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ONGOING PROTESTS AGAINST POLICE VIOLENCE



A Cup of Coffee & Bagel for 15 Cents

Marty Liboff-2015
(This is a follow up to another article; “Ruthie in the Bakery” Free Venice Beachhead, April 2014)

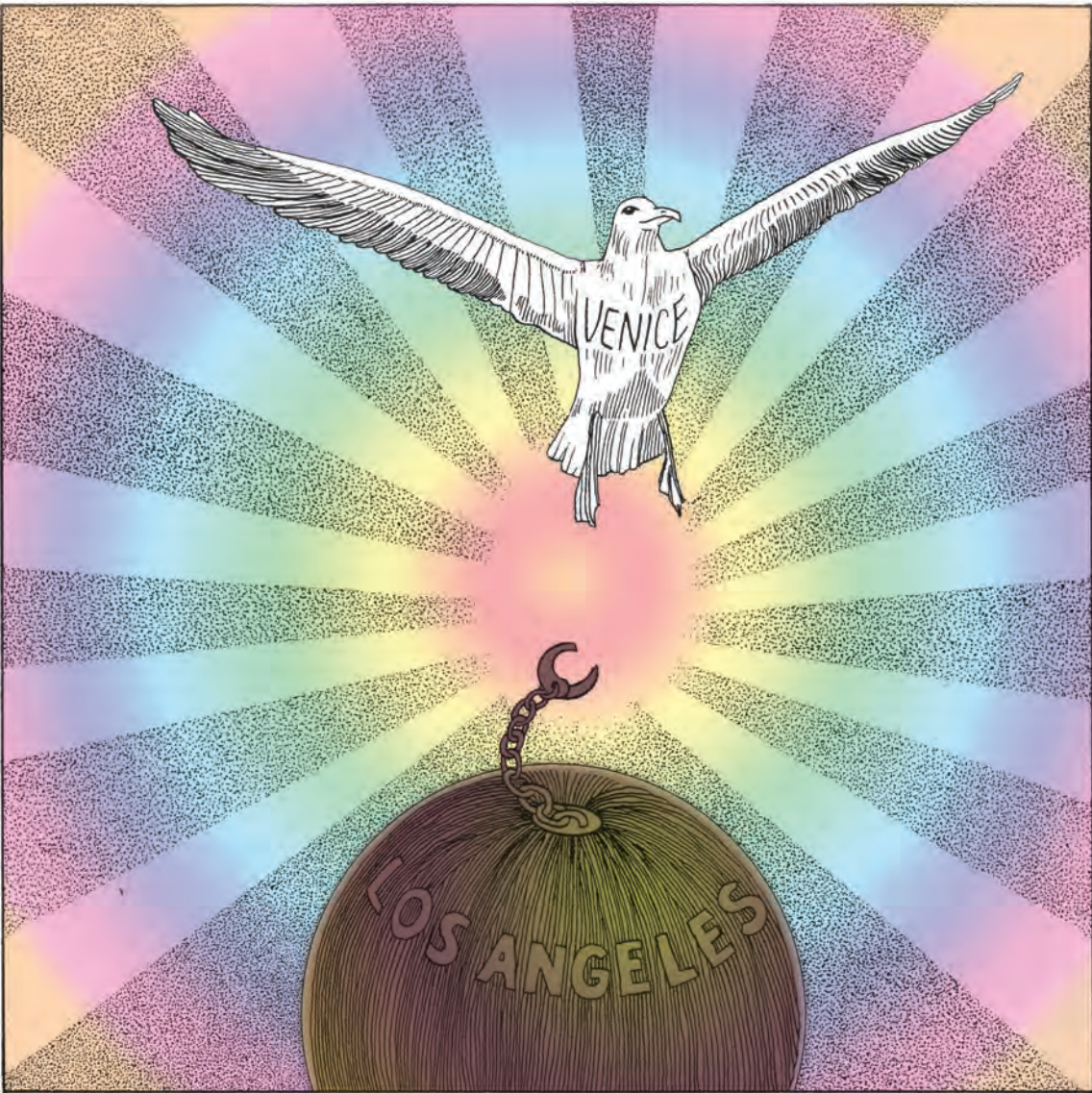
The bakery opened in around 1948 on the Ocean Front Walk in Ocean Park around Raymond Ave. Before 1958 the OFW continued from Venice all the way to the Santa Monica Pier. What is left now begins again at the Casa Del Mar Hotel at Bay Street going north to the Santa Monica Pier. Back then the OFW north from the Venice border continued just like in Venice with shops, homes and hotels. There was a huge amusement pier starting on the north border of Venice called the Ocean Park Pier. It had other names during its long history but us locals always called it the Ocean Park Pier until it was later turned into Pacific Ocean Park in 1958. Along the OFW by the pier there were shops of all kinds on both sides of the walk and small shops in the middle of the OFW that sold drinks and hot dogs. The huge Ocean Park Pier had a giant roller coaster called the High Boy, bumper cars and a great fun house called Toonerville named from the Toonerville Trolley cartoon strips. There was the most amazing diving bell towards the end of the pier that actually pumped up ocean water and was filled with sharks and other great fish. The manager who looked like Popeye the sailor man and wore a sailor's hat would go fishing on a boat at night and catch fish that he would bring back alive and dump into his amazing diving bell tank of water. One night he brought back two big sacks of huge abalone and gave one sack to my mom. I think he had a crush on her. Today that abalone would probably be worth a small fortune if you could even find abalone that big anymore. My mom had never seen abalone. Jews, especially from Poland didn't eat shellfish. She hadn't a clue how to cook them and so she fried some for our cat and gave a few away to some goyim (non Jew) neighbors who were very happy to get them. I think our cat seemed happy also. The pier also had dance halls, a great merry-go-round and all sorts of food and other concessions. The end of the pier had fishing on two levels. On the bottom level was a cage with water and a big old sea lion that I loved to go and talk to. The pier was bigger than Coney Island.



In 1950 my mom, Ruthie began working in the bakery. It was owned by a nice family named White. It was a Jewish style bakery and much of the surrounding community was Jewish. I guess their name White was picked up in Europe to hide their Jewishness? One uncle and aunt of mine who ran to Paris during WW2 changed their name to Parizer to also try and escape the Nazis rounding up Jews. We lived half a block down on Raymond Ave. Back then there were several streets that have disappeared at the beach because of redevelopment. The streets going north from Venice along the OFW were; Marine St., Pier Ave., Kinney St., Ashland Ave., Raymond Ave., Hill St., Surf St., Grand Ave., Ocean Park Blvd.

I used to hang out at the bakery even before I started kindergarten because we were too poor to hire a babysitter. Bruno the baker let me make small breads and

continued on page 6



UPDATE: GJUSTA
GIVES “NO NOTICE” – MELLO APPEAL – SMEAR
ACTIVISTS – RUDISILL QUESTIONED - BERMUDA
TRIANGLE
By: Roxanne Brown – Member Concerned Neighbors
of 320 Sunset (CNS)

GJELINA’S GJUSTA GIVES NO NOTICE
Despite hundreds of letters of opposition from people living within 500 feet of Gjusta, the City approved owner Fran Camaj’s Gjusta’s change of use from “bakery/take out” – which it has NEVER been – to “restaurant with full alcohol.”
Concerned Neighbors of 320 Sunset (CNS) appealed this. CNS appellants and neighbors within 500 feet did NOT RECEIVE NOTICE giving date of appeal hearing. Neighbors are to receive this notice 24 days prior to hearing. Fran Camaj owner of Gjusta did NOT POST this notice. Posting and notice are required by law.
Still, the City insisted the hearing be held on October 21, until renowned land use attorney, Robert P. Silverstein sent a letter on behalf of CNS, to the City, Council Office and West LA Planning Commissioners highlighting “these serious due process issues.”
THE APPEAL HEARING opposing the City’s approval of GJUSTA to restaurant with full alcohol will now be heard on November 18th. Save the date:
NOVEMBER 18th, 2015 – 4:30 P.M. - WEDNESDAY
– 320 GJUSTA APPEAL HEARING
HENRY MEDINA WEST L.A. PARKING ENFORCEMENT FACILITY
11214 W. EXPOSITION BLVD. SECOND FLOOR,
ROLL CALL ROOM
LOS ANGELES, CA 90064

MELLO APPEAL
CNS appeared at the West LA Planning Commission’s meeting on October 21st in order to get a new date for Gjusta’s appeal hearing. When CNS checked the evening’s agenda, they found appellants Lydia Ponce and Robin Rudisill’s 728 E. Flower MELLO ACT APPEAL would take place that evening. CNS called the appellants. They had NOT RECEIVED NOTICE.
As 728 Flower was heard, it seems the developer, Howard Robinson, who has purchased several properties in Oakwood for speculative redevelopment didn’t acknowledge his property had an affordable housing unit.


continued on page 4

Major Source of Homelessness Revealed!

Heartless Landowners

Tom is 72 years old and suffers from congestive heart failure. While he was in the hospital in August, his rent was not paid on time and upon returning home he found himself in eviction proceedings. He represented himself and lost his trial. The Sheriff just posted a 5-day notice to vacate on the door and unless we were successful in persuading the judge to reverse the decision yesterday, he will be homeless by Tuesday.
Tom’s outcome would in all likelihood have been different had he found the Eviction Defense Network earlier. Please help us expand our efforts to close the Access to Justice Gap. Please RSVP and attend our annual event on 11/12/2015 6PM. Donate at one of our sponsorship levels. Go to edn.la to make your donation or reserve your ticket.

FEED THE PEOPLE



SUNDAYS
3rd & ROSE @ 8pm
FOOD IS A RIGHT



Beachhead Collective Staff:
Eric Ahlberg, Anthony Castillo, Don Geagan, Mary Getlein, Ronald McKinley, Betty Rexie, Krista Schwimmer, Alice Stek.

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

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

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

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To: Captain Nicole Alberca
Chief Beck
Alex Bustamante
This afternoon at 1:15 PM, Gang Unit (Officer Veiga & Officer Soliman-Gang Enforcement #1461, car no#88021) had Oscar Pittman Jr. stopped, and detained (handcuffed) near 7th & BroadwayAve Venice CA 90291. The young man was compliant and he was being respectful of both officers. When Officer Soliman tells Oscar "Now bend over and tie your 'Shoelaces' (this is in reference to being a Shoreline Crip). Hey Oscar I gave you a break before, but now every time I see you I'm going to get you." The young man said nothing to this derogatory remark that was made by LAPD Gang Enforcement unit Officer Soliman.

Oscar's car was searched thoroughly; car hood was lifted and searched. Officer Soliman couldn't get the car's trunk to open. Oscar yelled out of the back of the LAPD patrol car how to open his trunk. When the officer tried and was unable to open the trunk Officer Veiga walked over to assist his partner in opening the trunk (officer walked away, left Oscar in the patrol car with door open). It was clear that Oscar was not a threat at this point.

When Oscar asked the question "Why am I being arrested? Oscar was told that he was being detained because of the weed that was found in his vehicle. Oscar let them know he had a medical card. Oscar's friend went down to his vehicle and retrieved Oscar's card. Officer Delatorre asked the young man to come over and he presented the card. Officer Delatorre called Officer Soliman over and he looked at it. Officer Soliman told the cousin the card was no good since it was not stamped by the State of California? The Officers made the decision to impound Oscar's car. Oscar's Grandmother came up and asked LAPD why was the car being impounded? Officer Soliman told the Grandmother they were arresting Oscar, so his car automatically gets impounded?

It is clear that people of color are the prime target of LAPD's Gang Unit, and LAPD officers in Oakwood. It is evident that LAPD is working each and every day to intimidate all people of color in this rapidly gentrifying community of Venice. The ever luminous message that is being sent to the 'People of Color' in Oakwood by LAPD, "Ethnic Cleansing" is here in Oakwood and it's being fulfilled by those who are supposedly here to protect and serve? Who are they protecting? We definitely see and notice who they are serving- 'people of color' when each and every day they are stopping African Americans and Latino's. Putting people of color on public display, immediately handcuffing Blacks and Latino's in public, demonstrating the situation for the community to see. Making it indisputable for all to see, "People of color are no longer wanted in Oakwood!"

We will continue to stand up for our 'home' in Venice, and that we will continue to educate the young people to cooperate with these unwarranted stops profiling people of color. We have been in the Oakwood community over nine generations, and we will stand up for our constitutional rights each and every day.

Thank you, Laddie Williams



We are having a tutorial at Oakwood Park for resident - aunties and grannies- elders to utilize their cell phones and how to keep safe as legal observing - Monday - November 2nd at 6:30pm.

LACANN/Occupy Venice/idle No More VENICE

To Venice, LAPD Commission, LAPD Pacifica Division, Concerned Citizens. from Lisa Green

Friday, 10/23/2015
Beach Cleanup Day north of Rose Ave, at area referred to as the Gaza Strip
Today I witnessed a situation that can be easily remedied if those participating have an open mind and heart. Perhaps the Law Enforcement Services staff within the City umbrella are tense, due to recent high profile incidences. Perhaps its just the time of the year which is known as the cauldron the ancient times, where we are plunged deep into our collective subconscious to address, release and transform those ideas, and feelings that no longer serve us on a path of enlightenment.
Nevertheless this morning during beach cleanup a rep-

Thanks for your generous donations!
Martha Kaplan
Helen Sklar and Robin Doyno
Suzy Williams
Stan and Ron Zwerling
Theo Von Hoffmann
Linda Albertano
Anonymous
Don't Be a Doormat!
Richard Dry

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100 Sustainers can make the Beachhead self-sufficient.	Do You Love Me?	
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This donation is a poem. I am a novelist who grew up in Venice, and I'm writing about Venice in my latest book. I am thrilled to find your archives and to support your on-going mission. -- Richard Dry

resentative of the City in uniform, not an LAPD officer found it within his power to keep the volunteer observers that participate every week exceedingly far from the area of the cleanup under the reasoning of "public safety". This phrase is used often though inconsistently within the ranks of the City staffers whiic I humbly want to remind people are the civil servants of the people. I often hear which ignorantly LAPD Officers making statements like the other day that it is the City's Beach which I beg to differ. Venice Beach is the earth mother's beach here for all to enjoy, obviously within the context of being a decent, and respectable being, a good neighbor if you will.
What I've seen lately is a pattern of misuse of power under the guise of "public safety" inconsistently applied at the expense of the residents whether housed or not, and the tourists. I'd like to see this attitude addressed and a more holistic perspective interjected into the consciousness of the LAPD Officers. I must add that within a reasonable distance is subjective, and it is about perception of the group that is as important as the action of the individual. It is my observation that the individual in charge was unwilling to find a reasonable distance for the volunteers to do their work. This individual even got LAPD officers involved because he said to back people out of the situation at his discretion when the situation wasn't about public safety but absolutely about establishment of CONTROL.

That is not good press for the City Services nor LAPD which already has a reputation that many of the Officers are on power trips. I've worked for years with LAPD to bridge the gap between an unfair attack on the hole group of Officers from those that are truly illustrating a Power Trip, reminding the people of Venice that it's not equal treatment under the law to judge the whole lot for the actions of some... But this morning and the last few weeks I've seen an increase in this level of misuse of power which has me feeling compelled to write this email. In this particular instance the LAPD Officer Ortiz stated he'd arrest people if they didn't follow this guys instructions which were keep those observers over 50ft away from trash and a couch? When asked what would be the charged the Officer said rather flippantly, obstructing an investigation when no investigation was going on...Please realize that we as a society cannot police our consciousness away but can address our FEARS, in a healthy way that is WIN-WIN for all in a cooperative way, that brings about better relations, and good press for those in positions of authority.
Let's do better next time, people. I accept no less. Rise up the level of consciousness or change the players in this action which is a great opportunity to build a real living example of good policing, good cooperation, and cleaning and clearing away those messes on our beautiful, and tragic beach.....Please forward to as many others as you see fit...Love is the strongest power.

DID YOU LIVE HERE?

2 Breeze -Venice Breeze Suites (31 units)
417 Ocean Front Walk- Veni ce Suites (32 units)

Do you know anyone who has lived in either of these buildings above? If so, can you please ask them to contact us? These building are already operating as de facto hotels.

We are trying to figure out when this started, how people left, and average rents at the time they left.
email: free@venicebeachhead.org

Also please consider signing the petition below opposing & passing in on to friends. All signatures will be submitted to the California Coastal Commission before their Wednesday, Nov 4 meeting.

On Nov 4, the California Coastal Commission will make a precedent setting decision about the conversion of a rent-stabilized building to a short-term rental hotel. The hearing will be in Half Moon Bay, 400 miles away. Add your voice to this statement we prepared on behalf of the community. Venice, and the greater Los Angeles area, cannot afford to lose more housing to short-term rentals. <http://keepneighborhoodsfirst.nationbuilder.com/venicebreeze>



The Fucking COPS are at it again.

As if the three murders of unarmed civilians, the daily harrassment of blacks, scruffy youth, the houseless, and anybody whose attitude they don't like wasn't enough, the LAPD seems to be cracking down on blacks at Oakwood Park again.

I live a block away and have always admired the resilience of this ongoing party at Oakwood Park that has been going on for as long as the park has been there. A common gathering space for the community plays a really good role in building community, and finding connections with your neighbors. I have hung there once or twice but it's so ebonics heavy lingo that I need an interpreter. I rarely see any white people hanging there. Now you'd imagine that some people, new to the neighborhood, might say hey, what's with all the schwartzes occupying the picnic area. They might not know that Oakwood Park was built for the black community of Venice, and that Oakwood Pool, over at Zanja and Walgrove, was originally supposed to be here at Oakwood Park.

The LAPD exhibits classic Velvet Glove and Iron Fist techniques used by thugs the world over. The Velvet Glove is typified by that photo of Bonin with all the police brass sitting behind him. These are the reasonable college educated policemen, who know how to be diplomatic and impress the community with their concern for our safety.

But it is the lowly grunt cop that looks at you and you go oh fuck, is he looking at me? Your fear looks suspicious to the cop, because if you haven't been doing anything wrong, you shouldn't fear the cops(!?). You are

surrounded, detained, and ordered around on suspicion, possibly handcuffed. In their mind, non-compliance justifies their beating you. Resistance to police beatings is a criminal act. The detainee may have done nothing wrong, but this sort of degradation seems to be the daily job of the police. They have their own culture of empowerment for this. They also have dark hearts, corruption from too much daily inhumanity, seen and serviced. They have impunity, it is extremely rare for police to be prosecuted for shooting someone because no one in the city stands to gain from that. Because of the potential criminal liability of the cop, the Police Department, The City, none of them want any information released. None will speak on the record with any opinion on what happened. Lawyers for the cop, the Police Union, the Police Department, and the Prosecutor's office, all have an interest in covering up the evidence. "It's not enough that lawsuit settlements for police misconduct, brutality or officer-involved-deaths come attached to "no admission of wrongdoing" statements. In far too many cases, they also come with stipulations forbidding recipients from making public statements about the lawsuit or its allegations."

And then, there's this: <https://youtu.be/6wX-kl4t7nuc> - Don't Talk To The Police.

We know that many in the business community hire security, i.e., thugs who threaten and intimidate those which they refuse to provide service to. There is also this small business culture of police perks. Free lunches, free coffee, free donuts, and this gives the business owner the opportunity to bend the ear of the cop, and offer to help them in any way he can to get rid of the undesirables.

Police Procedurals, Super Spies with license to kill, our entertainment glorifies the vigilante seeking redemption with the gun, the revenge driven antihero saving the day and getting forgiven. "An antihero or antiheroine is a protagonist who lacks conventional heroic qualities such as idealism, courage, and morality." Cynical, cowardly, immorality.

- A Concerned Citizen

WARNING

HEAVY POLICE THREAT IN EFFECT

KNOW YOUR RIGHTS!

Tips to remember when dealing with police:

1. RECORD YOUR INTERACTION.

Cameras are your best defense against the police. If they know they are being recorded, they will be less tempted to violate your rights.



2. DO NOT TALK TO THE POLICE OR ANSWER QUESTIONS.

You are never required to talk to police. Anything you say to an officer can only be used to hurt you, never help you.



3. ASK "AM I BEING DETAINED?" IF YOU ARE NOT, LEAVE.

If you are not being detained, just walk away.



4. NEVER CONSENT TO SEARCHES.

An officer is never allowed to search you, or your property, without your consent unless he has a warrant or a "reasonable suspicion" of a crime. Even if the officer searches you, always be sure to make them aware you do not consent to the search.



5. BE POLITE, BUT FIRM.

These are your public servants. They are paid with your money to protect you. If you feel intimidated by the police, they are not doing their job correctly. But be polite, as police can often act irrationally if offended.



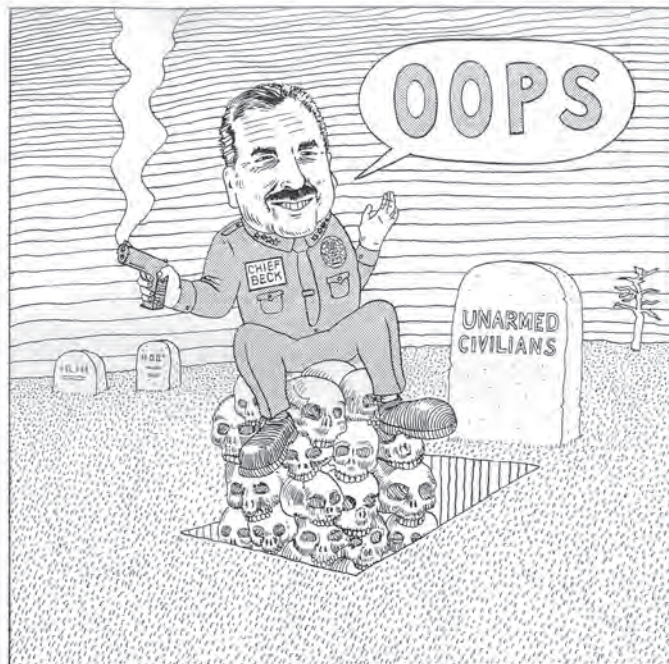
Police and federal agents are not your friends. When they talk with you, everything you say is being committed to their memory to be used against you in court, should they decide to arrest you for some arbitrary reason. Lying to them can also get you in significant trouble. This is why I frequently advise people that when they interact with government agents that the best thing they can do is always remain silent.

Bradley Jardis
Former Police Officer

<https://www.change.org/p/stop-lapd-racial-profiling-in-our-venice-oakwood-c>

<https://www.aclunc.org/our-work/know-your-rights/your-rights-and-police>

<http://www.copblock.org/apps/>



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We cannot survive a dysfunctional Local Station Board

BE SURE TO VOTE

NOW UNTIL December 4th On Line or by mail

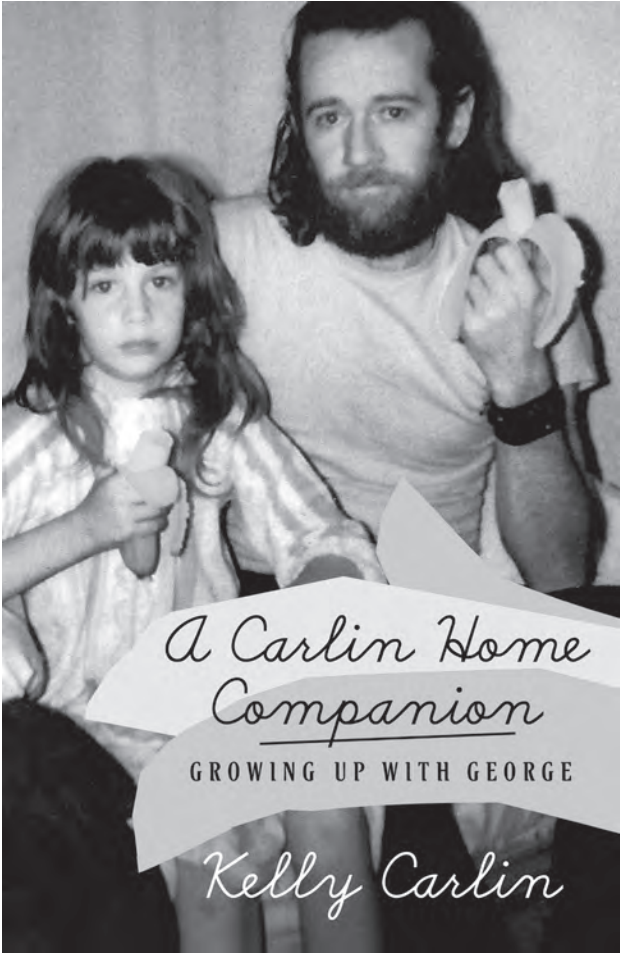
The people at Candidateslate.org know the importance of good governance of a non-corporate radio station. To preserve this free speech media outlet in Los Angeles is crucial. Study the slates and make your best choice.

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Let us work to save our radio station (and network) Robin Doyno -KPFB Sustainer, Organizer, Photographer and Longshore Worker

For more information go to:
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The Dark Side of Comedy

by: Jack Neworth

For five decades, the world adored George Carlin as a stand-up comedian, social critic, actor and best-selling author. Carlin's career included books, record albums, HBO specials, movies and television. But, to Kelly Carlin he was just dad.

The only child of George and Brenda Carlin, Kelly, was born in 1963. As a toddler, she sat in the back seat of the family car as her parents drove around the country, going from one comedy gig to another.

When Kelly was 7, the family moved to 3002 Pacific Avenue in Venice where George developed material for his groundbreaking Class Clown and Occupation Foole albums. Brenda hung out at Hinanos Cafe and the family shopped at Dales Market. George and Brenda's rather "laissez faire" parenting style allowed Kelly to roam the canals with playmates.

Kelly has just written a candid memoir about her childhood with a comedy icon in A Carlin Home Companion: Growing up with George. It's based on her acclaimed one-woman show of the same name. As for the take-off on Prairie Home Companion, suffice it to say, growing up with George was no Lake Wobegon.

The memoir is funny, disturbing, loving and moving. Kelly's intimate style makes you feel like you're reading her diary. Given her parents' drug and alcohol addictions, having a comedy legend for a father was a combination dream and nightmare.

We see George as a cool and caring dad. "Watching TV together was a riot, especially the fun animal shows, because he would do all the voices and it was way more entertaining than the actual show." George also shared many passions with young Kelly, including astronomy, language and music, whether it was putting his headphones on her so she could listen to a new piece or playing the Beatles' White Album around the house.

Not such fun, Kelly became adroit at determining if her parents' moods were the result of alcohol, pot, cocaine or LSD. She recalls when she was 8, being frightened when her father, up for days on coke, burst into her room announcing that the sun was about to explode.

The memoir reflects love and understanding of her parents' shortcomings. But there are also harrowing stories as a little girl alone with her parents while they're wasted on drugs and alcohol. There was the vacation in Hawaii when Kelly was 11.

"We had spent the entire day in the bar in Lahaina so my dad could score some coke and weed. Returning to the hotel, they fought, threatened divorce, and argued about every trespass they'd ever committed against each other. Then Mom picked up a kitchen knife and Dad did, too."

Young Kelly was often the adult in the family. "I wrote out a treaty that stated, 'I, George Carlin/Brenda Carlin, will no longer buy or snort cocaine, drink alcohol, or argue with each other for the rest of the vacation.'"

One worries how Kelly would survive this madness. The answer is, not easily. "I made every bad choice a rich girl from Brentwood could make." The 80's brought her a crushing anxiety disorder, a failed marriage and "piles of coke." Devastating Kelly, in 1997, Brenda died within five weeks of her diagnosis of liver cancer. In 2000, George moved back to Venice where he lived until he died in 2008, months before posthumously receiving the prestigious Kennedy Center Mark Twain Prize for American Humor.

Ultimately the memoir is about Kelly's heroic journey from the abyss of drugs and constant anxiety to self-dis-



Rachel Sorsa Sings!

By Suzy Williams
Photo by Ben Jammin

Are you aware that a beauty has been singing at Danny's on Windward every last Wednesday of the month for the past seven years? Well! Pick up on this local jazz singer, Rachel Sorsa. She kicked off her October set with "Black Coffee," a song with a Venice pedigree via composer Paul Francis Webster, father of our own Guy Webster (May I say that her version is authoritative? It is.).

Her set was filled with melodies you know, all the sad torch songs of yesteryear. She has a healthy handle on these tunes, and she peppers her show with her own like-minded pieces.

It's nice to hear a skilled pro greeting her pals coming in, Venice-style. Despite her clean, pretty-girl looks, she pulls off ballads like "Cry Me a River" and "Nature Boy" with poignancy, and a purr reminiscent of Eartha Kitt. Particularly touching was her "West Coast Blues," with its vintage suitcase imagery. Charlie Chaplin's "Smile" kept up the Venice milieu. I especially dug her "Let Me Off Uptown," which did so much for Anita O'day in '41. Her tip-top band let loose on that one!

I spoke briefly to Rachel about her love of Venice. "The beach is my gym, and the garden is my therapist." (She runs 25 miles a week along the beach.) She finds inspiration for songs in this town. One of them, "Twenty Years from Now," is inspired by the gay bar Roosterfish and a downtrodden patron. Another original, newly written and sung a cappella, "I Roll with the Punches," was penned in her Oakwood neighborhood about stopping the cycle of abuse, to others and to ourselves. Her new record, "Sisú," was mastered at Michal Jost's evocative, bohemian digs on Venice beach.

Ms. Sorsa ended her night with Screamin' Jay Hawkins' "I Put a Spell on You" ... which she did, on us, the whole night.

Rachel Sorsa Band members:
Andy Allen - Bass
Gus Duffy - Drums
Preston Gould - Trumpet
Serge Kasimoff - Piano
Rachel Sorsa - Vocals/Songwriter

covery and redemption. Comedian Jay Mohr commented, "For anyone that has ever not been sure who they are, this book is for you." For Carlin fans still missing him, Jon Stewart notes, "When I wish I could sit next to George and talk, this is the next best thing."

In a touching chapter, Kelly describes George's memorial, attended by friends, some going back to his grade school days. There were also comedians for whom Carlin had been their inspiration.

They embraced Kelly like an orphan child. She inherited an extended family of new uncles and cousins who shared a love for her father. Kelly's description of the memorial, filled with sorrow and laughter, brought me to tears.

Buckle your seat belt, A Carlin Home Companion is a wild but heartwarming ride.

The Carlin Home Companion is available at Amazon.com and wherever books are sold. Kelly hosts The Kelly Carlin Show on Sirius XM Radio's Raw Dog Comedy and Waking From The American Dream on SModcast Internet Radio. George Carlin is currently the subject of a three month exhibition at the Grammy Museum in Los Angeles. Jack can be reached at jnsmdp@aol.com.

Gjusta, from page 1

It appears his lease documents showed higher rents than those that were received from his evicted seventy plus year old tenant, Ms. Jimenez, who spoke limited English.

The LA Housing Department and appellants had evidence (checks, lease and housing records) confirming this.

Commissioners seemed appalled and asked that the City follow up on this case – shouldn't the developer/landlord experience consequences of his actions?

The City had been advocating for denial of appeal. However, with this evidence, Kevin James from City Planning changed the City's position to uphold appeal.

RENT STABILIZATION KNOWS YOUR RIGHTS. If you are EVICTED, contact them at 866-557-7368.

You are most likely due relocation monies and even more monies if you are disabled.

SMEAR ACTIVISTS

It seems there is currently a smear campaign afoot



Gjusta, from previous column

regarding Venice activist groups. Venice is made up of African Americans, Hispanics, Asians, Caucasians, liberal Hollywood, rich, poor, hippies, homeless, and Vietnam Vets. Many are long-time activists.

Activists stopped the war in Vietnam. Activists launched the Civil Rights movement. Activists fought for women's rights. Activists fought for gay rights. Activists marched with Caesar Chavez. Activists marched in protest of the Iraq war.

Currently, these activists represent thousands of Venetians who are fighting illegal evictions, small lot subdivisions, Short Term Rental (STR) conglomerates, property gangsters who do what they want regardless of permits and laws. They are fighting for the rights of the homeless and to house veterans. They are protesting police killing unarmed people and a developer allegedly ordering the killing of an unarmed young African-American man. These Venetians believe that "All lives matter."

Activists are citizens who are involved in the democratic process. They are part of the checks and balances in the democratic system.

ACTIVIST DEFINITION from Wikipedia: "Activists are also public watchdogs and whistle blowers, attempting to understand all the actions of every form of government that acts in the name of the people: all government must be accountable to oversight and transparency. Activism is an engaged citizenry."

RUDISILL'S ACTIONS QUESTIONED

A group of fifty individuals calling themselves Venice Community Members, with Tami Pardee, owner of Pardee real estate as lead signature, sent a letter to the California Coastal Commission dated October 7, 2015.

This letter states, "These appeals are being filed by a small handful of residents and LUPC members whose sole mission is to thwart any development whatsoever in Venice, regardless of how most of the residents feel about the development in Venice."

The letter goes on to say that appeals are often coming from "a single individual" ... "Ironically, this individual chairs LUPC."

Robin Rudisill was elected as Chair of LUPC due to the fact that she received the MAJORITY of the vote. Rudisill is usually listed on and active in the appeal process, because many other Venetians encourage her to appeal, due to the fact that she is most knowledgeable of laws, codes, requirements.

Mike Newhouse, President of the Venice Neighborhood Council (VNC) stated at a December meeting: There is a perception of Robin opposing all development when in fact, more than 80% of developments have passed through under her leadership.

ACTIVISTS RESULTS

According to Realtor.com, Pardee is the number one realtor in Los Angeles, and has sold over \$2 billion worth of residential and commercial real estate. Without women's rights activists, would Pardee be able to own and operate her own company?

Councilman Mike Bonin has been heard to say that he doesn't want to meet with Venice activists. Would he be able to hold office or be married to his husband without the work of LGBT activists?

Pardee, Bonin and developers need to meet with Venice's activists including Rudisill in order to bring Venice together and make it a sustainable, livable, desirable community. All Venetians need to stop property gangsters.

CITY SIDESTEPS COASTAL COMMISSION – CREATES BERMUDA TRIANGLE?

Without any input from Venetian residents, it appears the City has created a "West-South Neighborhood Project Group" (WSNPG) to handle everything for Venice, including Coastal Development Permits (CDPs).

This seems to be a HUGE CHANGE: the first and only change in the Coastal permitting process since inception of the Coastal Act, dating back to 1976-8.

This new WSNPG consists of Kevin James and others from City Planning who seem to consistently be approving property gangster projects – those property owners' projects that ignore permits, rules, and regulations (and advocating for denial of Venetians' appeals against those approvals).

Venetians may now begin to see even more approvals like that of Simmzy's at 37 West Washington – steps to the Pacific Ocean. The City approved change of use from T-shirt shop to PUB, restaurant offering 30 beers, steps to the beach. The City determined that NO CHANGE OF USE WAS REQUIRED, NO PARKING WAS REQUIRED; NO COASTAL PERMIT WAS REQUIRED in this dual coastal zone. Remember the lightning strike when emergency medical vehicles couldn't reach the beach due to congestion?

With the creation of WSNPG – Will a virtual Bermuda Triangle appear and requirements disappear?

The Venice Oceanarium Celebrates 20th Annual Reading of Herman Melville's Moby Dick

"AS FOR ME, I AM TORMENTED WITH AN EVERLASTING ITCH FOR THINGS REMOTE. I LOVE TO SAIL FORBIDDEN SEAS, AND LAND ON BARBAROUS COASTS."
HERMAN MELVILLE, MOBY-DICK

Since 1995, the Venice Oceanarium has invited readers to discover or rediscover the great literary masterpiece, Moby Dick. The detailed and realistic descriptions of whale hunting draws on Melville's experience at sea, on his reading in whaling literature, as well as life aboard ship among a culturally diverse crew, mixed with exploration of class and social status, good and evil, and the existence of God.

"I have read Moby Dick 19 times on the beach with the Venice Oceanarium. I love the book. It is exciting... insightful... meditative. It grows on you." Tim Rudnick, Founder/Director

The Venice Oceanarium, "A museum without walls" mission is to impart a better understanding of the ocean and the life within it through the arts and sciences and to celebrate the unique natural habitats of Venice Beach. They hold events on Venice Beach, the Venice Pier, Oakwood and Venice Beach Recreation Centers, Israel Levin Senior Center, Venice Library, Chase Burton Park in the Marina, Ecole Claire Fontaine (French School), Westminster Elementary School. These community and family-orientated events and workshops are free of charge.

The Venice Fishing Pier Project was created to educate and inspire the public about the ocean and features a weekly display of marine biological specimens, other oceanographic items, poetry placards relating to the ocean and opportunities for kids to draw fish. Workshops are held in schools, recreations centers and libraries and are hands on and provide opportunities to explore the living laboratory of the sea and dive into the world of sharks, jellyfish, sea stars, crabs and more. The popular Grunion Run Party on Venice Beach introduces the public to Venice's robust population of grunion, a unique species of fish known for their unusual mating ritual.

The organization was founded in 1986 by Tim Rudnick, who serves as the director. He is a native of Los Angeles and considers Venice Beach to be his hometown, having spent his childhood and the last 46 years here. He holds a B.A. in Art History from UC Riverside and has taken more than 60 post graduate units in Marine Biology, Oceanography and the Earth Sciences. Tim taught classes for 15 years on the research vessel Vantuna with board member and Santa Monica College biology instructor, the late Ed Tarvyd. Professor Tarvyd's students are the beneficiaries of his lifelong study of the sea and its sciences. Ed was a fighter to protect the Ballona Wetlands and lead several field trips to the Tahitian atoll of Teti'aroa and was also an advisor to Marlon Brando.

This year, the Venice Oceanarium has partnered with the Los Angeles County Beaches and Harbors for the Moby Dick reading, the City of Los Angeles Department of Recreation and Parks for the Venice Fishing Pier Project, LA Opera will provide discounted tickets to the contemporary operatic masterpiece Moby Dick and Warner Brothers is providing tickets to a special screening of In the Heart of the Sea, directed by Ron Howard and written by Nathaniel Philbrick.

The Venice Oceanarium is funded by the Abbot Kinney Festival Association, local businesses, and individuals.



This year's Moby Dick reading is sponsored by General Real Estate Management, Shout!Factory, Hotel Erwin, Venice Boardwalk Association, and Venice Beach Suites & Hotel. Media sponsors include the Beachhead, Venice Paparazzi, and Yo!Venice. Community sponsors include: Enterprise Fish Company, Los Angeles County Beaches and Harbors, Small World Books and Whole Foods Market Venice.

Join the celebration of a shared reading of the complete book, Saturday, November 21 and Sunday the 22, from 8am to 10pm at the end of Windward Avenue, on Venice Beach near the breakwater rocks. Come read aloud or just listen and also enjoy the beauty of Venice Beach. The Venice Oceanarium is a not-for-profit, tax exempt organization. To contribute or for more information visit www.veniceoceanarium.org. Sign up now to read your favorite chapter at info@veniceoceanarium.org.


The Venice Oceanarium holds the Moby Dick readings especially this time of year in recognition of the California gray whale migration. The gray whale makes one of the longest of all mammalian migrations, averaging 10,000-14,000 miles (16,000-22,530 km) round trip. In October, the whales begin to leave their feeding grounds in the Bering and Chukchi Seas and head south for their mating and calving lagoons in Baja California, Mexico.

THERE ARE CERTAIN QUEER TIMES AND OCCASIONS IN THIS STRANGE MIXED AFFAIR WE CALL LIFE WHEN A MAN TAKES THIS WHOLE UNIVERSE FOR A VAST PRACTICAL JOKE, THOUGH THE WIT THEREOF HE BUT DIMLY DISCERNS, AND MORE THAN SUSPECTS THAT THE JOKE IS AT NOBODY'S EXPENSE BUT HIS OWN.
HERMAN MELVILLE, MOBY-DICK



Photos by Suzanne Thompson, Art by Rockwell Kent from the 1930 edition of Moby Dick.

MOBY DICK

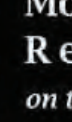








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on the beach
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rolls. In around 1955 the bakery was sold to a holocaust survival and baker by the name of Davidavitz. They expanded and took over the old restaurant next door. I used to help with small jobs like breaking open dozens of eggs for baking and sweeping and cleaning the shelves. I don't think there were child labor laws yet but I usually enjoyed my chores. It kept me from getting into too much trouble at the beach which I did sometimes.

Next to the bakery was Ada's Market, a bathing suit and beachwear shop and a fancy old restaurant. The restaurant had seen better days and the bakery expanded and took it over. The first Synanon opened and took over the beachwear shop in around 1957. Synanon was a drug rehab with housing started by Chuck Dederick who had gotten some ideas from the A.A. and added his own rules and twists to work with his heroin addicted buddies. I grew up as a small kid with these heroin addicts who all seemed to love me and treat me wonderfully. Of course I had no idea what heroin was as a small brat. A few old people tried to scare me to stay away from them! Ada decided she didn't want her market next door to a bunch of druggies and she moved out and Synanon took over her spot also. Just south of the bakery was the great Otto's Hot Dogs who sold great cheap hot dogs loaded with chilli and burgers.

There was a big playground out in front on the sand just north of the Ocean Park Pier. The old Ocean Park Pier started at the north border of Venice on the OFW. It was free to enter at Pier Ave. and I just loved to wander around even when I was still tiny and with no money. All the kids in the neighborhood would go to the Dome Theater on Saturdays for the kiddie shows with 2 movies, cartoons and sometimes a magic act and a give-away where you could win a bike or a box of popcorn if your ticket stub had the winning number. I once won a box of Flicks chocolates. The Dome Theater was at Pier Ave next to the entrance to the pier. There was an enormous, beautiful, brass chandelier inside on the ceiling that went through to the roof. It was ornate and fantastic but I always imagined that someday an earthquake or some giant monster like King Kong above in the dome would make it crash down and smash everyone underneath it. Above was the old dome. There was a little stairway and ladder in the back of the stage that took you up into the big dome. I went up many years later when I worked at the pier. I remember seeing the original 'Invaders from Mars' movie there with my brother Jerry when I was 4 and I went home and took my toy cap pistol and slept with my eyes open all night. Those Martians wouldn't get me with my Hoppy cap gun! A little ways south was the Rosemary Theater which usually showed more adult themed movies like yucky love movies and I only went there when my mom dragged me along.

Later in 1958 the pier was transformed into Pacific Ocean Park or P.O.P., an ocean themed Disneyland. They closed the theaters. The Dome Theater was used for storage and part of the back may have been used for a ride called the Magic Carpet Ride. The entrance at Pier Ave. became the exit and a spectacular new entrance was built at the north end of the pier. The Toonerville fun house was turned into a ocean themed fun house called Davy Jones Locker and the roller coaster was renamed the Sea Serpent. Many great rides were added. However, the wonderful old diving bell was moved away from the ocean and lost its scary charm. They then had an admission to get in and I couldn't just go for a stroll on the pier like I used to. The pier fishing was eliminated. They paved over much of the beach north of the pier for parking and that was the end of the great playground on the beach. All of the beach parking from the south Santa Monica lots to Bay Street were put in then. P.O.P. was my first real job I worked at when I was 17 ½ years old. You were supposed to be 18 but I lied. I figured it was only a couple more months until I was 18 and we were very poor and needed the money. I think they started me off with a giant \$1.25 an hour and I went up to about \$1.50 until I finally got another job with more hours washing dishes at the historic old Sinbad's Restaurant on the Santa Monica Pier. Unfortunately Sinbads and next door was the grand old La Monica Ballroom were both demolished some years ago.

In 1958 Santa Monica wanted to turn Ocean Park into another Miami Beach or Honolulu with lots of high rises along the beach. They started the Ocean Park Redevel-

opment Project and began forcing the old Jews and other poor people in the neighborhood to sell their little beach homes and shops. This was our Eminent Domain laws at their worst! Our neighbors were forced to sell their homes for \$5,000. A small home by the beach now sells for 2-6 million! The bakery was torn down as was our house. Synanon moved and kept growing bigger and bigger and expanded all over America. Synanon is another amazing story I can tell some day....

The Davidavitz family opened another bakery on Fairfax Ave. called the King David Bakery. For awhile my mom, Ruthie took the bus to Fairfax but she kept asking the Davidavitzs to open another bakery here. There was a notions shop with cloth and thread in the shop in the Cadillac Hotel at Dudley Ave. in Venice where the Titanic store is today. They rented this store and they opened a branch of the King David Bakery there. The baking was done in Faifax and the baked goods were brought by a van every morning. My mom then ran the Venice branch by herself.

The bakery had become a local hangout with my mom. She hung up a photo of Eleanor Roosevelt to watch over the store. Locals would come in and hang out and talk. Across the way on Dudley Ave. the Venice West Coffee Shop opened with Beatnik poetry. The bakery and the Venice West became focal points for locals to get a cup of coffee and discuss the problems of Venice and the world. The community all knew my mom. People would say she should run for mayor of Venice!

The city of Santa Monica continued the destruction of old Ocean Park and in the 1960s L.A. also began condemning much of old Venice to try and gentrify the beach. In the interim the neighborhood was in a shambles. In the early 1970s the Davidavitzs sold the bakery for a couple hundred bucks to two young men who wanted to try a health food store. They fixed it up real cute and sold juices and organic bread and other health foods. My mom stayed on since they worked other jobs. She convinced them to continue selling Jewish bread and pastries also for her old customers. They called it the Pooh House, like from Winnie the Pooh, yet everyone still just called it the bakery. I guess the time wasn't right for a health food store yet and business was very slow, especially in the winter. After a couple years the two nice men gave up the business and offered it to my mom for free by just continuing paying the rent. The rent back then was a gigantic \$100 a month! My mom didn't want to take the chance, especially since she had no help. She said she couldn't depend on me since I was a bit of a wild, young dude who only cared about chasing pretty gals and shooting hoops.

One old customer by the name of Harold Singer used to come in the bakery. Harold was a bit fat and he loved good pastries and so my mom talked him into taking it over. My mom kept running the bakery and Harold would go out in the mornings and bring back bakery goods and other food. He would drive around and buy old food from shops around L.A. and bring it back and sell whatever he could in the bakery. The bakery became kind of a cheap old food shop. Harold put in an old microwave and a coffee maker and sold a day old bagel and a cup of coffee for 15 cents! For awhile I was enlisted to drive in the mornings to pick up Jewish bakery goods from Fred's Bakery on Robertson Blvd.. I was paid 5 bucks including gas for my car. I loved Fred and his two kids who worked there. After awhile I gave it up and *continued on page 8*



Photos from the collection of Marty Liboff. Below from the film. "I Love You Alice B. Tolkas"



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A Tree Grows In Venice: The Red Flowering Gum Tree

by Krista Schwimmer

One of my fondest memories from childhood is going to the library with my two brothers and mother. No matter how plain the library looked, I soon learned there were treasures there. So, whenever I move to area, I seek out the nearest library.

For eighteen years, I have been browsing and borrowing from the Abbot Kinney Memorial Branch Library. There, I have also bought many a bargain book at their fund raising book sales, as well as visited with the Venice Canal ducks and their ducklings. (Sadly, however, these ducks do not frequent the library or the canals as much as before. Another tale, for another Beachhead.)

Recently, while taking my usual library route south on Riviera Avenue, I came across a most magnificent tree, just shouting with clusters of red flowers. With the help of a co-worker, Sol, at Mystic Journey Bookstore where I work, I managed to identify this tree as a Red Flowering Gum Tree, more formally known as *Corymbia ficifolia*.

Native to Western Australia, this species of trees prefers infertile, sandy soils. It is particularly great for streets as the species is hardy, moderate, fast-growing, and low maintenance. At seven years old, a Red Flowering Gum flowers. Between fifteen and twenty years old, it reaches full size. If residing on your block, *Corymbia ficifolia* will befriend you and your grandchildren or more, as it lives for hundreds of years.

I was so struck by the clusters of red blossoms that I practically stuck my nose in them. They were humming with bees! For several years now, I have been growing concerned about the decline of bees.

Recently, I discovered that conservationists and scientists alike think a significant reason for this decline is the use of neonicotinoids. When used on plants, neonicotinoids stay in the plant itself, making it toxic to insects. i According to the Xerces Society, when honey bees are exposed to sublethal levels of neonicotinoids, they can "experience problems with flying and navigation, reduced taste sensitivity, and slower learning of new tasks, which all impact foraging ability."ii Looking at my new tree friend, I sincerely hoped that the bees feasting here were only tasting pure and unadulterated nectar.

The more I write about the trees in Venice, the more I realize that trees have marked significant moments in my life. After my brother, David, was lost at sea during an

Outward Bound kayaking course in the Sea of Cortez, I went on an outdoors adventure myself. It was during my freshman year at Duke University. Part of me was following in my brother's footsteps. I knew he had close friends in the program. Perhaps, through these friends of his, I could find a part of my brother I never knew.

Started in 1974, this student run program is called Project WILD (Wilderness Initiatives for Learning at Duke.) For two weeks, freshman students hike in the Pisgah National Forest in the Appalachian Mountains. More than just an outdoors program, the program seeks to build leadership and friendship in unusual ways. When I took the course, it included a ropes course; a climbing day; trust building exercises; and two weeks finding our way, with map and compass, through the Appalachian mountains to different destinations. Each crew had two student trained leaders and around 10 students. I can't remember how many crews there were; but there were quite a few.



Project WILD also included a two day solo in the woods, right before returning to civilization. Although the instructors were not far, we were left alone overnight, with no other person visible by sight or sound. This was a time, too, when there were no mobile phones of any kind. I ended up beside Groger Creek. I immediately found a strong tree to support me. Although I don't recall the species now, I remember how comfortable the tree felt against my back. I spent many hours against this trunk, thinking about my loss, about the beauty around me, and

falling in a semi trance at times. I had never slept alone in the woods before; having that tree, however, made me feel safe and peaceful.

I kept a journal at that time, a practice I do to this day. Although the entries are brief, they reflect the immediate strength I found by being in nature. One entry starts: "Ahhh, to be in the open, sheltered only by the green freshness of leaves, wondering who cut out the many small patches for the sky to peep through . . . So many shades of green peer down on me . . . cool shadow green so moist that one could drink the dew off the leaf of the color . . ." In a second entry, I note: "how the water curls quickly around the larger stones and then flows freely in ripples beyond my area. I wonder how far this water has been and what many, many places it has seen."

Looking back at my eighteen year old self, I am surprised to see how much peace she was able to find amidst the tragedy of sudden loss. Although the spirit of my brother led me to Project WILD, my own spirit knew that returning to nature would restore my soul, and prepare me for the long journey of grief ahead of me.

The benefits of trees, however, are just as great in cities as they are in mountains. Take my new friend, Red Gum, for instance. Red Gum is a street tree. Street trees have some wonderful and unique benefits to communities. So much so, that urban planners consider them to be the most important factor in the design of urban landscapes.iii Called green infrastructure, street trees minimize traffic noise, increase property values up to 25%, lower temperatures, and provide numerous mental health benefits.iv

Whether in cities or in mountains, trees are vital for humans, animals, birds, insects, and more. One Amazon Indian tribe believes that forest trees hold up the sky. So much so, that if the trees fall, so will life on earth.v Let's heed the wisdom of indigenous people before it's too late. A simple friendship with a neighborhood

tree can lead all of us to a more conscious and kind relationship to these magnificent beings.

Do you have a favorite tree in Venice? Submit your stories (1200 words or less) and photos to the Free Venice Beachhead at free@venicebeachhead.org

- i From Xerces Society for Invertebrate Conservation, www.xerces.org
- ii Ibid
- iii From "100 Tree Facts", <http://bit.ly/1WbrHW7>
- iv Ibid
- v Ibid

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Coffe & Bagels -- continued from page 6

my mom found other poor people to pick up the bread. I kept hanging out at the bakery after school or after work. I swept up and sometimes helped out selling if it was busy. I have many fun stories about the bakery. Here are a couple short stories.

When the bakery closed at night, my mom would hide the paper money in a little paper bag and throw it in the trash barrel in the back of the store to hide it in case the store was broken into at night. She would leave the cash register open to look like there was only some change and so a crook wouldn't break the cash register which cost more than the cash that they usually had inside. The register had been broken a couple times before in robberies. One night while I was sweeping up my mom handed me a paper bag and said to throw it in the barrel. I thought the bag was just some garbage to throw out with my pan of dirt. I took it and the dirt and bread crumbs and threw it in a barrel of garbage outside on the OFW. I came back in and kept cleaning and before we left my mom asked me if I threw the money in the barrel? I said, “What money?!” She yelled almost hysterical, “I gave you the money in a paper bag to throw in the back barrel!” I screamed that, “I didn't know, I thought it was garbage!” I ran outside and sifted through the garbage and there was the little bag filled with about \$680! It would have made some homeless person looking through the trash poop in their pants! That was some bread, or dough back then- and I don't mean the baking kind...

The bakery was rarely robbed but one day Ruthie was there alone on a slow cool day when a guy walked in with his sweater over his face. He yelled to my mom,“Give me the money!” My mom recognized this dude even with his sweater over his face as one of the regular poor guys on the OFW that she had fed. She said to him,“Are you crazy! I know you Tommy! You think I can't recognize your voice and your hair! You must be kidding! If you're hungry I'll give you something, or if you need a couple bucks...” The robber pulled out a big knife and began banging on the cash register with the knife handle and yelling, “Give me the money!” The register opened and he grabbed a few bucks that was on top and he ran out of the store. He was so dumb he didn't realize that the larger bills were under the money tray in the register. My mom came home all shaking and told us what just happened. My dad yelled,“Didn't you call the police?!” My mom said, “No, I know him from the beach for a long time and he was always such a nice young man! I'm sure something really bad must have happened for him to steal a few dollars! It was only \$12 and I replaced it with my money.” Me and my dad began yelling at her that she was nuts! We went on and on for an hour that she was stupid and a fool for not having him arrested! The next day Tommy was waiting at the bakery door with his head down. “I'm sorry Ruthie! I was on drugs! You've been helping me and everyone out here and I am a jerk! Here's the money back. I'm sorry....” I heard that he later cleaned himself up and made a mench of himself. (mench; a real human being, an upstanding person)

One day it was rather busy in the bakery and my mom let me help wait on customers. One very old man bought a couple bagels and a couple cookies and he handed me a handful of change. I stared at a bunch of strange looking coins and at first I told him that we don't take foreign money. It was busy but as I looked closer I could see the coins were very, very old American coins! One dime was 1829! I tried to show them to my mom but she yelled at me, “Don't take foreign money!” With all the customers waiting I tried to argue with my mom that they are old American coins but she wouldn't listen. She reluctantly finally took the 40 cents just to shut me up and to get back to work. The old man had a big handful of old coins and he took his bagels and pocket full of ancient coins and walked out. That night I had to argue with my dad and mom that these were rare American coins and not worthless foreign money. My dad looked close and finally agreed with me. We found an old coin guide and the 1829 dime alone was worth about 18 bucks back then! For some time I kept hoping that old man would return from the Twilight Zone in his time machine with another big pocketful of rare coins, but I never saw him again...

One cold winter evening, the beach was dark and pretty much deserted and I was helping Ruthie to get ready to close. I was watching the beach and I could see the water from the sea slowly creeping farther and farther toward the OFW. It wasn't big waves crashing but the tide was huge and just kept slowly pushing farther up the beach and the parking lot. There was some strong winds blowing and dark clouds. I said to my mom, “It looks like the ocean is going to come over the walk.” My mom said, “You're crazy, it won't ever come that far!” Suddenly the ocean was on the OFW and came sweeping under the door of the bakery! My mom yelled, “Grab towels and shove them under the door!” We shoved towels and bags by the door and took out mops and brooms to stem the tide. We waited for awhile to see if the bakery was going to be washed away. Finally my mom decided to abandon ship and we ran out the door after stuffing all the towels and mobs under the door. The water on the walk was about 2 -3 inches deep and as we left it had reached the Speedway but then it stopped getting higher and began to recede. I imagined that if it got any bigger we would be fishing for giant sharks in our living room!

I add this story as a warning to young kids. One day when I was 12, I was sitting on the bench in front of the bakery in Venice watching the world go by when some strange older man came over and sat down next to me. He began asking me questions about where I lived and other personal stuff. I told him about my love for comic books and he said he had some on the beach I could read. He led me to a small tent he had set up on the beach. Inside he had a stack of muscle men magazines and had me look at them. I asked where his comics were but he insisted that I look at his magazines. I never was interested in muscle men except maybe seeing Steve Reeves in Hercules movies. He came over and began to rub my back. I was getting a little nervous. Then he stuck his hand down my pants and grabbed my smeeckle (penis)! I said, “I need to get back to the bakery! My mom will be worried!” He tried to urge me to stay but I pushed his hand aside and bolted out of the tent and ran back to the bakery all shook up. I didn't tell anybody because I was ashamed and scared. A couple of years later I thought that I'm sure this creeper had molested other young boys and I should have told my mom and the cops and maybe I would have saved some other poor boys from being molested.

For a few days back in 1968 they were filming a Peter Sellers movie on the OFW called, “I Love You Alice B. Toklas!”. One day they filmed right in front of the bakery and blocked up the front. While they were filming my mom walked out and told Mr. Sellers and the other actor in the scene that they were blocking the bakery door and she needs to sell the bread. She didn't know who Peter Sellers was but I was awe struck. I had loved the Pink Panther movies. I told her you can't just yell at Peter Sellers in front of the bakery in the middle of a scene! My little Jewish mamala could argue with G-d about the 10 Commandments if she were on the mountain with Moses! She was fearless! She always said I was afraid of my shadow! I still am! I can imagine her now on top of the mountain telling G-d, “Listen, 10 Commandments ain't enough! Number 11 should be; Thou men shall not peeith on the toilet seat. And number 12 should say; Would it hurt men if you could wash a dish!” An assistant then gave 50 bucks to the bakery for filming. If you watch the movie close, Peter walks down the OFW and stops for a few moments in front of the bakery and you can see the plain little sign up saying bakery...

As the years raced by, my mom, Ruthie was getting older and she hired her friend Dora to work part time. A few years later a nice lady by the name of Rose was hired and then a funny old guy by the name of Moe who lived in the Gingerbread Court began working part time. The Gingerbread Court had been inexpensive apartments before it was changed into expensive shops like it is now.

The owner of the Cadillac Hotel was a wonderful, generous old man by the name of Mr. Gross. He kept the rents low including the bakery since he loved my mom and liked the rye bread. I can still taste the thick cheesecake with cherry or blue berries and the chocolate brownies. YUM! The cheese danish, onion rolls and the giant chocolate chip cookies were to die for and they probably did kill a few old people with cholesterol problems! Sometimes I had a taste for the prune danish which helped you poop. Some old men liked the Jewish high, poppy seed cake filled with poppy seeds. It was rumored that if you ate enough poppy seeds you could get a slight high.

Mr. Gross on Christmas and New Years would make a party for the old people who lived in the Cadillac Hotel. The mother of the famous singer Eddie Fisher lived there and his famous acting wife Debbie Reynolds would come and entertain for free. Eddie divorced Debbie for Elizabeth Taylor but for years Debbie Reynolds still came and entertained for Eddie's mom and the other old people for free without Eddie. She was wonderful.

Mr. Gross finally passed away and his kids inherited the building. They kept it for awhile and then they sold it to Werner Scharff. Old Werner was one of Venice's most successful property owners. He had started his empire in the “shmatte” business. (“shmatte”= rags and old clothing. Anything made of cloth) He designed his own style bed clothes and other clothes that sold well starting in the 1930s until the 1950s. He designed the famous Lanz flannel granny nightgown which was long and warm. He took much of his “shmatte” fortune and began buying up Venice. He was a sharp old dude and over the years he bought quite a lot of property in Venice. He died at 90 in 2006.

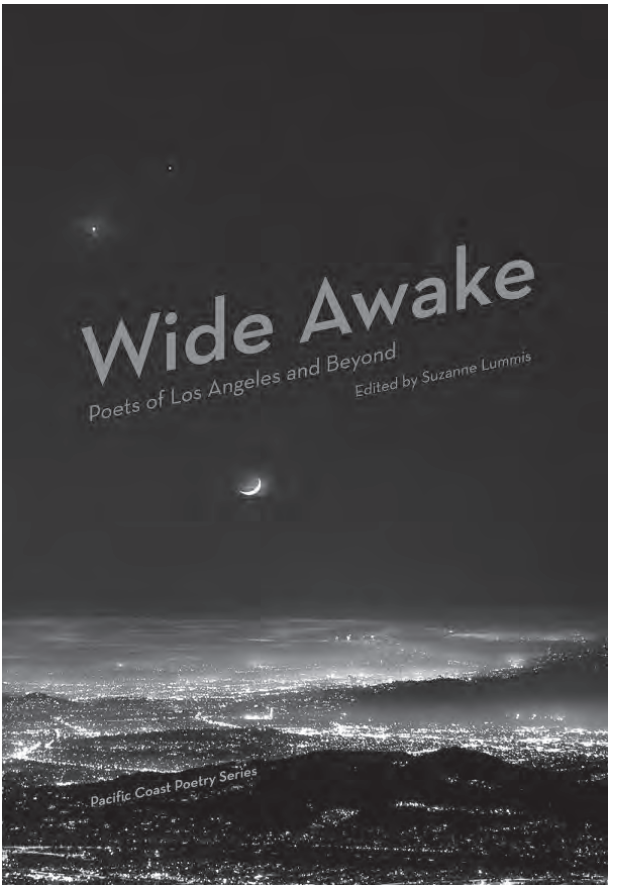
Part of the sale of the Cadillac Hotel to Mr. Scharff was that they would keep the old tenants there. However the bakery wasn't part of the deal and one day while I was there Mr. Scharff came in with two other men in expensive business suits and fancy briefcases. Back then nobody wore a fancy suit on the OFW. The new owner told my mom that next month the rent will go from \$125 to \$2800 per month! At that time this was a fortune! My little mom all of 5 feet stood up tall and

told Mr. Scharff and his two well dressed cronies, “Mr. Scharff, the rent is paid until the first of next month, and until that time, get the hell out of the store!” They turned red and blue and ran out! They couldn't rent the shop for that rent then and so the bakery continued on. Mr. Singer kept making deals on the rent for around \$500. This went on for a couple more years but they kept trying to raise the rent. It was hard to make much on a 15 cent bagel and coffee. Mr. Singer was kind of roly-poly fat and the last thing he needed was lots of pastries. He developed heart problems and finally gave it up in around 1984. My mom kept working part time until it closed even when she had health problems of her own.

The bakery was vacant for awhile until it was rented and turned into the Titanic with hats and metal sculptures. Recently, the new owner of the Cadillac Hotel was involved in the murder of a young homeless dude in front of the hotel!

ANSWERS to Crossword Puzzle on Page 6
ACROSS
1 SALAD
5 CONSERVE
6 MAMBO
7 ORGANIC
8 SEEDS
9 SUGAR

DOWN
2 LANDFILL
3 TREEHOUSE
4 GARDEN
5 COMPOST
8 SOLAR



BOOK REVIEW -
Wide Awake: Poets of Los Angeles and Beyond
Edited by Suzanne Lummis
Pacific Coast Poetry Series
Beyond Baroque Books.
ISBN:9781892184030; \$18.00

This is simply a poetic guide to Los Angeles, its cultures, its zeitgeist, its joys, its life, its suffering, as seen through hearts and words of some of LA's finest observers. Several poets that are familiar to Venice Beachhead Readers are included, such as Wanda Coleman, Majid Naficy, Sherman Pearl, Linda Albertano, Michael Ford, Steve Goldman, Antoinetta Villamil. There is more amusement and noir than a complete series binge viewing session of Breaking Bad. There is more wicked mental candy in this, than in Sinners and Saints. We are blessed with our excellent Poetry Center, so go to the Beyond Baroque Bookstore, get this book, go home and turn off all electronic entertainment devices and have a blast. There are a few selections from the book to the right.



1720 Lincoln Blvd, @ Superba, Venice
310-450-4545

WAR & RUMORS OF WARS

marty liboff

Its easy to sit back & watch the world be destroyed
talkin bout wars, starvation & polution just makes Americans annoyed.
You must only think about money & buyin things
new cars, trips, lovers, clothes, homes & diamond rings.
Forget bout our wars over there
enslaving, using, raping & we don't care.
The world bleeds & turns to dust & poison
while the Ruling Class & greedy corporations won't listen.
The skeletons of the poor and displaced watch us on TV
all we see is the American Dream fantasy.
Someday we'll reap what we're sowin
everything is poison & nuthin is growin.
Wars & rumors of wars
once were far away but now at our doors.
Nowhere to go from worldwide killing, death & destruction
all your wealth won't save you from obliteration.
We need universal love and compassion as our dream
and only drop love bombs of pizza & ice cream.
Work together to clean the rivers & streams
save the jungles & forests for all children's dreams.
Put away greed & hate
stop the wars before its too late!

Wanda Coleman - From Wide Awake

Wanda Why Aren't You Dead

wanda when are you gonna wear your hair down
wanda. that's a whore's name
wanda why ain't you rich
wanda you know no man in his right mind want a
ready-made family
why don't you lose weight
wanda why are you so angry
how come your feet are so goddamn big
can't you afford to move out of this hell hole
if i were you were you were you
wanda what is it like being black
i hear you don't like black men
tell me you're ac/dc. tell me you're a nympho. tell me you're
into chains
wanda i don't think you really mean that
you're joking. girl, you crazy
wanda what makes you so angry
wanda i think you need this
wanda you have no humor in you you too serious
wanda i didn't know i was hurting you
that was an accident
wanda i know what you're thinking
wanda i don't think they'll take that off of you
wanda why are you so angry
i'm sorry i didn't remember that that that
that that that was so important to you
wanda you're ALWAYS on the attack.
wanda wanda wanda i wonder
why ain't you dead

Yvonne M Estrada - From Wide Awake

Johnny Doe

Policemen pose like plastic toy soldiers, point rifle barrels in every
direction; ghetto bird's spotlight glints off helmets. Ambulance al-
lowed across yellow tape, diesel engine grinds up the sharp grade.
In no moon you glow, fish white belly up, streetlamp casts mottled
shadows,
your blood a preschool finger painting smeared on sidewalk.
I am ordered to shear off your slick, soaked jeans, to smash your
chest, beat your heart for you. Your arms extend savior-like, needles
pounded into veins,
translucent bags held skyward
like offerings to a life giving deity;
clear liquid bleeds in, your blood pours out, three bullet holes versus
six-minute
trip to emergency room.
How old are you?
I think about my son asleep at home.
I wonder if your mother's at work.
I breathe deep, drive fast,
make the siren a prayer
too loud for your God to ignore.

Bill Mohr, from Wide Awake

One Miracle

for Bob Flanagan
Stunned by tequila from the night before,
I remember poking at embers as dawn
puffed its mist into a clearing. Bob sang
and coughed, sang and coughed. Even then,
I wondered how much longer he had.
Every time his body jerked, I winced.
I loved his improvised, contaminated genius. Tonight he's
in the hospital again, alone,
and this poem is like a waitress who deserves
a big tip-half the bill-for telling me
it's time to stop drinking coffee and drive over and rescue
him, perform the one miracle
I'm allowed in this life, but I'm not,
because Bob's not the one I'm supposed to save.

The Lady Takes A Powder

Transcribed by Jim Smith

She came in a dream,
our usual meeting place.
The Muse said in plain English:
*You can go, or you can stay,
it doesn't matter any more.*

Can a Demi-god get tired,
disgusted, frustrated?
Because that's how
The Lady sounded.

*From now on you
and the rest of them
are on your own,
She mildly said.*

What's wrong Lady?
Have I displeased you?
I asked.

She glared at me.
I had to look away.

*Don't think you're
so important
that you could
influence me
in any way.*

There was an edge
creeping into Her voice.
I looked around for someplace
to run. There wasn't any.
It was, after all, a dream.

*I have been here
since the storytellers
thrived,* she began.

*I was summoned long ago
from my home in Greece
by a powerful shaman.*

*This was a happy place.
I thought I'd be here
until Sol stopped shining.*

*But now the darkness
comes from elsewhere,
from greed & avarice
carried by those
craven little cretins
who see only money
in this holy land.*

*Most of my voices
are dead and gone.
And the new ones
care not about verse.*

*My sisters want me back
They say we will
travel the world
to find a spot
where muses, not money,
are truly valued.*

*Go and tell your friends
to write great poetry
lest darkness falls
and demons roam.*

Bill Hickock, from Wide Awake.

How to Get to Heaven

Take the 10
to the 405
take the 405
South to the 90
take the 90 East
to Sepulveda
take Sepulveda North
to Palms
tum Left
third house on the right pink with green
shutters pull in the driveway
look up
put on your wings
she's waiting for you

9 • November 2015 • Free Venice Beachhead

Venice Beach When I First Knew It

-- Lisa Marguerite Mora

was a poor beach town the remnant
of one man's dream. And then it got a reputation
but the reputation was borne of ideas that others thought
but did not necessarily live--
So other people at least twice removed grabbed the strange and
weird and sometimes
whimsical balloons of the strange ideas and head out to Venice to
live
and set the balloons free thinking that Venice was
a circus
a free for all
a fuck it just do it zone
But the Venice I knew when I was a little girl
was gentle with retired folk
driving tiny two seater electric buggys.
Open air trams deposited people from pier
to pier. Refugees from the Second World War
ambled in the sun, made a life and looked to recover
from terrible things. There were avenues of houses pulled down
—whole avenues on the edges of Santa Monica
leveled to make an endless parking lot. That was the beginning
(of when I knew Venice).

Everything changed. Overnight. 1967.
Flower children, drum beats in the air, the twilight filled with a
dark party
unease. Pot. Incense. Sandalwood. Patchouli. For some it was
peace & love. For me: worry. Under my feet rumblings I could
feel but not understand, watching with child eyes as everything
fell apart
it fell apart and while people loved and protested and threw things
and blew up things, and said hey man and peace man and you're
so beautiful man and they meant it—it still all fell apart

And then the clowns came in... I don't know around 1975 and then
it wasn't even hey man and peace man and you're so beautiful
man with true ingenuity.
It was forget who you are, you didn't like it much anyway and
come join the circus.
Be this Somebody Else's Idea. Be this other thing because I heard
you can get away with it here in Venice. You can be anything you
want to be. In Venice. And who knows? Maybe from there you
can get into Hollywood, man.
And then you can really be somebody
else.

The Black Shirts

I can't go a day without seeing one
Heads swivel as they pass by
On foot
On bikes
Horses in the sand
In the sky
Out of their minds
Marionettes of misguided purpose
Hands on their guns
As they talk at you
Vile vigilance
Slowly seething
But of course no profiling
We've had reports
Nothing new here
Same day different shit
This reoccurring nightmare
My humanity in doubt
Under color of authority
You flaunt your disdain
With a smile
You quote letter of the law
People like me
Die everyday
Sometimes not all at once
A slow fade into Negritude
Where are we now
Selective enforcement
A sea of Black Shirts
To protect and serve the law
Welcome to America
By Ronald K. Mc Kinley

COMMUNITY EVENT CALENDAR

Tuesday, November 3

- 6:00PM – McLuhan-Finnegan’s Wake Reading Club MDR Library, 4533 Admiralty Way, Marina Del Rey

Thursday, November 5

- 7:30PM – L.A. Natives & Feminists: Doreen Stock & Claudia Chapline Bay Area poet, feminist and activist Doreen Stock reads from her new and collected poetry book covering 40 years as a feminist poet, In Place of Me. She reads with Claudia Chapline, past UCLA faculty and co-founder of The Womanspace Center for Women’s Art in the 60s. She reads from her new memoir, Moving Out of the Frame reflecting on 50 years as a poet,artist/ sculptor and dancer. General Admission \$10, Students & Seniors \$6, Members Free. Beyond Baroque.

Friday, November 6

- 6:00PM – Returning Soldiers Speak Returning Soldiers Speak: An Evening of Prose and Poetry by Soldiers and Veterans Reception & Book Signing: 7:00 pm. Reading: 8:00 pm. Veterans who have served from World War II to Operation Enduring Freedom will read prose and poetry in their own words. In memory of Lee Mingh Sloca. Suggested Donation \$10. Beyond Baroque.

Saturday, November 7

- 4:00PM – Great Weather For Media: Before Passing, Publication Reading great weather for MEDIA is an independent press, based in New York City, focusing on unpredictable poetry and prose from writers across the world. Readers: Craig Cotter, Alexis Rhone Fancher, Cls Ferguson, Rich Ferguson, Rihcard Loranger, Jane Oormerod, And Tina Yang. General Admission \$10, Students & Seniors \$6, Members Free. Beyond Baroque.
- 19:00–21:00 – Revolutionary poet Matt Sedillo is featured along with Busstop Prophet, Armond Kin-nard, Richard McDowell, Jeff Rogers and others. Mike The PoeT Sonksen will read and emcee. At this Peace & Freedom Party event, we will also present the first annual “Foot Soldier in the Class Struggle” award. \$5-10 donation, no one turned away. The Peace Center, 3916 Sepulveda Boulevard, Culver City.
- 8:00PM – Nebraska Girl Special: Three Doug Night Three of our favorite Dougs: Doug Knott, Doug Brown, And Doug Kearney; present their work, Limited Open. Suggested donation \$5-\$10. Beyond Baroque.

Sunday, November 8

- 7:30PM – Poems For The Millennium Volume 5 Book Launch, Barbaric Vast & Wild: An Assemblage of Outside & Subterranean Poetry from Origins to Present edited, with commentaries, by Jerome Rothenberg and John Bloomberg-Rissman. A new book in the tradition of Rothenberg’s Technicians of the Sacred, assembling poems and near-poems that challenge the boundaries of poetry, along with the form and substance of the poetry itself. The editors are joined by Will Alexander, Douglas Messerli, And Christine Wertheim. General Admission \$10, Students & Seniors \$6, Members Free. Beyond Baroque.

Wednesday, November 11

- 7:00PM – Suzy Williams jazz-blues at Danny’s 23 Windward Ave, Venice, CA, 90291 310-566-5610 FREE
- 20:00–23:00 – Gary Gordon & The Main Street Band. No cover, no minimum, great food, drink specials, convenient parking, and gravity. Areal Restaurant, 2820 Main St. Santa Monica

Friday, November 13

- 8:00PM – Tony Barnstone is a Professor of English at Whittier College and the author of sixteen books. He is a prolific poet, author, essayist, and literary translator. In addition to his numerous published books, his work has appeared in dozens of American literary journals, from APR to Poetry. General Admission \$10, Students & Seniors \$6, Members Free. Beyond Baroque.

Saturday, November 14

- 4:00-6:00PM – MESS - Robert Egger (of LA Kitchen) interview at Unurban 3301 Pico Blvd,
- 8:00PM – Poetry In Translation With Piotr Florczyk & Friends. Join Mandy Kahn, Piotr Florczyk, David Shook, And Martin Woodside for an evening of scintillating poems, essays, and translations from Polish, Romanian, and Spanish. Emerging poets and writers — three from Los Angeles, one from Philadelphia — will read from their new books. Hosted by Piotr Florczyk. General Admis-sion \$10, Students & Seniors \$6, Members Free. Beyond Baroque.

Sunday, November 15

- 2:00-4:00PM – Bambi Here: Banging Against Incom-prehensible Walls This event is an art/video/music/poetry performance piece launching Bambi’s newest book of po-etry, Banging Against Incomprehensible Walls. Produced by Baz Here. Reception at 1:00PM. Suggested Donation \$5. Beyond Baroque.
- 4:00PM – The Poetry Salon With Tresha Haefner The Poetry Salon presents a variety of poets and writers from Tresha Haefner’s advanced poetry workshop, perform-ing their latest work. Followed by open mic, wine, and snacks. Suggested donation \$5. Beyond Baroque.
- 7:30PM – Lance Lee: Homecomings “Lance Lee’s

poetry is splendidly averse to fashions. His poems cas-cade down the page; there is a combination of emotions, anguish, disappointment, sometimes also ecstasy and the discovery of the self through the other, the shared expe-rience. These poems read easily, but they are also dense in meaning, so that the reader returns to them. With its brooding quality and lyric descriptions of mountains, sea and forest, Lee’s work is poetry en plein air. It stays with you, because it asks difficult existential questions, the ones that are of our time but are also universal.” - Donald Gardner, UK, (author of The Wolf Inside). Rip Rense also reads. Free, donations appreciated. Beyond Baroque.

Tuesday, November 17

- 6:00PM – Venice Art Crawl Mixer, QArt.com
- 7:00PM – Venice Neighborhood Council meets at Westminster Elementary School.

Wednesday, November 18

- 7-10pm – MOM- MEDIA DISCUSSION at Beyond Baroque 681 Venice Blvd

Friday, November 20

- 8:00PM – Joe Hill Centenary With Ross Altman & Friends 2015 marks the Centenary of the execution of Joe Hill by firing squad in Salt Lake City, Utah, November 19, 1915. . Rediscover the heart and soul of the working class. The story of the IWW is the international story of freedom itself, and it’s a story that must be sung to be fully realized. Ross Altman brings it to life with the most colorful characters ever to walk the stage of the American labor movement — including one-eyed silver miner Big Bill Haywood, Rebel Girl Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Swedish immigrant Joseph Hillstrom, who became Joe Hill — “The Man Who Never Died.” General Admission \$10, Students & Seniors \$6, Members Free. Beyond Baroque.

Saturday, November 21

- 2:00PM – Nebraska Girl Open - in the Mike Kelley Gallery Hosted by Wyatt Underwood. Feature this month: TBA. Five-minute limit, sign -ups at 1:45 PM. Suggested donation \$5. Beyond Baroque.
- 7:00-11:00PM – Lightfall Lighting Art Show: Color-Storm Lighting Performance Join us for the ColorStorm Lighting Performance, which opens up the LightFall Lighting Art Show. Watch the light change through this unique and magical lighting exhibit where the walls are the canvas and the paint is composed of light in various forms, colors and shapes. Beyond Baroque. By Dan McNay. Free to all.

Sunday, December 22

- 12:30-4:30PM – Jack Grapes Student Showcase
- 6:00PM – La Poesia Festival Hosted By Antonieta Villamil. Suggested donation \$5. Beyond Baroque.
- 7:00PM – 7 Dudley Cinema: Firesign Theatre Films Phil Proctor (in person with archivist, Taylor Jessen) screen and discuss the hilarious and surreal cinema of the Firesign Theatre: Everything You Know Is Wrong (1975, 41 min.); Martian Space Party (1972, 35 min.), a concert film; Jack Poet Volkswagen commercials (1969); The Bob Sideburn News (1971, 13 min.), from a local L.A. public affairs show; an excerpt from their group interview on The David Susskind Show (1974, 8 min); and more rarities. http://firesigntheatre.com/index.php. Free, dona-tions appreciated. Beyond Baroque.

Monday, November 23

- MON 6:00-9:00PM – Laughtears Salon - Gerry Fialka hosts discussion on philosophies, politics and the arts. Free Admission: Fourth Mondays 212 PIER Coffeehouse, 212 Pier Ave, Santa Monica CA 90405

Sunday, November 29

- 8:00PM – Panic Duo Concert Panic Duo is a Los-An-geles based ensemble dedicated to the performance of music of our time. Featuring violinist Pasha Tseitlin and pianist Nic Gerpe, the Duo’s performances of contempo-rary music have been described as “exciting”, “virtuosic”, and “irresistible”. Panic Duo has brought a variety of repertoire to audiences since 2009. Unique in their facili-ty with works from different styles and periods – classical and contemporary, jazz, modernist, world-music inspired – Panic Duo’s performances feature surprising juxtapo-sitions of works. General Admission \$10, Students & Seniors \$6, Members Free. Beyond Baroque.



Panic Duo

X Swami X

(12-17-25—08-29-15)

He had the appearance of a tall “Yosemite Sam”- thick Brooklyn accent and a borsht-belt delivery. His style was the old rim-shot style of ‘Berle’ and ‘Youngman’, updated and peppered with popular and trendy obscenities, he was able to morph it into a paper-back, latter-day, Lenny Bruce type of oration. Self-deprecating enough to acknowledge a passing bike-rider yelling “Fuck you Swami”, as...”My real audience”. All it took was for him to ascend a bench on the Venice strand, and a crowd would gather as if promised salvation at a revival show. His opening line never did vary:

“I am X Swami X...the guy listed in “Who’s Who’ as...What The Fuck is That?!”

He proclaimed that he was the man “Who taught Jim Jones to make Kool-Aid”. He showed great disgust and anger toward what Roman Polanski did with that thirteen year old up at Nicholson’s house...WITHOUT INVITING HIM! You guessed it friends, a class act and the “A” material all the way. Many is the time from the mid-70’s to the early 80’s, drunk or stoned, that I and a co-conspirator or three, might be drawn bench-side to listen to his preposterous pontifications. One could not even escape him for a time muttering the line...”Dump the kid Harry” on a local T.V. ad for auto-insurance. 2

I’m drinking a quart of ‘Miller’s’ one hot afternoon in Venice, and he up and sits next to me and bums a cigarette. “What sign are you?”, he asks, as if we are in a singles bar. “Cancer”, I tell him. “Ah”, he says, tearing off the filter, “Artistically sound, but emotionally fucked-up!” I smiled and lit him up, “No one gonna’ argue that one swami”. He finished his cigarette and I finished my beer and that part of my life.

September 23, 2015---

I am sipping an ice-tea outside “Angel City Books” (on Pier Ave. between Main and 2nd Streets) and reading through the Venice “Beachhead”, a free periodical, when I see it....

“X Swami X”
Dec. 17, 1925—Aug.29, 2015

Wow. Almost a month ago. I haven’t thought of him in years, much less seen him. Damm! The ‘obit’ was right on the page when they publish local poetry. Wow. How could I even think of submission right now feeling this quite unexpected pang of loss. Later, upon checking my journal for Saturday 08-29-15, I find that it is uncharacteristically blank on that day. Too bad. I generally like to know where I was and what I was doing when someone I know dies.

Copyright c by Steven Alan Gerber-
09-23-15



Ongoing Events

OCCUPY VENICE BEACH

• 8pm Mondays General Assembly upstairs at Beyond Baroque
• 8pm Sundays People’s Potluck at 3rd & Rose. Feed the People. Volunteer or donate - 424-209-2777.

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

• 10am Tuesdays, 12:30pm Thursdays, 1pm Fridays. Free Food Distribution. Vera Davis Center.
• Sign up for Food Stamps (EBT Cards). Vera Davis Center. 310-305-1865.
• 4pm Saturdays through Wednesdays. Free Vegetarian Food. OFW & Dudley.
• 1:30pm, Thursdays. Free Vegetarian Food. OFW & Sunset.
• Mar Vista Farmers Market. 9:00AM - 2:00PM 3826 Grand View Boulevard.

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
• 6-10pm, First Fridays. Venice Street Legends. Venice Bistro, OFW & Dudley. 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.
• 1-3pm Every Saturday and Sunday Free Live Music, Fisherman’s Village, 13755 Fiji Way, MDR 90292

MISCELLANEOUS

• 9-4pm, 2nd and 4th Saturday, every month. Venice High School Flea Market. 13000 Venice Blvd.
• 7-11am, Fridays. Venice Farmers Market. 500 North 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, Donation, Electric Lodge

AA

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

Social and Public Art Resource Center

New Codex: Oaxaca Immigration And Cultural Memory Exhibit extended through November 10 – gallery open tues-sat 11am-5pm

Location Guide

- **Abbot Kinney Public Library**, 501 S. Venice Blvd. 310-821-1769, fovl.org
- **Beyond Baroque**, 681 Venice Blvd. 310-822-3006, www.beyondbaroque.org
- **Dannys** 23 Windward Ave Venice 310-566-5610
- **Electric Lodge**, 1416 Electric Ave. 310-306-1854, electriclodge.org
- **G2 Gallery**, 1503 Abbot Kinney Blvd. 310-452-2842, theg2gallery.com
- **Pacific Resident Theatre**, 703 Venice Blvd, 310-822-8392, pacificresidenttheatre.com
- **SPARC - Social and Public Art Resource Center**, 685 Venice Blvd. 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) 310-606-2015
- **Unurban Coffee Shop** - 3301 Pico Blvd, Santa Monica, 310-315-0056

Pacific Resident Theatre

Ongoing Productions

• **Safe At Home**, An Evening with Orson Bean Directed by Guillermo Cienfuegos. I put together a show about my life and performed it for Marilyn Fox, artistic director of Pacific Resident Theatre. Afterwards, she emailed me the following: “Orson, I was so blown away and deeply moved by your show. I keep thinking about it. I was moved to tears often and laughing the rest of the time. I want to produce it here at PRT. Thursday, Friday, Saturday 8pm. \$25
• **The Dock Brief. A perfect jewel of a play” – British Sunday Times.** In The Dock Brief, an unsuccessful barrister has been waiting for years go make a grandstand defense. He is overjoyed when he is assigned to defend an innocuous little man accused of murdering his wife. “Comedy is, to my mind, the only thing worth writing in this despairing age, providing it is comedy which is truly on the side of the lonely, the neglected and unsuccessful.” John Mortimer. \$25-\$30
• **Fall Fruit.** 10 readings of new works. Featuring the work of: Michelle Kholos Brooks, David Byrd, Michael Joseph Carr And Chandus T. Jackson, Virginia Carter, Valerie Dillman, Wendy Graf, Tania Gutsche, Vince Melocchi. \$10 Donation.

LA Louver Gallery

Charles Garabedian: Sacrifice For The Fleet. Tom Wudl: Beginningless Inexhaustible Empty. November 8th 6:00-8:00 PM reception. Ends November 7. Matt Wedel 18 November 2015 - 30 December 2015

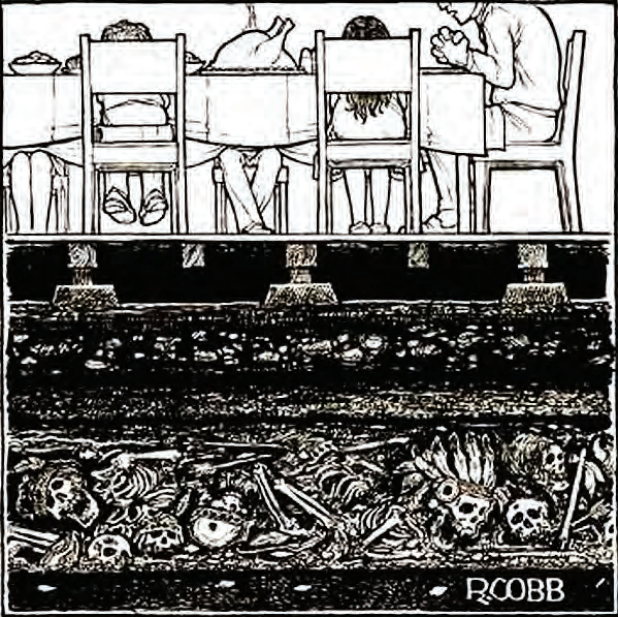
G2 Gallery

Nature and Environmental Photography
Supportinmg Art and The Environment.
Off The Beaten Path: Views from Yosemite
Nature LA: Off the Beaten Path.
Through November 15
Monday – Saturday, 10 am – 7 pm,
Sunday, 10 am – 6 pm

C.A.V.E. Gallery

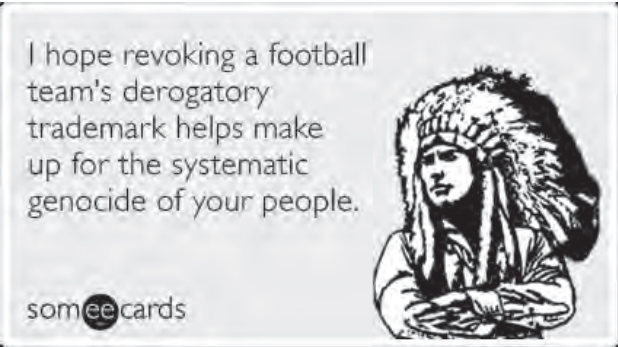
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First Thanksgiving Celebration

by Arthur P. Bushnell
Indian Island, Maine - The first official Thanksgiving wasn't a festive gathering of Indians and Pilgrims but rather a celebration of the massacre of 700 Indian men, women and children, an anthropologist says.
Due to age and illness his voice cracks as he talks about the holiday, but William B. Newell, 84, talks with force as he discusses Thanksgiving.
"Thanksgiving Day was first officially proclaimed by the governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1637 to commemorate the massacre of 700 men, women and children who were celebrating their annual green corn dance- Thanksgiving Day to them - in their own house," Newell said.
"Gathered in this place of meeting they were attacked by mercenaries and English and Dutch. The Indians were ordered from the building and as they came forth they were shot down. The rest were burnt alive in the building," he said.
Newell based his research on studies of Holland Documents and the 13 volume Colonial Documentary History, both thick sets of letters and reports from colonial officials to their superiors and the king in England, and the private papers of Sir William Johnson, British Indian agent for the New York colony for 30 years in the mid-1600s.
"My research is authentic, because it's documentary," Newell said. "You can't get anything more accurate than that, because it's firsthand. it's not hearsay."
Newell, a Penobscot Indian, lives on a reservation near Old Town. He has degrees from Syracuse and the University of Pennsylvania and is listed in two regional editions of Who's Who. He's a former chairman of the University of Connecticut anthropology department and has advised museums on primitive art.
Newell said the next 100 Thanksgivings commemorated the killing of the Indians at what is now Groton, Connecticut, rather than a celebration with them.
"The very next day the governor declared a Thanksgiving Day, thanking God that they had eliminated those 700 men, women and children, that they had wiped out the Pequots."
He said the image of Indians and Pilgrims sitting around a large table to celebrate Thanksgiving Day was "fictitious," although Indians did share food with the first settlers.



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- Mayor Garcetti and members of the LA City Council,**
- in order to adequately address the homeless "state of emergency" with a plan for long-term, dedicated resources, we call on you to do the following:**
1. Identify long-term, sustained sources of local funding totaling at least \$100 million per year and dedicate the large majority of those resources toward new permanent supportive housing units.
 2. End all "quality-of-life" and "Safer Cities" enforcement against homeless residents, including, but not limited to:
 - a. Evaluating and repealing punitive laws such as LA Municipal Code 56.11, 63.44 B and I, and 41.18D.
 - b. Redirecting the \$87 million spent on arresting homeless people, as identified in the recent CAO report, toward permanent solutions to homelessness.
 3. Provide emergency public health resources to people living on the streets without major investment in infrastructure, including mobile restrooms and showers, mobile health and mental health services, and voluntary storage facilities.

