Film and Video appears live to screen this romp.
- Wednesday, Mar. 19, 8:00 PM - **Uncensored Cartoons** Animation historian Jerry Beck will show rare 16mm prints of Betty Boop and many more classic 30's and 40's cartoons banned from TV.
- Wednesday, Apr. 2, 8:00 PM - **Pedal Revolution**. A night of films about bicycle culture, adventure and activism with Critical Mass.
- Thursday Night Screenings, 7-9 PM **LAFCO**, Los Angeles Filmmakers Cooperative 660 Venice Blvd (310) 574-4733 \$5

# ART

- Friday, Mar 1, 7-11 PM Reception for **Jessica Schulte @ SPONTO Gallery**, 7 Dudley Ave, Venice 399-2078.
- Friday, Mar 7, 6:30-8:30 PM *The Adventures of Rebel Ruth*, Artist Reception for **Shayna Cohen**, "Exploring individual identity within a corporate society" **Highways Gallery** 1651 18th St Santa Monica through 4/27/03
- Saturday, Mar 15, 7-10 PM @ **The Sandbox** *Wish I was Here* new paintings from **Lisa Adams** 1327 1/2 Abbot Kinney Blvd 399-4164

# COMMUNITY

- Tuesdays 5 PM **Food Not Bombs** Palisades Park at Ocean and Arizona Ave in Santa Monica - FREE Vegetarian meal
- Thursdays & Fridays AM Mommy and Me Dance classes for Toddlers w/ Instructor **Natasha Maidoff** The Electric Lodge 1416 Electric Ave 358-6769
- Jan. 1 – Mar. 15, **Homeless Winter Shelter** at the Culver City Armory and the Veteran's Administration. Pick-up (and drop-off) sites:
  - Venice - the corner of Westminster and Pacific at 5:30 PM
  - Santa Monica - OPCC at 1616 7th St, 6:15 PM and Step Up On Second at corner of 2nd & Arizona, 5:45 PM
- Mar. 1 and Apr. 1, **CAR FREE DAY**- all day - make Venice a better place to live by parking those cars! Meet Mar. 1, 4 PM with your bike at the Venice Circle (Main & Windward) for a short group ride around the empty streets of Venice.
- Mar 2, Sunday 1-2 PM **FOURTH ANNUAL TALENT SHOW @ the Church in Ocean Park** Baked Goods for sale 235 Hill St \$2 Contact: Anne Hawthorne (310) 399-1620 izzygrl@earthlink.net
- Mar 7th, Friday, 9:30 AM - 4 PM International Women's Day - **ONE DAY SYMPOSIUM AND HEALTH FAIR** on women's Health and the Environment DEPARTMENT OF WATER AND POWER 111 North Hope St, LA 90012 (213) 386-4901 email: madrigal@psr.org

# Organizations

- Abbot Kinney Library - 501 S. Venice Blvd. 821-1769.
- Beyond Baroque - 681 Venice Blvd. <www.beyondbaroque.org>
- Grass Roots Venice Neighborhood Council - <www.grassrootsvenice.org> - 281-1943.
- Midnight Special Bookstore - moving... Santa Monica - <www.msbooks.com> - 393-2923
- St Joseph's Center - Rose & 4th - 396-6468
- Venice Arts Mecca - 610 California Ave. 578-1745.
- Venice Community Housing Corporation - 399-4100 or <www.vchcorp.org>. 720 Rose Ave. Venice.
- Venice Family Clinic - 604 Rose Ave. 392-8636.
- Venice Health Center - 905 Venice Blvd. 392-8636.
- Venice Historical Society - POB 12844, Venice 90295 or <www.veniceofamerica.org>
- Venice-Ocean Park Food Co-Op. - 839 Brooks Ave.
- Venice Peace & Freedom Party - 399-2215 - <pfp@freevenice.org>.
- Venice Skills Center - 611 5th Ave. 392-4153.
- Vera Davis McClendon Center - 610 California Ave. - 305-1865.

# Community Events



# THEATRE

- **PACIFIC RESIDENTS THEATRE**, 703 Venice Blvd.  
**BIG LOVE** – By Charles L. Mee. (thru Mar) Friday & Saturday 8 PM – Sunday 3 PM Call Box Office at 310 822 8392
- **THE POWERHOUSE THEATRE** 866-OFF-MAIN ext. 3  
**Private Eyes** - Opens Mar 15th Thursday - Saturday 8 PM
- **THE ELECTRIC LODGE** 1416 Electric Ave 310-306-1854
- **THE MILES PLAYHOUSE** 1130 Lincoln Blvd Santa Monica. Call Carolyn Almos 310-264-4224  
**In the Valley of Mist** - Mar 7-16  
Fri & Sat 7:30 PM  
Sat & Sun 3:00 PM  
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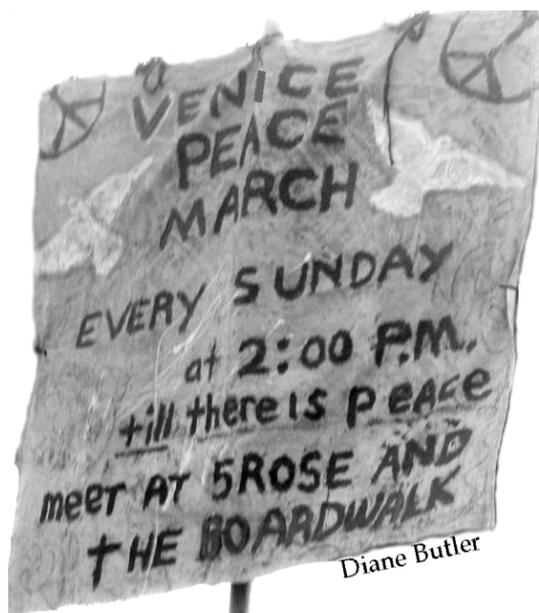
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# POLITICAL

- Mar. 1, Saturday, 11 AM - **Venice Peace & Freedom Party** meeting. 310-399-2215.
- Every Sunday, 2 PM - **Venice Peace Movement** march and rally - No new war, End mass detentions and attacks on our civil liberties - March starts at Rose & the Boardwalk, followed by an open-mic rally.
- Every Wednesday, 6:30 PM - Homeless issues - **Side by Side**. Community group on homeless issues for beach area. The Ken Edwards Center in Santa Monica.
- Mar. 8, Saturday 11 AM **Global Women's Strike** Westwood Federal Building 11000 Wilshire Blvd For info: (323) 292-7405
- Mar. 12, Wednesday 1PM - In celebration of Women's History Month, **Antioch University, LA** presents a documentary film on **Some American Feminists** followed by discussion with **Lila Karp MA, MS, MFT** lecturer, author, psychotherapist & feminist activist - 13274 Fiji Way, Room 430, Marinda Del Rey Contact Koreema Walden, BA Program Office (310) 578-1080 ext 201



# readings

- First Monday of the month, 6 PM : Marshall McLuhan - Finnegans Wake Reading Club, Abbot Kinney Library, 501 Venice Blvd 821-1769
- Sunday nights 6:30 PM at **ABBOT'S HABIT** Coffee House. Open Mic.
- **BEYOND BAROQUE**, 681 Venice Blvd Readings at 7:30 PM and other times during the week. 822-3006
- Monday, Mar. 3 8-10 PM **Lysistrata Project**. with performers from 6-8 PM, **LAFCO**, 660 Venice Blvd 574-4733 \$15 donation

# POETRY

**BEYOND BAROQUE**, 681 Venice Blvd.  
FREE WORKSHOPS & READINGS

- Since 1969, Beyond Baroque has provided a free workshop program and gathering place for writers to develop their voice, find support, and build new communities. Bring copies of your work.
- **MONDAY NIGHT FICTION** - 8 PM Workshop focuses on short shorts, stories, and novels. With Steve Pitkin and Matthew Byloos.
  - **TUESDAY NIGHT CREATIVE NON-FICTION** - 8 PM Bring works of creative non-fiction, memoir, and prose. Led by Cindy Bailey and Wayman Barnes.
  - **WEDNESDAY NIGHT POETRY** - 8 PM The West Coast's longest running, free workshop and a legendary gathering of poets.
  - **THURSDAY NIGHT POETRY** - 8 PM First and last Thursdays of the month. Bring poems you're thinking about (yours or other poets'); with Jenny Factor and Jessica Goodheart.
  - **THURSDAY ALT.SCREENPLAY** - 8 PM Documentary, narrative, art film scripts, actor readings. Non-commercial only. Moderated by Peter Coogan.
  - Every Sunday Night, 7:00 PM Open-Mic Poetry at **ABBOT'S HABIT** (Abbot Kinney & California), Venice
  - Thursday, Mar 27, 8:00 PM at **SPARC** 685 Venice Blvd - **Linda Albertano** and **Heather Woodbury** remarkable women of words. A benefit for the Peace & Freedom Party. Proceeds go toward the ballooning registration drive.

# MUSIC

- Wednesdays Come hang with the **V-Rock Girls** at the **VENICE BISTRO** 7-11 PM (On the Venice Boardwalk between Rose and Dudley)
- Fridays @ **THE COW'S END** - Washington & Pacific  
5-7 PM - **Chris Kuter**  
8-11 PM - Lovesick Fridays featuring **The Lovesick Lunatics** with **Vessy Mink** and many more! www.lovesicklunatics.com
- Sundays @ **THE UNURBAN COFFEE HOUSE** 2-5 PM **Brad Kay**- Entertainer at the piano-Hot Jazz, Blues, Ragtime and Hilarious songs. 3301 W. Pico Blvd, Santa Monica (310) 315-0058. FREE
- Mar. 15, Saturday 9 PM **The CMB** 10 PM **The Lovesick Lunatics** 11 PM **Numira** at **THE HARDROCK CAFE @ The Beverly Center** \$10
- Mar. 21, Friday 8 PM at **GENGHIS COHEN** - **Nick Ariondo** and **Suzu Williams** and **Kahlil Sabbagh** Startlingly brilliant accordion, lush Jazz tunes and complex original songs. 740 N. Fairfax Ave, Hollywood (323) 653-0640 Info: (310) 306-7330 \$10
- Mar. 25, Tuesday 10:30 PM @ The **TEMPLE BAR** Come hear **Nova Blue** rock the house 1026 Wilshire Blvd (E of Lincoln) 393-6611 \$5
- Mar. 27, Thursday Starting at 7:30 PM – \* FREE \* **Club Mosaic** at **The Yard** (behind **Warszawa Restaurant**) Get Real & Hang Loose-Spoken Word to beats, Funky Jazz Music & Art all night hosted by **The Impresario, B. Hammond** and **45 Vibe**. 1414 Lincoln Blvd. Santa Monica 310-260-6498
- Mar. 11, Tuesday 8:30 PM sharp! **George Sarah** and **String Trio w/ Angie Hart** @ the **TEMPLE BAR** with James Combs and John Gold 1026 Wilshire Blvd (310) 393-6611 \$7
- The **TOWN HOUSE** - Cocktail Lounge - 52 Windward Ave 392-4040

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