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July 2009

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P.O. BOX 2, VENICE, CALIF 90294 • www.freevenice.org • Beachhead@freevenice.org • 396-0811/399-8685

Photo by YoVenice, www.yovenice.com



Venetians Cheer As California Coastal Commission Says No to Permit Parking

By Ian Lovett

On June 11, the California Coastal Commission voted 9-1, with one abstention, to reject a proposal to institute Overnight Parking Districts in Venice between the hours of 2-6 am. The vote came at the end of a five-hour public hearing, which featured testimony from the LAPD, City Councilman Bill Rosendahl, and hundreds of Venice residents.

At the end of the public testimony, Commissioner Mary Shallenberger said, "As an individual, I find it heart-wrenching, but unfortunately as a commissioner I have to look only through the lens of coastal protection." Her voice wavered. "We're being asked to balance between the homeless and the parking needs of residents, and that's not our job." She then proposed a 'No' vote to reject the proposal, explaining that the plan would render the beach "exclusively for Venice residents between the hours of 2-5 or 2-6am, and that is not consistent with the coastal act," which is designed to ensure access to the coast for all.

Commissioner Ross Mirkarimi agreed. "This does become an exclusionary act, invariably," he said. "I foresee that this is going to continue to be a problem over the next three to five years unless we get a new politics."

And Commissioner Dave Potter offered, "What's a problem in some areas is actually part of the fabric of your community."

The hearing began at 8am at the Marina Del Rey Hotel, in a sterilized-looking white room. A hundred chairs, each draped in a red satin cover, were faced towards the front, where the Coastal Commissioners sat, while another hundred filled an adjoining room, where people signed pink slips for the right to testify.

A mix of Venice residents populated the hall, ranging from businessmen in full three-piece suits to some of the homeless who permit parking would

affect most. 'Hatman,' as some of the other vendors on the boardwalk refer to him, made himself conspicuous. He wasn't wearing his trademark sombrero, but a leather headband, onto which he'd attached his Styrofoam sign: 'Dollhouse Dude.' He strolled the aisles, offering up signs that read, 'NOPD: No Overnight Parking Districts in Venice.' Some shushed him, others took signs. Eventually, he sat back down in the front row, legs crossed, faced back towards the crowd—we were his audience.

The hearing began with some official testimony—first the Coastal Commission staff, then LA Department of Transportation, the LAPD, and finally City Councilman Bill Rosendahl, all speaking in support of the proposal.

"We spend 80% of our time in that community dealing with motor homes," said Teresa Skinner, LAPD Senior Lead Officer west of Lincoln Blvd. "This would be another tool to use to relieve some of our police time." She had no pretenses—the primary goal of this permit-parking proposal was to purge the community of mobile homes, plain and simple.

Before the public testimony even began, it was clear how the two sides of the debate had lined up. On the right side of the room, almost everyone held an NOPD sign. Hisses emerged from this side when Rosendahl got up to speak, whereas, across the aisle, clapping greeted his endorsement of permit parking, though blue signs dotted that side as well.

Those speaking against permit parking outnumbered those speaking in favor two or three to one, a ratio several of the OPD supporters tried to explain, claiming to be there on behalf of neighbors who were at work, implying that the RV-dwellers and other opponents of permit parking could attend because they didn't have jobs. "We have endured endless meetings," said one supporter of permit parking. There was shouting and screaming and those of us who were in support of the permit were out shouted, so I oppose the idea that we were in the

After the Coastal Commission Vote – WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

By Jim Smith

The California Coastal Commission made a wise decision, June 11, when it denied pay parking (Overnight Parking Districts - OPDs) in Venice. It is a decision that I believe most Venetians will come to agree with, even those who adamantly campaigned for the permits.

The pro-OPD advocates may come around if, and when, they see a solution to the RV issue in Venice. Even the pro-OPD people should be pleased with a solution that does not require everyone to pay a fee to park in front of their homes.

The Coastal Commission rightly saw that the real goal of the OPDs was not improved parking, but instead, was an effort to drive out the RVs. Because the two issues - homelessness and parking - were mixed, many residents and some commissioners were initially confused.

However, it is doubtful if they would have voted against OPDs had there not been an outpouring of opposition from Venice homeowners, renters and RV dwellers. A number of Venetians were instrumental in organizing the anti-permit parking sentiment. They included Steve Clare, Susan Millmann, Peggy Lee Kennedy, Pastor Tom Ziegert, Linda Lucks and the Beachhead staff.

During the past year, the Beachhead has printed no less than 24 articles, by a variety of writers, which opposed permit parking and/or RV removal. Since its founding in 1968, the Beachhead has practiced advocacy journalism. That is, we present the facts and take stands in support of the community. Without this strong opposition from Venice's only local newspaper, it is questionable that so many people would have been roused and activated.

Yet, the vast majority of residents who took action against OPDs were self-organized. Over the decades, Venetians have learned to think for

—continued on page 4

CASUALTIES IN IRAQ

4,323 U.S. Dead - 20 this month
31,368 U.S. Wounded

Iraqi Dead: 1,320,110

AFGHANISTAN

716 U.S. Dead - 26 this month

Cost of wars: \$874+ Billion

Sources: costofwar.com • icasualties.org • antiwar.com

—continued on page 4



BEACHHEAD COLLECTIVE:

Karl Abrams, Amy Dewhurst, Carol Fondiller, Don Geagan, Peggy Lee Kennedy, Ian Lovett, Lydia Poncé, Krista Schwimmer, Jim Smith, Alice Stek.

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The Beachhead encourages anyone to submit news stories, articles, letters, photos, poetry or graphics of interest to the Venice community. The staff reserves the right to make all decisions collectively on material published. There is no editor on the Beachhead. The printing is financed by ads, sustainers and donations. The articles, poetry and art work express the opinions of the individual contributors and are not necessarily the views of the Beachhead Collective.

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

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

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Gail Gordon and Sonny Zorro

Dear Beachhead,
Regina Barton called me to inform me of the passing of an old Venice character--Gail Gordon. She called me because I was part of Venice for many years and knew so many of the colorful characters quite well. Perhaps, I was even one of the colorful characters who chose to live happily in Venice. Regina told me she is writing Gail's obituary for the Venice Beachhead and wanted to know if I had anything to contribute.

I knew and loved Gail. Gail was lovable. I first met Gail when I went to visit Adrienne Prober at her studio on Ocean Front Walk. There I also met Sonny Zorro, Gail's long time boyfriend. Gail was walking around the studio totally comfortable stark naked while Sonny and Adrienne were discussing art. As an artist who lived in Venice that scene looked okay to me.

Later I did a painting of Sonny Zorro at my studio apartment on Clubhouse. The painting was completed in three hours and my former art teacher advised me to not touch it again and put it in a good frame. Tibor Jankay, a very famous Hungarian artist who also painted around Venice and with whom I was close friends came to my studio and looked at the painting. Tibor liked the painting and named it for me; "Sonny Zorro, King of the Boardwalk."

I have included a photo of this painting with my permission for you to publish it. (See the painting on page 12)

ThereSe Daniels

Retake OFW for the People

Dear Beachhead,
The historic Free Speech Zone between Windward and Rose on the Boardwalk on Venice Beach is in danger. As part of the gentrification plans of the city powers and developers, they are attempting to morph this zone into another swapmeet for imported junk and jewelry in preparation for getting rid of it altogether. This mile and a half stretch of beach and boardwalk has long been one of the world centers of free expression. It has been a place where artist and musicians could commune with the public and most importantly where political, philosophical and religious groups of all types could communicate with the people.

If the City Masters have their way all this will change, but you can stop it!

Help us save the Free Speech Zone on Venice Beach. We are inviting all groups that support free speech to come to Venice Beach this summer and table on the boardwalk. It doesn't matter if you are for peace or support the wars, whether you are atheist or want to promote your religious beliefs, help the homeless or build public awareness about socialism. global warming or chemtrails, you need the Venice Beach Free Speech Zone, and this summer it needs you.

On any given Sunday more than 30 thousand people will walk from Windward to Rose, so what better place to do your thing? We are calling on all people and groups that are so inclined to help us rebuild the Venice Beach Free Speech Zone, starting with Sundays and congregating around Dudley Ave and the Boardwalk we will be retaking the west side of the boardwalk for the people. Talk it over with your group, bring a table and chairs, your flyers, books, CDs, DVDs and signs. Enjoy the beautiful weather and the scene. Get your word out to the people as you have never done before and while you help save the planet, help us save Venice Beach.

For more information, and to get involved, you may contact me at Linux Beach, 581-1536.

Clay Claiborne

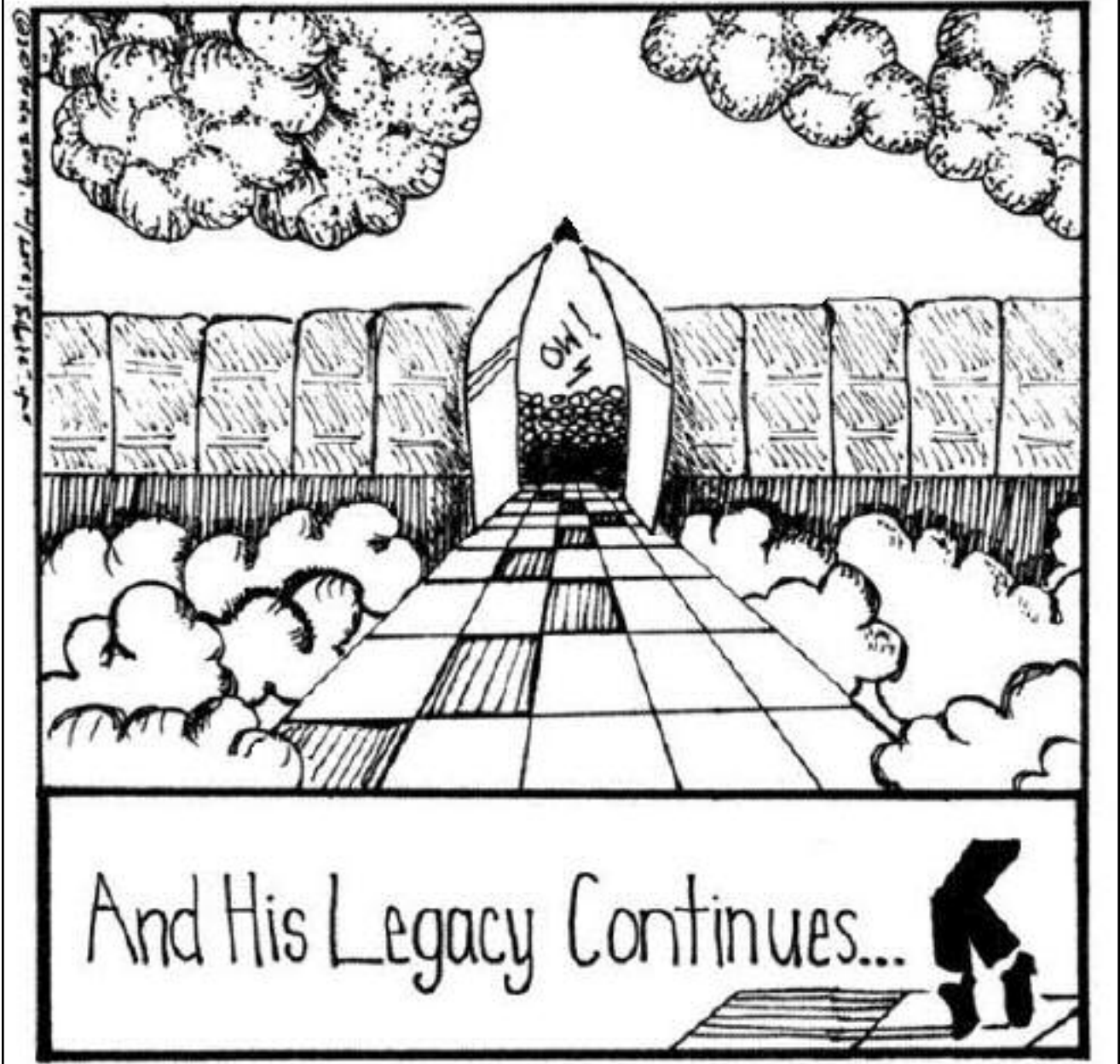
Michael Jackson

Dear Beachhead,
As a fellow Venice dweller, and Michael Jackson fan, I would like to submit a cartoon tribute to the Letters section of the Beachhead newspaper to pay my respects to this exceptional man. The image that I am sending to you is called, "With Love, A Tribute."

I hope that you can print it. I know that many other Michael Jackson fans out there will appreciate it as well.

Thank you for your time,

Regards,
Shannon O'Brien



Who Owns the Beach?

By John Davis

If you are a citizen of the United States, you do. Each individual citizen is sovereign.

Instead of a single ruler or king there are millions of us. However, if you do not know or understand the power you wield, such great power is meaningless. In such a system all public officials are your paid servants. Long ago the Roman Emperor Justinian did something good that sticks with us today. It is called the Doctrine of Public Trust.

That is to say that no single person can own the waters of a river or the sea and that every person has the right to navigate such waters or walk on the beach. This is known as the Public Trust.

When Venice was a city, the State of California Legislature granted to it control of its Public Tidelands. The Constitution of the State of California guaranties access to such tidelands to each and every person. This grant occurred on the July 27, 1927.

Upon annexation the grant was transferred by the State Legislature to the City of Los Angeles. On the 18th of July 1945. The grant holds conditions to which the City by law, must adhere.

The last condition of the contract reads as follows: "Reserving , however, in the people of the State of California the absolute right to fish in the waterswith the right of convenient access to said waters over said lands for said purpose." The terms of grant also spell out that the City use must be consistent with the trusts upon which said lands are held by the State of California.

Access to Public Trust Lands are also enshrined in the State Constitution and protected by the California Coastal Commission which implements federal law, the U.S. Coastal Zone Management Act of the United States.

Pastor Tom Ziegert is leaving

The popular and activist minister of the Venice United Methodist Church (VUMC) has been appointed to the Point Loma church in San Diego (Ocean Beach), beginning August 1.

The VUMC will honor Pastor Tom's contributions during the past eight years at a lunch celebration at Noon, Sunday, July 12, on the VUMC campus, 1020 Victoria Avenue. Please RSVP at 391-2314 or email VeniceUMC@gmail.com no later than July 9. \$10 per person. You may send more for those unable to pay.

Advertisements on the Beach

Dear Beachhead,

Why do Body Glove and Konoa/ Aquasurf get free advertisements as well as space on Venice Beach?

They are making money on the taxpayers/citizens dollars! This surfcamp with four tents daily is at the North Beach border. Santa Monica camps have guidelines and the tents are not adverts. -Cory Zaun



Is the Boardwalk spreading to the water?

Photo by Cory Zaun

Freemasonry in Venice

By Michael Wamback

In 1903, a group of prominent civic and business leaders headed by Abbot Kinney, a Freemason, decided that a Masonic Lodge was needed to serve what was then the community of Ocean Park. They petitioned the Grand Lodge of California for permission to organize and form such a Lodge. By 1905, they had achieved the requirements and were granted a charter to operate as Ocean Park Lodge #245.

The first Master of Ocean Park Lodge was Alexander R. Fraser who, along with Abbot Kinney and two other men, had formed the Ocean Park Improvement Company to develop the land South of Santa Monica. Among his many achievements which included the construction of the original Ocean Park Lodge building, Fraser built the Ocean Park Bathhouse and the Million Dollar Pier in Ocean Park. One of the attractions on the pier was called "The Third Degree," which displayed a collection of paraphernalia used in secret society initiations.

Ocean Park Lodge was originally located in a building on the corner of Marine and Main Streets. The city of Ocean Park was eventually divided into Santa Monica and the new city of Venice. By chance, the new boundary line between the two cities ran straight through the middle of the lodge, so that one end of the building was in Santa Monica and the other in Venice. A common joke amongst the brethren was that if the cops from Santa Monica were to raid the lodge, they could escape by running to the opposite end of the building, outside of their jurisdiction.

The lodge flourished and saw rapid growth over the next twenty years, serving as a social hub of Venice, but a storm was quietly brewing within the lodge.

In the early 1920's, a dispute erupted between two different factions within Ocean Park Lodge. The reasons for the dispute have been long forgotten, but it was significant enough that a group within the lodge determined to leave and form their own lodge. This they did, and founded Triangle Lodge, which met in a building on Electric Ave. in Venice.

Hostilities between the two lodges seemed to quickly dissipate, and they often joined together to promote activities to further Masonry in Venice. Triangle Lodge would later merge with Ocean Park, West Adams and Palms Lodge to form what is now Sunset Lodge #369.

Over the history of Ocean Park Lodge, there were a number of traditions that developed, sometimes out of necessity. During the 1930's era of the great depression, the lodge fell on hard times financially. To provide refreshments at the events, one of the members who owned a peach orchard would supply free peaches to the lodge. Peach pie, peach cobbler, peaches and ice cream – so many times that the members eventually became so tired of eating peaches that they were banned from the lodge. A can of peaches was kept on hand as a reminder, but remained unopened for decades, until one of the

new members, unaware of the custom, served peaches at a lodge function – much to the chagrin of the older members of the lodge. Today, peaches are a part of the tradition of Sunset Lodge.

Following the merger of the lodges, the various lodge buildings were sold and a new lodge building constructed at 1720 Ocean Park Blvd. Although Sunset Lodge is no longer physically located in Venice, it continues to serve the Masonic interests of those who live in Venice and the Marina.

During the last two decades of the twentieth century, Masonry saw a rapid decline. By the millennium, Sunset Lodge was in danger of closing its doors. Fortunately, a group of dedicated young men decided to undertake the job of resurrecting the lodge. Their efforts over the past few years have resulted in a new Sunset Lodge that is a reflection of the Venice community. They have made an effort to reconnect the lodge with its Venice roots, and have attracted a strong interest from the local arts and entertainment community. Today, the lodge boasts a philosophical and general interest study group, a cinema society and is creating events that appeal to the intellectual and creative side of Venice.

Sunset Lodge continues to offer opportunities for Venice people to develop leadership skills. In fact, Sunset Lodge is one of only two lodges in California to have three different members serve as Grand Master of the state, and the only lodge to have this happen in a period of less than thirty years.

Much work has been done, yet much work remains to return Sunset Lodge to its former glory. The members of the lodge continue to develop community events and to search for ways to reconnect with the Venice community. Although many changes have happened to the lodge over more than a century of service, the members believe that, somewhere, Abbot Kinney and the founders of Ocean Park Lodge are looking down and smiling, knowing that their efforts to bring Freemasonry to Venice, and the proud traditions they established, continue to be honored and built upon by the members of Sunset Lodge.

For more information on Sunset Lodge: www.sunsetmasoniclodge.com



The original lodge building on the corner of Main St. and Marine St. founded by Abbot Kinney and others.

Coastal Commission Says No to Permit Parking

– continued from page 1

minority.” In the crowd, a row behind me, a man had written, “I work too,” on his NOPD sign.

As the commissioners acknowledged at the end of the hearing, little of the testimony had much to do with coastal access. OPD supporters mainly detailed the nuisance of living alongside mobile homes, claiming they took up all the parking spots, and dumped sewage and trash into the street.

OPD opponents, meanwhile, appealed mostly on humanitarian grounds. Kelly Young, who herself lives in an RV, made one of many very personal appeals. “We don’t have a choice,” she said. “I don’t know what else to do if you guys tell me I can’t exist between the hours of 2 and 5 am.” Emily Winters echoed, “We don’t want this in our back yard? Yes we do. We need to take care of these people.”

As the hearing went on, the room grew hotter, and began to smell of sweat, as people fanned themselves with their NOPD signs. Because the commissioners had asked the crowd to withhold clapping, people waved the signs vigorously after testimony they supported. And when hired pro-OPD attorney, Sherman Stacy, asked for five minutes to speak—instead of the allotted two, because he represented the Stakeholders Association, the right side of the room shouted, “No,” almost in unison, while the left side responded, “Yes, yes.” The chairman denied Stacy’s request.

Hatman brought a garbage bag full of goodies, from which he pulled a seemingly endless supply of clothes. Every several minutes he would be sporting a totally new outfit—maybe red pajama pants with white hearts, and the blue NOPD sign fastened to his headband. He topped this outfit off with a grated metal trashcan over his head, and got up to walk the aisle again. The guy next to me—a large man in short blue shorts taking up a seat and a half—learned over and whispered, “I think they put him here to ruin the reputation of homeless people.” Others laughed, and behind me one woman said, “I love Venice.”

When it came time for him to speak, though, he did so in all seriousness. “My name is Juan Alcolar,” he said. “I’m one of the colorful characters out there on Venice beach by choice, and I have seen how this society beats down on someone who loses their home.”

The man next to me leaned over again. “He gives the best speech of all,” he said.

Only when the public testimony had ended, and Shallenberger recommended the ‘No’ vote did the crowd settle down. Many OPD opponents came to the hearing with little hope of defeating the proposal.

Some, in their testimony, appealed to the Commission to take more time to examine the proposal and do a comprehensive study of the parking situation. Another said she thought approval was a “foregone conclusion.” But after Shallenberger spoke the room hushed, its stuffy air full of tension.

Once the 9-1 vote became final, that tension exploded into joyous clapping and hugging on the right side of the room. The commissioners invited the city to come back with another proposal. For now, though, the fabric of the community has been preserved as it is, RVs, colorful characters, and all.



Coastal Commission meets the neighborhood

Photo by YoVenice, www.yovenice.com

After the Coastal Commission Vote – WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? –continued from page 1

themselves, and not to accept something just because it is coming from an authority figure.

As Venice Historian Jeffrey Stanton wrote in last February’s Beachhead (*Was the Annexation of Venice to Los Angeles in 1925 a good idea?*): “Just go to any meeting and if there are 100 people, there are 70 different opinions...” Under these circumstances none of us can really take credit for organizing Venice opinion and action – but we can try. Opinionated Venetians are one of our greatest assets. Especially, at a time when many Americans seem to have adopted the motto, “Eat, Consume, and Die.”

Those of us on the winning side have much to celebrate, including a long sought victory over permit parking, and with a bit of hyperbole, saving Venice once again from the forces that would change it into just another L.A. suburb.

Most of those on the other side of the issue have acknowledged defeat. Stewart Oscars, one of the original proponents of OPDs said, “The OPDs got killed at the CCC hearing today.” Another OPD leader Mark Ryavec said, “we are all tired and depressed by the Coastal Commission’s decision.” Not to be outdone, Venice’s right-wing gadfly Rick Feibusch grouched: “if you insist on living in a community of overage children, run by dictatorial social engineers, this is what you will get.... If not, MOVE!!!!”

Both Oscars and Ryavec are active in the Venice Neighborhood Council, which was one of the two biggest losers in this affair. The VNC has been losing credibility since 2006 when a secret L.A. city committee, which included Arturo Pina and Feibusch (see Feb. 2005 Beachhead, pages 4 & 5 at <http://tinyurl.com/lgfsf7>) succeed in staging a coup against the elected Progressive Slate leadership and ultimately installing their own crew of compliant officers. Now, the VNC - which staged an election on OPDs in which the ballots went missing overnight - has clearly sided with the minority of Venetians who longed for pay parking (the prelude to a gated com-

munity?) to drive away the RVs.

The other big loser was Councilmember Bill Rosendahl, who doggedly tagged along behind the pro-OPD crew. Whether he was unwittingly led along by his Machiavellian aide, Pina or did it with the best of intentions, will matter little to progressive public opinion in Venice.

Fortunately for him, there is no election for another four years. However, if Rosendahl persists in trying to get a rehearing from the Commission or in

It’s time to work for reconciliation among Venetians on all sides of the issue.

allowing or encouraging the LAPD to harass the homeless, he may do irretrievable damage to his reputation. “It’s over Bill. Let it go.”

Now that this battle royal is past, it’s time to work for reconciliation among Venetians on all sides of the issue. In Venice there are many important issues in which the differences of opinion are slight. If we focus on our agreements instead of our differences, we will have greater ability to bring about the kind of Venice we all want. This cannot be done if we exhibit hateful attitudes to one another.

Being civil to one another doesn’t mean abandoning one’s opinions. It means treating others with whom we differ as human being. It can be painful to see friends who will not stay in the same room with Venetians who have different opinions. It’s almost inexplicable to find “free speech” advocates on our oceanfront who denigrate the free speech of those who differ with them. Indeed, in a democratic society, it is essential to uphold the rights, and to respect, those with whom we have the strongest disagreements.

It will not be possible to bring everyone together. Some people are just too ornery to work with others. But a cooling off period is definitely needed. And it is incumbent on those of us on the winning side to reach out to our former opponents.

We have much to do together. The onslaught of overdevelopment has slackened because of the economic depression but it will resume unless we put strict limits on development that does not benefit the community.

There are many unfinished issues in Venice. What do we want to happen at the MTA lot on Main? How about the post office annex? Can we as Venetians take control of our ocean front and prevent it from turning into a long, skinny WalMart? Can we protect our historic buildings before they are destroyed? Can we preserve our biggest source of affordable housing, Lincoln Place? And, big question, can we finally get serious about restoring our cityhood? This month is Venice’s 104th birthday. Can we think about her well being instead of fighting with each other? Free Venice!



More happy Venetians after the Coastal Commission voted 9-1 against OPDs: Left to right: Rich Mann, Pam Emerson, Jim Bickhart, Linda Valentine, Jautan Valentine, Naomi Glauberman (behind sign), Calvin Moss, Peggy Lee Kennedy, Steve Clare, Susan Millmann.

Students Continue Campaign for Memorial for Japanese Who Were Taken to World War II Camps

A campaign to create what may be the first historical marker at a round-up point where Japanese were taken away to internment camps in 1942 continues to gain support among Venice High School students.

The students have been writing letters to Councilperson Bill Rosendahl and to the Beachhead in support of a permanent marker at the northwest corner of Lincoln and Venice Blvds.

The effort was initiated in 2001 by the Venice Peace and Freedom Party which collected hundreds of names of Venice residents on a petition in support of the marker. It was approved by then-Councilperson Ruth Galanter. However, she was removed to the East Valley by the City Council before she had time to act on it.

In 2003, the Free Venice Beachhead took up the cause in its April issue. Again, this April the Beachhead ran a front page photo of the round-up, and an article by Scott Yuda, Jr. The campaign by the students began a short time later.

Since last month's Beachhead, the following students have sent letters:

Amber Parvanehp	Gerardo Hernandez
Andrea Esannason	Gina Ibrahim
Angelica Hernandez	Grace Lee
Angelica Jue	Jennifer Acosta
Anthony Molina	Johnny Castillo
Araseli Serrano	Juan Perez
Barbara Rodriguez	Julian Quintanilla
Branden Fernandez	Johathan Zaugh
Carlos Ayala	Keaton Frey
Chrisitian Jimenez	Kenjo Corbisiero
Christian Quintero	Leon Sage
Christopher Blevins	Leonor Lopez
Daniel Loza	Logan Douangsitthi
Daniel Vergara	Mara Heilig
Daniela Alonso	Nancy Gonzalez
David Ahumada	Naoka Sasaki
Efrata Negatu	Nathan Saavedra
Elias Riskin	Raghav Handa
Elizabeth Albers	Raul Quintanilla
Elizabeth Guardado	Tiffany Roque
Elizabeth Medina	Timothy Geiger
Emily Guardado	Viviana Urrutia
Emily Montenegro	Wendy Santiago
Eric Schoenbaun	
Geraldo Lopez	

Other residents of Venice and surrounding communities are invited to join the students in sending an email of support for a marker commemorating the forced removal of West Coast Japanese to camps.

We at the Beachhead believe that a reminder of this sort will not only memorialize the Japanese who were torn from their homes, but will serve as a warning to future generations that "it can happen here."

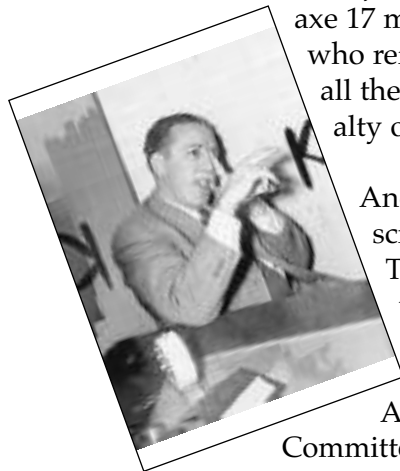
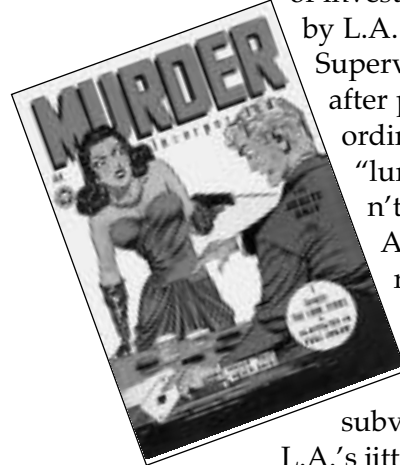
Send your email to:
councilman.rosendahl@lacity.org
beachhead@freevenice.org

Cops Target Venice Gambling Dens, 1948

By Michael Linder

The Great Venice Gambling Raids of 1948 hit smack in the middle of the Communist scare — in full swing and zeroing in on comic books, a subversive plot by Commies, corrupting youth with bosomy babes on pulpy pages.

So claimed the paranoid and easily-outraged as Red Menace panic spread, even though a squad of investigators dispatched by L.A. County Supervisors ten days after passage of an ordinance banning "lurid comics" couldn't find any on Los Angeles magazine racks.



Still, the mere thought of Russki subversion prompted L.A.'s jittery City Council to axe 17 municipal workers who refused, for reasons all their own, to sign loyalty oaths.

And when blacklisted screenwriter Dalton Trumbo, sentenced to a year in jail for dissing the House Un-American Activities Committee, was busted on a drunk charge in Venice — no one seemed surprised.

But Communists were not to blame for the Venice Menace — gambling! Cops swept in with a vengeance in late '48, knocking down 11 Bridgo parlors where folks paid good money to toss balls into a box, hoping to cash in.

The Fortune Bridgo joint on Ocean Front Walk at Market Street was among the targets as police flexed muscle and flashed badges, protecting the fragile morality of Angelenos in those quaint pre-lottery days.

Bridgo was about all Venice had going for it since the rickety old amusement pier was torn down in '46. A simple game: toss five balls into a bingo card-like grid, make 'em land in a row to win. A game hatched by former Venice mayor William Fisk Harrah years earlier.

But fed up with City of Angels bluenoses, Harrah had cashed in, packed up, and moved to Reno where gambling was legal and casino history was made. Along his legacy, "Bridgo Row" as Hearst's Herald Examiner called Ocean Front Walk, cops were in a tizzy.



Another view of the future site of the Gas House at Ocean Front Walk and Market St.



Ocean Front Walk, looking north from Windward Ave.



The Fortune Bridgo building later achieved "fame" as the Gas House, Venice's first coffee house. It was pulled down by the city of L.A. for "code violations."



Police Lt. J. Hamilton demonstrates Bridgo to the L.A. Police Commission in 1949.

"Bridgo is gambling, not a game of skill" bellowed LAPD investigator J. E. Hamilton who thrilled a packed Police Commission hearing room with his left-handed demonstration of how Bridgo balls bounced randomly into their numbered holes, proving his point to cheers from onlookers (who may well have been placing quiet side bets on J.E.'s proficiency).

Venice Bridgo was dealt a fatal blow and folks who'd won a few bucks in the tawdry beachfront casinos were forced to look elsewhere to scratch their lucky itch. Venice had been saved from iniquity.

For the moment.

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The Beachhead and Mayor Villaraigosa Honor Swami X at Beyond Baroque



While Mayor Villaraigosa gives Swami an L.A. City Council Resolution, Bill Rosendahl brings a dozen eggs produced by his chicken for the Mayor.

Swami seems to be saying: “Come back Antonio, I didn’t mean it.” Swami told A.V. that he’d make a great guv. Next day the Mayor dropped out of the race.



By Karl Abrams

In an emotional ceremony at Venice’s Beyond Baroque on Sunday June 21, 83-year old Swami X, famed 1970’s and 80’s boardwalk comic, writer and muse, was presented with a Los Angeles City Council Resolution by Councilmember Bill Rosendahl and Mayor Antonio Villaraigosa “proclaiming” the city-wide recognition of his life’s work. The award followed a rare public appearance of Swami X, produced by the Free Venice Beachhead, to a large crowd of fans who seemed to delight in every one of his words, insights, jokes and observations. At times, Swami was a little choked-up.

Suzy Williams, “Venice Songbird,” sang a great song dedicated to Swami with beautifully appropriate lyrics like, “Swami X left us what is true” and “Swami X examines life with awe”. Swami transformed from choked-up to soak-it-up.

An informal Q and A followed as raised hands showed how much Swami’s fans wanted to know delicious details of his life. Yes, he was a merchant seamen, he actually did spend 20 years in an east-coast Ashram and he really did perform on the Venice Boardwalk, at UCLA and Berkeley campuses, and Hyde Park in London, Greenwich Village in New York and anywhere else Swami’s dharma took him.

The Mayor explained to the audience how he first met the iconoclastic comic while studying at UCLA. When Villaraigosa was searching for words to describe Swami’s early influence on him, a distinguished member of the audience, donning a dress as well as a beard caught the mayor temporarily off guard. Some remember the Mayor exclaiming “Jesus Christ! What is that?” Others say the Mayor simply shouted “Whoa.” You’re in Venice now Mr. Mayor, lighten up.

After the awards ceremony and before heading home, Swami probably posed for pictures with almost everybody. It was an unforgettable afternoon for the audience as well as for the performing genius himself. Swami, once called the “world’s greatest sidewalk comic”, was on again like a vintage firecracker who had caught the audience in the palm of his hand.

Swami X continues to write for the Free Venice Beachhead. His articles are not to be missed. Check your Beachhead Calendar for more Beachhead-sponsored events at Beyond Baroque.

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Venice 4th of July Parade, circa early 1970s. Bob Wells (under the Viet Cong flag), Marvena Kennedy (in the car, wearing sunglasses). On Ocean Front Walk in front of the Lafayette Cafe. Can anyone identify the other two women riding with Marvena?

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If Everybody Had An Ocean....

By Amy V. Dewhurst

Summer is here, and with it an estimated 5 million tourists will visit our beach. What that means is more kooks at The Breakwater. If someone snakes your wave, you get a bad sunburn, or just can't shake the sand from your bed "Pop Surf Culture" will remind you why you fell in love with the life.

The Santa Monica Daily Press recently published this 272-page postcard book which illuminates the path of pop culture our favorite sport did seek. Though there is mention of Main Streamers; Gidget & Moondoggie, Frankie & Annette and the always prolific Brian Wilson.

The thorough work of authors Dominic Priore and Brian Chidester highlights the impact and achievement of surf savants; Duke and Miki Dora, filmmakers; Greg Noll and Bruce Bruce Brown, Musicians; Dick Dale and The Sufaris, Cartoonist; Michael Dorman (of the famed 'Beatnick & Fink' cartoons) and even the fashion of the day (Phil Edwards and Mike Doyle for Hang Ten, Birdwell Beach Britches and Kanvas by Katin). Our own Pacific Ocean Park (of the 60s) is immortalized, as is 'The Gas House', 'The Venice West Cafe' and the Dewey Weber Store on Pacific. The cleverly titled chapter "These Boys Did Not Meet Maharishi" reviews the great (and not so great) music that defined the Westward Movement of the 20th century.

Tightly written prose is surrounded by psychedelic graphics, magazine covers, ticket stubs, album art and pin-up girls. This scrap-book carefully celebrates a sport and an era modern stores such as the egocentric Mollusk poorly

attempt to epitomize.

For the real surf experience this summer visit Mother-Son duo Cheryl Johnson & Richie Harrington at 'Maui & Sons' on the boardwalk (1415 Ocean Front Walk). Their hours of operation are 9am-9pm, but I've often seen them renting gear to grateful groms in the early morning hours. They list the tides & surf report, rent suits & boards and even bandage up the occasionally injured shredder. With the anticipation of the Skate Park Opening "I've extended the size of my first-aid kit" assures Cheryl.



To perfect your pop up, give my friends Crash, Tonan and Jimmy V. a call---they are real deal locals guaranteed to get you out and up... (Like any good teacher, Jimmy nags me about paddling out daily).

'Pop Culture' can be purchased locally at; Hennessey & Ingalls, Arcana, Barnes and Noble, Border or online at www.santamonicadaily.com

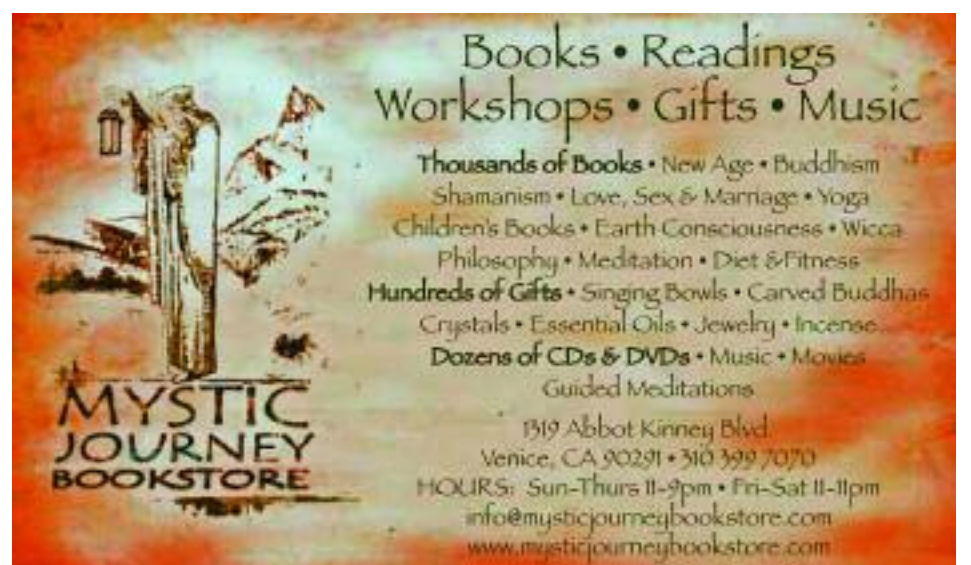
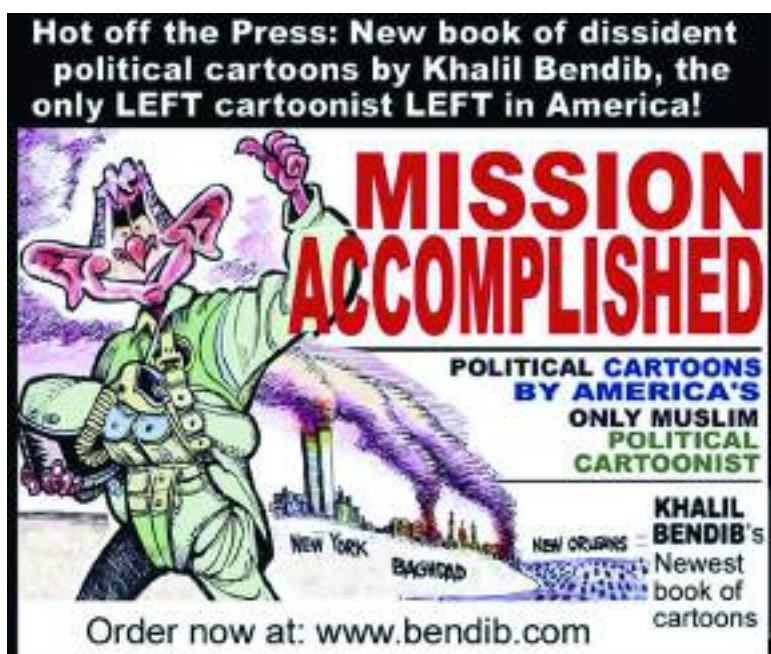
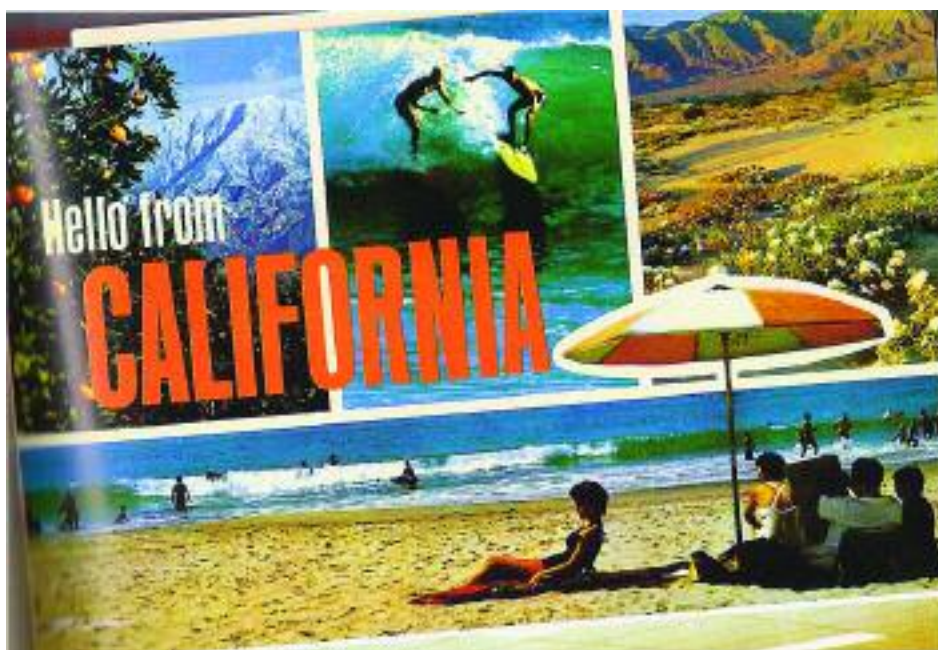
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On the Boardwalk – The Lottery

By Ian Lovett

“It’s all commercial fucking vendors.”

That’s the first thing I hear as I approach the crowd outside the police station waiting for the lottery. At 8:10 am the place is packed—the majority crowded around the station itself, where they do the drawing for the I-Zone, the commercial vending area at the south end of the boardwalk. A smaller group has formed around another table 50 yards towards the skate park, where they draw for spots in the P-Zone—donations only, and traditionally, or suppos-

edly, or theoretically, the area for artists. But these days, this territory too is under siege from the commercial fucking vendors.

I find Roger halfway between the two crowds, holding a Starbucks cup and mingling. He was about the first one to put his ID card in the P-Zone lottery, and we watch as others do the same. They walk through a makeshift gate up to a table surrounded by caution tape and drop their cards into the tumbler. Two men sit at the table, overseeing.

Scotty shows up on the stroke of the 8:30 cutoff, parking his van out front of Danny’s, right where

Roger said he would. Bobby shows a couple minutes later. Donna’s son—a juggler—slinks over as well, looking mostly asleep. “You seen my mom?” He’s 20, Roger says, and never gets up this early. She must have coerced him down here this morning, hoping to double her chances after she didn’t get a spot last week.

Bobby peers over the caution tape. “Who’s lucky?” He looks around. “Chief blew his luck last week.”

“Better get your card in,” Scotty says. “They’re about to start.”

Bobby gives up his search, stepping inside the gate to drop the card in himself. Another man stands on one of the steel gate’s bottom rails. He tosses his card towards the open tumbler, just missing. Inside, another man picks it up. The tosser waves at him, signaling to give the card back, but the second man drops it into the tumbler.

“Awww, man. You jinxed me.”

A guy in a sombrero stumbles around inside the enclosed area. Roger refers to him as “Hatman,” although pinned to his hat is a Styrofoam sign that reads, “Dollhouse Dude.”

“You want to put it in down and to the left,” Bobby says. “Usually, it’s a right hander who’s reaching in to grab them, and it more natural for them to reach back to the left.”

“Excuse me,” Scott says. “I’ve gotta go put my card in.”

“Scotty, you bastard,” Bobby says. “You tell me they’re about to close it and you’re just standing out here biding your time.” He turns towards me. “You want to be either the first one or the last one. The ones on the top and the bottom get spun around. The other ones just get stuck in the middle. Watch, Roger’s gonna be the first one picked.”

They all stand around, exchanging stories and trade secrets like this—how to phrase a donation request so people won’t take all your stuff for free but an undercover cop won’t ticket you. The group refers casually to undercover cops—just part of their reality. Richard got ticketed a couple weeks ago for selling stuff he didn’t make himself. Since then, he’s changed to selling religious paraphernalia—prayer beads and crosses and the like—despite lacking any



Ocean Front Walk, 1975

Photo by Rich Mann

—continued on page 10

Venice and the Eco-Fest

What a Day! What a Life!

By Eino Hill

What a day. It started off bumpy, waking up to an oozing hangover and having to drop my girlfriend off at the airport hours before I wanted to be awake. But over the next few hours, my mind was about to be blown on several occasions.

I’m not from Venice...yet. Every day I live here, I get one step closer to being gratefully able to claim it. I’ve hopped around this great country many a times, to the point at which I have no technical “from.” In a miraculous sequence of events, I’ve landed in the eccentric little bubble called Venice, and I’ve happily resided here for the past six months.

I pop into Café Collage on my way home from the airport to grab a coffee and a breakfast burrito (even though it’s actually a wrap). Picking up the latest Beachhead paper, I peruse the pages before settling on a group of poems to read as I wait for my “burrito” to be made. One poem really struck me, so much so that I cut it out and slid it under my glass-

top table that displays some of our experiences in Venice thus far. Usually I don’t even like poems. I typically think they are self-righteous and nonsensical in nature. So the fact that I liked this one immediately made it my favorite poem of all time.

After a visit to my local dispensary to get some much needed groove back into my soul, I decide to wander the boardwalk solo (for a change) and just become one with the scene in front of me.

Apparently there is a “Going Green” festival of sorts, with pop up tents filled with many different people pushing many “green” products.

The first tent I approach is a tent promoting the Beachhead. I let the two individuals working the Beachhead tent know how much I appreciate the paper, saying that it catches me up with the Venice vibe better than any other source out there other than my first hand experiences. I further go on to say that I particularly liked one of the poems in the latest edition.

One of the fellows asks me which one.

I point the poem out to him, and he says, “Yeah, I wrote it.”

I couldn’t believe I had a new favorite poet, and within hours I actually met him in person! That was too wild for me not to get real excited about. I buy a shirt, I shake Jim and Karl’s hands, and I tell them I want to write for the paper as well. Start spreading my Venice love as a newcomer to this pleasant paradise. If you are reading this, looks like they’re letting me.

The very next tent I go to is a soul-altering experience. A woman and a girl was offering free consultations to see how toxic I am. I tell them I know what

I put in my system ain’t too good, and I’d rather not know how specifically frightening my toxic levels were compared to somebody who doesn’t smoke and drink on a regular basis. As we continue conversation, the older lady asks me what’s my sign and age.

“Aries. Twenty-six,” I tell her.

For the next 20 or so minutes, this woman (by the name of Barbie Fox) proceeds to break down everything about my life to an absolute T! Scary accuracy. I never really bought into the whole astrology thing, but I was convinced after her breakdown!

Barbie then tells me, “It’s not just astrology. I’m also a psychic.”

Funny enough, I never believed in psychics either. But I certainly do now! As she keeps telling me my life story and the future to come, she starts weeping tears of sadness for me. She tells me nobody will ever praise me enough for how amazing I am going to be. I tell her she obviously has never

—continued on page 10

Douglas Eisenstark L.Ac.

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Venice would be perfect

By Jim Smith

If we had a Banyan tree
to dream under

If we treated the homeless
as the holy men and women they are

If we all conquered our addictions
and lived in the naked now

If we all came arunnin’
when someone was in trouble

If we all had the nerve
to stand up for cityhood

If we turned the streets of old Venice
into parks, canals and bike paths

If we built statues to our dead heroes, poets
and artists, so we could talk with them

If we all added what is missing
to this poem

Belle Lettres

By Rebecca LaRue

The Belle scripted a letter to the ball-
Hear ye, Hear ye, come one come all.
Arrive in your fashions and with your academics.
We have a systematic design to acquire here this evening.
It dawned on the fair lady...
to give a bash, a gala, unlike any other.
To crash, to smash or holler...
just as long as the walls come falling down.
Just so long as the land hears the sound-
of Renewal, Revival, Upheaval, SURVIVAL.

Ode to Aung San Suu Kyi

By Vessy Mink

When you imprison a person whose mission and purpose is peace, you imprison the whole of existence under a false pretense of righteousness.
Not until all the peaceful prisoners of war are set free, shall we as a whole,
Humanity...be free. Just let Aung San Suu Kyi, be. She is not a murderer, she is not a thief, she is not a rapist, she is not an... Read More abuser of the peace...she is simply a human being who deserves to be treated fairly and with respect, just like everyone else does in this world. Just like you and me.
Leave her be. And while you’re at it, why don’t you free all the innocent people that you have locked up in darkness and shame, just as your love and compassion is locked up in darkness and blame, which is guarded by demons that represent your own wrong doing in this life. Do the right thing, and be a true leader that is fearless,
Just as Aung San Suu Kyi is.

Today

By Honeybee Henderson

today the birds are chirping.
today the sky is grey.
today my heart is open.
today i hear screaming from inside.
today i fluctuate between perfection and not enough
today i remember that i am love.
today my dog chaes her tail
today i need my friends for support
today i stand in my truth
today i am whole
today i feel like i am falling to pieces
today i am happy then sad, all in a moment
today the bluebird sings
today is a busy today
today i am quiet
today the range of feelings come through
today i own and love all these things
today you can too

I Would

By Karl Abrams

I would kiss you now
as before
with the same kiss that made you
back when time was sweet and unmoving
as a breath held in space.
And I would lay myself down beside you
and gently wrap the moon and stars
all around you...
But I will leave you here at your request,
your emerald eyes
crystallized outside of time,
your parting lips closed,
warm only in memory,
ungiven and mostly untaken.
And so, I must walk away,
Broken but still standing.
There’s no moon tonight.
I’ll just have to see
by the light
of my soul.

In the Name of God

(the Murder of Dr. Tiller)

By David Rovics

I woke up this morning
And I turned on the news
It was a Sunday morning
They were sitting in the pews
The doctor’s wife was in the choir
She was about to sing
She saw it all in front of her
And she heard that awful ring
In the name of God he held his pistol
Pointed at the doctor’s head
In the name of God he pulled the trigger
Now the doctor’s lying dead
Dr. Tiller had a family
Three daughters and a son
Two girls were both doctors
Who were proud of what he’d done
They knew someone had to do something
Before they left this world behind
If it wasn’t them then who would serve
The cause of womankind
In the name of God...
This is not Afghanistan
It’s the Heartland USA
Where a girl has to wonder
If she’ll get acid in her face
Where they bomb the women’s clinics
Because the preacher told them to
Where the man there on the TV
Tells them that’s what they should do
In the name of God...

the city itself, what it
is, a
city of walking at nite
city of old & ugly houses
city of real pain & real children
city of open sores & open eyes
city of doom and terror
city of ocean & animal lust
city of dying & strubble
city of Venice, my city, city within a city I do not
know or love
wondrous city, city of birth
city of water & air
city of fire & earth
city of Venice, my city, doomed city, living city
city of magic, of stairs and ladders, of
roads.
–Stuart Perkoff

this paper is a
poem

Just Outside Ralph’s Grocery
On Lincoln Boulevard

It is wednesday afternoon
the day of the week
i was born on
& i am trying to fit
all my groceries in my wicker basket
when i see an old woman
coming out with one bag herself.
Too busy with the problem of space & food,
i only notice her age & cane.
Suddenly, a huge black bird
cries out, passing with wings wide
right above my bowed head.
“That’s a raven,” says the woman
close to me now. “He follows me everywhere.”
i stop my work, knowing
the uncanny has crossed my path.
i watch the woman cane across
the parking lot, bright with cars and midday light,
the raven following her to land
in a nearby tree while she pauses & checks her bag.
She is dressed in the garments
of just another old woman
but in a different time & world
people would have recognized her for who she is --
the Washer at the Ford --
goddess who commands ravens and wars --
& who passes by me
as i stand beside my rusty bicycle
ready to follow her
at her slightest command.

– krista schwimmer

The Fall of Empires

By Mark Schulman

Let us sit upon the ground and tell
Sad stories of the fall of empires
The cowardly attempts by fools
To control the world entire.
Tell of evil contraptions that thresh
Indiscriminately through human flesh;
Of misguided warriors who bear
Naught but destruction from land, sea and air.
Listen to their mendacious bunk -
The minions who shuck and jive
Dispensing their useless junk
To the tattered people who survive.
Material abundance, days or nights
Just don’t ask for human rights.
Self-deluded masters never comprehend
That victory is an illusion in the end.
We who you occupy will not submit;
Will not dine upon your lies;
Will not believe a word of it!
Saying it a thousand times will not make it true.
We can suffer far, far more than you.
We who have nothing have nothing to lose.
Our blood will splatter on your faces, hands and shoes;
Our bones will jam the clockwork gears of your machines;
Pictures of our corpses will be seared upon your screens
Till death, and death alone, inhabits all your dreams.
Your hearts will grow colder, your souls will die.
If you continue, drop by drop we will bleed you dry!

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On the Boardwalk – The Lottery

—continued from page 8

religious predilection of his own.

Donna’s telling a story. She looks like she’s been around this block more than a few times, her face weathered—lined, hardened, tough, and yet somehow resigned—with a wiry body and long, wispy blond hair to complete the package: this is a woman who’s been there, done that, and can seriously tell you your future.

“So as I’m putting my box down, I came on this girl putting a bucket down in my spot. And I say to her, ‘You can’t save a spot for tomorrow morning at 9 at night,’ even though I’m right there doing the same thing. And she asks me what I’m doing and I change the subject and I say, ‘What do you sell,’ and of course she’s selling some cheap bracelets and shit she bought downtown for 50 cents and wants to sell here for two bucks. And I say, ‘You know it’s donations only here, you can’t set a price.’ And she says, ‘I can take donations.’ And I say, ‘No naming prices—donations only.’ And she says she can take donations. And I say, ‘Oh yeah? You can let everything on your table go for one dollar?’ And she just sort of looks at me and I say, ‘You set up here, everything you got, one dollar.’” She hold up her index finger to help make the point. “And she says, ‘Maybe I’ll go set up somewhere else.’”

The group loves this, everyone laughing from the belly. No sign of nerves on display, at least not yet.

At 8:40 the drawing begins. One of the men closes the tumbler and gives it a couple turns with the handle on the side. Everyone presses up towards the caution tape.

“Why is there crime tape?” says Bobby.

“A crime is about to be committed.” They all laugh again, repeating the phrase. A crime is about to be committed.

The emcee opens the lid again and pulls out a small handful of cards. He spreads them out on the table.

“The first five...” his partner announces into the megaphone.

No one in our group is called. They all step back from the ring again while the first lucky five go select the spots they want. It’s a dance that continues all through the drawing, with the crowd approaching and retreating in time with each round, paying intermittent attention. Sometimes, Roger tiptoes right up to the tape, peering over, so he can see if his card comes up before they even announce the names. Others, he goes off to talk to some acquaintance, not bothering to watch at all. Collectively, the little group looks vaguely amoeba-like—it changes shape as size, losing one person here, gaining another, shifting up towards the caution tape and then back.

Deana joins the group about halfway through the drawing, an overlarge plaid shirt hiding her hands—it looks like her husband’s, perhaps pilfered from him to help fight the morning’s chill. “Roger,” she says, “you have to turn your phone on.” She smiles slightly, a look at once very warm and slightly shy, a bit hurt, even. Last week she gave him a phone, and offered to share her minutes with him.

She also lets Roger and Scotty shower at her house—Wednesday is their shower day. And she has them over for dinner. Donna does the same, sometimes. Scotty says he just about fell asleep in Donna’s shower last week.

At this point, with more than half the hundred P-Zone spots already gone, no one from the group has been called. Finally, Roger gets picked, then Bobby. In the ring, Hatman’s card has been picked...except it’s his Driver’s License, not the card you need to purchase to enter the lottery. When he’s reclaimed it from the emcee, he holds it up for the crowd. “Look. I can drive. See?” Then he lies down inside the ring.

“He’s a riot,” Bobby says. “Although he’s sat down in front of my stand before. That pretty much ends business for that day. I don’t know if he’s actually drunk—he seems to turn it on and off pretty easy.”

When three-quarters of the spots have gone, Roger offers to let Scotty do one day in his spot if he doesn’t get called. It’s been a rough week for Scotty’s business—he left his bag full of henna oils outside his van, and someone ran off with them. The oils are his primary business expense—he mixes them every day or two, so as to get the optimal stain. Lots of others supposed henna artists don’t even use real henna, he says.

They use black hair dye, which looks great at first, but fades after only a few days, not to mention it’s toxic qualities. At his stand, he has a sign that reads, “Henna isn’t black.”

In the meantime, he’s borrowed some oils from Gil—another henna artist, who convinced Scotty to start doing henna in the first place, taught him how to mix the oils and everything.

As the lottery winds down, Scotty seems to abandon hope of getting picked. He limps around (old back injury), schmoozing, moving from one group to another to another. He dips in and out of a pretty good faux British accent, which he usually employs when he’s kidding. He’s looking out for spots, trying to see if anyone ended up with two, or got one but might not be able to use it this weekend. Or something. If it comes down to it, he’ll just get there early and set up in a spot where someone didn’t show. And if they do get booted, he’ll try to move to another spot.

“I have a lot of people I look out for here. And they look out for me. Like Roger. Roger’s a close friend, for sure.” He’s speaking regular American English. “Once I get called,” he says, “I’m sure as hell looking to see if I can help those guys out. And they’ll help me out.”

In five years here, there’s only been a handful of weekends when Scotty hasn’t found somewhere to set up. He can’t afford not to—he’s not some vendor up from San Diego for the weekend: this is his livelihood. And his home.

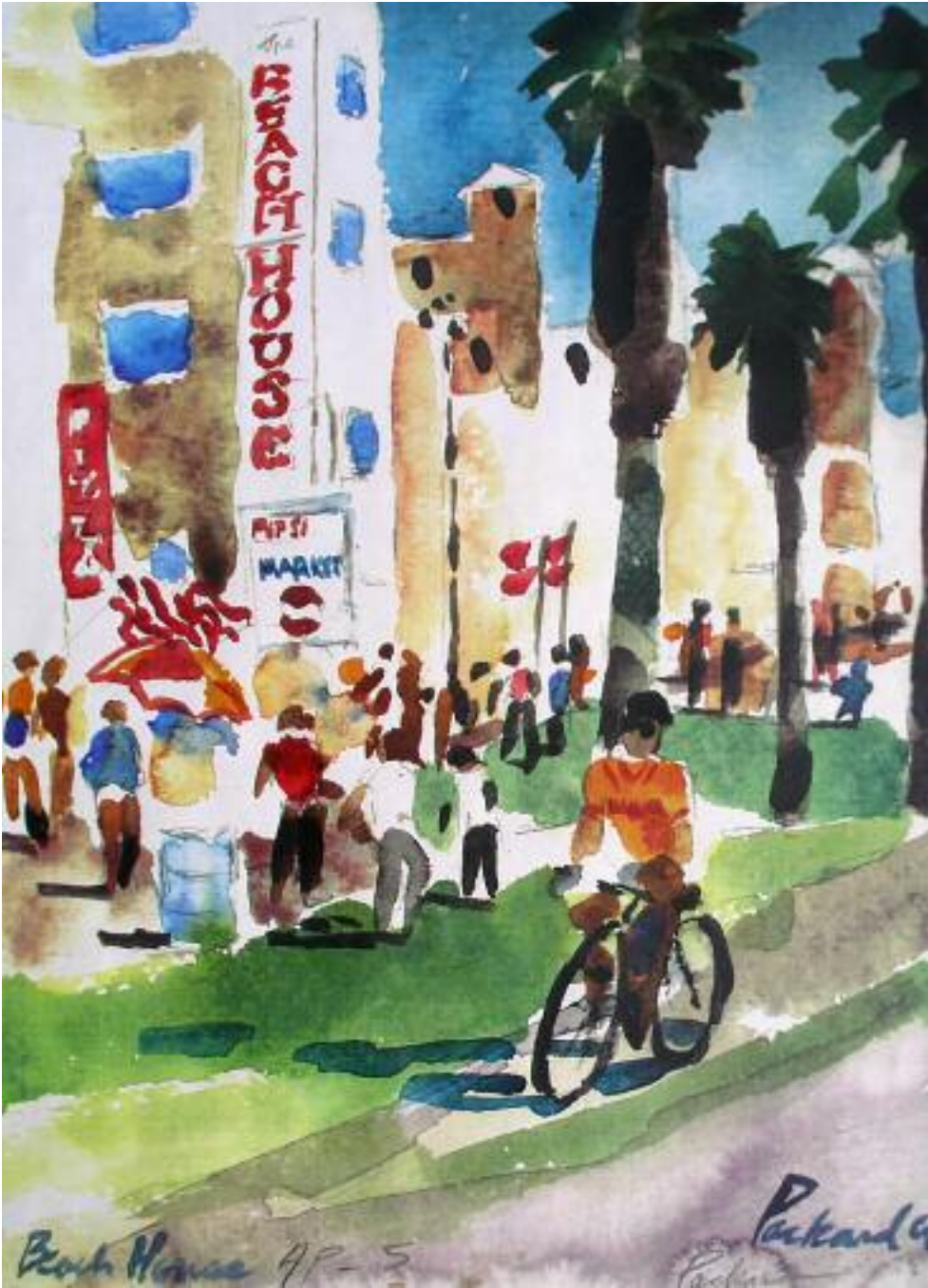
A crowd is gathering. The drawing is about over, but another kind of show is getting started. A lot of the people gathered here are performers, after all. And, well, they’re performing.

The main attraction is a young couple fighting. She’s going at him with full force, swinging and kicking. He deflects her blows calmly, batting her gloved hands with his palms. He’s training her, it looks like—kickboxing practice. But also a show. And these two apparently go at it for real, as well, just like this, right on the boardwalk, but no gloves. Or, at least, it’s a realer show.

“I should go,” Bobby keeps saying. He has to get to a flea market in Redondo where he picks up metal for his wind chimes. But still he stays. They all stay.

They all complain about the lottery, this game of chance that determines their livelihoods for the week. They complain about the commercial fucking vendors. But the lottery itself, it’s almost like a community meeting—everyone who lives and works here gathered together, trading tips, telling stories, not trying to sell anything. It’s a gathering of their whole community in what is, really, a mostly social setting.

I ask Scotty if he likes these Tuesday mornings. “You know,” he says, “I guess I do.”



Art by Ray Packard

What a Day! What a Life!

—continued from page 8

met my mother, but I almost started crying myself realizing she was probably right.

After her free, off-duty reading, she goes on to tell me she also does masseuse work. I ask her if I can get a reading while getting a massage. She says she does it all the time.

I only made it to two tents that day, and I now have my first favorite poet that I’ve met, a strong belief that astrology and psychic powers are real, a new favorite masseuse, and I’m being published in my favorite newspaper! Such amazing greatness can only be attributed to the overpowering effect Venice has to those that will allow it to happen.

The aforementioned encounters were but a sliver of an otherwise incredible weekend that seemed like it lasted for weeks, not 48 hours. I say weeks because I evolved so much in such a short period of time, it’s hard to remember who I was before the weekend began. I’m officially a shell of my formal self. That, or an enlightened and enhanced version of the previous me. Either way, I’m not complaining, and I’m not holding back. I am at the mercy of the town’s stranglehold, and I’m not struggling to fight it.

The aura of Venice is very, very powerful. It’s life-encompassing. The creative energy all throughout the area consumes you. It chews you up, spits you out, and what is left is who you really are. Who you’d rather be. It’s a town of self-awareness, very little self-doubt. As Barbie told me, this is my time, this is my place, this is the city, and this is my life.

Thankfully, she couldn’t be more right.

The



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CommUnity Events – day by day



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Ongoing Events

• **Art Market in Venice:** Art, Clothing, Furniture, Music & more - every Saturdays & Sundays 10am-6pm @ 2121 Lincoln Blvd. Near Venice Blvd. 310-663-3945 or riccodefile@yahoo.com

Free Food

• 3 - 5pm - Veggie Giveaway - Every Friday. Vera Davis Center. Contact Ivonne Guzman 323-867-2705.
• 12:30 - 1:30pm, Thursdays - Food Distribution Project: Hosted by Mildred Cursh Foundation. First come: first serve! Vera Davis Youth & Family Ctr. (VDY&FC) and Oakwood Senior Club. More info - Antoinette Reynolds, 822-6717 or Eddie Nuno, 305-1865.

Peace

Sundays:
8am - 5:30pm - Arlington West, Veterans For Peace, A project to honor American soldiers who have died in Iraq and Afghanistan; display of crosses for each soldier killed in war. - Santa Monica Beach, (north of Santa Monica Pier), Free. (323) 934-3451.

Get your local event listed in the Beachhead.

Send information to
Calendar@freevenice.org
by the 25th of the month.

(If you charge admission, please take out an advertisement - \$25)

The Toltec I Ching Comes to Venice, July 12

The Social and Public Art Resource Center (SPARC) will hold an opening reception and book signing for “The Toltec I Ching: 64 Keys to Inspired Action in the New World”. The book is the result of combining two indigenous cultures, ancient Mexican (known as Toltec) and Chinese. I-Ching expert, William Douglas Horden collaborated with artist and Nahuatl expert, Martha Ramirez-Oropeza to create this unique perspective on important cultural traditions / contributions.

The exhibit features 64 original oil paintings by visual artist, Martha Ramirez-Oropeza, which were created specifically / based on these two traditions. Martha Ramirez-Oropeza, currently an Artist-in-Resident at SPARC is a visual artist/educator and practitioner of the Nahuatl tradition. Martha has been apprenticed under master muralist David A. Siqueros, Guillermo Monroy and most recently, Judy Baca. She was also a performer with the Mascarones Theatre Group in Mexico and co-founder of the Nahuatl University in Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Author and I-Ching scholar, William Douglas Horden has more than thirty years’ experience with ancient divination systems of China and Mexico. Horden states:

“These are two great indigenous cultures who share a common mother culture. They inherited many lessons from their mother culture and so share similar worldviews. One of the most distinguishing features they share is a core belief in divination. Although they developed differently structured divinatory systems (13 x 20 = 260 & 8 x 8 = 64), they share a common devotion to highly structured divinatory systems. In both cases, these systems appeared at the arising of their respective civilizations and became repositories of their cultures’ wisdom teachings. It is the lessons from those wisdom teachings that we have incorporated into “The Toltec I Ching.” There are many perfectly good versions of the I Ching using Chinese symbols. But those symbols are not familiar to those of us in the Americas. We wanted to show the similarities between the two philosophies by re-introducing the I Ching using the symbols from the ancient Toltecs.”

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
- Electric Lodge, 1416 Electric Ave, 306-1854, max10@electriclodge.org
- The Good Hurt, 12249 Venice Blvd, www.goodhurt.com
- Hal’s Bar and Grill, 1349 Abbot Kinney Blvd., 396-3105 - www.halsbarandgrill.com
- Oakwood Recreation Center, 757 California Avenue.
- 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.(310) 305-1865. Fax 305-0146.
- Westminster Elementary School, 1010 Abbot Kinney Blvd. (enter auditorium from Westminster Ave.) 606-2015



The concerts run from 7 p.m. - 10 p.m. in the pier parking lot (on the pier). All concerts are free. No alcohol is allowed. Dogs are allowed as long as they are on a leash. You are more than welcomed to bring your own seating but seats will be available for rental.

July 2: Worldwide Internet Phenomenon comes to the Pier!
Playing for Change Band (Global Viral)
Bushman (Jamaican Roots Reggae)

July 9: Musical Icon!
Joan Baez (California)
with special guest Tift Merritt (North Carolina)

July 16: Salsamuffin and Global Grooves
Sgt. Garcia (Spain/France)
Ricardo Lemvo & Makina Loca (Congo/ Angola)

July 23: La Monica Ballroom Redux: 85th anniversary Dance-A-Thon
Squirrel Nut Zippers (Chapel Hill)
Johnny Vana & The Big Band Alumni (San Fernando Valley)

July 30: Pioneering African Pop Giants!
Thomas Mapfumo and the Blacks Unlimited (Zimbabwe)

August 6: Americana Rockers!
Dave Alvin & the Guilty Women (Downey)
Paul Thorn (Tupelo, Mississippi)

More information:
www.santamonicapier.org/fun.html#1

Thursday, July 2

• 7pm - **Twilight Series** - Santa Monica Pier begins. See box below.

Friday, July 3

• 6pm - **1st Fridays** is on Abbot Kinney Boulevard

Saturday, July 4

••• **Happy 104th Birthday Venice!**
• 4pm - **Fisherman’s Village Concert:** Neil Diamond tribute band “Eric Vincent & the Cutters 13755 Fiji Way, MdR
• 9pm - **Fireworks** at Marina Del Rey, KXLU 88.9 fm music accompanies firework show. Fisherman’s Village or Burton Chase Park 1365 Mindanao Way

Sunday, July 5

• 4:45pm - Open reading with **C.E. Chaffin**, the editor of The Melic Review. Beyond Baroque.

Monday, July 6

• Last day to see the **Venice Arts Exhibit** - 6 Visions 1702 Lincoln Blvd. 310-392-0846 or www.venice-arts.org
• 7pm - **MoZaic**, at The Talking Stick. Open Mic until 10pm.

Wednesday, July 8

• 7:30pm - **Suzy Williams** - Danny’s, 23 Windward.

Friday, July 10

• 10am-4pm - **Inside Out** Community Arts - Summer Neighborhood Arts Project - Yoga, Painting, Acting, Hip Hop Dance, Radio Recording - 2210 Lincoln Blvd. 397-8820 x104 or www.insideoutca.org. Free!
• 7:30pm at the Venice United Methodist Church - Join the Venice Justice Committee and Media Group for a **movie night** featuring: “The Wobblies.”

Sunday, July 12

• 2pm - “**The Toltec I Ching:** 64 Keys to Inspired Action in the New World” - SPARC

Friday, July 17

• 7pm - **MoZaic** monthly Showcase until 10pm, “Hotter Than July” Show. MoZaic is a Celebration of Art, Music, and Poetry. 490-2123.

Saturday, July 18

• 10am - 4pm - The First Annual “**Venice Beach Rides for the Community**” Car & Motorcycle Show, featuring hundreds of cars and bikes by the beach, live performances, and food. - Rose Ave., between Main St. and Lincoln Blvd.
• 7:30pm - **Summer Lit Show** - Suzy Williams & musical guests perform songs based on words by Kurt Vonnegut, Dorothy Parker, Raymond Chandler, William Blake, Truman Capote, Vladimir Nabokov, Frank Conroy & Baudelaire. You’ve read the book, now hear the song. \$10 - Beyond Baroque.

Monday, July 20

• 8pm - **7 Dudley Cinema** - Films: Rollingman, Pocket Full of Soul - The Talking Stick.

Friday, July 31

• 7pm - **Ray Bradbury** at the Adopt-A-Colonnade Restoration Project Kick-off Celebration - Electric Lodge - info@veniceofamerica.org or 967-5170





Sonny Zorro, King of the Boardwalk
Painting by Therese Daniels (see page 2)

Sonny Zorro died of a brain tumor in April 2003. He was a 22-year homeless resident of Venice. His music

can be heard on his album, *Millennium*, which is available at www.benefitnetwork.org/starvngartist.htm