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**FREE VENICE**  
 SINCE 1968  
**BEACHHEAD**



**February**  
**2010**  
 #340

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**So Long, Carol -It's Been A Blast!**

Photo: Jim Smith

Getting ready for the 2004 Venice July 4th Independence Day Parade

(Left to Right): Suzy Williams, Alice Stek, Carol, Francisco Letelier and son, Salvador.

**Carol Fondiller Berman**

June 22, 1936 – Jan. 9, 2010

A Community Celebration  
 of the life of  
 Carol Fondiller Berman who  
 dedicated herself and her writings  
 to the preservation  
 and betterment of Venice

**Saturday, February 13**  
**at Beyond Baroque**

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1pm - Reception

2-4pm - Program

All Beachhead Readers are invited. For  
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In lieu of flowers, contributions may be  
 sent to Carol's favorite newspaper, the  
 Free Venice Beachhead,  
 POB 2, Venice 90294

**CASUALTIES IN AFGHANISTAN:**  
 976 U.S. Dead - 27 this month

**IRAQ:**  
 4,375 U.S. Dead - 8 this month  
 31,639 U.S. Wounded  
 Iraqi Dead: 1,366,350  
 Cost of wars: \$955+ Billion

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Local Boy Makes Good!

**Interview with Thomas Paine Haag Duggan**

By Greta Cobar

Carol Fondiller used to baby-sit Thomas Duggan, formerly known as Thomas Haag, Anna's son. Yes, Anna Haag, who with John Haag operated the Venice West Cafe at 7 Dudley from 1962-66. John, Anna and Carol were also on the collective of the first Beachhead in 1968. One person who knew all of them from the beginning was Thomas.

Thomas, tell me about Carol. I had just talked to her on the phone about a month ago. I told her that I had just opened a bike shop, and she was proud. She said that she remembers how much fun she had with her little red Schwinn. I really wanted to interview her on camera, to just let the camera roll while we talked. I regret not getting around to that.

I have lots of fun memories of Carol. She was part of the group that my mom always hanged with. It was her, my father Bob Duggan, Jay the Bubbleman, Tomito, Lil' Joe and Gloria Scott. I remember Carol baby-sitting me. I remember that I could always go to her house, any day, any time. I was around 5 years old, I remember them sitting around smoking pot. They always gave me the roach, and I would eat it. When they were through with the joint, they always said: "save the roach for Thomas."

My mom and Carol used to hang out on the boardwalk all the time. As a matter of fact, my mom was one of the first, if not the first, vendor on the boardwalk. She made beautiful jewelry.

Tell me about your childhood. I grew up as Thomas Haag, but when I was 17 I had my son Jasen, and it was at that time that my mom told

—continued on page 13

Photo: Greta Cobar





**Beachhead Collective Staff:** Karl Abrams, Greta Cobar, Carol Fondiller, Don Geagan, Roger Linnett, Krista Schwimmer, Jim Smith, 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.

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**Mail:** P.O. Box 2, Venice, CA 90294.

**Email:** Beachhead@freevenice.org

**Web:** www.freevenice.org

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**Carol Fondiller**

Dear Beachhead,  
It's truly sad to lose Carol's mighty voice. When 'checking out' her renovated boardwalk building a couple of months ago, I hoped to 'run into' her, but the new young manager wouldn't reveal her apartment location.

We have taken buses or rode to or met at L.A. City Council, it's Planning Committee, the Housing Dept. and Coalition for Economic Survival meetings over the past 20 years, always knowing that our 'bodies' alone might count.

And her opinions were certainly heard when it came to our now 20-year-old Lincoln Place Garden Apartment saga.

We are grateful, indeed.  
*Ingrid Mueller, Lincoln Place*

Dear Beachhead,  
Carol Fondiller's sense of loyalty and deep natured devotion was evident in her humor & extreme talent of naming. I love her! And don't worry; she can fly.

*Cher Oakes*

**Carol Evelyn Fondiller Berman**

Merci beaucoup! Femme extraordinaire! For being part of our sea shore lives here... essential activist, paramount orator, literary legend, core of community, voluptuous romantic, and infinite wit!

You observe us each and all, from your ascension on the eve and night of 9th January 2010. Your ascent: not of surprise. The lament of your loss in our midst: staggering.

The slave labors for your earthly life include mine, bien sur, among your potpourris of friends as family. Therefore, my poem for your celebration – memorial gathering, still cocoons, unable for publication in the Free Venice Beachhead for 13th February. This emergency note, alone, must suffice till March.

We were co-founders of the volunteer newspaper. Your writings put forth in it, continuously. Even labored its first 25 years: 1968-1993 (public note: no issues from early 1993 till June 2002.) I attempted to work with the restart of it, for 5 months, in 2002, per their pleas.

Je t'aime toujours! *Mary Jane*

**Silent Running**

Dear Beachhead,  
I personally have walked up and down Venice Blvd talking to 103 residents, asking how often they see police cars patrolling Venice Blvd. late at night. Seventy-Eight people said yes, every night, late. Sixty-one added they see them racing, sometimes without any lights on. Forty-three said they hear their engines racing, loud acceleration. Twenty-eight added the police use Venice Blvd as a drag strip, but without any lights. Eighteen asked me why they would drive so fast but not have any lights on. Thirty-one expressed concern for people's safety with their excessive speeds along the streets. And finally, 61 would agree to signing a sworn statement if one should come about.

Then there are the cell phone pictures which clearly show the patrol car with no lights on before any other patrol cars arrived. Then their lights are on, responding patrol cars can clearly be seen in these pictures. It makes no difference in what sequence these pictures are displayed, pretty darn easy to arrange them in the proper order.....

Then they call it a crime scene but refuse to take anyone's statements rather ordering them away from the scene and begin making arrests of anyone caught without a green card! Then there's the fire department claiming they responded to the WRONG Glyndon Ave, claiming they arrived at a another "Glendon" location thus taking 15 minutes to arrive on the emergency call. If they know – which they certainly should – there are two streets by the same name (NOT the same spelling why on God's Earth would they not confirm the correct location BEFORE they roll? Smells like a fish tank here to me boys. They've changed their story so many times they probably don't even know what the truth is anymore! .

The evidence is mounting and it's only a matter of time before the the TRUTH is heard. Too many witnesses to pull this one off boys!

*Bonnie Wolfe*

**Leaf Blowers**

Dear Beachhead,  
WHAT?! Gasoline powered leaf blowers are illegal within 500 feet of a residence? (C.V. Beck letter, January issue)

Anyone who lives in LA knows this isn't enforced.

I called the city to see if it was really true. Turns out you have to tell them in advance when exactly the leaf blower will be blowing and there's also some loophole about private land.

Here are some chilling facts I found online:  
"According to a report by the California EPA published in 2000, commercial leaf blowers run for 30 minutes emit CO2 equivalent to a car being driven 7,700 miles and carbon monoxide equivalent to 440 miles of driving. Another way of putting it, commercial leaf blowers emit over 500 times the amount of CO2 as cars. Residential leaf blowers are quite different, but still not good; these leaf blowers emit CO2 equivalent to 2,200 miles of driving and carbon monoxide equal to 110 miles."

<http://eco-guides.us/blog/?p=125>

Please, Venice Beachhead, tell us what steps we can take to stop this ridiculous pollution and waste. As I write this there's one outside, in the RAIN!

Sincerely, *Simone White*

*From the Beachhead: Here's the section of the Municipal Code, 112.04, that bans leaf blowers. It can be found at <http://bit.ly/4pz12i> (c) Notwithstanding the provisions of Subsection (a) above, no gas powered blower shall be used within 500 feet of a residence at anytime. Both the user of such a blower as well as the individual who contracted for the services of the user, if any, shall be subject to the requirements of and penalty provisions for this ordinance. Violation of the provisions of this subsection shall be punishable as an infraction in an amount not to exceed One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00), notwithstanding the graduated fines set forth in L.A.M.C. Section 11.00(m). This website gives a phone number to report violations: <http://www.zapla.org>*

**Plain English**

Dear Beachhead Readers,  
It was a famous fiction writer who said that the best writing was "words meant for children with meanings meant for men." That "men," of course, meant both sexes.

The English language is a wonderful thing. Looking at the multi-language directions for use included with most of our new electronic gadgets you may have noticed that the English sections are shorter. I take that to mean that English is simpler.

From its inflective beginnings in the Romance languages to its distributive presence in the now, it is a bridge to the most distributive language, Chinese. I have been told that Chinese do not understand how we can talk about the "front half of the car." If that information is correct, to the Chinese a thing split in half has a new front and rear. So Chinese appears to be a bit more technical than English. Take note!

Right now our government is awash in more English than it can handle. Abandoning the ten commandments of Old English Law that included the intent required to establish guilt, our statutes abound with more damn regulations than can be enforced. I believe that Rome fell because its statutes could not be enforced in its far flung dominions. Statutes beget more statutes until nobody knows what is right or wrong.

Legislators spew out more and more legislation to prove to themselves that they are doing something. But why in hell do they not do something about removing all of the old laws that serve to confuse the new laws?

Or, when they make new laws, why don't they look to see if the new laws fit with the old?

I believe that our government is stuck in a morass of laws that defy any kind of a fix. Immigrants to the U.S. haven't the foggiest notion of law because most have lived under the Code Napoleon, the rule of statute law.

Yet we congratulate ourselves by saying "you are innocent until proven guilty"

Oh yeah. Try that in traffic court when the officer says you are guilty.

Here is another instance: health care. No one should be deprived when care is needed. But no one talks about health care in the home, the place of first need. That's because there is no money in health care at home, except for a few low income health care workers.

More than two thousand pages of health insurance legislation should be a tipoff to the ripoff. Why does it take two thousand pages to care for the sick? Either we care for sick people or we do not. It is as simple as that.

We have a lovely language. If we keep it simple, it will be easy to do the right thing.

*DeDe Audet*

## Historical Status for 7 Dudley Advances

Historical status for the building that housed the Venice West coffeehouse (see photo, right), the Potpourri coffeehouse, the Vox Populi coffeehouse and Sponto Gallery was approved by the Los Angeles Cultural Affairs Commission, Jan. 7. That's just the beginning, says Alan Leib, who initiated the application for historical recognition.

Leib, who previously was instrumental in saving the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium and other historical sites around L.A. County, would like to create a historical district on Dudley Avenue and revive the Venice West coffeehouse, an important gathering place for Venice Beats in the 1950s and 60s.

While the Dudley Avenue building still must get past the Planning and Land Use Management committee (PLUM) and the L.A. City Council to make historical status official, Leib has already set his sights on historical status for the Cadillac Hotel across the street.

Then, Dudley Avenue west of Speedway could be refurbished with cobblestones and closed to traffic. A fountain or statue could be erected, and the new plaza could be named after a Beat poet, or as Leib prefers, after Jim Morrison of The Doors, although there is no evidence he ever went to the coffeehouse. Ray Manzarek, former keyboardist with The Doors, is one of Leib's supporters.

Leib says he would like to personally run a new Venice West cafe at 7 Dudley. However, the Piccolo Restaurant at 5 Dudley recently signed an eight-year lease for the next-door storefront. Meanwhile, the personal property of Mark "Sponto" Kornfeld, who died in his 7 Dudley gallery last year, were sold at auction. Some of them have turned up on eBay. Sponto also dreamed of reviving the Venice West cafe someday, says Leib.

## Sluice Gates slush fund

Six years after the project was approved by the Grass Roots Venice Neighborhood Council (GRVNC), new sluice gates are in operation on the Venice canals. The gates regulate the flow of sea water into and out of the canals. On April 22, 2004, the GRVNC Board, including this reporter, unanimously approved "\$560,000 expenditure for repair, replacement, and maintenance of (the) gates." The funds were to come out of the Venice Surplus Property Fund, which is funded by the sale of real estate that belonged to the city of Los Angeles or the city of Venice. The funds can only be spent in Venice. Some of the funds were recently spent to pave the parking lots behind the Abbot Kinney merchants. Canal resident Darryl DuFay says that the project was finally accomplished when Councilmember Bill Rosendahl obtained "emergency funding." However, Nate Kaplan, press aide to Rosendahl, confirmed that the funds came out of the Surplus Property Fund. Rosendahl told the Beachhead that the city bureaucracy (public works department) dropped the ball. But, in a June 13, 2006 press release announcing the repair of the gates, Rosendahl stated "This swift repair would not be possible without the collaboration of community leaders and City staff." He continued, "I would like to thank the Venice Canals Association and my Venice Field Deputy, Mark Antonio Grant, for the hard work and commitment shown on this project." Although this might seem like the end of the story, it wasn't. Even though the gates were repaired in 2006, work proceeded on replacing them with new gates. The new gates are supposed to last for 20 years, however, the old gates were replaced after 17 years.

-Jim Smith



## Can Medical Marijuana Cure Bad Politics?

In the midst of a depression, the Los Angeles City Council wants to create 30 empty storefronts where thriving businesses now reside and throw hundreds of people out of work. And that's just in Venice. Throughout the city of L.A., thousands would be out of work, a good proportion no doubt would become homeless for lack of income. California's unemployment rate is now 12.4 percent, the highest since 1940.

The animosity of the city council toward cannabis is apparently fueled by a discredited notion that it is a dangerous drug rather than a medicine that helps tens of thousands of the terminally ill and chronic pain sufferers.

On Jan. 26, the City Council passed 9-3 a mean-spirited ordinance that could eliminate all but one medical marijuana dispensary in Venice. Councilmember Bill Rosendahl was the only opposition to the measure. Two others, Bernard C. Parks, Jan Perry, voted against the measure because they felt it wasn't strong enough.

The ordinance would ban dispensaries within 1,000 feet of a school, another indication that the city council considers cannabis to be a dangerous drug. No such rules apply to drug stores, where really dangerous drugs are routinely dispensed. The ordinance would set a goal of only 70 dispensaries in Los Angeles. There are far more dispensaries of alcohol, including liquor stores, grocery stores and bars; however, the City Council seems unconcerned about their proliferation.

No attempt was made by the city council to tailor the ordinance to the varying attitudes within the city. For instance, a number of Venetians have spoken out in support of the dispensaries and legalization of cannabis.

Rosendahl told the Beachhead that he had made a motion to leave it up to the various councilmembers to craft rules for their districts but that the motion had died for lack of a second. A lawsuit by the dispensaries has been promised to overturn the ordinance.

More evidence that the city council is on the wrong side of history came Jan. 29 when petitions were filed to put a proposition on the November ballot in California that would legalize and tax the sale of cannabis. More than two-thirds of a million Californians put their names on the petitions, thereby nearly guaranteeing that the initiative will qualify for the ballot.

## Winograd Supports Beachhead

Dear Beachhead,  
Thanks for your local independent press & for fighting the good fight against corporatism. I proudly join the \$100 sustainers.

Best wishes, *Marcy Winograd*

*(Winograd has filed in the Democratic primary*

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## Carol Fondiller

By Pam Emerson

When I met Carol in 1975, she was engaged in a struggle to preserve space for poor people – benches to sit on, apartments to live in, small groceries and small places to eat. She had been doing this for years in several venues, including the Beachhead.

She was also a story teller and a fun lover and an appreciator of cats. When I knew her best we were near neighbors and could visit in the evenings and have endless discussions of fairness and foolishness, selfishness and justice, self-righteousness and pomposity and the deceptions of men – and women.

In the seventies Carol was concerned with preserving the two sided benches on Ocean Front Walk where elderly residents had been accustomed to sit. Roller skating had become popular. Roller skaters were moving the wood and concrete benches that had stood on Ocean Front Walk for years to separate themselves from slow-moving pedestrians, creating a need for repairs. The City budget was again limited, and the Bureau of Street Maintenance decreed that it would no longer repair the benches. Carol was a vocal participant in the ensuing controversy that was resolved only after the construction of the bike path out on the beach.

She was scathing about the lack of consideration of the young for the old, and of the rich for the poor but in discussing other issues; she could turn around and point out the need for room for families, for small merchants, even for vendors. Carol did not hew an ideological line; she was more interested in fairness. She would raise an issue so that it could not be ignored, but she was not entranced by ideological purists.

She appreciated people who saw things differently but detested bullies. In fact, Carol could scent a bully a thousand miles away, pluck the stuffing out of his coat and describe each wiggling string for the benefit of her cats. She was suspicious of abstractions because abstractions describing programs often left out the people they were supposed to benefit.

She criticized community improvement programs that included no housing; loans to enable people to restore housing for low income people that had catches and loopholes such as twenty year limits for the low-income housing, or contracts that allowed the recipient of the loan to refinance and opt out once the market went up. She would not get into the technicalities; she would just point out that the housing was supposed to be there and somehow it was not; the program had the name, but did not deliver the goods.

People who did not understand her view of public, open space may not have understood the growing conflict she had with vendors along Ocean Front Walk who now did not permit her, grown old and feeble, to sit on the very benches she had fought so long to replace. Whenever you talked to Carol any opinion you had turned out to be a little bit wrong because she had noticed something and you had not and the conversation was off. Carol was a moralist and an essayist and a humorist and a generous person. We will miss her.

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# Two Views of Current Politics

## Obama's First Year

By Jim Smith

It's been a year since George W. Bush left the White House (and he has yet to be arrested for war crimes). When Barack Obama took his place, the big majority of Americans applauded because his name was not Bush. Many, perhaps a majority, were thrilled because a Black man, a man of mixed race, had been elected to the top position in the country.

The Beachhead's headline for November 2008, (we held the paper for the election results) roared, "It's Obama!" with a subhead, "America's Finest Hour."

A year later, the majority of Americans are wondering what went wrong. A CBS poll in January recorded that only 46 percent approved of his job performance. A Gallup poll says that only 40 percent like the way he is handling, or not handling, the economy. Even less approved of his performance on health care.

Obama's slide from grace cannot be attributed just to the inept Republican opposition. In a more-than-year-old comedy routine, Lewis Black said the "Democrats were the party of no ideas, and the Republicans were the party of bad ideas." Since Obama's election, that's been reversed with the Republicans

offering no ideas and the Democrats coming up with clunkers like Wall Street bailouts and mandatory health care without a public option or a single payer alternative.

While a lot of Obama's misfortune is due to being allied for the past year with a Democratic-majority Congress that has behaved like a branch office of Wall Street, he must bear much of the blame, himself. In spite of his year as Commander-in-Chief, the U.S. is still occupying Iraq. He has escalated in Afghanistan, and the infamous Guantánamo prison is still operating. Belligerence has been expressed by Obama and his hawkish Secretary-of-State, against Iran, Yemen and Venezuela. Gaza continues to be a bleeding sore which his administration seems unwilling to seriously address.

Obama's response to the devastating Haiti earthquake has not been to send in medical and rescue teams and construction workers, but to send 10,000 troops and an aircraft carrier, named after former Congressman Carl Vinson, whom Wikipedia calls a "staunch segregationist." Is the intent to help the Haitians, or to maintain U.S. control and ensure that Jean-Bertrand Aristide, the former president who was kidnapped by U.S. troops in 2004 and dropped off in Africa, does not return by popular demand. If not for the earthquake, would Obama have acted to stop Haiti's descent into a hell of extreme poverty that the Rev. Pat Robertson says it so richly deserves?

In November 2008, this newspaper wrote and published an open letter to Obama. We have yet to receive an acknowledgement that it was received. In it, we urged Obama – who won 88 percent of the vote in Venice – to withdraw from Iraq and Afghanistan, repeal the Patriot Act, restore habeas corpus, end torture, close Guantánamo, and end wiretapping of American citizens. We also asked that he take the lead in reducing carbon emissions and that he bail out those most in need, not Wall Street.

Last April, I wrote that he was in serious danger of losing his popularity due to his inaction, or bad actions (*President Obama and Mr. Abajo*, Beachhead, April 2009). Like many economists, pundits and ordinary citizens, I urged a massive jobs program, a moratorium on foreclosures and evictions, stopgap measures to protect the growing number of homeless people, and more. Unfortunately, none of this type of Rooseveltian program has been taken up. There has not even been legislation to prevent the "casino capitalism" that plunged the nation into depression in the first place.

Obama, and his pro-Wall Street aides including Chief of Staff Rahm Emanuel, Treasury Secretary Tim Geithner and Zbigniew Brzezinski – the Democrats' answer to Henry Kissinger – are clearly in bed with the big banks and investment houses. Did Obama have any choice but to follow Bush in giving Big Capital hundreds of billions of dollars? Well, yes. Instead of propping up AIG, Goldman Sachs, and the big banks, he could have used the money to protect working people's pensions and bank accounts. Instead

–continued on page 14

## It's All The Rage

By Roger Linnett

If you've paid any attention to the news lately you couldn't help but notice that - Jeez those Democrats are sure lousing things up! It has even been reported on the front page of The New York Times and by NBC Nightly News (those bastions of liberalism) that the Democrats would take a beating if an election were held today. The main proponents of this contention; conservative radio talk shows, FoxNews opining, and the right-wing print media inundate our 24-hour news cycle with a co-ordinated, non-stop barrage of criticism, hyperbole, abuse and plain old lies. Their collective caterwauling brings to mind the old adage, "An empty drum makes the loudest noise."

Whatever President Obama does is somehow wrong. It's either too much, not enough, too late or too soon, too far left or the opposite of what America wants. He is second-guessed daily by the same bunch of mealy-mouthed, professional complainers and whiners who take their daily talking points from, and are the cheerleaders for, the lap dogs of the big business cartels that got us into this mess to begin with. And they have the *chutzpah* to use their fallacious tirades as the basis of a cause celebre of the coming conservative resurgence.

Such has been the screech of these reactionary harpies and their media echo chambers that some people have been misled into believing that there is some truth to what they are saying, simply because of the overwhelming cacophony of their pervasive ranting. Understand that the vast majority of us in this country don't really pay much attention to politics on a day-to-day basis and, because the constant droning of the Conservative's complaint machine is mostly what we hear 24/7 all around the country, after a while some people start to believe it. To quote Lenin, "A lie told often enough becomes truth," which is exactly their M.O. Most telling, though, is that when their convoluted misstatements and bald-faced lies are held up to open, honest scrutiny and found wanting, they retreat to their favorite tactics - name-calling and *ad hominem* attacks.

Let's take a moment and examine the track record of these guardians of the nation's moral compass and the veracity of some past pronouncements, like, say - Saddam Hussein had a hand in the 9/11 plot - no - even Bush eventually retracted that whopper; or - Saddam had stockpiles of WMDs and was planning an imminent attack on the U.S. - no - in fact, the I.A.E.A. inspector's reports showed that they had indeed all been destroyed after Gulf War I, just as Hans Blix repeated til he was blue in the face; then there was - Saddam was in cahoots with bin Laden and Al-Qaeda - no - actually they hated each other, its either a Sunni/Shiite thing or a secular tyrant/fundamentalist revolutionary thing, I'm not sure; or the altruistic-sounding - liberating Iraq would bring Western-style democracy to the Middle East - no - they're barely able to keep from erupting into civil war and, if not for the billions in oil under their feet, probably wouldn't want to have a thing to do with each other; and lately, our newest, greatest threat - Iran will have the capability of building a nuclear weapon and delivering it by long-range missile in a year or so - please, gimme a break, the rest of the civilized world, and especially Israel, won't allow that to happen, at least not until they change their tune, and oust their fundamentalist, theocratic government. Feel free to cite these examples to shoot down the next knuckle-dragging, mouth-breather that starts spouting such bogus right-wing talking points regarding Bush & Co.'s criminal war enterprise, but I digress.

Getting back to the Democrats' imminent downfall, since taking office President Obama and the Democrats have raised the minimum wage (first time in over a decade), passed an equal pay for equal work law, greatly increased funding for the V.A., passed a new G.I. Bill and earmarked substantial new funds to assist the families of service people and for pay raises (Republicans love the troops as long as they don't have to spend any money on them), signed the order to close Guantánamo Bay prison by the end of January 2010 (the process is being being thwarted by - you guessed it - Republican legislators - in Illinois.) And that was just the first of couple of weeks of his administration.

Since then, they have pulled the country back from the edge of a banking crisis, saved a major manufacturing sector of the economy by helping to turn around GM and Chrysler and are on the threshold of enacting national health care, a dream first proposed almost a hundred years ago. Not a bad start, I'd say. And by the time the next elections come around, most of the country probably will, too.

So don't be alarmed when those reactionary obstructionists spew their

craven cynicism or claim with welling eyes and anguished voices that Obama and the Dems with their reckless policies have turned this country upside down. After all, upside down is how they got it to begin with.



## Carol by any other Name

By Lynne Bronstein

She called herself the Harpy, Essie LaYenta, and numerous other soubriquets. She was also known as Carol Berman via a former husband's surname. When one of her Beachhead articles appeared with the byline Carol Berman, she wrote the paper two letters, one from Carol Berman and one from Carol Fondiller. In the former, she denied having written the article and wanted to make sure she wasn't confused with her alter ego. "Carol what's her name is a silly punk rocker with mangled syntax," she explained.

This was Carol Fondiller (the name I knew her by), a woman who lived by her own rules and didn't give a good flying you-know-what about what anyone thought of her. If someone insulted her, she could give back with a great retort. She never censored her thoughts.

The paper you are reading is what it is to a great extent because of Carol. She was there at its founding and she was writing for it for most of its 41-year existence. She wrote many of her articles by hand, leaving it up to others to "transcribe" them. But nobody minded that task because it provided an opportunity to read Carol's words before almost anyone else (except for the other collective members). At editorial meetings, everyone begged to be the one to read Carol's latest article out loud. Although probably no one could read her work with the elan that she herself provided.

Ancient Athens had Euripides and Aristophanes; Elizabethan England had Shakespeare, and Venice had Carol Fondiller. Venice will be singing her song parodies and quoting her observations for a long long time.

### A Fighter for Justice

This is so shocking and upsetting. Carol was so unique and an incredible fighter for economic and social justice. It would be important to include in any description of her life the significant role that she played with Coalition for Economic Survival (CES), particularly in our efforts to preserve Housing and Urban Department (HUD) subsidized housing. She would have wanted this known.

She was a member of CES board up until her passing. She also represented CES for many years on the Board of Directors of the National Alliance of HUD Tenants. She will deeply be missed.

— Larry Gross

## Carol Fondiller - It's been good to know you!

By Jim Smith

I can't remember when I first met Carol. It may have been at a Venice Town Council meeting in the 1970s. I do remember that, to me, Carol was a fearsome presence. I knew that she was hell-on-wheels in the Beachhead, but she was just as capable of taking someone apart face-to-face. Frankly, I was afraid of her, so I kept my interaction with her to the level of pleasantries.

At that time, the Free Venice personalities that I was most in agreement with were Bob Wells, Marvena Kennedy and Rick Davidson, with whom Carol had a contentious relationship. Carol called them the "gang of three," after Mao's followers in China who were known as the "gang of four." I certainly did not want to become noticed by Carol to the extent that she would elevate the Venice group to the "gang of four."

Flash forward 25 years. Yolanda Miranda and I, and perhaps others, are walking up Rose Avenue after our regular Sunday afternoon peace march on Ocean Front Walk. We had been talking about the need for a regularly published Free Venice Beachhead. Walking past the lobby of the 5 Rose building, I notice Carol sitting on the couch by an open window (the new, yuppie lobby removed the couch and chairs to prevent tenants from socializing). We stopped and chatted with Carol. I tell her that we'd love to start a new Beachhead Collective that would include her. To my surprise, she was all for it. Later, John Haag and Chuck Bloomquist – old Beachhead hands – also helped get us going.

Working with Carol on the Beachhead forced me to change my preconceptions about her. She turned out to be very sweet, not an ogre at all. As I got to know her better, she reminded me of the lion in the Wizard of Oz. Carol was brave in spite of herself. At heart she was a pussycat. But brave she was, and she inspired others to be braver and more persistent than they might have intended.

Any newsroom can be filled with opposing ideas when it comes to deciding what should go in the paper and on what page. The Beachhead is no exception. In our sometimes hot discussions, Carol was usually the one to find a middle ground and sooth everyone's feelings.

Her own articles were a different matter. When they were read aloud, which is done with everything at the Collective meetings, I would sometimes cringe at the thought of putting her searing comments about someone in the paper. But we did it. Carol was never edited for content – who would dare do it? Her outspokenness, along with her humor, was what separated Carol from the run-of-the-mill journalist. It was also an example to strive for on our Collective, and

—continued on page 14



## When wasn't there Carol?

By Lance Diskan

The first Venice neighborhood meeting I went to – 1968 – there she was.

When I visited Venice to celebrate our Centennial in 2005, there she was. For us, it's been forty years of shared struggle, joy, language and solidarity. She's irreplaceable, and a fundamental personality in Venetian history. Abbot would have loved her.

No one has ever written about Venice with more devotion, passion or skill. Her Beachhead articles were always the most worth-reading – with apologies to all the rest of us who added filigree to her essential documentation of not just what goes on, but why we should care. Future historians who want to learn about those times need only read her articles.

She not only had a wonderful way with words, but her prose had deep outrage, humor, insight and a sense of (in)justice that illuminated her expression. Any cause was fortunate to have her as an ally.

But it's my friend who I'll miss the most. A familiar face – and unmistakable voice – in the crowd, whether on Ocean Front Walk or along a crumbling walkway at a Canal Festival or at a City Hall public hearing or testifying before the Coastal Commission or lending a sparkle of light to some furiously-heated debate at the Venice Town Council or – you name it.

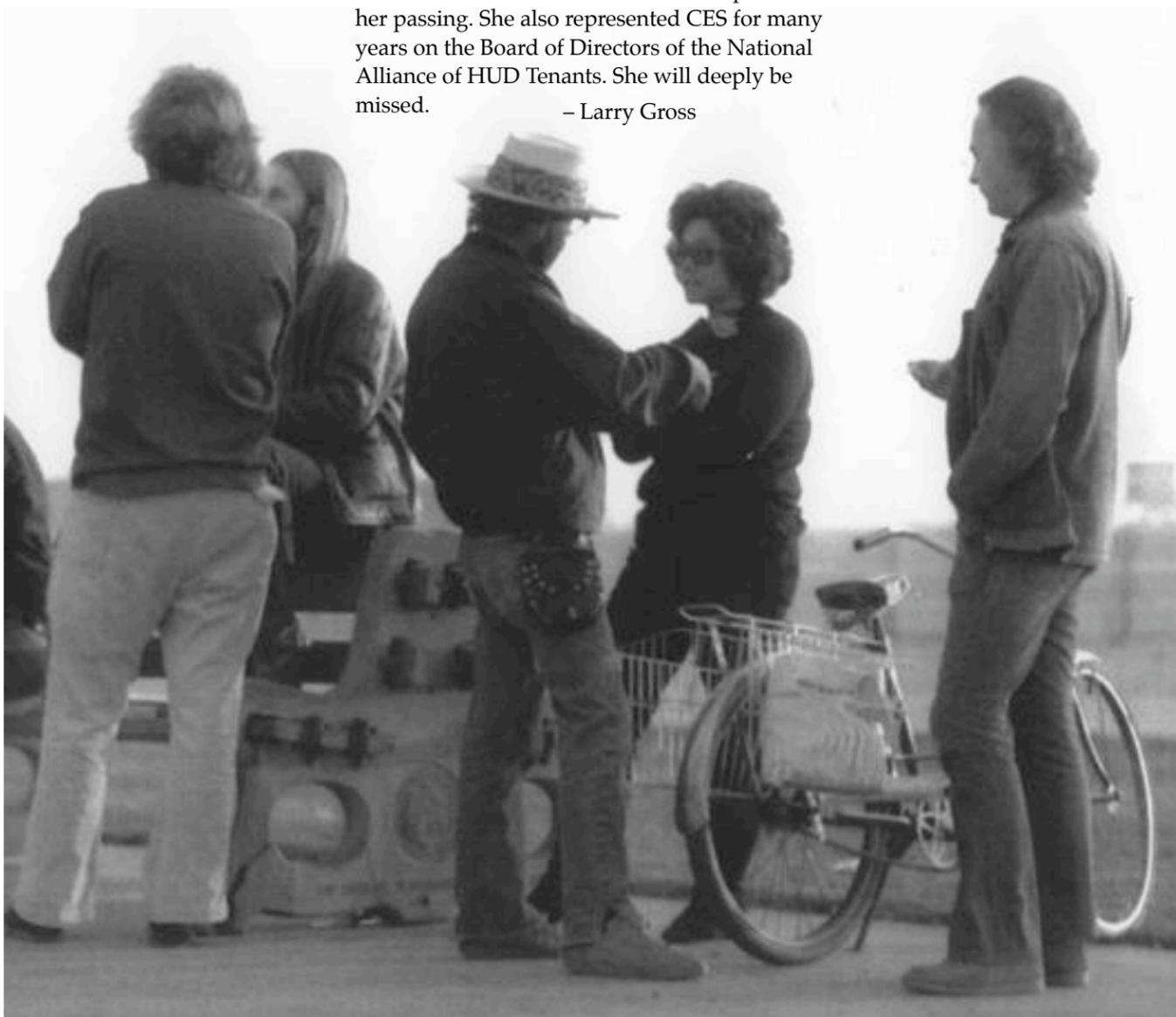
And Carol was loyal, a value that manifests the notion of community, binding each one of us to one another. Nothing equals the strength and satisfaction of decades of communion with another soul, and every one of us who knew her was a beneficiary of that experience. Lucky us!

I'd like to thank those people who helped Carol get to live at 5 Rose Avenue. No one ever deserved a million-dollar view more than she. It's, as Abe Lincoln put it, "altogether fitting and proper" that she got to stay in the community she helped protect and define – an uncommon common woman amidst the wealthy. I hope one of the final sights she had was an unobstructed view, over the sand and past the breaking waves to the far horizon.

The Harpy has flown. Happy landings, sweetheart; and thanks for so much everything.

*Hangin' on the Boardwalk, circa 1976. Right to left: John Haag, Carol Fondiller, Lil' Joe, unknown, Vince Coppola.*

*Photo by Tomito*



# THE BACKYARD THAT NOBODY WANTED

by Carol Fondiller

There I was, as Candide's mentor would want, cultivating my garden, actually a collection of pots, and wondering whether I should wrestle with yet another coat of shiny blue enamel that adhered to everything except the surface I wanted to paint and I said, yes I would organize something about my part in and about Venice history--and later when someone gave me 3 lily bulbs and no pots to plant them in I said yes, I would write something about what I was going to do, even though I had no idea what I was going to do:

"Venice the backyard nobody wanted" Good. I have the tittle anyway.

I stole the title from Freddie, to whom I was talking, as we sat on one of the remaining benches on the Ocean Front Walk.

It was one of the unreasonably hot February days that we've been having for the past few years. The sun pounding on my head, feeling as if I were in some tacky Arabic village on Market Day, watching people from all over the world dodging everyone from Los Angeles on Roller Skates. The scene we agree was different from the old days. In the old days when marijuana had not been discovered by the upwardly mobile and the grass you got was unparqueted herb from Mexico, and even your daddy who had a friend in the Sheriff's office couldn't get you off from a felony charge. No, it wasn't Hawaiian or Monterey or Thai or Mendocino, and the Hippies, that most copied, exploited and co-opted culture were being arrested for hanging the American flag upside down or wearing bells. (Musical instruments without a license).

The Venice Survival Committee, the Venice Defense Committee, the Free Venice Committee, the Free Venice Beachhead--but wait, this is about culture and here I go talking about drugs, politics and raids on hippies and I'll probably whine about low income housing, the so-called Feminist Community, the "New Jews", Upl. Jews, why I feel a grudge against certain groups of people who say that other groups of people have a right to shoot me as I walk up West Washington Blvd. to the Venice Town Council, because as certain people say, I am walking on someone else's turf. I no longer walk to the Town Council meetings. I no longer go to the Town Council meetings.

How it used to be with that most marvelous of grass roots organizers John Haag.

But I'm supposed to be talking about culture--I'm supposed to be organizing a show about Venice Culture from the late '50's to I guess the edge of the '70's but I can't separate art from politics. Let me go back to coaxing my Dittany to Coexist with my Corsican Mist, and to deciding what color I should throw over my couch that I scavenged from Wavecrest Court.

Will the people who come to see this understand, feel the Drama, the Farce, the Irony of 250 people being locked out of City Hall, when the Venice Master plan was being decided upon by the City Council and the property owners, while renters were barred from entering by Marshalls? Or will they leave early to sip their nice little wine in their recon-verted apartment houses that they own with several nice neo-Marxists and talk about Tehran and talk about my narrow view? Or will folks find it vastly entertaining, have a toot of some nose candy, or take some Mendocino Sens? ("A nice little bud--unassuming at first, smells a little resinous but more than one toke and you won't be able to Rollerskate to Roberts.")

Will ANYBODY be able to take more than three I told you so's per hour? Will I be able to hold myself down to less than 5 "I told you so's" per hour?

How's about some tales about the Honda Babies--Jane and Tom? Or a few anecdotes about some refugees from Berkeley who tried to make Venice go by the

Marxist book. Perhaps a better title would be "Washing the Dirty Linen."

Oh, Oh! I know. How about the First Canal Festival and the Canal Festival Funeral?

And the war on the Bongo players and Venice West and how it closed. And how Rick Davidson got beaten by the cops and asked some very interesting questions--or what meeting was City Planner Calvin Hamilton told "Bullshit!"?

How about a few memories about the First Woody Guthrie Revival--and how about Sylvia Kohan singing Moon Over Venice?

How about stories of Police brutality and individual police compassion? Or, if you're in the mood--a sociological view of sexism and harassment on the Ocean Front Walk? Maybe I'll tell, maybe I won't. Depends on the stars.



A sweet memory of the Independence Day Parade that was never held?

Or a biased history of the Venice Pavillion and how Councilman Rundberg made a pile and skipped the country?

Hell, people have been saying April 4 Sat. 7:30 PM is gonna be MY show-- So, if the moon is in proper conjunction with my planets (remember in the late 60's the opening gambit to every conversation or pick up was "What sign are you?") It

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## Neighborhood Council Election Coming Soon

By Greta Cobar

The Venice Neighborhood Council (VNC) had a candidate recruitment kick-off party on January 17 at the Electric Lodge. More than 40 possible candidates showed up to meet each other and find out what they need to do to run for office. New candidates had the chance to talk to past and present members, drink some wine and have a good time. The terms of all twenty-one board members are expiring, so all positions are up for grabs.

Elections will take place April 11, but the candidate filing period ends February 10. For more information as a voter or a candidate, go to VeniceNC.org.

Mike Newhouse, the current president of the VNC, encouraged the attendees to run for board office by saying that "the last three and a half years, I've had a lot of fun." According to him, "the Neigh-

borhood Council almost acts as a Venice City Council, in a way." Not sure in which "way," though, as we don't have the power of cityhood. All we have is a Councilmember, Bill Rosendahl, representing us and the rest of Council District 11, which spans from Brentwood to Westchester. It also happens to include Venice.

promises to be spicier than the National Enquirer with singing.

No, my Venice will not deal with Abbot Kinney (except for a few quotes) or the gambling ships or the Dragon Ride or any Postcard reprint history. Venice U.S.A., an organization that I admire for its efforts to preserve the early history of Venice, but feel impelled to castigate for its purely Chamber of Commerce view of Venice, does that very well.

No my history is the time of two synagogues on the Ocean Front Walk, the destruction of the Gas House by the City of Los Angeles, when the only men who wore beards were Poets, Rabbis or men who had no money for razors. Its the Venice of the steely grey rainy days when people sloshed through mud puddles, the Venice where people who had long hair were stopped and searched by the Police. The whys and wherefores of bugging of shutter bugs and other psychic rip-offs.

The Venice people who dealt with cockroaches with more compassion than the Venice Beach Association deals with people. The Venetian art and necessity of holding grudges, the times when the St. Charles rented apartments for \$60 a month and how Tony Bill bought the Marco Building and how long time residents were forced to relocate. And how Tony Bill, a few years later, in the Calendar Section of the Los Angeles Times lamented the demise of the vigorous diversity of Venice, and only the same kind of people come down to Venice-White, Bright and Upright-famous landmarks that Venice USA will never show on its tours. I promise a personal history told by people who lived it and to whom attention must be paid. This will not be a walk or a jog or a skate down memory lane.

I am not going to sell "Collectables" of memory. I'm going to try to get you to feel the times before Venice became "Hot" I'm going to try without the help of CETA or a magic carpet to show you why I still love this still tacky town.

Its gonna be my show with my selective and biased memories, and with Anna and Silvia, a magical show.

Its my life I'm talking about Mr. City Planner, Ms. Real Estate agent, my experiences, Mr. and Ms. Political Theorist! I'm going to be showing the private cannon fodder in the war against the colonialization of Venice, because what was accomplished was not just accompanied by LEADERS leading the MASSES... The...

for low income housing started a long time before CED and the Venice Town Council Coastal Committee, and it was conceived by a bunch of diverse people with divergent views, and like all Venetians, contentious and opinionated as all get out. So I'm going to give and take credit where credit is due.

I find I'm going to be doing or demonstrating art after all.

The fine Venetian Art of Survival and nonviolent urban Guerrilla Warfare.

"Venice The Backyard Nobody Wanted"

Sat. April 4, 7:30 PM.

SPARC The old Venice Jail.

(The collective memories and ghosts that place holds!)

With Silvia Kohan and ANNA.

TWO BUCKS ADMISSION

borhood Council almost acts as a Venice City Council, in a way." Not sure in which "way," though, as we don't have the power of cityhood. All we have is a Councilmember, Bill Rosendahl, representing us and the rest of Council District 11, which spans from Brentwood to Westchester. It also happens to include Venice.

Rosendahl, who is amazingly active in all Venice happenings, also spoke at this event. According to him, "the point of the Neighborhood Council is to help me make decisions." It seems like a far out, powerless cry from a Venice citizen as well as from the Neighborhood Council.

One thing that Rosendahl talked about at the VNC party was "our need to find safe locations for cars and campers." He empathetically spoke of a woman who was asked by a police officer to get out of her RV and sleep on the sidewalk, or she would have to be arrested for sleeping in her car. He made it seem as if the choice is between that and permit parking, with specially designed areas for RV and car dwellers to use between 2 and 6 am.

Yes, he is once again going after permit parking. As a matter of fact, he is now trying to go around the Coastal Commission by asking the City Attorney to "revise the definition of an oversize vehicle; to provide a process for a Councilmember to establish oversize vehicle restrictions if no permits are involved; and to allow the department to install over-

—continued on next page—

# Just Call Me a Refugee

By Mary Getlein

"The best things in life are free." The old man who used to own the Gingerbread House wrote a song with that as the title – with the profits earned by that song he bought up property in Venice – Mr. Frank: now I remember his name.

Part of the game of growing older – you forget a lot of stuff and then sooner or later it comes back – or it doesn't and you decide it wasn't that important, anyway. People used to live in the Gingerbread House – \$120 a month. That makes me so old – that I can remember when the rents were that cheap.

We used to have benches on the boardwalk. We used to have swings on Dudley, right on the sand. We used to "be having things" – that were for free . . . Free to be – you and me – that was a title of a book – back when people used to read – books – remember books?

I remember – not much, but I do remember. I raised my kid on welfare – My friend John Corcoran used to call himself: "the King of the Welfare Mamas." He was always good for a piece of pizza at the end of the month, when we were all broke and our kids were hungry. He was a sweetheart, crazy Irish guy who loved to drink and tell long rambling stories. He loved women and loved talking to women. He had long hair and braided it and braided his beard, and laughed and laughed. He used to be an altar boy, he confessed one day. He died, too young, of a heart attack.

Alcohol-related deaths – those got my attention and pointed me to the path of sobriety. All my friends were dying, and died young. So I sobered up and settled down and raised my kid on welfare . . . And if you have any complaints about it, take it up with some politician, not me. Welfare let me stay home and see my kid grow up to become the person she is today. Welfare allowed me not to get some crap job and stay with it and become a "model" for my child of staying in a crap job, so someday she could get a crap job, too.

Now my kid's in Santa Cruz, doing her college thing, and I'm still in Venice. I go down to the boardwalk and look at all the homeless people, and visit the ghosts of my old friends, and look at the ghost of the swings, and I remember. I remember when people really did believe in peace and love. It wasn't so hard to be poor. People gathered around the music makers and sang to the sunsets, and danced to the tunes of their hearts. It wasn't all like that, but it was sometimes, which was enough to keep you coming back.

Now it's all about money. Straight up. Homeless people still live here, but they're being forced out, again. People have nowhere to live, so they live in their cars – which is not what rich people had in mind when they bought a place for \$1.2 million.

Homeless people are still people. People say: "the homeless." They don't add people to the end of that phrase. It's wrong to treat people like cattle. It's wrong to herd people out of an area, just because they can't afford it. It's wrong to charge for a sunset, or clean air or a chance to watch the boats go by.

It's wrong to lie to young kids and promise them schooling and good jobs and have them die in Iraq. It's wrong to inflict our "way of life" on another country – It's all wrong and it's going to keep going that way. But while I can still live here, I'm going to "keep on keeping on" – I'm going to remember who I used to be and who I used to want to be. All the "stuff" that people cling to ends up in a landfill anyway. So that part is easy for me. You really can't buy happiness – you have to find something you love and keep doing that – Not all that other shit.

size vehicle parking restriction signs at the request of a Councilmember."

That would give him power over the whole permit parking situation. Word is that he has just recently had a secret meeting with anti-homeless "new arrivals" in Venice.

Rosendahl also talked emotionally about seeing one of his former partners benefit from medical marijuana while battling AIDS, but at the same time expressed an inability to do anything against the majority vote of the Los Angeles City Council. As a matter of fact, he warned us that the ordinance is likely to get the simple majority of the 15-member council, be signed by Antonio Villaraigosa, and reduce the number of medical marijuana dispensaries in Venice to one.

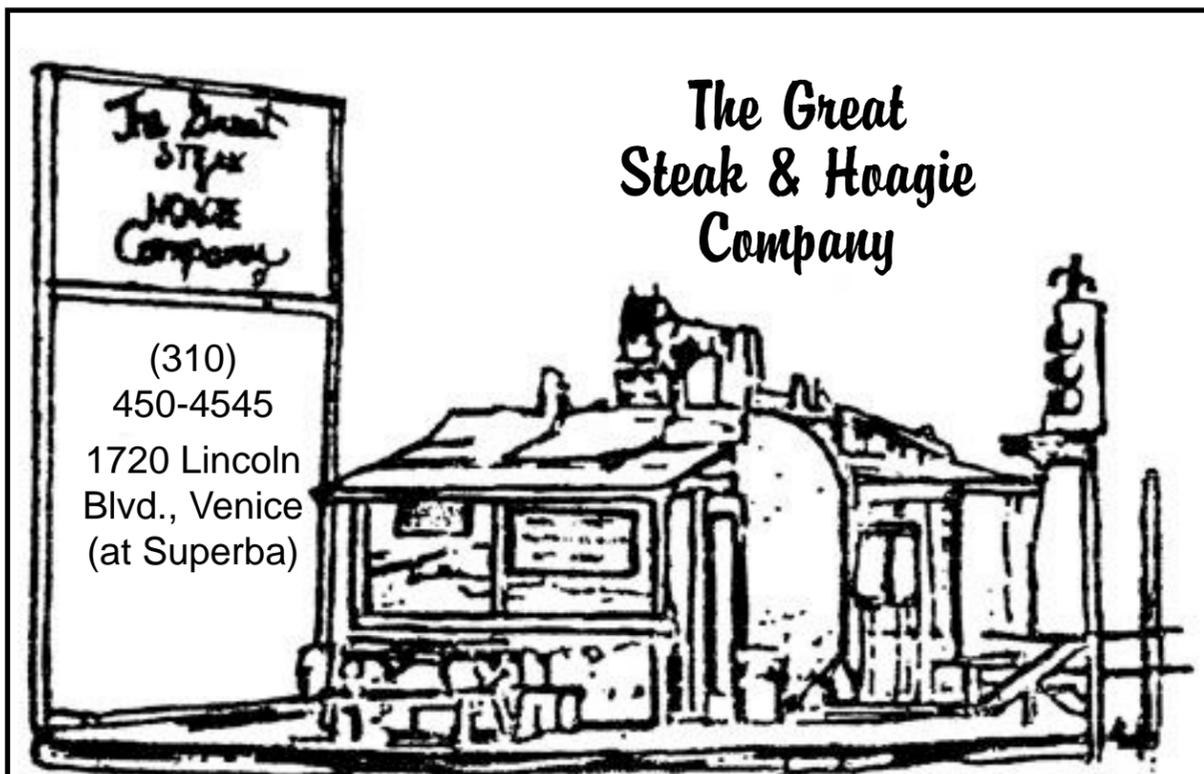
That's 29 less than the current 30 that we have. The already-approved-since ordinance will also cap the number of dispensaries in Los Angeles at 70, from the several hundreds that are open now. It seems like those 70 would have to have at least 100 cashiers working at each store to cater to the current demand. And of all things, it will also make it illegal to sell medical marijuana for profit. Meanwhile, even water is sold for profit, while pharmaceutical companies don't seem to be bothered about their skyrocketing profits. In this economy, it's weird to have the government close down hundreds of flourishing businesses. There likely will be lawsuits and a more compromising settlement will have to be reached.

Is it really big news that the bathrooms on the beach are absolutely disgusting, that the lines can be hour-long on a summer weekend and that they close at sunset? And yet Rosendahl asked the audience why a homeless person is blamed for "urinating or defecating" on the street when there is nowhere else to go. Well, ya, that's been going on for a while now, so just because he decides to talk about it does not solve the problem. But we do live in America, and toilet paper should not be a luxury. And being able to use the bathroom should be a basic human right.

Politics have not worked for us in the past, but we've strived in spite of that. And we've had a good fight going for a long time. And Bill says he loves us. Well, he definitely knows us, I'll give him that. And I have to say that he is a great speaker. And it's your Venice, so get involved! To run for one of the 21 seats available on the Neighborhood Council, turn in your application by February 10. And check out VeniceNC.org for everything else.



Art by Carol Fendiller



Carol Fondiller was named Queen of Venice by her friends on her 70th Birthday, June 22, 2006. The L.A. City Council concurred in the establishment of the monarchy.

Photo by Mary Ann Cherry



## My Friend Carol

By Ravi Kristin

A true Old Venice Icon has died.

Carol Fondiller and I had a relationship that goes back to the early '70s. When I cooked at the Meatless Messhall she was already a stalwart of the OFW. We didn't always agree (HA!) but she always had a point that made sense. She died January 9th and Venice is the worse for it.

She help start the Venice Beachhead. That in itself would be enough the admire her, but, she was so much more. A true poet, a housing advocate and a voice for Venice that extended far east of Lincoln. She was the queen Bitch of the Boardwalk, but always for the right side. If you disagreed with her, it was a job, but when she was right, she was right. She fought for the poor, the community and for fair housing. She never backed down or gave up.

She was rude, funny, sometimes loud, but always for the people, always for us. She wrote so many articles for the Beachhead, sometimes I thought she and Jim were all there were. When I was involved in legalizing the vendors on the east side of OFW, she offered invaluable help and advice on the ways to do it, and then pointed out how badly I was screwing it up. When I got too deep, she pointed out different directions. And, she never gave up on the community.

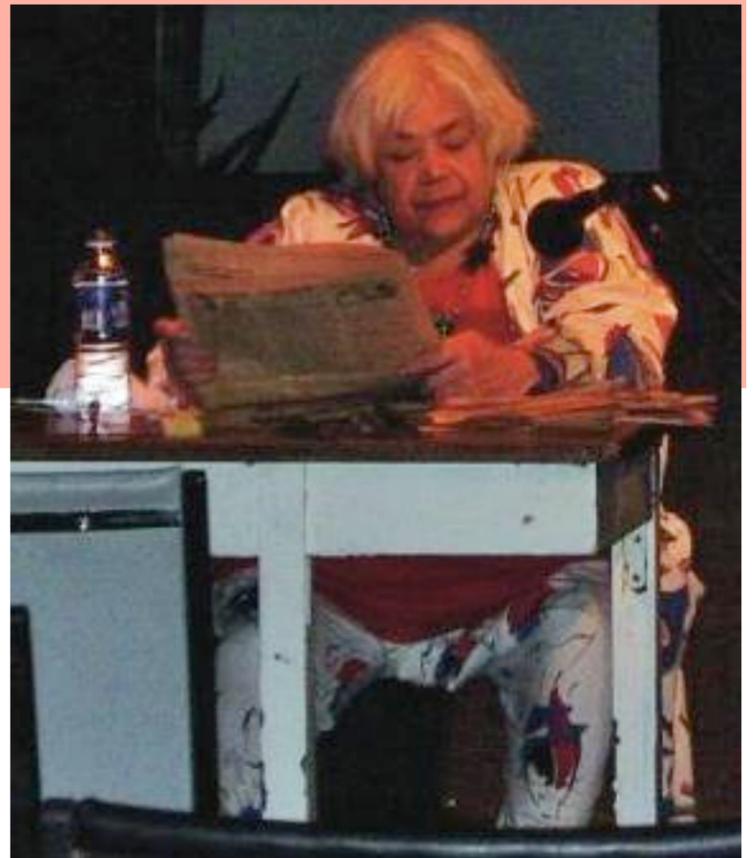
She introduced me to the Venice West coffeehouse and John. Later, we had many coffees and other recreations with Sponto and debated every issue available on the beach. When I became the GM of the

Sidewalk Cafe she thought I had sold my soul to the devil, but, I redeemed myself. Sort of. When I worked to shut down and remove the Pavillion she called me a lot of names, some, maybe true. When I worked to shut down and remove the oil well, she loved me. Just typing this is choking me up.

I know that she helped found the Peace and Freedom Party, I was a member, she was a guru.

If there is any justice, there will be a plaque for her in the circle. I'm going to miss her, even though we haven't spoken in several years.

Goodbye, Carol. THANK YOU!



Carol at Diva Performance at Beyond Baroque

Photo by Mary Ann Cherry

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Carol Fondiller, May 31, 2004, with (left to right): Sheila Bernard, Elinor Aurthur, Ruth Galanter, Jim Smith, Suzanne Thompson.

# Carol's White Rose



Photo by Chuck Bloomquist

By Chuck and Terry Bloomquist

We didn't know Carol well enough to write even a sketchy obituary. We have, however, known her and loved her forever, or so it seems.

We would see her at meetings of the original Venice Town Council and at other Venice-promoting activities, when we could liberate ourselves from providing and raising six little Venetians.

We often entered her captivating handwritten articles on the computer and submitted them to the Beachhead. She also provided wonderful submissions to the programs we printed for many of the annual Jazz at Palms Court presentations.

At some point prior to her installation as Queen of Venice we discovered that she was partial to white roses. So, in addition to driving her from 5 Rose to Palms Court in our classic old convertible in regal style we gave her a white rose plant.

She lamented that she had no place to plant the rose so we agreed to plant it in our front yard with the understanding that it would always be her rose.

It turned out to be a beautiful and productive specimen and from time to time we would take photos of the beautiful blossoms and send them to her with notes of encouragement or bits of doggerel.

Shortly before she passed that thriving white rose bush put forth a single red rose; the only one ever and it is now busy creating new white blossoms.

**In lieu of flowers, Carol's Venice family is asking that contributions be sent to the Beachhead in her name: PO Box 2, Venice 90294**

The Queen and her Court. Photo by Mary Ann Cherry



Carol at Lincoln Place  
Photo by Yolanda Miranda





## The Birth of the Fascist States of America

By Roger Linnett

The Supreme Court has recently given away the keys to the kingdom in a move unparalleled by any other branch of government in our history. The case was commonly known as Citizens United, in which a company had made a hit-piece on Hillary Clinton and wanted to show it within the 60 day limit for personal attack pieces before an election. The suit was brought to make Citizens United disclose who their contributors were, nothing else. In fact, the defendants stipulated that they were not seeking to challenge McCain-Feingold or any of several other election laws. The only question the court was to decide was - did they have to disclose their contributors, period? But the Roberts' court used the case as the opportunity to cast an unbelievably broad net overturning several precedents and opening the floodgates to allow unlimited corporate money into the election process. Needless to say, the corporatists, or what Mussolini called them - Fascists among us, are ecstatic.

So what, you say? It's just a different form of free speech, right? Well, consider this - a corporation licensed by any state in the country can now influence any race anywhere else in the country. For example - Is there a congressman who's giving a company grief about its business practices or may be negatively impacting the citizens in his district with, say, cancer clusters? That corporation could drop a money bomb on the candidate - smearing, spreading falsehoods and running negative ads right up til the day of the election, which the candidate would be unable to rebut or disprove, or by simply donating so heavily to his opponent so as to overwhelm the media with ad buys, drowning out the offending congressman, or both. And lobbyists will become obsolete. Corporate representatives can now march right into the offices an obstinate Representative or Senator and simply demand that they do their bidding or be run out of office at the next election.

Also, it is now possible for other countries to have a hand in determining who are leaders are, because there are no longer any restrictions on corporations based anywhere in the world from influencing our political process. Should we allow transnational corporations, whose business objectives may be totally opposed to our national best

interests to pick and choose our nation's leaders? And taken to a logical extreme could not America's sworn enemies, Al-Qaeda, et.al., having established a front company, not dump millions of dollars into wreaking havoc throughout our electoral process.

At their confirmation hearings, both judges Roberts and Alito swore all up and down that they would observe *Stare decisis* (established law) and not legislate from the bench, an assertion often levelled by Republicans at liberal judges. (The established law the Congress was concerned about at the time was regarding *Roe v. Wade*.) But what the "Republican 5" justices failed to appreciate in their decision, or simply didn't seem to care about, were the ramifications, the side effects, the unintended consequences, of that decision. Not only did they free corporations to pour tons of money into the campaign process, but religious organizations, issue advocacy groups, like the billionaire-backed, "AstroTurf" groups such as the Tea Baggers, and virtually anybody else can now influence our election process to the extent their wallets allow.

The Roberts Court has, in fact, given all the rights of personhood to inanimate corporations. The protections and freedoms of the First Amendment are now theirs, and since corporations don't die, are theirs in perpetuity. The corporations, like the machines in "Terminator," have awakened to subjugate and rule humanity and destroy our country from within, the only way it ever could be destroyed. Steps are already being taken to ameliorate this catastrophic decision that, for all intents and purposes, is the birth announcement of a fascist state, wherein large corporations and industry associations would control the government, not the people. Legislation is being proposed in Congress, a constitutional amendment is being considered and several states, whose campaign laws have been shredded by this decision, are preparing lawsuits to challenge the ruling. However, it is quite possible that none of these measures will be able to stanch the coming political bloodbath that will be the 2010 elections. The fight for the soul of our country has begun and only time will tell if government of the people, by the people and for the people really shall not perish from We the People's America.

## Time To Go

by Sevan Gerard

A subtle click.

Eyes fixate for cascading light  
Ears are open for bells to come  
Pulse bounding, pressure up, mouth dry for some  
In just moments we find out where to start our fight.

The bell goes off and a truth is told  
A truth that some could not behold.  
Chaos for us to come resolve  
And pains for us to help absolve.

No pain, nor fatigue, nor fear can slow us  
For to the fire bell going off we made a promise.  
Courage? Integrity? Pride? Sure; but let's be real  
We just live for Venice and its appeal.

## 7 Dudley

there was no stage at SPONTOS  
only performers one and all  
noisy travellers milled about  
that interdimensional way station  
hung on 3 white walls  
eye enlightening art  
images blazing with the sounds  
rebounding around open ears  
and no walls at all  
as overflow revellers flooded  
out the brick street store front entry  
inside forbidden image cinema  
and poetry both golden and tin

a fiery light in a blackening  
world of numbness

there was no stage at SPONTOS  
just thick damp salty night air  
roomfuls of people  
hot free savory food  
overloaded outlets  
confusing congregation of chords  
dark dada back room bachanaals  
stinky skunky spicy  
green goods going up  
in sacred smoke  
he evil elfin churlishly cherubic  
his foot in the door  
holding The Lady's portal open  
for gypsy artist shaman fools  
barefoot sandy dancing  
Her Solstice celebrations  
beat crazed saints grateful  
to survive another cycle

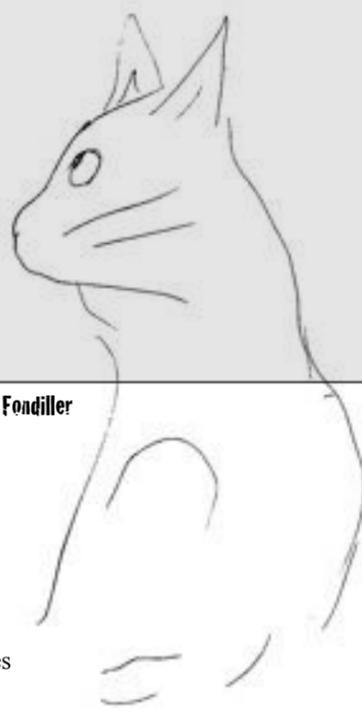
there was no stage at SPONTOS  
just hyper inspired multi-level conversation  
and celestial sound  
the voice of a communitiy  
splashed in paint/sung on drums  
guitars, saxes, harmonicas  
music quakes shake off  
greed's grip on Venice  
if only for the night  
the dream of free and open art  
visible from space as a beating heart  
a Temporary Autonomous Zone of our own  
experimental theatre and community activism  
on the still smoldering ashes of the Venice West  
holy ground art temple  
joyful party pit  
lucky for us  
we were there

11:28 Friday, January 22, 2010, parked beside the bamboo room, Cordell Hall, VUMC ..... The modern becomes ancient in the rain. The clouds part suddenly; sunlight again. A rainbow bends around, an aperture in dilation, and all this to infer Perspectives and projections still can play Like willful children on a rainy day. The steady drumming serves us to remind That further deluge can't be far behind. And, sure enough, it falls; hail stones aweigh. Beat on the vardo's roof, then fade do they. Coitus, in its rhythm. Slowly stir, Then mount a slow crescendo, wanting more. The aftermath, a moment to abstain. Her lips part suddenly; I kiss again.... happy valentine's day, RF Wagner, Jr, Venice .....

They surround me  
 jostle me  
 with memories  
 I fall stubbing my sanity on  
 alternate reality  
 they flit from one dimension to another  
 chattering shivering, crouching in corners  
 they whisper indecipherable messages  
 unsubstance of the insubstantial grey fog  
 I am not afraid my hackles lie docile against my nape.  
 1-800-psychic Quick answer before  
 my free time is up no skeletal fingers  
 beckon me or low mournful wailing are they who they  
 were when they were here or are they who they are  
 but not as they were?  
 another clue.  
 They laugh in papery whispers hissing in my  
 ear distracting me from things to do  
 lulling me to sleep before the wrap up of "Law and Order"  
 only shadows of shades who knew me when  
 would do that only remnants of friends lovers  
 relatives would nag in the language of a parallel  
 universe--blowing out lit candles  
 Crossing over does not mature them  
 Revenants leave cosmic  
 remnants of cosmic baggage  
 at my door  
 they didn't have time to pack it all  
 in  
 what with the unexpected  
 swiftness of the  
 Deadline  
 and all  
 I'll bring it with  
 when I  
 cross  
 over

-Carol Fondiller

Cat by Carol Fondiller



**Carol Fondiller Berman  
 Venice Queen**

Through her physical chaos  
 Her dramatic ride of emotional extremes  
 Her deep caring about social injustices  
 Her fighting spirit  
 Came a clear bright mind of abounding perception and  
 Humor of unbelievable creativity.  
 Truly a loss not only for me  
 Not only for you  
 But all of Venice.

Emily Winters

**It's Better Not to Make Friends With Other  
 Writers If You Are a Writer Yourself**

because they may write you  
 in their novels  
 in their poems  
 in their diaries  
 to be read when you are quite dead –

because writers are not  
 extroverts  
 entertainers  
 kindly folk  
 & are often ignorant  
 of true perceptions –

but mostly because  
 writers are highly competitive  
 about the wrong things –  
 secretly wish  
 you wouldn't succeed  
 at least until they have long  
 surpassed you.

-krista schwimmer

**This Paper Is A Poem**

By Matt Sedillo  
 Somewhere in America  
 A poor kid from the Midwest  
 With stars in his eyes  
 Decides to heed the call of patriotism  
 Serve his country  
 Do his part to win  
 The war on terrorism  
 Run up on global Jihad  
 With a great big yee-haw  
 See whose left standing  
 So he enlists  
 And he trains and he prepares  
 And he prepares and he trains  
 But when he gets there  
 He finds automatic rifles taking aim  
 At the innocent  
 Often old men women and children  
 And he stares into their eyes  
 Those eyes so alive with terror  
 And he knows he put the fear  
 Of some God there  
 And he begins to wonder  
 What exactly makes one a terrorist  
 But his training taught him  
 Its us or its them  
 So what then  
 Comes home on leave  
 Sees the town for the last time  
 With family and friends  
 Comes home to mothers house  
 Room just like he left it  
 In his uniform  
 He gets decked out  
 Shines his medal  
 Takes his pistol  
 Into his mouth  
 Prepares for the blast  
 And awaits the silence  
 Somewhere in America  
 On the east coast  
 Or the west coast  
 Or anywhere with  
 Enough black or brown folks  
 To have a ghetto  
 Our boy never bought  
 Into the American dream  
 But he lives in the projects  
 And scopes out his prospects  
 And he wouldn't mind being  
 The first in his family to attend college  
 So he enlists in the marines  
 From the halls of Montezuma  
 To the shores of Tripoli  
 What a great big world to see  
 With so many interesting  
 And diverse people to meet  
 And possibly have to kill  
 He gets wounded badly  
 Worthless to the war effort  
 Comes back home  
 Worthless to the workforce  
 Half alive and half dead  
 And not just in the body  
 But in the head  
 And he can't keep his mind right  
 Long enough to fight  
 For the rights promised him  
 Sometimes he remembers he enlisted  
 To get his mom out  
 Of roach infested tenements  
 But these days he would be  
 Happy just to get back in them  
 See him hobble down the street  
 Some time around midnight  
 Just another homeless veteran  
 Up here in America  
 The land of the free  
 The home of the brave  
 First world democracy  
 The first world  
 The free world  
 We hear in the first world  
 We got freedom  
 And in the third world  
 They got free trade zones  
 Where first world corporations  
 Can exploit the labor of children  
 True enough but take a good hard look  
 At the real face of American poverty  
 See the places where  
 Those factories used to be  
 Gary Indiana, Detroit  
 Philadelphia, Youngstown  
 Then see luxury mansions  
 The division of wealth in  
 The United States of America  
 Is greater than it is in Rwanda  
 And that is not poetic license  
 That is a fact  
 Go down to Fifth Street  
 Downtown Los Angeles  
 See skid row  
 Then see the Mellon bank  
 And you tell me where's the justice  
 We talk about third world countries  
 Well then what the fuck is this?  
 We got more empty housing units  
 Than homeless  
 Here in America  
 Where it is a crime  
 To take shelter from the cold  
 Where the truly destitute  
 Have to choose

**The Race Is Over**

By Jim Smith

Breaking news!  
 Scientists have discovered  
 there are no races –  
 no caucasians, no negroes,  
 no asians, no indians.

It seems that we are all from  
 a little town in Africa  
 we're not only brothers,  
 sisters, cousins,  
 we are neighbors

Why haven't they told  
 the KKK, the Nazis,  
 and all the other bigots?

Why haven't they told  
 those landlords who say,  
 "Sorry I just rented the place."

Why haven't they told  
 the bosses who don't hire,  
 don't promote certain races?

Why haven't they told  
 the police who think  
 driving while Black is a crime?

Why, Why, Why?

They say that nine out of ten  
 space aliens can't tell the difference  
 between a white man and a black man,  
 or a woman.

Why haven't they told Limbaugh and Dobbs,  
 and those who hated Martin Luther King,  
 and now hate Barack Obama, that  
 they, too, are African.

Why did they villify Paul Robeson for telling the truth?  
 Why did they kill Malcolm X for telling the truth?  
 Why did they kill Martin Luther King for telling the  
 truth?

Why did they put some of us in the back of the bus?  
 Why did they put some of us in bad schools?  
 Why did they give us apartheid and Jim Crow?

Why did they launch the slave ships?  
 Why did they gather the lynch mobs?  
 Why did they destroy the potential of generations?

Why haven't they told us  
 that without race, there can be no racism?

Why, Why, Why?

So I'm here to tell you  
 that even snide racist comments  
 cannot be told, except to another African.

Stop it now and we can all be friendly neighbors,  
 And if you don't like it,  
 you can kiss my African ass.

Between surviving the night  
 And breaking the law  
 Where empty apartment buildings  
 Are under armed guard  
 Here in America  
 Where it is a struggle for many  
 To survive the law  
 Somewhere in America  
 Grandpa is sick  
 And you're hoping the doctors  
 Will do all they can for him  
 Well you really should  
 Have planned for this  
 You should have worked harder  
 Or maybe worked smarter  
 So you could have gone to Harvard  
 Maybe have been a Rhodes scholar  
 Maybe then you could afford  
 The best modern medicine has to offer  
 But you didn't  
 But don't worry  
 Medicare will cover a hospital bed  
 A handful of meds  
 To keep him still through the night  
 Oh you wanted them to help  
 Actually tried to keep him alive  
 Boy you must have stars in your eyes  
 This is America  
 We don't do that here





1995- Carol leading a National Alliance of HUD Tenants demonstration outside the White House demanding the preservation of affordable HUD subsidized housing and tenants' rights.

Photo courtesy of the Coalition for Economic Survival.

## Reflections of a Survivor

By Jack Neworth

Whenever Oscar, the golden retriever, and I go for a walk, it's obvious who's walking whom. I'm just the schnook holding the leash.

Once, Oscar befriended a wise-looking, elderly woman sitting on a Venice boardwalk bench enjoying the sunset. She astutely observed that Oscar seemed more human than canine. As she petted him she shared with me a little about her life.

Salome was born in 1923 into a Jewish family living in Antwerp, Belgium. On May 10<sup>th</sup>, 1940, she was startled awake by the terrifying sound of the Germans bombing the harbor. Within 48 hours she, her sister Doris and their mother (father had passed away) were on a train to France, never to return to Belgium again.

They spent eight days packed into that train which had no bathrooms and often no food. Out the window Salome saw desperate souls walking dazed or passed out, suitcases and bundles scattered over the landscape.

Salome's family wound up at a French government "Welcoming Center" for refugees. There were artists, professors, musicians, actors, and politicians. It was like a college education for seventeen-year-old Salome.

But, as Germany spread its occupation throughout France, the "Welcoming Center" morphed into a barbed wire concentration camp with food rations cut to subsistence levels. Doris, who was flirtatious with the guards to obtain information, learned that the camp was going to be "liquidated." That night they escaped.

They managed to board a train for Marseilles, and upon arriving felt enormous relief. Then they spotted French collaborators with the Nazis, inspecting documents. Nearby were trucks to take the undocumented persons to what likely would be death camps. Salome suddenly noticed the "toilette" sign and suspected that there might be a door that exited onto the street. She was right, and, once again, her family was saved.

In 1942, Jews were being arrested everywhere. During nightfall, Salome's family sneaked from place to place to stay one step ahead of the Nazis. Doris had befriended mem-

bers of the resistance who planned a dangerous escape to Switzerland.

While waiting, Salome's family lived in caves by the ocean reachable through a railroad tunnel. One night the tide came in so high that they feared they might drown.

In the tunnel, Salome remembers hugging the walls when a train suddenly roared through, and restraining her distraught mother who wanted to throw herself under the train.

As per the plan, with their last money, they took a train to Chamonix, near the Swiss border. But collaborators boarded and began checking documents. Among those dragged away, and likely put to death was a family with three children, all of whom Salome knew well.

The collaborators were approaching Salome when suddenly a whistle blew and they hurriedly exited the train. Fate had spared their lives once again.

From Chamonix, Salome's family began their journey. If caught, the Swiss military would send them back. But if they sneaked over the border they would be refugees and allowed to stay.

They met their "contact," who was dressed as a priest. He gave them a map to avoid the border guards. Using their flashlight sparingly, they hiked in the darkness. Every time they rested Salome's mother begged to leave her behind so they might live.

After twenty hours crossing the Alps, Salome heard the sound of cowbells. They were in Switzerland! The family hugged.

In 1943 Salome met her future husband, Bert. (To avoid the Nazis he had swum across the Rhine, arriving in Zurich barefoot.) They married in 1944, came to America in 1946 and became U.S. citizens in 1951.

After raising two children, Salome went to UCLA, received a Masters Degree in two foreign lan-

guages, and taught college for seven years. She and Bert were married for 51 years until his death in 1995.

Today, Salome is 86, with eight grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Her mother lived to be 94. Her sister, Doris, whom Salome phones weekly, still lives in Zurich.

Most of Salome's extended family did not survive the Holocaust. And yet the idea of mechanized mass murder is still inconceivable to her. Remarkably, she always looks for the best in humanity. "After all," she says optimistically, "think about how many people risked their lives to save mine."

A voracious reader, Salome's active in politics. She's passionately anti-war and anti-racism. Locally, she supports nurses who are battling St. John's Hospital for the right to unionize. She also favors the rights of undocumented workers. When some of her grandchildren disagree, she points out that had she not been given undocumented haven in Switzerland, none of them would have been born.

Reflecting on her survivor experiences, Salome says, "They are the foundation for who I am today." Perhaps they're the source of her abundant wisdom. One thing's for sure: Oscar introduces me to the most amazing people.



Venice, 1969. On Ocean Front Walk in front of the bakery at the Cadillac hotel

Photo: Jim Smith

## Too Poor to Live Here

Here is the song "Too Poor to Live Here". I'd like to preface the song by saying at the Renters League Rally, Aug. 17, it was referred to as the "Venice Anthem". While I like the flattery, the song is not done yet, because the story of Freeing Venice is not done yet. I wrote the song in 1971. It appeared in the June 1971 issue of the Free Venice Beachhead. It was stolen by Horst Schmidt-Brummer for his \$6.95 paper back book, VENICE, AN URBAN FANTASY, published in 1973. I stole the melody from Woody Guthrie, but I stole only to add my own words to a melody that Woody improvised on somewhere. And what I stole I gave away for free with my words. Mr. Brummer, on the other hand, stole my words and sold them for \$6.95. The whole book, by the way, is derivative and he took the images created by other people and sold them, ending with a crocodile tear for Venice--typical affluhip! The plagiarist didn't even send me a book! The trailer park that I referred to stood on the place where J. Allan Radford's tower now looms. There was nothing more low-income than that trailer court. Mr. Radford, liberal Mr. Radford, young Mr. Radford, hip Mr. Radford evicted those people to make room for his building that now squats indecently on Washington St. Mr. Radford went bankrupt on his building. He got rid of that tacky sleazy trailer court and now the new owners of the Radford Wreck want to crown that monstrosity with a Heliport, which as everyone knows, is much more appealing than the small trailers that used to park there. These were trailers--not those huge "mobile homes" that need a truck to move them from place to place.

--Carol Fondiller

(To be played for free, but if ya make any money, send it to me!!) --C.F.

### TOO POOR TO LIVE HERE

by Carol Fondiller  
(To the tune of Woody Guthrie's  
"So long, it's been good to know you.")

Chorus:  
Too poor, too poor to live here  
Too poor, too poor to live here!  
Too poor, too poor to live here  
The land speculators are grabbin, my home  
So I got to leave Venice and roam.

I used to live in the trailer court  
With friends and buddies I used to consort  
The rent was cheap and the air was free  
But they say that sunshine is too good for me.

Cause I'm . . . chorus

I had a pad on the Howland Canal  
The place was good for my morale  
As I was feedin' the ducks one day  
A big bulldozer tried to chase me away.

I used to live in a house by the sea  
But the Master Plan had no plans for me  
Gold over people - the master's choice  
Our councilmen heed the master's voice.

Cause I'm . . . chorus.

They're gonna have a parking lot  
And where you live there'll be a yacht  
I'm too poor to live by the sea  
That's what the system is tryin' to tell me.

Cause I'm . . . chorus

But hell no, we're gonna stay here  
Hell no, we're gonna stay here  
Hell no, we're gonna stay here  
We're gonna stay here and we're gonna fight  
For a Free Venice that is our right.

© C. FONDILLER

## Swami Speaks

I don't want to sound cynical; however, it does seem to me that the ego is a bad habit many people don't want to give up. God bless them, and me. The ego is a cunning, diabolical devil. You see it every night on the News, or in the morning in the L.A./N.Y. Times.



God bless them, too.

Life is a mirror, and the crack in the mirror is the ego. No, I don't know what that means either. Of course, the soul is always there, taking a nap. Usually sooner or later, the soul awakes to its divine destiny of Oneness as God. Nothing can change that reality. Life is Good because God is Good, eternal existence and Absolute Bliss; if you'll forgive my name dropping. Something we're all subject to, along with celebrity adulation, Commandment Breaking and Watching the Grass Grow Greener in the Neighbor's Yard. God Bless Us, we're all human and have to stop taking ourselves so seriously. God, She has a cosmic sense of humor. We would be wise to follow Her lead. She wouldn't mislead us. It's not in her nature.

"Know ye not that ye are gods" was revealed 2000 years ago; and it's still true, even if you are convinced you are an atheist, Harey Krishman or a Republican. If God is Bliss, and She is, our job is to have a good time, without hurting anyone, or getting a parking ticket.

Personally, I laugh at death, and he arrogantly laughs right back, thinking he's got the last laugh. He doesn't. He's deluded with the illusion of Maya and power. Nothing dies; energy is just transformed. It all goes back to where it came, that Effulgent Reality. There I go, name dropping again.

## Interview with Thomas Paine Haag Duggan

—continued from page 1

me that Bob Duggan was my father. I figure John must have cheated on her or something, and they were still married, but separated, and she got pregnant. I then changed my name to Thomas Duggan. But both John and Bob were a big part of my childhood, they both took me camping and stuff. One time John ran out of money during a camping trip, and we had to go through some really weird shit. Anyways, I have a sister, Duanna, who is 3 years younger than me. She lives in Colorado with her child. She is the one child that Anna and John Haag had together.

*How was growing up in Venice?* I remember going to Westminster Elementary School, and all doors had to be locked when Venice High students got out. They would come to get us. But I stayed out of trouble by staying out of certain places at certain times. I even graduated from Venice High.

My mom used to take us to Umbria, Italy, where she was from, every summer. We would leave a few days after school was over and did not come back till a few days before school started again. It was cool because I got to experience another culture, but I always felt like I was missing out on what was going on in Venice during that time. It was funny how different my life here was compared to my cousins' in Italy. Over there they would get in trouble for not having their shirts tucked in, while over here I was really big into biking, skating, baseball, but also drugs and alcohol. I did so many drugs that

I was through with all of that by 16. Same thing with alcohol, by 20 I had had enough. One time, I was 11, and our plane for Italy was supposed to leave at like 3 pm or something, but by noon I was so drunk that my mom got really pissed. God, she was so pissed! It was probably because I couldn't help her carry anything. We used to have duffle bags full of stuff to take to Italy for presents.

But one common ground that I found with my Italian cousins was soccer. That's what we played. And I also got to know another culture. My grandfather would send me to the store to buy him alcohol. And I learned to speak fluent Italian. While in Italy, I spoke Italian to my mother. But over here we always spoke English.

*And what have you done since?* I left Venice for 13 years, from 1987 to 2000, to live with my dad Bob Duggan in Aspen, Colorado. I graduated from the security school that my father has going on there, worked for him, taught shooting. Really did not like the weather, just too much snow.

*Just this past April, Thomas opened a bike shop in the heart of Venice, just three blocks north of the post office on Main St. and San Juan. It's a cool little place, and you should all check it out. He sells all kinds of old Schwinn's that I almost drooled over, but also Backward Circle Bikes, those colorful skinny bikes that people ballet on at a stop light. What's up with these bikes, Thomas?* Well, I sell more of these than anybody else. My friend who started the company told me today "you're in the lead."

When they bring these bikes in from Taiwan, they have to have a break on them and a chain guard, for security purposes. But then people take the chain guard and the break off, and they stop them by skidding the back wheel with a foot. I recently learned how to do that, but I still like beach cruisers best.

*We rode bikes together to Carol's memorial. He rode a wheelie most of the way. I felt honored to be part of Carol's memorial and to be able to continue her legacy with the Beachhead.*



Art by Carol Fondiller



Bob's Odd Jobs  
CHAZ ZAWACKI

FAST SERVICE  
No Job Too Small

Free Estimates  
Repairs  
Yards  
Painting  
Clean Ups  
CALL ANYTIME  
424.214.9133

## Carol Fondiller - its been good to know you!

—continued from page 5

I'm sure, on Collectives over the years. This is one way in which Carol put her stamp on the Beachhead.

In a different universe, Carol could have been as well-known and well-read as Molly Ivins, or Dorothy Parker. Her writing was good enough, but the country wasn't ready for her. Carol was content to write for her beloved Beachhead, knowing that she had a devoted following here in Venice.

In her earlier days, Carol was active in the Peace and Freedom Party, even taking on Tom Hayden for state assembly. But Carol was also a member of the rejectionist party to which so many Venetians belong. Its members are those who can bear to live in no other place in this vast wasteland. They, we, reject the cultural values of this puritan land. Like so many others, Carol expected nothing but trouble from America. That didn't keep her from fighting for every scrap, every morsel, that the powerful would fling our way, particularly for low-cost housing.

As poor health overwhelmed Carol in the past few years, she attended fewer and fewer Collective meetings. We would talk on the phone, usually once a week and often for more than an hour, about what we were planning for the next issue. Even if she didn't attend a meeting, Carol was a great resource for the paper. She was a living library of Venice history. She knew who did what to whom throughout the past half century. She could tell you why someone was a jerk or why someone was better than he or she appeared to be. That vast repository of information has been lost with her death. Other old timers may know a lot about the Venice past, but I would wager their knowledge is not as comprehensive as Carol's. She was in the thick of everything that happened in Venice.

Often, Carol would turn our conversation to the constant noise that she experienced from the Ocean Front Walk (she did not like the term, Boardwalk). She often felt like a prisoner in her small apartment - a former hotel room - looming over the beach front. Musicians, some newly arrived in Venice, had little sympathy for this old lady who asked them to turn down the volume. "Why don't you move if you don't like it," was a common response according to Carol. This made her really indignant since she had been living close to the beach since the early 1960s. She wasn't going anywhere! It also displayed an ignorance about how rent works in Venice. If you stay in the same place, your rent can only increase with the rate of inflation, but if you rent a new place, the sky's the limit.

Complaints to the city bureaucracy and officials about the "auditory rapists," as Carol called bad musicians, who had a limited repertoire, usually fell on deaf ears. Some even said, "Why don't you move." Unfortunately, Carol's desire to be able to sleep or watch TV without enduring blaring sound from outside alienated her from much of the scene on OFW. She felt that many of the activists there who demanded free speech were being hypocritical when they attacked her free speech. The result was that they lost a powerful ally and she lost a pleasant place to walk or sit in the sun.

Knowing and being friends with Carol turned out to be a litmus test of broadmindedness. Some people involved in the same struggles as Carol disliked her because she disagreed with them on one or another issue. Too bad for them. They don't know what they missed by not opening their tight little minds to Carol.

And so, we mourn for Carol Berman, Carol Fondiller. But we also mourn for ourselves. We who are left without her brilliant mind, her charming personality and her unflinching character.



Carol Fondiller and Dr. Benjamin Spock, Baby Doctor and Peoples Party candidate for President, 1972

## Obama's First Year

—continued from page 4

of saving GM from tripping over itself, he could have protected the jobs and pensions of the auto workers. If he had done that, we would not be seeing hundreds of millions of dollars being paid out in bonuses for jobs not well done. AIG is paying \$165 million this month in bonuses to corporate big shots. This insurance giant was given public funds totaling \$170 billion in bailouts!

If there was any doubt that the Democrats in Congress and Obama dance to the Wall Street tune, it should have been put to rest by these corporate bailouts, which were followed by a health care bill that was slavishly amended to suit the big insurers. The old adage that the Republicans are the party of big business and the Democrats are the party of the "little guy" is long out of date.

The truth is that America is no longer a political democracy. It cannot be called democratic when it has two parties that are both controlled and funded by the same small group of super wealthy oligarchs and the corporations they own. While Obama, and even John McCain, may seem like "just folks" in their carefully constructed media personas, they are, in fact, bought and paid for spokespersons for the global corporations that own America, Inc.

Should this be a cause for despair? Not at all. Nothing lasts, and it appears that cutthroat capitalism is already tottering from the financial earthquakes of the past 18 months, with more on the way. The question is, what will take its place. Will we be able to construct a more humane and peaceful nation and society? Or will we sit by passively while a more and more corrupt and dissolute elite makes the rich, richer, and the poor, poorer, from L.A. City Hall to the halls of Congress?

Here are some suggestions for being part of the solution, not part of the problem: 1) Run, don't walk, to the Post Office and change your registration from Democrat or Republican to "Peace and Freedom," "Green," or even "Decline to State." Already, more than 5,000 Venetians have rejected the Democrats and Republicans when they registered to vote. I'm convinced that only by breaking the power of the Democrats and Republicans to define our freedom and control our lives can we have a truly democratic country; 2) Get involved in your community, Venice. We can't have a loving and peaceful country if we don't have strong, active communities. There are many Venice organizations already working on all sorts of community problems. Join one, or start your own; 3) "We the People," is the basis of the Constitution and the country. Don't let the Wall Street vampires divide us from one another. Help those who are less

## Carol and Me and The Collective

The collective was small and close knit in the early 70s, and working with Carol, Peter, Jim, Milton, Roy, Gordon, JoAnne and Linda, was a tough but rewarding time. Every story was examined for hours, before finally being typed up and pasted to mats on Linda's floor (a messy job before the electronic revolution). The sometimes very heated discussions led to some ground-breaking stories, with the months before and during the demise of the SLA especially difficult.

Carol had an innate sense of justice and empathy for the underdog that was unwavering and her moral compass informed the collective's decisions on a regular basis.

Venice has been fortunate to have Carol as a spokesperson and chronicler for the last few decades, with her writing skills - unparalleled and formidable. But most of all, she will be remembered as a spirit that was irrepressible, a spirit that kept on giving to the community no matter her personal travails, a spirit that left us better off for knowing her.

You will always live in our hearts Carol.

In gratitude, *gail williamson*, 831 818 0714

## Beachhead on YouTube

All the festivities from the Free Venice Beachhead's 41st Anniversary event at Beyond Baroque on Dec. 9 are now on YouTube.

The 13 segments include Beachhead poets, Jim Smith, Hillary Kaye, Krista Schwimmer and Karl Abrams reading poems by Stuart Z. Perkoff. Also included is a guest appearance by Venice Songbird Suzy Williams and some great readings during the open mic session.

See it all at:

<http://www.youtube.com/user/FreeVeniceBeachhead>



fortunate. Encourage those who are fearful of standing up for their rights. Insist on a democratic process whenever two or more people get together. We can have real change. We can survive a full-on depression. But only if we stick together.

"The Dream is over," the Beatles once sang. Yeah, that pretty much sums up the first year of the Obama presidency. Now we're awake and ready for our *Naked Lunch*, which is, as Jack Kerouac once told William Burroughs, that "frozen moment when everyone sees what is on the end of every fork."

# CommUnity Events – day by day

## Monday, February 1

- 7:45pm on - **Open Mic on "MoZaic Monday"**. Sign up at 6:30 pm. Hosted by Matt Sedillo, DJ Noj, and Nickie Black. The Talking Stick. Free.

## Tuesday, February 2

- 6-8pm – The **Big Blue Bus** will hold a **Community Meeting** on bus stop redevelopment program, fare restructure and hybrid buses. Main Library in SM.

## Thursday, February 4

7-8pm - **Tudor Vornicu's "Driven 2 Abstraction"** Art Exhibit. Come meet the artist. Electric Lodge. Free.

- 7:45pm – **Real Talent** presents **folk and folk rock, indie pop, and Celtic rock**. The Talking Stick. \$5.

## Friday, February 5

- 7:30-10pm – **Mikal Sandoval's "Speakeasy Night" with Dutch Newman and the Musical Melodies**. The Talking Stick. \$10.

## Monday, February 8

- 6-10pm – "Documental" shows **Koszulinski's, Immokalee USA**, on barely surviving Latin American immigrant farmworkers – The Unurban Coffeehouse. Free.

## Tuesday, February 9

- 6:30-7:30pm – **Around the World Pajama Storytime Fun for Kids** followed by a craft project. Venice Public Library. Free.

## Wednesday, February 10

- 7:30-10:30pm – Suzy Williams at Danny's Deli in Venice. Free.

## Saturday, February 13

- 1-4pm - **Memorial for Carol Fondiller: Reception 1pm & Program 2-4pm. Community Celebration of the Life of Carol Fondiller Berman**. Writer, poet and community activist who died Jan. 9. Founder of the Free Venice Beachhead, her humorous and profound writings appear in nearly every issue for 41 years. Beyond Baroque. More information: [Beachhead@freevenice.org](mailto:Beachhead@freevenice.org) and 310-306-7372/399-8685. Free.

- 2-4pm – **Interview with Donovan Seelinger**, 8-year old science/film genius. The Unurban. Free.

- 5pm and 7pm – **Howard Zinn's** incredible solo play "Marx in Soho" followed by a special tribute to the author (Zinn died on Jan. 27). SM College, The Edye Theatre, Broad Stage.

## Monday, February 15

- 7:30pm – Tribute film and music, **John Cage: Revenge of the Dead Indians**. Cast interviews with Zappa, Chomsky, Yoko and many more. The Talking Stick. Free.

## Tuesday, February 16

- 7-10:30pm – **Venice Neighborhood Council Board Meeting**. (third Tuesday of the month) Westminster Elementary School

## Wednesday, February 17

- 12:30pm – **Design Control Board Meeting** of the Dept. of Beaches & Harbors. (third Wednesday of the month). Barton W. Chace Park Community Bldg. 13650 Minanao Way, Marina del Rey.

## Friday, February 19

- 7pm – **Mosaic Presents the Black History Month "Spoken Word" Celebration**. The Talking Stick. Free.
- 7:30pm - The amazing **Enrique Castillo (founder of the Latino Theater Company)** performs the poetry of **Bill Lansford**. Author of theatrical and television movies, and over 300 prime-time TV episodes including *The Masks of Quetzalcoatl* of the pre-Columbian Nahua poets. Hosted by Richard Beban. **Beyond Baroque**. Free.

## Saturday, February 20

- **All Day – Tree Planting** with Westminster Endowment Group at Westminster Elementary Auditorium. Free, of course.
- 6-10pm – **Venice Beach Central** presents "**Jazz Funk Fest**". Talking Stick.
- 7:30-10pm – **Planet Siqueiros Pena** presents **Alfredo Lopez & Friends**, musicians and vocalists in a very special evening of rich traditional Mexican music from Oaxaca, Michoacan, the Yucatan and more. SPARC.

- 7:30pm – **An Evening of Poetry and Music** with poet/playwright, **Jade Shames**, **Gabrielle Calvocressi**, author of "Apocalyptic Swing," and **Elizabeth Iannaci**, author of *Passion's Casualties*. Hosted by Brendan Constantine, music by Rick Lupert. **Beyond Baroque**. Free.

## Monday, February 22

- 8:15-11:15pm - **Suzy and Brad Play, "Songs from her upcoming CD!"** at Angel's Piano Bar & Supper Club, 2460 Wilshire Blvd, SM. Free.

## Tuesday, February 23

- 6:30-7:30pm – **Around the World Pajama Storytime Fun for Kids** followed by a craft project. Venice Public Library. Free.

## Friday, February 26

- 7-10pm – **Subversive Cinema** at 212 Pier. Free.
- 7:30pm - Another **Evening of Poetry & Music** with Venice author, **David St. John**, **Gail Wronsky** (author of 8 works) and **Brian M. Tracy** (author from "Spoken Word" Radio). Beyond Baroque. Free.

## Sunday, February 28

- 8pm – Venice's own **Sheera** Sings her original music at "Second Street Jazz" in downtown LA, 366 E. 2nd St. Free.

## Location Guide

- Abbot Kinney Public Library, 501 S. Venice Blvd, 821-1769
- Beyond Baroque, 681 Venice Blvd. 822-3006
- Burton Chace Park, 13650 Mindanao Way, Marina del Rey. [marinadelrey.lacounty.gov](http://marinadelrey.lacounty.gov)
- Electric Lodge, 1416 Electric Ave, 306-1854, [max10@electriclodge.org](mailto:max10@electriclodge.org)
- The Good Hurt, 12249 Venice Blvd, [www.goodhurt.com](http://www.goodhurt.com)
- Hal's Bar and Grill, 1349 Abbot Kinney Blvd., 396-3105 - [www.halsbarandgrill.com](http://www.halsbarandgrill.com)
- Oakwood Recreation Center, 757 California Avenue.
- Pacific Resident Theatre, 703 1/2 Venice Blvd. 822-8392 - [www.pacificresidenttheatre.com](http://www.pacificresidenttheatre.com)
- SPARC - Social and Public Art Resource Center, 685 Venice Blvd. 822-9560 x15.
- Talking Stick Coffee Lounge, 1411c Lincoln Blvd. 450-6052 [www.thetalkingstick.net](http://www.thetalkingstick.net)
- United Methodist Church and Auditorium, 2210 Lincoln Blvd. (at Victoria).
- Unurban Coffee House, 3301 Pico Blvd Santa Monica.
- Vera Davis Center, 610 California Avenue.(310) 305-1865. Fax 305-0146.
- Westminster Elementary School, 1010 Abbot Kinney Blvd. (enter auditorium from Westminster Ave.) 606-2015

## Ongoing Events

- 12-2pm - Thursdays - **Blues at Uncle Darrow's** featuring "Joe Banks and Friends" 2560 Lincoln Blvd. 310-306-4862. Free.
- 11am to 4pm - December 1 thru May 30 **Skateboard Evolution & Art Exhibit**. Admission \$8, kids under 12 free. California Heritage Museum, 2612 Main St., Santa Monica.
- 6-8pm - **McLuhan-Finnegans Wake** Reading Club. Lloyd Taber-Marina Del Rey Library, 4533 Admiralty Way. First Tuesdays of the month. Free.
- 7:30pm - Los Angeles **Monthly Review Discussion Group**. Community Room, 2500 Broadway. Meetings are the 3rd Wednesday of each month. Free.
- 10:40am-12:10pm - Saturdays - **AfroCaribe Dance Class** taught by Kimberly Mullen. \$15.
- **Send off your Application describing your favorite Community Improvement Project** to "improve the quality of life in Venice" (\$2,000 award maximum per person). Completed applications are due March 1, 2010 to VNC.

## Get Your Local Event Listed

Email your time, date & a brief description to [Calendar@freevenice.org](mailto:Calendar@freevenice.org) by the 20th of the month.

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

## Culver City Shelter is open

Bus pickup at Westminster Park (at Pacific) is 4:45 pm & 5:15 pm.  
Return in the a.m. is between 6:30 & 7:15.



Photo: Chuck Bloomquist

# Carol may be gone, but her legacy lives on!



Art by Carol Fondiller

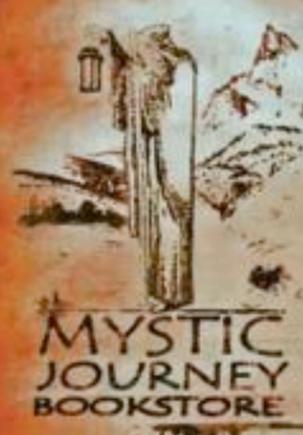
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