

# FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD

SINCE 1968

CHEE WAW WAW

MAY 2017 #425

P.O. BOX 2, VENICE, CA. 90294 • [www.venicebeachhead.org](http://www.venicebeachhead.org) • [free@venicebeachhead.org](mailto:free@venicebeachhead.org) • 310-281-6935

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### VJAMM INSTALLED

#### Presidential Peter Principle

#### LETTERS - Levin, Snap, Omari

#### Melissa Diner is Open For Business

#### Actor's Gang, Harlequino - Review

#### Alan Holdsworth Report

#### Color Photos of VJAMM Dedication

#### Poetry

#### Calendar



## VJAMM - It's finally here!

By Alice Stek

The dedication of the Venice Japanese American Memorial Monument (VJAMM) took place on April 27, 75 years after over 1000 Japanese Americans from the Venice area were forcibly removed and sent to concentration camps for the remainder of WWII. In 1942, essentially no one tried to stop this injustice.

The monument is located on the corner of Venice and Lincoln Blvds at the site where the families were ordered to report, with only what they could carry, for "evacuation" transport. It took many years to accomplish, it looks beautiful, and the VJAMM Committee is thrilled to see it installed; please visit it.

In the months after 9-11 (2001, not Pinochet's coup in Chile on 9-11-1973) members of the Venice Peace and Freedom Party were alarmed by the flag-waving hysteria around us. Calls for invasions of distant countries and crackdowns on groups that looked like those reported to be responsible for the attacks made us worry that something similar to the Japanese American incarceration could happen again to innocent Americans. Reminding our community that this could happen again was a good idea, we thought. If people understood the history of the Japanese American incarceration, this would encourage communities to remain vigilant, speak out, and organize against injustice, and we could prevent future violations of civil rights. In early 2002, the Venice Peace and Freedom Party circulated a petition to create a monument commemorating the removal and incarceration of Japanese Americans from Venice, Santa Monica and Malibu. We obtained support from our local elected officials. The Beachhead joined in.

After Venice High School students and their teacher Phyllis Hayashibara took up the cause and former Manzanar prisoners and the Venice Arts Council joined the effort, we were able to raise money and design the current monument.

The relevance of this monument is obvious in the current political climate of racism, intolerance, xenophobia and fear-mongering. We are shocked that almost half of American voters support politicians who so openly promote restricting civil liberties.

It would be a mistake to only be concerned with the obvious threats to justice by the current government. Remember that Executive Order 9066, which allowed the incarceration of Japanese Americans, was signed by the highly regarded President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who promoted many progressive initiatives. President Obama was a Democrat and a good orator, but in the meantime he also authorized NDAA, the National Defense Authorization Act, which makes legal many serious restrictions of civil liberties and includes such provisions as extended arrest without due process. Clearly, the people must remain engaged and vigilant, regardless of who occupies the government positions of power.

Our hope is the VJAMM monument will permanently contribute to this critical vigilance.

VJAMM website: [Venicejamm.org](http://Venicejamm.org)

## There's a Monolith at Venice and Lincoln

By Jim Smith



The intersection of Lincoln and Venice Blvd. is now my favorite corner in Venice. It's hard to believe, but there's a shiny, new black monolith on the northwest sidewalk. If you haven't been reading the Beachhead or didn't come to the dedication, April 27, you may think it was dropped there by aliens to test our intelligence as a species. Will we pass? Well, if you understand that all humans around the world are basically alike, and if you are aware that the U.S. Constitution provides for due process, the right to a trial by jury and equality under the law, and further, if you can distinguish between nations that commit war crimes and innocent people whose ancestors may have been born in that country, then you may not go extinct.

The truth is the monolith, also called the Venice Japanese-American Memorial Monument, was placed there by Venetians, and our friends, to remind all of us that 1,000 local people of Japanese ancestry were incarcerated in the Manzanar concentration camp in 1942, even though they had done nothing illegal or anti-American. Most of them were confined there for up to three and a half, or four years. They lost their farms, their homes, their possessions and a total of 450,000 years of their lives if you add up all 120,000 people who were put into the camps, right here in America.

A few hundred of us gathered at the corner to celebrate the dedication of the monument, which we have been working towards for the past 16 years. It took that long to gather the supporters, raise money, get the monument and deal with city, county and state bureaucracies to make it legal to plant it next to a highway (Lincoln Blvd.).

If you're wondering if this is one more trick to gentrify Venice, it isn't. There's nothing to buy here, folks. This is Venice history. The Japanese people who were taken to the concentration camps were almost all working class and farmers.

Likewise, the Committee (Venice Japanese American Memorial Monument or VJAMM) that worked tirelessly to create this living memory of our past included Kay Brown, artist; Nikki Gilbert, Sushi Girl; Phyllis Hayashibara, retired Venice High teacher; Mae Kageyama Kakehashi, Manzanar survivor; Arnold Maeda, Manzanar survivor; Brian Maeda, Manzanar survivor; Alice Stek, Venice Peace and Freedom and Beachhead; Suzanne Thompson, fundraiser; Yosh Tomita, Manzanar survivor; Emily Winters, muralist. Also, Don Geagan, Peace and Freedom and Beachhead; the late Fred Hoshiyama, Manzanar survivor; Marc Salvatierra, Venice Historical Society; and me, Jim Smith. Most of the above are long time Venetians who are fighting to preserve the Venice culture.

Seven of the locals spoke at the ceremony and another seven politicians and government officials also spoke.

*continued on page 3*



drawing by Gerta Lind

## PRESIDENTIAL PETER PRINCIPLE

By  
P.S. Barber

"God created war so that Americans would learn geography

-- Mark Twain

Our game-show-host President is as quintessentially American as a yuuuge proverbial piece of apple pie, with an even yuugger shovel of ice cream atop; vanilla, of course, unadulterated – emphasis on "un-adult" – then scrumptiously coated with a radiant-orange sherbet-shell. Our President is the American Dream: ostentatious wealth; celebrity for its own sake; hot chicks, fast cars, big houses, bigger hair; sui generis; loud-mouthed, know-it-all; wholly A-Historical and brazenly A-Hole proud of it; bigger, better, harder, thicker, longer, bursting his seams with prodigious, boundless reserves of scorching-hot stamina.

According to many women I've known, there are men -- white males in particular -- who nickname their penises. Though I'll have to take these women's word for it and have no reason to doubt them, I do know for certain that our U.S. Generals love to nickname their penises.

As with their human archetypes, in naming weapons of mass destruction, the Pentagon Boys subscribe to that priapic precept which firmly purports, "Bigger is Better." Again, I'm not here to debate long-held biological beliefs; it's the psychological aspects of our Masters of War which worry me, those precepts of power which engender their murderous mindset.

Let's take a look at their latest and largest penis – the yuugest non-atomic armament ever deployed in the history of humankind, dropped April 13th by the U.S. Military in Afghanistan (America is also the record-holder for the only two other larger bombs ever dropped, Hiroshima and Nagasaki). This newest shlong is the length of a city bus and officially named GBU43: this prior-to-now never-used bomb falls under the category of Massive Ordinance Air Blast, more familiarly known under its acronym, M.O.A.B.

And it's from MOAB that we get the unlikely penis-nickname, Mother Of All Bombs.

Now it's no accident that all this devastation delivered-by-phallus is given, by the Pentagon Boys, a female moniker: after all, who wants to be the gruesome progenitor birthing a bomb whose blast radius is one mile wide, 360-degrees? That instantaneously sucks the oxygen from that sorry area -- then lights the air on fire? At a cost of 16-million, weighing 11-tons, there is no bomb-bay that can disgorge the Mother Of All Bombs, and so it's pushed out the back of a C-130 Hercules transport – ejaculated, you might say -- then GPS guidance and gravity do the rest, until the Pentagon Penis explodes midair with a concussion so goddamned yuuge, it causes the earth below to crumble and quake for miles.

An Afghan Army spokesman proudly claimed that the bomb killed nearly 100 ISIS-K militants and that, apparently miraculously, there were zero civilian casualties. The media, with no pushback, reported what they were told -- the bombing happened in a "remote" province. Other Afghan sources point out that there were villages in the bombed area for many centuries -- "were" being the

*continued on page 3*



**Beachhead Collective Staff:**  
Eric Ahlberg, Mary Getlein, Alice Stek, Paul Barber, Nickie Black, Fehmi Yildirin, Joanna Silva, Logan Mote, Suzy Williams, Lisa Robins, Von Paul, Marty Liboff.

The FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published monthly by the Beachhead Collective as a vehicle for the people of Venice to communicate their ideas and opinions to the community at large. The Beachhead encourages anyone to submit news stories, articles, letters, photos, poetry or graphics of interest to the Venice community.

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

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

**Mail:** P.O. Box 2, Venice, CA 90294.  
**Email:** free@venicebeachhead.org  
**Web:** www.venicebeachhead.org

**Beachhead Sustainers:**

Richard Abcarian • Karl Abrams  
Eric Ahlberg • Linda Albertano  
Jennifer Baum  
Irene Bajsarowycz • Beyond Baroque  
Paul Beethoven • Roxanne Brown  
Chuck and Terry Bloomquist  
Bradley Bobbs • Allen Boelter  
Michael Chamness  
Steven Clare • Greta Cobar  
Tina Catalina Corcoran • Maureen Cotter  
John Davis and LeAnn Warren  
Joan Del Monte • Joseph Doro  
Aaron Downing • Don’t Be A Doormat!  
Robin Doyno • Richard Dry  
Ed Ferrer • Rod Gallardo • Don Geagan  
Jesse Glazer • Phyllis Hayashibara  
Ted Hajjar and Carol Wells  
Dean Henderson • Martha Kaplan  
Nick Jones and Antonette Garcia  
John Kertisz • Mark A. Kleiman  
Ira Koslow and Gail Rogers • Donna Lacey  
Linda Laisure and Helen Alland  
Larry Layne • Marty Leal  
Marty Liboff • Eric Liner  
Mark Lipman • Ethan Lipton and Janet Lent  
Karl Lisovsky • Frank Lutz  
Michael McGuffin  
Ian and Gwen Humble McShane  
Michael Millman  
Susan Millman • Yolanda Miranda  
Sandy and David Moring  
John Mooney • Anne Murphy  
Jacqueline Navas • Earl Newman  
Sherman and Meredith Pearl  
Thomas Paris and Lauren Smith  
Judith Rose • Cristina Rojas  
Milton Rosenberg • Bill Rosendahl  
Ron Rouda • Pete Savino • James Schley  
Krista Schwimmer • Linda Shusett  
Jim Smith • John Stein  
Alice Stek • Mike Suid  
Larry and Kathy Sullivan • Surfing Cowboys  
Tamariska, Inc William Taxerman  
The Von Hoffmann Family  
Venice Oceanarium • Occupy Venice  
Brady Walker  
Tim and Nancy Weil • Emily Winters  
Suzy Williams • Nancy Boyd Williamson Mary Worthington and Pamela Gruben  
Stan and Roni Zwerling

THANK YOU SUSTAINERS  
Linda Albertano, Jim Smith, Earl Newman.

Help A Free Press Survive:  
Annual Sustainer: \$100. Individual Subscriptions: \$35/year Institutional Subscriptions: \$50/year Mail: Beachhead, PO Box 2, Venice, CA 90294



Dear Venice Beachhead,

I am DJ Sister Yasmin. I grew up in LA and the very last place I lived before moving North in 1968 was Venice. It was truly wonderful in those “Good Old Days” a real Poor Folks Ghetto” and not developed at all, as it is now. Of course the cops were bad, but not as bad as today, and we all got along pretty well and helped each other. You could actually be Poor and live in Venice in those days, and it was pretty safe too. I had a young child at that time. You could find a rental for a low income person in those days, which I am sure are gone forever.

I am writing to tell you about the Israel Levin Center on the Boardwalk, a place you probably know about. It is located at 201 Ocean Front Walk, Venice, 90291. My 100 year old Mom, Eleanor Howard hangs out there for many wonderful activities and events, and she has for many years. She an many other Seniors love this place. Now they are planning to tear down that beautiful, old, artistic building, and put up God-Knows-What. Maybe a high rise, or other monstrosity. Did you know this? This old building has gorgeous murals painted on its outside walls, and inside there’s lots of great Art also, and great touches of days gone by andmomentos and remembrances of the Seniors who hang out there, and congregated there before they died. Did you know about the demise of this incredible structure which is a truly historic building of Old Venice. I am very sad about this and so is my Mother, and we think it’s a big mistake, but as the song goes, “Pave paradise and put up a parking lot.....”. It won’t be a parking lot, but it will be ugly, that’s for sure. My Mother Eleanor is very saddened by this plan, as are all her cohorts who attend classes, films,Birthday and other parties, Sedars, Shabbos activites (Sabbath), and so much more.

I am hoping that you will write a story with photos about the end of an era of this wonderful, historic building.

I am currently in LA living with my Mom but soon will be going back up to Mendocino County where I live. I am at the local library, as I am not “wired” at home. You can reach me by phone (much easier and faster than email) at 310-472-8711. I hope you will please phone me very soon, and let’s talk about the possibility of you writing an article with photos of the fabulous Israel Levin Center in Venice, which will be gone very soon, and means so much to elderly Jewish Seniors, and so many others also. They are all inclusive, all ages and religions and races are welcome.

Thanks for reading this and please respond soon.

Peace, Love & Justice,  
Yasmin Solomon  
aka DJ Sister Yasmin  
aka Judith Jackson (my name when I lived in Venice in the 1960s)

**Snap employees!** How can you sleep at night?

I would like all employees of Snap Inc to please take a minute and think about where you grew up –the town, the streets, the people, the surroundings... The neighborhood you ran around in with your brothers and sisters, parents and grandparents, friends and family. The buildings, businesses and playgrounds you used to frequent that are imbedded in your memories and will never forget, along with every back alley, every turn of every corner, and the places you’ve spent almost every holiday. And now think about outsiders coming into your town in the form of a covert operation, coming in with lots of money and greed and power, and then having everything you’ve known about the place being ripped to pieces, shredded and torn up and taken over by this one single entity. How would you like to see all the people you love, family and friends you’ve known your entire lives, being forced to move out because of this one single company? Store owners who have been like family members since you were a child being forced to close their shops and then go through extremely tough times because of this One. Single. Company. One beloved neighbor after the next gets displaced, one beloved business after the next gets pushed out, one beloved local after the next gets hassled, one long-time resident after the next gets treated like they don’t belong... Not only is it sad... it’s just simply wrong – and YOU know it. How can you sleep at night?

Did you ever wonder how, when and why your CEO Evan Spiegel decided he wanted to literally take over an entire beach town? Think about it. He was quoted as saying, “Our dream had always been to have an office on the beach” yet this dream at some point turned into having THE WHOLE ENTIRE BEACH and has resulted in shredding all of the character, history and structure from the entire community - and to make it even worse, he doesn’t even live here!! Personally I think he suffers from “Affluenza”: a person’s inability to understand the

I read the “Letter to the Editor” piece by Marty Lipoff and was stunned and grateful. What a wonderful letter to receive! What he wrote was so true, in my experience. The lack of privacy and the feeling of being a prisoner is sometimes overwhelming. For instance, this morning at 7:45 am, there was a lot of talk and laughter outside my door. Usually I get my breakfast tray at 7:30am, though I have been awake since 4:30am, lying patiently waiting with my light on.

I could not understand why I was not being taken out of my bed so that I could eat and start my day. I am partially paralyzed and need the assistance of the Hoyer lift and a worker to get out of bed.

Earlier the month, on the 7th of April, sometime before midnight, I called for help turning over. Two English speaking workers came to help me. I asked them to turn me over. One of the workers stated “We better change her, she’s soaking.” The other worker whispered, “Just leave her there and cover her.” Then I whispered back, “I heard that.”

They then put me on my back, instead of turning me on my side. It is incredible painful for me to be on my back. I asked them not to put me on my back, but to rather put me on ANY side. The one worker leaned over me and said “We know what we need to do.” I said, “I am sure you know what to do but everyone is different. It’s painful to be on my back, so please put me on my side, ANY side.”

They eventually put me on my side, but only after a very unnecessarily painful pulling and pushing of my body instead of pulling and pushing of the bed sheets. I screamed “HELP!” “HELP!” many times to no avail.

Once finished, the one worker said,  
“If you call again tonight, we are not going to answer your call!!”

The rest of that night, I had to lie in pain and wait for the change of shift.

I truly am at the mercy of whoever is working each day, and especially each night, because it is true what Marty said, the night time is MUCH worse than the day in this facility.

I reported this incident, though I hesitate to call it an incident because it was much more than that to me. I am not sure what that antonym would be, but the pain I experienced was extreme. My social worker said that what I went through was not only physical abuse but verbal abuse, and she filed a complaint.

There is plenty of paperwork for the social workers and the police and managers, but nothing to relieve the pain for the victim.

It has not been 3 weeks and no resolve.

True to form, I am again complaining, and next month I’d like to talk about my electric wheelchair! Thank you for reading my article.

Sara Omari

Word For the Wise: Sederunt-Noun. A Prolonged Sitting.

Hi

There has been an unpleasant undertone sneaking into the lovely Venice beach head lately.

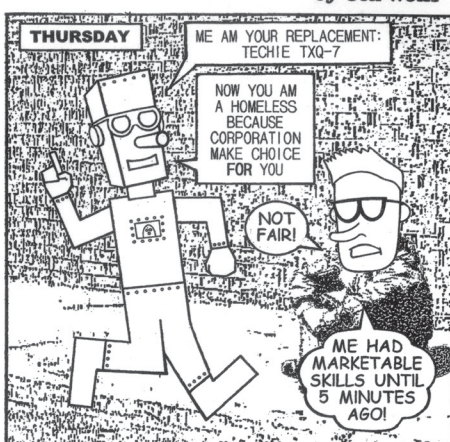
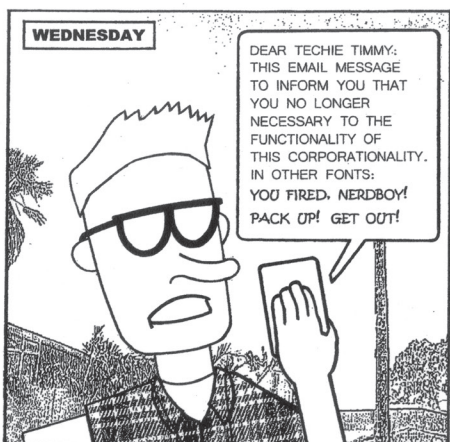
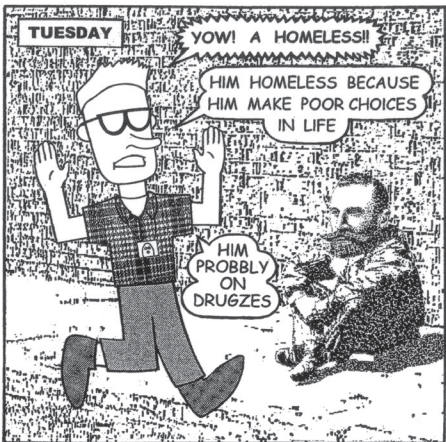
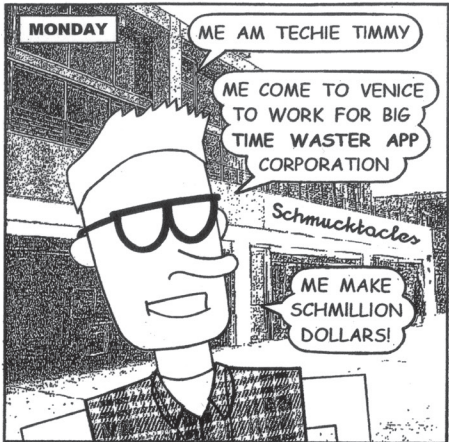
I enjoy this paper especially the art...until the march #424 issue. Page 7 there is the statute of liberty & over it is the vulgar words “nasty woman” not cool !! Spread info! spread love! spread truth! spread hope! stop hate.

- AAW

- “Such a nasty woman” was a phrase used by 2016 presidential candidate Donald Trump referring to opponent Hillary Clinton during the third presidential debate. The phrase made worldwide news and became a viral call for some women voters and has also launched a feminist movement by the same name.” - Wikipedia - [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nasty\\_woman](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nasty_woman)

consequences of one’s actions because of financial privilege - it just simply makes sense. There is a rumor about Spiegel being bullied by Venice locals when he was a teenager and this is his form of revenge. I’d like to think he’s grown up since then... but look at what he’s doing to Venice and it’s very possible he hasn’t. And the fact that all of you 2,000+ employees are turning a blind eye and actually trying to justify what he’s doing to our community as a positive thing means you are no better than he is. YOU are the ones that are representing HIM. And YOUR negligence in all of this, YOUR refusal to speak up and say how you feel about all of this only solidifies the fact that you just don’t care and you are just as egotistical as your superiors and your childish CEO. How can you sleep at night?

What’s going on here in our community is devastating and it really is much like a foreign military taking over a new territory without any regards to the consequences – Power, money and greed, greed, greed stomping in without any thought to the history or people of the area. The Freak Show... “NO get out – we want it!” Gingerbread Court... “NO get out - we want it!” LA Louver...



letter RE: SNAP - continued from page 2  
“NO get out - we want it!!” What’s next - the Erwin Hotel??... Hmmm...quite possibly! Apparently they’re already using the top floors for their employees and one young gentleman said he went there for a job interview but thankfully didn’t accept the offer because of what they are doing to our community here in Venice. He knows what’s going on here is wrong...and YOU know it too. How can you sleep at night?

Look at all the office space you have accumulated: 90% of it had people working in them previously... all gone now just for YOU and YOUR desk and computer – you don’t care I guess. The residential units you are all living and working in: 90% of them had people living in there that had to relocate... all gone now just for YOU – you don’t care I guess. That parking space you’re using only 5 days a week that no one uses overnight anymore – certainly 100% of them were previously used by locals and residents... all gone now just for YOU during your working hours – you don’t care I guess. Businesses and residents are being forced to move every week and every month and it’s all very wrong and I’d bet 95% of you know it deep down – or you just don’t care I guess. How can you sleep at night?

Venice has always been known as a place where everyone knows your name, you say “hello” to strangers, and are probably best friends with some of your neighbors. It’s one of the few places around the globe where you could have a world-renown artist living next to a wealthy executive in a house next to a nocturnal drug dealer all living together in perfect harmony with respect for each other. It’s an environment where different people can get along with huge differences, no matter the race, religion or tax bracket, and still have a mutual respect. But there is no respect here at all. None. Your CEO, Evan Spiegel could be a hero, the next Abbot Kinney of Venice, he could be an enormous asset to the community, but instead he’s being a childhood bully with the nickname “Evil Spiegel” without a care in the world, looking down on people who weren’t born with the same privileged lifestyle he was. This isn’t “business”, this is classless. This is shameful. It’s a cowardly takeover fueled solely on greed and money. In the debate of human morals of what’s right and wrong –this is so wrong it falls immediately off the scale. As one Google executive told me about Snap employees, “They should all be embarrassed”, and he’s right. How can you sleep at night?

The residents and locals here know most of you are decent people. And most of us locals are decent people too, which is why things haven’t gotten violent... yet, because some of us can be assholes especially when we’re shoved. But some of you are even bigger assholes than your immature CEO who wants to take over our town. And all it takes is one sarcastic smile or one drunken comment and the buildup of frustration might burst and things will get ugly. I’m actually surprised it hasn’t happened already. I’m not going to say that violence would not be part of a solution to this problem your CEO has created because it’s succeeded in some other towns, but what I will say to all of you, all of you employees of Snap Inc, is that you need to stand up and do what’s right, voice your own displeasure, communicate with each other and have some self-respect. IF YOU LOVE VENICE SO MUCH YOU WOULDN’T HELP IN TEARING IT APART! Tell your superiors that you want to work with your desk and computer somewhere else. Tell them you want to work in a place without tension where the locals are friendly with the employees of your company and vice-versa. Voice your unhappiness of what your company is doing to the neighborhood you work in. Do something important, have some self-respect, take a stand, do the right thing and contribute to saving our community, the very same community many of you call home yourselves, and that separates us from Santa Monica and Marina del Rey. You know what your company is doing is wrong! Who would want to work for a company that is ruining tradition, culture and the lives of so many good people?? How can any of you sleep at night?

We all love the beach and anyone can understand your willingness to work here like your CEO always wanted, but I’m sure most of you don’t agree with taking over so many properties and displacing so many businesses and residents like a financial genocide. It’s not the right thing for any company to do anywhere in the world let alone here in Venice which has gained its reputation by being

continued on page 5

Monolith - continued from page 1

Fortunately we were limited to two minutes each. Warren Furutani, a former state legislator, school board member and community college trustee was the keynote speaker. Unlike some of the speakers who delivered large helpings of platitudes, Furutani talked to us about how the betrayal of the Japanese-Americans happened and what we need to do to prevent losing our civil liberties again.

The monolith is really a fine piece of work that was created by a very skilled artist, David Williams. You should stop by and take a look at it. The monument is going to take a lot of vigilance to keep it from being desecrated. Please let the Committee know if you see anyone harming it.

PRESIDENTIAL - continued from page 1  
operative word. Whatever the truth, it will take a while longer until unbiased, on-the-ground facts are accurately reported – if they ever are.

The child in the White House, when asked if he ordered the April 13th bombing, couldn’t take first-hand credit for the show of force, like he likes – because he didn’t order the bombing. Among the run-on sentences and obfuscation in his swerving answer to a simple yes-or-no question, it became clear that the Pentagon, who’d previously been given carte blanche in the Afghan War by Obama, acted unilaterally and Trump, catching up, was left having to salvage credit as best he could.

But whether he gave the final go-ahead or not, is irrelevant: GBU43 was developed during Bush-the-Second’s unilateral and illegal invasion of Iraq, but neither he nor Obama felt its usage was worth the blowback. However, the new martial atmosphere this President has created, endorsed the Generals’ freedom to whip out their yugely-yuge dick and finally drop it without fear of recrimination. Our 45th President has boisterously loosened the lightning of his terrible swift sword along with the Pentagon’s official rules of engagement, the most heinous of which is now allowing for broad civilian casualties as entirely acceptable – in fact, negligible.

The day after the Mother Of All Bombs was unloaded, the unabashed idiots at Fox and Friends showed grainy aerial, black-and-white Pentagon footage of the massive explosion as Toby Keith sang his hit, Courtesy of the Red, White, and Blue (The Angry American) on the show’s soundtrack: “You’re gonna feel like the whole wide world is raining down on yooooooooouuu!” By unanimously crowing, “There’s a new sheriff in town!” The Press and Congress, liberal and conservative alike, positively acknowledged the President’s actions, validated and affirmed that malignant ego, normalizing what’s perversely anomalous. Trump had finally risen to Commander-in-Chief status; the Presidential table was re-set; an amateur administration was suddenly decisive; Trump was a tough guy, authoritative, moral even, he showed “credibility.” Even Nancy Pelosi went along with some ill-placed praise. So see? In the end, size does matter.

There’s one more megalomaniacal quality of Donald Trump’s which is particularly American, glove-in-hand with his Sys-Male machismo: sentimentality. It’s a swell counterpoint to the bombast -- maudlin consternation cloaked passionately in outrage and surprise at suddenly discovering there’s such a thing as human suffering. The man who vociferously and viciously excoriates Syrian refugees every chance he gets, cold-bloodedly barring every despairing woman, child, sick and old person from our shores is abruptly, incomprehensibly in touch with himself -- or more accurately, he likely touched himself, felt something, even if it was tiny.

After all, what did Trump do the moment those gruesome TV-images caught his usually inattentive eyes? Whip out his dick -- albeit in a limp and impotent way -- this time with the leader of China visiting Mar a Lago, slathering over the yuuugest piece of chocolate cake you’ve ever seen. Donald-in-Chief ordered the Navy to fire 59 Tomahawk cruise penises into Syria, causing minor damage to an airfield, after alerting the enemy of the imminent attack; this from the President who says, “I never telegraph my moves.” Trump’s heart, had he one, craves to be in the right place -- even if his pecker never is.

Donald Trump doesn’t recognize his own contradictory behavior, much less his country’s complex history, so he can afford to be suddenly sentimental about other people’s violence while simultaneously sweeping U.S.

continued on next column

influences under the rug. The rest of us have no such luxury when it comes to America’s prior relationships with dictators, chemical armaments and their precursor elements – many supplied by the United States in times past.

In the aftermath of Assad’s chemical carnage on his own people, the Trump Administration and Corporate Media conveniently forgot about Ronald Reagan’s cynical response years earlier to an immensely more horrible gas attack in Northern Iraq during the waning days of the Iran-Iraq War. Let’s go back a bit and examine how this paragon of piety for the Republican Party reacted to the Halabja chemical attack, perpetrated by the dictator-dog America supported in that fight, Saddam Hussein.

As evening fell on the Halabja residential district, March 16, 1988, it had been quiet for several hours -- quiet since Hussein’s planes had begun raining conventional bombs and Napalm on the town’s civilians starting at 11:00 that morning, lasting three hours (ostensibly to route Iranian fighters that Saddam said were ensconced among the city’s residents).

With the sun setting at a nearby airbase, more bomber planes departed – 14 sorties, each comprised of 8 bombers, this time lasting five interminable hours: their planes’ ordinances? Mustard and Sarin gas: 6,800 civilians suffocated to death, burning and writhing in agony – including thousands upon thousands of women and children – leaving tens of thousands more forever injured, including future cases of cancer and birth defects. It was the largest chemical attack against civilians in world history; a genocidal massacre specifically carried out against Kurdish Iraqis whom Saddam loathed because they historically desired independence from Iraq.

What did that moral paragon, the Christian-Right icon Ronald Reagan do? He blamed Iran instead of Iraq: publicly and purposefully, he wagged a guilty finger at the wrong side, though he knew privately with indisputable and absolute certainty from his CIA, that it was Saddam Hussein and not Iran who’d perpetrated the War Crime on his own people, then denied it with alacrity as his U.S. sponsors looked the other way, as they generally tend to do. That is, unless of course, it serves America’s purposes to do otherwise – then there’s outrage! Suddenly everyone’s Claude Rains, “Shocked! Shocked to hear there’s gambling!” at Rick’s American Café.

Welcome then to Trump’s American Café where the coffee’s bitter, hard to swallow, and is calculated to induce vomiting. Truly though... years after Halabja, when Bush Junior was concocting “smoking guns as mushroom clouds” to justify his invasion of Iraq, he had the temerity to use the previously shunned horrors of Halabja – officially denied for 15 years -- now proof positive that Hussein was an imminent threat to the United States.

In a gruesome parallel, Assad claims that the TV images of his chemical attack (which moved The Donald to such emotional depths) are “Fake News,” the dead and dying were, he said, “child actors” staging the event just to make him look bad.

And as a peculiar side-note to chemical weapons, I give you the following observation: that inimitable mass murderer, the teetotaling vegetarian, non-smoking, true nonpareil of evil with that iconic slap of black paint above his sneering lip, owes his mustache’s truncated and oblong shape to the planet’s first ever use of poison gas, down in the wet trenches of World War One (remember the “War to End All Wars”?).

At the start WWI, young Adolf sported a lengthier, Teutonic-stach with extravagant extremities he could twirl as he railed, one imagines, against Jews, immigrants, communists, homosexuals, Freemasons – basically all “Others.” But Corporal Adolf faced a life-and-death decision regarding his proud Prussian persona: that handlebar of pubic hair interfered with his infantry gas mask, jutting out its sides, precluding a hermetic seal against the terrifying, toxic gases. Forced to swallow his vanity, the Fuher-to-be trimmed his manhood to a more manageable size, giving us that rectangle of hate forever-after painted on the loathed images of every leader across the globe whom the public believes is oppressing them. But let’s be real: no one will ever match that malignant villain, nor match the horrors he wrought.

Not even You-Know-Who -- not by a yuuuge shot.

continued on page 5

# MELISSA DINER IS OPEN FOR BUSINESS

Melissa Diner is the official Secretary for the Venice Neighborhood Council. She sits at the Council President’s left hand side. When the VNC members vote on the issues affecting Venice, it is Melissa Diner who calls the names and tallies the votes. She votes as well.

Melissa Diner has served on the VNC for a previous term. But in the 2016 election, she ran for the office of Secretary under the name, “Melissa 24/7 Diner”. She chose this awkward appellation herself. No one else has claimed authorship for assigning the title to her.

The play on the surname “Diner” is easy to spot, but what exactly does it mean? A small sit-down restaurant might sell food and coffee 24 hours a day and accommodate customers 7 days a week. Should we guess that Melissa 24/7 Diner is open for business all day and every day? Well, for what kind of business? And for whom? Again, Melissa Diner chose this unfortunate name. It was no one else’s error. No apologies are forthcoming.

We know that Mellissa 24/7 Diner worked for Carl Lambert. For a time, it was her job to respond to the issues of the tenants in his buildings. Anyone unfamiliar with Lambert would do well to learn that he is being sued by the L.A. City Attorney for an illegal conversion of a Venice apartment building into a hotel. His scheming meant more monthly rental income for him as well as traumatic displacement for Venice residents. Would Melissa 24/7 Diner have been the one to respond to such tenants’ issues?

Melissa 24/7 Diner also worked for Jim Murez who is, himself, a member of the VNC. Her responsibilities in his business included organizing commercial events at his property on 800 Main Street. Here, the questions may be asked whether the use of residential property for commercial events is even legal and how it affects the well-being of Venice residents and the Venice Community.

And what could be said for the well-being of Venice in Melissa 24/7 Diner’s role on the VNC, when hers was the only vote that would allow landlord Jason Teague to demolish 1418 Main Street? Some observers claim that her votes are almost always pro-development. She often argues that development is good for small business but, clearly, it is the big businesses that benefit from her presence on the VNC.

Another of Melissa 24/7 Diner’s positions on the Council was that of Chairperson of the VNC’s Ocean Front Walk Committee. Her efforts to build up the Boardwalk as more of a party place included a proposal to add more lights at night. Fortunately, smarter Venetians intervened in pointing out that flooding the beach with light all night long would have a negative impact on the native birds in the area. Apparently, the interests of businesses were more important to Melissa 24/7 Diner than those of the wildlife that were here first. To put it another way: the birds weren’t invited to the party.



There was a very low turnout at the VNC Public Safety Townhall & Forum at Animo High School on Thursday night.

Watch live: <https://www.facebook.com/VeniceNC/videos/1124711160966658/>

Evan White easy about 50 people in the room.

Ira Koslow, George Francisco, Evan White, Ivan Spiegel. Melissa Diner arrived at around 8pm. + About 8 Animo students.

More cops than community. Only Taylor Bazley from CD11.

It is not on the VNC monthly calendar now. Pretty sure it was before.

With a record for voter turnout in any NC election in June 2016, they are not getting response from the “community”. Where are those 1300 people who voted for this “slate”?

The applications for the VNC seat vacated by Erin Darling had to be extended because of low response.

Postponed in March because they had only 2-3 candidates. Postponed in April because all candidates, now 5-6, had not had their materials posted on the VNC website.

Whose responsibilities are these? VNC Outreach is veteran VNC board member Matt Kline.

After Melissa 24/7 Diner’s term as Chair of the Ocean Front Walk Committee expired, she continued to serve for a while on the Committee. Some, like Carl Lambert, stopped coming to the Committee meetings when she was no longer the life of the party. She made some effort to establish a means by which the Committee could know more about the money that the city receives for filmings and events on the Boardwalk. When she was denied this because of issues involving conflicts of interest, she had a frightful emotional outburst that embarrassed the Committee and those attending. She left, later came back, and accused others of kicking her out. Then she left and, as of now, has not returned. Evidently, it’s not her party but she can still cry if she wants to.

The party wouldn’t be complete if we didn’t look at the show that Melissa 24/7 Diner is best known for. In 2015, she put forward a proposal to the Venice Neighborhood Council to advocate for topless sunbathing on Venice Beach. Her argument was that, since men don’t have to wear bathing suit tops, women shouldn’t either. The Council didn’t really take a firm stand on the issue and it eventually died of neglect. But, what’s most instructive here, is that the very idea of asking a quasi-governmental body like the VNC to pass an official rule about topless sunbathing is so remarkably un-Venetian. The Venice Nude Beach of 1974 was a spontaneous event. It happened by itself without any help from government. There was no council approval, no business interests, and certainly no social media to make it happen. And nobody made money from it.

On the subject of money, let’s turn to the agenda for the April 18, 2017 meeting of the Venice Neighborhood Council. Items 7D through 7H concerned budget allocations for various Council-related purchases. The Council voted unanimously to approve four of the five items on the agenda. Things such as new audio equipment and printing materials were seen as necessary expenses and were approved without discussion. One item though, Item 7E, was postponed until the May meeting. This was the motion to allocate money for translation equipment. And it was Melissa 24/7 Diner who argued vehemently for postponement. She held that, since technology is changing, why buy anything now when there will be better translation equipment later. Understand that this vote didn’t happen in a vacuum. People have been asking for a long time for a means or a system to translate the meetings for Spanish-speaking Venetians. It could be argued that there’s no need for translation services for Spanish speakers because no Spanish speakers attend the VNC meetings. But maybe Spanish-speaking Venetians could come to the meetings if they had a translator to tell them what the VNC is doing to their Community. Then maybe they’d find out about Melissa 24/7 Diner.

Melissa Diner is, for a while, the secretary of your Neighborhood Council. In a perfect world, she would do the Will of the People of Venice and not that of the Lamberts, Murezes, and Teagues. She’d be sensitive to the Community, Environment, and History that is the Land of Venice. Unfortunately, she’s just here for Business. Business before everything. Business all the time. Business 24/7.



# Actor’s Gang Harlequino: On to Freedom dares to use art to speak truth to authority

Harlequino: On to Freedom, an original musical written and directed by Actors’ Gang founder and artistic director Tim Robbins, displays the power of artists to reveal and ultimately dismantle corrupt authority.

Thinly veiled references to our own current political situation are embedded in a classic Italian tale of lust, love and liberation.

Commedia Dell Arte might be 500 years old, but its character archetypes engaged in the battle for freedom and still resonate today.

The musical opens with an ensemble number featuring 4 musicians playing guitar, percussion, accordion, keyboards, mandolin and bass. Performed less like a musical theatre showcasing of voices and more for the emotional power and meaning of the words, the dreamy original song with lyrics by Tim Robbins and music by David Robbins, along with the Renaissance art projections on the back and side walls immediately draw the audience into the world of 16th century Italy. Classic masks created by Erhard Stiefel, and costumes by Olivia Courtin round out our belief in the era.

A Commedia Dell Arte lecture delivered by 2 buffoon like academics, Dr. Preamble and Dr. Afterword, (fully explored by expert comedians Bob Turton and Will McFadden), combine professorial authority, wordplay and slapstick as they attempt to control the event.

Interrupted by rogue actor/slave/servant Harlequino, speaking the truth to set the record straight, the plot morphs into a classic Commedia situation replete with stock characters and situations.

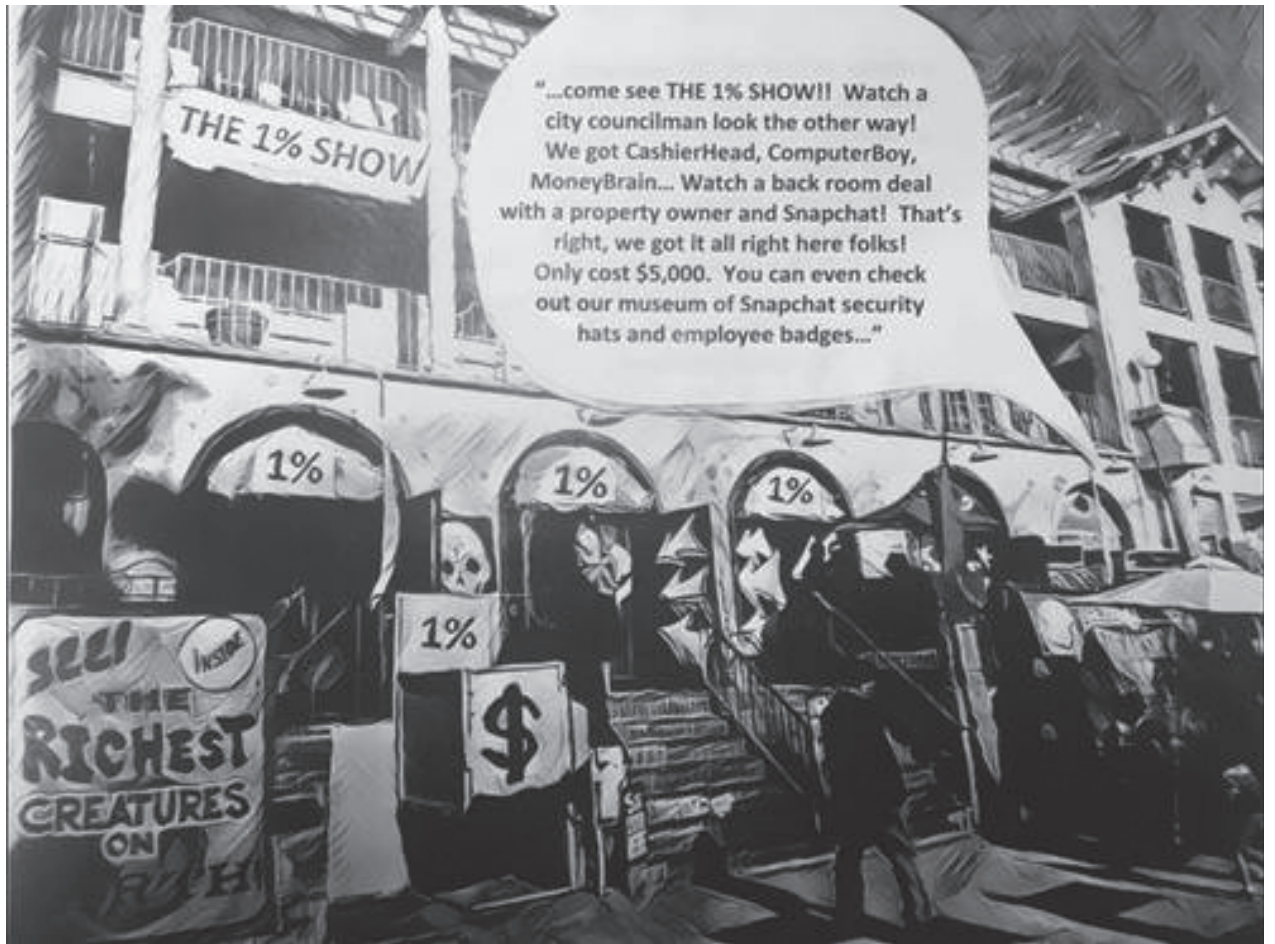
Harlequino’s master, Pantalone, a power tripping rich, slimy control freak with a whiny Trump-like voice orders his servant to find the long lost object of his lust, the widow Madame Brancantini. (Ironically, the masterful actor, Pierre Adeli, originally created this character voice for Tartuffe, a previous role with Actors’ Gang.) Pantalone has taken the business world by storm, which is his justification for societal control. He embodies greed, lust and pride, resulting in pathetic impotence.

Before the journey can begin “subservient” Harlequino must reassure authority that he knows his place... “I am nothing to your everything...a flea on your anus”. Joshua R. Lamont as the title character courageously embodies the heart of soul of his character through his voice, physicality and moment to moment reactions to every step of his odyssey.

It’s very important to everyone that Harlequino is not his slave, but his servant, however it’s clear that for this courageous and wily character, a rebellious heart equals freedom. We meet the passionate, open hearted lovers (the charming Lee Margaret Hanson and Adam Jefferis), the quick-witted, astute maid, Columbina, (fully realized by the engaging Sabra Williams), Madame Brancantini (who just so happened to have had a previous affair with Harlequino) confidently played by Mary Eileen O’Donnell, the Inquisidator, even an Elk among other wonderful characters.

The interplay between the expert analyzers who attempt to control the theatre and the actors playing out the life of the play continues in a battle for the heart and soul of the Commedia.

*continued on next page*



History lessons such as the sugar trade slavery triangle which began during the same time as the emergence of Commedia are woven into the action

Harlequino is sex farce vs. social commentary; Order vs. chaos

Robbins urges us to remember the value of art as a way to reflect the true underbelly of our society today. And artists as the courageous leaders in refusing to follow the “script” prescribed by those who have claimed power.

“By your ignorance and violence you are enslaved... we are free”

The performances were uniformly solid from the seasoned troupe consisting of Julia Finch, Dora Kiss, Mary Eileen O’Donnell, Stephanie Pinnock, Cihan Sahin, Guebri VanOver, Miroslav Vejnovic, Sabra Williams, Paulette Zubatta, and Adam Bennett, their archetypes of humanity perfectly exaggerated in Commedia dell Arte style

But it’s the frenzied dance by Joshua Lamont’s Harlequino climaxing in an explosion of truth that emotionally reached me. Followed by the devastating final moments of the play when the actors take control of their destiny.

Important viewing, the U.S. premier of Harlequino, part of the Actor’s Gang 2017 Spring Season of Justice, encourages us to embrace the power of art to reveal truth to those who attempt to control society.

Thursday nights are pay what you can and feature a post-show conversation.

We were lucky enough to converse with Tim Robbins and special guest Bassem Youssef, the “Egyptian Jon Stewart”, star of Tickling Giants, a documentary following his choice to quit his life as a heart surgeon to create and star in Al-Bernameg a satirical news program, from 2011 to 2014. His courage to do political comedy in Egypt was the perfect contemporary equivalent to Harlequino’s journey to freedom.

The stimulating and lengthy conversation explored the dangers of a society which trivializes artists, the fine art of social satire (making fun of people but not power, and how to take action against authority who threaten to clamp down on our rights. The educational and stimulating give and take left us with the question of how to do more than be a social media conduit for the shameful actions taken by our leaders and inspired us take action to make a difference in our own communities.

U.S. Premier of Harlequino: On to Freedom A Musical Celebration of the Rebel Slave

Written and directed by Tim Robbins  
at The Actors’ Gang Theatre 9070 Venice Blvd. Culver City, Ca. 90232

Saturday March 18-Sunday May 20, 2017  
Thursdays and Saturdays at 8:00pm , Fridays at 9:00pm  
Tickets-General \$34.99, Students/seniors: \$30.00, Thursdays “pay what you can” (show up before 7:30 to get on the list) available online at [www.theactorsgang.com](http://www.theactorsgang.com) or by phone at 310-838-4264

different than everywhere else. And trying to justify it by throwing a little money at a few non-profits and pointing to real estate developers and property owners who are your lone supporters is like spitting in our faces, and it’s no consolation to ruining the lives of so many good people who have made their homes and workplaces here well before most of you were even born! Your CEO Evan Spiegel made a quote where he said, “It’s not about working harder – it’s about working the system”. The fact that this quote is from a rich privileged white kid from the Palisades and not a person who was born a minority, or without the resources of a loving family or financial support pretty much says it all. How can HE sleep at night? And how can ANY OF YOU?

Allan Holdsworth Report

by Gerry Fialka

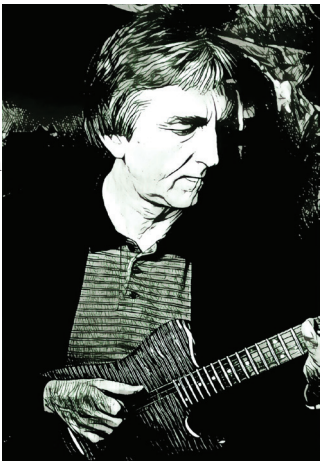
Guitar fusion master Allan Holdsworth played in Venice last month on April 4th. Two weeks later, he passed away.

But what if Allan forgot to die? His music definitely lives on. We are grateful to this maestro of musical magic. “Allan Holdsworth’s phrasing reminds me of James Joyce. His ideas, like Joyce’s sentences, can spill over to multiple pages. Tough sledding for some, sheer joy for others” wrote blogger Kingleyd on [thegearpages.net](http://thegearpages.net). Local guitar freaks gathered to celebrate one of Frank Zappa’s favorite guitarists. Allan started the evening saying, “I’m old,” but he delivered such youthful melodic multiplicity. He knows dynamics of silence even in the midst of many notes. Age has enabled him to stress the importance of the space between the notes.

As Vernon Reid states, “Allan has ball-busting technique. People get caught up in that, but he really is a great lyrical poet.” Allan outs his inner dialogue into a never ending stream of sonic solutions, meshing T-Bone Walker and John Abercrombie into new outsideness. The dude expands music boundaries. He does not rely on cliché riffs.

Many decades ago, Allan wanted to pursue saxophone, but his Dad could only afford a guitar. Allan flipped this breakdown into a breakthrough. He plays the guitar like a saxophone with a unique flowing legato technique. That’s why Robben Ford duly calls him, “the John Coltrane of the guitar.”

He always worked with great players. A local drum freak noted that “the night belonged to drummer Virgil Donati, who was the best musician on the stage. As good as the other musicians are, there was a palpable sense of ‘what is Virgil going to do next!’ Even Holdsworth himself was caught gawking at his drummer’s ability to melodically metrically modulate within the smallest span of beats. This is what separates the world’s greatest drummers: showcasing in an instant a musical ‘ear’ as big as their chops. Donati had it all on display, and the entire room knew it.”



And though the Organ Grinder’s Monkey himself invokes Hitler vis-a-vis Bashar al-Assad, claiming the latter is worse because the former never gassed his own people (except of course, the Monkey realized on reflection, in “Holocaust Centers”), we can all agree that the Archetypal Adolf holds a place all his own and comparisons are inescapably hyperbolic.

What isn’t a false comparison, is the striking similarity between today’s Republicans and the collaborators with the Third Reich, most particularly the Vichy French, who represented the failed French State at the time. The calculation was that France would be spared from Nazi excesses with a wait-and-see attitude, “Attentiste,” rather than openly resisting the German occupation. The bet was that Hitler would defeat England and it was better to be on the winning than losing side; so normalize the Nazi presence, go-along-to-get-along – collaborate.

The arch collaborators, Philippe Petain and Pierre Laval, were the masterminds behind the Vichy policies; Laval had a close relationship with the German Ambassador, bragged that he “had the ear” of the Third Reich. Laval also saw himself as a Christ-like figure sacrificing himself for the greatness of France and that only HE could do the job which needed doing: Trump has certainly echoed this sentiment numerous times during his campaign and in the White House. The reality for France, despite Laval’s messianic self-image, was quite different: all Hitler actually wanted was to suck the French teat dry of all its resources, use French airbases in Syria to attack the British in Iraq -- not that history repeats itself or anything.

Laval and Petain, so as to keep their faux Vichy government afloat and restore “National Unity,” initiated draconian “law-and-order” measures and began rounding up thousands of “undesirables” to meet Hitler’s target numbers for forced-labor camps. This authoritarian New Order was meant to mitigate the “degenerative effects of parliamentary democracy” leading to a “National Revolution” wherein Traditional Values and Culture were glorified; as opposed to the evils of “La Decadence,” meaning all things Modern. France, they explained, would experience a “Moral Revolution” wherein the French people would return to their TRUE National Identity, turning inwards and away from the rest of the world. Not unlike today’s mantra, say it with me now, “Make America Great Again!”

Religiously Catholic and aristocratic in their self-image, the Vichy New Order would tolerate zero criticism of its national vision for moral purity: all media was strictly controlled to match the propaganda message; birth control and abortion were outlawed; the patriarchal family, where a subservient wife bore numerous children, was exalted; this vision of family included the firing of all married women from government jobs so they could fulfill their true purposes at home.

The mentality of the Vichy collaborators is not unlike many of the changes America has experienced since the election of this incompetent poseur. For instance: the President’s Men embarking on their quest to disembowel our government for some ideological “greater good”, or in Steve Bannon’s words, “Deconstruct the State”; the Law-and-Order authoritarianism which lifts restrictions on police violence and responsibility; the abrogation of Women’s Rights and taking control their wombs; the so-called Alt-Right ethos of White-Traditional-Values taking precedence; demonizing of the press and all things progressive; Nationalism and isolationism; a preoccupation with provoking conflict in order to seem strong, in lieu of tangible progress and actual strength; emphasis on religion and family as the nonpareil of National Existence.

So as the Cheeto-in-Chief flexes his muscle against our old torture-buddy Bashar al-Assad and “shows credibility” by being a more hair-trigger (if not ham-fisted) President than his predecessors, this apotheosis of orangish-white male privilege, dummy-with-a-hammer to whom everything is a nail, this vulgarian who knows the price of everything but the value of nothing, a profane misogynist who lies when he says “hello” to you, this fucking loudmouth... is the American Dream become the American Nightmare.

There are many who will continue to collaborate with the megalomaniacal bag of wind no matter what -- the “Adults in the Room” as they’re often and un-ironically called – they will continue to try and normalize what is by any and all standards of decency and reason, insupportable. These Vichy Republicans will have much to answer for down the road, because already to the vast majority of the American public, the first 100 days of this inexcusable excuse of an administration are a fiasco (though the Liar-in-Chief calls it, “The best 100 days of all time”).

So fellow Venetians and Americans everywhere, let’s stay hip to the fact that “normalizing” and “accepting” of this moment in our nation’s history is NOT acceptable. That the ONLY solution to collaboration is RESISTANCE! The future of our Republic -- of the world’s first Great Experiment in Democracy -- demands this fight from us all.

VIVE LA RESISTANCE!

THE GET TOGETHER FOUNDATION PRESENTS...

# THE CARE CONCERT

THERE'S NO PLACE *That's* HOME

helping to end homelessness in southern california

100% of ticket sales goes to benefit:

**HOPE OF THE VALLEY**  
RESCUE MISSION

**THE TEEN PROJECT**  
Where Your Dreams Come To Life

**Masters of Ceremonies**  
Kelly Osbourne & Peter Asher

**Celebrity Host Committee...**

Vivica Fox  
(Independent Day)

Laraine Newman  
On TV

Madeline Zima  
(California)

Melia Kreiling  
(Lynx)

over 30 of L.A.s finest musicians IN CONCERT

JEFF ALAN ROSS (Badfinger), ROSEMARY BUTLER (Jackson Browne)  
MARC MANN (ELO), ROB BONFIGLIO (Wilson/Phillips),  
GARY GRIFFIN (Brian Wilson), THE HONEYS,  
STEVE POSTELL, MARKY LENNON (Venice the band)  
FLORENCE LARUE (Fifth Dimension) JACK TEMPCHIN  
(Glen Frey) LAMONT DOZIER JR. and more!

**SATURDAY JUNE 10**

**THE PALACE THEATRE**  
8pm (silent auction @ 6:30pm)  
\$30 adv. GA | \$40 at the door | \$100 VIP  
VIP incl. priority seating, swag bag, early entry, & more  
**Purchase Tickets:** [buytickets.at/rockcellar/91432](http://buytickets.at/rockcellar/91432)  
Ask us about purchasing tickets by donating cans of food.  
Reservation required.

**WE CAN**  
Gather together now - given activism now - given activism now - given activism now

For more information, contact the Get Together Foundation: 818-727- 7884  
[www.wecanocalifornia.org](http://www.wecanocalifornia.org)

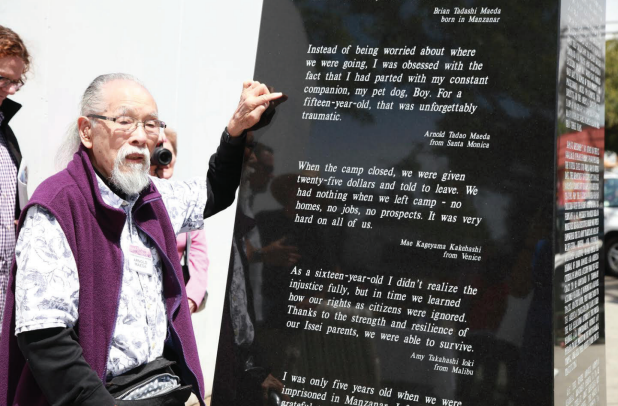
**KLOS 95.5**

**abc 7**

**Get Together Foundation**

**ROCK CELLAR**  
magazine.com

Photos from the Dedication Ceremony of the Venice Japa



Above you will find: Phyllis Haybashara, Jim Smith, Ruth Galanter, Joel Jacinto, Zev Yaroslavsky, Rachael Zaden, Len Nguyen, Jeff B

www.DaleNewmanDesign.com

**Dale Newman Design**  
Landscape  
Architecture  
&  
Garden Coach  
310.392.9863

**GreenSceneGardens**  
Garden Maintenance  
All Organic No blowers  
info@greenscenegardens.com  
**310.699.6119**  
“a responsible maintenance company”

Japanese American Memorial Monument, By Margaret Molloy.

7 • May 2017 • Free Venice Beachhead



Curton, Kevin McKeown, Dr. Jimmy Hara, Dr. Thomas Yoshikawa, Keynote Speaker: Warren Furutani, Brian Maeda, and more.

**THE GREAT WESTERN STEAK & HOAGIE CO**

**1720 LINCOLN BL.**

**@ SUPERBA**

**310-450-4545**

**Nutritional Warehouse (310) 392-3636**

**2118 Lincoln Boulevard Venice, California, 90291**

**Whey Protein 2 LBS \$15.99**

**Pre-Workout Gaspari Superdrive \$9.98/oz only \$4.23/oz with this ad.**

**Virgin Organic Coconut Oil 14oz \$7.99**

**Kombucha Mix Case of 12 \$36.00**

**Real Water Case of 12 one liter bottles \$16.99**

**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**

A month-long celebration of the art produced by the people who worked at the iconic Peace Press, who from 1967-1987 printed and published for hundreds of activist organizations fighting for peace, free speech and equal rights.

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**

The Sun’s Proof

“The sun became the proof of the sun” Rumi

Petty habits shape me  
And the great dream  
Has left me behind.

I wake up with the voice of a little man clock  
And put on my pajamas.  
My hand seeks the bathroom switch  
And I sit on the throne with closed eyes.  
My realm ends within these small walls.  
My agents are my thoughts  
Which, simultaneous with my murmuring pee,  
Are being sent around  
From the dark room of my mind:  
“Why wake up?  
Why not go back to sleep?  
Why walk the same path again?”  
My left hand seeks the paper roll  
And my right hand flushes the toilet.  
I cup my hands under the faucet,  
Wipe the residue of sleep from my face  
And ask my double  
In the mirror:  
“Who are you? What do you want?  
And why are you carrying the weight of another day  
On your shoulders so easily?”

I do not go to the kitchen  
As I usually do  
To put back washed dishes in the cabinet,  
Place the kettle on the burner,  
Drop the bread into the toaster,  
Scrape dirt from green onions,  
Wash a bunch of basil,  
And along with cheese, walnuts  
And a cup of steaming tea  
Put it on the dining table.

No! This time I walk the width of the carpet  
With empty hands  
And without turning on the radio  
To listen to the chaos of the world  
Which makes me forget myself,  
I sit at my habitual place  
With my back to a window and front to a wall  
And I stare at a plastic placemat  
Which has the trace of past meals  
On its surface:  
“Why chew?  
Why click worn teeth together again?  
Why mix saliva with bread dough?  
Why rekindle the oven of the stomach  
And take the juice of life from each bite

And force the sleeping snakes of my body  
To move with each sip of water without any reason?”

Suddenly the sun peeks from the corner of the window  
And splashes stains of color  
On the front wall.  
In summer it starts from the corner of the kitchen  
And in autumn from Van Gough’s “Sunflowers”.  
But now it is winter  
And the sun has begun its tour in my house  
From the wall in front of the dining table.

I ask: “Oh, sun!  
How many times have you crossed this beaten path?  
How many times have you let the earth circle around  
you?  
And how many times have you revolved on your axis?  
What do you want and what do you look for?  
Why do you raise your head every day from the pillow of  
clouds  
And come to my house gingerly,  
Peek into every nook and cranny  
And find your way into every hideout?  
Tell me  
Why do you walk this beaten path every night  
And every dawn why do you shed light  
Onto my dark soul?”

But the sun does not open its lips.  
The sun becomes the proof of the sun  
And before I remove my hand from under my chin  
It reaches the middle of the wall  
And before I sit up straight,  
Position myself firmly  
And open my mouth for a new question  
The sunlight falls on my face from the right,  
Slowly touches my cold skin  
And makes me become empty  
Of all stinging questions.

No! The sun does not ask itself:  
“Why get up? Why not go back to sleep?  
Why walk the same path every day?”  
The sun shines without any question  
And lets the world be happy with its presence.  
It does not get bored from its tour,  
Nor doubts its sunny nature  
And does not go blind from giving light lavishly.

I close my eyes under the caressing sunlight,  
Filled with the sun’s resolution  
And think of my petty habits  
Which sometimes deprive me  
Of the great dream of living.

Majid Naficy  
November 14, 2004

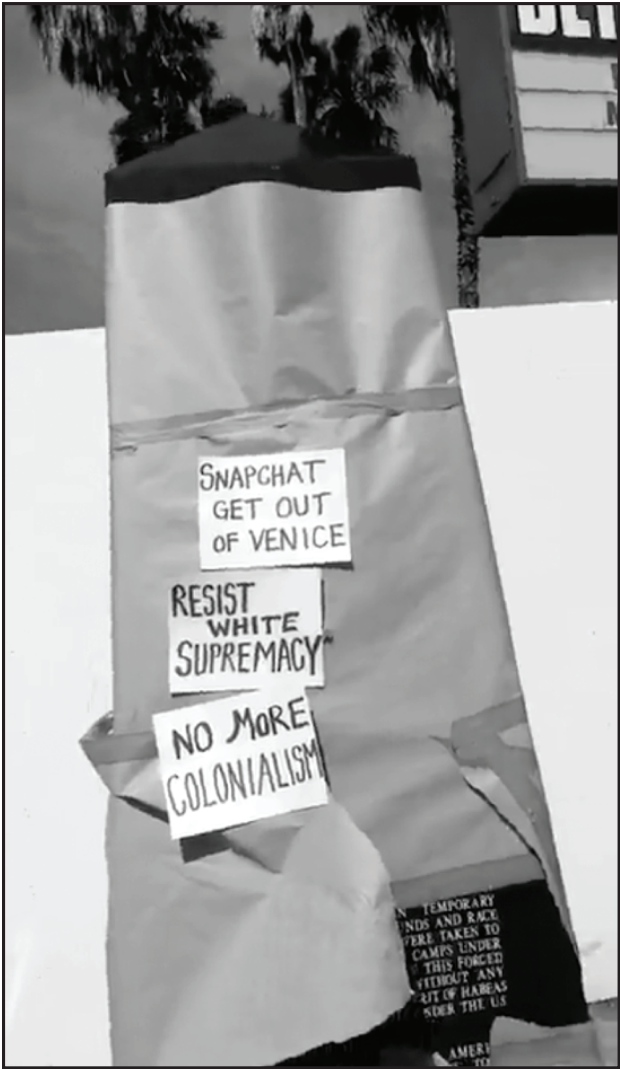
noting nothing

by alan rodman

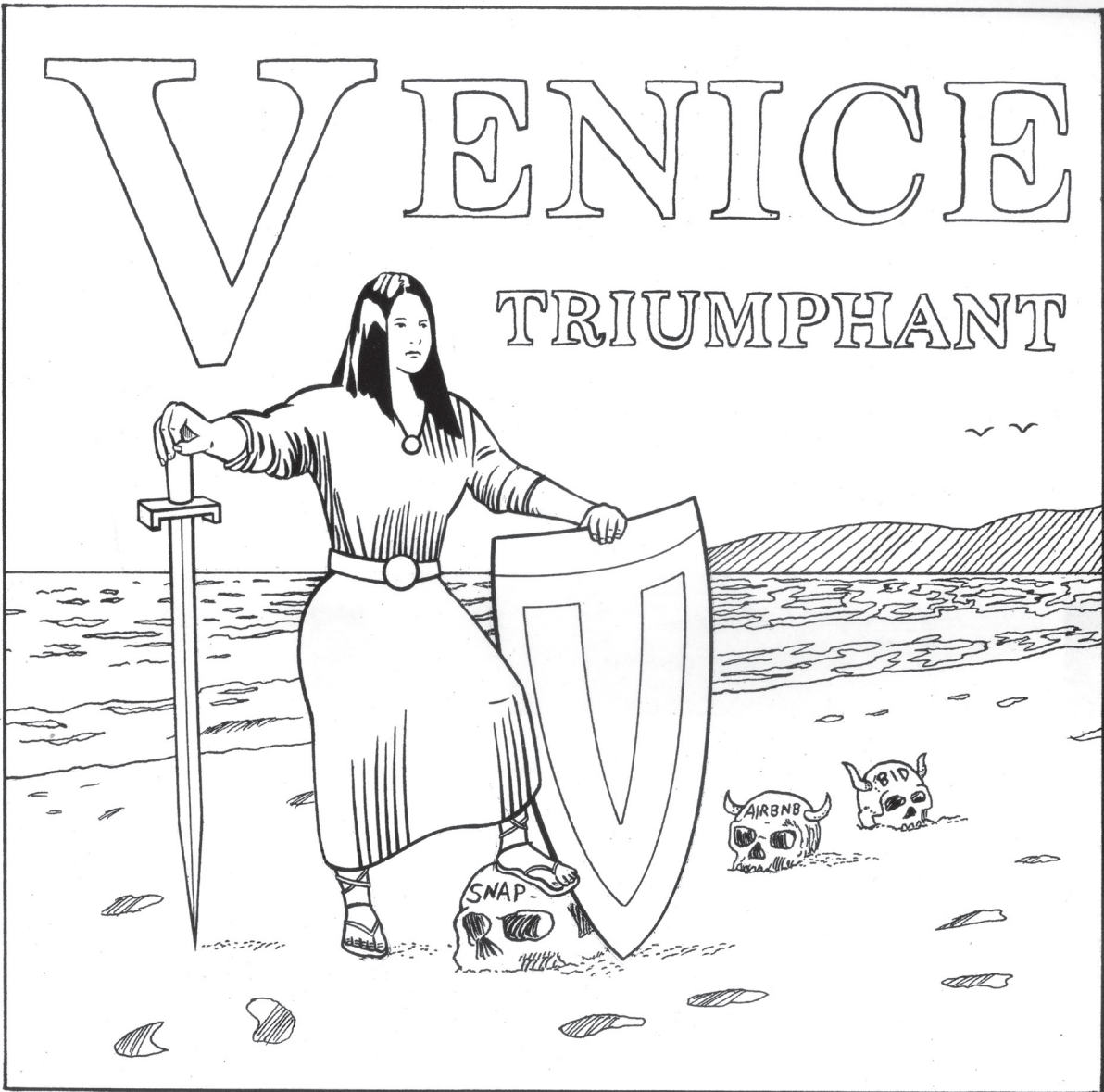
nothing is cheaper  
than feeding a goldfish  
you can be sure  
of one thing nothing  
is certain - certainly  
nothing from nothing  
leaves nothing but  
you’ve gotta have something  
anything is better  
when you start  
from nothing allows  
room for enhancement  
and elaboration noting  
that nothing  
is simple,  
as it looks.

What is America to Me?  
By Kyana Morgan - Age 17

What is America to me?  
America to me is the land of the free,  
But that was decided by my skin.  
The color of my skin gives me first choice.  
The color of my skin gives me privilege.  
The color of my skin can make me rich.  
The color of my skin can deem me a good person.  
But truly, the color of my skin can be a disgrace.  
In America, I represent the trump supporters.  
In America, I represent the anti-immigrants.  
In America, I represent the racists.  
In America, I represent everything I am not. Be-  
cause, in America,  
Even when whites do not admit it,  
Whites have the privilege.  
The whites see the blacks as lesser.  
The whites see the Mexicans as lesser.  
The whites see the Arabs as lesser.  
The whites see the Native Americans as lesser.  
The whites see all who are not white, as different.  
But the truth is, America,  
That we are all the same.  
The truth is, America,  
That we should all maintain  
The equilibrium of race,  
Because we are all equal.  
You see,  
America is the land of the free,  
But that’s just for me,  
Because people who look like me,  
Always seem to disagree  
Saying they are for equality.  
But really, America doesn’t seem so free  
For all those who don’t look like me.  
So let’s change, America.  
Let’s change America  
To the land of the free.



OK Funny and politically relevant, har har, have some respect buddy! - not the ed.



Song of the Times  
-marty liboff-  
Time is going  
Time is slipping away  
It is just slipping away  
and it is gone...  
The minutes are here  
then they go, go, gone...  
The moments come  
then they go  
go, go forever gone...  
Our heroes are here  
Marcus, Kennedy, King  
then they are gone away...  
Our musical heroes play  
Jim, Jerry, Janis, Jimi  
Bob Marley  
then they just slip away  
Our heroes just slipping away...  
Time is going  
Time is slipping away  
and it is gone...  
We will all be gone someday  
gone, gone away...  
Time is slipping away  
Tick tock, tick tock  
goes our Life clock-  
The end of days  
The end of Time  
Time is slipping away  
just going, going gone...  
Mankind evolves-  
bigger brains  
bigger weapons  
big enough to destroy all Life...  
Time is slipping away  
The clock to be smashed  
Mother Earth murdered by Man  
Time is slipping away  
Time is ending...  
We've all gone, gone away-  
Dust to dust, ashes to ashes  
Time is going  
Time is slipping away  
It is just slipping away  
and it is all gone...

MARCHING IN LINES  
marty liboff  
Ants marching in straight lines- OBEY!  
Off to work in lines of cars  
Off to war in lines of tanks  
Ants all dressed the same  
Look alike and CONFORM!  
You must not have an original thought  
Don't stand out in the crowd of ants  
Be a good ant and walk in rows  
All alike and think alike  
Wear you suit and cut your hair-  
carry your briefcase and laptop to work  
Wear your uniform and cut your hair-  
carry your gun and bombs to war  
CONFORM! OBEY!  
Be a good ant  
A proper ant  
Believe the lies and propaganda  
March to school and sit in rows  
March to work and sit in rows  
A cell phone, wallet and credit card  
so you know who you are  
and where you are-  
Our Fearless Leader ant may march us  
into cans of Raid, Bug Bombs, Ant powder  
But we must follow orders!  
March in step  
Be a good, upstanding ant  
Don't question-OBEY!  
Marching in lines to oblivion  
Marching in lines to Hell and brimstone  
and never forget-  
God Bless Antmerica!

04:55 Friday, April 21st, 2017, # 19, Lord Byron Apartments ..... The silence gently whispers in the dark. A mockingbird is napping. Let him lurk. Awakened this pre-dawn. Koreatown. Pale light beams south. From Griffith. I postpone. A mockingbird awakens. I can hear. Begins his pre-dawn set. What does he care? He entertains the neighborhood all night. Still blasting out his song by morning light. For now. The dog and I inhale night air. South of the one-o-one. We both are here. Both stabilized this moment. The unknown. Remains mysterious. This twilight zone. Stays open twenty-four. And so. We park. We listen to the set played in the dark ..... Roger Houston, missing Venice



VENICE BY THE SEA  
By Mike Sonksen  
Venice by the Sea was built by Abbott Kinney  
at the turn of the 20th Century.  
A Utopian community modeled after its namesake in Italy.  
Canals were cut through marshes  
as part of Kinney’s quest  
to build Coney Island of the West.

Beach cottages replaced tents, gondolas were in the Canals,  
roller coasters graced the waterfront,  
gambling ships sailed in the ocean,  
escapism the ethos in Prohibition.  
Venice was a separate city for a generation, the inevitable annexation  
into Los Angeles was because of politics.  
The World Wars & aerospace industry left Venice a rundown beach town  
affectionately known as the Slum by the Sea.  
Poverty gave way to poetry, the affordable, empty streets  
opened the door for a generation of Beats.  
The Holy Barbarians of Lawrence Lipton, gathered in the Gas House & Venice West,  
it wasn’t a place for squares to rest.  
Stuart Perkoff yelled poems nonstop, poetry & Live jazz was with Kenneth Rexroth,  
they almost banned the bongos.  
The lights went dark at Pacific Ocean Park.  
Jim Morrison & the Doors kept the flame alive,  
Dogtown & Z Boys skated for their life  
redefining skate cool in an empty swimming pool.

Poets like John Thomas & Philomene Long, seventies singers of the Venice song,  
Carrying on the legacy of Venice beats, it’s always been Bohemia on the Beach.  
The flame stayed stoked at Beyond Baroque with poets like John Harris & Michael C. Ford.  
Wednesday Night’s Poetry Workshop bridged from Poetry to Punk Rock.

The Venice Boardwalk always rocks, Hollywood Blvd.’s evil twin sister,  
Open-air vendors, performers, fortune tellers, beach dwellers, incense sellers, backpackers,  
Roller bladers, tattoo artists & skaters.  
Drummers in the drum circle, weight lifters, Muscle Beach: The Mecca of Body Building,  
Abbott Kinney hipsters, homeless grifters, nomads living in vans, Transcendental vagabonds,  
all composers of the Venice song.

Walking through Venice it’s a coastal village before redevelopment everybody was chilling  
now Fortress Architecture is in the mix International style & New Brutalists.  
The Shoreline Crips & Venice 13 have been on the scene for a few generations,  
Oakwood’s seen gentrification.  
Venice’s original area of African-Americans  
now has wealthy landowners & McMansions.

Small World Books & the Talking Stick, bringing you back in the dense Mozaic  
Respect to Ordell Cordova & Nickie Black, Venice beats off of Abbott Kinney.  
Walking through side-streets to backyard parties,  
barbecue after barbecue,

Venice Beach zeitgeist is nightlife & culture on the water.  
Suicidal Tendencies to Teena Marie, a landscape for music & poetry.

Venice was lawless & still can be, poets wandering from party to party  
yelling nonstop poetry, freestyle dancing & improvising  
Venice vibes rising, Venice inspires vibing,  
It’s been that way for a Century, Welcome to Venice by the Sea.

War Pigs 2  
(as sung to War Pigs by Black Sabbath) by, Moishe Tochis

Trump’s generals gather their shitty asses  
Donald’s speeches are full of stinky gases.  
Evil minds that plot destruction  
Military Industrialists full of crap and constipation.  
Drones, missiles and bombs the bodies are burning  
as the war machine keeps turning.  
Lies and hatred is how the road winds  
poisoning their brainwashed minds. Oh Lord yeah!  
Donald and wicked politicians hiding from gun’s sight  
they only started the war  
why should they go out to fight  
they leave that role to the poor. Yeah!  
Politicians and police take away our freedom  
they think the public is real dumb.  
Politicians spread more and more lies  
while everywhere mother and baby dies.  
War pigs bring the skull of Death  
foul the earth with their poison breath. Oh yeah!  
Putin, Islamofascists, N.Korea, China, Trump to battle  
we will feel the death rattle.  
Treating people just like pawns in chess  
H-bombs will leave the world a mess. Yeah!  
To the end of the world we’ve been led  
nuclear fallout leaves everyone dead.  
Armageddon coming all along the Watch Tower  
the hand of God has struck the hour.  
Day of Judgment God is calling  
while Putin and Trump with bimbos are balling.  
Annihilation blues the angel Gabriel sings  
Satan laughing spreads his wings. Oh Lord yeah!

once sigh

by alan rodman

once sigh built a railroad  
made it run on time  
buddy can you paradigm?

yesterday England burned no  
coal for power generation  
for the first time since 19th century

industrial revolution  
can we still say revolution on here?

time seen sideways is meat  
team spelled  
backwards is really might

the roof is holding up the clouds  
if the sky collapses  
the roof will be superfluous

it’s? oh well  
what is is what is  
or will be in time

but time  
backwards is Emit

# CALENDAR

## beyondbaroque.org

5 May Friday 8:00 PM – TRUTH TO POWER – Blas Falconer, William Luvass, Kim Nicolini, Teresa Mei Chuc, William Pitt Root, Abel Salas and Pamela Uschuk read from this 357-page powerhouse collection of 117 writers addressing racism, homophobia, sexism, xenophobia, the assault on the environment, greed and political corruption. Regular admission. Members FREE.

6 May Saturday 4:00 PM – EILEEN IRELAND – Legendary Venice West poet Eileen Ireland gives a rare reading from her luminous body of work. Regular admission. Members FREE.

6 May Saturday 8:00 PM – POETRY IN MOTION – Since 1988, Eve Brandstein presents an eclectic array of writers from the literary and Hollywood communities. Special General Admission – Advanced tickets \$15 on Eventbrite; \$20.00 at the door, \$10.00 Students/Seniors; Members \$8.00.

7 May 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.

7 May Sunday 2:00 PM – 4:00 PM – WIDE AWAKE AT THE SKIRBALL PART II: FEATURING STEPHEN DOBYNS – Beyond Baroque, the Los Angeles Poetry Festival, and the Skirball Cultural Center co-present an afternoon of readings from the celebrated Beyond Baroque anthology Wide Awake: Poets of Los Angeles and Beyond, with a special reading by acclaimed guest poet Stephen Dobyns. Award-winning actor Alan Mandell and contributors Laurel Ann Bogen, Mehnaz Sahibzada, and Conney Williams will present poems from the collection. Tickets: \$12; \$8 members. Address: Skirball Cultural Center, 2701 N. Sepulveda Blvd., L.A. 90042. Free parking. Reservations online at <http://www.skirball.org/> or call (310)440-4500.

7 May Sunday 5:00 PM – FIRST SUNDAY OPEN READING – Our popular monthly open reading. Features this month, TBA. Hosted by Steve Goldman. Sign ups begin at 4:45 PM. Five-minute limit. Free, but donations always appreciated. In the Scott Wannberg Bookstore & Poetry Lounge. FREE.

7 May Sunday 5:00 PM – LA POESIA FESTIVAL – Open mic and featured readers hosted by Antonieta Villamil. Potluck party in the lobby. FREE but donations appreciated.

11 May Thursday 8:00 PM – DAVID MELTZER MEMORIAL – Gather with us to celebrate the life of poet David Meltzer. Please join George Herms, Julie Rogers, S.A. Griffin, Frank T. Rios, Tosh Berman, Bob Branaman, Mary Kerr, Jim McAuley, Richard Modiano, Theo Saunders, Bonnie Tamblyn and others to honor this remarkable man and his rare and amazing voice. FREE.

12 May Friday 8:00 PM – ERIC HOWARD & S.A. GRIFFIN – Poet Eric Howard’s debut collection Taliban Beach Party addresses 9/11 and its aftermath in the context of Los Angeles history, beginning with satire, concluding with prophecy. The collection also makes an examination of office life. Eric is joined by legendary Los Angeles poet S.A. Griffin. Regular admission. Members FREE.

13 May Saturday 11:00 AM – 11:00 PM – FINE ART FILM FESTIVAL – The Fine Arts Film Festival is a premier showcase for independent film held annually in Venice at Beyond Baroque. For ticketing information check the FAFF website: <http://www.thefineartsfilmfestival.com/>.

14 May Sunday 2:00 PM – SOAP BOX POETS – This is your home. Bring your words. The mic is yours. Sign

ups begin at 1:45 PM. There is a five-minute limit. Hosted by Jessica Wilson Cardenas. FREE, but donations are always welcome.

14 May 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.

19 May Friday 8:00 PM – ELLEN SANDER: NEW WORK – Ellen Sander’s poetry has been published in Saturday Afternoon Journal, Social Anarchism, Chiron Review, and the Bolinas Hearsay News, among others. Regular admission. Members FREE.

20 May Saturday 11:00 AM – 3:00 PM – MINI MASTER CLASS: CULTIVATING THE UNEXPECTED IN POETRY WITH ELLEN SANDER – Hands-on writing: We will use a range of prompts, examples and techniques to implement transitions and interject unexpected elements in a poem. \$50 general, \$35 members, \$20 to audit. Reserve a spot on Eventbrite. Limited to 15 participants.

20 May Saturday 4:00 PM – RICARDO QUINONES: POETIC DRAMA – Two experienced “redactors” bring out the dramatic voice of Ricardo Quinones’ narrative and lyrical poems, gathering in the varieties of experiences. Quinones’ poetic dramas enhance the private discourse and public appeal of poetry. Regular admission. Members FREE.

20 May Saturday 8:00 PM – HILDA WEISS, HARI BHAJAN KHALSA, BARBARA BLATT & SARAH MACLAY – Barbara Blatt, Hari Bhajan Khalsa and Hilda Weiss: A poetry reading to celebrate the extraordinary work of these three women who have been a part of the Los Angeles poetry scene for more than fifteen years. With special guest Sarah Maclay. Hosted by Mariano Zaro. Regular admission. Members FREE.

21 May Sunday 4:40 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.

21 May Sunday 7:30 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 film-making. Guest speakers include actors, directors, writers and critics. Hosted by Jon Hess. Regular admission.

27 May Saturday 4:00 PM – THE WANDERING SONG PUBLICATION READING – Tia Chucha Press is proud to present an anthology of Central American writers living in the United States. This is the first-ever comprehensive literary survey of the Central American diaspora by a U.S. publisher. With Ricardo Flores, Karina Oliva, Carolina Rivera, Claudia Hernandez, Gustavo Guerra Vasquez, William Archilla, Susana Marcelo, Felix Aguilar, Melinda Palacio, Michelle Bernardino, Kelly Duarte, William Flores, and Dora Magana. Regular admission.

27 May Saturday 8:00 PM – THE SELF IS A HYBRID FORM: NEW WORK FROM CIVIL COPING MECHANISMS – Five authors read work that radically re-imagines autobiography, the self, and the literary conventions of personal narrative. An evening of hybrid forms encompassing memoir, fiction, poetry, and the unclassifiable. With Christopher Higgs, Wendy C. Ortiz, Chiwan Choi, Harold Abramowitz, and Janice Lee. Hosted by Quentin Ring. Regular admission. Members FREE.

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

### Location Guide

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

## laughtears.com

May 2 TUES 6pm McLuhan-Finnegans Wake Reading Club MDR library 4533 admirality way free

May 13, 12:30pm - 2:30pm - Gerry Fialka’s My Art Belongs To Venice workshop - JURI KOLL’s <http://www.thefineartsfilmfestival.com/> at beyond baroque 681 venice blvd, free

May 13 SAT 4-6pm MESS – Modern Thinker Poiter Huluk interview at unurban 3301 pico FREE <http://laughtears.com/mess.html>

May 17 Wed, 6-9pm: MOM- MEDIA DISCUSSION at beyond baroque 681 venice blvd venice ca FREE

May 18, Thursday 8pm - PXL THIS 26 toy camera film fest at Echo Park Film Center, 1200 N. Alvarado St, LA 90026 213-484-8846 <http://www.echoparkfilmcenter.org> and <http://laughtears.com/PXL-THIS-26.html>

May 21, Sunday 7pm Subversive Cinema at beyond baroque 681 venice blvd - The Best Democracy Money Can Buy: A Tale of Billionaires & Ballot Bandits Follow gonzo investigative reporter Greg Palast (BBC, Rolling Stone) as he busts the New Klux Klan – the billionaire bandits that purged one million voters of color that stole the White House. FILM with fiery discussion. Free admission, donations appreciated [http://www.laughtears.com/documental\\_subversive.html](http://www.laughtears.com/documental_subversive.html)

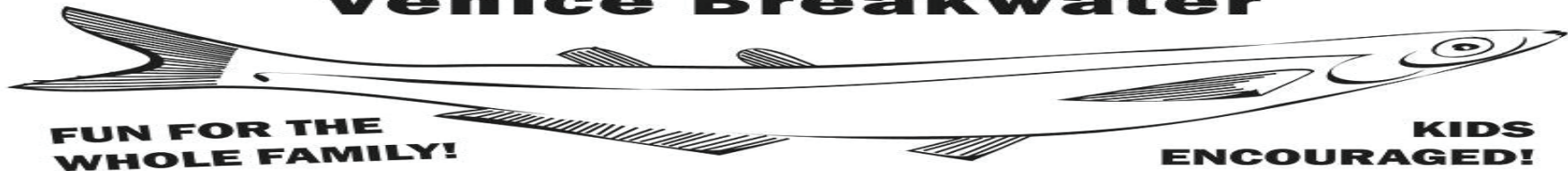
May 22 MON Laughtears Salon 6-9pm 212 Pier Santa Monica free - politics, art culture discussion free

May 24 Wed SUZY WILLIAMS at the Gardenia, Hollywood – Facebook= [https://www.facebook.com/events/845479228937471/?active\\_tab=about](https://www.facebook.com/events/845479228937471/?active_tab=about) – RSVP 7pm doors, 9pm show 323-467-7444 at 7066 Santa Monica Blvd, 90038

May 28 SUNDAY 7pm FOLK-ROCK films and live music - at beyond baroque 681 venice blvd venice ca FREE “I’m All Write Ma” Bob Dylan says: “Don’t ever tell anyone everything you know” - “I didn’t create Bob Dylan. Bob Dylan has always been here” - “I am not a poet, I am an escape artist.” Facehook= <https://www.facebook.com/events/994596347350495/>

# GRUNION

Friday, May 26, 10:30 pm →  
Venice Breakwater



Join us on the beach by the breakwater rocks  
straight down from the end of Windward Ave. in Venice.



## We Love the Unurban Cafe.

by Phil Kimball

Pamela Stollings, the owner of the Unurban Cafe, has been hosting her open mic for 23 years this September. She has received prestigious awards, trophies, and universal accolades from everyone in this community, and outlying communites. No one shines with more love and generosity than Pamela, who usually starts the ball rolling with a phrase like “ Get your wah wah pedal in gear and be ready when your name is called.”

The Unurban open mic is held every Friday. starting with sign up at 7:00 PM, and first song scheduled for 7:30 PM. There is a five dollar charge, and each participant is allowed two songs, or ten minutes on stage, whichever comes first. The back room stage offers a brand new PA, engineered by a very helpful guy named Paul Kennard. Microphones and boom stands are provided, with multi inputs for standard guitar plug in jacks. The sound can be adjusted by Mr. Kennard to provide desired levels of volume, bass, treble, and reverb. A spotlight shines from an overhead light fixture, which can be adjusted by a dimmer switch to desired levels of brightness.

The evening can draw anywhere from thirty to fifty participants on any given night. Each person places their named receipt in a bucket, which will be chosen at random by the leader of open mic (usually Pamela). If there a large number of late arriving performers, a second bucket is created to accomodate them. By doing the selection this way, no one should wait over two hours to get their name called. Many times, participants are called to perform in a relatively short amount of time, avoiding the prospect of wait time.

Late arrivals will simply be called to perform, after the first bucket is completed. The evening usually concludes around 10:00 PM, but some busy nights have continued until 11:00 PM or later. If there is time after the last performance, a free for all hootenany sometimes assembles on stage, where everyone is asked to bring their instrument, and join sharing songs and harmonies. There is a round robin song selection, giving everyone a chance to contribute a favorite song.

The audience is always attentive and courteous to each performer, and talking is encouraged away from the staging area, to focus attention on the performance. The general atmosphere is very supportive to anyone who engages in the open mic, and each performer is greeted with a steady round of applause following the completion of their set.

This open mic originally began in the front room, and eventually moved to the back room for more privacy and space. A steady stream of performers have graced the event, including some well known local and national performers. What a perfect place to wind down after a busy work week! The Unurban Coffee House is certainly one of the most popular open mic locations on the west side

of LA. Parking is readily available after 6:00 PM in the US Bank parking lot across the street. There are excellent choices of food and beverage on the menu for those seeking refreshments.

Here are some quotes from some of the most frequent performers at the Unurban:

Mike Simpson : “An eclectic plethora of artistry and Danish coffee Friday nights”

David Gaulkin aka David Tops : “Community spirit allows open minded musicians who can perform without judgement, and always supportive.”

Milton Dee : - “Great community support, always feel at home, where you can be yourself. And the chicks are great !”

Chris Nash : “Fun and eclectic”

Jenny Zepp : “A vortex of creative inspiration, all existing on various planes, serving as inspiration, assisting in networking artists of the soul-this-is-the-place-this-is-the-time- Unurban Cafe”

Geno Loia - “Real as it gets and better than good ! This is the place to get the best entertainment, raw talent, as good as it gets (and deserves more recognition)

Cella Mouso (Chris) - “There is no in crowd. It is egalitarian here, where everyone gets respect and love, with no bullshit games.”

Kate Isenberg - “I was looking for a good open mic, that was unique, open to diversity, all styles and perspectives, and a place that would view everyone with equal importance, from the advanced players to the beginners. I was looking for a place that would accept oxygen tanks on stage. I was looking for a place that would unite us, drive us to express personal ways of communication. I was looking for a place where everyone’s story is equal. I found it at the Unurban Coffee House”

Pepe - “This place makes me feel peppy. Great sharing of love, refreshing live music, high energy performances, really different and eclectic.”

Mike Talega - “The comraderie keeps me coming back. So much gratitude from the first time here, fantastic support. I could write a book.”

Kevin Gleason - “One of the last few place like this, not slick or commercial”

Kevin McCluskey - “Friday night at the Unurban is a caffeinated sanctuary where modern day songsters play to a diverse and supportive crowd.

Peter Goverts - “This place offers great performers and wonderful friends, who care about each other.”

David Barker : “Thank you to everyone for making this a wonderful place.”

Larry Jonas - “It’s nice after 30 years to have some place to come and play.”



### Ongoing Events

#### RADIO VENICE

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

#### OCCUPY VENICE BEACH

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

#### COMPUTERS

• 2:30pm, Mon-Fri. Student/Homework Zone.  
Computers, iPads, homework resources and a trained computer aide to assist students grade 4-12. Free 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.



# MAY 20, 2017

Windward Plaza, 1 Windward Ave  
Venice 90291

# VENICE SPRINGFLING



PATO BANTON AND THE NOW GENERATION,  
LILI HAYDN, TRULIO DISGRACIAS,  
DR. MADDVIBE AND THE MISSIN' LINKS,  
WESTERN STATE, YA HARISSA BELLYDANCE THEATER,  
JAH FAITH AND THE ROYAL LINEAGE BAND,  
ANN COHEN, FLOWPOETRY, SAMBA DA MUDANÇA



ZELDA'S  
CORNER



SEEKING  
ADDITIONAL  
SPONSORS



Renewal  
by Andersen



VIVIDSEATS.

[VeniceSpringFling.com](http://VeniceSpringFling.com)

[Facebook.com / VeniceSpringFling](https://Facebook.com/VeniceSpringFling)