

Inside:

- Letters, Drumcircle - 2
- Deaths & Murders - 3
- Eun Kang - 4
- Billy's, Fondiller - 5
- First Friday's - 6
- Murals - 7
- Swami, Sher-ruff, health - 8
- Poetry - 9
- Calendar -11



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2011
#351

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Art by MaryJane

WikiLeaks and
Local Leaks

By Jim Smith

Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you mad. ~Aldous Huxley

Silly Hillary. Did she really think the internet was a safe place for her deepest, darkest secrets? She's not alone. The geniuses of the military end of the Empire also put its secrets - massacres in Iraq and Afghanistan - on the net. Private First Class Bradley Manning probably wasn't the only one to read, and enjoy, other people's mail. But he was the only one to download the dirty deeds and send them off to Julian Assange at Wikileaks.

For his efforts at letting us know what these fools are doing in our name Manning has been cast into a dank dungeon and will be lucky to survive with his head intact. When it comes to military justice, there isn't any.

Once it became known that the word was out and that the New York Times and the UK Guardian were actually reprinting the Empire's secrets, a meeting was called to discuss damage control. A motion by Dr. Stangelove to nuke the headquarters of Wikileaks was passed unanimously. However, it was soon discovered that Wikileaks only had a virtual headquarters, which was immune to thermonuclear attack. A second motion was passed to kill the messenger, Julian Assange. Changing the subject has always been a good defense. U.S. officials caught with their pants down are now threatening to charge Assange with

-continued on page 4

First Friday
Reboots, Without
Food Trucks

By CJ Gronner

Venice was a real village this past weekend. A real small town vibe permeated all the proceedings, beginning with First Fridays. The Abbot Kinney merchants finally banded together to get a No Parking permit for the evening, so no cars - or Food Trucks - were allowed to park on the Boulevard from 4-11 pm. It was SO much better, I can't begin to praise the businesses enough. I could actually MOVE down the sidewalks! I could see friends ACROSS the street and wave to them, unblocked by massive food peddlers and their lines. The stores were PACKED - with actual shoppers doing shopping! - proving wrong any-

-continued on page 6

**CASUALTIES
IN AFGHANISTAN:
1,445 U.S. Dead
41 this month**

**IRAQ:
4,430 U.S. Dead - 1 this month
32,937 U.S. Wounded
Iraqi Dead: Up to 1.4 million •
Cost of wars: \$1.1+ trillion**

costofwar.com • antiwar.com • icasualties.org

TOO MANY
TOURISTS

By Greta Cobar

The Venice Neighborhood Council held a Town Hall Meeting on December 2 to discuss Venice as the #1 tourist destination in Southern California. However, the voices on the microphone echoed those of the September 23 meeting, which was dominated by Bill Rosendahl's mission to get rid of RVs and to institute his "Vehicles to Homes Program," the details of which he was unable to provide. He was not present at the December meeting.

During the September meeting many of us were appalled by his threat that "jails exist for those of you who choose not to be part of my program." So it was really sad to be in that same room two and a half months later realizing that no program was ever created and no places to park were provided, yet tens of people were arrested and dozens of RVs impounded. It had been previously estimated that there were 270 RVs in Venice. A current estimate put that number at 17.

The police crackdown of people living in vehicles, based on selective enforcement, inevitably caused the stress of RV residents to skyrocket. Many were not surprised when, on December 1, James Hunter's body was found in his van. His friends knew that the police had given him an ultimatum to move the vehicle out of the area he's been living in for at least 15 years, without giving him an alternative spot to park.

-continued on page 12



Beachhead Collective Staff: Karl Abrams, Greta Cobar, Don Geagan, Mary Getlein, CJ Gronner, Roger Linnett, Lydia Poncé, Krista Schwimmer, Jim Smith, Alice Stek

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**A House Is Not Always a Home
And a Home Isn’t Necessarily a House**

Dear Beachhead,
This is the time of year when a lot of people formulate New Year’s resolutions to hopefully improve the quality of their lives. May I recommend to them to spend a little energy on creating solutions rather than complaining about the problems endlessly.
The issue of the ‘homeless’ is certainly a piece of work that needs help from all directions, but what seems to be completely misunderstood are the ‘houseless.’ These people are the gypsies, nomads, and road people who live in vans, buses, and motorhomes. They don’t want or need houses. They certainly would appreciate a space where they can be. To provide parking with a bathroom is by far cheaper than ‘low-income’ housing.
I must point out to the Venice newcomers, that have used the LAPD in recent times to get rid of the majority of the vehicle dwellers, that they have grossly violated humanity by sweeping this segment of society under the carpet. By towing their motorhomes, etc., the LAPD has made the ‘houseless’ now also homeless. The motorhome manufacturers should be aghast at the Venice gentrifying folk for denying the full intended use of the house on wheels, including sleeping in it.
Needless to say, some of the road people violated the rules of vehicular living by trashing their surroundings, but surely no one throws all the apples out because of a few rotten ones.
To clarify my position, I must state that I am a 30-year property owner in Venice and the owner of a converted school bus, which I live in while on the road.
Peter M. Lonnie

Happy Anniversary

Dear Beachhead,
I arrived in Venice on Thanksgiving Eve 1968. The Beachhead was founded six days later. We’ve now spent more than four decades together - and it’s been a joy.
Congratulations to the current Collective for carrying on such a splendid tradition.
Lance Diskan
Venice Forever

Donation

Dear Beachhead,
I was out of town and just saw the lovely September issue with Ian Dean’s great, heartfelt cry.
As moved as I was by Ian’s essay, I was appalled to read that we seem to have a home-grown Brownshirt, John Betz, who is trying to bully Beachhead advertisers into dropping their support for the Beachhead.

The answer to speech you don’t like is MORE SPEECH -- and not a campaign of fear and suppression that Herr Betz is initiating.

Te Beachhead was right to encourage Herr Betz to start his own paper instead of bagging on ours.

In honor of Herr Betz’s attack on our much-loved rag, I am sending you another \$150, and asking that the donor be listed as the John Betz Free Speech Fund.

In solidarity,
Mark Kleiman

Drumcircle is a temple not a nightclub

Dear Beachhead,
I joined this drumcircle near the beginning, some fifteen years ago. It was started by Randy Banks after the January 17 1994 earthquake.
If you come to the drumcircle you should believe that it is like a temple and exhibit behavior accordingly, which does not include drinking liquor, harassing female dancers, or any other aggressive behavior. There are presently very few people left that can attest to the beautiful vibrations of especially the first five years, so it is most important to contemplate the meaning of the drumcircle being more a temple than a nightclub. Thank you.
Dusty P. Greenhaus



*Drumcircle, 1997 -
Photo by Jeffrey Stanton*



*Drumcircle, 1970s -
Beachhead Archives*



Teena Marie, A Child of Venice Dies

By Clay Claiborne

The famous Rhythm & Blues singer Teena Marie died in her home in Pasadena the day after Christmas. She was born Mary Christine Brockert in Santa Monica in 1956 and grew up in Oakwood and was raised on Motown music and African-American culture. She attended Venice High School and worked at the Pup ‘n’ Taco in Mar Vista. She was singing Harry Belafonte’s songs when she was 2, had a child acting role on the Beverly Hillbillies, and at 10 sang at the wedding of Jerry Lewis’ son. In 1976 she became the first White singer signed by Motown.

In addition to singing, she played rhythm guitar, keyboards and congas. Starting with her 1980 album Irons in the Fire, she wrote, produced, arranged and sang virtually all her songs. In 1982 she sued Motown over its refusal to release her from her contract or release her new material. The lawsuit resulted in the ‘the Brockert Initiative’, which made it illegal for a record company to keep an artist under contract without releasing new material for that artist. She released 13 highly successful albums between 1979 and 2009.

She was known by friends and family as ‘Lady Tee’, but since her death, the media, always quick to look for a racial angle, has taken to calling her ‘the Ivory Queen of Soul.’ I was surprised by this and asked some friends, who like me have been long time fans. Nobody had heard Lady Tee called that before, and the Detroit News, and they know Motown, said, ‘there’s been a lot of debate over the last few days about whether Motown’s Teena Marie, who died Sunday, was ever called ‘The Ivory Queen of Soul.’ “While the media that never much promoted her in life may have their own agenda with this label, Teena Maria will forever be remembered as Lady Tee and a child of Venice. 🚲

Jim Morrison Pardoned; Doors Demand Apology

Former Venice resident Jim Morrison was pardoned Dec. 9 for indecent exposure and profanity by Florida Gov. Charlie Crist and the state clemency board, but the remaining Doors reject it. The incident allegedly took place at a 1969 concert in Miami. The Doors response:

In August (1970), Jim Morrison went on trial in Miami. He was acquitted on all but two misdemeanor charges and sentenced to six months’ hard labor in Raiford Penitentiary. He was appealing this conviction when he died in Paris on July 3, 1971. Four decades after the fact, with Jim an icon for multiple generations – and those who railed against him now a laughingstock – Florida has seen fit to issue a pardon. We don’t feel Jim needs to be pardoned for anything.

His performance in Miami that night was certainly provocative, and entirely in the insurrectionary spirit of The Doors’ music and message. The charges against him were largely an opportunity for grand-standing by ambitious politicians – not to mention an affront to free speech and a massive waste of time and taxpayer dollars. As Ann Woolner of the Albany Times-Union wrote recently, “Morrison’s case bore all the signs of a political prosecution, a rebuke from the cultural right to punish a symbol of Dionysian rebellion.”

If the State of Florida and the City of Miami want to make amends for the travesty of Jim Morrison’s arrest and prosecution forty years after the fact, an apology would be more appropriate – and expunging the whole sorry matter from the record. And how about a promise to stop letting culture-war hysteria trump our First Amendment rights? Freedom of Speech must be held sacred, especially in these reactionary times.

Love, The Doors 🚲

In Memory of Nathan Alan Morgan

Nate’s life was taken on 3/10/08
by 5 individuals on Venice Beach

It’s hard to believe it’s almost been three years since he was taken from us. Although they have never been prosecuted, our hope is still that someone will eventually be caught and convicted.

You are loved more than words can measure and
we miss you more than words can explain.

We truly believe someone knows something
and wants to get it off their chest. 1st John 1:9.

In memory of Nathan Alan Morgan go to
www.nathan-alan-morgan.com
or the family can be contacted at goldwing199@yahoo.com
or Nathan’s Dad’s cell phone number: 419-345-9734



A Tale of Two Wars: Vietnam/Afghanistan

By Clay Claiborne

In the spirit of Mark Twain, “History doesn’t repeat itself, but it rhymes.” I offer the following combined brief history of the Vietnam and Afghan Wars:

Although the War in [Vietnam|Afghanistan] was started by the previous occupant of the Whitehouse, President [Johnson|Obama] made it his own and greatly expanded it. There were problems from the beginning. The [Diem|Karzia] regime installed by the U.S. proved to be a very corrupt one that became increasingly problematic as it lost all support among the [Vietnamese|Afghan] people. On the other hand, the [Viet Cong|Taliban], having already succeeded in it’s struggle against [French|Russian] colonialism, proved ready for a long struggle against American imperialism as well. The [Vietnam|Afghanistan] War would prove to be the [second longest| longest] in our history.

Support for the [Vietnam|Afghanistan] War, already at an all time low, fell even lower after [Daniel Ellsberg|Julian Assange] released the [Pentagon Papers|WikiLeaks Documents] that revealed much that the government had kept hidden about the war. By the time reports came out about U.S. soldiers in [Vietnam|Afghanistan] killing civilians and collecting

[ears|fingers], most people were ready to bring the troops home.

Instead, the President expanded the war from [Vietnam|Afghanistan] into neighboring [Cambodia|Pakistan] with a series of ‘secret’ [B52|drone] strikes and commanding General [William Westmoreland|David Petraeus] called for more troops to implement his strategy of [search and destroy|clear, hold & build] on the ground and still more civilians died and because of the special weapons used by the U.S. in the war, both our soldiers and the people of [Vietnam|Afghanistan] would suffer from cancer, birth defects and many other diseases caused by [Agent Orange|Depleted Uranium] for generations to come. By the time the U.S. pulled out of [Vietnam|Afghanistan], the number of young Americans to die in the war numbered over [58,000|1,445].

The first American soldier killed in the Vietnam War was Lt. Col. Pete Dewey on September 26, 1945. 58,000 Americans and millions of Vietnamese were to follow him in the next 30 years, but nine years into the war, fewer Americans had died in the Vietnam fighting than the 1,445 that have so far died in Afghanistan. 🚲

Keeping Vigil For Eun Kang



By Krista Schwimmer

On December 8, a group of around 20 to 25 people met at Crescent Place Triangle to hold a candle-light vigil for Eun Kang, a 38 year old Venetian resident brutally raped and stabbed to death in her own home one year earlier. At the time of her death, she was pregnant with twins.

Despite the enormous tragedy of her death, there was little fanfare on this one year anniversary: no politicians, no large media groups, and only a small crowd consisting of Eun’s neighbors and officers from the LAPD and local Fire House Number 63. Two detectives who responded to the call last year were present: Detective Castruita and Detective Carranza whose case this is. By coincidence, the two fire fighter paramedics from Fire House 63 on duty last year, Kevin Kemp and Sevan Gerard, were on duty again this year and were able to attend the memorial.

One of the organizers, Jim Hubbard, spoke about how the purpose of this vigil was to “honor a person and her unborn children who were slain viciously.” He called the loss of life by these means “insane and unacceptable.”

Representatives from both the LAPD and LAFD echoed similar sentiments, stating how this kind of a crime is also heartbreaking for the police.

A suspect, Boneetio Kentro Washington of Culver City, was arrested immediately in the case. He was charged with three counts of capital murder and could face the death penalty. Detective Carranza stated that his case was still in the court system and would drag on for years. He said he would see this case through, as he does with all of his cases. Detective Castruita, a detective for 16 years, called her murder “particularly gruesome.”

Chris Chanaud, boyfriend and father to the unborn babies, did not know about the community vigil. He said he had privately remembered her earlier in the day. He stated that “Eun would not have really cared about how people honor her memory. She’d probably say something like “Don’t dwell on it. But maybe get some lights on that street (Electric Avenue.)”

Although the criminal case is not over for the officers and family members connected to Eun, there appears little more the community she lives in can do for her. We are left simply with the task of remembering. For Chris Chanaud, that means remembering how Eun touched his life: ‘she lived her life to the fullest like the candle which burns twice as bright but half as long. She was just so awesome. She really showed me how to enjoy life and not stress too much about the little things. She was a simple girl. Her favorite things were tomatoes, sewing, and surfing.’”

espionage, even though he is Australian and committed no crimes in this country.

Meanwhile, Assange was quickly charged with ‘sex by surprise.’ No matter that no one had ever heard of this crime, he was quickly brought to account in London. At this writing, his extradition to Sweden to stand accused of this heinous crime is still in doubt. The Americans are slobbering to take him into custody. If the past is any indication, waterboarding no doubt awaits.

According to Beachhead correspondent and investigative reporter Ron Ridenour (our man in Copenhagen), ‘the accusing women are: Social Democrat party organizer of Assange’s speaking tour last August, 31-year-old Sophia Wilén; and Anna Ardin, a 27-year-old anti-Cuba activist allied with US-paid so-called ‘dissidents’ in Cuba. Ardin was, reportedly, kicked out of Cuba for subversive activities with right-wing groups there. Her brother purportedly worked for the Swedish Secret Service/SEPO, which works with the CIA.’”

In spite of having Assange in a British prison, secret messages from the Empire continue to be released at countless internet sites around the world. The machinations of the Empire in the four corners of the world continue to be revealed. It should come as no surprise that the bloodthirsty king of the Saudis - a staunch U.S. ally - wants the Empire to invade Iran. But to see it print is delightful.

Who are these people running rampant over the globe? They are our public servants. And yes, we had a right to know what they are doing in our name. If Cablegate reveals anything, it is that our public servants have gone seriously off the track. Now that we know what they are doing, thanks to Wikileaks, they need to be reined in. If we allow them to continue on their merry way, we will have done a disservice to ourselves and to them. While we can’t say that their souls will burn in hell for their misdeeds, we can say that what they are doing is not in our interest, and they should resign forthwith, after apologies all around.

The Wikileaks disclosures and the official reaction to them are a classic battle between free speech and government secrecy. Lately, secrecy has been gaining ground with illegal spying and wiretapping of millions of people, the accumulation of ‘data’ on all of us from the internet, credit reports, Facebook and countless other sources. Wikileaks should be welcome by everyone who values the Constitutional ‘guarantees’ of free speech, a free press and privacy. A few governments, including Brazil, Russia, Ecuador, Venezuela and the United Nations, have applauded Wikileaks, but not Uncle Sam.

Unfortunately, the U.S. government is attempting to bluster through this debacle. The attacks on Bradley Manning and Jason Assange are misplaced. Russia’s president Dmitry Medvedev was correct in recommending the Noble Peace Prize for Assange. There should be ticker-tape parades in every American city for Assange and Manning. For they have stolen the fire of the gods and brought it to earth. Prometheus lives.

But will Assange and Manning’s deeds have a lasting effect among the less-than-heroic American populace? The Pentagon Papers, stolen and released in 1971 by Daniel Ellsberg and Tony Russo, certainly helped bring some sanity to the U.S. cruel invasion and bombing of a third world country, Vietnam. Both the New York Times and the Washington Post printed extracts of the Pentagon Papers. Alaskan Senator Mike Gravel read it into the Congressional Record (where is a Senator or Representative today with the courage to do that?). Yet, by 1971 the Vietnam War had largely been decided in Vietnam’s favor by a combination of worldwide support, a powerful U.S. peace movement, an army that would no longer fight, and more importantly, by a determination of the Vietnamese to win freedom and independence in their land no matter the cost.

Closer to home, official secrets of Los Angeles city officials were disclosed in February, 2005, thanks to the investigative work of Beachhead reporter John Davis. The documents showed how city officials including Arturo Pena (now Venice deputy to Councilmember Bill Rosendahl) LAPD Capt. Bill Williams and officers Gerry Smedley and Theresa Skinner; Sandy Kievman (aide to Councilmember Cindy Miscikowski); city attorneys Mary Molitor, Gita Isagholian, Aaron Gross and Susan Wagner; mediator Gary De La Rosa and one Venice resident, Rick Feibusch, conspired to destroy the Grass Roots Venice Neighborhood Council (GRVNC). One of those, de La Rosa, was supposed to be a neutral arbitrator ruling on an election challenge, which he used to bring down the Council.

While none of the conspirators were fired, or even disciplined, for subverting democracy, the revelations did create a healthy skepticism among Venetians which exists to this day.

Likewise, the Wikileaks revelations should create a healthy skepticism about U.S. government pronouncements, which may or may not be the truth.

Because of aggressive efforts by government hackers to bring down Wikileaks websites, no web address can be considered permanent. To read the documents, and see the videos, on Iraq, Afghanistan and diplomatic cables, search the web for “Wikileaks” or “Cablegate.” To read L.A.’s secrets described above, go to:

www.freevenice.org/Secrets/andemails.html

Wikileaks

By Cosmo

Wikileaks is not a hula in Hawai’i or a faucet in the basement. It’s an ongoing story; a practiced pretense of nothingness exposing our guts to the world. Backdoor people in charge of our freedoms spreading our nirvana, thinner and thinner, until we are guilty of the untruths that are said in our name.



Political Art by Khalil Bendib

Billy's Apartment

By Carol Fondiller

The voice on the other end of the phone said, “Rumors are whizzing ‘round, noisy as skeeters on a stagnant pool spreading west Nile disease. Billy’s apartment building is up for sale.”

Fighting through my friend’s hyperbole, I asked ‘say what? Who’s Billy? And what’s love got to do with it?’

“Well,” said my friend, hereinafter known as Gary, “Billy’s apartment building is located on the Ocean Front Walk between Park and Brooks Avenues. About 8 units, 10 people, right next to one of the surviving single family houses on the Front and Billy’s...”

Oh yeah, “Billy’s Apartments.” Well. There’s a strip mall on Park Avenue that sells nothing useful to the surrounding community, the two-story single family house, Billy’s Apartments—which is painted a sort of pinkish brown, has what Easterners call a stoop, and what God-fearing heartlanders would call a small porch, is three stories high. It’s just north of a tattoo parlour and the Café Venezia on Brooks Avenue.

In the late 50s the Ocean Front Walk had a varied streetscape of former hotels turned into permanent apartments, bars, single family houses, a few Mom ‘n’ Pop stores....Excuse me while I brush away a nostalgic those-were-the-days tear.

Well, things do change, sometimes for worse, and sometimes for the better. And sometimes it’s just change. As in decay, rebirth, and all that Karmic stuff.

But to me, the sale of Billy’s Apts. signals a real change.

This is one of the last apartment buildings that have moderately priced units on the Ocean Front Walk, perhaps in Venice. Some of the tenants have lived at Billy’s for twenty years. Years ago, developer wannabes dreamed up a plan for Venice that would, in the words of one developer, “Make Venice a Miami Gold Coast.”

This plan included a freeway that ran west of the beach onto the ocean, the taking of property east of Speedway by eminent domain, in order to facilitate two-way traffic. (It’s estimated that the proposed plan to widen Speedway would have taken about 20 percent of the properties abutting Speedway.) Not just the Hippies and Commies opposed that plan. And, of course, there’s always been controversy in regards to development on the O.F.W.

To put it delicately, Venice is entering another phase.

To my way of thinking, there is a plan to eliminate all dwellings on the Ocean Front Walk. Billy’s Apts. and the single family house next to it can be consolidated. And with claims of hardship exemptions, easements, setbacks and other development goodies, to combine with the property that includes the tattoo parlour, Mom ‘n’ Pop shop and the Café Venezia into one helluva package for plasticized quaint B’n’Bs or Hotel California for discreet business meetings.

As it is, the Ocean Front Walk and the adjacent walk streets are barely livable now.

The uh, gee...dare I offend the west side artistes? I can find no other description—NOISE from the Ocean Front Walk 8 hours a day or longer, 7 days a week, and the fumes of endangered sage, gasoline emissions from huge buses with faulty engines, and the stench of rancid oils that emit from our many fine restaurants. I understand that much of this will change after the Ocean Front Walk ordinance is in place, but I am skeptical. The charms of Venice were the juxtaposition of seedy apartments next to one family houses next to bars and groceries, fruit stands, synagogues, tabernacles, etc.

There was also the mix of Bohemian outcast, orthodox Jew, fundamentalist, etc., workers, poets...; well you know the drill—diversity.

That’s coming to an end now, and not only because of the developers, real estate and the Artbunkers that are popping up like giant pustules. J’accuse some of the aforesaid Artistry—Poos that have invaded the Ocean Front Walk. They seem to think that just because they are poor like Van Gogh, unrecognized as Van Gogh, they automatically have the genius of Van Gogh.

—continued on page 10

Carol Fondiller died last Jan. 9 after working most of 41 years on the Beachhead. Here are her comments from March, 2005:



Farewell to Billy’s

By Jeff Willis

Once I lived down by the sea
In an old wood house with the name “Billy’s”
Eight shotgun shacks, front and back
But a view and a breeze they didn’t lack

All the residents I knew well
Each of them had a story to tell
Young and old, rich and poor
Bum and Saint passed Billy’s door

Oochee, the artist, lived in a cloud
Of his few pictures he was very proud
He paid no heed to critics unkind
For his best work was in his mind

To find Mr. Nelson you didn’t look far
Just underneath the nearest car
He had the devotion of a young Monk
To turn fine machines into hunks of junk

Markey rolled from his waterbed
Out through the window and onto his head
Then said to me in a state of shock
“Of my next six pack I’d better take stock”

I was the biggest fool of them all
Pretending to hear a different call
Working each day in the legal halls
Then rushing home to juggle some balls

Old black Jack lived in the back
And carried his Brandy in a paper sack
Cuban Bill cooked rice and beans
While perfecting his acting dreams

Christie, Roberta and Lenore too
Comprised the distaff side of the crew
O’Mara and Schley came by for the day
They were the members “honoree”

Friends dropped by to say hello
Have a beer and watch the show
On the Walk, Life did pour
Like blue waves crashing onto shore

Chorus
We started out most every day
With breakfast at The Lafayette Café
It felt like home as you opened the door
And were greeted by Ruby from Baltimore

Her life was hard but you’d never know
She laughed and joked as she poured our Joe
We carried little cash but had our fun
For the Great Cheap-off had now begun
Each day brought a new parade

Which we perused from Billy’s shade
The girls on the Walk were fair and free
And some even came to visit me

I remember one with long dark hair
She sang and danced with devil-may-care
I remember two with eyes of blue
They taught me things I never knew

Chorus
We dealt the cards, then dealt some more
With all who came through Billy’s door
Hearts and Spades we loved to play
But the losers always hated to pay

X-Swami-X stood upon his bench
And into our minds threw a monkey wrench
Donnie B Waugh was a sight to see
If Elvis was your cup of tea

Kim the Mudman carried a cross
In protest of some lost cause
Mimes and clowns and jugglers too
Performed for those passing through

Gurus and prophets of every kind
If you wanted to seek you could always find
Some took off to a higher plane
Some crash-landed inside your brain

Holy Moly, what’s that sound
Whose that jumping up and down?
Riding Pachyderms in orange gowns
The Hari Krishnas have come to town

Tippecanoe and Tyler too
Knew the Admiral of Peru
They smoked some hash with Fu Manchu
Then they danced the Boogaloo

Chorus
Friends moved on and left the fold
A few the devil bought and sold
Some went to pot on drugs and booze
We all had certain paths to choose

I ran on the sand to keep me fit
Then went downtown in my strait jacket
The Siren’s song, we were in its sway
I heard her call nearly every day

Though dollars and sense I could never hold
Each setting sun poured forth its gold
We all were Kings for a moment or two
When the evening breeze blew off the blue

Chorus
Hey, Hey, Hey we’re sailing away, if this dark night
ever turns to day
Hey, Hey, Hey I won’t despair, the Jack of Hearts has
paid our fare



Holiday Fun on Abbot Kinney without those Food Trucks

—continued from page 1

one who thought the dang trucks brought more business with them.

The sole defiant business, touting “We Support Food Trucks” right on their windows was Trim, who must have their reasons, but everyone else I spoke to were SO much happier with the night, and the business they did (and I suspect Trim might change their tune as well if it were a mobile hair salon parked out front of their space).

We saw MOSTLY people we knew for a change - some of whom said they hadn't been to a First Friday in months.

There were still food trucks if you needed to eat off a grill that has no health regulations whatsoever, but they were all parked at The Brig - per usual. We toasted marshmallows for S'mores at a decked out for the holidays Zingara. We got delicious chocolate at Elvino, who were toasting the season with a fun wine tasting.

We stood around the fire pit at Robin's Sculpture Garden where we heard live music again at First Fridays (also at Trim! Also Carolers!)

We saw MOSTLY people we knew for a change - some of whom said they hadn't been to a First Friday in months (if not longer), so turned off were they by the trucks. It felt great, and neighborly, and VENICE vs. Carney Fair. I even returned to my bike at the end of the night to find not ONE piece of trash in my basket. For that alone, I hope the Merchants chip in every month -and it sounds like they will for a while - for the First Friday parking ban ... because it once again ruled.

Also ruling this weekend was the Holiday Stroll fun that was centered at The Brig. With REAL SNOW! Perhaps feeling some heat from the locals for all those food trucks normally parked there, Brig Dave lent out his normally packed with trucks parking lot to become a Winter Wonderland - complete with snow!

They took a pile of hay bales and covered them up with man-made snow to make a little sledding hill, that the kids super dug (especially since they could be in short sleeved shirts while riding!). One young whippersnapper, who appeared to be about two, kept following me around throwing little icy snowballs at me. I let it slide, as it was pretty exciting.

Carolers caroled, there were holiday arts & crafts projects, and even face painting. The little spare room left over in the lot did allow for a couple food trucks to get in and vend some hot-pink chocolate snowball things, and hot dogs.

Overall it seemed that everyone pretty much had their socks charmed off. ‘this is so great’ ... ‘Adorable’ ... “this was so nice of them” ... “My kids have never seen snow!” “It feels so small town!” ... were snippets of many conversations I overheard, and that is exactly what I love and try to promote about the special place we live.

The good far outweighs the bad. Whatever beefs you have in your corner of the town, about whatever small picture thing, when you see kids of the community beaming with red cheeks from hustling up the slippery hay slope, and people still arriving despite the rain that began to fall (and melt the snow) - in easy strolls, like “who cares about a little rain, check out how fun this is!” and coming out in droves just to enjoy each other and some frivolity, well, you just get it. All of the above things seem like more fodder for Cityhood as well ... let's keep on discussing that possibility.

It indeed takes a village, and last weekend proved that we have that, in abundance. ☺



Hot off the Press: New book of dissident political cartoons by Khalil Bendib, the only LEFT cartoonist LEFT in America!

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A political cartoon by Khalil Bendib. It depicts a man in a green military-style uniform with a large, ornate turban, holding a rifle. He is standing in front of a cityscape with smoke rising from the buildings. The city is labeled "NEW YORK" and "BAGHDAD". The cartoon is signed "NEW ORLEANS" in the bottom right corner.

Photos by CJ Gronner

OM HATS.COM

A graphic featuring a large orange Om symbol on the left. To its right are two images of hats: one is a white hat with a red band, and the other is a blue hat with a red band. Below these images is the phone number "310-591-4991" and the email address "OMHATS@GMAIL.COM".

Murals Under Attack

By Roger Linnett

“this world is but a canvas to our imagination.”
- Henry David Thoreau

As anyone who has visited the Venice Beach Public Art Walls next to the Skate Park can tell you, “street art” and wall mural painting is a vibrant art form in L.A. Saturday, Dec. 11 a new exhibition, ‘the Constraint of Street Art - Illusions of Grime,’ opened at SPARC, the Social and Public Art Resource Center, as part of its ongoing “Planet Siqueiros” series, to sound the alarm regarding the perilous state of murals and related public works of art in L.A.

There is currently a freeze on new permits for murals citywide. Also, as with everything else in our economically-beleaguered city, the funds to maintain and promote new public art projects have been severely curtailed.

The exhibit is the result of a yearlong effort that began with a conversation between Gustavo “Daniel” Muñoz and SPARC Executive Director Debra Padilla, and was curated by Muñoz, one of the nine contributing artists, all former taggers and graffitiists. The exhibition’s focus is a commentary on the forces that are trying to whitewash, literally, the street mural from the walls of our metropolis, and to present street art, especially murals, as a valid and positive contribution to the community and society in general.

Artists Berk, D2, Gash86, Never, Silvana Jeyd Paredes, Myron Reyes, Sonji, TankOne and Muñoz used oils, acrylics and mixed media, as well as, of course, spray paints, on canvas, wood and found objects to create the 21 paintings on view.

In addition to the artwork, an “Artists’ Manifesto,” in support of SPARC’s “save the Murals” campaign, is part of the display. The manifesto, with contributions by each of the artists, defines and proclaims their common purpose and a plea for the right of their art to survive and thrive. The group also collaborated on a 85-foot wall mural, created especially for this showing, along the east side of the public parking lot next to SPARC.

Each of the artists has at one time or another run afoul of the law in their passionate pursuit of creating public art; several have served jail time. Their drive remains unabated. If anything they are more committed to publicizing the need for public art in a cityscape becoming more and more dominated by digital billboards and posters.

In bit of deliciously droll irony, SPARC’s gallery, where the paintings are hung, was the former detention area, i.e., cell block, complete with the original heavy, iron-barred doors, of the old Venice police station, which is now home to SPARC.

The iron lattice of one cell door, itself a mute victim of untold coats of thickly-slayered paint, is bedecked with the empty spray cans used for the outside wall mural, like an artistic exclamation point to the manifesto which hangs above it. As elegant a statement of art’s *raison d’etre* as when E.M. Forster said, ‘to make us feel small in the right way is a function of art; men can only make us feel small in the wrong way.’

Murals everywhere are under attack. Right here in Venice a well-known mural on the side of the building at Pacific and Windward was sacrificed to advertising just last spring. Recently, taggers throughout the city have begun to employ a pernicious tactic. Under the Visual Artist Rights Act, the agencies in charge of maintaining the city’s murals are restrained from painting over any part of designated works of art, and simply don’t have the resources to constantly police and restore them. The taggers, by befouling a mural with their nocturnal besmirchings, are serendipitously protected from having their petty desecrations removed.

Just recently a mural, commissioned by MOCA Director Jeffrey Deitch for the Geffen Contemporary Museum in Little Tokyo, was painted over shortly after it was completed, on orders from Deitch. Italian street artist Blu’s mural on the north side of the Geffen depicted rows of coffins draped with dollar bills instead of flags. Commissioned as part of the museum’s “Art in the Streets” show in April, Deitch claimed the mural might be offensive to the community. As Ambrose Bierce wryly observed, “Painting is the art of protecting flat surfaces from the weather, and exposing them to the critic.” Charges of censorship have been leveled at Deitch and MOCA from many besides the artist. An anonymous street artist has pasted a guerilla poster on the side of a downtown sushi restaurant, which has become “a neighborhood editorial space.” In it, Deitch is depicted as an Iranian ayatollah holding a paint roller dripping white paint in front of several of Blu’s coffins. Several letters accompanying the L.A. Times article about the anonymous poster voiced sentiments that



Venice’s first outdoor mural, on Brooks Ave., east of Pacific. Painted by the L.A. Fine Arts Squad

ran the gamut from disheartening, ignoble and appalling to calls for his outright firing.

Censorship of murals in L.A. and elsewhere is nothing new.

Currently, an exhibit titled ‘siqueiros in America: Censorship Defied,’ a retrospective of Mexican muralist David Alfaro Siqueiros, which includes over 100 of his works and related materials, is on view at the Autry Museum.

Meanwhile, efforts continue to try to restore Siqueiros’ 80-foot-long masterpiece “La America Tropical” in Olvera Street. The mural was whitewashed within a year of its unveiling on Oct. 9, 1932. It holds the dubious distinction of being the most infamous case of censorship in L.A. art history.

The following year in New York, Diego Rivera created one of his most famous murals, “Man at the Crossroads,” which was commissioned by Nelson Rockefeller for the lobby of Rockefeller Center.

Upset because Rivera refused to change a portrait of Lenin in the mural, Rockefeller had it immediately draped after its unveiling. It was destroyed and carted away in early 1934. Rivera later recreated it, on a smaller scale at the Palace of Fine Arts in Mexico City.

Rivera called the mural’s destruction “cultural vandalism,” which brings us back to SPARC and its ongoing program of championing public art and its current exhibition. As the authorities pursue a policy of eradicating street art and criminalizing street artists, it is well worth your time to come and discover how truly gifted these “graffiti artists” are, as they follow in the footsteps of Siqueiros, Rivera and Jose Clemente Orozco, and why they deserve a place in L.A.’s kaleidoscopic culture.

Please also consider signing SPARC’s petition supporting their “Mural Rescue Program,” requesting Mayor Villaraigosa to designate 10 percent of the city’s graffiti abatement budget for the program.

The exhibition runs through Feb. 6. SPARC is open Mon. thru Fri., 10 am - 4 pm, and Sat. 1 - 4 pm. The wall mural can be seen 24 hours a day, but is most impressive when viewed in bright sunlight. ☺

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SWAMI X SPEAKS



Photo by Rich Mann

Our understanding of God influences our essential behaviour at the profoundest level. We don't know God because we don't know ourselves. Know thyself, who is God. Not to get religious, or anything like that. Let us just relate to reality. God is reality, both Absolute and relative. God is beyond the mind. Gos is Love beyond mental concepts, God is the Great Spirit. We are spirits and God is Absolute Bliss. God is the Origin, Sustenance and goal of mankind. There's no evasion or escape from spiritual unfoldment, realization and perfection; so relax and enjoy yourself.

Of course, you must meditate every day, for the inner strength to maintain your spiritual life. Life is basically a spiritual experience, if you have the consciousness to perceive it as such. Obviously, most of us are only semi-conscious, but still conscious. God is Existence and most of us are feeling pretty good about existing, even if they aren't Donald Trump; and they wouldn't have it any other way. God bless 'the Donald.' God is Love and the mystery of Love is still a mystery to most of us, however, we can't resist experimenting and checking in with Jerry Springer.

We have been living for an eternity, however, our memory isn't all that good. We are brilliant, but brainwashed. We are talented and psychotically neurotic, however, we are also immortal souls, spiritually qualified to realize Absolute Bliss. God resides and waits eternally within us for our at-one-ment with Her. Not to wax erotically mystical, or anything like that, nevertheless, the real handwriting is always realized between the lines. ॐ

Health Care in 2011

By Roger Linnett

The following is part of a continuing series, summarizing the benefits that will go into effect in 2011 as part of the Affordable Care Act, which President Obama signed into law on March 23, 2010. The first article appeared in the September, 2010, issue. Unless otherwise noted, benefits take effect as of Jan. 1.

As in the previous article, benefits are categorized under three headings:

Improving Care and Lowering Costs

- To start closing the "Donut Hole," seniors who reach the coverage gap in their prescription drug coverage will receive a 50 percent discount for "Medicare Part D" -covered, brand-name prescription drugs. The discount will increase annually until the gap is closed in 2020.

- Certain free preventive services, such as annual wellness visits and personalized prevention plans for seniors on Medicare begin.

- A new Center for Medicare & Medicaid Innovation will be established to find new ways to improve the quality of care and reduce the rate of growth in health care costs to patients for Medicare, Medicaid, and the Children's Health Insurance Program (CHIP).

- The Community Care Transitions Program will help high-risk Medicare beneficiaries, who are hospitalized, avoid unnecessary readmissions by coordinating care and connecting patients to services in their communities.

- The Independent Payment Advisory Board will begin operations to develop and submit proposals to Congress and the President aimed at extending the life of the Medicare Trust Fund. The Board will fo-

cus on ways to target waste in the system, reduce costs, improve health outcomes for patients and expand access to care.

Administrative funding becomes available October 1, 2011.

Increasing Access to Affordable Care

- The new Community First Choice Option allows States to offer home- and community- based services to disabled individuals through Medicaid instead of institutional care in nursing homes. Effective October 1, 2011

Holding Ins. Companies Accountable

- To help bring down health care premiums, the new law generally requires that, at least 85% of all premiums for large employer plans, and at least 80% of the premiums from individual and small employer plans, must be spent on benefits and quality improvement. If insurance companies do not meet these goals, because of excessive administrative costs or profits, they must provide rebates to consumers.

- Today, Medicare pays insurance companies that provide Medicare Advantage (MA) over \$1,000 per person more, on average, than is spent per person in traditional Medicare. This results in increased premiums for all Medicare beneficiaries, including the 77 percent who are not currently enrolled in a Medicare Advantage plan. Over the next three years overpayments to MA providers will decrease to eliminate this discrepancy. People enrolled in a Medicare Advantage plan will still receive all guaranteed Medicare benefits. (Medicare Advantage is actually not Medicare at all. It is private insurance paid for through Medicare, but the insurers charge Medicare 14% more than an individual would pay, in exchange for "enhanced services," such as a spa membership or free glasses. The Obama administration intends to phase out MA, saving the government an estimated \$156 billion over ten years.)

Information for this article was compiled from: whitehouse.gov, kaiserhealthnews.org, healthcare.gov, and The Center on Budget and Policy Priorities – cbpp.org. ॐ

New Self Arrest Ordinance

An amendment of the private persons arrest law 68.007.1069: any known human being within the city limits of L.A. County, State of California can act to arrest oneself for violation of the U.S. Constitution, California Constitution, all the treaties ratified by Congress and all other laws that protect the well-being of the person.

While prowling the streets of Venice Beach one rain-soaked winter's night. Officers Boozefling and Spinner decide to shakedown a man sleeping on the sidewalk at 8:59:57 PM. - three seconds before the Jones Settlement takes effect at 9 pm every night. The person they decide to pounce upon is the well known Peace and Justice personality David FuzzyHead. Officer Boozefling yells out, "we're going to arrest you for sleeping on the sidewalk." Spinner screams,



Sher-ruff of Venice

—By Calvin

"stand up and spread um, hands against the wall."

Fuzzyhead and a man on the sidewalk start singing, (Just like the old IWW.) the underground hit arrest yourself.

Sung to the R&B classic

arrest yourself na na na

arrest yourselves na na na

If you can't arrest yourself

Then no one else will give a hoooot

So arrest yourself na na na

Boozefling orders the two to stop singing that subversive song or she is going to send them down to the 77th division and lock them up. Fuzzyhead knowing the law of the land ,sites the brand new self arrest ordinance.at 9:03 PM Officer Spinner says to Officer Boozefling your violating ordinance 68.007.1969. Boozefling takes her handcuffs out and hands them to officer Spinner.Put these on Officer Spinner and not to tight I am placing myself under arrest for violating Mr. Fuzzyheads human rights.Officer Spinner says she is an accomplice to the crime and places herself under arrest.The two Officers ask Mr. Fuzzyhead if he has a current drivers license. Could he please drive them both down to the 77th police division so they could be booked in and charged with the violation.

arrest yourself na na na

arrest yourselves na na na ॐ



Poetry at the Church

By Mary Getlein

All the seats in the front row were empty;
no one wants to sit in the front row
just like in school
no one wants to be singled out.
It’s easy to imagine them filled with the spirits
of our friends who are no longer with us;
poets and friends of poets -
“Are you a poet?”
“Not yet, but I’m a reader.”
Readers are very important to poets
otherwise it’s just poets talking to poets.
Everybody has a story inside their hearts,
hidden away from the rest of the world,
which might come out in a poem.
My friend, FrancEye, started this poetry scene 12
years ago.
Now she is no longer with us
but her spirit lingers around,
listening to the young poets,
with a smile on her face,
her eyes sparkling in anticipation -
“Poetry saved my life,” she declared one Sunday.
“Me too,” I said.
Books were my friends long before I had
flesh-and-blood friends.
Books told me there was intelligent life on this planet
and I was not alone.

The New Year

By Jim Smith

Did something just happen?
I felt a flux, a shift in space-time.
A far off tinkle of bells
or gears grinding or
the core of the earth vibrating.

It seemed to me that things
hit bottom and now they’re rising.
What things?
Well everything. Our future, etc.

Was it something Obama did?
Or was it Steve Jobs?
Are they in league with each other?
Perhaps The Age of Aquarius
has finally arrived, with a thud.
Are the Masses finally stirring?

Maybe it was just me
working though some psych thing.
But it seemed like it was “out there”
something turning, turning as the top
of the year begins
and the days - and our chances -
grow longer.

In a few years someone will remark
Don’t you think everyone is nicer lately?
You don’t hear that doomsday talk
and you don’t hear those haters.
We are more considerate of each other
and the earth.
Don’t you think?

And in a hundred years
they’ll say, how strange people used to be.
Must have been all that stress.

20 :34 Monday, December 27 2010, inside the Free
Venice Beachhead Offices..... I’m at a loss for words,
and this is rare. Believe me, other times I would not
care. A good time to be thankful, and how true, For
otherwise, I could not write to you, Dear Beachhead
reader. We have met before. This marks a fit occa-
sion, so I pour A year of observation into lines That
won’t be washed away by winter rains. An anniver-
sary is at our door. It’s knocking softly. It has come
before. How wondrous, what the decades seem to do.
Before we know it, they have broken through. Com-
memorate with me, as Januaire Pulls us along toward
I know not where.....Roger Houston, Venetian

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Coconut Oil 54 oz. \$14.99

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No Slice of Apple Pie

*(The following poem was given to a Beachhead col-
lective member by a down-and-out neighbor who
wishes to remain anonymous.)*

This New Year 2011
No UI benefit extension
No cash in my pocket,
Wallet or bank
No job to speak of
Certainly - no funds for the rent.
The lights and the gas are in a daily competition
To get shut off-
Which will be first?

The food on the table has to stretch
“stretch” - just like the juice in the fridge,
If you add a little water to it-
It will still quench your thirst.

No ticket to Oprah
No winning lotto
No reality TV show about my friends and me
while we all are forced to let go...
Let go of the American Dream.
We are living the American nightmare.
“Get help or go to jail” is all there is here in my town.
My town where new neighbors and some old ones
living in fear
succeeded in criminalizing the poor.
Where will we go?
Just where does “the tough” end up –
when we get going?
What we will we do when we get there?

No slice of apple pie,
No baseball
No Chevrolet to afford.
No Extreme Home Make Over
Knocking on my door.

No Christmas tree
No holiday cheer or glee
No family or friends to tell
of this predicament-
It’s a small personal comfort
when I made it through just one more day.

No Dr. Phil; no free
advise.
No confidant to
give me a hand up-
Not a hand out...
No answers to my
questions
What will become
of me?
What will become
of my child?

No President or
government rep
to speak for me.
No voice.
I am disposable
I am
No one.

the truth

By angelica love valentine

i have an opinion about that ...
but be clear that
there are no truths
only beliefs
and beliefs manifest
in form
in front of our eyes
but
that thing
in front of me
that i can see, feel, touch, hear and taste
it isn’t really what it is,
it’s actually
energy vibrating
according to science
which is all that
i am

what the fuck is going on here

Attitude

Will get you Altitude,
And Gratitude
Will keep you there.

–Louis Garza

This Paper
Is A Poem

“We defeated apartheid nonviolently because the international community agreed to support the divestment in apartheid campaign. A similar campaign can help to bring peace in the Middle East...”
Archbishop Desmond Tutu, August 2010

Help to put the Israel Divestment Initiative on the California ballot.

Sign the petition. Volunteer. Donate.

Email: ca.divest.sc@gmail.com

IsraelDivestmentCampaign.org

Fondiller on Billy's

—continued from page 5

They seem to think that because they claim to be artists, they have the right to annoy and denigrate all the Philistines and greedy money grubbers who have the nerve to live on the O.F.W.

Well, cheer up. Within a few years, with some exertion, Ocean Front Walk will be lined with charming air conditioned hotels and condos converted to “boutique” hotels. Those units facing the Front will have windows that open, so as to be able to throw money to the buskers, hucksters, etc., that will line the O.F.W. Visitors will enjoy the “ambiance” of the O.F.W., because they will be leaving after a short visit, to go back to their homes that do not have a Loud Noise Free Speech area. They will show videos of the man and his rubber snakes, the people who keep assassinating John Lennon over and over every day for 8 hours a day. Those hotel visitors will be able to open and close their windows at will and still be comfortable in their air-conditioned units, free of the concert stage amps used by the exhibitionists to extort money from them.

Debit cards will be issued by the Dept. of Entertainment division of Recreation and Parks. The cards will be issued in varying denominations to be used for entertainment expenses ranging from \$1.00 on up—to throw at the hucksters.

But best of all, the residents, or most of them will have fled from the Front inland, east of Lincoln, so that the walk streets can be converted to parking palaces for the hotel patrons. These palaces will be disguised as quaint beach cottages. The end result will be an Ocean Front Walk free of those annoying residents.

The Artisty-Poos will be free to bray bleat whine, sell incense, etc., without any interruption. They will have become part of the establishment that they profess to loathe.

But like “artists” before them, from Michelangelo to Warhol to Kinkaide, they go where the money is.

As I was writing this I heard a noise on the Front, no, not the Lennon-McCartney assassin, but some guy who was lecturing the customers at the café by my apartment building—he was yelling at some of the patrons. A bouncer came out and chased the man down the Front.

The “musician” who was singing applauded. A customer rebuked the exhibitionist for cheering as the man was chased off. The exhibitionist yelled at the customer for “trying to dominate my space. This is MY space!” he yelled through his microphone, “this is my show! I get to perform here! You don’t like it, leave!”

So much for love, camaraderie and caring by the sensitive (only to their own needs) exhibitionists on the Ocean Front Walk. Did it ever occur to the exhibitionist that if this man’s two-minute tirade so disturbed him, what must it be like to listen to his atonal renderings (and I mean rendering) of the Beatles” songs over and over again five hours a day five days a week?

Someone takes over on the weekends, and after the Beatle Killer and his Arnold Schwarzenegger imitations (another reason to vote out Arnold!) someone who kills off Bob Dylan comes on to commit more auditory rape until it gets dark.

Perhaps the proposed Robert Graham statue for the Venice Traffic Circle is a fitting definition of Venice after all—a stainless steel cunt. ☺



By CJ Gronner

Our hard core Christmas baking day, a verrrry serious annual tradition, fell on Sunday this year. Things began to fall apart even before I awoke on Sunday morning to find that SUMMER had actually finally arrived in Venice! It was a perfect 80 degrees and sunny out. Now I love Christmas, but I’m not a masochist. This had to be at least in part a Beach Day. The baking would have to come after the kitchen wasn’t too hot to turn on the oven!

Meanwhile, in Minnesota it had snowed so much that the Metrodome caved in and the Vikings game had to be relocated to Detroit to be played on the following Monday. I know this because I talked to one of my hometown BFF’s while laying on the beach in my bathing suit. Surrealism. While hearing tales of my friend’s kids bundled up to brave the -30 degrees to sled in Minneapolis, I watched the Venice kids sliding down the winter sand hills on those round disc sleds. While talking, it was clear that we were both a little jealous of each other. But really ... I was pretty happy to be right where I was.

I was even more happy to be here in the evening, when we went to the cutest thing in the entire world, the Venice Canals Boat Parade. All the lovely homes were lit up for the holidays, the bridges were lit with lights and words like JOY.

That emotion was written all over the faces of every single person we passed ... even the little

’id in a Spidey costume who insisted on spraying imaginary web stuff on me for blocks. (I egged him on though. Imagination is grand).

It appeared that every Canal dweller was having a big, fun party, and as we strolled past, we felt the Christmas spirit in full effect ... even though we were wearing flip-flops and the night air was balmier than it’s been all year long.

If all that didn’t warm your heart, my friends texted me a number that you can call and get real live college kids to sing you a Christmas Carol for free, and for fun!

Really, call up 217.332.1882 and have a song you love in mind, and those guys will whoop it up for you right then and there. That’s the thing to remember amid all the madness of the Season - and believe me, I’m feeling that part of it all - that the whole idea behind it is to come together, celebrate, and be united in the feelings of peace and goodwill.

Enjoy it all, wherever you are, and whatever the weather. ☺




Daytime photos by Jennifer Everhart. Nighttime by Paul Gronner .com

Announces its 2011 Winter/Spring Season
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The Season kicks off January 14th-February 6th with
Awake in a World that Encourages Sleep
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in a world of Endless War.
Performed by Tacey Adams, Raymod J. Barry, and Joseph Culp.

For ticket information and the Full Season Listing
visit: www.electriclodge.org or call 310.306.1854



Electric Lodge. 1416 Electric Avenue. Venice, California. 90291

CommUnity Events – day by day

Free Venice Beachhead • January 2011 • 11

Calendar by Karl Abrams

Saturday, January 1

• 11am - Join the **Venice Penguin Swim Club at the Breakwater**. First man and woman to complete 500-yard swim around a buoy and back will be crowned the Penguin Prince and Princess. At the end of Windward. Free.

Monday, January 3

• 7-10pm – **Mozaic Spoken Word**. The Talking Stick. Free.

Wednesday, January 5

• 11am-12pm - **Billy Burgos** talks with Jawanza Dumisani and Douglas Kearney about The 100 Best African American Poems (edited, Nikki Giovanni). Beyond Baroque. \$7, students, seniors, children \$5, members free.

Friday, January 7

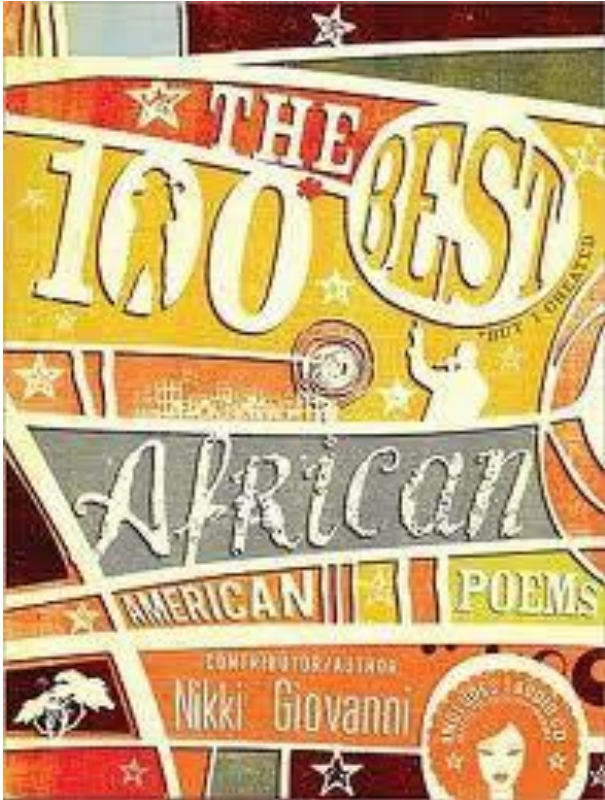
• 6-9pm - **Reception for Nature LA: Ted Yeager with live music** performed by Eric Kufs. G2 Gallery. Free.
• 7pm – **First Friday on Abbot Kinney Blvd**. Open shops, lots of people. Free.
• 8:30pm - **First Friday Fashion Show**: Sita Couture will celebrate their spring eco collection at Bohemian Exchange with a full runway fashion show. Refreshments. 1358 Abbot Kinney Blvd. Free.

Saturday, January 8

• 2pm – **MESS: Media Ecology Soul Salon**. with Donald Leidinger- Metaphysical Mash-Ups, films, interview. Unurban Café. Free.
• 7-10pm - **Grassroots Acoustica Fundraiser**. Talking Stick. Free.

Sunday, January 9

• 6pm - **Readings: The 100 Best African American Poems**, Free Admission with book purchase. Beyond Baroque. \$7, students, seniors, children \$5, members free.



Monday, January 10

• 6-10pm: **Documental-VisionCore III Experimental films**. Unurban Café. Free.
• 6-10pm - Stefani Valadez and Steve Moos and Friends. The Talking Stick. \$5.

Tuesday, January 11

• 7-10pm - **A Night of Festive Musical Goodness** hosted by Danny Moynahan. Talking Stick. Free.

Wednesday, January 12

• 6:45-9pm - **Land Use and Planning Committee Meeting**. Oakwood Recreation Center in the Community Room (Oakwood and 7th Avenue).
• 7-10pm - **Suzy Williams at Danny's Deli**. Truly amazing. Free.

Sunday, January 16

• 7-10pm - **Blues Time** featuring Tom Gramlich. The Talking Stick. Free.



• **Half Marathon Race from OFW** to Venice Blvd to La Cienega, turning and concluding on Windward Circle. www.131marathon.com

Monday, January 17

• **Martin Luther King, Jr. Day**
“We have no alternative but to protest. For many years we have shown an amazing patience... But we come here tonight to be saved from that patience that makes us patient with anything less than freedom and justice.” - Montgomery, Alabama, December 5, 1955
• 6-10pm - **Celestial Celluloid 16 mm. Sponto & Venice History Films**. 7 Dudley Cinema. Talking Stick. Free.

Tuesday, January 18

• 7-10pm - **VNC Board Meeting**. Westminster Elementary School Auditorium.

Wednesday, January 19

• **Full Moon in Venice**
• 7-10pm - **MOM: Meditations On Media**. Every 3rd Wednesday. Beyond Baroque. Free.

Friday, January 21

• 7pm - **Masters in the Chapel music of the D'Amore Duo** with Yeon-jee Sohn, oboe, William Feasley, guitar. First Lutheran Church of Venice. 815 Venice Blvd. Free.
• 7:30pm - **Conservation International. The Essence of Life: Freshwater**. Cristina Mittermeier of the International League of Conservation Photographers speaks on freshwater and environmental survival. G2 Gallery. Free.

Saturday, January 22

• 1:30-4:30pm- **Films of biodiverse reefs and research**. Meet activists and marine researchers. Electric Lodge. \$5-10 suggested donation, no one turned away for lack of funds.

Tuesday, January 25

• 7- 9:30pm - **Bioneers Meeting: “...dedicated to re-imagining the future of our planet** within a broadly progressive framework.” G2 Gallery. Free.

Friday, January 28

• 7-10pm - **Subversive Cinema** at 212 Pier Coffee-house 212 Pier SM. Free.
• 7:30pm - **Celeste Prince, singing in concert**. G2 Gallery. Free.

Sunday, January 30

• 7-10pm - **Stefani Valadez hosts World Music Night**. The Talking Stick. \$10.

Location Guide

- Abbot Kinney Public Library, 501 S. Venice Blvd, 821-1769
- Beyond Baroque, 681 Venice Blvd. 822-3006
- Burton Chace Park, 13650 Mindanao Way, Marina del Rey. marinadelrey.lacounty.gov
- Danny's Deli, 23 Windward Ave. 66-5610
- G2 Gallery, 1503 Abbot Kinney Blvd 310-452-2842.
- Hal's Bar and Grill, 1349 Abbot Kinney Blvd., 396-3105 - www.halsbarandgrill.com
- Oakwood Recreation Center, 757 California Ave.
- Pacific Resident Theatre, 703 1/2 Venice Blvd. 822-8392 - 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
- United Methodist Church and Auditorium, 2210 Lincoln Blvd. (at Victoria).
- Unurban Coffee House, 3301 Pico Blvd. Santa Monica.
- Vera Davis Center, 610 California Avenue. 305-1865.

Ongoing Events

- 8pm-12am - Hal's Bar and Grill features **Live Jazz**, Sunday and Monday nights. Free.
- 8:30pm - **TKO Comedy's "Open Mic"** for comics, musicians, speakers and artists of any kind. 212 Pier. Free. Every Thursday.
- Thursday-Sunday 12-2pm, Saturday and Sunday 8am-1pm **Jazz** at Uncle Darrow's featuring "Joe Banks and Friends." 2560 Lincoln Blvd. Free.
- 6-8pm - **McLuhan-Finnegans Wake** Reading Club. Lloyd Taber-Marina Del Rey Library, 4533 Admiralty Way. First Tuesdays of the month. Free.
- 5:30pm - Abbot Kinney Public Library Thursday **Movie Night**. Call 310-821-1769 for the upcoming movie.
- 6:30pm -Abbot Kinney Public Library Children's **Pajama Storytime**. Second, fourth Tuesday evenings. Free.
- 6-10pm - 2nd Thursday - **Psychedelic Surf Rock**. Mollusk, 1600 Pacific Ave. Free.
- Every Third Thursday is the **Venice Art Crawl**.
- 7-10pm - **MOM: Meditations On Media**. Every 3rd Wednesday. Beyond Baroque. Free.
- 12:30pm, 2nd & 4th Mondays - **Free Food Distribution** at Vera Davis Center.
- **Need Shelter?** Go to the Transportation Pickup Point at Market St. and Ocean Front Walk, 4:45pm and 5:15pm, to be driven to the 110 bed Winter Shelter Program in Culver City. Call 213-435-4052.

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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.

Get Your Local Event Listed

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



TOO MANY TOURISTS —continued from page 1

While most Venetians celebrated Thanksgiving and Christmas in warmth, with a ridiculous overabundance of foods and tons of useless, unwanted presents, up to 253 mostly long-time Venice RV residents were left truly homeless, without the modest but sufficient shelter that they previously enjoyed. Either that or they were pushed into another neighborhood, away from their friends, support system and place they call home. It's easier to read these numbers than to hear even one personal story.

During the most recent Town Hall Meeting Diane Butler, who's been living in Venice since 1970, asked Rosendahl for a moratorium to the sudden increase of harassment towards RV dwellers during the holiday season, reminding everyone that "Christmas is a time of togetherness, love and giving. Let's not kick people out right before Christmas time," she went on to say.

Shareen shared her personal story of traveling to see her father for Thanksgiving and coming back to find her bus gone. It had been impounded for a barely-noticeable oil leak that was not there before she left. It cost her \$1000 to get her bus back. She asked: "What do you want to do with people who live in vehicles? Is it morally right to kick them out of their shelter?"

Emily Winters reminded Venetians that "we used to be a place of love. Now we are becoming a place of hate." Juan Alcala also pointed out the changing character of Venice and the effect that change might have on tourism. According to him, Venice is the #1 tourist destination in Southern California because of the very characters that Rosendahl is on a mission to

get rid of. "tourists don't come to Venice to eat at the Sidewalk Café, they have the worst coffee in the world. They don't come to buy stuff from China," he said.

Subsequent to the Town Hall Meeting, a group of people proceeded to go all the way to Rosendahl's Westchester office on December 9 to push for a "Venice homeless holiday arrest moratorium." Feeling unheard, Venetians then marched with signs on the boardwalk and up to Third and Sunset on December 11, again asking for humane treatment of fellow humans.

And after all that Rosendahl went on as a true Scrooge and denied the moratorium. I wish there was a happier Venice Christmas story to be told.

Another very non-urgent but scheduled topic of the Town Hall Meeting was tourism in Venice. Overall consensus was expressed regarding two issues: that Venice needs additional resources to be able to cope with the large number of visitors and that the city of Los Angeles does not provide those resources.

If the money generated by tourism in Venice stayed in Venice, the problem of inadequate resources would vanish. And if we as Venetians could decide locally what the money should be spent on, we might just have "Venice becoming the city imagined./ A city like no other on earth," as the late Venice poet laureate Philomene Long put it.

Realistically speaking, obtaining Venice cityhood is the only way for us to hold on to the money generated locally and be able to decide how our community could benefit most from that money. Although a move towards cityhood was started back in July and

Venetians seem to be delighted by that idea, people choose to be couch potatoes instead of organizing and volunteering. Meanwhile we wonder: whose job is it? Here's an anonymous story about four people named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody and Nobody, that illustrates the problem:

There was an important job to be done and Everybody was sure Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about that because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought Anybody could do it, but Nobody realized that Everybody wouldn't do it. It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done. ☹️

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