It Takes A Village ... To Keep It A Village

By CJ Gronner
I have to admit, I’d never attended a LUPC (Land Use and Planning Committee) meeting in Venice before October 2nd. I, like my friends and neighbors, had been opposed to the hotel proposed at 1033 Abbot Kinney Boulevard. A HOTEL! What?!! NO. That was the gist of the entire sitting and standing room only meeting at the Oakwood Recreation Center. By the time the meeting adjourned, there were no one in there was buying it, or having it. Many said, “Disingenuous,” about it all. When Abrams said, “A lot of people want nothing to go on this site - that is not an option.” To which someone yelled out, “Yes, it is!” and everyone else clapped (and got scolded for it by Kaufman). The removal of the Fourth floor also eliminated affordable housing that was originally eliminated, something Venice NEEDS - far, far more than some posh boutique hotel.

This whole deal is still in the very early stages, which is why it was so heartening to see such a massive turnout for a preliminary meeting. Venice people know what they want - and what they for sure do NOT want - and they’re not afraid to speak up.

All citizens were to be kept to a one minute speaking term, unless they respectfully asked for two, which many did. It was on a first name basis in there, and Tobby went first, setting the tone when she said, “I DO NOT support this project,” and surmised that committee member John Reed had already taken a side and was advocating for the project. It did feel like that as the night went along, as he kept sticking up for it all. Jon said that the “concession” to three floors is still absurd when all the other buildings are one story, and shows a lack of understanding of the community. A community of walkers, bikers, artists, and activists that already struggle with the congestion on Abbot Kinney, a main concern. Gail was heckled, earning claps and shouts of agreement. She said Abbot Kinney is successful as a tourist attraction, but that’s not the point. She riled the place up, earning claps and shouts of agreement.

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Doug read a letter from someone that couldn’t be there and then said his own, and powerful, piece. “I’m TIRED of the poor being kicked out of Abbot Kinney, a main concern. It made me think of the stories of thekeepers of the L.A. Times that they planted their names in the sand and said they would stay. That’s when I had my epiphany about how posters work. They attract your attention as you are just going about your life, you don’t have to go to a museum. A poster attracts you by its bright color, its bold graphic, its slogan; it’s a combination of the three. It makes you think, it makes you ask a question. That’s when I had my epiphany about how posters work. They attract your attention as you are just going about your life, you don’t have to go to a museum. A poster attracts you by its bright color, its bold graphic, its slogan; it’s a combination of the three. It makes you think, it makes you ask a question. That’s when I had my epiphany about how posters work. They attract your attention as you are just going about your life, you don’t have to go to a museum. A poster attracts you by its bright color, its bold graphic, its slogan; it’s a combination of the three. It makes you think, it makes you ask a question. That’s when I had my epiphany about how posters work. They attract your attention as you are just going about your life, you don’t have to go to a museum. A poster attracts you by its bright color, its bold graphic, its slogan; it’s a combination of the three. It makes you think, it makes you ask a question. That’s when I had my epiphany about how posters work. They attract your attention as you are just going about your life, you don’t have to go to a museum. A poster attracts you by its bright color, its bold graphic, its slogan; it’s a combination of the three. It makes you think, it makes you ask a question. That’s when I had my epiphany about how posters work. They attract your attention as you are just going about your life, you don’t have to go to a museum. A poster attracts you by its bright color, its bold graphic, its slogan; it’s a combination of the three. It makes you think, it makes you ask a question. That’s when I had my epiphany about how posters work. They attract your attention as you are just going about your life, you don’t have to go to a museum. A poster attracts you by its bright color, its bold graphic, its slogan; it’s a combination of the three. It makes you think, it makes you ask a question. That’s when I had my epiphany about how posters work. They attract your attention as you are just going about your life, you don’t have to go to a museum. A poster attracts you by its bright color, its bold graphic, its slogan; it’s a combination of the three. It makes you think, it makes you ask a question. That’s when I had my epiphany about how posters work. They attract your attention as you are just going about your life, you don’t have to go to a museum. A poster attracts you by its bright color, its bold graphic, its slogan; it’s a combination of the three. It makes you think, it makes you ask a question. That’s when I had my epiphany about how posters work. They attract your attention as you are just going about your life, you don’t have to go to a museum. A poster attracts you by its bright color, its bold graphic, its slogan; it’s a combination of the three. It makes you think, it makes you ask a question. That’s when I had my epiphany about how posters work. They attract your attention as you are just going about your life, you don’t have to go to a museum. A poster attracts you by its bright color, its bold graphic, its slogan; it’s a combination of the three. It makes you think, it makes you ask a question.
Historic Preservation Architect Says: Restore the Column!

The historic Corinthian order column cap damaged by a tour bus is one of the most character defining features remaining of Abbott Kinney’s Piazza San Marco inspired Venice of America colonnades on Windward Ave. The column cap designed by Felix Peano, (Ref: Jeffery Stanton) should be reconstructed as soon as possible to reduce any further deterioration of the remainder of the column cap.

The tour bus company that hit the column is responsible to reconstruct it. That is why they carry property damage insurance. It is the City’s responsibility to make that claim and if they don’t, a private citizen or organization with the help of an attorney on a contingency can make the claim. Those columns belong to the citizens of Venice.

As far as originality goes, few restored historic buildings have all their original parts. Even the Statue of Liberty is reconstructed. The National Park Service that administers the Register of Historic Places, not only approves but encourages restoration and reconstruction of character defining features as a necessary long term process to give continued life to historic buildings. Hell, everything wears out if not restored.

We have lost so much of the original Venice of America, we all need to demand that what remains is protected, and when damaged repaired.

– John Ad, AIA, Historic Preservation Architect

Dear John,

Thanks for your informative letter and your expert advice. The Beachhead would be delighted to work with you on pressuring the city of L.A. into filing the insurance claim needed to repair the column. Please email us soon.

Many thanks
Beachhead Collective
Calling on Venetians to get on board the Airport-to-Park Train!

By Martin Rubin

Although the City of Santa Monica owns and operates Santa Monica Airport (SMO), we Angelinos experience most of SMO noise and air pollution. Is there anything we can do that will make a difference, or is it a waste of time to get involved?

Can I interest you in a Great Park? This is not a pipe dream. A coalition has formed to strengthen efforts to close SMO. One very reasonable question has been asked over and over: if SMO closes, are we to get a Playa Vista or Century City development in its place? Since SMO is public and not private land, plans for how the airport land will be developed will be put forth by the City of Santa Monica and its voters.

Santa Monica resident activists have stepped up their efforts to hold their City Council accountable to the will of their constituents. And what is the will of Santa Monica residents? For those who reside near SMO, the will is to either curtail operations significantly or to close the airport altogether. Significantly means eliminating flight schools along with their toxic lead pollution as well as the toxic air pollution and ear-splitting noise from jet traffic.

Many have expressed interest in closing SMO altogether for a number of valid reasons. I am firmly situated in that camp. However, so many are not aware of the cost of SMO, both environmentally and economically. Santa Monica tax payers have been subsidizing SMO over the years to the tune of 15 million dollars. So the 1% of the 1% have been getting taxpayers to help them travel in style.

On Sunday, September 15, fifty-five bicyclists gathered to tour the perimeter of Santa Monica Airport and learn about airport environmental and land use issues. Ironically, as they stopped by the Centinela Avenue entrance to the airport listening to a description of the millions of dollars in subsidy costs to the City, a $200,000 convertible Aston Martin DB-9 drove up and a middle aged man with his eye candy honked at the group so they could get by and enter the gates to the jet center. Fifteen minutes later a private jet took off accompanied by ear-splitting noise and tons of toxic air pollution.

Do we really need this kind of an airport? Concerned Residents Against Airport Pollution (CRAAP) at www.jetairportpollution.com; Community Against Santa Monica Airport Traffic (CASMAT) at www.casmat.org; and Sunset Park Anti-Airport (SPAA) at www.sparesidents.org are saying that a great park would benefit so many more in so many ways. The three groups hooked up together forming the first cars of the Airport-to-Park Train. You can get on board too. Visit the above websites and www.airport2park.org. As is often the case, the people need to make it happen. This train ride promises to be enjoyable.

Plane Crash: One More Reason to Close Santa Monica Airport

By Greta Cobar

A private jet carrying four people and three pets crashed at landing into a hangar on the side of the runway at Santa Monica airport.

If the hangar wasn’t there, the plane would have crashed into the rows of residences situated only 150 feet from the site of the crash. The flames that immediately erupted burned at a temperature higher than most fires because jet fuel was involved. The fire damaged three big buildings.

Before the September 29 plane crash, the Beachhead was the only newspaper to publish articles advocating for the closing of the airport come 2015, when its lease runs out. Written mostly by Martin Rubin, director of Concerned Residents Against Airport Pollution (CRAAP), the articles focused on the pollution that Venice residents have been subjected to, as the flight path of the planes is over Venice, not Santa Monica. Following the crash, dozens of other publications and political figures have spoken in support of closing the airport.

Mark Benjamin, 63, owner of one of the largest construction companies in Southern California, and his son, Luke, 28, have been identified as two of the people on the plane. The identities of two women who were also on board have not been released at this time. Two cats and one dog were also on the plane.

The crash had no survivors. The cause of the crash is under investigation by the National Transportation Safety Board, which is currently closed because of the government shutdown.

The plane was a twin-engine Cessna Citation coming from Hailey, Idaho. It veered off the runway and slammed into the hangar upon landing at 6:20pm. Current efforts are focused on transforming the airport into a park, and the Sierra Club has officially endorsed such efforts. Santa Monica City College, which already operates in newly constructed buildings on the grounds of the airport, would have an excellent opportunity for expansion. Art shows that periodically take place in select hangars could also widen and branch out.

As tragic as this plane crash undoubtedly was, it symbolically put jet fuel on the years-long efforts of Venice residents to close the airport. Because it only serves private planes and jets, the airport caters to only a small percentage of Santa Monica residents. However, it provides consistent noise and air pollution to many others. A park, on the other hand, would serve many more, provide silence and clean air.

The Airport-to-Park train has already been put in motion, so jump aboard and enjoy the ride!

"I have long thought that the airport should be shut down, and I feel the same way today. The airport is a proven danger to nearby residents both from the risk of crashes and from growing evidence of pollution and emissions from the jet fuel. Sadly, this is déjà vu all over again."

– Mike Bonin, City Councilperson

"These homes experience not just potential safety dangers, but also jet ex-haust blowing right into their living rooms. Noise is a concern as well."

– Ted Lieu, State Senator

"The one option that we know that really isn't under consideration is status quo. The airport will not remain the same as it is now."

– Martin Pastucha, Santa Monica Public Works Director

"In July 2015, the City of Santa Monica’s 1984 agreement with the FAA expires. We have a once-in-a-generation opportunity to re-purpose an enormous and unique land parcel as our largest park. Let's build a park!"

– Martin Rubin, CRAAP

Moby Dick – A Complete Reading of the Book

November 28 & 24, 8am-10pm
Read it on the beach by the breakwater rocks with The Venice Oceanarium
Volunteers needed to read out loud
Just Show Up!
www.veniceoceanarium.org

Mark Your Calendar and Save the Date!

Beachhead’s 45th Birthday Celebration
December 1, 6:30pm, Beyond Baroque
Music, Poetry, Drinks and Fun!

Free Venice Beachhead • October 2013 • 3
Menotti's Coffee Stop Opens On Windward

By CJ Gronner

Way back in the day, there was Menotti’s Bar on Windward. Then came the Prohibition Era, and it became Menotti’s “Buffet”, a little grocery store to serve as cover for the Speakeasy downstairs, which also served as a distribution center for the liquor being smuggled through the underground tunnels from the off-shore ships hauling it in. Well, now we can all drink freely, but Menotti’s is making its return to Venice with the opening of Menotti’s Coffee Stop, next door to our current Speakeasy – the Del Monte/Townhouse.

As the owners of The Townhouse, Louis and Annette Ryan, continue to expand and honor the historical roots of Venice, they have turned the empty space now filled by Menetti’s into a gorgeous venue for your neighborhood coffee fix at the beach. They also found the very best guy to run it, Christopher “nicely” Abel Alameda, a true coffee professional and three-time World Latte Art Champion. He KNOWS his coffee. And his name is nicely (because he played “Nicely Nicely” in Guys and Dolls) kept getting voted “Most Courteous” in school! so you know you’re going to get good service.

Alameda is from Far Rockaway, New York (and you can hear it in his accent) but began his career in coffee when his Mother moved them to Seattle when he was 15 for a better life out West. Seattle was pretty much the world coffee center at the time, and Alameda learned his trade at Espresso Vivace - known internationally as a center for "coffee technique". Contacts made there led him to leave Seattle for Venice and a job at Intelligentsia. He considers his time spent there his "Grad School" in coffee. "I was embraced by Venice while I was there, even in such a sterile environment." When he felt they were getting a bit too corporate for his taste (and mine), he embarked on his "accelerated business school of coffee" at the beach. They also found the very best guy to run it, Christopher “nicely” Abel Alameda, a true coffee professional and three-time World Latte Art Champion. He KNOWS his coffee. And his name is nicely (because he played "Nicely Nicely" in Guys and Dolls) kept getting voted "Most Courteous" in school! so you know you're going to get good service.

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By Derek G. Taylor, who is in business with the Ryans, Taylor explained that the Ryans were interested in opening a coffee venue next to The Townhouse on Windward and asked if Alameda would be into partnering up with them. With his first son about to be born (the darling baby Abel) to Alameda and his lady, Kailani Rodde-Ector, they were looking for somewhere close to home for him to work. (Kailani was born and raised in Venice, and they have made their happy home here). Alameda appreciated that “Menotti’s is going to be a Mom and Pop place, because Louis and Nettie are a Mom and a Pop. We want to focus on raising our family in a great family town.” The Ryans have raised their own children here, and he liked that it was going to be a family operation, geared to our locals. We like that too.

As Alameda explained, “The Ryans are interested in doing positive and beautiful things for Venice. They take care of their businesses and the history behind them.” To that end, Menotti's truly has that sense of place that could only be Venice. The tables are old whiskey barrels and the cream and sugar holders are liquor bottles, both tipping their hats to the original vibe of the place. The counter is made of the original tin ceiling of the place. The music will be played on a record player - vinyl. The Four Barrel Coffee (from San Francisco) will be made on a special La Marzocco machine (in a custom turquoise shade to match the ocean outside). The pastries will be sourced by our friends at GTA. There will be record listening parties, photo exhibits, seminars to make your own coffee at home way better, and always an excellent place to stop in and get your caffeine and say hi to friendly faces that you know.

"What's left of the REAL Venice is the community engagement," said Alameda. I both second this and appreciate it. We NEED people like this to honor our past and establish a new classic Venice spot for years to come. Menotti's is pure Venice, top to bottom, and I hope you will join me in warmly welcoming them, supporting them, and thanking them for helping to keep Venice Venicely.

Menotti's Coffee Stop will be open daily 8am - 8pm.

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The Transportation Design Institute admits students of any race, color, national and ethnic origin to all the rights, privileges, programs, and activities generally accorded or made available to students at the school. It does not discriminate on the basis of race, color, national and ethnic origin in administration of its educational policies, admissions policies, scholarship and loan programs, and athletic and other school-administered programs.

Come check out our classes for Children and Adults!

ACTING*AFRO-CARIBE DANCE
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JAZZ*TAE KWON DO*MUSIC
SAMBA*YOGA*TANGO
and more!!
Zipline Leaves Juan Smelling BS

By Greta Cobar

Following their promise to leave only footprints, Flightlinez removed the two towers supporting the zipline and are in the process of restoring the grass that was uprooted when the towers were installed. Unfortunately, the process of restoring the grass involved a stinky fertilizer that stunk up parts of Ocean Front Walk for days.

Business at the Sidewalk Café was negatively affected by the foul smell according to Mason, who works there.

In spite of the stench, Venetians have been delighted to see the ocean-view-obstructing zipline gone.

“It’s finally quiet again,” said Vivianne Robinson, whose Name on Rice stand on OFW is right in front of the location where the zipline operated.

The best news is that they did not make their anticipated profit, and therefore will probably not return. Their loss should stand as a testament and warning to other similar attractions that might consider coming to Venice.

“Our goal was to have 350 riders per day, but we did not touch that,” said Brina Marcus, marketing director for Flightlinez/Greenheart, in a conversation with the Beachhead.

The so-called attraction was sold to Venice residents under the pretext that it would provide money to the city of Los Angeles to clean and maintain the bathrooms in Venice. Three months later, the bathrooms are not any cleaner. This should stand as a testament to us Venetians to not be fooled again, and to remember that it is the city of L.A.’s job to clean our bathrooms. Such cleanup should never be contingent on an ocean-view-obstructing attraction operated by a company in Canada.

“Financially it doesn’t make sense for us to come back as temporary because setting up and tearing down is time-consuming and costly,” Marcus told the Beachhead. “To become a permanent project, however, would take anywhere between 18 months to 3 years, and it would involve permits and processes with the California Coastal Commission,” Marcus said.

“I can’t divulge anything we learned,” Marcus told the Beachhead. She was not able to tell us the average number of riders per day, nor the amount of money the city of L.A. received from Flightlinez. According to the contract, the city was supposed to receive 15 percent of gross profit. By the low number of riders that residents have witnessed throughout the summer, there might not have been a profit. Meanwhile the Venice bathrooms continue to offer third-world conditions and to stand as a violation of basic human rights. Busy summer weekends witnessed hour-long lines, lack of toilet paper and no locks on doors. Of course we get annoyed when people pee in our neighborhoods, but where are they really supposed to go when nature calls and there is nowhere to go?

In Santa Monica they have new, state-of-the-art, well lit, clean bathrooms with plenty of paper and other basic necessities that we, over the border, see as fancy.

Cityhood is the difference between Santa Monica and Venice. They get to spend their money on what they choose, while all of the revenue generated in Venice goes downtown L.A. and we are left crying and begging like an ignored step-child.

The city of Los Angeles annexed Venice in 1925, following the discovery of offshore oil. The citizens of Venice at that time voted in favor of annexation, but the vote was rigged by just-arrived implants, who were moved to Venice right before the vote. In addition, Venice citizens were misinformed and threatened that without annexation, they would have no more drinking water.

Add this to the barricades the city of L.A. put against Venice cityhood: the entire city of L.A. would have to vote on and approve a current de-annexation. However, only the citizens of Venice voted to approve the annexation in 1925.

If Venetians were allowed to decide and vote upon, we would have our own magnificent city of Venice with the grandeur of yore. There would be no need for an ocean-view-obscuring zipline in the vain hopes of having clean bathrooms. One way to achieve that would be to change the requirement that the entire city of L.A. needs to approve de-annexation, and allow Venetians to once and for all decide for themselves.
By Delores Hanney

Today Mike T. lives a life of gracious bohemian-ism with his longtime love Laura. He’s an artist; she’s a writer. Their enchanting Venice home and its 800 square-foot studio are hidden from view by thriving gardens swoony with scent and color, tumbling chimes and little surprises tucked in here and there. Sometimes they are in residence enjoying a mellow, mystical lifeway. Other times, when fortunate travelers have taken up occupancy, they load up their trailer and sail off to bask in the alternate pleasures of San Juan Capistrano, San Clemente, Laguna, Monterey or some other lash-by-the-sea location: a pair of nature-enthralled gypsies in a rolling abode. But back in the time of hippies, Mike was part owner of a psychedelic book store-cum-gallery, an emporium purveying all manner of accoutrements, trappings and regalia for enhancement of the 1960s counter cultures’ lifestyle.

The Earth Rose, as it was called, was located at Ocean Front Walk and Rose Avenue, where the Venice Ale House currently stands. Next door a Jewish delicatessen was operated by Holocaust survivors; the hotel across the street was known as the Ocean View in that era. The shop came into being when Mike threw his lot in with trust fund endowed Steve Richmond who made a hobby of casual entrepreneurship. “He was an edgy kind of guy, a poet and both of us were pretty weird,” Mike told me. “Steve was responsible for ‘content,’ mostly books of poetry or spirituality.” While Mike was the ambiance maker and finder of groovy merchandise irresistible to hippy ality.” While Mike was the ambiance maker and finder of groovy merchandise irresistible to hippy taste, they shared the role of shop clerk and chatter-upper of whoever happened to walk in. Keeping a surfboard at The Earth Rose, with his current girlfriend or Richmond watching the store, he regularly nipped across the sand to surrender to the sea for a friend or Richmond watching the store, he regularly nipped across the sand to surrender to the sea for a day’s worth of surfing. The gathering of a gaggle of comfortable港口s. The Earth Rose was a modest success, financially, but its incarnation was a brief one. The inevitable demise ensued over a question of whether the owners was part of a free food program and additional grass roots services. It also provided public meeting space supporting issues of humanitarian concern.

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By CJ Gronner

When I first heard there was going to be a Venice Symphony Orchestra, I thought it was just about the best idea ever. Then I heard them, and that is now confirmed. Led by founder/director/conductor/musician, Wesley Flowers, I just heard the VSO play for the first time at the September Venice Art Crawl, and as their tag-line goes, they did indeed play everything "From Beck to Bach." Beautifully.

Flowers grew up in Georgia, playing the bass and piano - a little. As life goes, opportunities spring up and you either grab them or you don't, and when Flowers was offered a gig playing on tour with Butch Walker, he grabbed it. Flowers played with Walker for five years, and that gig is what first brought him out to Los Angeles. He found that he didn't like L.A. at all, but when he came down to the beach in Venice - near the studio they were working out of - he said the clouds parted and he knew these were his people. I've heard that same story so many times - and told it - where people arrive in Venice and just either get it or they don't. The ones who get it stay ... and then do their best to not only preserve what they loved about it upon arrival, but to add to it in creative and positive ways. That's just what Flowers set out to do, right from the beginning.

After attending a performance of the Santa Monica Symphony Orchestra, Flowers was blown away - and then even more so to find that Venice did not have an Orchestra of its own. What?!! A creative hub of the entire world did not have an Orchestra?! Something had to be done. Flowers approached some friends with his idea, and Venice architect/developer Jason Teague thought it was a fantastic idea, and said that Flowers was exactly the kind of person we want our town, there has been a kind of revolving door of VSO musicians through Craig's List, Yo Venice non-profit set up, and Flowers was off to the races, recruiting musicians and making a living, so sometimes well-paying gigs need to take precedence while the VSO and The Free Venice Beachhead. The VSO had their first performance in the fall of 2012 at The Electric Lodge, where they were also allowed to hold rehearsals. Flowers said, "This is the only town this could happen in." Everyone is a volunteer at this point, everything has been donated, and all are in it for the love of music.

The music. With so many talented musicians in town, there has been a kind of revolving door of VSO members thus far, as everyone has busy schedules and also need to make a living, so sometimes well-paying gigs need to take precedence while the VSO gets up, running, and more self-sufficient. Watching them perform at last month's Art Crawl, one would have no idea that there was so little time for the group to rehearse as a whole. The program (Mozart AND "Good Vibrations") was flawless and had the entire audience jam-packed (with a line down the block to get in!) into Teague's shipping container compound applauding and elated that we now DO have a symphony orchestra of our own!

Their hopes are to keep growing, to offer free music lessons to at-risk local youth, have free performances for the neighborhood, tour with the VSO, have a permanent home (how about a concert hall in the Windward Circle?) to play in, have a staff, score films, stage a performance at the end of the Venice Pier ... the great ideas are really endless. To make a reality will require help and support from our whole community. You can donate through their website. You can sign up for "LivnGiv" where participating restaurants donate 20% of your tab to the VSO, at no extra cost to you. You can book them for a private function (what a great work holiday party idea!). And as the membership is now only about 1/4 as big as Flowers would like, you can dust off your own instrument and join in on the music-making!

"We put the Venice in symphony orchestra," Flowers said, and added that the people and the music selections are "funky enough to be the VENICE Symphony Orchestra." It's great to see a younger generation not only getting involved with orchestral music, but creating it for the whole community to enjoy. "I think we can revolutionize the movement and redefine what an orchestra can be. We can re-invent the classics, while still honoring them, and incorporating things like electronic music, because it all ties together." A pretty apt mission statement for an orchestra for Venice, California if you ask me. I think Abbot Kinney would not only be proud of these guys, but would probably see a little bit of his dreamer self in them ... and the part that then goes out and makes it happen.

Celebrate the music of Venice! The Venice Symphony Orchestra will be playing monthly at First Fridays at Trim Salon on Abbot Kinney, at the next Art Crawl on December 19th, and wherever our town books them to share the gift of their music.

Please support our VSO. Contact them at Veniceorchestra@gmail.com. Like them on Facebook (https://www.facebook.com/veniceorchestra) or sign up for LivnGiv (https://www.livngiv.com/los-angeles) and select VSO as your cause. Thank you, and Enjoy the music!!!
out. "All that will be left is an over-developed, con-
gested, gridlocked mess..." I object to this project in
TOTALLY. Lura was concerned about this devel-
opedment setting a precedent, and losing all the diver-
sity of the neighborhood.

Joe, Antoinette, Chris, and many other voiced concerns
that the hotel was going to be across the street from an elementary school, and with a roof-top bar, pool and transient hotel guests, it might not be
the best idea to have all that swirling around little kids.

Everyone seemed to agree on that.
Traffic was a major issue, and most speakers mentioned it. As a hotel, there will be 24 hour deliv-
eries (which I'm sure will be close neighbors who love
- never mind the ages of construction it would all
take), and loading docks blocking traffic on Electric,
an already extra-narrow thoroughfare. Caskory spoke
eloquenty about how when she moved here 18 years ago
"(and still consider myself a newbie)," she loved
that she could ride bikes down the boulevard to the
beach, but she would never dream of taking her
young boys down the street on bikes now, with all the
traffic and oblivious tourists ALREADY here, and
this will only make it way worse. "The tourist money
doesn't stay here, and it will only detract from the
Venice we love... Expect to hear from us." Wond.
Parking was another biggie, and almost all men-
tioned it. Where are all the employees going to park?
Where will the people go to park that don't want to
pay high hotel parking prices? Into the neighbor-
hoods, that's where. It's already difficult for people
who work at the airports, then parking anywhere near
their homes, and this will, of course, only excer-
berate the problem. Steve and many more mentioned
that there are already available lots, which is sad when
you figure it is there for US first or should be.

The open letter from the owners said that Venice
"needs" a hotel. One prepared speaker named Lisa
did some quick research before she came and told us
that there are 35 (!) hotels in a 2 mile radius, so yeah,
we don't need it. One guy whose name I missed,
"This is a NOT in my backyard situation. This is our
village, and this project will fundamentally shift the
tide of our town. No." Another guy said, "You walk
down Abbot Kinney and you think, 'I wish I had a
cup of coffee.' No one says, 'I wish I had a hotel.'

This project is an outrage." Danny was recently in Amsterdam, and was im-
pressed at how developers there built things to con-
template the historical nature of the area, which these
guys should emulate. "Venice is in crisis now, this
is a wonderful area that we want to preserve." Amen.

Logan said, "I don't want this place to turn into the
3rd Street Promenade," which was echoed by
daniel. Angelo said that if the hotel people were FOR
community, then they'd have even THOUGHT
about putting a hotel there, and he said "No way
to solve these problems in that location." Kim said
she was opposed to it, "a hotel that could eat to the
wealthy." "Everything coming in is high end. I and I
own two stores on Abbot Kinney (the lovely and reasona-
ably priced Ananda and Skylark - proudly NOT cot-
rate chain stores) and I can't afford to buy a house
here anymore." That isn't right. That isn't Venice.

Marta asked for a show of hands opposing the
hotel, and almost every hand went up. She said, "We,
as Venetians, get to choose the character of our com-
munity!" and that the hotel group were making their
"concessions" because of the pressure they're getting,
not because it's what's right to do. She then
planned down over 100 letters of opposition in front
of the committee for good measure. Then
there were maybe three or four people who spoke that
were for the project, and at least two of them felt like
total plants. One was so good about it, you'd think a Nobel Prize was next for people
who want to put up a boxy, fancy hotel in a surf, skate,
art neighborhood. She said, "I'm 100% in favor of it,
and we don't need to hear another 'No' tonight," to
which the entire place drowned out everything else
she said after a chorus of "NOOOOOO!!" It was kind
of great, a very power to the people moment. Both
Abrams and Kaufman said at different points in the
evening, "Not to sound sarcastic (which it did) but if
you don't like it, tell your neighbors not to sell." True
even? (DON'T SELL!!!), but it came off as a screw

When all had spoken, the hotel team had a chance
to respond. That was the "Then don't sell" time,
and Abrams said he had bought the property before
someone else - that didn't care as much - came in
to build B&G without any regard for the commu-
nity, and if they didn't get to build their hotel, they'd
sell to someone who would. To that, someone sadly
yelled, "Don't threaten us!" More claps. When
Abrams said, "We want to do something in the con-
text and reality of Venice's future," that got maybe
two claps. They ended with "We're listening and we
hear you and we want to work with you, thank you.
That might be true, but in demeanor and tone, it felt
like some pandering to get what you want.

At the end, one guy said, "Look us in the eye and say
you're going to do the right thing. Honor this excep-
tional community." Another lady said, "This project
is NOT inevitable. We care. We fight. We are active
activists. This is NOT a given, and CAN BE stopped!!
That got big applause, in solidarity.

And it can be stopped. As someone said, "Nowhere
else do you see a community coming together like
this. This is Venice, and our community is authentic."
We all millied around in the lobby after the hotel part of
the meeting was done and discussed it all. No one
likes that it seems to be a matter of "Old, crazy Ven-
icce" vs. "New and rich Venice." Because time and
money spent do not make the spirit of a place. A
thoughtful population - from 50 years to 50 days liv-
ing here - that honors the past, respects its beautiful
diversity of residents in all income brackets (includ-
ing none), and looks forward in a cool, conscientious
manner is what makes a place great. I love this
spirit, and we WILL fight for it. There will be more
meetings, debate and votes about this, and we will be
there. Defend Venice.

You can learn more for yourself at
AbbotKinneyHotel.com and at
http://www.venicenc.org/committees/lupc

Below: full house at the October 2 LUPC meeting at
Oakwood Rec. as people came out to speak against

Pondering the Difference: Thought vs. Meditation

By Francic Wong

Some people say that they meditate while doing
dishes or walking down the street just enjoying being
outside and in touch with their breath. I used to do
these and chant the mantra, "I am grateful." I
remember standing at the sink full of dishes, tears run-
ing down my face while saying it over and over again.
In my opinion, I was not meditating when I
was washing the dishes; I was, however, saying an
affirmation while doing an activity that I normally
would not enjoy doing and by saying it over and over,
it prevented otherwise negative thoughts to pervade
my mind. I no longer cry over a sink full of dishes.

I would like you to imagine you are watching a
movie. Pretend for a moment that we all have our own
minds like a screen in a theater. There are people
come through, I would attach to a lot of them. The
thoughts, feelings and emotions grow. This only
happens where the seed ends and where the other begins
little. As you water the seed, the distance between
the dishes.

For the past 7 years, I have deepened my own
practice and am now sharing what I have learned and
continue to discover with others. For more informa-
tion on my personal story that includes surviving can-
cer, please visit my website. I would be more than
happy to answer any questions that you have to help
you on your journey.

http://www.calmmonkey.com
facebook.com/calmmonkey

Calm Monkey is a portal for tips and tools on
meditation as well as spoken word creative visualiza-
tions recorded to help people, especially children
difficulties.
Why is there always one waiting?
Why do they look like toys I played with as a boy?
Why are new weapons tested?
Why are we quick to bomb?
Why always do we return to this point?
American warriors returning home broken
American warlords showing their stones
Than a need
Why is it so
More a want
Than a need

Why is there always more than one to die?
To fight
Why is there always one to bomb?
Why is there always one?

BOOTS ON THE GROUND: or Talk of War
(September Song)
By D.J. Carlile

Will they put some boots down, boots on the ground?
Say these are empty boots, with nothing in them, empty boots with ghostly feet and spectral toes, the memories of missing bodies—dead or legless or worse. Boots on the ground, their owners in a bag now or a box of ashes or a hearse, on crutches, locked out, or in reverse, locked in. Some boots on the ground, all empty, all marching. These were your children, these are and aren’t your kids. Why put a foot there?
Death in fancy footwear wants to buckle a shoe, one-two, wants you, one too. That existential dilemma of what is true, what false has always boots one size fits all.

Time Is True, But Still
Frequently as I view my surroundings I feel I've missed much that life has But, still I like what I've seen and done There is a certain contentment in that, at least The North garden wall is covered in green Moss, kept moist by my hand The pine needles drop continually making A soft bed when nap is near A dog's bark is heard in the distance Answered by other barks more closer The figure on the road, slowly trekking, Head bent low, hat pulled down, coat pulled Tight with hands in gloves It makes you think of old Harvey Joe Long done now and better though I wonder how dry the Summer will be, since Long done now and better though I wonder how dry the Summer will be, since It makes you think of old Harvey Joe

11:11 Monday, September 16th, 2013, Adullam ..... My life stares back at me this Monday morn. I wonder why that ever was I born. The sky outside my window marks the mood Within the room; throughout the neighborhood. The barren storm fence bears it's nakedness In shame, wishing it could simply dress In green velour it wore one week ago, Before that idiot savaged it so. The oscillating fan, soft to confess In circulations, windy to express. And I, for one, beginning to feel good; That is to say, I don't feel quite so bad. New page is written, soon as one is torn. As I stare at my life, I am reborn ..... Roger Houston, given the name "Adullam" by the Children of God, 1971.

Sunday Night
Ivy-Elena, sitting on a cushion on the couch tells her story to Mark.
Once upon a time there was a daddy named Mark, a mommy named Sue-Sue, a daughter named Ivy and a son named Xavier. They got up in the morning and had waffles and whipped cream and ate it all up. They went outside and saw a mango tree, with a blossom that was flame-colored and very beautiful. The end. Then she said: do you have a niece? So I could see this book up? Mark said not right now but I can get you one in the morning. They looked at each other with love and exhaustion Sue-Sue came out and they told the story to her. They were all together on the couch, really tired and the kids were jumping around. Xavier pretending to be Spider Man, climbing the walls. I got to watch a family being a family. I sat in the chair holding their cat, reading The New York Times Magazine. I got to see how good it gets at home, their home. It is hard to confess in circulations, windy to express. "I planted the field a week ago" some day she will learn to read and write in English but for now it's scribbling and memorizing her stories. It was a rare moment of down time in a family that is constantly moving. And I sit back and drink it in. The End - I mean, The Beginning
– Mary Getlein

Boots on the ground, dead or legless or worse.

Ode to Autumn
A sonnet
By Michael Riley

Yes, my friend, it’s sadly true I have contacted Vernal Flu The melancholy that sets in when winter’s chilly rains begin and Ursa Major, from her crest starts slowly slipping to the west. I soon shall see the old drunk guy residing in the Winter sky. O’Ryan – the Irish constellation holds high a flagon of libation while ‘tis no sheet upon his belt just the open fly unfelt. Through winter’s reign – cold and muddy he shall be my drinkin’ buddy.

The Blood
By Humberto Gómez Sequeira-HuGoS
For Alma Ivette Durán

Every day the blood of consciousness irrigates the electric root of the cells that produce the formulas of my thoughts of toys and wild desires. Without coagulating in the cold atmosphere of my emptiness, it follows the course of loyalty to its human instinct of sacrifice and vengeance.

Only Me
By Emily Wood

I watch my chest rise and fall And wonder how I got here And how I move in this skin Do I belong here? In this vessel of sin A moving mistake Contained within Punished, ashamed Hidden away To save you It's what I've always done Never hurt anyone Only me Only me But I feel the blood And the air And the warmth And a tear And I know I've earned nothing But there's a melody here So I get to dance Not only me

Free Venice Beachhead • October 2013 • 9
This Paper Is A Poem

Mark Your Calendar and Save the Date!
Beachhead’s 45th Birthday Celebration
December 1, 6:30pm, Beyond Baroque
Music, Poetry, Drinks and Fun!
Continued from page 1: Using Art in the Struggle for Social Justice

the old posters are stored. They would give me dozens and sometimes hundreds of posters.

The Center started out under the bed and in the halls of my apartment in Venice. I put together exhibits on Women, Liberation Theology, and with Ed Pearl, our neighbor, I put together an "Art Against Apartheid" exhibit. People started asking me if I could put together exhibits on this or that, so I started putting together exhibits to order. At that time it was all volunteer, it was a labor of love. It still is, but now I have staff to pay. I had amassed by this time somewhere between 3000 and 5000 posters, and I realized that these were a commitment and a responsibility to people’s history. The Library of Congress was interested in the Nicaragua Exhibit, but they would just archive them and nobody would ever see them.

I realized that there was no existing organization in the country that was using these posters for educational consciousness raising. My friends told me to start my own. We got a pro-bono attorney to draw up our Articles of Incorporation as a non-profit 501c3 organization in 1989.

Beachhead: What are you working on right now?
Carol Wells: We are doing a 60-poster exhibit as our first collaboration with the American Friends Service Committee, and it’s also a traveling exhibition using all digital reproductions. This exhibit is called "Boycott: The Art of Economic Activism" and it is on its way to Washington, D.C. It covers about 20 boycotts over 60 years, such as the Coors Boycott, the South Africa Boycott, and the Montgomery Bus Boycott. It shows how boycotts are non-violent direct actions that in many cases achieved a lot of success. They can bring attention in a non-violent way, to injustices in worker rights, to persecution. It is also an educational tool to make people realize that every dollar they spend is supporting or opposing something. Whether it’s a brand and the policies that brand stands for. Like coffee, you can support the independent coffee shops, or you can support the megabrands.

Beachhead: What do you give them money for the exhibitions?
Carol Wells: Yes, we rent the exhibitions to galleries. We are doing a 60-poster exhibit as our first collaboration with the American Friends Service Committee, and it’s also a traveling exhibition using all digital reproductions. This exhibit is called "Boycott: The Art of Economic Activism" and it is on its way to Washington, D.C. It covers about 20 boycotts over 60 years, such as the Coors Boycott, the South Africa Boycott, and the Montgomery Bus Boycott. It shows how boycotts are non-violent direct actions that in many cases achieved a lot of success. They can bring attention in a non-violent way, to injustices in worker rights, to persecution. It is also an educational tool to make people realize that every dollar they spend is supporting or opposing something. Whether it’s a brand and the policies that brand stands for. Like coffee, you can support the independent coffee shops, or you can support the megabrands.

Beachhead: Do they give you money for the exhibitions?
Carol Wells: We are doing a 60-poster exhibit as our first collaboration with the American Friends Service Committee, and it’s also a traveling exhibition using all digital reproductions. This exhibit is called "Boycott: The Art of Economic Activism" and it is on its way to Washington, D.C. It covers about 20 boycotts over 60 years, such as the Coors Boycott, the South Africa Boycott, and the Montgomery Bus Boycott. It shows how boycotts are non-violent direct actions that in many cases achieved a lot of success. They can bring attention in a non-violent way, to injustices in worker rights, to persecution. It is also an educational tool to make people realize that every dollar they spend is supporting or opposing something. Whether it’s a brand and the policies that brand stands for. Like coffee, you can support the independent coffee shops, or you can support the megabrands.

Beachhead: Do you also collect political buttons?
Carol Wells: Yes, we have thousands. We recently received a donation of a large collection of buttons from Lenny Potash, a union organizer, and he also donated glass cases to display them. We have a very small staff, but we are 30% larger because of a Federal Grant that we received for a very specific project.

Beachhead: What can Beachhead readers do to support the CSPG?
Carol Wells: We can use volunteers to help us document and organize the art donations we receive. Donations are always welcome too. This year’s annual fundraiser will take place October 20 (see below). For more info, call 310-397-3100 or visit www.politicalgraphics.org.

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CENTER FOR THE STUDY OF POLITICAL GRAPHICS

CELEBRATING THE ART OF RESISTANCE

SUNDAY 10/20/13

Professional Musicians Union Local 47
817 Vine Street, Hollywood, CA 90038

RECEPTION: 3:00 - 4:30
Meet the Honorees and Silent Auction

AWARDS PROGRAM: 4:30 - 6:30
Live Performance by the Get Lit Players

2013 Honorees:
Cheri Gaulke & Sue Maberry met at the Woman’s Building, a feminist art center, in 1976. Their work combines art, activism and education. In 1981, they co-founded the anti-nuclear performance group Sisters Of Survival. Cheri is Head of the Visual Arts at Harvard-Westlake School and Sue is Director of the Library at Otis College of Art and Design.

Get Lit Players are an award-winning classic and spoken word teen poetry troupe comprised of teenagers from throughout Los Angeles County. The Get Lit Players perform for over 10,000 of their peers each year, inspiring them to read, write and participate in the arts and be leaders in their communities.

Sonia Mercado & Sam Paz are activist civil rights attorneys with a long and successful history challenging police misconduct and supporting the constitutional rights of prisoners. Their work supporting the rights of the incarcerated to medical care, to be free from violence and brutality and to end illegal police spying against community and political organizations have led to important reforms.
By Brian Connolly

I’ve been supporting the rights of the un-housed as a political activist who dresses like John Lennon, pitching my tent overnight at different events, and then going back to my apartment. I’d made some mistakes in my life recently, though, and found myself un-housed. This is what it’s been like:

I ran up the sidewalk towards the St. Joseph homeless shelter in Venice, California. It was 6:45am – too late for orientation. Though the cops had awakened me with a beeping sound right out of “Star Wars” right before 6:00am, the cut-off for still sleeping on the sidewalk in LA, I was late. I had a copy of Treasure Island in my hand and a pack on my back. The book, of course, is filled with characters such as Captain Long John Silver, ruthless pirates and cattasuch as Ben Gunn. St. Josephs is filled with cattasuch as drug addicts, the mentally ill, the victims of violence and other trauma, and also poor souls who wouldn’t a hurt a fly, who simply made a mistake or two. When the hackers took the TARP money and rewarded themselves for the crises that they’d created, they marginalized almost everyone in society, but here were the people towards the bottom. No bailouts here.

On the line in front of me was Gypsy — an old man with a palm tree tattoo on his cheek, almost like a pirate. He laid on the cement in front of me, his lips pursing in as if over false teeth, faded tattoos splotted across his arm. His eye is a translu
cent white. In this world, the first thing you begin to learn is what you need to know in your first hour in prison. Not to make unnecessary eye contact with certain people. Large muscular aggressives will go off on you in a threatening way over little things. Over time you realize the power of simply standing and protecting themselves. Just don’t press that trigger and they’ll ignore you. It’s other creatures in what I’ve come to call “The Undead World” whom you have to worry about much more.

The “shop talk” in a line before a homeless shel
ter is filled with subjects like the food stamp benefit going down $11 next month. How “The Shawshank Redemption” is a bunch of bullshit; it’s hard to kill yourself, especially by hanging. Del just announced it’ll have $50.50 cents all next month. After getting my name on a list and waiting for an
other hour to be called up to a computer, I headed over to Bread and Roses, the shelter’s feeding location, to eat. On the way there, on a corner in the slanting sun at 7:30 pm Gypsy was juggling a cardboard sign, begging for change. He glanced up as I passed. “I’m gonna kill myself. This life ain’t worth living. I got nothing to go about it!” It wasn’t melodrama. Sprawled across the curb before Whole Foods, I knew that he meant it, at least in his soul somewhere. I don’t remember what I said, but it was probably something weak like, “Hang in there.” I wheeled my bike for
ward, his grip giving way as a rope slipping from a workshop ship. I stopped after a few paces, remembering that I’d bought a three-part string cheese package from the $0.99 store. Remembering that the carryaway in the book, Ben Gunn, only really missed cheese, I asked him if he wanted any. He said yes and took the cheese with a distant, but appreciative “Thank you.” At night, I sleep under the stars by Gold’s Gym in Venice — and I’m not alone. There’s a scattering of different human beings, in sleeping bags, under patio umbrellas, some tents...few car
covers. Not the kind for the cars. It’s the other homeless people who believe that it’d be “putting on airs” who are the deterrent. I use cardboard to cover my sleeping bag and to reduce the wetness of the dew in the morning. Of course, I could have a $25 for a library card for the Hari Krishnas, Catholic Charities, and all sorts of benevolents in the shelters who seem to change every day, but who are still there every day. At Bread and Roses I was told to use his special skills, but he doesn’t seem to give a hoot. He shows up at Bread and Roses every day and cooks for us instead.

After eating, I headed back to St. Josephs. A piece of paper told me that they handed out free clothes at that time. There was Gypsy, staring out into the traffic of Lincoln Boulevard. I handed him some more cheese. Suddenly, right before the shelter door, an LAPD car pulled up. A cop got out and said to someone in the back seat, “This is it. There.” A girl got out of the squad car, barefoot and covered in a grey blanket. It was the cots dropping someone off at a homeless shelter. An infamously homeless woman said that the cots claim never really happen. When the girl got out, the cops sped away, not checking whether or not she was murdered. I walked up to her pushing my bike. I said, “The shelter is in there.” What I meant when I came face-to-face with her was a shattered human being who didn’t respond verbally. Her eyes were dilated as if from a permanent shock. She couldn’t have been more than in her late twen
ties. Her hair was very, very short, dark, but I could swear also gray. Severe mental illness? Schizophrenia? She wandered back and forth on the sidewalk a bit, oblivious to the case workers on the other side of the door the cops had pointed to, and Gypsy staring up through his one good eye, silent but ever present, peeling the thin cheese strand-by-strand.

Intuiting that she wouldn’t answer me, I wheeled my bike to the back of St. Joseph’s. There was Russell, the new guard and very approachable. Did they want me to get involved? To mind my own business? I was “in their charge” to do this. It happened this way: When the bank of this was the part where I would’ve been charged in there and saved the day, con
necting the downed in the angels just an arm’s length from them. But this was real life and all this, though embellished a bit, really happened.

What I actually did after a moment was just wheel my bike down the alley, disappearing myself back into the underworld. At the Santa Monica library, I entered with my pack to write all this down, only to be ejected by a guard. My pack had a sleeping bag and a sleeping mat — both illegal in the library — to keep out the homeless. They even put in a new $25 for a library card for non-residents rule in case that didn’t work. On the way back, I eat at OPCC. The guards were speaking amongst themselves in hushed whispers. Someone had been stabbed the day before, blood everywhere, but that's not what had them freaked out. It was "who" got stabbed, someone known to them as the nicest, calmest guy out there who wouldn’t antagonize anyone; the un
nerving face being that no-one, even themselves, was immune to the sudden inflamation of violence that would catch like a spark and erupt like a flame.

Out of sight, of course. From the 1% down, so-ci
diety doesn’t want to see the homeless, even acknow
ledge that their own actions — or in-actions — could be part of the problem of the un-housed. OPCC, the Santa Monica shelter is located on a street only visible from the 10 Freeway if you’re looking to the right at an exact moment before reaching the beach. After I let other

Occupy activists know my situation, they very kindly tried to help me, offering a place to shower, food, something to drink, but honestly these gestures aren’t as helpful as you’d think. All those things are easy to acquire if you’re resourceful in a place like Venice or Santa Monica. It’s the psychological chains that the homeless need help with: substance abuse, the lack of information and motivation to solve problems like how to find a job, and how to find a housing situation. Em
powerment. This is how it’s done. Here’s the solution. You need an email address and a cellphone just to have one. Facts a caring mother or father tells their children over and over.

In the meantime, cheese may sustain...and acts of kindness. I’m still homeless. I’ll sleep under the stars in the same spot tonight listening to an electrical transponder on top of a telephone pole sputtering in the midst of the beach air. Tomorrow I’ll go to the shelter, eat at Bread and Roses...maybe have an extra package of string cheese if Gypsy is still on “board.” I never saw the girl with dirty eyes again, though those shattered eyes haunted my dreams last night as I tossed and turned in my cardboard-covered sleeping bag. Maybe tomorrow.

Occupy!
Abbot Kinney Festival 2013

Photos 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 – by John Decindis; Photo 6: Greta Cobar – by Eric Ahlberg; Photo 7: Earl Newman at the Beachhead booth – by Greta Cobar; Photo 8: Dancing in the Street – by Suzanne Thompson; Photo 9: Pano Douvos and Angelo Douvos at the Peace and Freedom Party booth – by Greta Cobar.