

August  
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NO. 299

# FREE VENICE SINCE 1968 BEACHHEAD

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## Open Letter to Bush

# Here's How to Halt This Horror

By Ralph Nader

You have been a weak president, despite your strutting and barking, when it comes to doing the right things for the American people within the Constitution and its rule of law. This trait is now in bold relief over the Israeli government's escalating war crimes pulverizing the defenseless people and country of Lebanon.



With systematic efficiency, the Israeli government has already destroyed innocent homes and basic public facilities—ports, airports, highways, bridges, power stations—which are critical to delivery of food, medicines, health care, ambulances, water and other essentials for a civilian population. This bombardment, by U.S. made bombers, military vehicles, ships and missiles with American taxpayer subsidies, places an inescapable responsibility upon your shoulders which does not mix with your usual vacuous messianic rigidity.

As the leading player in official Washington's puppet show, it is time for you to assert the interests of the American people and those of the broad Israeli and Palestinian peace movements, by standing up to the puppeteers. For without this conflict, Hezbollah would not be in today's news.

The time has come for you to return to Texas for a private meeting with your father, his former national security advisor, Brent Scowcroft and his former Secretary of State, James Baker. You need to say to them 'I can't trust my advisors anymore; there have been so many tragic blunders. What do you advise me to do about the destruction of a friendly nation by the world's fifth most powerful military?'

Here is what I think they should say to you:

1. Take personal command of an immediate rescue effort for the tens of thousands of Americans trapped in Lebanon by Israel's calculated blocking of air, land and sea escape routes. You've said the safety of Americans is your top priority. Prove it by using the U.S. Air Force and the U.S. Navy facilities to immediately evacuate all our people desperate to escape the terrorization of Lebanon.

2. You have been so docile and permissive to Israeli demands that any modest deviation from this posture will make your next move credible.

—continued on page 10

## CASUALTIES IN IRAQ

**U.S. 2,577 Dead – 51 this month**  
**U.S. Wounded 18,490 – 498 this month**  
**Iraqi Dead: 50,000 – 100,000**

Source: [antiwar.com](http://antiwar.com)

**Cost: \$300+ Billion - Source: [costofwar.com](http://costofwar.com)**

# Save the Graffiti Walls

By Stash Maleski  
The Venice Graffiti Walls represent the ideal of free expression in its most pure form. Since early in 2000 when the current walls officially became walls for free art whether it be with brush or spraycan, these were the only city sanctioned legal graffiti art walls in the United States.

In 1999, when the City of L.A. was planning the renovation of the Ocean Front Walk, I helped lead the effort to preserve a portion of these walls as tribute to the high quality graffiti art that had been occurring at this site since the late 70s. Back then the area was part of the Venice Pavilion and was informally called the Graffiti Pit.

As a Venice resident and business owner who employs graffiti artists to paint commercial murals, scenic design and fine art canvases, it made sense for me to be an advocate for the preservation of these walls. The Venice community, world renowned for tolerance, creativity and innovation, whole-heartedly supported the preservation of these walls.

The California Coastal Commission insisted that if the Pavilion was to be removed, a portion of the walls must be preserved as a memorial to the graffiti that had been practiced at the site, and as a way to preserve an artistic resource for economically diverse populations of youth in the area. The Commission went one step further than preservation and insisted that a program be installed to manage the site. The Department of Recreation and Parks asked me to do this job, and I have been doing it free of charge since the year 2000.

The Walls have become a symbol of the creativity and street culture that Venice and all of Los Angeles is known for. The area is a cultural



*Is it art, or is it \_\_\_\_\_? Some people want to tear down the Graffiti Walls. Muralist Judy Baca, and others, say it is one of the few places where young people can paint, legally. (Above) Artwork by Axis is a memorial piece to Moises Vargas who died in early 2006. Vargas had worked as a volunteer to keep the Venice Graffiti Walls clean for several years.*

tourist attraction bringing artists and graffiti aficionados from all around the world to view the work. Skateboarding, public art, tattoos and free expression are just a few of the things people come to Venice to experience.

The walls have been featured in numerous television commercials, films and music videos bringing fame and income to the Venice community. The walls are in fact that only place in the entire City of Los Angeles where it is legal to practice improvisational public art without a permit.

Initially the walls helped to bring an overall reduction in illegal vandalism to the Venice area and helped reduce the amount of illegal vandalism throughout the City of Los Angeles. Artists sought fame and recognition at these walls rather than on illegal walls throughout the city.

Like the other attractions of Venice, the area serves the greater Los Angeles community and the tourist community as much as it serves the local population.

Normally the success of a community asset is measured in terms of

—continued on page 4

Artwork by Toonz is another memorial for Mosies Vargas.





The  
collective staff of the



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opinions to the community at large.

The Beachhead encourages anyone to  
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## Our Mission Statement

Oh Holy Shit

The Thought Police are rising

It is the Time

for the Beachhead's rebirth

Now is the Time to get your thoughts  
together

If you care whether  
you have a thought of any worth.

Thoughts left of Center

Homeowner or Renter

Put your Head where your Pen\* is

Send it to us use your wits  
and if we like it

We'll print or plagiarize it

or tear it into

teeny tiny

bits

— by the Slumgoddess

\*Pen: Antique Term for Word  
Processor or Computer

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## Speed Bumps

Dear Beachhead,

Aren't you tired of running just to cross the street  
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Has your street become an alternate route for  
Lincoln Blvd. traffic?

Are you afraid for your children to cross the  
street?

Do you feel that the traffic is much too fast on  
your street?

If you answered yes to all these questions, then  
your block needs *Speed Bumps*. Please call us at 310-  
574-0565.

*Neighbors for a Better Oakwood*

Dear Carol Fondiller,

BIRTHDAY GIRL!!! Cheers and Birthday Best!

You are our Queen of Venice, with your virtual 50  
years in Venice! Our Half Century Sea Shore  
Community Queen!

Your 70th Birthday! Born in our New York, and  
in Venice since 1959, you are the brilliant artist of per-  
ception, and both the spoken and written words  
expressing the wishes and needs of our continent's  
multi-cultural masses, coast to coast, with your digni-  
ty, integrity, aesthetics, flowing humour and wit!

You have paid the prices, on all level, from every  
form of the PPP& P, the Privateers, Pollutioneers,  
Profiteers, and Prejudiceers! Your life of commitment  
for better society, and environs, locally and globally,  
has been constant. Your speeches, and your legacy of  
writings, masses of which are within the Free Venice  
Beachhead we began, for its first issue in Decembre  
1968, are a treasure of our contemporary lives and  
imaginations. Your Carol's Carrolls songs for all arrays  
of activism are delights! You are not only the Voice of  
Venice, you speak for all peoples of all customs and  
generations.

Perhaps we can crown you, and Emily, both 70,  
this 2006, and both the legacy artist activists, of our  
decades, here, for Venice's 101st year, this July, 2006!  
You, and she, are highly praised in my slaved tome of

an over view of Venice's  
100 years, focused upon  
the recent 1/2 century,  
my private memoir of  
public life: "A SEA  
SHORE MEMOIR,  
Celebrating Venice,  
California, 100th  
Anniversary 1905-2005."

You, and she, are also  
in my/the public videos:  
2videos from 1988 of the  
and for the 25th Anni-  
versary of our Free Venice  
Beachhead newspaper,  
which also included the  
benefit night at the  
Sidewalk Cafe, featuring  
you, Paul Krassner and  
Danny Peck, 1996, "The  
Personal Is The Political"  
on the founders of the  
Peace and Freedom Party  
and our Save the  
Canals/Venice Survival  
Committee, featured in  
my massive Venice  
Exhibits and Events at  
our library, in August-  
Septembre 1995, and  
March to May 2000, for  
Venice's 90th and 95th,  
and in our/the JAYA...  
Venice Canal Mural (1975,  
redone in 96-97), when  
you and MaryLou were  
the featured speakers,  
other than Emily (moi,  
aussi), in March 1997.  
And, of course, footage of  
you and others, within  
Venice's 100th, 2005,  
exists.

It has been, and con-  
tinues to be, a privilege to  
know you, work with  
you, and have you as an  
Half Century Friend!  
THANK YOU, with love  
and health...

*Maryjane*, Venice

Dear Carol Fondiller,

Happy 70th, lady! I'm like the character in yr  
story, always calling women hat. I like your story.  
You're an excellent writer, Carol. why not write a  
novel? You have way more skill than it takes and you  
sure as hell have something to say.

Peace, *Bill Fleeman*

## In Brief

### Elections Scheduled at the Neighborhood Council

The Venice Neighborhood Council - which  
recently dropped "Grass Roots" from its name -  
has set its annual election schedule.

It is again operating under rules that are  
more restrictive than those in elections for  
Mayor, Governor or U.S. President. For instance,  
absentee voting requires the voter to present her  
or his self at one of three election information  
sessions to request a mail ballot. The on-site elec-  
tion will be held on Sept. 17 at Venice High.  
Eleven of 21 board seats are up for election,  
including president, vice president, community  
outreach officer, land use and planning chair and  
seven community officers. To become a candi-  
date, one must attend a meeting on Aug. 17 at  
Beyond Baroque.

### Building Moratorium on Neighborhood Council Agenda

A meeting to take public comments on a pos-  
sible Moratorium on Commercial Development  
in Venice will be held by the Council's Land Use  
and Planning Committee at 7:30 pm on August  
23 at the Venice High Cafeteria. The proposal  
would be limited to six months and would  
include only some streets in Venice. Venice  
Progressives, and other groups and residents,  
have been pushing for a Venice-wide  
Moratorium on condominiums and big boxes.

# Eviction Defense Network



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The Eviction Defense Network is a nonprofit,  
community-based organization providing  
access to justice to low and moderate income  
tenants.



Wealthy Lab Mice at Playa Vista

Mickey Mouse Methane System

By John Davis

As reported by the Beachhead in December, the City of Los Angeles and Playa Vista lost a major lawsuit in the California Appellate Court. Both Playa Vista and the city council begged the California Supreme Court to overturn the judgment but to no avail.

Now the city council is frozen in its tracks. It is in between a rock and a hard place.

If it complies with the court order, Playa Vista, which was developed by some of the most powerful financial interests in the world, could lash out in a variety of ways at its city council minions whom they have paid to do their bidding. While the money trail seems legal, it is still descriptive of the way approvals of development occur at City Hall.

Generally if politicians are paid, they perform like trained poodles. Such has been the case in the Los Angeles City Council since the mega project arose in the Ballona Wetlands.

With one major exception. There is a large German Shepard who was voted into the Council with a nose for justice. This K-9 refused to eat the poisoned food offered by the developers.

Since the court order Councilman Bill Rosendahl of District 11 has stood fast on his principles and truth, ignoring dark whispers from the shadows.

He has advocated the California Appellate Court Order be implemented precisely but the remaining council overrode his just demand. At the January hearing he was escorted into a closed session where the City Attorney apparently instructed the council to ignore the court order which requires it to proceed according to CEQA (California Environmental Quality Act). The City Attorney has also received political money from developers in a run for State Attorney General.

Of course the council makes the final decision on a motion in public, not private. It does not have to take the advice of the City Attorney if it is not consistent with a court order. But the Council seemingly did exactly that.

That is why the winning plaintiffs on the lawsuit filed 26 court motions (refusal to follow a court order) with Judge George Wu in the Los Angeles Superior Court.

Judge Wu whose decision was overturned by the Appellant court has scheduled a public hearing on August 29. If you want a seat you may want to arrive early.

At a recent hearing when the contempt motions were introduced the deputy City Attorney said she was afraid the city council could be thrown in jail. After initially refusing to accept the motions, the Judge instructed the

record to show they had been accepted anyway.

The separate contempt motions covered the overt refusal by the city council to comply with the complete court order. Also, even though the city council did order several permits to be vacated, the city Building Department then reissued them prior to a court ordered public hearing.

High noon is near and a Hollywood style showdown clock is ticking ever closer to August 29 when the judge will rule on the contempt motions.

The city council still has time to pass a motion to proceed according to CEQA.

So either the city council will vote to fully uphold the rule of law dictated by the California courts before that date and face the potential wrath of their financial masters, or not.

Conservationists filed the lawsuit, myself included. I believed a Mickey Mouse Methane System was proven to be not effective at a public hearing and is unable to protect the health and safety of the occupants of Playa Vista.

The wealthy residents are the lucky "lab mice" compared to the subsidized low income families

who were placed on one of the larger concentrations of potentially explosive methane. Playa Capital tried to convince the city to build a school over another but the city refused.

The nightmare for the city and Playa Capital may only get worse. Apparently the developers sold land before the dark cloud of litigation had passed. It is unclear if the sellers informed all or any of the buyers of the lawsuit or the final ruling. Buyers should know if it is safe to live in their homes. Certificates of Occupancy issued by the city depend on the legitimacy of the Methane Safety Systems that have already been vacated.

Lives depend on the word of the city council to ensure homes are safe. The courts found their word was bad.

A citywide Methane Safety Ordinance was also passed by the city council based upon the successful implementation at Playa Vista Phase One before the lawsuit had been decided.

Obviously, this ill-conceived ordinance may fall since the justification no longer exists. It has already been employed in the methane zones in Venice to allow for large new developments, including some on Abbot Kinney Blvd.

Every development based on the ordinance in the City of Los Angeles could lose its certificate of occupancy.

The irony of it all is the City Attorney again advised the council to do the same thing that got it in trouble in the first place and they did.

What's that funny smell??  
Is that You Macabry??!



In Brief

Lincoln Place Lawsuit

A lawsuit filed by Lincoln Place tenants against the city of Los

Angeles and corporate-owner AIMCO will be heard on Aug. 16. The suit, brought under the California Environmental Quality Act (CEQA) says AIMCO is not following mitigation procedures before evicting tenants. The city is charged with not enforcing the Act. The hearing before Superior Court Judge David Yaffe comes only two weeks before AIMCO's deadline for tossing the remaining seniors and disabled tenants out on the street.

300 Beachheads

Our next issue will be the 300th edition of the Free Venice Beachhead since our founding in December, 1968. Ok, so we missed a few months.

Please participate in this momentous occasion by sending a letter, article, poem, drawing, etc. Heck, we'll even take money.

The Weather Report

By Jim Smith

Is it Global Warming, or just an unusually severe heat wave? Venice and much of the Northern Hemisphere have been sweltering in what is becoming the hottest year on record. Word on the street is that this summer's heat wave is definitely part of a worldwide climate change. Scientists may or may not agree.

In any case, global warming has become a fact a life for millions. But what's in it for Venice? Have you been to Ocean Front Walk at night lately? If the heat wave is still with us when you read this, turn off your TV and head down to the beach tonight. It's warm, but it feels good. Up until now, the Boardwalk at night has been deserted, except for those with no place to go. The few bars close at 10 or 11pm, even on weekends. Round midnight, the walk is as deserted as it was in broad daylight 30 years ago.

Fast forward a couple of years. It's midnight and pushing 80 degrees on the beach. A score of new bars are going strong. People are partying from Windward to Ozone. No more sleepy beach town. Suddenly, Venice is the hot new nightspot. There's even talk of building an open-air pavilion (again) for big name concerts. There are no more cold and dewy nights, Venice has gone tropical. Move over Miami Beach.

Now fast forward a few more years. The crowds of the beach have thinned out. But so has L.A. The price of water, an essential ingredient when you live in a desert, has skyrocketed. The freeways are still clogged, but with people cashing in their remaining gasoline ration tickets and moving north. Idaho and Montana never looked so good to sophisticated urbanites as they do these days. Having air conditioning and electricity only a few hours a day in three-digit heat, is having a chilling (pardon the pun) effect on those still living in the valleys and the Basin. You can forget about buying a small cabin in the surrounding mountains unless you have at least \$10 million to spare.

A few years farther on. All good things must come to an end. As Greenland becomes - green - again, the water rises. When the piled up mountain of sand on the beach didn't keep the sea water out of Venice streets, they built a concrete sea wall. That worked for a while, although it ruined the view. When Antarctic ice began slipping away as well, the game was over.

Now sea level is a good 10 feet about the tops of those big ugly cubes they began building back in the 90s. There are a few hardy souls hanging out on Mar Vista Hill, around 4th street in Ocean Park and on the Playa del Rey bluffs. You can take an underwater sea cruise of old Venice, Playa Vista, and points "inland." They say it's the second biggest tourist attraction after the underwater tour of Disneyland.

The good news is that with the reduced amount of economic activity and carbon dioxide being released into the atmosphere, the sea level will begin to fall. Venice will be its old self, in, oh, about 10,000 years.

Hotels near Boardwalk and Park Place

A hotel project for the Broadway Gymnastics site at Main St. and Brooks Ave. is waiting for the Planning Commission to set a hearing date. It would have 43 hotel rooms, plus condos and retail. Opponents of the project are asking that people write to the L.A. Planning Commission and Councilmember Bill Rosendahl to express their opposition. Mention the case number: ZA-2005-8134-CDP-CU-ZV-ZAI-SPP-MEL.

An even larger hotel, just across the street, was approved by the Neighborhood Council's Land Use and Planning Commission, July 26. It was first proposed in December, but with the condition that the developer return with final plans. It would include 50 rooms, a pool on the fourth floor, and would soar to 50 feet, far above the height allowed by the Venice Specific Plan. Neighborhood Council actions are only advisory. It must still jump through several more governmental hoops.

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# Tent City Report



By C.V. Beck

At Tent City, (southwest corner Frederick/California Streets, now called "Squirrel Square Free Speech Area") we Lincoln Placerites still maintain a vigorous presence twice weekly, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 10-5 pm, as we await the court date scheduled for August 16, 2006, superior court, downtown LA. We are there to support each other and to answer questions as best we can. We also tell jokes and gossip. We have snax and cool drinks on hand and our 8-10 chairs are mostly full each day we are there.

People give us the thumbs up frequently, stop by to asks questions as to what is going on now. Sometimes, we receive some hostile remarks from a couple in a small red pickup, who shout out, "Bye-Bye"!!! or "Burn it down"!!! Nonetheless, many people are supportive of our position and fear they might be next, as the City (Soylent Greenly) eats some of its eldest, most disabled, poorest citizens for breakfast.

At Lincoln Place itself, we are also under a state of siege from arrogant Yuppie-like beings, who feel it is their right (because "They" are "Them") to trespass and to dump. We have had four/five incidents this past month or so, one concerned with trespassing and the rest with dumping. I will relate some of these here:

- One of our seniors, upon reproaching a mom, (for trespassing on private property) apparently teaching her son how to drive in and out of the carports here, was abused by this woman who made hateful, age-ist remarks to him, a dark-haired woman with black glasses, driving a black open Jeep, license plate something like 2TOOU(?), being furious that her Yuppie-self had been challenged.
- On another occasion, the small red pick-up, with a trailer with a dirt bike, had unloaded and started doing wheelies or donuts in Elkgrove Circle. On being challenged again by our fearless senior, this younger male was outraged, vomiting verbal hatred of the elderly to him, as our security stood by watching and said to the senior later, after the biker had left, that he should have let him handle it...
- I, myself, had several incidents of dumping. One was a very large pile of extremely flammable leaf trash dumped overnight in a carport directly across from where I park my car. It had been left very carefully and neatly and could have been deadly to me if anyone had dropped a match. People doing remodelling in the neighborhood are using Lincoln Place like a free dump. (These Yuppies seem to be really cheap!) I stopped a man driving an SUV (license plate 3UKD147?) filled with what looked to me like bar trash, a variety of imported beer bottles, paper plates from using the Lincoln Place garbage cans at 8 pm on a Sunday night. I explained to him that he couldn't put his trash here and he was so put out because we have all these empty, apparently very inviting garbage cans. I was able to convince this bodybuilder to go away and do the right thing by taking care of his own garbage in the right way...
- and finally, an incident of what appeared to me to be prostitution or car date, in the carport right next to mine, the day after the carports had been cleaned, left behind was a freshly used condom, a clean white towel and some wipey things, called: "Vionet --health-care antiseptic towelette" (manufactured by Metrex), which remains in place today.



## Graffiti Walls –continued from page 1

usage. With this in mind the walls are a huge success. More and more artists come to paint the walls all the time with the art on the large walls changing usually up to eight times over the course of a weekend. Kids paint a mural, get a picture, and then the next crew comes in and starts painting. The kids share photos and post them up on the internet or send them to magazines for publication. Like any resource that is heavily used, it requires maintenance and supervision.

The walls have now reached a point of critical mass such that it is time to reevaluate the management of the walls and the impact on the community. There needs to be outreach to the young people that come to use the walls to teach them edicate and respect for the local community.

Venice has had graffiti long before the walls, but it is true that there has been some increase in the amount of illegal graffiti in the area in the past couple of years. This is not strictly due to the presence of the walls but is due to a lack of a comprehensive vandalism management for the entire boardwalk area.

It seems as if the area businesses, homeowners and even police have given up in their efforts to reduce and remove illegal vandalism. Businesses expect the city to remove vandalism from their property not realizing that it is the responsibility of the tenants and building owners to remove marks from their own property. Like a rebellious child, graffiti artists will push the limits until some one pushes back. If vandalism is tolerated than it sends the message that it is worth the effort and paint to put up another tag or mark. Yet if the mark is immediately removed than the message is clear that no new marks will be tolerated and the vandals will not bother.

Additional steps must be taken to combat the increase in vandalism that has occurred in the area. There needs to be supervision of the Graffiti Walls area on a more regular basis.

Secondly special mailbox-like containers need to be placed in the area so that the nearly empty spraycan can be deposited and not removed. As it is now, kids come to the area, see all the incredible art and want to participate, but may not have brought paint. They dig through the trash making a mess and find the scrap cans. Then they tag on the beautiful pieces and tag in the area. By securing the used cans we will raise the quality of the art on the walls and reduce the errant tags in the area.

Council District 11 should get financial support from other council district for providing a

resource that is utilized by young artists from all over the City of LA. Every time a kid paints on these walls, a wall somewhere else in the city is saved from destruction. The artists are searching for fame and recognition from their peers, and the walls provide an opportunity for this illusive commodity to be manifested.

Signage explaining the rules of the walls needs to be installed in the area. The signage needs to be manufactured in such a way that it cannot be written on or destroyed.

Murals in the area need to be included in a comprehensive maintenance program so that they do not become magnets for tags. The vandals know that their tags will run longer on these murals since under the current system they are difficult and costly to fix. The murals can be coated with anti-graffiti clear coats that make it much easier and cost effective to remove tags.

There should be a zero-tolerance policy towards illegal vandalism in Venice. Working with the Department of Neighborhood Beautification, the area needs to be swept daily so that no tags are allowed to run in the area.

Area businesses need to get on board with the program and have a bucket of paint on hand to paint out an tags within 24 hours of their occurrence. The LAPD should be citing any and



all instances of vandalism anywhere east of the bike path. The LAPD should be citing people within the graffiti walls area for open-container and littering.

With these and other more involved long-term solutions we can together preserve a valuable cultural landmark and creative tradition that is so important to the Venice community. In short the solution is mitigation and community involvement not removal of the walls themselves.

*Stash Maleski is the Curator/Manager of the Venice Graffiti Walls and have been serving in this volunteer postion since 2000 when the California Coastal Commisiion and the Department of Recreation and Parks asked him to do it. He also runs his own Venice-based company called ICU Art / In Creative Unity, which employs graffiti artists to paint scenic designs for films and television, community murals, art exhibitions and illustrations. No funds are received from the City of L.A. for upkeep of the walls.*

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# OUT THE BEACH

## Craftspeople face arrest, harassment on OFW

By Della Franco

We thought that when Bill Rosendahl became the Councilman he would represent the needs of the people of the Venice Boardwalk; the artists supported him; they believed in him. Unfortunately for all concerned, they and their families are being let down.

While Rosendahl was stating to the press that there were no problems enforcing the new ordinance, he did not witness the tears of the craftspeople who simply did not understand how their livelihood was suddenly swept away from them. These people who have for years attracted hundreds of thousands of tourists, bringing in huge revenue to Venice Beach are suddenly denied the right to work!

This is because the City Council refused to enforce the original long-standing agreement that factory-made goods were not allowed to be sold on the west side of the boardwalk. Instead of adhering to this simple rule, the City ignored for too long the obvious influx of these goods and then responded to the problem by enforcing unfair regulations, ordinances and lotteries.

Craftspeople fail to comprehend how handmade jewelry (amongst other handmade crafts) is now forbidden to be sold? What is the difference between a painting hanging on a wall and a piece of jewelry hanging from one's neck? How does one distinguish between the usefulness of a button, bumper-sticker or a ring? It is obvious that this ordinance needs to be amended, or better still, abolished! The craftspeople NEED to be protected.

If someone makes their craft on the spot, it is an artistic expression and personal exchange with the consumer. Originally all artists, painters, craftspeople were to be actively working on their crafts and then what is handmade becomes obvious. It is ludicrous to ignore this standard and instead heavily regulate a supposedly "free speech and expression zone."

When tourists experience Venice as a place where people work with their hands (regardless of what it is they make) this creates a unique cultural atmosphere which Venice has always been famous for. Even the residents do not want this taken away.

What a shameful mess the Ordinance has created. Police harassment grows every day. There are more police than artists these days. Now we have mothers handcuffed in front of their children and peaceful activists dragged off to jail. Artists are being made into criminals!!

The tension on Venice Beach is so thick that even the tourist aren't frequenting as they used to. So everyone is suffering, including the remaining artists and local store owners. The spirit of Venice Beach is being stifled and we need to take action in order to prevent further oppression and restrictions. Please help by calling the City Council at 311 and/or signing the petition at <[www.petitiononline.com](http://www.petitiononline.com)>.



Out of the Box: Vender Tony Acevedo gets a ticket for stepping over the line of his vending space.

## Gingerbread Court Faces Uncertain Future

By Kitty Bratton

Although I'm no longer a physical resident of Venice, most of my energy/heart is still there. I have not actually resided in Venice since 1976, but have maintained contact with a few friends that are left in the area.

My friend of 30 years sends me the newspaper you publish a couple of times a year. I have written to the paper before, when inspired by articles, letters, or events involving my history with the beach.

- (1) my parents met there and were influential with the whole Beatnik era
- (2) My father, Milton Bratton had a bookstore on Dudley # 5, I think, where like-minded types could gather.
- (3) I had my first apartment there, my first two children born there,
- (4) and my Mom, Bunny

Bratton died there, as well as Milton 14 years later.

So you see I've got a lot of memories of the beach that span my whole 52 years of life. I was really saddened to read that the Gingerbread Court, 517 OFW, was for sale, along with the house next to it.

I'd already had a blunt trauma when it was sold in 1985 - my father was evicted unceremoniously, and I was quite peeved to see it would be shops instead of housing for people who really needed it.

This time it will probably see the wrecking ball or however they end dreams these days. Its been there since 1924 - I am glad to finally know its original name. I don't think I'd be able to visit the boardwalk if it was not there any longer.

My dad lived there for 16 years, I lived there for 1 year and my mother died in what use to be # 17 - upstairs, right apt.

It used to be full of old Jewish ladies with cats, and a few hippies. The rent was only \$75.00 a month!

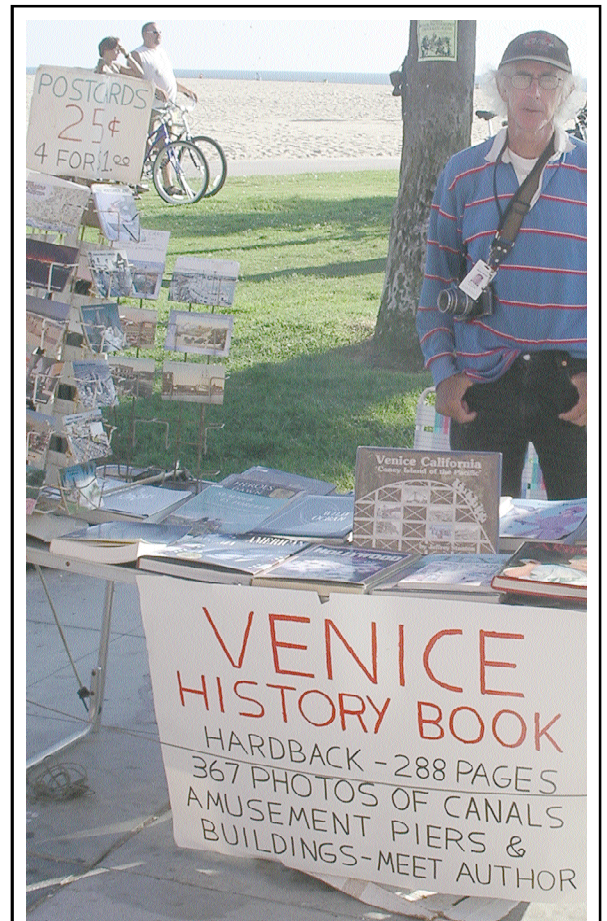
The owner was Marc Frank, he had bought it from Eddie Cantor and lived in the house next door. I guess when he died at 90 his family sold it.

I have so many great memories about the "Sea Breeze Apts." I thought it would always remain, that only an act of nature could destroy the old places we treasure at lands end.

So many marvels are already gone - Take a picture it will last longer. Glad I have the ones I do. Maybe someone else will write about this great old place - Hope So. Forever a Venetian?



Gingerbread Court (Sea Breeze Apts), 517 OFW, circa 1973



## Venice Historian Banned from Selling Book

Los Angeles police will not allow Jeffrey Stanton's excellent book about Venice history, *Venice California: Coney Island of the Pacific*, to be sold on our Beach. Stanton, who has been of fixture on the Boardwalk for decades, has been threatened with arrest if he attempts to sell his book, old Venice postcards that he has uncovered, or his handmade map of Venice.

## A Good Man is Murdered on the Beach

Coby Joe McGee, a homeless visitor from Missouri got murdered on the hill behind the Dudley Pagoda shortly after 1:00am on July 20. He was stabbed in the heart. Unfortunately, Coby was actually showing some heart when it happened.

Coby stood up to a very enraged man who, at that moment was about to take his anger out on a young woman. Within a few minutes, Coby was dead.

Reportedly, the assailant was the subject of teasing by some of the homeless people camped on the hill and had been threatening to "fuck somebody up".

Sadly, Coby leaves behind two young children and a loving mother in Missouri.

Some of us folks here in the 'hood feel that chivalry may, in fact, be dead.

- Joy Rippel



By Carol Fondiller (CONCLUSION)

If you missed the first installment last month, you can read it on-line at <www.venice-beachhead.org>, click on "July 2006," then click on "Read text files."

"O.K., Deborah, so swearing 'Death before Deception' in the sacred name of Pandora, Eve psyche and all of Blue Beard's ladies you took your Vorpall sword in hand and proceeded to the Drop inn... said Sheilah. It was dark, and Deborah had turned on the lamp, made fresh coffee and laid out a platter of sliced chicken, apples and cheeses, in an arrangement worthy of a Japanese restaurant, and put it on the straight back chair. Clawswits the Cat supervised the proceedings from his perch on top of the book case.

A low whine of a small engine zipped by on Speedway. Deborah turned and looked out the window down the darkened streets. It wasn't a 350 motorcycle. The windows on the darkened streets glowed as people sat down to dinner.

Deborah thought of all the solitary single people eating TV dinners or milk and cookies as they stood, because it wasn't

worth the trouble to set the table for one, or gulped a peanut butter sandwich while reading a romantic novel. Anything to distract them from the fact that they were eating alone. All those people who came to Venice to find themselves. And they did. They found themselves eating alone. Terrific.

"Yeah," said Deborah, as she turned from the window, only it wasn't a Vorpall sword. It was my handy Labrys. The moon shaped double headed Cretan axe. The weapon sacred to the Goddess. A double edged weapon to deal with double dealing." She smiled. She went over to the desk and found the half smoked joints and lit one and inhaled. Sheilah sighed in satisfaction as she attacked the platter of food. "Oh God, that's good." "Oh yes Blood sugar! Just what's needed."

Deborah sandwiched a slice of chicken between two apple slices. Her face took an expression of baby-like satisfaction as she tasted the dry delicate chicken flesh between the two juicy tart green apple slices.

"You know," she said as she chewed, "I made those eight blocks from Kevin's to the Drop Inn in two minutes flat. With churning stomach and beating heart. I wanted to turn around. But into the foggy cigarette haze I stepped. A Berserker lust-ing after the facts. I pushed past the pool players and the juke box loungers, and scanned the scarred orange vinyl coffee shop booths."

Sheilah took the joint from Deborah's gestic-

ulating hand and inhaled. "Heaven's Woman," she said holding her breath. You sound like Marshall Dillon. "Right. Wide angle shot of bar. I saw people in there that I knew. I guess they could sense by my face that I wasn't there to be pleasant, People who knew about me and Kevin Barry Mulcahy lowered their eyes. Pan to back booth known as Lover's Lane. Tight shot of Kevin and Ronnie seated next to one another. He on the outside, holding Ronnie-the-Pooh's hand, gazing into her eyes and she of course gazing into his, smiling sweetly as they kissed. That burned me. He was kissing her with his teeth held on by the dental adhesive that I'd bought.

He sure as hell was showing no signs of pain.

I slid in next to Kevin. Keep that J. I'll finish the other one." Deborah drank some coffee and, lit a half smoked joint. She drew a deep breath on the joint. Kevin didn't notice me. As I said, he has fantastic powers of concentration. He was completely absorbed in seeing how far his tongue would go down her throat. Shit.

Then I said very softly, "Hello Kevin." Man, he jumped as if I'd goosed him with an ice cube. He was so startled he nearly knocked over his beer. For Kevin that's panic. "I'd like a glass of wine, Kevin," I said. I stood up to let him get it. I stood there staring At Ronnie. She lowered her eyes, then looked up at me, head down. She hunched herself into the back corner of the booth. If I'd had a newspaper, I'd have slapped her with it saying naughty no! no! bad! She smiled at me, her jaw quivering. She finally looked away from me.

Kevin came back with my wine and a beer for him. He started to sit next to Ronnie. But I pulled on his jacket and forced him to sit next to me, opposite Ronnie. "What the fuck is going on here?" I asked. I couldn't control my voice. It came out very low. My hand was trembling as I held the wine. The juke box was blaring. The bass reverberating in the booth and in my head. People were making out, talking, and shooting pool. "Let's talk lovingly and gently" said Kevin in a low soothing voice. "I do not feel loving or gentle, Kevin. Don't play rational with me." Ronnie reached across the table and held his hand and looked at him as I spoke. "I want to know, Kevin, let me in on this. I have a right to know." Kevin turned his attention to me at last. "What do you want, Deborah?" I grabbed his hand away from her. Tears started running down my face. I was shaking. I held on to him tightly.

I want to sleep with you tonight. I want to feel you next to me. I don't want. to sleep with her damn dog again. Please, Kevin. Please. Please. ..

Someone came by that I knew and said hello. I said hello back. Jesus, Sheilah, it was grotesque.' It was like a British drawing room drama, where the hostess keeps pouring tea and asking

one lump or two?' After she's found out her husband's given the family jewels to the maid. One must uphold the social amenities. Kevin held me. I could feel his warmth through his leather jacket. "Alright Deborah" he said, stroking my neck, "I'll sleep with you tonight." He was humoring me. "I'll ride Ronnie home and I'll be back."

"Let the bitch take a fuckin' bus home. I'm tired of being the one that's always waiting." Then Ronnie-the-Pooh opened her sweet mouth. "You must have been around a lot," she said softly, looking at Kevin. "Everyone's been around after the first three times after you've popped your cherry," I snapped, "so don't pull that." Ronnie sighed, a we-must-humor-this-crazy-delasse-e-lady sigh.

"You bet I've been around." But they weren't listening to me. They were gazing into each other's eyes. Kevin turned away from her and said, "I love this lady. We spent two years together. She wasn't just another broad I fucked." "Oh, and I was just another broad you fucked."

Ronnie turned to me and said earnestly, protesting too much, "oh no! No. No. Oh no, Debbie that's not so!" Kevin,said reassuringly, "no Deborah, that's not so. I love you--" "Yes! He does!" interrupted Ronnie. "He really told me! 'I love you'." He bent his head on my throat. "But each morning she'd wake me with a sweet sensual kiss."

I pulled away from him and snickered, "Well gollee, Kevin, I thought you liked it when I woke you every morning by jumping on your chest with my golf cleats." No one laughed. Kevin was jabbing his finger at me. "Do you understand? I must proceed. I can go back to the garage without all this emotional garbage."

"Let's talk sanely, Deborah" said Ronnie in her soft voice, smiling at me as she stroked Kevin's arm. I let go of Kevin's other arm and watched her. He leaned towards her and blew a kiss at her. "Thank you," he murmured.

I couldn't believe it, hours ago it was him and me together. A couple. Exclusivity. Insane! Deborah re-lit the joint.

"You don't have to go yet do you Sheila?" "A Dear Friend is coming over at 11:30 to relieve my bodily tensions. It is now 8 pm. Besides, this is interesting." "Glad to spread a little joy, who is it, the Ph.D. bartender?" asked Deborah. "No it's Santa Cruz Sam. He finished his business in L.A. and I'm giving him a going away present. On with the story."

"I mean it was surreal! There we were, two women, one man, the two women all but saying, "dump her, take me." Cushioning every emotion for this man, so the results of his actions wouldn't hurt him. And I was playing the scene! I was saying things like oh yes, Kevin I understand, just love me, oh yes, Kevin go on with your ART! Terrific, I was selling my soul and no one was bidding.

Then Ronnie looked at me deeply--you know, the "this-is-going-to-hurt-me- more-than-it-is-you look. Infuriating tears of sympathy, unshed of course, so much more appealing. Ronnie said, "Kevin tell her we re going to be married. Kevin looked down at his beer. "Tell her, Kevin," pressed Ronnie urgently. He said nothing else. But he nodded his head avoiding my glance. He spoke. "But now, Deborah, it doesn't change the feelings I have for you. I love you..." Things began to come apart before my eyes. Everything became disjointed and super clear with hard edges. People's faces floated by, disconnected from their bodies. The air became thick, heavy and still. It smelt hot and sour.



The Beachhead's own Carol Fondiller was crowned Queen of Venice in a July 4th ceremony officiated by Councilmember Bill Rosendahl. She was thrilled. Photo: Mary Ann Cherry



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# VENICE KNOWS

Voices were distorted as if a 33 RPM. record were being played at 45 RPM. The click of the billiard balls sounded like thunder claps. I felt lighter than air. I jumped up on the table.

Deborah did a classic Errol Flynn leap from the bed. Drew out my trusty Cretan axe from my bag and said in a voice louder than my usual "IN THE NAME OF THE GODDESS, STOP THE BULLSHIT! Do not give that male who is cowering behind his mug a modicum of comfort! In the name of HER who goes about at night, alone along the Urban Wilds and hears the wails of her lost and lonely daughters, in the name of her who sees the despairing daughters in the bars! Take my Sacred Weapon.

In the name of She-Who-Can-Change-Her-Mind, use the flat of the blade and spank him with it, in the name of the mother-- freak out Daughter!" A long-high whistle came from my lips, and all the men who didn't cover their ears immediately started corn holing one another with pool cues, pipes, wrenches and other phallic do-dads. The others hid under the tables and covered their genitals.

The nodding smiling women in the place got out golden lariats from hidden places and lassoed the crazy bucks and paraphrasing the Red Queen, they shouted "Up with their heads." Then lo, the juke box played 'ain't no way to treat a lady' with a martial beat--plenty of hot clear brass and heavy drums. It played 'Put a Spell on You' and 'Big Daddy you got a lot to learn'. Sung by Mae West, Lotte Lenya and Nina Simone." Sheila raised her eyes and said, "Geez I miss all the fun, did you spank him hard?"

"No my dear." said Deborah in fair imitation of W.C. Fields, tripped on my Labrys.

So I did the next best thing. I whimpered. "Kevin I'm wearing your clothes," I don't have a thing on me that belongs to myself. I feel so naked. Kevin I love you. I'm not creative. i know that I'm not deep, I'm shallow--I can only have an idea for a short time before it dies of loneliness, the only thought I have right now is that I love you..."

Ronnie looked straight at me, an historical event in itself. "You have quite a mouth, you know that? Do you think you're better for him?" she shrilled. I didn't know what she was talking about. Better for him than what? Than who? According to who's program? I came, I saw, I bested, I was bested, busted, beat. I knew that I was better for no one. Bitter, bitter beat, I took another sip of wine. I had no answer. I just loved him. I whimpered and carried on some more. Ronnie suffered nobly through it, being supportive of Kevin's delicate emotions, stroking him. I finally asked him to take me home. I didn't specify my place or his, or as he put it, ours.

Kevin and I left, leaving Ronnie-the-Pooch smiling sadly. We stood by his motorcycle underneath a relentless cold street light--the urban moon. He looked haggard. I was still crying: "Kevin, I love you. I know every line in that face of yours. I see through that mask you wear and I see your bare and shining bones! You carry your ivory magician's tower within you. I see the white and shining skeleton of your soul."

Sheilah shook her head. "You just broke Rule #22A. Telling a man you love him." Deborah sighed, I know, but I'd do it again." She shrugged her shoulders and looked shame-faced. Sheilah took a hit of a joint and gave it to Deborah. "When we turned off West Washington Blvd., my heart sang. We were going to his-our place! My island. We went inside. He parked the bike outside. He

switched on the light and turned on the giant antique electric heater shaped like a sunflower on a stalk. He held me. "The wheel turns, lady, be patient!"

"Look," I said, "you're going to marry Ronnie." "The wheel turns. It won't happen for at least a month." I stumbled back. I looked at him. "What do you mean?" I asked. "Honey, I don't know. I'm so confused. Be patient. You're going to decide who to award the apple to, is that it?" He took me in his arms and held me close. I could feel his heart beating. Oh yes, to be held like that--but painful thoughts splintered through my brain like broken glass. I murmured into his red turtleneck sweater, "You love me now, Kevin, does that mean you'll love me for a whole month? Till you marry her?" "Yes," he replied, holding me tightly, swaying back and forth and kissing my hair. I peeked up at him. He was looking down at me adoringly. My irony seemed to have escaped him.

"After the month, what? Shall I gather up my stuff? Is this an eviction notice?" I held him close to me inhaling the scent of him. Leah the dog was whining for a pet. "No, Deborah, I love you. Stay." And he went on about the absurdity of monogamy. Then I said, "maybe we could have two garages, and you could travel between them. Ronnie- cins and I could draw up a chart--"

"Stop lady I have to decide. Help me." "I can't Kevin--I don't know what I'm doing, I feel as if I'm competing in a game that I didn't know I was in. I don't know the rules and I don't want to play. The stakes might be too high."

"Deborah, I love you, I want to stay here with you--" I returned to reality. "Kevin," I said holding his face in my hands, "Take Ronnie home. Don't let her wait at the bar. Then come back here to me soon."

It was 9 pm. He started on his bike. He looked at me: "I'll be back in an hour - in less than an hour. Oh, lady, lady, I love you lady." He revved up his motorcycle. "That's what you say now, but what will you say when you're with her," I murmured. "What did you say, love?" He asked. "I love you too, dude." He smiled, kissed me and chugged off. I slammed the garage door shut. It was heavy quiet - Leah the beery-brown and foam-white dog nuzzled me. I petted her. "Well, here we are again, kiddo!"

I wandered around the garage. Images like flash cards flipped before my eyes. Kevin asleep in the early morning, free from the lines that time had clawed into his face getting us coffee on that hot plate. "Coffee in bed," I said as I sat up for it. "Now that's rich. Kevin, you make me feel so opulent!" His cheerfulness. The Morning Kevin, as one of his friends expressed it.

I picked up the cigarette butts that littered the urine yellow carpet. While he was painting Kevin would aim at the various ash trays. Sometimes he'd miss. I picked up the butts one by one. I'm not creative, so I couldn't concentrate on reading - every few minutes I'd think I'd hear

the fart-fart-whine of his engine. I turned on the TV. The picture snowed. I could have gotten interested in Barretta except for the sea-rich feeling that flip flops gave me. It was 9:15 by the digital clock on the wall. I was surprised. I felt as if I'd spent all year at the Drop Inn. Only an hour? I rumpled through my stuff for sewing. I'd brought needles but no thread. Grand.

Sheilah shook her head. "I'm surprised that you didn't crawl after him clutching at his pant leg." "I didn't think of that."

The sound of a small engine whined by. Deborah looked out the window. Sheilah laughed. Deborah shrugged and smiled. "Gonna be a hard habit to kick." Clawsuits jumped--into Sheilah's lap and bumped her hands with his hard round head. Sheilah stroked him. Deborah sighed. The digital clock was ticking away ... slowly, 9:45. I lay down on our bed. One time he said to me, "let me worship at your shrine where all life comes from..."

"What?" said Sheilah. "Worship at my shrine!" "Oh." "Yeah," said Deborah. "You don't like that?" Deborah looked straight ahead, not seeing. "I do. But I didn't want to lose myself. He took out his teeth." "Oh God," groaned Sheilah. Don't knock it 'till you've tried it," she sighed.

Oh yes. I remember lying there, trying to hold on to my self. I would not move. I concentrated on the cigarette butts on the floor, the empty beer cans, my pimples and flab. Then his lips gentle as

flower petals falling from a great distance onto my stomach, my thighs, his tongue gently along my cunt and thrusting deep in me. His hands forcing my pelvis to him as if I were a great cup from which he drank--merge. You bet I merged. I melted. Then he put his lips to my mouth and I tasted me on him and that penis seeking my shelter in me. I was a Beethoven symphony, an atom waiting to be split. Floating free.

Deborah came out of her memories and smiled at Sheilah. Sheilah laughed. "Well I always say, never trust a man who doesn't eat pussy--and never trust a man who does-- only for different reasons." Deborah lay back on the bed. "Love should be a difficult word to pronounce when you're straight and impossible when you're stoned."

I love Kevin Blarney Malarkey. Because he

—continued on page 8



Bill Rosendahl with the Queen of Venice, Carol Fondiller (holding the official City Council Proclamation).

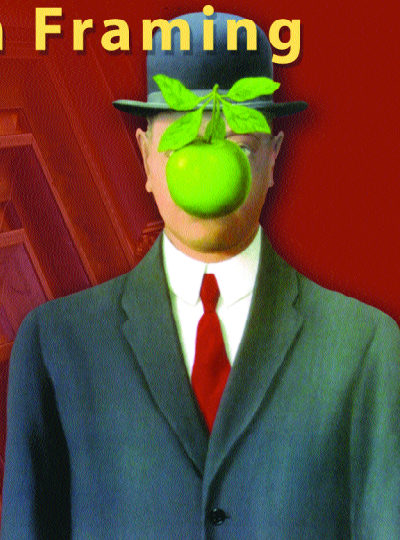
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## A Scientist looks at Evolution versus Intelligent Design

By Paul O’Lague, Ph.D

In 1859 Charles Darwin published The Origin of Species, his theory of evolution by natural selection.

Since then our world has not been the same. Chance and necessity became the new driving force in biology. Design and purpose, parts of Aristotelian metaphysics, were no longer necessary.

The Origin of Species was an immediate success, selling out in a few weeks, and raised the shackles of proper English society. One Victorian lady upon hearing that a new theory said she was descended from apes, replied (my paraphrase),” Oh, dear, let’s hope it’s not true, but if it is, let’s hope it doesn’t become widely known.”

Today Darwin’s theory is widely known and his name is forever linked to the idea that species, including us, arise by descent with modification: descent through the blue print of deoxyribonucleic acid, DNA, and modification through random mutation.

Organisms are selected because they evolve mechanisms to survive and procreate successfully in their environment. Obviously such a god-less notion would never sit well in a world created by the gods of organized religions. In the Judaeo-Christian religion, for example, the Bible is the final arbiter of the creation of the world and its creatures.

This is ‘Creationism’, which recently has become dressed in a new pseudo-scientific cloak, called Intelligent Design (ID), which rejects evolution in favor of a grand designer and, in fact, is considered by most scientists to be nothing more than a form of ‘Neo-Creationism.’

On the other hand, Vatican II has emphasized that science is also a creation of God and thus there should be no conflict between religion and in the findings of science.

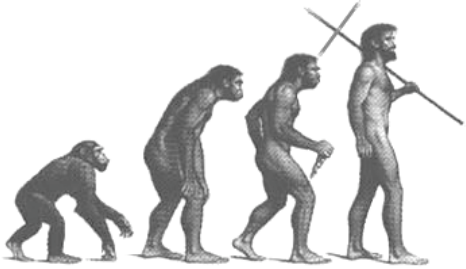
In this country with its present conservative and fundamentalist atmosphere, ID has become politicized and recently several school boards have tried to get ID taught in their public schools as a serious scientific alternative to Darwinian evolution.

However, in a well-publicized decision in Tammy Kitzmiller, et al, versus The Dover Area School district, et al, of Pennsylvania (2005) Judge John Jones concluded, after much testimony, that “...ID is not science and the only real ID policy is in the advancement of religion.” Clearly

this is a welcome vote for the separation of church and state (and religion and science), a notion originated by Jefferson. Despite such court decisions, ID continues to be pushed by certain religious and ‘scientific’ circles as a viable alternative to Darwinian evolution.

Today school children are taught the scientific method: do experiments, and collect results (facts), develop a scientific (that is falsifiable, meaning it can be proved false) theory used to explain the facts, and then test with more experiments.

One needn’t even do physical experiments to devise a theory. Einstein didn’t! He did



gedanken (thought) experiments and came up with some pretty good theories. The key is to think up a testable theory that makes predictions about how the world works. Being testable also means that it takes only one experimental result (usually confirmed by others) to prove it false.

For example, my theory is that the Moon is made of green cheese. This is a scientific theory. Now for the test: I find that light reflected from the surfaces of the moon and green cheese has different spectra, i.e. different frequencies of light waves. Therefore, my theory is false.

Results in agreement with a theory continue to strengthen, but never prove, it. A theory that hasn’t been proven false continues to be useful within the edifice of science. Evolution by natural selection is such a theory and Intelligent Design is not.

But before discussing both, let’s see what is means to test a theory, especially one about evolution, a one-time event. Critics of Darwin’s theory, especially ID ones, draw a distinction between ‘origin science’ and ‘operation science.’ The latter deals with ongoing, regular operations of the natural world where repeated experiments are possible and the former with scientific ques-

tions involving singular events such as evolution and the Big Bang. IDers narrowly define science only as ‘operation science’ thus reject evolution as non-science.

However, Ernst Mayer deals with this in his book, “This is Biology” (1998). In essence, biological questions about unique occurrences such as “ Why are there no humming birds in the Old World?” or “Where did Homo sapiens originate?” cannot be answered by causal-law explanations, i.e. using logic, mathematics, or physical sciences. To study these and other similar questions, biologists must study all the known facts about a question, infer many consequences from the facts, and then try to construct a scenario to explain the facts.

In other words, the biologist constructs a historical narrative. This narrative has explanatory value because earlier events in a historical sequence often make a causal contribution to later events.

For example, much physical evidence indicates that a giant asteroid plowed into Earth at the end of the Cretaceous, killed the dinosaurs, which in turn caused the rise of the age of mammals (leading to you and me) during the Paleocene and Eocene. So the singular task of the historical narrative is to uncover causal factors that are crucial to the occurrence of later events in a historical sequence. Darwin’s theory is science in the above sense.

Furthermore, the results of many present-day molecular biological experiments on how speciation occurs and other predictions are consistent with Darwin’s historical narrative. In fact, most biologists think that the results of their experiments make sense only in light of evolution.

Even accepting the role of chance as the ultimate designer, it is quite challenging to see how it led to the riot of diversified and utterly complex biological mechanisms that exists today.

Two favorites of ID critics are the eye in mammals and lower down the evolutionary tree, the flagella of bacteria. Each consists of a multi component system (40 proteins in the flagella complex) and removing one component causes each to cease functioning. So the argument goes how can evolution select for one component (not functional) without selecting for all at once (functional), highly unlikely.

–continued on page 10

## Everyone in Venice Knows –continued from page 7

paints the people around here in Venice with all the respect and reverence and technique that the old masters used to paint tyrants, popes, kings and mistresses. I mean he doesn’t indulge with the picturesque old winos and junkies, making them quaint. He paints people. He spends himself on them the way he squeezes paint out of the tube. Extravagantly. Rich, deep. Hours and hours painting someone who no one knows. But they’re special. They’re human. They matter. Shit. Anyway it was 10 o’clock. No Kevin. Well I thought, he always had a bad sense of time -- no, that’s not so -- when he wants to be, he’s punctual. I’d wait one more hour. I would smoke no grass." Here she lit another joint, inhaled and smoked her cigarette.

"I only had a quarter of a glass of wine. I would not get stoned. I wanted to be straight for the alternatives. I took off his clothes and folded them neatly and put them away. I put on my baggy pants--don’t you dare say anything about the obvious symbolism of baggy pants, Sheilah. That damn digital clock kept clicking, Fate’s tongue sucking time through her teeth."

She handed the joint to Sheilah. "Click 10:15 click, 10:30 click. 10:31 click. I put on my turtle-neck sweater. I was very cold. A voice in me was shouting. OK, Eve’s daughter, you have 23 minutes to leave Eden. Then my other voice--the still small.

“You carry quite a crowd in you, don't you?" queried Sheilah.

"I ain't a borderline schizo for nothing." said Deborah proudly.

I gathered all MY stuff that was lying around -- underwear, face cream -- and put them into the shopping bags. I put on another heavy sweater.

I wrote a note. “11 PM Kevin my darling. As I said, I cannot sleep with your dog again. Thanks for helping me to experience a new peak in masochism. I couldn't have done it without your help. I'll be back for the rest of my stuff. Leah needs more dog food. I'm unplugging the heater. If you re-plug it, turn it off before you go to bed. I love you. I love you. Deborah.”

10:56. I Put on my cape, stuffed odds and ends into my bag, apologized to Leah for not dancing with her, and turned off the light. That old heater on its -Art Nouveau-Deco stalk glowed like some crazy red sun that just lit up its immediate area. The garage receded into brawny darkness. The skylight looked like a loony oblong-shaped aluminum-colored moon, It was like another world under world scape. His paintings glowed and shimmered in the lights like strange jewels. 10:58. Click. I left the note on a painting of a child he was working on. Serious child. Clear solemn eyes. I unplugged the heater, hoisted up the garage door. I stood there, hoping he would ride up. 11 PM. Click. I slammed the garage door shut. I walked out. I turned and walked back every time I heard or thought I heard a motorcycle. I gave that up and marched down West Washington Boulevard, chin trembling, but up. Eyes swollen but tearless. Nose reddened but dripless. I walked erect. No Pitiful Pearl act for me. I know I did the right

thing. I could have stayed and waited, but I know I did the right thing. Why do I feel so awful? Anyway as you can see here I am--psychically shook but safe." Deborah squished out her cigarette somewhere on the desk, 'Jesus Deborah, didn't you do anything like spray paint his garage with "This is offensive to women,"

"No, I can't hurt him." "Don't you--aren't you thinking of anything? Like giving ol' Leah some Ex-Lax?" "Ain't the dog’s fault, that would be like taking your hostility out on someone’s kid." "Nothing?" said Sheilah thrusting her head forward, her eyes skeptical behind her granny glasses. "Well ... something," smirked Deborah. “You put a time bomb on his six-packs Pop top pow!" Deborah sniggered nastily.

"I took the goddam dental adhesive that I paid for!" she shouted. "Let him hurt his fuckin' sensitive gums on her chapped lips. Let her ante up for her pleasure. Oh I can see it now. “Oh Ronnie- kins my succulent little succubus let me kiss you--whoops” Deborah pulled her lips over her teeth. She looked like an old granny. "Oh well, nebber mind my dear, I'll hum you and bum you and blow you away."

"Hey, you're a good friend. I know I'll live. That's what's so awful."

Sheilah patted Deborah on the cheek. "Look kiddo, I'm counting on you." She ran down the stairs. Deborah watched her from the window. She heard the low whining sound of a small motor. She leaned forward. No, right cycle--wrong driver. Damm! It was going to be a hard habit to kick.



Rumor Confirmed

Cobe Joe McGee  
from Joplin mis-er-y  
came to Venice to see what he could see  
Ended this life on the sand  
messed up on drugs  
murdered by thugs  
rest quite  
America’s Son

–Anon

"The Doors To Syllogism"

if Rhiannon the spiritual advisor who  
services drop-ins at her table up the Boardwalk  
could chart our collective 2010 insync  
she might see a town still tangy  
lots of folks riding out new storms  
and actors dogged with uncollectible loans  
beating it back to their rooms  
through a cavalcade of labs bred  
on boneless Trader Joe's gourmet

–John O’Kane

METH PURSUIT

2. Zip, Bump, Go

Gotta fix it,  
objective to pursue  
beyond my control  
feet keep on  
walking, dancing,  
walking, searching  
eyes probing in  
the dark dark place  
one more round  
then I go  
one last tour then I’m  
done.  
Tired, sleepy  
one more key-tip  
filled; sniff one right,  
sniff two left,  
snort one, snort two.  
Zip bag,  
yet half full.  
48 hours not too far  
I’ll sleep at zip bag  
empty and meth  
no more.

–John David West

CYCLE

DREAM  
SUN  
UP  
SURF  
UP  
GET  
UP  
NOON  
SOON  
SUN  
DOWN  
CHOW  
DOWN  
FALL  
DOWN  
DREAM

–Vincenzo

I am the vampire I thought I was.... only now I look the part  
Dressed in the customs of despair and heart break, rebounded in an air  
So stifling and thick with wrong and evil.  
How can I expect to live?

Gardens yes gardens of earthly delight.  
Strange how I am not invited to attend or tend them  
The owners can see the rage I feel inside. I am not a gringo though I look like one.  
I am not a lover of the capitalist castration, in this world I am an outcast and find my place among the  
frogs and the things that live in oceans.  
Dolphins and whales, sea horses I forgot to ask, do they still exist?

– Hillary Kaye

P O E T R Y

Reflections on cleaning someone’s house

Mounds of hair piled up -  
piles and piles of hair  
all old, white, silvery,  
like it drifted down from the Moon,  
old silvery hair  
harvested from the head of a young girl  
once upon a time  
born in ’21,  
now it’s ’06 - do the math....  
now she’s shedding like a cat in the summer,  
letting go of old hair:  
don’t need it anymore  
letting go of old lovers, old liars, old ways,  
shed them all like a snake sheds its skin  
it ain’t comfortable anymore, in these old ways -  
gotta wiggle out from under -  
get up out of here, out of there:  
where does an old runaway run to?  
Ran away: didn’t have no where to go to -  
only knew she had to get up out of there -  
had to go  
Didn’t want to feel unwelcome no more -  
Never did feel welcome, there.

Piles and piles of hair  
mounded up  
dust settled on everything,  
a thick coating on all the stuff -  
a record player that is never played anymore  
books books books everywhere,  
more books, dust, hair,  
long silver bits of moon-hair,  
drifted down from the sky,  
to be swept up and placed,  
with all the dirt, dust, little pieces of food  
that was dropped and never picked up -  
once a month, maybe,  
someone comes in and cleans,  
but only a little bit,  
as much as she allows;  
can’t tackle the oven,  
can’t touch the kitchen floor  
can’t touch the sink  
only sweep sweep sweep everything  
no vacuums, no sprays, no modern shit for her -  
no chemical products allowed,  
only elbow grease, an old rag to move the  
dust around  
a broom: pretty elemental way to deal  
with the elements

Her mind: sharp as a tack  
Born in 1921:  
She gave an outraged attack on Christianity  
in church -  
Impassioned defense of being a pagan...  
Worship the tree  
Not some man strung up on the tree -  
In the name of Christianity, what was done  
to poor native peoples all over the world?  
Forced to pick up that religion  
Forced to speak in a new language  
Forced to have a new name,  
cleverly picked out by the new missionaries  
on the block  
Forced to comply or they might cut your hand off  
Forced to comply or be killed -  
or was that the Romans?  
while they burnt down their libraries  
while they wrecked their temples  
while they pushed down their statues of  
the goddess  
Where are the goddesses???  
they are right here,  
dropping their hair on the floor,  
leaving bits and pieces of themselves all around...

–Mary Getlein

American Vendetta/The Terrorist Zaqawi

We know death. He's on the tube.  
Woven into and between the crude commercials,  
a thread, a phospheme, a subliminal, a shadow.  
Eyes x'd out. Then explode.  
The final stab of revenge.  
Without end.  
End.

Traveling along the sunny  
bumpy springtime road, the thick leathery  
olive green leaves lift and wave  
and drop, hanging in the desert.  
The radio headphones cut in and out,  
waves of sound changing to static.  
The buzzing revving roar of an engine  
becomes crescendo racing whirring fast  
behind us. Going where? Who knows? It's dim. It is all  
Without end.  
End.

I climb on my stickered bike.  
I always wear black. My legs, my limbs, feel so tired,  
sickened and deep. I can feel in them like dusty thirst.  
I think it's normal for my age,  
I think, sickened, deep. Tired  
without end.  
End.

Believe in normality?  
I don't really care what you think. Normality?  
I don't really care whether or not you have purpose.  
But...our purpose is from God.  
As God is and as time stains  
without end.  
End.

A man does many stupid things  
He acts only often in reaction.  
Problems get bigger and bigger  
Then a bomb falls onto his house ,  
and another bomb falls onto his house.  
Two bombs in one day! Now revenge  
knows death. It happens a mile away,  
and it happens twenty miles away,  
a hundred miles away, a thousand miles away..  
without end.  
End.

I climb on my battered bike.  
and ride far along the depopulated coastline.  
Without safety I still have the faith of the living.  
The coast that goes on and on  
night-sky blue water and sand,  
without end.  
End.

–Gregory Sotir





# Evolution

—continued from page 8

This has led IDers to the concept they call irreducible complexity, which is that certain biological systems are just too complex to have evolved naturally from simpler, or "less complete", predecessors. The concept is generally used as an argument for 'intelligent design' and as a counterargument (also used by creationists) against the theory of evolution.

However, they offer no way to substantiate their claim and ID makes no predictions, which may be tested. In fact it is difficult to see how ID, which posits a 'Grand Designer' might ever be tested. Therefore ID is not falsifiable and, as Judge John Jones concluded ID, is more akin to an idea to advance religion.

In contrast, evolution has testable answers to how complex organs and mechanisms arose. The late Stephen Gould referred to it as the 5% solution. During evolution the function of a protein may shift from playing one role to a completely new and different role. This most likely happens by the gene duplication followed by chance mutations. In that way, the protein made from 'good' gene still functions and the one from the duplicated 'mutated' gene is left to find other functions.

For example, in eye evolution, photopigments, integral parts of visual systems, may start out in energy transformation of light to chemical energy and only later become part of light detection system, which eventually joins other systems so that light now controls behavior like

movement toward light. The same arguments can be brought to bear when considering the evolution of flagella or other complex biological systems.

In the end evidence that evolution through natural selection is sufficient to shape the diversity we see today is overwhelming. The universality of the triplet genetic code used by all animals implies descent with modification.

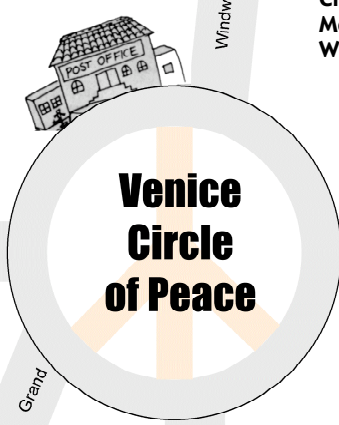
Many proteins coded by genes such as HOX genes, which specify body axes and by genes of the nervous system, for example, found in animals from flies to humans are highly conserved, meaning DNA sequences as well as amino acid sequences are very similar.

In fact, certain human genes for cell division carry out similar functions quite well when placed inside the lowly baker's yeast.

The great recent surprise is that the newly sequenced chimp genome differs from human by 1% when protein sequences are aligned. This translated into about a two amino acid difference in an average protein. Somewhere these differences are giving rise to the traits that make us uniquely human. Genetic variations revealed by sequencing DNA is the raw material that will help unravel human evolutionary history, not an untestable search for a Grand Designer.

*The author is a Professor of Biology at UCLA, author of many papers, and member of the Southern California Federation of Scientists. This is one of a series from the SCFS written for Beachhead readers.*

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Justice in Venice**




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**VENICE**  
neighborhood council

"Working to Improve the  
Quality of Life in Venice"

**AUGUST CALENDAR**

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

Wednesday, August 2 ... **Land Use & Planning Committee** - 6:30 PM.  
Westminster Elementary School Auditorium.

Thursday, August 3 ... **Budget & Finance Committee** - 8:30 AM at Extra Space Storage.

Thursday, Aug 10 ... **Executive Committee** - 7:00 PM at Extra Space Storage.

Tuesday, August 15 ... **BOARD OF OFFICERS** - 7:00 PM at Westminster Elementary School Auditorium.

Tuesday, August 15 ... **ELECTION INFORMATION MEETING** - 7:00 PM at Westminster Elementary School Auditorium. Register to vote and register to receive a vote-by-mail ballot.

Thursday, August 17 ... **CANDIDATE INFORMATION SESSION** - 7:00 PM at Beyond Baroque. This is the final required session for all candidates in the September Election.

Thursday, August 17 ... **Rules & Election Committee** - 8:30 PM at Beyond Baroque.

Wednesday, August 23 ... **Land Use & Planning Committee** - 6:30 PM.  
Venice High School Cafeteria. Topic will be a proposed **Commercial Moratorium**.

Sunday, August 27 ... **ELECTION INFORMATION MEETING** - 10:00 AM - 1:00 PM at Westminster Elementary School Auditorium. Register to vote and FINAL OPPORTUNITY to register to receive a vote-by-mail ballot.

**for more information go to ...**  
**www.grvnc.org**

**VENICE NEIGHBORHOOD COUNCIL**  
Post Office Box 550  
Venice, California 90294  
Hotline: 310.399.5515  
Email: info@grvnc.org  
Web Site: www.grvnc.org

# Halt the Horror

—continued from page 1

Announce that you are sending two prominent negotiators—perhaps James Baker (Republican) and former Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell (Democrat) to Israel and Lebanon to arrange for a cease fire between the combatants.

Announced at a televised White House news conference with your two envoys, you can punctuate your seriousness by raising the questions of violations of the Arms Export Control Act and the Foreign Assistance Act. Using U.S. supplied weapon systems to commit civilian atrocities on homes and fleeing vehicles with children and to inflict collective punishment on mass civilian populations are not using these weapons for legitimate self-defense and internal policing, as our federal law requires. Israeli planes have even fire-bombed wheat silos and gasoline stations in Lebanon. More mayhem is on the way.

3. Stop acting like an impulsive, out-of-control West Texas Sheriff and start reading, thinking and listening for a change. When Israel, Britain and France violated international treaties against aggression in 1956, and invaded the Suez Canal, President Dwight Eisenhower used his influence to make them withdraw from Egypt.

In 1982, following a year without any PLO skirmishes over the Lebanese-Israeli border, Israeli armed forces invaded Lebanon anyway. They created a path of destruction all the way to Beirut and militarily occupied south Lebanon for 18 years before they withdrew, except for retaining Shebaa Farms. In 1982, the New York Times reported "indiscriminate bombing" of Beirut by Israeli planes. At least 20,000 Lebanese civilians lost their lives in that invasion and many more were injured. From

that conflict Hezbollah was born, composed of many people whose relatives were casualties in that illegal invasion.

History, George, does not start two weeks or two months ago. You must read about past U.S. Presidents who, at least, sent high-level emissaries to quell similar border fighting. It worked and prisoners were often exchanged.

You are doing and saying nothing about what the rest of the world believes is a hugely disproportionate attack against innocent adults and children in violation of the Geneva Conventions, the UN Charter and other treaties and federal statutes. You've sworn to uphold these laws. Do so. Because of the Israeli government's overwhelming military power, the imbalance of terror against civilians and their property has always been to its advantage. As has its occupation of Palestine and confiscation of land and water sources.

4. You can't take sides and be an honest broker. Just about all our knowledgeable retired military, diplomatic and intelligence officials believe resolving the Israeli-Palestinian conflict is the key to deflating other agitations in the region. Freedom and justice for the Palestinian state and security and stability for the Israeli state must both be achieved.

You have turned your back on the courageous and prominent Israeli peace movement which normally reflects the positions of half of the Israeli population. You've never met with any of its leaders – even those in the Knesset or former officials in the military, intelligence and Justice Ministries. Hundreds of reserve combat officers and soldiers of the IDF have refused, in their words, "to fight beyond the 1967 borders to dominate,

expel, starve and humiliate an entire population." They pledged only to fight for Israel's legitimate defense. (www.seruv.org.il/defaulteng.asp)

5. Once in a while, ask your aides for a sample of Israeli opinion that rejects the notion that there can be a military solution to this conflict, despite the military imbalance. For example, reports and editorials in Haaretz, arguably the most respected newspaper in Israel, would educate your judgment. In a recent editorial, Haaretz argued that the present Israeli government has "lost its reason" through the brutal incarceration, devastation and deprivation of innocent people in Gaza.

In another Haaretz commentary dated July 16th, Gideon Levy writes:

In Gaza, a soldier is abducted from the army of a state that frequently abducts civilians from their homes and locks them up for years without a trial – but only we're allowed to do that. And only we're allowed to bomb civilian population centers.

6. One final bit of advice could come from Papa Bush's circle. If the Israeli army decides to invade Lebanon with troops, your support of the aggression can possibly unleash a domino of warring actions and reactions over there. As is it, Americans are increasingly fed up with the Iraq quagmire.

Moreover, we know they don't like many of your domestic policies favoring the wealthy, the post-Katrina debacle, exporting jobs, and among our conservative base, your enormous deficits. So our Republican Party's control of government is at stake in November. Don't you have your hands full with Iraq whose invasion we all urged you to avoid in 2003?



# Welcome to Astrological Cookery

We all want to be healthy and happy, but sometimes those two ideas seem to be headed in different directions. So, how can you reconcile your desire for a long life with your desire for a good time? Consider the notion of cooking in an astrological mode.

My own circles are filled with every variety of eater, vegans and vegetarians and carnivores and serious gourmands. Just the same way that life is populated with Capricorns, Libras and Pisces. Consider a horoscope for your sun sign to be like your own personal weather. It could be a great day to walk on the beach, or a perfect morning to sleep late. So cooking astrologically is just that; a way to feed yourself exactly what you need.

I was presented with this idea by a ghost, or rather, a mutual friend. When the ghost first passed on, (some speculate that her demise was due to a chronic dissatisfaction with the way the world is being run-) she gave a friend the duty of sorting through her belongings and finding them good homes.

When the executor of the estate found a collection of notes about cooking and astrology, she passed them on to me. I do love to cook, but at the time, I really knew nothing about astrology. So I did some research of my own, and discovered that astrology does, theoretically, hold water. There might be a leak here and there, but all the questions I'd had in my mind about how it might work were answered quite nicely. When I checked with the ghost, on her opinion, she har-rumphed a terse "Of course it does!" and gave me her blessing to proceed.

While her recipes were impressive, they were also dated - about the early 1960's, I'd say. The kind of very rich, complicated dishes that reminded me of James Beard and Craig Claibourne. The sort of cooking that assumes you have all the time in the world, no concerns over your weight or cholesterol, and someone else cleaning the kitchen when you're finished.

As my sun sign is Scorpio, it seems to be a part of my nature that I just love to change things- We Scorpions consider this to be "improving" and feel that you should all be as pleased as we are with the end results. So, I checked my horoscope, for good luck, you know, just to be sure this was really the best time for all this, and decided to start.

August is Leo-



# Astrological Cookery

By  
Judith  
Martín  
Straw

## Leo (July 24 to August 23)

The sign of Leo rules some very passionate and demanding people, but you knew that. They are the people happiest to tell you what their sun sign is, because they feel that being Leo is just a natural state of perfection.

Leos really do feel like the king of the jungle, and know they deserve the lion's share. Like most cats, take good care of them, and they will be devoted and content. They tend to have bad tempers, but good manners, so even if they are angry, they might consider it beneath their dignity to confront the offender. It will pass-it always does.

As for the Leo in the kitchen, there's a feast to prepare. Even if it's a feast for one, there are no shortcuts and no stinting. Leos are great meat cooks, but also love to eat seafood, particularly shellfish like crab and lobster. It's important to balance out the protein cravings with lots of fresh veggies, and any combination of cucumbers, onions, lettuce or cabbage will satisfy. Asparagus, in season of course, is your favorite. Spices are a delight, and everything from humble pepper to fabulous saffron will be in the pantry.

Leos love a bright, well set table with a colorful and eye catching spread. Jungle royalty, like most royalty, has a tendency to overindulge, so watch out that your occasional excesses don't turn into regular habits, or your vanity will be competing with your appetite.

The most famous Leo in the kitchen is not only one of the most famous cooks in our culture; she was one whose roaring was heard around the world.

Julia Child is a great example of how Leo likes to cook- authentic and grand, but fun and playful. She arrived at moment when the trend of processed and commercialized "convenience" food was at it's first frenzy, and she got folks to reconsider what a simple meal made with honest ingredients was worth.

Leo, like every other sign, needs to be satisfied, body and soul.

## LEO'S PEPPER STEAK WITH BRANDY SAUCE

- 2 Tablespoons mixed peppercorns (black, green, white)
- About 2 lbs of steak (about 1 inch thick)
- 1 Tbs butter
- 2 Tbs chopped green onions
- 1/2 cup beef stock (canned if need be)
- 1/3 cup brandy or cognac

Crush the peppercorns in a mortar, or a grinder. Dry the meat with a paper towel, and press the crushed pepper into it, top and bottom. Cover with wax paper or a tea towel, and let it sit, for at least a half an hour, or as long as four hours. The flavor of the pepper will permeate the steak. When you are ready, heat a heavy skillet and melt the butter. Cook the steak to your liking- Rare is about 3 or 4 minutes per side, medium about 5 to 7 minutes per side. If in doubt, slice and peek- this is not a sign of weakness. Even Leos do not always possess the power to see into cooked beef. When your steak is cooked, as you like, take it from the pan and set it aside on a warm plate, preferably in a low oven, while you do the sauce.

Drain the beef fat from the skillet and set it aside, and toss in half the butter and the green onions. Cook for about one minute. Pour in the stock and scrape the pan as you bring it up to a boil, adding what's been left on the pan to the sauce. If there is someone in the kitchen you want to impress, you tell them you are deglazing. Add the brandy and boil for at least two minutes to evaporate the alcohol. After less than three minutes, take the pan off the heat and add in the rest of the butter. When it's all together, get the steak to the table and pour the sauce over the steak.

It goes very well with some boiled or baked potatoes. If it's asparagus season, steam some up. As herself would say- Bon appetite!!



Hey  
Venice,  
Let's  
do  
this  
at  
the  
traffic  
circle!



Our roving Beachhead Collective member, Erica Snowlake, participated in (probably instigated) the creating of this community mandala in Roberts Creek, British Columbia.

It took more than 333 people who painted for seven days in 30 degree celsius (that's hot) to create this giant artwork.

Wouldn't our circle, in front of the Post Office, look much better like this.

Erica will take the names of the first 333 Venetians who volunteer.

Venice Peace and Freedom Center

Community Center and Campaign Headquarters for  
Smith for Congress and Abrams for Assembly

1720 Main St. in the ♥ of Venice

310-399-2215 • 310-428-8685 • PeaceandFreedomCenter@freevenice.org

<div>SPECIAL EVENT</div> <div>HIROSHIMA-NAGASAKI COMMEMORATION</div> <div>3 pm Sunday, Aug. 6</div> <div>with members of the Southern California Federation of Scientists, Physicians for Social Responsibility and Venice Peace and Freedom</div>		<div>August 2006</div> <div>Doors open at 7pm unless otherwise noted Music begins after 8pm</div>		<div>America's #1 Protest Singer David Rovics</div> <div>Sept. 9th</div> <div>Advance tickets, \$15, go on sale Aug. 9 "David Rovics is the musical version of Democracy Now!" Amy Goodman, host. "David Rovics is the peace poet and troubador for our time." Cindy Sheehan</div> <div><div>david rovics</div><div>halliburton boardroom massacre u.s. tour in Venice Sept. 9th</div></div>	
<div>2</div> <div>WEDNESDAY</div> <div>University of Venice</div> <div>SEMINAR: Six Crises of Capitalism This Session - Human Needs: Housing, Health Care, Education, Jobs - with Professor Karl Abrams, candidate for state Assembly.</div>	<div>3</div> <div>THURSDAY</div> <div>Community Forum 6:30 pm We need a Building Moratorium in Venice. Join community leaders who support a moratorium through- out Venice.</div>	<div>4</div> <div>FRIDAY</div> <div>Films and discussion: Loose Change What happened on 9-11? This is the most provoca- tive documentary on 9-11.  Films shown for educational purposes only.</div>	<div>5</div> <div>SATURDAY</div> <div>Music: Venice Jam Session Musicians are invited to perform solo at the Open Mic or jam with others.</div>		
<div>9</div> <div>University of Venice</div> <div>SEMINAR: Six Crises of Capitalism with Jim Smith Last Session - Democracy - why it's slipping away and what we can do to save it.</div>	<div>10</div> <div>Community Forum Call for topic.</div>	<div>11</div> <div>Films and discussion: Better than Inconvenient Truth: Too Hot Not To Handle  The story on Global Warming, without Al Gore. Produced by Laurie David. Films shown for educational purposes only.</div>	<div>12</div> <div>Music: Blues singer Chicago Red followed by Open Mic. </div>		
<div>16</div> <div>Film Marathon and discussion: Would a President fake a terrorist incident for politi- cal gain? - Wag the Dog - A 1997 film about things to come. Films shown for educational purposes only. </div>	<div>17</div> <div>Film Marathon and discussion: Warren Beatty runs for the Senate - Bulworth - you gotta be crazy to tell the truth. Films shown for educational purposes only. </div>	<div>18</div> <div>Film Marathon and discussion: Chris Rock runs for President - Head of State - the only thing White is the House. Films shown for educational purposes only. </div>	<div>19</div> <div>Live Painting and Music: 7 pm - Venice artist paint before your eyes. 8 pm - Venice musicians. 9 pm - Auction of artwork. Produced by Erica Snowlake</div> 		
<div>THREE DAY POLITICAL COMEDY FILM FESTIVAL - BECOME A POLITICAL CONSULTANT</div>					
<div>Special Event 8 pm August 13 SUNDAY NIGHT COMEDY Stand-up Comics and Open Mic</div>	<div>24</div> <div>Community Forum Background and update on Israeli, Palestine and Lebanese Conflict with Yael Korin, Paul Hershfield, members of Women in Black.</div>	<div>25</div> <div>Films and discussion: The supressed story of the GI movement to end the war in Vietnam. Sir! No Sir!  Films shown for educational purposes only.</div>	<div>26</div> <div>Live from the Canals: Frank Strasser and friends followed by Open Mic. </div>		