

Emily Winters; Carol Fondiller - 1  
Letters -2  
Prison Nation; Race in America -3  
Peter Lodato - 4  
Big Trouble for Playa Vista - 5  
Manny’s Lowrider Bikes - 6  
Traffic and Parking in Venice -7  
Poetry - 8  
Poetry and Philomenian - 9  
Community Calendar - 11  
Suzy’s Lit Show -12



P.O. BOX 2, VENICE, CA. 90294 • www.venicebeachhead.org • free@venicebeachhead.org • 310-827-2329

August  
2013  
#382



Seascape, by Emily Winters

# Artist Profile: Emily Winters

By Greta Cobar

Here’s a Venice trivia question for you: What do the Venice Arts Council, the Venice Japanese American Memorial Marker, the Ocean Front Walk benches, the Poetry Walls, the Art Walls and the proposed Los Angeles Mural Ordinance have in common?

The answer is Emily Winters. And the previous list enumerates only the projects that she is currently involved with. However, her story goes back to times when rent was less than \$50/month and the L.A. folk did not yet find out about the Venice Festivals.

Beachhead: When did you come to Venice?

Emily Winters: In April of ‘63. I was pregnant, and my husband had friends here that we could stay with.

Beachhead: WOW! You too must have found Venice to be an easy place to come to, but not so easy to leave. What do you remember as particularly exuberant?

Emily Winters: In the 70s, I lived in the Canals for a while. It was then that I became involved with the politics in Venice. Developers wanted to make the Canals a gated community, and we fought and delayed it so many times, it became too expensive to build, so we eventually won. The Canals are public property, and should not be fenced in.

It was at that time that we started the Canal Festival. Everyone had free food in their front yards, and we just wondered around the canals and partied, drinking Red Mountain wine. That went on for seven years, but then it got too crowded. Word got out and everyone in L.A. was coming, and someone got badly

knifed, so we had to close it. We had a Canal Festival Funeral.

Beachhead: What was it like living in the Canals forty years ago?

Emily Winters: The people living there were all poor, raising young children, and we all helped each other out. There were a lot of empty city lots, and we grew vegetables. Folk music was played, and when the gypsy trucks came in, we let them use our water and electricity. I raised my two daughters, Genevieve and Camille, in that neighborly camaraderie.

Beachhead: One of the Venice murals that you designed is still adorning a building by the Canals.

Emily Winters: Yes, that mural depicts Jaya, which is Sanskrit for non-violent victory. On the left it illustrates the looming sterile Marina closing in on us, thus people being displaced by the rent going up. On the right side is the beautiful life we had over here, full of greenery, and all characters depicted in the mural are people that used to live here at that time. I designed the mural based on community input.

Beachhead: You are currently working on more than a hand-full of projects in Venice, and we want to hear about them all. Just to start, what’s going on with the Ocean Front Walk benches?

Emily Winters: Twenty-two tiles depicting the history of Venice from 1904 to 2001 were created by Noel Osheroff and Tamie Smith with the Venice Community Housing Corporation Clayworks program from a grant from the Los Angeles renovation of the Ocean Front Walk in the year 2000. The Los Angeles Recreation and Parks built eleven benches specifically to house these tiles.

## The Case of the Disappearing Benches

By Carol Fondiller  
Reprinted from the October 1983 issue

At one time there were sixty of them.

They were double benches. That is, one could sit and face the west and watch the ocean, or one could sit and face the east and watch the human parade that strolled, shuffled and bumped up and down the Ocean Front Walk.

I always ended up perched on the top of the bench with my feet on the bench seat. If one sat there long enough, and I did, friends and cronies would collect and we’d spend the day at the bench.

Sixty sturdy benches like duennas at a cotillion, strung out from Navy to 18th St. offering aid and comfort to those with blisters, broken skateboards, too many packages, too much sun and alcohol, too much time on their hands, and not enough money in their pockets. Postcards printed in the late ‘20s, when Venice was annexed to the City of Los Angeles showed double benches on the Ocean Front Walk.

In World War II, the Avalon Ballroom was open 24 hours a day and the little trams ran up and down the O.F.W. till 2:00 a.m. The benches, with the seal of the City of Los Angeles branded on their cement haunches, supported soldiers, sailors and shipyard workers as they massaged their feet, smoked, made out, and/or looked at the moon or the sun. Venice was swing-shift city.

In the late ‘50s, when I first visited Venice, the last Bingo parlor was being closed down.





Beachhead Collective Staff:

Karl Abrams, Anne Alvarez, Greta Cobar, Don Geagan, Dean Henderson, Mary Getlein, CJ Gronner, Ronald McKinley, Darrin Pattanumotana, Alice Stek.

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

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

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



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

Mail: P.O. Box 2, Venice, CA 90294.  
Email: free@venicebeachhead.org  
Web: www.venicebeachhead.org  
Twitter: twitter.com/VeniceBeachhead

Beachhead Sustainers:

- Richard Abcarian • Karl Abrams
- Eric Ahlberg • Linda Albertano
- Susan Hayden Allport • Christine del Amo
- Jennifer Baum • Irene Bajsarowycz
- C.V. Beck • Chuck and Terry Bloomquist
- Allen Boelter • Robin Carter
- Mike Chamness • Steve Clare
- Cosmo • Maureen Cotter
- John Davis • Robin Doyno
- Steve Effingham and Tina Morehead
- Douglas Eisenstark
- Peter R. Force and Nancy Richards
- Don Geagan • Mary Getlein
- Pamela Gruber •Phyllis Hayashibara
- Ted Hajjar • Martha Kaplan
- Meenoy Kemball • John Kertisz
- Mark A. Kleiman • Larry Layne
- Janet Lent and Ethan Ben Lipton • Eric Liner
- Karl Lisovsky • Pegarty Long • Peter Lonnies
- Frank Lutz • Mark Marcum and Susan Getlein
- Gregorio Humberto Gomez
- Ira Kuslow and Gail Rogers
- Michael McGuffin • Patrick McMahon
- Michael Millman • Susan Millmann
- Shelagh Moriarty • Sandy and David Moring
- Anne Murphy • Earl Newman
- Barbara Palivos • Thomas Paris
- Sherman J. Pearl and Meredith Gordon
- Judi Richards • Cristina Rojas
- Milton Rosenberg • Bill Rosendahl
- Ron Rouda • James Schley • Linda Shusett
- Jim Smith • John Stein • Alice Stek
- Mike Suhd • Swami X • Teddy Tannenbaum
- Venice Peace & Freedom • Venice Spring Fling
- The Vonhoffmann Family
- Joe and Nancy Ward •Tim and Nancy Weil
- Suzy Williams • Nancy Boyd Williamson
- Mary Worthington • Stan and Roni Zwerling

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

Please help sustain the Free Venice Beachhead  
Details at [www.venicebeachhead.org](http://www.venicebeachhead.org)



Dear Beachhead Bunch,

I'm pleased to see my article on the front page of the Beachhead celebrating 100th Venice Birthday. I've enjoyed a long connection with the Beachhead and Venice. As a veterano, congrats on your continuing excellence... especially in the July issue.

Peace,  
Panos Douvos

Pro-Bono Grant Writer Wanted by the Beachhead Collective

Help support the free press by helping the Beachhead get a grant!!!!

Dear Beachhead,

I'm a 34 year-old pregnant woman (4 months along). My chihuahua is a registered psychiatric service dog. Because I do not have an obvious disability (I am not blind, for example) I am used to being questioned every time I try to take him into a business or restaurant, and if I know it will cause a problem, I ensure my dog has his vest on and I am carrying his papers. I often avoid answering questions about my disability - it can be extremely embarrassing to admit you're a nutcase with a tenuous grasp on normality - so sometimes I just say I have epilepsy, or say he belongs to my husband. It's uncomfortable and awkward and mostly I only use the certification for air travel, and avoid non-friendly dog places.

I have had a great experience with previous farmers markets - Topanga and Santa Monica - who have accepted my explanation the dog was a service dog without question. Today, I was going to Venice Farmers Market for the first time, and decided to carry my card and my dog's vest to avoid any problems.

Even though I know under the ADA that I am not required to answer questions or provide proof about my disability or my dog's service, I decided to carry my dog's vest and certificate today so I would have no problems shopping at the large, outdoor venue where I have frequently seen unmarked animals inside the market.

I went to the market this morning, and every stall holder was kind, pleasant and served me once they saw my dog had a vest. About halfway through a man approached me and said that I had to leave the market. I told him I had a service dog tag and certificate. He said he did not care, I had to leave. I stopped, confused and puzzled by his unpleasant and abrasive manner, and got my certificate out of my bag. I showed it to him, and he repeated I had to leave, and he would order every single stallholder not to serve me until I left. I said I was not leaving, and that he could call the police, and I would show them my certificate. I sat for twenty minutes waiting for him to call the police. He did not, and so I moved on my way and tried to continue my shopping. The man started following me extremely closely, right behind me, in an unpleasant and intimidating manner. I told him to either leave me alone and allow me to continue shopping, or call the police. The man then spoke to the stallholder I was talking to and told

Thanks for your generous donations!

The Vonhoffmann Family  
Maureen Cotter  
Robin Doyno  
Christine del Amo  
Steve Effingham and Tina Morehead  
Jenny Baum  
John Kertis

Dear Beachhead,

I find your article that generally praises "Rainbow Acres" ironic. If you go to that store, make sure you do not wear any clothes that the owner finds offensive. About 6 months ago, he told me to leave his store because I wore a shirt that summarized the atrocity of the 3 western religions against women. He had no problem with the condemnation of christianity and islam but felt that jewish atrocities against women should not have been included.

Sincerely,  
Nelson Schwartz.

him not to serve me or he would lose his job. At this point I was crying and yelling at the man to stop harassing me. The man was smiling in an unpleasant manner and was obviously enjoying my discomfort. I then called the ADA, who were closed, and I then called the local police station. As I spoke to the police (you can call them to verify this at 213 928-8368), they asked me for the address of Venice Farmers Market. I asked a local stallholder for the address, and the man yelled at the stallholder not to talk to me or he would lose his job. The stallholder looked extremely scared and would not meet my eye. The policewoman on the phone overheard this and told me not to react, the man was obviously bullying me, and she would send some policemen round.

I sat outside the farmers market while the man hovered nearby speaking to all the stallholders and pointing me out. I was crying and desperately trying to reach my husband on the phone, who was at work and unavailable. I am 4 months pregnant, and was severely cramping from the emotional distress of the whole episode, and didn't know if I could walk home with the cramps and the distress. Eventually, the police showed up, accused me of lying, and said I was lucky not to get a citation. I was, at this point, completely broken down and hysterical. I managed to find my way home alone and take some medication to calm myself. I called my doctor and reported the cramps, and was told I could only take acetaminophen, and should be on bed rest so I did not lose the baby.

I researched online and found out that the man is called JAMES (Jim) MUREZ, an executive member of the VENICE ACTION COMMITTEE.

I spoke to some of the farmers, and they told me the guy is well known for being unpleasant, rude and bullying towards the farmers. They have witnessed him turning away disabled people with service animals many times previously.

I have to say I'm still shaking and upset and I will never go back to Venice Farmers Market. I'd like to know that the ADA will take this up with James Murez and stop this bullying and discrimination. The guy needs to be stopped. I thought Venice was a friendly place to live. I wish I'd never moved here.

Sincerely,  
Mimi Foe

Immigration Benefits Now Available for the LGBT Community

Call or email Today for a Free Consultation

Diana Lang, Esq.  
Lang Immigration

323-336-2245

diana@langimmigration.com  
langimmigration.com





# PRISON NATION

By Mary Getlein

Eugene Debs said it best: "While there is a lower class, I am in it, while there is a criminal element I am of it, and while there is a soul in prison I am not free." This quote was used in a political poster to help create the movement against the criminal justice system in the United States.

Posters combating the prison industrial industry have been assembled by the Center for the Study of Political Graphics. The posters show the misery in prisons and the horrible conditions prisoners have to live with.

The U.S. has 3% of the world's population, but we have 25% of the world's incarcerated population. Black men are incarcerated four times more often than any other group. One out of 3 Black men, 1 out of 6 Latino men, and one of 17 White men will be in jail at some point in their lives.

Between 1980 and 2010, the number of women in California prisons grew from 15,118 to 112,797, which represents a 646% increase. The number of women in prisons has increased at nearly 1.5 times the rate of men. Most of these women have histories of physical and sexual abuse, HIV, and substance abuse.

Almost two million children have a parent in prison on any given day. As one poster asked, "Have women become that much more dangerous?"

California locks up more people than any other state in the country. They want to build more prisons and spend billions of dollars on the prison structures. Between 1984 and 2005, California built 22 prisons, but only one addition to the University of California, and three to California State University. California is #1 in prison spending but 50th in education spending.

The posters represented in *Prison Nation* show the conditions inside the prisons. They show the economic and racial inequities of those most caught up in the criminal justice system.

Since 1980, prisons have been filled to double capacity. Most of the people occupying the prisons are people of color, the poor, the illiterate, the mentally ill, youth, immigrants and women. This incredible growth in the rate of incarceration is due to the war on drugs, mandatory minimum sentencing laws, conspiracy laws and the criminalization of youth. Other reasons are: Gang injunctions, inadequate legal representation, no employment, and the slashing of social services. A big reason is investors in multinational corporations, like Corrections Corporation of America, GEO, and AECOM, are planning, building, servicing - and profiting from - the prisons.

An old poster from the 1960s shows prison slave labor conditions that are still in place. Peg Averill's 1980 poster states "Capital Punishment means them without the capital get the punishment." Inmate pay is about .38 cents an hour. The posters show ongoing struggles but they also record victories that come about by years of grass roots organizing. In 1991, the

Mothers of East LA succeeded in preventing the construction of a prison in their community. As of January 1, 2013 the shackling of imprisoned pregnant women is illegal in California.

The posters in *Prison Nation* cover many of the social issues around the system of mass incarceration including: the death penalty, the Three Strikes Law, racism, access to education and health care. Other reasons include: the growing rate of incarceration, slave labor, divestment, privatization, torture, and re-entry into the community. The posters show how important art is to advocate for social change.

*Prison Nation* is all about change. On the inside pages of the paper are many prisoner groups that have sprung up around the nation and the state of California. There are a lot of groups dedicated to helping prisoners while they are in prison, and when they get out. The recidivism rate is 80% , due to stupid rules by the Parole Board. If you're caught, you go back to prison for some more time. Mass incarceration is a stain on our moral culture. It's like knowing about what they did to the Jews in Nazi Germany and pretending you don't know. The conditions people have to live under, while the profits go directly to one of these huge multi national companies ... It is time for it to STOP!

Today, the "No More Jails Coalition" is demanding the Board of Supervisors to stop the expansion of existing prisons, including 1100 prison cells meant for women. L.A. County is the world's largest jail system in the world.

Some of their demands are to stop construction of the women's jail complex and reject \$100 million from the state. They want to put money into the community, not the Sheriff's Department. They want to find and expand alternatives to locking someone up. They also want to stop all jail construction in L.A. County. I can't help but agree. To see these posters, go to the Center for the Study of Political Graphics.

#323.653.4662. [www.politicalgraphics.org](http://www.politicalgraphics.org)



*Before January 2013, women were still shackled in jail if they were pregnant. This is the status of women in America. It's not a matter of how much money you have, it's how they are going to treat you once you are arrested.*

*Most crimes are bogus, but it means time spent in jail, under horrendous conditions. It has been declared a Human Rights violation.*

*Jerry Brown put an end to the practice in January 2013.*

---

## They don't like Cheerios: Race in America

By Ronald K. McKinley

I was born, and raised in American Apartheid, in New Orleans. I was born in 1950.

I still remember the “White only” signs. We were colored then; we became Negroes, finally morphing into black. I sewed my "Black Is Beautiful” patch on all my bell bottom jeans. I graduated from high school in 1968; MLK and RFK were assassinated that year. The year after interracial marriage became fully legal the year after “The Summer of Love” in San Francisco.

To be Black now, in America, has changed, is changing, where at we now? What am I supposed to do with this anger, this sense of dread, trepidation? I can moderate myself, what of other people? Why are some people fearful of dark skin? This is all people with dark skin. All people with dark skin are not just from Africa.

Because I live in Venice, I sometimes forget the color thing, or maybe because I don't live in “Oakwood” which is to say “The Hood.” I have lived almost half of my life in Venice, just a couple of months in “The Hood”. Venice looks a little different from that vantage point. The police have a different mindset. I walked through “The Hood” once with a white friend, and was

stopped, and asked what I was doing. I was confused, confused by the stop, and confused by the question. I said, “I’m walking,” which was apparent. The officer was not pleased with my answer. He asked if had ever been arrested, I’m a black man living in Venice, I’ve been arrested. The first time I was arrested, was because I had not been arrested. At the time I had been in Venice about 6 months. I was sleeping on the jetty. I was homeless. The officer found a credit card near where I was sleeping. I was arrested, first time in my life. I was thirty-six. The officer explained to me the dynamics of black and white men walking through “The Hood” together. I told him I was not buying drugs. He said, “I don't want to see either one of you again.” I said, "If you hadn't stopped us we would be gone by now.” He just drove away.

This is a rite of passage for most black men. Where are you going, what are you up to? My every move, mood has to be calculated. I am not free to be angry; I become a threat. If I am happy I am up to something. A look invites confrontation.

If I was Trayvon Martin, I would have been killed the year; Muhammad Ali refused induction into the army, Thurgood Marshall became

1st black Super Court Justice, Major Robert Lawrence Jr was named the 1st black astronaut. I would have died not knowing that an all-white, federal jury convicted seven in the murder of three civil rights workers in Meridian, Mississippi. I would not heard “Purple Haze” by Jimi Hendrix, or “All You Need Is Love” by The Beatles, or "Sitting on the dock of the Bay” by Otis Redding, my favorite.

I recently watched a Cheerios commercial. I did not at the time know that it was controversial. In the commercial, a darling of a little girl is talking to her mother. The mother is white. The little girl is bi-racial; being a person of color I can tell. I thought nothing of it. The little girl asks her mother if Cheerios are good for your heart. The mother replies yes. Cut to the next scene, there is a black man reclining on a couch with Cheerios on his chest. As he sits up, hundreds of Cheerios fall to the floor, end of commercial. Some people have a problem with this, an interracial couple and their child.

Trayvon is a wake-up call. All Americans should “stand their ground”. No more Zimmermans. No more dead Trayvons. You can't keep killing our children.



# Peter Lodato: Capturing Venice's Light

By CJ Gronner

I'd seen Peter Lodato around for years, taking strolls along the streets of Venice in his signature hat. Only recently have I gotten to know more about the man and his fine art. Thankfully.

My friend David Phillips, whose art I've written about before, introduced me to Mr. Lodato, and we three spent a fine afternoon, sipping wine and discussing what we love about art, and our collective home of Venice. Phillips and Lodato became friends - as many of us have - over drinks at Hal's ("Hal's really does it for me. I always have a neighborhood bar, and Hal's is it." - P. Lodato). Phillips had long been an admirer of Lodato's work, and revered him as one of the masters of the California Light and Space movement, that has informed and inspired Phillips' own work. Lodato's paintings and sculptures have been shown and collected all over the world, from the Whitney and the Met in New York to museums and galleries all over Europe and Japan, and of course, ALL over California, where Lodato was born, raised and continues to live, right here in Venice.

Lodato was born in 1946 to film industry parents, and his Mother always encouraged him to draw. He says his earliest memories are being in a crib and looking at the dark spaces. Today he finds himself doing the same thing on foggy days at the beach, looking at the emptiness. This has always been provocative to him, even though he says there is "no such thing as emptiness ... one experiences perception." Deep.

He always drew and practiced his art, and attended Cal State Northridge to study psychology and art. Art won because he was better at it in college. Lodato had his first solo show in 1972, and art has been his life ever since. Prominent art writer, Fidel Danieli, wrote back then that Lodato "is one of the major southern California artists to emerge in the 1970s." He has since had 40-50 one man shows, all over this globe.

As we chatted, Lodato's two songbirds, Willie and Wayne, chirped away happily as if to add their two cents to our conversation. Lodato then led Phillips and I outside to his studio, where I saw first hand and up close what Phillips had been raving about when explaining to me that Lodato was a "Master of color and technique." Lodato himself says, "Color is huge to me," and gave me a bit of education when showing me his technique of "under painting" - a "technique that cannot be replicated," according to Phillips, who added

that Lodato is one of the "Grandfathers of Minimalism."

"This one's named *Indigo*, because it IS indigo," explained Lodato in his baritone voice, entertaining both Phillips and myself. Staring into the void of the painting, it felt like a portal to somewhere cool (and it wasn't just because of the wine). It's hard to see the super detail from just photos, but when you're right up next to the paintings, you find yourself mesmerized.

It's clear that Phillips is perhaps Lodato's biggest fan, saying, "I know a good painting when I get jealous." There was much to be jealous of in Lodato's studio, for sure, even though as they both lamented, today's art world seems much more rooted in marketing than technique. Both of these gentlemen - one from the old school, one from the new school, both from the Cool School, in my opinion - are deeply rooted in technique and in the lifestyle of being an artist, which you don't see much anymore. Both of them work every day, both of them love color and light, and both of them love their Venice.

"This community has a Beatnik karma to it. It's not as observable now, but you can still feel it," said Lodato about Venice. "I've been connected to Venice since I was a kid and came here from the Valley. I tried to have a studio here for so long, and now I do." You could see Lodato's happiness plainly as he shared that, and he's been working away in this studio since 2002. His work is helped by Venice too, as he said, "The diffused light here is perfect for painting. Light is a non-issue. And just sitting here, feeling the moisture in the air, is awesome."

It was. It IS. We are a blessed people, with so much talent and so much light swirling around us at all times. As my new friend Mr. Lodato summed it all up, "You can't beat it here. It's all about being alive - and knowing it."



Peter Lodato is represented by the William Turner Gallery in Santa Monica, and will open his studio by appointment. Inquiries may be directed to [info@wino-strut.com](mailto:info@wino-strut.com)

*Photos by CJ Gronner*



Please help sustain  
the Free Venice Beachhead

Details at  
[www.venicebeachhead.org](http://www.venicebeachhead.org)



## Nutritional Warehouse

Lowest Prices in Town

\*\*\* John's Specials \*\*\*

- ❖ Wellness Formula – 40% Off
  - ❖ Protein Powder – 2 lbs. \$14.99
  - ❖ Coconut Oil – 54 oz. \$23.99
- 405 Lincoln Blvd. (2 blks. So. of Rose)  
310-392-3636

BULLDOG REALTORS

**Denny Lyons**

*The Rock N Roll Realtor*

1209 Abbot Kinney Blvd.  
Venice, CA 90291

310-452-5004 310-720-2710  
[denny@bulldogrealtors.com](mailto:denny@bulldogrealtors.com)  
DRE#01236373

After 32yrs in business  
**BIG BILL'S Automotive**  
is closing  
**INVENTORY SALE**  
100's of motors. Specialty parts  
anytime Mon-Fri 8am-5pm Sat 9am-5pm  
**310-283-0834**  
1715 Abbott Kinney Boulevard



# Big Trouble for Playa Vista

By John Davis

The frantic developers of Playa Vista are trying to explain why they installed drains in the Ballona Wetlands without State and Federal permits. One would expect a sophisticated response from a seasoned and very expensive public relations firm to massage the bad publicity. However, this is not the case.

Spokesman Marc Huffman has been quoted in the local media doing his best to explain the problem away. The Argonaut Newspaper quotes him in the July 17<sup>th</sup> edition as saying:

“The drainage lines were constructed many years ago, at the request of the city of Los Angeles.”

This line of defense is similar to one used by comic Flip Wilson in the 70s:

“The devil made me do it.”

That is the best excuse Playa Capital has to offer, and it is pathetic. The magnitude of the damage done to the environment since the installation of the drains is currently unknown because our State and Federal Agencies have turned a blind eye for years. The prior plan was to keep it quiet. But now, the cat is out of the bag.

Upon discovery of the covert drains, Grassroots Coalition, a locally based non-profit issued a press release that was picked up by the Wall Street Journal and Reuters. The Marina del Rey Patch and more notably, the LA Weekly, covered the story on June 18.

The California Department of Fish and Wildlife (DFW) manages the State-owned Ballona Ecological Reserve. The LA Weekly quoted their spokesperson as saying:

"This issue only recently came to our attention. ... We're working closely with the Coastal Commission to look into this situation".

According to Patricia McPherson, Executive Director of Grassroots, the department knew of the drains as early as January and probably long before that.

She filed a public records request with the DFW and was provided a diagram of the unpermitted underground drains. Those drains remove surface water from the wetlands and dry them out until they resemble an unwatered lawn.

The Coastal Commission staff knew too, but did little until McPherson gave a presentation that showed the drainage devices to the Commission in June. While she was describing them during the Deputy Directors Report, Andrew Willis, an enforcement officer for the Commission, rushed from the South Coast Office across the street, racing down the stairs to pass Deputy Director John Ainsworth a letter. The Deputy then stated in part that, “We have opened a violation against Playa Capital...”.

The Deputy Directors Report is always written. Here, the Playa Capital violation was only made verbally, with no written record for the Commissioners or the public to track.

For decades the Coastal Commission staff has been covering up for violators. The Coastal Act makes provisions for temporary cease and desist orders to be issued by the Director upon discovering a violation.



Drain installed in the Ballona Wetlands without permission

Then, at the next meeting of the Coastal Commission, it is considered in public hearing. The Commission then determines if the order will be made permanent and whether sanctions will be used to punish the violator. The Act also requires the maximum participation of the public. With the Director’s current arrangement, public participation is denied entirely.

For instance, the Executive Director knew about the City of Los Angeles’s violation of the Coastal Act by foisting an illegal curfew on the public as early as 2007. Staff then waited until 2010 to, “open a violation”, only after the Venice community demanded it. Now, it is 2013 and the Commission staff has still failed to enforce the Coastal Act against the City, claiming again and again the City will apply, someday.

The California Coastal Act says nothing about opening a violation. This term of art has replaced cease and desist orders in almost all cases. The Commission provided this author a letter in 2011 stating there were over 1000 “open cases”. In November of 2012, Executive Director Charles Lester informed the Coastal Commission and the public that it would be impractical to bring the violations to the Commission for judgment, because there were so many of them.

This is the soft landing the Commission staff wants to provide Playa Capital. Rather than using a

hammer, the staff is offering a pillow and nightcap to the violator. Occasionally, the Director will go after a low budget violator to create the illusion the agency fully enforces the law. But, it is just a public fairy tale.

If this were not enough coddling, the Commission’s Director provided another safety valve for Playa Capital LLC. In the letter sent to Playa Capital, staff murmured an, “after the fact”, Coastal Development Permit could be obtained, not applied for, but obtained. But this is another trick first dreamed up by Peter Douglas to protect wealthy violators. As former Executive Director of the Coastal Commission he knew the Coastal Act requires a permit for development before it happens, not after. By adopting this stance, the Commission has been sending a signal to developers that it is ok to conduct an illegal development in the Coastal Zone, and if you get caught you can simply obtain for a permit later. Such actions institutionalize criminal behavior, encouraging yet more criminality.

This major slap in the public face by Playa Capital will not go unpunished though, due to the diligent effort of McPherson and Grassroots Coalition. The whole world is watching now, demanding justice. The activity must cease so no further compounding damage is done to the public wetlands.

Other State and Federal enforcement agencies also have a role to play.

The State Lands Commission, the Department of Fish and Wildlife, Caltrans, the Santa Monica Bay Restoration Commission, and the LA Regional Water Quality Control Board all have jurisdiction here.

So does the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, the U.S. Army Corp of Engineers, U.S. Department of Fish and Wildlife, and U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, which enforces the Federal Clean Water Act. Playa Capital can no longer hide in the shadows while corrupt government officials protect it. It is summer and the sun is shining bright truth everywhere.

Contact GrassRoots Coalition  
www.SaveBallona.org



Ballona Wetlands photo by Tammy Andrews



# MANNY’S LOWRIDER BIKES KEEP US ROLLING

By Greta Cobar

One thing about Venice is that everyone is rolling on something: be it a bike, skateboard, rollerblades, unicycle or tricycle.

“I’m here to keep the wheels rolling in Venice,” said Manny Gonzalez, of Manny’s Lowrider Bikes. “I keep things as cheap as possible so people can afford to fix their bikes,” he answered when I asked him why his prices are so low.

Being one of the oldest, if not the oldest bike shop in town, Manny’s has earned and kept the allegiance of many, especially those that have been around the block once or twice. It is by far the cheapest place in town to get a new bicycle, tricycle or unicycle, an accessory or a replacement part. If you are looking for a new bike for hundreds or thousands, this is not the place for you. However, when it comes to customizing a ride or getting an old bike worth a fortune, it’s the spot.

Among 1960s Schwinn Orange Krates with gear handles on the frame and other classics sits a 1929 Elgin with wheels made out of wood. Most of the old collection got moved into storage to make room for new, shiny beach cruisers. Manny probably has one of the biggest collections of old, classic wheels around.

When I asked him how many old bikes he has, he said “hundreds.” When I asked him from what years, he said “all years.” My kind of guy.

But when I asked him how these classics are selling, he said: “people don’t have the money for the old bikes, they would rather get a car. But people should ride bikes more for their health – too many people are overweight. Also, when you ride in a car you tend to miss things in the neighborhood.”

The shop tends to overflow its bicycles and customers onto the sidewalk, as there are just way too many of both. Most come in for a deal and a joke. Some walk away with just a conversation.

“If I make so much money why do I have my other job?”, Manny asked me, referring to his other full-time job: food clerk at Pavilions.

“Fixing bikes is my favorite part about the job. Repair is more challenging than selling a new bike, and I like it more. I enjoy what I’m doing. The day I don’t enjoy it, I’ll quit,” Manny said.



“Everything is getting expensive, and I try to keep my prices as low as I can,” he re-iterated, as if I didn’t already get that he is not there to make a killing. And it’s probably why he’s been there so long.

“Me and my compadre Joey Randall opened the shop in 1991, but after a couple of years he got different things to do,” Manny said.

“My dad was born in Santa Monica in 1922 and he always talked about Venice, the fruit trees that were everywhere, and how Penmar Park used to be a lake. I like Venice because it’s old town and there’s a lot of history around,” Manny said.

Talking about the time when he opened shop as a youngster, Manny said: “I wanted all the bikes I could have.” And thus his collection started.

“When I was a kid I never owned a bike. My dad couldn’t afford it at that time. I got my first bike at 12, it was a Red Hand little cruiser,” he said.

Venice legend German Peter rides a cruiser that says: “It’s the Journey, not the Destination.” And so it proved to be for Manny, who couldn’t have a bike as a child and then went on to become one of the biggest collectors of classics on one, two, three and even four wheels.

So which one does he take to the beach on the weekend? None, really. “I don’t have the time, I work all the time,” he said.

Located at 1613 Lincoln, Manny’s Lowrider Bikes is in the middle of the gentrifying movement taking over Lincoln much as it did Abbot Kinney a few years ago. As Manny pointed out, the vacuum repair shop across the street from him will be gone come next month. The printer that used to be a few doors down from his shop is already gone. And so are B&S Auto Shop, and of course Lincoln Fabrics, which has been replaced with a boutique-like antique store that moved from Santa Monica.

From Whole Foods on the Rose end of Lincoln, to the new cubicle-like construction on the Maxella end of the strip, with the Deus Ex Machina just mid-way on Venice, we are witnessing a hyper-gentrification with new places of business that are changing the local vibe by changing the price range.

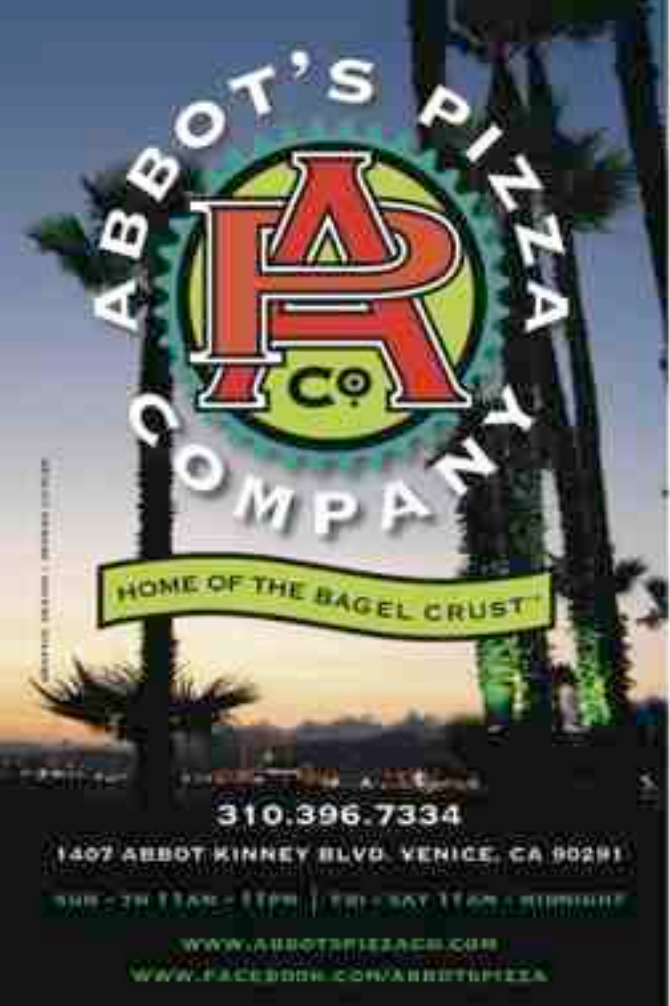
“In any business there’s always competition – I do the best I can and that’s it – nothing else I can do,” Manny said. Bike shops are some of the most competitive businesses in Venice, with shops claiming territory and fiercely rivaling one another. Just as I was writing stuff down in the middle of everything that was

going on in that bike shop on that day, someone called in asking for a price quote. Marty, one of the guys, quickly replied: “Just a couple of bucks.” I hope to be able to call that number and get an answer like that for a long time to come! If I couldn’t, I’d be like a lost kid on a bike.

It is important that we continue to support our tried-and-true local businesses like Manny’s Lowrider Bikes, which operates more to provide a service than to make another buck. As long as Manny’s happy while keeping us rolling, we will all continue to happily roll on.



Above: Manny Gonzalez      Photos by Greta Cobar





# Parking, Traffic and Other Evils in Venice

By Jim Smith

The recent fight over pay parking in Venice brought to the fore the problem of too many cars in Venice. Not only are there more than 21,000 vehicles in zip 90291, there are many thousands more parked here by beachgoers and Abbot Kinney Blvd. thrill seekers. Clearly, our beautiful coastal zone is overrun by cars, pollution, asphalt and related auto detritus.

Instead of going to war with each other over permit parking, let's find another way to solve this problem. How about reducing the need for cars by demanding at least the level of public transportation we had 100 years ago. At that time, the Red Car trolley system went everywhere. Most of the thousands of beachgoers rode to Venice on these fast, cheap and convenient rail lines.

Since the city of Los Angeles took over Venice in 1925, it has been nearly impossible to secure improvements, or even preserve the meager public services that we have.

We should start a discussion among Venetians about what we want and need, and when consensus is reached, take our demands downtown. Venice attracts people from around the world who spend money in our little community, much of which is gobbled up by our overlords in city hall. Some of that revenue should come back to Venice, or L.A. should let us go our own way as an independent city.

Here are some of the transportation improvements I believe are needed to reduce the number of vehicles in our town and improve our quality of life.

1. **Extension of the Expo Line down Venice Blvd. to the beach.** This was the route of the old Red Cars. That's why Venice Blvd. is so wide. It wouldn't take much money to lay tracks down the middle of the street, yet the Metropolitan Transportation Authority (MTA) is not even talking about it.

2. **Build a streetcar down Pacific Avenue from the Ballona Channel to the Santa Monica border.** The streetcar would serve the purpose of distributing beachgoers up and down our beautiful Venice beaches. There should be no fare charged to ride the streetcar. New streetcars in many other cities are free to ride. A streetcar shares the road with cars, making installation cheaper than light rail or subways.

The always downtown-centric Los Angeles City Council is supporting a streetcar in hopes of revitalizing the city center. Yet, it would only carry 5,000 to 13,000 riders a day, at best. Compare that with the enormous crowds in Venice that would love to hop on a tram. By the way, when I arrived in Venice in 1968, there was a motorized, wheeled tram that ran up and down Ocean Front Walk. That's no longer possible due to the crowds on the Boardwalk, but the need continues, especially for families and seniors.

The cost of a streetcar could be shared with Santa Monica, if that city decided to continue it north from Venice along Neilson Way to the Pier and the Promenade. The streetcar would make it feasible for beachgoers to park their cars in the large beach lots in Ocean Park and spend the day in any part of Venice's beaches.

3. **Expand the number of bike lanes and make them safe by separating (buffering) them from cars.** Legalize bike-pedaled jitneys or pedi-cabs. I've previously written about London-style double-decked



Above: Grand Ave. Proposal as Presented by Neighbors of Grand

shuttles to help residents and visitors get around Venice without a car ([bit.ly/w35M6Y](http://bit.ly/w35M6Y), see page 7). Make Venice a true walking city by repairing and widening sidewalks.

4. **Establish a congestion fee for cut-through traffic.** In the last few years, the amount of traffic on Lincoln, Abbot Kinney, Pacific, Main, Venice, Washington and neighborhood streets has vastly increased. Much of this traffic is made up of people who have no intention of taking part in coastal recreational activities. They are simply going from one place to another, and Venice is in their way.

A number of cities, beginning with London, have established a congestion fee to drastically cut down on traffic. It can be argued that Venice, and indeed, the entire coastal zone should be a natural preserve, and not a quick drive home. A fee could be charged for each car cutting through the Venice coastal zone. If a car enters and leaves the coastal zone in less than 30 minutes then it is fair to assume that the driver is not here for recreational purposes. If the car is in the zone for more than 30 minutes, no fee would be charged.

If the experience of other cities applies then we would see an immediate and drastic reduction in the amount of cut-through traffic. Once again, a restored

city of Venice would likely be necessary to have the political clout to pull this off.

Up until now, the L.A. City Council and the MTA have been much more interested in providing transportation to pull people into downtown Los Angeles by creating big projects (like the solid-gold subway) which reward their development friends with lucrative contracts.

Mike Bonin, the newly elected City Council member for District 11, which includes Venice, has been appointed as the Chair of the Council's Transportation Committee. He should be approached to help us find ways to improve non-auto transportation within our community. Most of Venetians' trips are around Venice, except for the small minority who work in downtown Los Angeles. We need all the help we can get to develop environmentally-friendly local transportation that will benefit most of us in our daily rounds.

Venice was created at a time when the car was not yet king. Anyone familiar with our street pattern knows it is not made for automobile convenience. If we can once again dethrone the automobile, we can turn parking lots into community parks, vegetable gardens, kids' playgrounds and other non-polluting uses that will increase our quality of life. And, isn't that what it's all about?



Left: Grand Ave., facing East. The city reduced traffic west-bound from two lanes to one and a middle turning lane was added. Bike lanes are sketched in to be added, but no trees in the middle of the road, as the Neighbors of Grand had proposed.

Photo by Greta Cobar

## Abbot's Habit

sandwiches salads  
coffee bagels pastries

phone your order in  
Venice - tel 310.399.1171

1401 Abbot Kinney Blvd  
Venice, CA 90291  
Cross Streets: California Avenue

open 6am-10pm everyday

Occupy Venice, Beyond Baroque, POWER, Venice Community Housing  
& Occupy Fights Foreclosures invite you to the 3rd Annual

# COMMUNITY SLEEP OUT

in solidarity with our

## Homeless & Unhoused Neighbors

**A Safe Place to Sleep \* Sat Aug. 24<sup>th</sup>**  
Beyond Baroque Lawn \* 681 N. Venice Blvd.

Music, Food, Speakers, Teach-Ins	2pm-8:00pm
Film Screenings	8pm-10pm

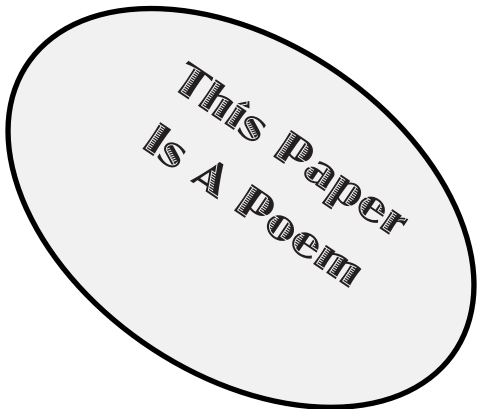
In addition to offering a safe place to sleep, there will be food, performances, a film, spoken word, music, and info sessions on legal rights, how to deal with police, and community organizing. Please RSVP if you would like to volunteer or donate items such as tents, sleeping gear, toiletries, socks, and clothes.

**Contact Info: [OccupyVeniceBeach@yahoo.com](mailto:OccupyVeniceBeach@yahoo.com)**  
**Facebook/OccupyVeniceBeach**



Venice Nights

Venice nights  
Life's sweet delights  
Spinning carnival lights  
Cool jaded moon  
Soft golden sand  
We walk hand in hand  
We walk onto the promise land  
Hear the drums  
When the time comes  
follow the sound  
Watch the mystics whirl around  
Light our camp fire  
snuggle up beneath the moon  
Flames dance from the campfire  
Young nights spent on the beach  
Amongst the stars and your eluding speech  
The bongos play  
We are birds of prey  
We are youth at play  
-Savannah B Nolan



THOUGHTS AT THE BEACH AT NIGHT

By Glen Fitch

Can cells sense something's wrong  
when cancer starts?  
The body as a whole  
is self-contained,  
complete,  
compatible in all its parts.  
Its function, features, fate  
are all maintained.  
What is this maverick madness,  
counter-fate,  
a tyrant spirit  
rending all awry  
to sap and warp,  
confound and mutilate,  
a manic mayhem  
forced to multiply?  
What kind of baneful guest  
is so engrossed  
within the selfish meeting  
of his needs  
to damn his future,  
jeopardize his host?  
Now everything that eats  
and poops and breeds,  
the very stars and waves,  
and wind and sand,  
must dread our gaze,  
the moving of a hand.

MADMAN DRIVING

Sleeping under the snowfall dream of toxins  
I've laid down, not fallen

Chains on the ceiling  
Time on a shelf  
Living only to give away one's self

why?  
Does it happen when you die? Or...

take it all & be selfish, have quite the dish

It's not a permanent stay  
It's taken back anyway  
the playground's here for play

Higher awareness  
The Anti-matter  
get to Nirvana, before the Mad Hatter

He's ahead of you, and he's in my head  
should've gone right, but went left instead  
he knows the secrets held by the dead

Murders hidden in the text  
and detectives perplexed  
to solve the riddle of 30 years  
taxes pay for incompetent careers

Taboo talks scare you away?  
I killed the bully where children play  
then shuffled the deck and got away.

They won't be missed,  
couldn't help but grin  
It's the secret wish  
of the innocent  
flush him out!, flush him out!  
pull the thorn from within

I heard the thoughts cried  
a premonition that I'd never confide  
a story of the method,  
but not where they died

Was it under a tree?  
or by the revin?  
Was it a place I couldn't be seen?

I'm not quite sure...officer  
are you asking about the he, or the her?  
left out some facts from the lie I stir

Such methods of questioning  
must of impressed the academy  
your truth has holes  
and no real clues,  
polish your shoes  
polish there brass,  
and while you're down there,  
kiss my ass!

Recollection you will never find  
I swept the footprints of my mind  
By the way, mad hatter, have you got the  
time?

Arist Niciforos



1416 Electric Avenue  
Venice, CA 90291  
www.electriclodge.org

**Come check out our classes  
for Children and Adults!**

ACTING\*AFRO-CARIBE DANCE  
CREATIVE WRITING\*CAPOEIRA  
JAZZ\*TAE KWON DO\*MUSIC  
SAMBA\*YOGA\*TANGO  
and more!!

Guided

My feet they are a stinkin,  
My teeth and fingers stained,  
I've been doing a lot of thinking  
And i think i've gone insane.  
My hands they are a shakin,  
My hair and face are long,  
I've been doing a lot of drinking  
And i feel i can't go on.  
My eyes they are wide open,  
My truths and false's deep,  
I've been doing a lot of praying,  
Because i just can't fall to sleep.  
Yet i stop and wonder,  
is it really all just me?  
I've seen all the destruction,  
The air is unsafe to breathe,  
My food supply is poisoned,  
My waste pollutes the sea,  
My protection, the dellusion,  
Give back my cherry tree.

– F. Craig Byars,  
A barefoot poet

QUESTIONS

By Laura Shepard Townsend

Your questions sting  
With their Impatience  
But  
I must leave them...  
For Now  
For now, there is no answer  
But I promise you, my love  
I will whisper them to the sky  
And then go about my journey  
Knowing This, That  
Destiny consents our knowledge  
With its loom weavings  
Personal to every being

Weaving, busily weaving  
Designs swirled with  
Threads familiar, variously hued  
And also  
Threads marvelous in mystery  
To a finale  
A looming of grand wisdom  
But left in the Voids  
Until claimed  
So I wait  
Quietly  
Wrapped in a serenity  
Until I know  
What is to be,  
Until I become the I of my I  
And until I can tell you  
My answer....

You call me mystic  
That makes my soul sing  
Yes and No,  
I am a Woman  
With my eyes enchanted  
By the eternity of the Eternal  
By the infinity of the Infinite  
All for the Magic Tricks  
We call Life

Job

By Ronald McKinley

I must sell myself lease my body.  
Walk the walk talk the talk of a worker.  
First I must be purchased hired.  
Ask for what I want see what is offered.  
The two most likely not meeting.  
Hourly, weekly, biweekly  
my worth doled to me sometimes  
with malice.  
Vend my virtues, market my muscles.  
The other will try to pay me less.  
Make me minus work me  
before I work.  
I am lost with order  
no form or precess is death to me.  
I ask to exist to work  
to have worth.  
In America no job no voice.  
Money makes you tangible.  
I have skill just not skill at vending.  
I fill out the forms.  
Write the dates.  
Interview, brush, wash, drive, wait,  
shake hands.  
This process makes crazy  
makes me lazy,  
hesitant of marketing me.  
Work is easy sweat and thought  
360 degrees the total existence.  
No job, no food, no home, no love.  
I raise my hand and hope to be picked.  
I am more than a job.  
This is my pain.  
More than what I do.  
I tremble with the worst  
my vision tunneled  
focused on money not worth.  
A high cost to pay.





The Philomenian

By Jim Smith

Here’s to the Philomenian  
that delightful, ever-growing,  
always exploring, never knowing  
kaleidoscope of the imagination.

That temple of the mind  
dedicated to all things Philomene.  
Her poetry, her books, her smile  
and an echo chamber filled with her laughter.

One day we will build this edifice  
in the world of atoms and molecules.  
It will be based on the Parthenon  
but with lights, plumbing and heating.

It will be a true museum  
with 10 rooms for the muses,  
including Philomene,  
to take their leisure.

A popular spot inside  
will be the Pegatron.  
whose walls and floor and ceiling  
are covered with looping films of P.

There will be seminars every day  
on topics like, “The influence of  
Philomene Long on New Wave Rock,”  
And, “Surrealism, green eggs and baby pigeons.”

You’ll be greeted by a life-like robot  
in a flowered shirt spouting trivia  
about Philomene. Pay him no mind.  
But please exit through the gift shop.

And now, the doors are opening  
The Muses are arising  
Strap in and enjoy  
The Philomenian...

*(This year's Philomenian will be held  
at Beyond Baroque, 7:30 pm, Aug. 17)*

North On Robertson

by krista schwimmer

Early evening  
driving along Robertson Boulevard  
i spot the Dancing Man  
stripped down to his waist  
his back a hard tan.  
i've seen him there before,  
sometimes on roller skates,  
always watching his reflection  
in a store front window.  
Once, i saw him get into a taxicab right  
before nightfall.

i cross Beverly Boulevard  
leaving the Dancing Man for another  
familiar sight -- a seated, gold-leafed Buddha,  
12 feet tall, bolted down in a parked, pickup truck.  
Today, he is covered with carpets  
revealing only his head and topknot.  
Why is he still here, i wonder,  
held down like a hostage? Does he see  
the Dancing Man, just two blocks south?

They could be dharma brothers  
neither of them caring so much  
for West Hollywood Samsara. i continue north,  
turn east onto Melrose Ave,  
man and statue no longer visible  
in my side mirror. i sink into my body  
feel the strength in my ample thighs,  
and know that at last, i am happy --  
just a simple, earthbound woman  
making her way to work.

11:15 Tuesday, July 16th, 2013, Adullam ..... The order, natu-  
ral, is to forget. The mind gets clumsy. Battles that were fought  
Get blurred. Chronology begins to drift. Below the surface,  
plates begin to shift. The history of things historical Will be  
replaced. And then will come the fall. The beauty that was sa-  
voured will no more Be lovingly recalled. Who won the war?  
The honey-colored voice that used to call Will be hushed be-  
yond silence. And the wall, Once built as to contain, will feel  
the lift Of seismic forces, 'til there's nothing left. Tsunami will  
obliterate the lot. The order, natural, is to forget ..... One last  
palindrome sonnet from Roger Houston, to Edna Saint  
Vincent-Millay.

LITANY FOR PEGARTY

By Philomene Long

Pegarty, consider the possibility  
in the trillion, billion, million  
light years since the beginning of  
this universe and I don’t know precisely  
how long afterwards it was with you  
that I was once the same person  
the very same person – only you  
in this immensity of space  
as well as time  
I shared a womb  
only with you  
none other and I knew you  
before you took your first breath  
Pegarty, and you were the very first to  
put your arm around me  
in that same womb it was your arm  
that consoled me  
Pegarty, it was you who heard my first breath  
and ever since we breathe together  
for this, especially on our birthday  
I am grateful, yes  
in this expanding universe  
of five billion years (is it?) none but you  
Pegarty, with whom in this expanse  
as well as others unknown to me  
I floated timelessly in that womb where  
we kicked and slept in the warmth  
in the darkness from which I kicked you  
out into the world at ten minutes to  
ten o’clock on August 17, 1940  
St. Vincent’s Hospital I kicked you  
out into the blazing light so that your cries  
would be the first sounds in the trillion, billion  
million to the trillionth, billionth, millionth power  
of all sounds ever emitted, yes  
so that yours would be  
the first sound I would hear as  
I emerged from the darkness and  
now in my darkest hours it is always  
your arm I feel  
your voice that I hear

– August 17, 2003

The Pool Hall

My mother spans me so I  
Run off to the Pool Hall.  
Fast Eddie puts backspin or english  
On the ball as it seems to slumber into  
A catatonic stall... smacks into  
The other ball, falls into the hole.  
Pretzels and stale coke... I’m having a Ball!

– Paul Beethoven

This Paper  
Is A Poem

The Void

By Humberto Gómez Sequeira-HuGóS

I am walking  
in the void  
without the umbilical cord  
that interweaved the mind  
with the skin of the senses.

Dispossessed  
of attribute and desire,  
I abstract myself  
from the world  
in which the form  
of pleasure and its meaning  
deteriorate.

Impelled  
by the need to understand  
the truth as it is  
perceived by a blind child,  
I pluck my eyes  
and connect the imaginary roots  
of their tears and dreams  
to the alternate current  
of my awareness.

Free Venice Beachhead • August 2013 • 9



THE SIXTH ANNUAL PHILOMENIAN

*Saturday, August 17, 7:30 pm  
Beyond Baroque*

A night to honor Philomene Long,  
Venice’s late Poet Laureate  
Features the screening of the last cut  
of Philomene’ recently found  
1980 classic film on the Beats,  
THE BEATS: AN EXISTENTIAL COMEDY  
with Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti,  
Venice Beats Stuart Z. Perkoff,  
Frank T. Rios and John Thomas

Poetry of Philomene’s will be read by  
prominent L.A. Readers such as  
Karl Abrams and  
Venice Songbird, Suzy Williams

*Refreshments, wine and more  
FREE, donations welcome*

Produced by Pegarty Long  
Hosted by Jim Smith

Humanly possible

By Eric Ahlberg

I decided to try to do what was humanly possible.  
this seemed the proper way to live,  
constantly expanding my consciousness,  
as far as my journey will take me.  
being alive, taking it all in,  
the highest ecstasy and pleasure,  
the lowliest pains and sufferings.

There is no avoiding the joy  
from when our bellies are first tickled  
how we giggle when we play  
we chase and fool one another  
we caress and open ourselves  
to our ecstatic orgasm  
together, alone, your love is my love  
we root in the earthly pleasure  
of recreating ourselves out of everything  
stardust and dung.

We come screaming into the world,  
armoring ourselves against the pain,  
with certainties, platitudes, woo,  
half-truths, the lies we need  
that wall off the hopelessness  
the bitter blind destruction  
where our open heart of love  
grabs the fetish of control  
in the face of annihilation

The Universe throws us at the Sun and misses  
Shiva hails us with rocks  
we stand before the terrible cosmos  
edging into annihilation  
fucking our brains out.



– Continued from page 1:

## Artist Profile: Emily Winters

Now some of those benches are falling apart, and three of them have already been torn down by Recreation and Parks. Coincidentally, Steve Clare and Susan Millman happened to be strolling along just as one of the benches was being demolished, and managed to save the tiles. The Venice Arts Council is currently working with Osheroff and Smith to re-create the four missing tiles from a grant from the Venice Neighborhood Council Beautification program.

*Beachhead:* Did you design some of these tiles?

*Emily Winters:* Yes, three of them and Noel Osheroff, Tamie Smith and Augustin Gonzalez designed the rest. Measuring 13 by 12 inches, these intact, well made artworks depicting Venice history in a graphic form need to be preserved.

*Beachhead:* You are currently the Chair of the Venice Arts Council?

*Emily Winters:* Yes, Suzanne Thompson and I co-founded and founded the Arts Council in 2004. Thompson is also the Chair of the Endangered Art Fund, which successfully cleaned and preserved two murals in Venice, and recently restored the Venice Beach Poetry Wall on the police sub-station.

*Beachhead:* Another big project that the Arts Council has been working on is the Venice Japanese American Memorial Marker (VJAMM), set to be built on the North-West corner of Venice and Lincoln, where Americans of Japanese descent were gathered April 25, 1942 with just what they could carry to be shipped off to the camp at Manzanar.

*Emily Winters:* The idea for the memorial marker started with an article and picture in the Free Venice Beachhead from that corner shot in 1942, of the Japanese Americans lining up to be taken to Manzanar. A Venice High student, Scott Pine, took this Beachhead to his history teacher, Phyllis Hayashibara, who explained this history to her students, and they were so motivated by their anger over such unfairness, that they wrote letters to Councilman Bill Rosendahl and the Beachhead published them. The Venice Japanese American Memorial Marker was born. The Monument will be nine and a half feet high, 3 feet wide at the bottom and two feet at the top. It will be in the shape of an obelisque because the graveyard at Manzanar was built by Japanese Americans in that shape and it is used as a symbol of Manzanar. We have



Self-Portrait, by Emily Winters

raised quite a bit of money, and the monument builder is ready to go, but the project is currently tied-up in the bureaucratic permitting process.

*Beachhead:* The Arts Council has also taken on the mission of restoring the Poetry Walls at the beach. How is that going?

*Emily Winters:* We just finished cleaning and re-etching the lettering on the police sub-station and now we're getting ready to finish the 17th Street bathrooms. Water blasting that was used to removed tagging has destroyed the lettering, and the words have become difficult to read. We need to do more fundraising to raise the money to re-etch the remainder of the Poetry Walls.

*Beachhead:* You and the Arts Council, as previously published in the Beachhead

(<http://bit.ly/1aT5X6c>), have been instrumental in the writing of the new Los Angeles mural ordinance. How far back does your involvement with the Beachhead go?

*Emily Winters:* I was part of the Beachhead Collective for about eight years, from some time in the late seventies to the mid-eighties. I did graphics for the paper during that time.

*Beachhead:* I particularly like the guy reading the Beachhead in your Endangered Species mural, on OFW and Park. How was the Beachhead Collective when you were part of it?

*Emily Winters:* It was wonderful. We were all friends, and we did other activities together. We formed the Free Venice Astronomy Club, and Chuck Bloomquist, who was also a Collective member, was our Master Astronomer. For thirty years we all went camping to Joshua Tree twice a year, in the spring and fall, with Chuck's telescope.

*Beachhead:* Yet another accomplishment on the part of the Arts Council is the preservation of the Venice Art (Graffiti) Walls. The highly intricate artwork on those walls has been looking really good lately.

*Emily Winters:* Yes, when I used to volunteer at the Art Walls, graffiti artists from all over the world came to paint there. It was mostly men though, very few women.

*Beachhead:* What is admirable about you is that you have spent time fostering others' creative outlets and preserving others' artworks – how refreshing in a town that has become too much about self-marketing and promotion. What is your own background in art?

*Emily Winters:* Right before coming to Venice, in the early sixties, I graduated from the Chicago Art Institute with a Bachelors degree in figure drawing and painting. Here in Venice, I did not want to teach. So when my two daughters got older I got a job painting billboards for a record company, and then I became the first woman painter for Foster & Kleiser, which was the first billboard company in Los Angeles. When technology started taking over, I worked in TV graphics and animation studios.

Through the years I attended weekly model drawing workshops and otherwise filled in sketch book after sketch book. I worked with local youth through SPARC to paint murals. Some of those murals, like the ones in the Pavilion, are now gone.

*Beachhead:* Venice is lucky to have you. And Thank You for all of your accomplishments – they truly are a source of inspiration.

– Continued from page 1:

## The Case of the Disappearing Benches

Between Navy and Marine streets were coffee shops, souvenir shops, newspaper kiosks, bars, and lots of people day and night. My friends and I would walk and talk and sit on the benches.

Herb Caen, San Francisco columnist portman-teaued the word "Beatnik" to describe the men and women who dressed in black, played guitars, listened to jazz and wrote poetry that was street language one could get arrested for. The benches were used as rallying points and meeting places after the Ocean Front Improvement Association, headed by that seeker after equality, truth and beauty. Werner Scharff pressured landlords, the police and the Los Angeles Department of Health and Safety to bulldoze and/or close down every coffee house in Venice. They succeeded.

Curt Simon, Werner Schaarf and other property owners, smaller property owners who thought they were in the same league as Werner & Co., tried to get the Ocean Front Walk closed down at 10:00 p.m. But it was pointed out that the Ocean Front Walk was a public thoroughfare and the benches and pagodas were on the public walkway, and such a curfew would be unconstitutional, or something like that. Every spring, the benches would be painted, and broken slats would be replaced.

The benches with the seal of the City of Los Angeles had withstood rain, sun, salt air, being moved, sat in, humped on and vandalized for nearly 40 years. When the Roller Skating Craze literally hit Venice, the old benches were moved to the grassy area west of the walk to ease access for the skaters. They were moved carelessly and cruelly without regard for age or condition of previous servitude as they were dumped on soft uneven earth, or moved to the middle of Ocean Front Walk, where they were destroyed even faster, as skaters used them for jumping off places, and people shoved them back to the cement in an effort to restore a feeling of community. Nobody wanted to sit in the middle of Ocean Front Walk. It had all the charm of waiting on a traffic island in the middle of Lincoln Blvd. in Marina del Rey.

With the advent of Proposition 13, the benches were no longer repaired and gussied up every spring. During the speculation boomlet of the mid-'70s, a new business organization called the Venice Beach

Association was convinced that Venice would be the new Gold Coast. Some of the members who owned or leased Ocean front businesses were appalled at the fact that people could sit on the benches for free and didn't have to buy \$3.00 drinks in order to sit down and enjoy the beach. The Venice Beach Association declared war on "the over-age hippies on Welfare," as they described the people who stared back at their customers. Some of the members of the V.B.A. boasted at meetings how they moved benches away from their establishments, how they broke the benches to prevent the undesirables from discomfitting the trendy folk who came to Venice because it was quaint and raffinee.

People saw frayed but still usable benches being hauled away by City or County trucks. There were ten benches left between Navy and 18th Street. There used to be approximately 60 benches.

Carol Berman called Councilwoman Russell's office. "How about bus benches with advertisements on them?" ... Well...better than nothin, but...

She got in touch with Pam Emerson at the Coastal Commission. Didn't the Coastal Commission mention that amenities were to be provided for the public, and shouldn't benches be considered public amenities - and since there were benches, and benches had always been used by residents and visitors, shouldn't those benches be considered essential to the welfare and enjoyment of all people including those people who couldn't afford \$2.00 cups of coffee?

Ms. Emerson said she'd look into it. A few weeks later she called back and told Ms. Berman that the Coastal Conservancy had no money for benches. However, she came up with the idea of having someone who was building a condominium on 18th St. donate money for a bench in lieu of an extra parking space. Ms. Kelly Doyle of Sail Realty suggested the idea to her clients. They loved the concept and were willing to pay for it, but couldn't they be like the old double benches?

WHO'S IN CHARGE?

No one in the City seemed to know who was responsible for the upkeep and replacement of benches, and whether or not privately funded benches

could be put on publicly owned property, and whether the property was County or City owned, and whether the County or the City would be responsible for the benches after they were installed. Ms. Emerson called Ms. Berman to inform her that watching the City and County bureaucracies trying to escape each other while entangled in each other's coils was not a pretty sight.

With the help of Carol Shapiro, aide to Councilwoman Russell's office, Ms. Emerson wended her way through Recreation & Parks (City), through Street Maintenance, Bench Division (City) where she was stalled for a while in the Department of Benches and Banners (City.) For a while, the Case of the Orphan Benches was tossed between Recreation & Parks (City) and Parks & Recreation (County.)

Ms Emerson found in a contract between the County of L.A. and the City of L.A., that the County is responsible for all property west of the Ocean Front Walk, and the City of L.A. is responsible for property including the Ocean Front Walk. The benches were on No Man's Land. A clause in the contract stated that the County was responsible for the benches.

Craig Woodell of County Department of Harbors and Beaches looked through the Bench Catalog - something approximating the old benches was found, but they cost \$500.00. Well, that's that. Scratch that idea. A few weeks later, Ms. Emerson reported that Craig Woodell found the original mold for the old benches. He'd arranged for the men at Wayside Honor Farm to manufacture 10 benches at a cost of \$125.00 each. The new benches have been placed. Most of them are on Rose Ave, north, in front of the Israel Levin Senior Citizen Center. Unfortunately, \$1,250.00 is all the County can afford for the benches. However, there is an opportunity for individuals, organizations, and businesses to donate money - tax deductible - to a fund for the benches. One bench will cost \$150.00 (costs of materials are going up.)

What a lovely idea if all the take-out places on the Ocean Front Walk would plow back some of the money they make from the beach back into the community and make it more comfortable for their customers. What a lovely idea if all those people who want restaurants but have no parking could provide some benches in lieu of some parking spaces.



# Community Events – day by day

By Greta Cobar

### Friday, August 2

- 6-10pm – **Venice Street Legends** live at the Venice Bistro, 323 OFW. No Cover.
- 7pm – **Dave McPeters** plays 1930s, 40s and 50s sentimental tunes followed by **James Lowen, Jon Lundin and The Sun Worshipers**. Talking Stick. No Cover.
- 7pm – **First Fridays** – Big crowds and food trucks. Abbot Kinney Blvd, Venice to Westminster.

### Saturday, August 3

- 12-4pm – **7th Annual Venice Community FREE Potluck and BBQ** hosted by the Venice Neighborhood Council and Fire Station 63. Firefighters provide the BBQ, you bring a salad, side dish or dessert. Music and Games. Oakwood Park.
- 2:30pm – **Bikini Contest**. Registration starts at 10am, winner gets \$1000 prize. Muscle Beach.
- 7pm – **Pop Saturdays: Taylor Dane**. Burton Chase Park. Free.
- 8-10pm – **Brad Kay’s Regressive Jazz Quartet**. Ragtime, early jazz. Townhouse. No Cover.

### Sunday, August 4

- 11am-6pm. **37th Annual Festival of the Chariots**. A parade of three 50-foot tall “chariots”; live entertainment on three stages; free, vegetarian feast; exhibits on Indian art, culture and spirituality; family activities; fashion and gifts. Windward and OFW.
- 10am – 2pm. **Birthdaysalooza Country Fair and Live Music** – come celebrate 7 years of the Mar Vista Farmer’s Market. Grand View at Venice.
- 2-4pm – Book launch: **My Life, A Four Letter Word** – by Dolores DeLuce. Mystic Journey Bookstore. 1319 Abbot Kinney Blvd.
- 9pm-12am – **Azar Lawrence**. Jazz. RG Club, 2536 Lincoln Blvd.

### Thursday, August 8

- 11am-3am – **Throw Back Party Celebrating 58 years** – prices rolled back to 1963! La Cabana, 738 Rose Ave.
- 6:30pm – **Rogue Wave Thursday Night Artists Talk**: Laura Krifka, Ashley Landrum, Heather Gwen Martin. LA Louver. 45 N. Venice. Free.
- 7pm – **Twilight Dance Concert: Hanni El Khatib/ Bombino**. SM Pier. Free.
- 7pm – **Classical Thursdays: Roberto Cani**, violin. Burton Chase Park. Free.

### Friday, August 9

- 8:30pm – **Poetic Instability**, a dance theater performance. Brazilian award-winning dancer, coreographer and professor Clara Trigo in her premier LA performance. Electric Lodge. \$20.

### Saturday, August 10

- 2-5pm – **Shades (R&B)**. Fisherman’s Village Concert Series. 13755 Fiji Way.
- 4-5pm – Celebrate summer with beach-themed stories and **decorate a sparkly sea animal**. Kids, preschool. Abbot Kinney Library. Free.
- 6-10pm – **Grassroots Acoustica**. Great artists, basking for great charitable causes. Donations welcome. The Talking Stick.
- 7pm – Screening of acclaimed documentary “**Vanishing of the Bees**” followed by honey tasting and honey-themed food and drinks directly from the hive. Electric Lodge. \$10.
- 7:30pm – **Maureen Cotter’s Ninth Annual Storytelling One Woman Show**. With music, food and drinks. Beyond Baroque. \$10.
- 8pm – **Restitution Press**. Opening Reception. C.A.V.E Gallery. 1108 Abbot Kinney Blvd. Free.
- 8-10pm – **Brad Kay’s Regressive Jazz Quartet**. Ragtime, early jazz. Townhouse. No Cover.

### Sunday, August 11

- 2-5pm – **Thin Ice** (Contemporary Rock). Fisherman’s Village Concert Series. 13755 Fiji Way.
- 9pm-12am – **Azar Lawrence**. Jazz. RG Club, 2536 Lincoln Blvd.

### Wednesday, August 14

- 7-10pm – **Suzy Williams** – Jazz and Blues. Danny’s Deli, 23 Windward. No Cover.

### Thursday, August 15

- 6:30pm – **Rogue Wave Thursday Night Artists Talk**: Kent Familton, Christopher Miles, Eric Yahnker. LA Louver. 45 N. Venice. Free.
- 7pm – **Twilight Dance Concert: The English Beat**. SM Pier. Free.
- 7-10pm – **PEACH and her AllStar Blues band with the Delgado Brothers and Kathy Leonardo**, presented by Music Magique. Talking Stick.
- 8pm – **Henry V** Opening Night at Pacific Resident Theater. Through Sept. 8. Thurs-Sat 8pm; Sun 3pm. \$15 suggested donation.

### Friday, August 16

- 7-11pm – **Venice Art Crawl** 3rd year anniversary. www.veniceartercrawl.com

### Saturday, August 17

- 2-5pm – **Yes Ma’am** (Blues). Fisherman’s Village Concert Series. 13755 Fiji Way.
- 7:30pm – **Sixth Annual Philomenian**. A night to honor Philomene Long, Venice’s late Poet Laureate. Featuring the screening of the last cut of recently found Philomene's 1980 classic film on the Beats, THE BEATS: AN EXISTENTIAL COM-EDY. Philomene's poetry will be read. Beyond Baroque. Free, donations welcome.



- 7pm – **Pop Saturdays: Poncho Sanchez**. Burton Chase Park. Free.
- 8-10pm – **Brad Kay’s Regressive Jazz Quartet**. Ragtime, early jazz. Townhouse. No Cover.

### Sunday, August 18

- 2-5pm – **Floyd and the Flyboys** (Soul/Funk). Fisherman’s Village Concert Series. 13755 Fiji.
- 7-10pm – **Blues Time with Tom Gramlich and Mystic Miles**. Talking Stick.
- 9pm-12am – **Azar Lawrence**. Jazz. RG Club, 2536 Lincoln Blvd.

### Thursday, August 22

- 6:30pm – **Rogue Wave Thursday Night Artists Talk**: Sarah Awad, Matthew Brandt, Farrah Karapetian. LA Louver, 45 N. Venice. Free.
- 7-10pm – **Jazz Funk Fest**. Talking Stick. Free.
- 7pm – **Twilight Dance Concert: Nick Waterhouse**. SM Pier. Free
- 7pm – **Classical Thursdays: Rufus Choi**, piano. Burton Chase Park. Free.

### Saturday, August 24

- 2-10pm – **3rd Annual Sleep Out** in solidarity with our unhoused community. Food, music, teach-ins. Film screening at 8pm. Free, everyone welcome.
- 2-5pm – **Michael Haggins (R&B)**. Fisherman’s Village Concert Series. 13755 Fiji Way.
- 6-9pm – **SPONTO LIVES Art Exhibit Opening Party**. Group Show. Live music by the **BACKBONERS**. 9 Dudley. Free.
- 8-10pm – **Brad Kay’s Regressive Jazz Quartet**. Ragtime, early jazz. Townhouse. No Cover.

### Sunday, August 25

- 8-10am: **Free Breakfast**, provided by Venice Sleep Out. Beyond Baroque lawn. Everyone welcome.
- 2-5pm – **2AZZI** (Smooth jazz with vocals). Fisherman’s Village Concert Series. 13755 Fiji Way.
- 9pm-12am – **Azar Lawrence**. Jazz. RG Club, 2536 Lincoln Blvd.

### Thursday, August 29

- 6-10pm – **Third Annual Surf and Skate Silent Auction**. Proceeds to benefit Venice Free Family Clinic. Featuring custom surfboards and skate decks designed by professional surfers, skateboarders and artists. “**The King’s English**” will perform at 9:00 pm. Bergamot Station, 2525 Michigan Ave, B7, Santa Monica. \$15.

### Saturday, August 31

- 2-5pm – **ISMISKISM** (Reggae). Fisherman’s Village Concert Series. 13755 Fiji Way.
- 7pm – **Pop Saturdays: Rose Royce**. Burton Chase Park. Free
- 8-10pm – **Brad Kay’s Regressive Jazz Quartet**. Ragtime, early jazz. Townhouse. No Cover.

## Get Your Local Event Listed

Email your time, date and a brief description to [Calendar@venicebeachhead.org](mailto:Calendar@venicebeachhead.org)

## Location Guide

- Abbot Kinney Public Library, 501 S. Venice Blvd. 310-821-1769, fovl.org
- Beyond Baroque, 681 Venice Blvd. 310-822-3006, www.beyondbaroque.org
- Burton Chace Park. 13650 Mindanao Way. Marina del Rey.
- Electric Lodge, 1416 Electric Ave. 310-306-1854, electriclodge.org
- G2 Gallery, 1503 Abbot Kinney Blvd. 310-452-2842, theg2gallery.com
- Hal’s Bar and Grill, 1349 Abbot Kinney Blvd. 310-396-3105, halsbarandgrill.com
- Oakwood Park, 767 California Ave.
- Pacific Resident Theatre, 703 Venice Blvd, 310-822-8392, pacificresidenttheatre.com
- SPARC - Social and Public Art Resource Center, 685 Venice Blvd. sparcmurals.org
- Talking Stick Coffee Lounge, 1411c Lincoln Blvd. 310-450-6052, thetalkingstick.net
- Townhouse. 52 Windward.
- Vera Davis Center, 610 California Ave. 310-305-1865
- Westminster Elementary School, 1010 Abbot Kinney Blvd. (enter auditorium from Westminster Ave) 310-606-2015

## Ongoing Events

### COMPUTERS

- 2:30pm, Mon-Fri. **Student/Homework Zone**. Computers, iPads, homework resources and a trained computer aide to assist students grade 4-12. **Free Printing**. Abbot Kinney Public Library.
- Tues/Weds 8:30-6pm, Thurs/Friday 8:30-5pm. **Free Computer Use**. Vera Davis Center.

### FOOD

- 10am Tuesdays, 12:30pm Thursdays, 1pm Fridays. **Free Food Distribution**. Vera Davis Center.
- **Sign up for Food Stamps (EBT Cards)**. Vera Davis Center. Call for date and time. 310-305-1865.
- 4pm Saturdays through Wednesdays. **Free Vegetarian Food**. OFW & Dudley.
- 1:30pm, Thursdays. **Free Vegetarian Food**. OFW & Sunset.

### KIDS

- 11:30am-noon Wednesdays. **Toddler Storytime**. Abbot Kinney Public Library. Free.

### FILMS

- 7-10pm, fourth Sundays. **7 Dudley Cinema**. Dialogue on films, art culture and politics. Beyond Baroque. Free.

### MUSIC

- 8pm-12am, Sunday and Monday nights. **Hal’s Bar and Grill** features live jazz. No cover.
- 6-10pm, First Fridays. **Venice Street Legends**. Venice Bistro, OFW & Dudley. No Cover.

### MISCELLANEOUS

- 9-4pm, 2nd Saturday, every month. **Venice High School Flea Market**. Antiques, crafts, collectibles, toys, jewelry, clothes. 13000 Venice Blvd.
- 7-11am, Fridays. **Venice Farmers Market**. Fruits, vegetables, flowers and coffee. 500 North Venice Blvd.
- 4:15pm, every Thursday – **Chess Club**. Ages 6-15. All levels welcome. Abbot Kinney Library.
- 11:30am-2:30pm, every Sunday, weather permitting. **The Venice Oceanarium** (a museum without walls). Venice Pier. Free.
- 8:30am, 2nd Fridays. **Bus Token Distribution**. First 40 people in line will receive a free bus token. Vera Davis Center.
- 5:30pm, Sundays. **Open Mic Night**. Twentieth Church of Christ, Scientist. 132 Brooks Ave. Free.
- 7-10pm, 3rd Wednesdays. **MOM: Meditations On Media**. Beyond Baroque. Free.

### POETRY

- 2pm, 2nd Sundays. **Soap Box Open Mic**. Bring your words, sign up begins at 1:45pm, six-minute limit. Beyond Baroque. Free.

### POLITICAL AWARENESS

- 7:30pm, Mondays - **Occupy Venice General Assembly Meetings**. Beyond Baroque

### OPEN MIC

- 8:30-11:00pm every Monday – **Moxie Monday Open Mic**. Talking Stick. Free.
- 6:30pm every Wednesday – **Open Mic**. Talking Stick. Free.





# Suzy's Lit Show Lit Up the Night

By CJ Gronner

Suzy Williams and her excellent band ("The Cracked Binding Quintette") brought back the ever-popular Lit Show to Beyond Baroque, and a blast was had by all. This unique - and educational - show is great because it's all songs by famous authors that you may not have known also dabbled in songwriting. Writers like Dorothy Parker and Langston Hughes. John Steinbeck and F. Scott Fitzgerald. Even "Willie The Shake," as Suzy calls Shakespeare.

Gerry Fialka introduced his darling wife Suzy, dressed to the nines in an evening gown and platinum blonde wig to open the show. She greeted the packed house with "Hello, Gentle Readers!" and then we all sang along to the show's theme, "The Liiiiiiiiit Show." Then we were off and transported to the future (via Ray Bradbury), the Dustbowl (via Steinbeck), Ireland (James Joyce) and even the *Monte Carlo Moon* (courtesy of Fitzgerald).

As great as all of the songs are, so are Williams' asides ... "John Thomas, who took a vow of poetry, I mean poverty, (shrug) ... Same thing." Draping herself across Brad Kay's piano, sultry Suzy said, "I'm Lucy and you're Shroeder, Boss." Or in acting out Tom Joad's speech with actor Sam Clay, Williams said, "Steinbeck is my MAN. He's all about spirituality and socialism, my two favorite things!" I love Suzy Williams. Especially because she dedicated that number to myself and Greta Cobar, and we were delighted.

I think my favorite line of the evening was when Suzy sang about Lawrence Ferlinghetti and his dog, "He doesn't hate the Police, he just has no use for them." Yep.

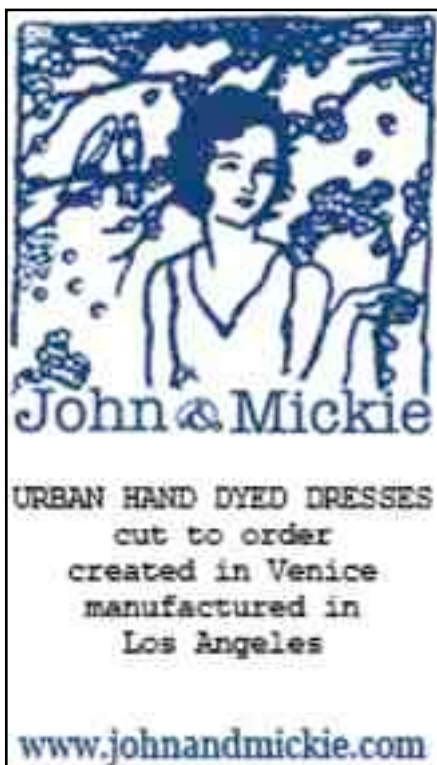
Singing Fitzgerald's "Fie! Fie! Fifi!", Williams began by saying, "This is 17 year old Fitz, but he's already bitter, partying and loving the Riviera."

When we sang along to *Tim Finnegans Wake*, a real rouser, Williams said, "You pretty much wanna brawl with someone when you sing that song." You kinda do, and we're peaceniks. Oh, the power of music!

It is powerful, indeed. From brawling to tearing up in no time flat, like I did when Williams sang the beautiful "A Song Of Love" by Lewis Carroll. I admire Suzy so much, because she is a true performer, who throws every inch of her tiny frame into every word and note. You FEEL the songs.

The crowd stood and cheered for Suzy and her talented gentlemen (Brad Kay, Danny Moynahan, Marcus Gerakos, Peter Marshall and Don Allen), and ran home to mark calendars for next year's Lit Show. Thank yous to all involved in this year's smash ... What a fantastic night in Venice!

*Above photo of Suzy Williams and Brad Kay  
by CJ Gronner*



The Beachhead Needs  
Your Help with Distribution!  
If you have a car  
and a few hours to spare,  
please let us know:  
[free@venicebeachhead.org](mailto:free@venicebeachhead.org)

