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October
2010
#348

Town Hall: No Meeting of Minds

By Greta Cobar

Bill Rosendahl called a town hall meeting to address the issues of RV dwellers on September 23 in the standing-room only auditorium of the Westminster Elementary School. He started out with the beautiful slogans of your usual politician, such as "I am here to listen to you" and "will come together to make decisions." He then proceeded to express his own views of the situation, taking it upon himself to "end chronic homelessness in Venice in 5 years" with his Streets to Homes Program, the specifics of which he was unable to provide. He couldn't answer questions such as when, how, where and for who this program will take place, but instead went on to threaten the RV dwellers that "jails exist for those of you who choose not to be part of my program."

One of his most despicable acts of the evening, from a long list, was that as the moderator he allowed the RV opposition to talk anywhere from 3 to 5 minutes, while the people supporting the RV dwellers were cut off after as little as 30 seconds. Everyone was supposed to be able to talk for 1 minute, but Rosendahl played favorites and let people know whether he agreed with them or not.

Judging by his words and actions, he did not organize the town hall meeting in order to listen, understand and show empathy, as he claimed. Instead he walked in with his own preconceived ideas and left with those same ones, much like everyone else in the audience. All participants were eager to speak and shout while willing to listen only to themselves or those with the same views as theirs. The Venetians that we can usually count on to speak out were strangely not heard from on the microphone, either because of personal choice or because Rosendahl decided not to call their names.

The evening was dominated by intense, bitter fighting, with no compromise or solution whatsoever. The Streets to Homes Program proved to be a much-repeated name that lacked the program part, and proved to be a name without a plan. The question is, how many of the people that agree to be part of this program will be able to remain in Venice? Chances are they will be shuffled off to somewhere in the Valley.

The only measure set to take effect immediately is the instatement of an additional 21 police officers in the Pacific Division to harass the people living in RVs. The 85.02 ordinance, which prohibits people from living in vehicles, was mentioned several times, but the police higher-ups sitting on the make-shift stage confessed that they need to investigate how this law can be put into effect and applied, as it does not have a precedent of being enforced. Chances are the ACLU would be able to block its discriminatory enforcement against a certain group of people in Venice alone.

Another tactic to move the RV dwellers from one side of town to the other is the emergency clause that Rosendahl is currently pushing through the City Council, which would prohibit parking of oversize vehicles from 2-6am on all streets that have signs posted.

In the true spirit of Venice, the microphone became full of static the entire time a policeman was

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**CASUALTIES
IN AFGHANISTAN:
1,306 U.S. Dead
37 this month**

**IRAQ:
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31,951 U.S. Wounded
Iraqi Dead: 1.4 million
Cost of wars: \$1.1 trillion**

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Abbot Kinney Festival brings crowds to Venice.

Below: The official poster by Earl Newman.

Photo by Jennifer Smith

The Abbot Kinney Festival

By CJ Gronner

Abbot Kinney Festival day always feels like a real holiday in Venice. That crackling, electric buzz in the air, some traditional stuff that happens every year, and that rushing into the arms of old, familiar faces that all goes along with true holidays.

As I exited a walk street to turn towards Abbot Kinney last Sunday, I felt that holiday excitement. Then I heard a band opening up with the intro to the Beach Boys' Good Vibrations and smiled to myself. What better way to meet the Festival that my friends and I liken to "Venice Christmas"? The good vibrations were everywhere, and it was all happening under a blazing sun that hadn't made an appearance the entire Summer 2010. The day was charmed.

Booths lined each side of the Boulevard, with artisans and organizations selling their wares or ideas. Hand cast belt buckles, sparkly wings for little kids, and wood carved signs saying stuff like "Surf Shack" seemed to be big sellers ... and made by real live locals, not factories, ahem.

Though I heard a few stories about mega-disorganization during the set-up process, it was all smooth sailing once the whole thing was underway. Everyone seemed to be in a great mood, and everyone

I saw was looking good, too. The Festival always brings out the best outfits, again, like a real holiday.

I went to see Matt Ellis's band play, and they were great. So were the Superbroke Orchestra folks playing over at the Kid's Quad. The drag was that I saw a whole bunch of my other VENICE musician friends, not playing, but in the audience.

Almost every year I have a hard time planning my musical stops at the Festival, as so many bands I know are playing that they tend to overlap. Not so this year. I'm not sure who is in charge of the music, but I kept hearing "It's political", which I hate to hear when it comes to local bands playing a local festival. It was real DJ heavy, which is fine if they're good, but nothing beats a good, local, live band, playing under a blazing sun with their sweaty fan friends raising their glasses and singing along. Whomever books this day for bands ... let's talk for next year.

Another weird thing (and then I'm done, as I wholly loved the Festival otherwise) was this year's poster, and the fact that the Abbot Kinney.org people went with some downtown event planner getup, when this place is teeming with creative types. Artists, graphic designers, party planners, bands ... why

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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.

The Beachhead is printed on recycled paper with soy-based ink.



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Who Am I?

Dear Beachhead,

Who Am I?
 I am not an artist or a musician.
 I am not a performer.
 I am not lost or forgotten.
 I have no brothers or sisters in the gangs.
 I did have skateboarding kids.
 I am not a graffiti writer and I don't surf.
 I have often bitched about kids running amok and doing stupid things, especially my own.
 I moved here because of the aura.
 I want the cool points of living by the beach.
 I wouldn't know Jim Morrison if I tripped over him on the boardwalk.
 I was a newcomer here 50 years ago.
 And every year since, I have been warned of the imminent take over of Venice by People like me.
 I am Venice

Chuck Bloomquist

I Am Me

Dear Beachhead,

My name is J.D. I would like to establish the answer to your question. My response - "I am Me" I am skateboarding. I am the tri-colored smoker with the blood shot stare of positivity and ingenuity. I am the lonely heart with the hopeful inclination towards love. I climbed L.A. until I could only roll down and land on the beach. The beautiful view that screams home. A child of the west a California resident that's for sure dude. But apparently I am a valley kid to you Venice. I have my dukes up and I am ready for a game of skate. So you wont deny me of sharing the beach ad learning how to ride those waves. Yo can't Venice you just can't. I am me and I want to be your friend. I am me and will soon be a part of you.

Jonathan Dorado

Car Stacking

Editor,

While John Henning does represent the Venice Stakeholders in our suit against the Coastal Commission, he does not represent the developer of the proposed restaurant at 1305 Abbot Kinney. John represents one of the adjoining property owners who is opposed to the restaurant, in part for its failure to provide code-required parking on-site. On behalf of his client, John appealed the City's approval of the project to the Commission. He also has worked closely with residents in the effort to stop this project.

By the way, the VSA also opposed the project, due to the lack of code-required parking, and is opposed to the car stacking machines. In practice, these lifts just don't get used because they are cumbersome and time-consuming, which results in the parking not being provided.

It would be refreshing if Mr. Smith deigned to correct the record in the next issue of the Beachhead.

Mark Ryavec, President, Venice Stakeholders Association

Response: The Beachhead regrets the error.

First Friday

Dear Beachhead,

Thank you, thank you, thank you! For publishing your rant on the First Friday shit show! I'm with you 100% on this matter. What pisses me off the most about the whole thing is it's no longer about the locals and our community.

Now me and all my friends share the same thing with you, why do I want to go to bars, be forced to stand in a Hollywood-style line, and have some bouncer actually tell me if I give him 50 bucks he will let me into James Beach!

I don't live in Hollywood for obvious reasons. I think if First Fridays continue to go on, all bars an establishments should adopt the Other Room mentality and if you have a Venice address on your license then you will be let in no shit show hassle necessary. Thanks again for your article.

Gerry BeCerril

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Patrick James Ryan

Patrick James Ryan died August 26. He lived in Venice for 10 years and was loved by all. He cared for the homeless and if he had any extra food he made sure that the

homeless were feed. He would even give up his food. He graduated with high honors from Tech School and was a Marine Engine Mechanic for many years. His passion was playing his drums and putting on a show and believe it he really could play those drums. He played with many famous bands through his lifetime. There was a memorial service on September 18 at the Venice Recreation Center. There were lunches provided to those in need. Patrick would have wanted this for all of his friends.

The family would like to thank Mike, Steve, Al, Pat and Victor and the Staff from the Parks and Recreation Department of Venice for all of their hard work and caring to make this memorial happen.

He was born on June 12, 1955 in Chicago, Illionis. He is survived by his mother Margarget Ryan of San Bernardino, brother Richard Ryan of Temecula, sisters, Gail Alberts of Highland, Linda Wills of San Bernardino and Susan Miller of North Carolina. His father Richard

Ryan Sr. and brother Thomas M. Ryan predeceased Patrick in 2008 and 2009.

- The Family of Patrick James Ryan

Over-development and Restaurant moguls

Dear Beachhead,

RE: story by Jim Smith

A day doesn't go by in Venice, Santa Monica, or any part of this metropolis called Greater Los Angeles, without the subject of traffic, gridlock, parking nightmares, over-development and disastrous planning priorities that have caused a relentless deterioration of the quality of life where we live, shop, and (wishfully) work.

Traffic congestion is no accident. The intentional and deliberate over-development of every neighborhood is directly related to zealous, greedy and selfish developers who co-opt planning ordinances and roll over residents and merchants. When Venice stands up and defeats this assault on Paradise, other neighborhoods will follow.

Sincerely, *Chuck Levin*

We Are Venice

Dear Beachhead,

I am a writer and fine artist, traveling the west of our country meeting with educational institutions and artists of various mediums.

I'm developing a photographic technology I can best describe, in brief, as: a process of color imagery bypassing the traditions of three-dimension-to-two-dimension representational, "image-capturing", a process so typically ascribed to camera-based light-sensitive image making.

Night's rest and day's steps I dream to share this technology as a visual medium of communication.

I have found frustration with my progress, often finding folk fixed in the constraints of contemporary privatization of public forums, and so too, communication in general, though, as a recent resident of Venice, my frustration has given way to smiling; for this, I have the passionate and literate voices of the Beachhead to thank.

Ian Dean, in your piece, "We Are Venice... Who Are You?," you describe a home I yearn to share with, a home I have looked for since my departure from New York City this past April. With this text, I here ask for the opportunity to speak with you, perhaps in person. I am available daily, and would appreciate the opportunity to speak with a voice dedicated to saving the freedoms of Venice.

Thank you Beachhead, and Ian Dean, I look forward to the latest issue,

Ciao, *alex kramer*

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The City Council of Los Angeles has voted to offer a reward of \$50,000 for information leading to the identity, arrest and prosecution of the person or persons responsible for the murder of 21-year-old Michael Phillip McGuire.

Last June 13, McGuire had attended a prom night party with a friend. He was standing on the sidewalk and preparing to leave the house in the 2400 block of Louella Avenue, near Venice Blvd., when a dark-colored SUV drove by. The time was approximately 2am. An occupant of the vehicle fired multiple gunshots at McGuire striking him and grazing another victim. Paramedics were called and McGuire was taken to a hospital where he died of his injuries.

The Los Angeles Police Department is requesting any information about the murder.

A statement from the police says the information will be kept "strictly confidential."

Detectives working on the case may be reached at 310-482-6313. ☺



Temple of Man Returns

The Beat Generation in Venice wasn't just Venice West and the Gashouse. Hidden among the central Venice homes was the Temple of Man, which was also the residence of Bob and Anita Alexander.

Bob – Baza – was an ordained minister, and performed many Venice marriages.

While Baza and Anita are long gone, the Temple of Man carries on, although not in the same location.

On Oct. 30, there will be a celebration of the Temple at Beyond Baroque at 7pm. It will include poetry, song, story, film and drama. A small sampling of our fabled art collection will be exhibited upstairs.

Then at Noon on Oct. 31, a gathering will assemble in front of 1439 Cabrillo Ave, the original Temple of Man, to celebrate its history. It will be led by poet Frank Rios. A procession to the Poet's Wall at the ocean front will take place. ☺

The Solid Gold Subway

By Jim Smith

The most expensive subway money can buy will one day run down Wilshire Blvd. all the way to the sea, or at least Westwood, if the Metropolitan Transit Authority, the rich guys in the construction business and their pet politicians have their way. But it might be cheaper to send a Limo for anyone who wants a ride down Wilshire Blvd. during the next 20 years or so.

On the other hand, many transit activists and ordinary citizens began having second thoughts after reading the Environmental Impact Report (EIR) which was released on Sept. 3. In it, the Metropolitan Transportation Authority (MTA) admitted that the subway would reduce auto traffic congestion by only 1 percent. The current price tag for a subway only as far as Westwood was revealed to be \$9 billion. Nine billion dollars for 1 percent traffic reduction? That's right. That's what the characters who thought up this massive transit project are now telling us. The truth is, the project will probably cost twice that amount by the time it's finished. Cost overruns are how Dick Cheney and lot's of other multi-millionaires and billionaires have made their money.

If you blinked, you missed the hearings on the EIR. The last one was on Sept. 29 in Santa Monica. There is no place in Venice to view this document which describes a transit project costing a minimum of \$9 billion. You'll have to go to read it at the Santa Monica Public Library, if you don't have internet access. If you do, then google "subway eir."

Bill Rosendahl has sent a somewhat belated email dated Sept. 22 urging constituents to comment on the subway project by Oct. 18. The MTA will vote on the project on Oct. 28.

It's not just the money. The subway project would suck the air out of lots of other more modest transit projects in our area for years to come.

The construction of a subway through the Miracle Mile area was outright banned by federal legislation for 21 years, beginning in 1985. In that year a methane explosion blew up a Ross Dress for Less store clothing store north of Wilshire at the intersection of Third Street and Fairfax Avenue, injuring 24. The Los Angeles City Council designated a 400-block area of Wilshire between La Brea and Western avenues as a "gas risk zone." It was considered unsafe to tunnel in this volatile area or operate a subway. Efforts to get the subway back on track continued in spite of the explosion threat. In 1994, it was estimated that the subway would cost \$4 billion to build. But a subway would revitalize the stagnant business climate on Wilshire and possibly bring in hundreds of billions in new high rise construction along the miles-long corridor. After intense pressure, Rep. Henry Waxman agreed with Mayor Antonio Villaraigosa to have an "impartial" panel rule in 2006 that it was safe, after all.

As if explosive gas was not enough to contend with, the proposed subway route cuts through earthquake country. The 1994 Northridge quake cut a swath through the LaBrea/Fairfax area, dropping a freeway overpass at La Cienega and Venice Blvd. Proponents of the subway claim the system weathered that quake well, and was up and running within 24 hours. However, there were no subway lines where the quake was most severe. Would they have been unaffected, or would people have been buried alive?



The only thing certain in building mass transit seems to be cost overruns. The Expo Metro line has ballooned from \$640 million to \$862 million for the 8.6 mile route from downtown L.A. to Culver City. An extension to 4th and Colorado in Santa Monica will cost more. Even so it is about one-tenth the cost of the subway, which will also go from downtown L.A. to Santa Monica.

Another option is a monorail, which can be built for one-tenth the cost of a subway. (see www.monorails.org). Or to put it another way, 100 miles of mass transit via monorail can be built for the cost of 10 miles of subway. The subway will cost a minimum of \$9 billion (and probably much more) after everyone gets their hands in the till.

Even without a monorail, costs could be reduced substantially by having the subway emerge from its hole near Western Avenue and run at above ground level, that is, "elevated." Even that would be lots cheaper than underground.

The bottom line is that we need mass transit throughout Southern California and if we squander all our transit funds on one subway, it's going to set back the cause for years.

A Venice member of Bill Rosendahl's District 11 Transportation Committee, David Ewing, said: CD 11 took position that we wanted Alternative 5 (in the EIR) which includes a West Hollywood loop and that the subway should come all the way to Santa Monica. We did not consider cost. We also want a line through mountains to the Valley, although that's not currently a consideration. Personally, I have questions about the duplication of function between the subway and the Expo Line. We missed a chance for a better transit system in the 1970s when Calvin Hamilton, the head of the Planning Department promoted a proposal for "centers" of greater density around the area. They would have been linked by transit corridors. If we could have any system we wanted it would be a tight subway grid in the downtown area. Unfortunately, when you add in a subway to the sea, it creates sprawl.

Another Venice member of the District 11 committee, Steve Freedman, added: "It (the subway) is an extremely expensive approach to mass transit. I question that. The subway seems to be moving forward. Our existing transit system is a hodge-podge of different technologies. They've operated in isolation to each other. There are a lot of east-west transportation lines in this city. What's lacking is north-south lines. I would like to see a major initiative for

north-south lines, with a subway going over the hill (or under the hill) to the Valley and all the way to Long Beach."

Bill Rosendahl's planning deputy Paul Backstrom told the Beachhead that the Councilmember is "reviewing the alignment and is eager to hear public input."

Backstrom can be reached at 213-473-7011 or paul.backstrom@lacity.org. Did anyone ask why light rail is good enough for Black people in South Central and Latinos on the East side, but white folks have to have a ten-times more expensive subway? If there is another eruption of social unrest in Los Angeles (the last one was in 1992), it may not be due to the westside subway, but that is sure to be part of the postmortem.

The Western Avenue to the sea (or close to it) subway extension would cut through the richest and whitest part of Los Angeles, Beverly Hills and Century City. This is an object lesson on who is important and who is not important in the city of Los Angeles.

Also left out of the discussion by MTA in its desire to steamroll the subway is the Bus Riders Union, which is probably the most effective transit advocacy group in history, and the first one to be led primarily by people of color. As it promotes a subway, the MTA is busy cutting bus lines which are utilized by more people than light rail, commuter trains and subways combined.

Nothing is going to get people out of their cars and onto any kind of mass transit except economics. When gasoline rises to \$5 a gallon, lots more commuters will take the bus, train or what have you. When it hits \$10 a gallon, which will likely be sooner, not later, everyone will be demanding mass transit on their nearby busy street. If MTA and the Mayor respond, "Sorry our transportation funds are tied up in this subway for the next 10 years or more," there will be hell to pay.

If some form of mass transit is going to travel the Wilshire Blvd. corridor, a reasonable and cheaper, alternative to a subway could be an "elevated," rolling a few feet above the ground and down the center of the street, which would involve no change of train right into downtown L.A. Don't confuse a quiet and colorful elevated with the ancient ones still rattling above the streets of Chicago. Or, it could be an even cheaper Monorail that could curve south at Western Avenue to pick up workers bound for Beverly Hills, Westwood and Brentwood.

Why do all the trains begin and end in downtown L.A.? It is only a small fraction of the megalopolis' population and area. But it is where corporate wealth and power in concentration, along with L.A.'s city hall. Another example of who's in charge.

An "Elevated" could actually improve that ugly, car-choked artery. Let's close Wilshire to auto traffic and make it a 10-mile-long pedestrian mall full of cafes, green grass, kids playgrounds, bike trails, etc. Cars could drive west-bound on 6th, and east-bound on 7th/8th streets. With a little traffic engineering, driving would be less clogged than it is now, on Wilshire.

The result could be a much cheaper train, a boost for moribund businesses along Wilshire, a mall that would attract both residents and tourists from around the world, and an economic engine that would last long after construction was finished.

Come on, let's try to envision more than a hole in the ground. ☺

Lincoln Place: A Community Victory

Here begins Amanda Seward's tale of how a great victory was won for tenants at Lincoln Place in spite of great odds against it.

This is the story of how Lincoln Place tenants and Venice residents turned the tables on the nation's largest rental corporation, and saved Lincoln Place.

Rehabilitation of the apartments is scheduled to begin by the end of the year, with those who were evicted returning first. Applications by new tenants will be accepted soon. The whole project should be completed by next year."

By Amanda Seward

It finally appears that the Lincoln Place war has come to a close. In reviewing my archives, I was reminded of the work and sacrifices of so many that were involved over the years and it seemed a good time to chronicle the struggle and acknowledge some of those contributions. I personally have received a lot of accolades for my work on Lincoln Place and I am certainly appreciative and proud of my role in saving this garden apartment complex and the tenancy of the remaining households, but this fight was truly a community David and Goliath effort, won only with the help of a large number of people.

Today, AIMCO, by some estimates the largest apartment owner in the country, and the Venice community, once enemies, now share a common vision of a mixed-income, architecturally significant apartment community that will be rehabilitated in accordance with the Secretary of Interior preservation standards and green building practices.

All 700 remaining units will be preserved; only 99 new units will be constructed on the site, replacing the 99 units that were previously demolished; the new units will be compatible in style, scale, and massing to the original; all evicted tenants who wish to return will be allowed to return; and the intended bucolic open park-like spaces and common courtyards between buildings will be retained and rehabilitated consistent with the indoor-outdoor living ideas championed by Mid-Century California Modernists and today's sustainability concerns.

Being the oldest of five girls in my family was good preparation for the sisterhood that developed between the four unlikely executive team members that came together on Lincoln Place. For me, the battle began almost nine years ago through a volunteer effort to have the property designated historic. A former president of the Modern Committee of the Los Angeles Conservancy, Michael Palumbo, informed me that there was a documentary filmmaker residing at Lincoln Place who had done research that might be helpful. This was my introduction to one of my Lincoln Place sisters, Laura Burns.

Laura is a Texan, which undoubtedly contributes to her folksy and straightforward demeanor. She was born and raised in Austin, married to a Frenchman, who is an artist and film industry sculptor with a cultivated style that is probably hereditary as the son of a former French cultural attaché to Italy. Laura and Bernard, her husband, had lived in Germany and Mexico and settled at Lincoln Place in 1996. I learned that no one can beat Laura Burns in tenacity, chutzpa, and research skills. Without her efforts, we would not have won this battle.

I did not initially participate in the tenants' campaign to avoid eviction. While I am a firm believer in affordable housing, I first became involved in Lincoln Place because of my interest in Mid-Century architecture. As I researched the history of the Garden City Movement and principles behind Modern architecture, though, I found that my aesthetic interest in Modern architecture and design was directly related to my attitudes about social justice in housing. Modern architecture was more than a style; it was

also a movement aimed at improving the human environment and condition for the masses. The Garden City Movement was a design philosophy first developed in Europe after World War I in response to a housing shortage and the challenges wrought by urbanization. The core idea was that multi-family housing units should be placed in garden-like open settings featuring common courtyards that would stimulate interaction among the residents and foster a sense of community in an urban environment.

Sheila Bernard, the head of the Lincoln Place Tenants Association ("LPTA"), found the architecture and the design of less importance, but she and the strong community of tenants were, for me, the embodiment of the ideals that formed Lincoln Place and proved that architecture played an important role in creating strong communities. The residents knew each other, looked after one another, and refused to leave their homes in the face of eviction. Sheila was a teacher by day, and volunteer housing advocate day and night. For more than 20 years, one battle after another, she led the tenants' struggle against various developers who sought to replace the rent controlled units with luxury apartments and condominiums.

Another leader of the LPTA was Jan Book. Jan had been an accountant, had graduated from law school, but was at the time of the evictions, an artist. She renewed her bar license so that she could help the landlord-tenant lawyer who had been engaged to work with the tenants to avoid eviction in 2005. I admired Jan because she was so willing to share her and her husband's resources to help the cause. Further, she put her art career on hold for years and opened up her home for regular meetings with the Spanish-speaking families to make sure they were heard and knew what was going on. After reestablishing her legal credentials, she convinced the Attorney General to file an amicus brief in support of the tenants in one of their lawsuits against the developer and the city to stop the original redevelopment plan. Jan was also our resident Republican, who with her smile, polished look and confident manner showed that we were not just a bunch of idealistic progressives with whom you could not negotiate.

We came together as a team on December 6, 2005, as we watched 52 households (including 21 children and 65 adults) being evicted from their homes. It was the largest lockout in a single day in Los Angeles history. After this, Jan and I joined forces to represent the remaining households, who because of age and disability were given an additional year on the property. Laura, Sheila, Jan and I met regularly to strategize political, community, media and legal efforts to save the Lincoln Place community.

Four married women spending so many years on a volunteer effort that was often a full-time job have to thank the husbands for their support. My husband, Hans Adamson, became the ideal supporter. He took photographs of the property and developed them in accordance with the strict requirements of the National and State historic nomination guidelines. He read and edited court filings, he served papers in Sacramento and Los Angeles, and he attended court hearings, State Historic Resource Commission hearings, City Council meetings, and community meetings. He made copies. But most of all during dark moments when the battle seemed overwhelming, he would not let me give up. Once, when there was a lot of pressure for me to accept what was in my view a flawed settlement proposal, he told me I could not give up because this was his fight too; he had put in a lot of time and effort in this as well and his opinion also had to count.

Another asset we had was the Venice community. It is a community of activists, in which, for example, a City Council candidate with more financial

backing than her opponent and with the endorsement of an effective incumbent, was defeated because of a grassroots email campaign that reported her financial support from developers. Two Venetians especially stand out because of the time they put into our effort. They are David Ewing (Preacher) and Laura Silagi. They are both filmmakers and produced a powerful short film on the Lincoln Place struggle that often left viewers in tears. We showed it every chance we got, including a screening at a City Council meeting. It also was uploaded on YouTube.

Preacher bought stock in AIMCO and attended stockholder meetings. He attended one meeting at AIMCO headquarters in Denver and discussed our plight with one of the founders and chairman of the company. AIMCO initially owned 50% of Lincoln Place and later replaced Robert Bisno, becoming the sole owner of the property. Preacher kept track of AIMCO's activities nationwide. Both Preacher and Laura S. (to distinguish her from Laura B.) helped us plan strategy and did community organizing and social conscious lobbying on our behalf. As I go through my emails from the years of battle, I am once again struck by their dedication and monumental support and contribution.

We also had the support of the Venice Neighborhood Council. The Neighborhood Council under the leadership of Dede Audette, and later, Mike Newhouse, consistently supported our efforts. Proclamations, condemnations, and letters from the Neighborhood Council were written to the Mayor, City Council and owner of Lincoln Place denouncing the demo-

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Town Hall: No Meeting of Minds

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talking about this measure, and the static disappeared as soon as he was done talking.

This measure disregards the ruling of the Coastal Commission on two occasions.

One of the RV haters' main arguments was the fact that the RV dwellers take advantage of lots of money provided to them in services. What services? Although we are the richest country in the world, we provide the least amount of services period, not just to the poor but to the middle class as well. A list of help phone numbers handed out at St. Joseph's center listed nothing but disconnected lines. Why don't these people mobilize against the war, which uses exponentially more resources for the sole purpose of killing people? What about the resources used to hire the additional 21 policemen, who will target people based solely on their socio-economic class? The meeting itself proceeded under the police intimidation of about 25 cops.

Another argument used by the anti-RV contingent was human waste in the street. Rosendahl himself stated the fact that in Europe they have public bathrooms all over the place open 24 hours. We could fund them here as well with less than the amount that one policeman is getting paid. But instead of finding solutions, the tactic proved to be criminalizing one of the most basic human needs. Anyone walking around Venice cannot dispute the fact that the city is full of dog shit, not human waste.

A recurring slogan was: "Go get a job!" They should have bothered to let us know what job. The official unemployment rate is 12%, but the real unemployment rate is closer to 20%, because of those that have not had employment for so long that they have stopped looking, and are not counted in the official statistics.

The fact is that the RV dwellers are not new to Venice; as a matter of fact they are an integral part of what Venice is and has always been. The people who want to transform Venice into another Manhattan Beach would be better off just moving there, and save the city hundreds of thousands of dollars to be used for their own little whims.

Instead of continuing with this useless, bitter bickering, we Venetians on both sides of the issue would make better use of our time realizing that Rosendahl is mobilizing us against each other to break the collective spirit of Venice. This makes it easier for developers and other downtown forces to come in and build what no one, on either side of the RV issue, would approve of. A divided community stands to be conquered.

Venice is not about hate. It is about love, free spirit, togetherness and coexistence. ☸

Adventures Along the Venice Art Crawl

By CJ Gronner

Last month was the second Venice Art Crawl, and everyone absolutely adored it. I kept hearing, "This is how First Fridays USED to be!" all evening, and they were right. Crowds of people walking around, and I recognized MOST of the faces. People opening up their spaces to celebrate ART and our neighborhoods, as the different venues sprawl all over town. Everyone in a good mood, learning about new art, seeing new spaces and old faces, and generally having a grand old time.

We started out at Gretchen Rollins' "Drive By Gallery", piece in the exterior window of Doug Edge's supercool studio on Vernon of a Jeff Koons-like dog made out of kitty litter sitting on AstroTurf, called Eat Grass. Shared some hugs, had some wine, snooped around the very interesting inner sanctum studio of a guy that shared the space, that frankly blew our minds. People in our daily midst are so darn creative, and art is everywhere. This has the potential for every day to be awesome and full of exciting possibilities, in my view, and digging around in it all only makes this more clear.

From Vernon, we cruised on over to Nikki's, then to Venice Originals to check out the in-progress painting of a Venice landscape on a leather jacket by Dougo (Doug Smith), whose painted skateboard decks were hung all over the shop as well.

Super legit, and I can't wait to sit down and hear Doug's whole story (and then share it with you). I ran into an old friend out front of the shop, and just loved that the whole evening felt like it was for US - the people of Venice that live and love it.

Artisan Venice was full of people creating and mingling.

Danny's Deli was full too - video installations and the upstairs full of different pieces by different artists - all of it fairly dope. They even had live music! Take that, First Fridays!

The band played some Doors covers, appropriately, and I especially liked the guitar player decked out in a Charms Blow Pop costume. Between official stops on the crawl, artists had thrown up Pop Up Galleries everywhere to go along with it all, bootleg style.

They had their own official Security people, all of whom were being COOL.

There was a girl at a table outside of Danny's where the Boardwalk begins, handing out maps of all the venues to crawl to ... and after a Maker's shot at Danny's (just to warm up!), crawling was getting to be closer to the truth than sauntering.

Time for a food break. There was a wait at Mao's, so we went across the street to take in some more art at the excellent Market St. building taken over by William Attaway and Gary Palmer (and Destin Clover too). A dramatic red-carpeted staircase led to an outdoor deck full of rad art, that got even cooler when you went up another staircase to the rooftop, where even more art was hanging.

As were citizens of all stripes that all seemed to know and enjoy each other, as a dreaded guy sang Bob Marley and strummed an acoustic guitar. One guy near me nudged his friend and said, "Rooftops, Dude." I got it. The location just felt classic. The whole evening did, for that matter. It mattered not that it was so misty and chilly that half my photos had mist dots on them. Who cares? When we left there to go claim our Mao's table, my friend Jenny said, "Every single spot I saw someone I LOVED, that I haven't seen for a long time!" How's that for an endorsement of the event?

We watched crowds - ORDERLY crowds, there for the ART of it all - stream past the window as we ate, and agreed that none of us had ever seen so many people on Pacific at night. Sadly, that also goes for the rows and rows of people who were turned in early for the night, sleeping right there on the sidewalk in front of Mao's. That's the reality of where we live, high art and homelessness, hand in hand.

WONDERFUL events, like the new and honestly just so great and impressive FREE Venice Art Crawl, make that reality all the more appreciable. Just when you're faced with the very worst scenarios in our society, right there too is something to celebrate.

Looking over the map again this morning, I'm already excited for the next one, as there are so many stops still to explore. Thinking over the night again this morning, I'm excited too for all the faces I'll see again, and the ones that haven't yet crawled, but will

now. I mean, Art, old friends, cool spots, free flowing fun AND no food trucks?! I think the Venice Art Crawl is really REALLY on to something great.

Congratulations to all the artists, organizers, participants, and Venetians, period! We've got yet another thing to be stoked about in these parts.

The Venice Art Crawl is every Third Thursday. I'll look so forward to seeing you there next time! ☺

Venice Cityhood Meeting

7-9 pm, Friday, Oct. 22
533 Rialto Avenue

- Help restore democracy
- Let Venetians decide on issues that affect our town
- Improve our city
- Stop Overdevelopment
- Protect the Environment
- Strengthen Renter Rights

Venice becoming the city imagined.

A city like no other city on earth.

—Philomene Long



cityofvenice@freevenice.org
310-399-2215

Getting out the vote November 2: This is no time to sit on the sidelines

By Roger Linnett

It's a fact that voter turnout for midterm elections is dismal at best. The conservatives are counting on this to win next month. The country, especially their base, has been getting fed a steady diet of fear, propaganda, half truths and opinion masquerading as fact, to the point where many a steamrolled citizen can no longer tell what's in their own best interest. They are being told "we need to take back our country," the implication being that, Democratic election victories were somehow a coup, and not the wholesale rejection of the policies that left us in the worst mess since the Republican-initiated Great Depression.

If you follow the news, you're probably aware that the Republican Party has been usurped by hard-right conservatives, abetted by well-meaning, but misinformed, flocks of Tea Baggers. The 24/7 propagandizing of right-wing radio and the Fox infotainment network are prophesying a landslide to sweep them back into power on November 2.

Following the Supreme Court's decision in the Citizens United case (Beachhead, February '10), humongous sums of money have been raised by an assortment of pro-big business organizations to throw at the 2010 midterm elections. And thanks to the Republican Senate killing a bill that would have made disclosure of the names of the contributors of these vast sums public knowledge, they are free to conduct their election purchasing in smug anonymity. These billionaire-funded juggernauts intend to deliver enough right-wing candidates to the next Congress to shift control back to even more conservative Republican Party.

As of August, it is believed that some \$400 million, more than what was spent on the entire 2008 election, was held by these organizations and has been unleashed, primarily for media buys. If you thought TV and radio were saturated with political ads during the primary season, you ain't seen nothing yet!

The main thrust of the ads are wedge issues, abortion, same sex marriage, etc., while rebuilding the economy and helping people struggling to survive are rarely mentioned. Plus, personal negative attacks now can, and will, be aired right up until Election Day, which will give the targets of these smears no

time to refute or counter them. And as this tsunami of cash inundates the media, it may swallow up most, if not all, the available commercial air time there is in some markets, effectively drowning out any opposition.

Although the corporately-controlled media is overwhelmingly trumpeting right-wing candidates, the last election showed that a sizable majority of the country is more center-left, accounting for President Obama's victory and the Democrats retaking control of the House. But the Obama Administration is their fall guy for all our woes, while the ruinous Bush years have disappeared down the memory hole.

The recent primary victories of Tea Party-supported Senate candidates like Christine O'Donnell in Delaware and Sharron Angle in Nevada, along with several other less-celebrated contests have energized the conservatives to get out the vote this November. They are mainly targeting what are called Blue Dog, or conservative Democrats, and even moderate Republicans in seats that have large Republican constituencies.

Tired of the same old thing from the Republicans, and the Democrats?

You do have more choices, even if the mass media won't tell you about them.

There are six ballot-qualified parties in California.

Two are to the right of the Republicans: the Libertarians and the American Independent Party.

Two are to the left of the Democrats: the Greens and the Peace and Freedom Party. You are allowed to vote for their candidates as follows:

For Governor:

Carlos Alvarez (Peace & Freedom)
Chelene Nightingale (Amer. Ind.)
Dale Ogen (Libertarian)
Laura Wells (Green)

For U.S. Senator:

Marsha Feinland (Peace & Freedom)
Gail Lightfoot (Libertarian)
Edward Noonan (Amer. Ind.)
Duane Roberts (Green)

—JS

Furthermore, the Republicans aren't interested in regaining power to take on the major problems facing the country. In fact, they have stated that they intend to try to re-establish the disastrous policies of the last decade that put us in such dire straits to begin with. The so-called Pledge to America, that the Republicans announced last week, is simply a repetition of the same ideas proposed in the 1994 Republican's Contract with America, which failed utterly; the only portion that passed was welfare reform, and that was hardly a rousing success.

After handing over the running of the country to their corporate masters, this presumptive new Congressional majority intends on using its authority to investigate every nook and cranny of the Obama Administration, just as they did during the Clinton years.

In Southern California, Democrats hold the majority of congressional seats, which are not likely to be affected by right-wing propagandists. Unfortunately, there are many more candidates in our area, neither Democrat nor Republican, who get little media exposure to begin with, and the aggressive media campaigns of the dominant parties will surely diminish their voices even more.

Although we are only directly involved in our own district elections, we can still, and should, act to

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The Abbot Kinney Festival

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look any elsewhere?! Pardon, but a third grader could have done the data entry on this year's boredom of a poster (and perhaps did. Sorry, kid.). I know people who collect those posters, as most times they are stunning, and done by someone we know and love. This year's probably won't sell out.

Digression over. There were well-used bike valets this year, which I love to see. The food trucks were minimal (you know First Fridays has gotten out of hand when the annual Street Festival seems more in control). There were long lines at all the local wa-

tering holes. A spontaneous Rio Carnival type drum line went down the middle of the street at one point, and got everyone yelling and clapping along.

The Spirit Of Venice awards were given out to Jesse Martinez (looking very beat up - what happened?!), Earl Newman (creator of what SHOULD have been the Festival poster this year. Note: though the AK.org site says the "Official" poster is Newman's gem, it was seen hardly anywhere but on the side of The Brig), LAFD Inspector Mike Neeley, and LAPD Officer Heidi Llewes.

Tough guys mingled with baby-stroller parents.

The Trim stylists looked all hot and cut hair in the street. One wise look-

ing man walked around with a handmade "LOVE" sign hanging from his neck. Outlandish costumes competed with gals wearing almost nothing (for attention). As every good festival should, there was the guy with a parrot on his shoulder.

I spent a chunk of the afternoon chilling on the shady side of the street at the Free Venice Beachhead booth. I got to meet all sorts of cool readers of the paper, who to a person, had only positive and encouraging things to say about how we feel about our community, and where we want it to go (Cityhood is looking good, if people put their money/actions where their mouths are!). There were some good debates, as well as constant hugs and high fives, from people who sometimes you ONLY see on this day of the year. Like Thanksgiving or something (See? We



Photo: Jennifer Everhart



Photo: Jennifer Everhart

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KriyaYogaVenice@hotmail.com
(310) 392-0015

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Roy Eugene Davis, Spiritual Director

The Candle Cafe & Grill

An authentic Venice Landmark, 325 Ocean Front Walk
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Enjoy the fresh breezes and ocean view from a front row seat at the world famous Venice Boardwalk while sampling one of our more than 20 domestic and imported beers on tap.



The perfect Happy Hour spot to relax and toast the sunset!

Weekdays - 4p.m. til 11p.m. (til midnight on Fri.) Sat. & Sun. - 8p.m. til midnight.
Happy Hour Prices - -
Beer - Pints from \$2.50 to 3.50 / Pitchers from \$7.75 to 11.50
Wine - Domestic house wines-32 oz. pitcher- \$12/ Imported wines by the bottle from \$16
Appetizers include Nachos, Wings, Quesadillas, Onion rings & Fries.
Mon.-Fri. 7 til 10 a.m.- Half price special: our Signature 4-Egg Omelets, potatoes & toast.
Sat.-Sun. 7a.m. til noon - Complementary champagne or mimosa w/ any omelet breakfast.
Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner served all day.
Salads (enough for 2), Pasta, Seafood, Tacos, Fajitas, Burritos & Burgers, come with sides.
As well as great pizza - 12", 14" & 16", all made to order with traditional toppings.

We offer a wonderful selection of comfort foods. Our patios are heated and enclosable in case of inclement weather. If you get chilly, ask for a complementary red, fleece blanket to snuggle up in. Smoking permitted on outdoor side patio.

The Abbot Kinney Festival -continued

really should make it an official holiday ... maybe once we're our own city that'll get enacted ...).

Wrapping up my booth shift, I headed over to my friends' house that overlooks The Brig. The PACKED Brig, which had turned its parking lot into an outdoor dance floor. It was sociologically fascinating to watch the spectacle. A clear vinyl fence had been installed, so you could see into the whole throbbing dance floor, but not one person waiting in line on the other side was dancing. Like we've been trained as humans so much by societal rules/norms, that dancing is only allowed on one side of a fence, though you can hear the same music and see people one inch from you, breaking it down. We danced and waved our arms from the balcony we were perched on, to try and get a little anarchic dancing going, and it did work a little. C'mon everybody! Be FREE!

Then BOOM! 6 pm on the dot, giant trucks began a sweep of the street, with the cops following along behind to lasso any stragglers. The dance party was over. Clean up and dismantling began right then



Photo: Jim Smith

Bill Rosendahl,
Spirit of Venice
Awardee
Earl Newman,
Jonathan
Zeichner



Photo: Jim Smith

and there, and it was up to us to keep the party going on your own. Not a problem. My friend then told me that when they left the house that morning, they'd heard a band playing Good Vibrations, and how it had felt so perfect for the day. "ME TOO!" I exclaimed, and concurred. And really, underneath it all (and the "it all" part of Venice is vast, I'm well aware), that IS what we try to be about and spread in our little area of the Earth. PLUS, a bunch of fine organizations (see AbbotKinney.org for list) will be given grants from the money brought in by the Festival. MORE good.

Good Vibrations, Man. So let's try to remember that, shall we, and keep it going all year long, not just on the holidays. Drink 'em up!



Main Street – The Garden Spot of Venice?

By Jim Smith

As many as 80 people spent a Saturday last month building a garden on the slope of the Rose and Main St. parking lot. The strip fronts Main Street and looks out at the Binocular building across the street.

Before Sept. 25 this long, skinny strip was a neglected and forlorn place for weeds, bottles and cans. Now it is covered with water-resistant and mostly California native plants. At the south end, where bare concrete took over from the weeds, there is now a brightly-painted section of the park. At the other end a bench covered with vegetation seems to have grown out of the ground.

The "make-over" would not have happened without Architect and community activist, Geoffrey Collins, Environmentalist Francis Della Vecchia, and their 80 friends.

Collins has been working on beautifying several blocks of lonesome patches along Main Street, both with and without city permission. While no one has opposed the mini-gardens he suggested, it took two years for the city of L.A.'s bureaucracy to creak into action. In a city that bans both giant commercial advertising and non-commercial murals, yet sees both of them proliferate, it shouldn't be surprising if beautification projects, like these, break out on their own. Even the local arm of that bureaucracy, our Neighborhood Council, has yet to come across with funding they promised long ago.

Meanwhile, tourists who come from all over to photograph the now half-deserted Chiat-Day Binocular Building, may turn their cameras around to photograph a beautiful street-side garden built by volunteer Venetians.



Venice

Bikini Bar

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- + free food 4pm to 7:30 pm
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- private parties
- sporting events
- Live music and dj's
- open and partying 8 days a week

monday thru thursday: 5:30 to 2am
Friday thru sunday: 12 noon to 2am,
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(at inglewood blvd, next to taco bell)

Free Beer with this ad
(one per customer)



SWAMI X SPEAKS

Writers just think on paper, and get paid for it, often turning them into literary pimps. It's difficult maintaining integrity in a world oppressed by sex, money and power, however, it was easy for me. I didn't write for the money, sex is just a memory now, and I know power for the illusion it is. I'm home free, and there is nobody here but me. I made it, Mom, top of the world.

Of course, we're all crazy. The trick is to find someone less crazy than you, and discover their secret. It's not easy, unless you're totally nuts. I might qualify. I also feel we are all potentially enlightened. How's that grab you? Absolute bliss excites me!

Seriously, I feel we take ourselves too seriously. Having lots of money will do that. Almost anything can do it. It's a disease. A sense of humor will heal it. That's why we love our master comedians.

One shouldn't feel fearful or sad over the experience of death. It's just a move to another mansion in God's Cosmic Condo.

Some fear makes sense, most fears are neurotic and a drag. Meditation is a natural way to transcend all fear.

If I may, the nature of God may be Cosmic Consciousness, Never Ending Ecstatic Positive Creativity, Blissful Compassion and a Great Sense of Humor. I could be wrong. What the hell, I have eternity to figure her out.

I'm looking forward to 2013, eternity and multiple orgasms in an upcoming incarnation. Cheers!!

We are spirits, having a human experience, for our spiritual enfoldment, back to perfection and profounder love and understanding.

Happiness is a choice, decision and determination to be worthy of Joy.

Poets win big money

Winners of the First Annual Beyond Baroque Poetry Contest have been announced. They are first place winner: Brenda Yates, 2nd place: Shannon Philips; 3rd place: Peter Nash.

They will be honored at a special reading/reception at 4 p.m. Sunday, October 17th, at Beyond Baroque, 681 Venice Blvd., Venice.

The three cash winners (\$500, \$250, \$100) and five honorable mentions will read their winning works, and a special appearance will be made by Al Young, immediate past California Poet Laureate. Young will also read his poetry the preceding night at 7 p.m. at Beyond Baroque.

The final judge was distinguished poet and Whittier College professor Tony Barnstone. All are welcome to attend the reading and enjoy the refreshments. No admission will be charged, but donations to Beyond Baroque will be gratefully accepted.

—Sherman Pearl

GOOSE EGGS

Defending myself
a bag of bones

halo shines straight up to the moon
lunar reflection of awesome soul
man hours versus days in the sun
loss, grief, fissures fill with lava

blue-eyed star child, earth sign for sure
let the neighbors talk talk talk
mobile, wireless, zany as can be
what will they blah blah blog about

ponder my crimes
thou hast stolen ethereal half-life
hear ye
hard-boiled radiant irradiated golden eggs

take a gander
au rive gauche
my goose is cooked
life is a lethal injection

recoil at the steel-jaw trap of justice
born on September 11th
died every day
red white and blue blood burns.

—Hal Bogotch



GASLAND – A Movie Review

By Suzy Williams

"I am not a pessimist," narrates the banjo-playing, under-30-something filmmaker Josh Fox. He'd been offered \$100,000 to lease part of his property in Mylanville, in the deep woods of Pennsylvania. A stream runs near the red cabin that his hippie parents and their friends built in the late '60s. Josh spent idyllic childhood days playing beside that wooded stream, its mysterious bends beckoning to other woodland adventures.

He decides to investigate this offer from an oil and gas company, and visits Dimock, PA, the nearest town where such deals were accepted. He finds a community suffering from serious water contamination. The people are getting sick; their pets are going bald, the tap water is flammable. One resident hands Josh a jar of nasty chartreuse-brown liquid - supposedly regular drinking water - to take somewhere to be analyzed.

Soon Josh was sucked into the drama and tragic reality of HYDRAULIC FRACTURING. Dick Cheney had somehow rolled back the great steps taken by the Clean Water Act, enacted in the early 70s, and managed to prevent the Environmental Protection Agency from reporting anything about this insidious practice, which has been going on since 2005.

What is HYDRAULIC FRACTURING? "Fracking," as it has been nicknamed, blasts a mix of water and chemicals 8,000 to 11,000 feet into the earth, causing a mini-earthquake, releasing the "natural" gas. Then the combination of toxified water and gas is separated above ground. 576 chemicals are used in this process. The gas is sold; the poisoned water is able to seep back into the soil and water system. Each "fracturing" takes one to seven million gallons of water; each well can take up to 18 blasts. In the U.S., there are now 450,000 wells. Multiplied by 18 - that's a lot of tainted water.

Josh Fox set out west and found communities in Wyoming, New Mexico and other states that were coping with the same problem. Many had signed an agreement not to complain once they'd been paid off, but had found that the reverse osmosis filtering system they insisted upon had membranes that were eaten by glycol ethers, one of the poisons used in the hydraulic fracturing process. Frustrated at having to buy their water at Walmart, they decided to break their vow of silence. Especially since they had massive headaches, cancer, and had lost their sense of smell, and could only taste salt and sweet. All subtleties of taste were gone. A peach had only texture, no flavor.

People's lives are being ruined. But the wildly scary thing is that this threatens our lovely and vital water systems. What happened in the Gulf of Mexico with BP is terrifying enough- this puts the reality that the Louisiana fisherman are facing right in our kitchen faucet.

This is an important film for all people to see. It is beautifully made, with lots of footage of fresh sweet rivers, sometimes with gracious trees dripping from a recent rain. Josh plays his banjo, once with that strange two-pronged mask on, protecting his breathing near one of these awful fracking derricks, once with his friend out in the midnight sticks near his home. My sister Jennie once told me that one day, water will be the new gold. Rare and pricey, only the rich will have it plentifully. This Hydraulic Fracturing has to stop immediately.

I'd like to get copies of this film to anyone who wants to watch or show it. Please call me, Suzy, at 310-306-7330. Better yet, order it from Josh's website: gaslandthemovie.com. ☺

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Double Meat Double Chess Burgers
Fries and Drink ~ Only \$5.89

249 Lincoln Blvd.
(Corner of Lincoln and Rose)

108 Washington Blvd.
(Just East of Pacific Ave.)

We support the local police.

(Last month the Beachhead cut off the last half of Mary Getlein's poem. We're reprinting it this month for all those who were caught hanging, and because we love Mary's poetry. -the Collective)

Love

For Tina Catalina Corcoran

By Mary Getlein

She went all the way to China
to find her little girl.
It was a mother and child re-union
Even though they had never met before
She was looking for true love, true love, true love.

She drove all the way down to Venice from Florida
She got in the car and drove-
all the way to Venice-
She was looking for true love, true love, true love

She missed her old friends,
here and gone, young and old,
She missed the spirits of Venice,
alive and gone,
Spirits be calling her,
Come home, come home, come home:
They were looking for true love, true love, true love

I drove all the way to Venice-
in an old yellow taxi
That we bought in Richmond Va.,
for \$70.
We got in the car and drove-
all the way to the Promised Land-
and, yeah, it was crazy,
and yeah,
I LOVED IT!

Joining the carnival was a lot of fun-
Clowns, minstrels, musicians, artists,
hoppers, dopers, junkies, evangelists,
preachers, teachers, bleeders-
vampires, ghosts, haunts coming out...

Looking for love
Looking for TRUE LOVE?
True love is love, not hate
True love is fun, it's great

It's nothing to be afraid of
Ya gotta run for it, baby
Ya gotta jump and run into the
jump-rope of life
Ya gotta run + play
Ya gotta dance and sing!
And hum and run and jump and play
This planet is your playground.

Make up your mind!
Stay or go
Jump or Run
Stop and stay:
Play your days away
Dance to the Light of the Silvery Moon
The moon and stars are waiting
for you
You'll get to dance in the sunset
When your time is up.

We love you:
All particles of Light are filled with LOVE
You are surrounded by rays of LIGHT
And LOVE.
Now go do it:
Make yourself Happy and LOVED!
(A commandment)
The first commandment: LOVE YOURSELF.

Train of Thought

by hillary kaye

the sky is vast above me
it holds the hope of escape
turned down by the angels
i live for now upon the earth

voices vague and haunting
words i don't want to know
philosopher kings
the drifting night
falls off into morning
the words are magnified
and now are cutting up

the train stops
picks up
the crowd of the lost
carries them onward
our last journey
one last time trying to make night into day
trying to fly like the birds trying so hard to be light
and finding only the earth dry and barren, ignorant
of our efforts

This Paper
Is A Poem

Greed

By Jim Smith

A young researcher
stood on the hospital steps
and stared at the TV cameras.
White coat flapping
in the breeze, she began:

We have found
a cure to a worldwide plague.
A sickness that makes people
accumulate wealth
Far beyond any need, or desire.

A disease that causes it's victims
who crave money above all else
to turn their backs on those
they've forced into poverty,
or starvation.

Our cure is water soluble,
odorless and colorless.
As I speak, its formula,
which is quite simple, actually,
is being sent around the world.

Soon, men in suits were seen
rushing out of buildings,
and giving wads of cash
and offers of help
to the poor and indigent.

The worse cases,
the very wealthy,
took a little longer.
They sealed themselves
on estates, yachts and jets.

Barricaded and hiding,
the servants tested
their masters' food and water
for telltale signs
of the cure.

And yes, in the end
it was the servants
who saved the sick men
after which they were offered
great rewards, which they declined.

As It Is (So It Shall Be)

By Rebecca Moore Frey

From the universe
To the single cell
We are one (part)
Of a (great) all
From Heaven
to Hell
We are single souls
Of one massive whole

We are alive
We thrive
We survive
We take husband or wife
We create life
We go on
A new day dawns
Life moves on

Nature knows the way
Whether bird or beast
Famished or feast
We (all) know
How to eat
To explore
To [nest]

Our world is as one
For all we have done
Under the sun
To the Earth's fiery core
There will be more
Life will go on
A new day will dawn

Night will unfold
We will grow old
From complex compositions
To the simplest molds
We are one
Of an all
So vast and immense
It can barely be sensed

By our mind's eye
Time will fly by
Seasons will change
Earth will evolve
Life will remain

As it is
So it (always) shall be

We are one (part)
Of a unity
We are bound
We are free

As it is
So it (always) shall be
I have the Universe inside (of) me

Even on a Cloudy Day

By Mark Lipman

There's this perfect little spot
along the coast
Where, if you walk on down to the water
on the other side of the sand
There's just this peaceful lull
of the tide.

The sky is overcast
and grey.

A pale mist clings to the air.
Few tourists venture out
on a day like this.

It's cool, yet not cold.
I like it this way.
There are seagulls and sailboats
in my view.

To the right,
a silent Ferris wheel sits.
A pier jets out its lonely finger
to pierce the crashing waves.

A girl walks by.

Out of nowhere
my troubles seem
to disappear.

How could you not
love this place?

Then, as a white sun
pushes its light through
the soft blanket above
with its perfect pupil
looking down,
it reveals another face
in the thinning crowd.

A hard lined one,
brown and aged
with labor
carrying a basket of fruit
on her head.

She offers pineapples
and mangos
and "Buenos tardes,"
as she goes
and it feels warm
and friendly

... for a moment...

With the coming light
it dawns on me...

This is America.

We're not like that here.

Surely there must be
something illegal
to this stroll on the beach.

Whether it be the cigar in my hand,
or the sliced melon passing by ...

This is America - full of laws to break.

How can anyone here be illegal?

We're all illegal,
right on down to our genetic patterns
soon to be patented
by Monsanto
so that my very life
can become the property of
another.

Only in America.

Where your innocence
and guilt is determined
by the size of your wallet
of whether or not you're an owner.

As if deed and door
makes any one better
than another.

We're all equal under the sun,
even on a cloudy day.

Days Past

I still remember when skys were blue
Mountains were green...the oceans too

Long before oil and war fueled by greed
Became our creed... as we poison our seed

From hubris and avarice to plume of doom
Top Hat to Top Kill we continue to destroy
Our Mother Earth...and ourselves

—John Kertisz

Lincoln Place: A Community Victory –continued from page 4

litations and evictions. The Neighborhood Council also formed a task force to weigh in on the controversy. Its Land Use and Planning Committee sponsored a well-attended forum on the future of Lincoln Place.

Many of the tenants stayed involved, even after they were evicted. They car-pooled to court proceedings, spoke at City Council meetings, held demonstrations, and distributed flyers. Tenants who were photographers took pictures. Those that were filmmakers documented the story on film. Tenants who were graphic designers created posters and flyers. Writers wrote copy. Web designers Tracy and Brian Creech designed the website and kept it updated, a monumental task. Musicians performed at our events. Some memories stand out. I recall Carol Beck, an Army veteran, who tirelessly stood watch in front of the rental office to discourage other tenants from signing a so-called “voluntary” termination agreement. She also was one of the organizers of Tent City, the symbolic encampment we formed to protest the evictions. Gloria Morales, an elderly tenant, was an effective advocate at City Hall. She spoke Spanish, English, cried, whatever we needed, wherever we needed her. I will never forget 80-year-old Lucy Siam who consistently said she would have to be dragged out if she ever left Lincoln Place. She never considered moving and regularly attended meetings, demonstrations, and vigils. I am just so happy she is able to remain at Lincoln Place and we will not have to see her evicted by the sheriff.

A couple of tenants, Frieda and Spike Marlin and Ingrid Mueller, brought several lawsuits in their names against the owner and the city under various legal theories designed to halt the evictions and redevelopment of the property. If they lost, they risked having to pay the owner’s attorneys fees. Still, they forged on. Rose Murphy, a senior tenant who moved at the insistence of her children, continued to travel to Lincoln Place by bus from San Bernardino to attend hearings, City Council meetings and to visit and support the remaining tenants. One tenant who had been forcibly evicted, Douglas Eisenstark, planned weekly vigils featuring various themes. One week the theme was faith, another week, anger, another the beauty of the architecture. Pastor Tom Ziegert of the Venice Methodist Church led one on the power of ritual and storytelling. He asked participants to walk around the property in silence and after returning to the meeting spot he asked us to write down and later to share our thoughts. It was a healing experience for many.

Some of the tenants encouraged their priests, rabbis and ministers to support the cause. At one ecumenical service at Tent City, I recall the words of Father Tomas Elias of St. Clement Church. He addressed the fear that some immigrants have about being active in protests in this country. His words strengthened us all. He said that when we are doing God’s will we don’t need to be fearful and that we have to have faith in the power of God’s will. It became my mantra.

Another Venetian, Suzanne Thompson, helped in several critical ways. She was one of the key organizers of a rally in support of the Lincoln Place struggle on Martin Luther King Day one year. Every Venice-based community organization I can think of sent a speaker and signed a petition of support. Suzanne also introduced us to Stanley Sheinbaum, a longtime supporter of progressive causes, who along with his wife, well-known sculptor, painter and philanthropist Betty Sheinbaum, hosted a fundraiser for the cause at their home in Brentwood. Susan Adel-

man, Jodie Evans, Jane Fonda, Don Geagan, Elliott Gould, and Gary Phillips served as co-hosts.

Stanley later introduced us to Congresswoman Maxine Waters, a force of nature, who pledged to help even though Lincoln Place was not in her district. She later attended a meeting we called with various governmental representatives, including state, federal and local officials, to discuss political support for saving Lincoln Place. She then arranged for me to testify in Washington, D.C., before the 110th House Committee on Financial Services hearing entitled, “Affordable Housing Preservation and Protection of Tenants.” Waters is Chairwoman of the Financial Services Subcommittee on Housing and Community Opportunity. By the time I testified at these hearings, we were in settlement discussions with the owner and so I needed to be tactful, but it was important as it resulted in significant national relationships in case our struggle needed to go national.

When involved in grassroots efforts to influence decision makers you face the common belief that developers have an advantage. The popular wisdom is that they control the playing field through the use of lobbyists, hiring of major law firms and through campaign contributions. One high point in this grassroots campaign was the support and votes of the State Historic Commission, which repeatedly found the property historic, despite the owner’s all-out lobbying effort to turn around votes. The drama was heightened when the Commission that had previously voted for historic designation was comprised of a majority of new appointments by Governor Schwarzenegger.

After the Commission had been sued by AIMCO for its vote in favor of designation, the new Commission decided to settle with the owner and void the previous vote. This was all done in closed sessions and in private meetings between the owner’s attorney and the State. Despite these efforts, in a subsequent vote of the new Commission, the property was once again designated historic. It seemed the application and supporting documents stood on their own merit despite all the lobbying by and connections of the owner and its representatives. Some of those Commissioners withstood lawsuits filed against them personally.

The staff and Commissioners who stood up for the integrity of the process prevented the demolition of this property. They are: Wayne Donaldson, FAIA, Cynthia Howse, W. Knox-Mellon, Maryln Lortie, Stephen Mikesell, Tara Todd, Claire Bogaard, Lauren Bricker, Philip Hoy, Trish Fernandez, Kathleen Green, Anthea Hartig, William Hildebrandt, Luis Hoyos, Mary Maniery, Rick Moss, Carol Novey, Julianne Polanco, and Richard Shek. I did not know any of them before this process began. It was heartening when one Commissioner said during an early hearing that she had to go see the property herself after all the material she received in opposition from the owner. She said she walked around Lincoln Place and understood why it was so special, noting the “livability” of the environment. It meant a lot that someone of such privilege could recognize the value of an apartment community built for the working class and that she was willing to speak so eloquently and effectively in support of the nomination.

The Commission received many letters in support of the designation, included among them was an endorsement from the AIA Los Angeles Chapter; the National Trust for Historic Preservation; the California Preservation Foundation; The National Organization of Minority Architects; Julius Shulman, premier photographer of modernist architecture; Diane Favro, then President of the Society of Architectural Histori-

ans; Dorothy Wang, author of the National Landmark and National Register nominations of Baldwin Hills Village Green, by all accounts, the most influential garden apartment complex in California; Bradford C. Grant, President of the Association of Collegiate Schools of Architecture; Gail Sansbury, Board Member of the Society for American City and Regional Planning History; and Wesley Howard Henderson, Associate Editor of the Biographic Dictionary of African-American Architects.

Mayor Antonio Villaraigoso, Senator Barbara Boxer, Senator Dianne Feinstein, Congresswoman Jane Harmon, and then State Senator, Debra Bowen also wrote letters of support. The Venice Historical Society, many architects, landscape professionals, and architectural enthusiasts weighed in, as well. The local chapter of the National Organization of Minority Architects (“NOMA”) made a presentation about Lincoln Place at the organization’s national annual conference, featured an article in NOMA’s national newsletter, organized a tour of Lincoln Place for its local members, and participated in community forums. Again, the historic designation campaign was truly a community effort and this support helped us counter the arguments against designation raised by expert consultants hired by the owner’s representatives.

One day when speaking with a former colleague at Warner Bros., Jeremy Williams, Jeremy asked me what I was up to and I recounted the story of Lincoln Place. By that time, I was representing the remaining tenants and had defeated a summary judgment motion for eviction brought by the owner. But there was a trial pending, and Jeremy said he admired my intentions but for a trial I would need real litigators. I explained that the tenants had tried to get assistance, but were unable to get help they could afford, and at that point there was no funding for eviction lawyers. Jeremy said he would make some inquiries because he thought there should be someone willing to represent the tenants on a pro bono basis. True to his word, he and another Warner Bros. attorney, Dale Nelson, sent out inquiries and found a partner at a major law firm, Alexander Pilmer of Kirkland & Ellis, who agreed to represent the remaining households. Another lawyer at Kirkland & Ellis, Pantea Yashar, worked with me on preliminary hearings. Fortunately, we never went to trial after AIMCO dismissed the eviction cases against the remaining tenants. But, Alex’s and Pantea’s willingness to help made me confident we would be ready for a trial. Free of that concern, I got more creative in making my own motions to the court, rather than merely responding to what the owner’s attorneys argued.

Earlier on, another lawyer, David Rosman, offered the use of his law library and gave Jan and me research advice. As an entertainment transactional attorney, it had been a long time since I’d been in a law library and Dave advised Jan and me on useful legal treatises and resources.

After almost five years now in and out of court

Amanda Seward's story of the victorious struggle of Lincoln Place tenants will continue next month. If you can't wait, go to www.freevenice.org and click on the text of this article.

Getting out the vote November 2 –continued from page 5

rally voters across the country to turn out at the polls like they did in 2008. We all have friends and relatives spread across the country, many probably live in the very districts where the right-wing, flag-wrapped fascists are concentrating their efforts. Because most areas of the country are inundated by conservative, corporate media outlets, our friends may be among those who, while not part of the fundamentalist, kool-aid drinking contingent, may have not been getting any positive information about our government or our recovery from near economic disaster.

Here are a couple of things you can discuss with your friends to remind them what is at stake. Just last week the president signed a \$30 billion bill funding loans for small businesses through the Small Business Administration. The SBA has a backlog of 1,400 approved loans awaiting funding. And only because two Republican Senators,

who are retiring and need no longer kowtow to the Republican leadership, voted with the Democrats to end the filibuster and pass the legislation did this much-needed boost to the national economy come to be. How many jobs do you think that money will create? And how much in new tax revenues?

The Republican had been blocking this bill for some time, all the while decrying that it would increase the deficit. Funny, not paying for the tax cuts originally, which raised the deficit by over \$1 trillion over the past decade, didn’t seem to bother them.

And now the Republicans are holding the whole country hostage over renewing the Bush tax cuts because the president wants to exclude the upper 2 percent of all taxpayers, those making over \$250,000 a year, from continuing at the present rates. If we cave in to their economic terror-

ist tactics, and no new tax bill is passed, then everyone’s taxes will return to the 2000 tax rates. Oh, and by the way, that 2 percent still get a tax cut on that first \$250,000, and a 4.6 percent increase on anything over that, which would decrease the deficit by an additional \$700 billion.

A phone call, a letter, an e-mail or some other personal communication reminding them that things are getting better, albeit slowly thanks to Republican obstructionism, could be the key to getting those who normally sit on the sidelines during the midterms to get out and vote. There is so much at stake. We must not allow the resumption of the catastrophe that was the Republican-controlled Congress. Winning at the polls, retaining a Democratically-led Congress is the only way we will be able to return our nation to its former vigor and prosperity. So, tell a friend. And don’t forget to vote, yourself. ☺

Friday, October 1

- Evening - **First Friday** on Abbot Kinney.
- 7:30pm - **No Place for a Puritan Anthology** Reading: Desert Writers' Showcase with Jeanette Clough, Gayle Brandeis, Ruth Nolan, Deanne Stillman and Rebecca K. O'Connor. Beyond Baroque. Admission \$7, students/seniors/children \$5, members free.
- 9pm - **Howl reading** at Laemmlé's Sunset 5 8000 Sunset Blvd. Free.

Saturday, October 2

- 11am-1pm - **Klezmer Bunch**. Talking Stick free.

Saturday, October 2

- 7:30pm - **Poetry Readings**. Sasha Steensen and Jane Sprague. Beyond Baroque. Admission \$7, students, seniors, children \$5, members free.

Sunday, October 3

- 5pm - **Open Reading** with Gedda Ilves and Steve Barrata - Sign up at 4:45pm. Beyond Baroque. Free.

Tuesday, October 5

- 10pm - **Mark Islam** and Friends benefit for Grassroots Acoustica Foundation. Talking Stick. Free.

Friday, October 8

- 7:30pm - **Poetry Readings**. Farrah Field, Jared White, Maureen Alsop and Louise Mathias. Beyond Baroque. Admission \$7, students, seniors, children \$5, members free.

Saturday, October 9

- 10am-2:30pm - **Family Information Day and Emergency Preparedness**. Event provided by the Public Safety committee of the Venice Neighborhood Council. Electric Lodge. Free.
- 8pm - John Drumbo **French Interview-MESS** at Unurban Cafe. Free.
- 7:30pm - **Poetry Readings**. Brenda Petrakos, Richard Vargas, Lisa Gill and Amelie Frank. Beyond Baroque. Admission \$7, students, seniors, children \$5, members free.

Sunday, October 10

- 7-10 pm - **Venice Mozaic** Presents Art at the Stick. Music and Art. The talking Stick. Free.

Monday, October 11

- 6-10pm - Documental - **Wasteland Utopias** by David Sherman films. Unurban Cafe. Free.

Tuesday, October 12

- 7pm - A night of festive musical goodness hosted by **danny moynahan**. talking stick. free.

Wednesday, October 13

- 7-10pm - **Suzy Williams** Sings at Dannys Deli. Free.

Friday, October 15

- **The 7th Annual Other Venice Film Festival 2010**. Film, Art, Music. Beyond Baroque.
- 7:30pm - **Red(d)ress**: Kim Noriega, Heather Hartley and Christie Ferrato presented by Brendan Constantine, hosted by Elizabeth Iannaci, musical guest. Admission \$7, students, seniors, children \$5, members free.

Saturday, October 16

- 3pm - MESS with Author **Les Plesko**. Unurban. Free.
- 7-10pm - **Stormin Norman and Suzy** with Band at The Talking Stick. Free.
- 7pm - **Former California Poet Laureate Al Young** reads poetry. Beyond Baroque. \$10, \$5 for members.
- 8:30pm - **Molly Bendall and Laynie Browne** read poetry. Beyond Baroque. Admission \$7, students, seniors, children \$5, members free.

Location Guide

- Abbot Kinney Public Library, 501 S. Venice Blvd, 821-1769
- Beyond Baroque, 681 Venice Blvd. 822-3006
- Burton Chace Park, 13650 Mindanao Way, Marina del Rey. marinadelrey.lacounty.gov
- Danny's Deli, 23 Windward Ave. 566-5610
- Electric Lodge, 1416 Electric Ave, 306-1854, max10@electriclodge.org
- Hal's Bar and Grill, 1349 Abbot Kinney Blvd., 396-3105 - www.halsbarandgrill.com
- Oakwood Recreation Center, 757 California Avenue.
- Pacific Resident Theatre, 703 1/2 Venice Blvd. 822-8392 - pacificresidenttheatre.com
- SPARC - Social and Public Art Resource Center, 685 Venice Blvd. 822-9560 x15.
- Talking Stick Coffee Lounge, 1411c Lincoln Blvd. 450-6052 www.thetalkingstick.net
- United Methodist Church and Auditorium, 2210 Lincoln Blvd. (at Victoria).
- Unurban Coffee House, 3301 Pico Blvd Santa Monica.
- Vera Davis Center, 610 California Avenue. (310) 305-1865. Fax 305-0146.
- Westminster Elementary School, 1010 Abbot Kinney Blvd. (enter auditorium from Westminster Ave.) 606-2015

- **The 7th Annual Other Venice Film Festival 2010**. Film, Art, Music. Beyond Baroque.

Sunday, October 17

- 4pm - Beyond Baroque's **Poetry Contest** reading and reception for winners and runners-up of the 1st annual Beyond Baroque poetry prize. Hosted by Tony Barnstone with special guest Al Young. Beyond Baroque. Admission \$7, students, seniors, children \$5, members free.
- 7:30pm - **Patty Seyburn and poetry Professor Dean Rader**. Beyond Baroque. Admission \$7, students, seniors, children \$5, members free.
- **The 7th Annual Other Venice Film Festival 2010**. Film, Art, Music. Beyond Baroque.

Monday, October 18

- 6-10pm - 7 Dudley Cinema - **American Astronaut** - Billy Nayer Films. Talking Stick. Free.
- 5-10pm - It's **Blues Time!** Featuring Tom Gramlich and Mystic Miles. Talking Stick. Free.

Tuesday, October 19

- 7-10pm - Venice **Neighborhood Council** Board meeting. Westminster School Auditorium.

Wednesday, October 20

- 7-10pm - **MOM** at Beyond Baroque. Free.

Friday, October 22

- 7pm - **Venice Cityhood meeting** - 533 Rialto Avenue - 310-3992215
- 7:30pm - Hen House Studios curates a raucous night of **poetry and music** celebrating an eclectic lineup of performers. Beyond Baroque. Admission \$7, students, seniors, children \$5, members free.

Sunday, October 24

- 4pm - Poet **Lisa Gill's** "The Snake" will be read by Brendan Constantine acoustically accented by trombonist Michael Vlatkovich. Beyond Baroque. Admission \$7 suggested donation.

Tuesday, October 26

- 7pm - G2 Gallery will premiere **native lands** through the eyes of Jack Dykinga, Pulitzer prize winning photographer traveling the ancestral lands of nine North American tribes. G2 Gallery. Free.

Friday, October 29

- 7:30-10pm - **Suzy, Steve & Don** at the Industry Cafe, 6039 Wash Blvd CC. Free.
- 7-10pm - **Subversive Cinema** at 212 Pier. Free.

Thursday, October 28

- 7:30pm - Poetry Rodeo with **Ellyn Maybe** and her band performing songs from her poetry / music cd. People can bring up to 5 minutes of poetry and the band will improvise behind them. \$7; students, seniors, children \$5; members free.

Saturday, October 30

- 7pm - The **Temple of Man** celebrates its 50th anniversary with a program of poetry, music, video, drama and film with an art collection in the upstairs project room. Admission \$7, students, seniors, children \$5, members free.

Sunday, October 31

- 7:30pm - **Costumes Optional**. Start your halloween right poets listening to Bauhaus sing "Bela Lugosi's Dead." Admission \$7, students, seniors, children \$5, members free.

Ongoing Events

- 8pm-12am - **Hal's** features **Live Jazz, Sunday and Monday nights**. Internationally acclaimed musicians as Vince Wilburn, Cal Bennet, John Nau, Louis Taylor, and Greg Poree. 1349 AKB. Free.
- 8:30pm - **TKO Comedy's "Open Mic"** for comics, musicians, speakers and artists of any kind. 212 Pier. Free. Every Thursday
- 12-2pm - **Thursday's Blues at Uncle Darrow's** featuring "Joe Banks and Friends" 2560 Lincoln Blvd. Free.
- 6-8pm - **McLuhan-Finnegans Wake Reading Club**. Lloyd Taber-Marina Del Rey Library, 4533 Admiralty Way. First Tuesdays of the month. Free.
- 5:30pm - **Venice Library Wednesday Movie Night**. Call 310-821-1769 for the upcoming movie.
- 6:30pm - Venice Library **Children's Pajama Storytime**. Second and fourth Tuesday evenings. Free.
- 7:30-9pm - Every Tuesday - **Visionary film or documentary screening**. 99 High Art Collective. 1108 Abbot Kinney Blvd. Free.
- 8-9:30pm - Every Wednesday - **High Hatha Yoga**. 99 High Art Collective. 1108 Abbot Kinney Blvd. Free.
- 6-10pm - Every Friday - **Get Happier Hour**: Live art, DJ's, VIP Garden of Weeden for our customers (specials). 99 High Art Collective. 1108 Abbot Kinney Blvd. Free.
- 6-10pm - 2nd Thursday - **Psychedelic Surf Rock**. Mollusk, 1600 Pacific Ave. Free.
- 7:30-11pm - Thu - Fri - Sat - **Live music**. Thurs. Acoustic, Fri. - Open Mic, Sat. - **House band & guests**. Artisan Venice, 80A Windward @ Pacific. Free.
- Every Third Thursday is the **Venice Art Crawl**

- **Free Food Distribution at Vera Davis Center**. 2nd & 4th Mondays, 12:30pm.

Get Your Local Event Listed

Email your time, date and a brief description to Calendar@freevenice.org by the 20th of the month.

Calendar hecho en Venice by Karl Abrams

Support Your Local Nonprofit Newspaper

The Beachhead Calendar is a public service to the community of Venice. Our goal is to list free events within Venice. If you charge for your event, please consider taking out a \$25 or larger advertisement.

15th a Tribute to Dennis Hopper

a film retrospective in the 1960's

Big Red Sun @ The Blue House

560 Rose Avenue
Venice California

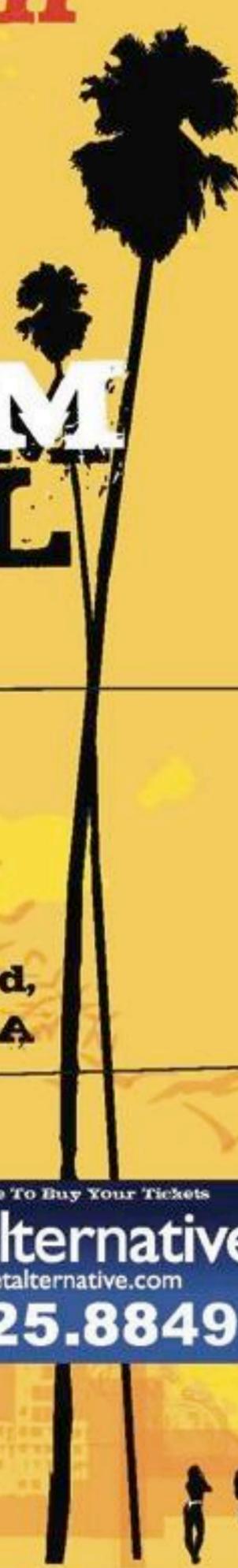
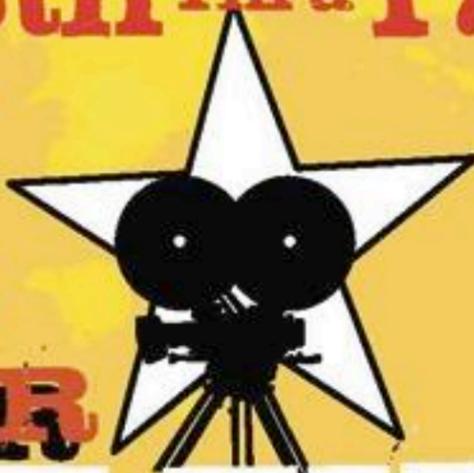
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