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Happy  
Summer  
Solstice!

# FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

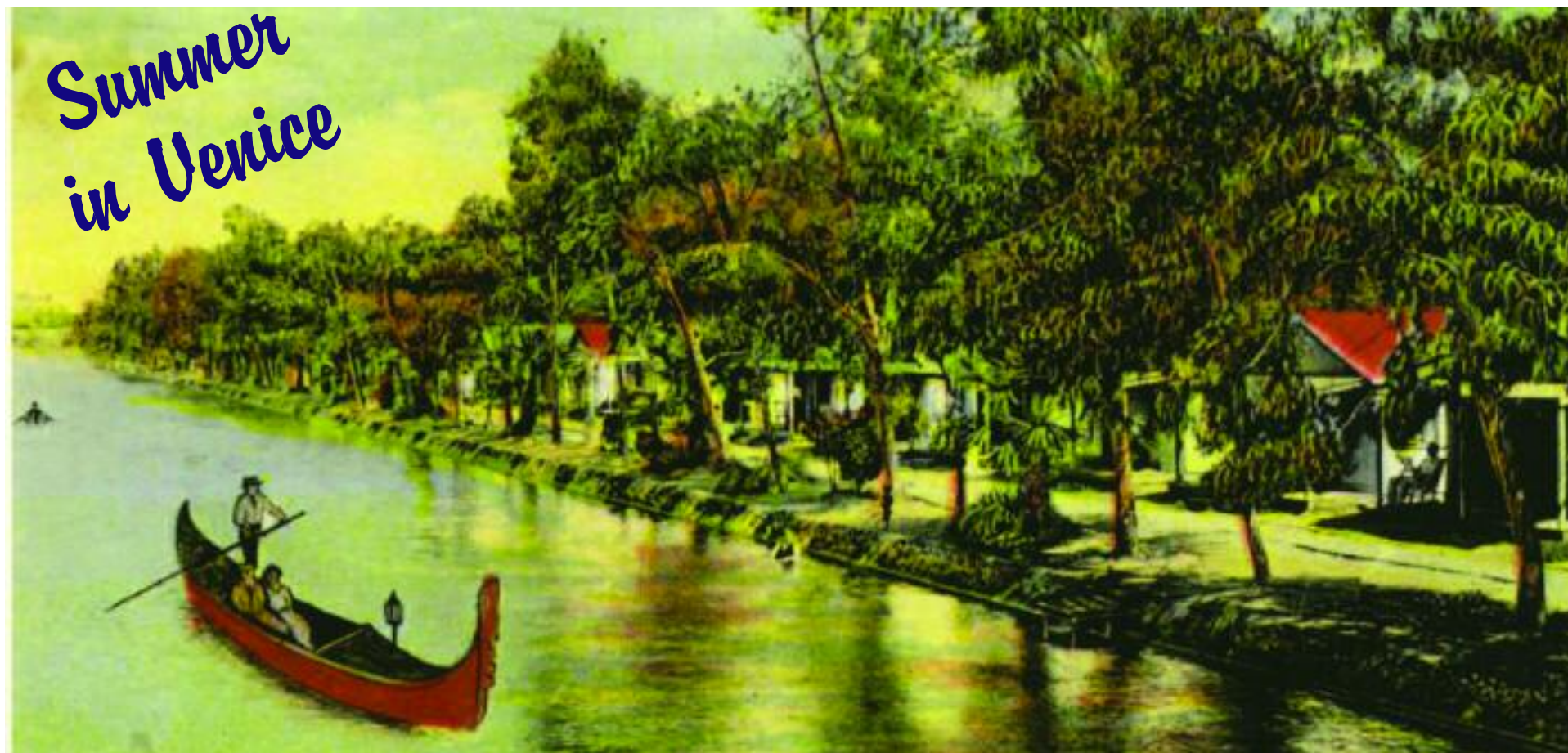
# BEACHHEAD



June  
2007

#308

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Summer  
in Venice

Enjoying a gondola ride along Grand Canal, looking east from Riviera Avenue, or just taking it easy on your rented porch, circa 1908. From 1905-27, Venice solved the housing shortage with 250 tent structures, with running water and electricity, in "Villa City," between Grand and Venice Blvd. —courtesy Paul Tanck

## The Military and the Environment

### The Biggest Polluter in the World!

By Karl Abrams

Surprisingly few people are aware of the fact that the US military is, by far, the largest environmental polluter in the world, generating one-third of all yearly US toxic waste. This is about one ton per minute of waste chemicals, all of which are poisonous in small quantities to all living things, especially fetuses.

The US Military is also the largest polluter of oil in the world, consuming hundreds of millions of barrels per year and burning 30 percent more per year during war time. This makes the US Military the largest contributor to global warming.

The Department of Defense controls 25 million acres of military bases and training facilities. All of which are all laced with unexploded and corroding bombs and rockets and enough slowly leaking chemicals to permanently poison the entire planet.

Such military bases are spread out among 11,000 military sites all over the US and the rest of the world. Other countries should be concerned. The US Military is not required by law to clean up most of the 737 overseas bases they have polluted.

In the US alone, the EPA has counted over 29,000 "environmental hot spots" saturated with fuel spills, dangerous heavy metals, and quickly spreading volatile solvents like trichloroethylene

—continued on page 4

### CASUALTIES IN IRAQ

**U.S. 3,474 Dead – 122 this month**  
**U.S. Wounded 25,549 – 637 this month**  
**Iraqi Dead: 655,000**

Source: [antiwar.com](http://antiwar.com), [Lancet Medical Journal](http://Lancet Medical Journal)

Cost: \$430+ Billion - Source: [costofwar.com](http://costofwar.com)

## Venice Girds for the Summer onslaught

### News from the Front

By Della Franco

What is the news? That is the question on every one's mind. But no one really knows for sure. There are so many unanswered questions, so many conflicting versions.

Artists are holding their breath. What is going to become of the boardwalk? And when?

But right now, in the haze of all the confusion, Venice Beach is once again beating to its own rhythm. Artists and vendors are not playing by the City's rules, the damned ordinance is being ignored, abandoned, disobeyed.

But for how long? Is this the calm before the storm?

When will the cops start to harass again? Arrest again? Confiscate again?

Incense and sage fill the air once more. Handcrafted materials fill the spaces and make the boardwalk look beautiful, colorful, cultural. It feels alive again.

The police still patrol, and they still do nothing about the vendors who are obviously selling factory-made, mass produced, "Made in China" products.

Note to those vendors: If you can't make your art on the spot - GO AWAY! You are ruining it for everyone else.

And the police still stalk the authentic artists who are busy making their art by staring coldly at them for long periods of time from their patrol cars.

The word on the street is that there are one or two, maybe more, pending court decisions about the fate of the boardwalk and the Ordinance.

How long will that take? No one knows. "They say" the boardwalk will soon ONLY permit tarot readers and performers. Does that

—continued on page 4

## Corporate Geniuses Discover There Is Life on Planet Venice

By Jim Smith

Even after the evictions and the illegal bulldozing, corporate landlord AIMCO still hasn't gotten its way with redeveloping Lincoln Place apartments. Like fleas on an elephant, Venetians - including evicted tenants - have countered AIMCO's long-held desire to destroy nearly 700 affordable garden apartments and replace them with high-cost condominiums.

Sometime in the last few months, AIMCO's corporate headquarters in Denver, Colorado made the astounding discovery that those fleas were really living, breathing people who don't want their seaside community overrun with more condos, more traffic, and who like having community-minded seniors, disabled and other long-time and low-income neighbors.

AIMCO's corporate ethos apparently takes Venice's home, sweet home, attitude as a challenge. And so it was that AIMCO (Apartment Investment and Management Company) hired Tim Beaudin to be its executive vice president in charge of development. Mr. Beaudin reports directly to Mr. Terry Considine, AIMCO's chief executive officer. And reporting directly to Mr. Beaudin is his old friend, Charles McPhee, who is in charge of winning the hearts and minds of Venetians. Tim and Charlie got to know each other well when they worked for Catellus Development Corporation where Mr. Beaudin was also an executive vice president.

Catellus is well known to Beachhead readers and environmentalists who engaged in the community opposition to the development of the West Bluffs in Westchester/Playa del Rey that overlook the Ballona Wetlands. Catellus was successful in building mansion houses on top of the up-to-then pristine bluffs.

—continued on page 11



**BEACHHEAD COLLECTIVE:**

Karl Abrams, Rex Butters, C.V. Beck, Carol Fondiller, Della Franco, Don Geagan, Yolanda Miranda, Jim Smith, Erica Snowlake, Judith Martin-Straw, Alice Stek

The FREE VENICE BEACHHEAD is published monthly by the Beachhead Collective as a vehicle for the people of Venice to communicate their ideas and opinions to the community at large.

The Beachhead encourages anyone to submit news stories, articles, letters, photos, poetry or graphics of interest to the Venice community. The staff reserves the right to make all decisions collectively on material published. There is no editor on the Beachhead. The printing is financed by ads 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. If return of material is desired, a stamped self-addressed envelope is required. No payment is made for material used.

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**Playa Vista and the City Council**

Dear Beachhead,

Regarding the story about the ongoing litigation against the Los Angeles City Council regarding their roles in recent approvals of the Playa Vista development I have the following comments. First, I would like to thank the Free Venice Beachhead for publishing the article I submitted because it is important for local residents to be aware of the current circumstances surrounding those recent approvals. The City Council remains under the cloud of ongoing litigation after its defeat in the California Appellate Court. Playa Vista is not a done deal. An Undone Deal is probably a better description. It is unraveling.

Community leaders named such as Kathy Knight and Rex Frankel and others were INSPIRATIONAL in the successful challenge, not INSTRUMENTAL as the article stated. Please print this correction in your fine newspaper and never trust your computerized spell checker. Use the dictionary.

While they are not and never were active participants in the litigation, I have been constantly inspired by their actions in their attendance of public hearings to protect the environment and the health and safety of the public. Stalwart, honest, and forthright sum up the community leaders best.

One other minor correction is as follows. The word THEN should have been omitted on line 3 of column three. It should correctly read as follows. Judge George H. Wu was appointed to the federal bench by none other than President George Bush himself.

Thank you to all of the staff who provide the Free Venice Beachhead.

Live long and prosper.

Sincerely, *John Davis*

**Parking, Gentrification and Bill**

Dear Beachhead,

In response to your guestioneer on community opinion among activists on a report card for Councilman Rosendahl...

My activities centered on PARKING ISSUE IN VENICE: I have focused on the Abbot Kinney Corridor, between Venice and Main, the sector is being gentrified at a rapid rate. New hotels have been approved and the existing commercial 'interests' want/need to intensify their commercial 'uses'.

In its most obvious and virulent form, their classical knee jerk reaction under a mentality dominated by capitalist inspirational culture is to try to get more money from their property. But they are all good people, regardless of this, in so many other ways!

Many of the older buildings on AK (Alte Kakke!) have no or very little parking on site. In order to get permission to turn boutiques and bookstores and chachka places into restaurants or other eateries, they appear to have convinced the Coastal Commission and the City Planning Department to latch onto a Building and Safety initiative which has now been applied to Venice.

Grand Fathered, Phantom, or Ghost Parking: The Concept.

Older buildings with uses get grantfathered a parking credit for parking they did not have when they were made 'legal' by Los Angeles (Certificate of Occupancy), usually in the 1970's. The result, they are credited and have been credited with having parking which actually they do not have.

The Result has been a Foodie Faire on Alte Kakka!!!

Although it appears absurd and positively Gogolesque, I have taken it seriously as a member of the LUPC of the Neighborhood Council. The LUPC also is/has been surprised at the onslaught of gentrification on AK and protested at several levels.

Now, in answer to your question:

Councilman Rosendahl has not been helpful and has not been responsive on this issue. I am sad, and a bit frustrated, but I have to say that he has not been helping us in this community struggle to uphold the community's will, as expressed in the Venice Coastal Zone Specific Plan, as imperfect and as violated in its content as that Plan exists today!!!!

I like Bill. I voted for Bill. I've told him he is the best L.A. City Councilman to represent Venice and Venice's interests with L.A. since 1929.

Nevertheless, in the one area which I have acted in (as part of 'the community') and in which I required his help, I didn't get it!

*Arnold Springer*

**The Swami**

Dear Beachhead,

Don't know why, but a memory of X Swami X floated through my brain today, and I thought I'd see if I could find out what he's up to now.

Your periodical popped up in my google search and I see that last January he celebrated his 80th birthday.

My own memories of the Swami go back to 1971, at London's Hyde Park. I was roaming Europe and North Africa back then, and during a London stay I visited the famed Speakers' Corner.

There was the Swami, in the middle of a humorous rant about modern times. There was I, 23, a New York kid who hadn't been in the states for a year. The Swami was an immediate connection to back home. For several Sundays, I would find him there. He was funny and witty and had that Ginsbergian kind of aura.

Eventually I would return to the US. I met and married a lovely woman who was a singer with a band trying to make it. One night they played Gerde's Folk City in Greenwich Village. And who pops up on stage as - if I remember correctly - the emcee, but the Swami.

By 1978, we had moved to Los Angeles. One weekend we decided to make our first trip to Venice. We're walking along and, lo and behold, there's the Swami.

That was nearly 30 years ago and I hadn't seen, read or heard anything of him in all that time. I hope that he is now 81 and doing well. I will be 60 in July, and it's hard to believe that so much time has passed so quickly.

Thanks for the update.

*Joel Sanoff*

**Correction**

On page two of the May issue, the name of the person who wrote the letter, *Large Waves and High Water*, was cut off. It was DeDe Audet.

Also cut off was the last line of the Brief, entitled *Venice's Wealthiest Couple Gets Richer*. The last paragraph reads: *Their Harman Family Foundation gives millions to D.C.-based cultural institutions, such as the Washington Ballet and the city's Shakespeare Theatre Company. They give much less, or nearly zero, to Venice cultural institutions.*



**Is There A Shuttle in Our Future?**

Andy Layman of Venice Suites and the Chamber of Commerce have initiate an effort to bring a shuttle to Venice. A May 9 meeting on the topic brought out several Venetians and representatives from Playa Vista (which is mandated to operate a shuttle), County Supervisor Don Knabe's office, and the Santa Monica Blue Bus.

There is interest in a shuttle both for tourists (visitors) and for residents. Everyone agreed that for a shuttle to become a reality, it would have to have the active support of Councilmember Bill Rosendahl.

Linda Gamberg from the Blue Bus talked about the new Mini Blue routes they are starting in Santa Monica. They will be modeled after the Tide Shuttle. She said they had neither the buses nor the money to extend the service to Venice. She estimated that the Tide Shuttle costs around \$100 an hour to operate.

No plans were made for future meetings. The next step seems to be getting Rosendahl's support.

**5 Rose Apartments Sold**

"Sale of Historic Apts Tops Asking Price," says the press release from GlobeSt.com. It continues, "The Oceanview Apartments, a historic building originally developed as a hotel in 1905, has sold for \$300,000 more than the asking price for the property. Sperry Van Ness brokers who negotiated the Oceanview sale report that the property, which is adjacent to Pacific Coast Highway at 5 Rose Ave. on the Venice Boardwalk, sold for \$10.8 million."

It claims that more than 20 prospective buyers made offers on the building. It wrongly states that the building "including retail on the ground floor and basement levels." The winning buyer was "a Los Angeles-based private investor who acquired the property from Encino-based Urbatec in a deal that went from listing to close of escrow in 60 days."

The building includes 59 apartment units (most of them converted hotel rooms), "all with ocean views, with rents ranging from \$827 to \$1,600." The press release does not mention the numerous Section 8 (low income) residents who have been there for years.

Housing activists are monitoring the actions of the new owner to make sure there is no attempt to kick out the current residents. One obstacle to gentrifying the building is that there is no parking.

# It's Midterm Report Card Time for Councilmember Bill Rosendahl and Mayor Antonio Villaraigosa

## Beachhead Readers Respond (partial list):

Bill Rosendahl: C  
He's trying to do a good job - has fallen short of my expectations.

Antonio Villaraigosa: D  
Again trying to do a good job, however he too has fallen short of my expectations.

Jolie Kraff  
.....

Bill Rosendahl: D-

Antonio Villaraigosa: F+

They both are all talk and no action using their status as elected officials to gain approval for what they say. They both do not take any action. Perhaps their hands are tied by huge corporations. Well, then they best change the system! Are they even trying???? I think I may be too nice with my grading!!!

Erin Grayson  
.....

Bill Rosendahl: A  
Rosendahl is doing a great job. He supports renters and cares about his constituents.

Antonio Villaraigosa: F  
I don't wish to comment.

Lucienne M. Siam  
.....

Bill Rosendahl: A+++

Antonio Villaraigosa: B  
Not good, not bad; he is basically fair but a little disappointing given his campaign promises.

Sabrina Venskus  
.....

Bill Rosendahl: A+  
Excellent representative. Tries to negotiate compromise when possible.

Antonio Villaraigosa: F-  
Pro illegal immigration. Anti American citizen.

Thomas Torres  
.....

Bill Rosendahl: A  
Excellent

Antonio Villaraigosa: B  
He's good

Jim Schley  
.....

Bill Rosendahl: B+  
Much better than Miscikowski. Hardworking. Speaks out against the occupation of Iraq. I'm pleased to see him attending many of the progressive events around town.

Antonio Villaraigosa: C  
Hardworking, but often betrays the progressive agenda he ran for office on. Could do so much better.

Alice Stek  
.....



Bill Rosendahl and Antonio Villaraigosa are half way through their terms as District 11 Councilmember and L.A. Mayor, respectively.  
The Beachhead believes the press – and the voters – have a responsibility to let our representatives know how we feel about their performance in office.  
Ultimately, all office holders work for us, the voters. If they don't hear from us, we can be sure they will hear from the lobbyists.  
Based on this unscientific sample, it would appear that Bill and Antonio have done fairly well with their image skills, but need to concentrate on those skills that actually get things done. We still have two years in which we expect to see much improvement.  
**Final Grades:**  
**Bill Rosendahl: B+**  
**Antonio Villaraigosa: D+**  
*If you didn't have a chance to submit your report card, please do it now. We'll print all signed responses we get. Send to Beachhead@freevenice.org or to Beachhead, P.O. Box 2, Venice 90294.*

Bill Rosendahl: B+  
He has values, ethics and is not afraid of money people. He is not a slacker and I expect the next two years to be better than the previous two years.

Antonio Villaraigosa: F  
His grade is due to extreme narcissism and grandiosity. He is only interested in himself and setting a stage for a run for the presidency, in my humble opinion.

C.V. Beck  
.....

Bill Rosendahl: A  
I admire how Bill has actively placed Lincoln Place people as his number one priority along with his supporting homeless vets and opposing commercial development.

Antonio Villaraigosa: C  
The Mayor could have done a better job in preventing the recent fare doubling by the MTA. He should have confronted the Governor more about the State's underfunding tricks.

Karl Abrams  
.....

Bill Rosendahl: B+  
Give Bill A for Effort, but he's held back by corrupt fellow councilmembers, city attorney and, some say, his staff.

Antonio Villaraigosa: C-  
Beware the power of the Dark Side, young Antonio. Too late! He's been captured by developers and corporations. Just ask Lincoln Place tenants and SouthCentral Farmers.

Jim Smith  
.....

Bill Rosendahl: A  
For openly admitting to the obvious mistakes in the Venice Beach Ordinance that prohibit certain artists from making their artwork that can be used as jewelry. And for promising to do his utmost in rectifying those prohibitions.

Antonio Villaraigosa: F  
For being part of the process that brought the Ordinance to Venice Beach in the first place.

Della Franco  
.....

Bill Rosendahl: B  
I see him, Sunday mornings, at the Mar Vista Farmers Market. He shares his peanuts and has a big smile. He's still smiling so he must be doing a good job (tongue in cheek).

Antonio Villaraigosa: D - F  
Seems like he's not living up to the hype. Don't be fooled.

Anonymous  
.....

Bill Rosendahl: A  
Seems to really care about and try to help his constituents!

Antonio Villaraigosa: D-  
Seems to have his sights set on a higher plane than L.A. Always out of town, making PA's to promote himself.

Anonymous  
.....

Bill Rosendahl: B  
In so far as my limited experience allows me to have any opinion, I like Bill's professional image and apparent desire to help people with problems in the community e.g Lincoln Place Tenants and as I can't speak up for the less powerful in the area, he seems like a nice enough guy.

Antonio Villaraigosa: C+  
Not addressing the problem of affordable housing in the City. He could be worse. Fair. In general he shows up for work and does his job at least even if it is an uninspired performance.

Anonymous



Lincoln Place

## TENT CITY REPORT

By C.V. Beck

Tent City is once a week, on Saturdays, from 10 am to 5 pm, California and Frederick Streets, southwest corner. We are located behind the Ross/Ralphs parking lot in what we call the free speech area, or Squirrel Square. We have delicious, unhealthful snax and chat all day long and have a few yuks, if at all possible in our situation. In litigation this month at 8:30 a.m., June 5, in Malibu Courthouse, Civic Center Way, Judge Cesar Sarmiento's courtroom W, AIMCO v. Group E, the Lincoln Place Tenant's Association attorneys' Jan Book and Amanda Seward, and AIMCO's attorneys, Greguar Ozhekim and Linda Hollenbeck, will be having a status conference to determine next steps and dates thereof, leading to a long-awaited trial. The CEQA (California Environmental Quality Act) matter is not expected to be heard prior to August or September, 2006.

This month, one of our tenants who had moved, has returned to help us set up Tent City regularly. Thank you, Tom Torres, for your help. Tom has described our situation as that of "corporate avarice."

At the beginning of the month of May, Bill Rosendahl and Mark Antonio Grant stopped by to see us. Bill said that the Lincoln Place situation is "an albatross around AIMCO's neck"...I was so glad to hear this, I went home and looked up the poem, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge on the internet. (Cheered me up, considerable, it did.)

Also this month, AIMCO has "reappeared" to certain "selected" members of the Venice Community in what is going to be a series of semi-private/semi-public (?) meetings at chic watering holes. (I decline to say "up-scale," lest I blow chunks). In the course of which meeting, the new AIMCO guy, Charles McPhee (formerly of Catellus, now known as Prologis, even bigger than what was called "the Octopus") wants to take the pulse of the neighborhoods of Venice, (or perhaps give us a reverse blood transfusion), to see what should be done with/to Lincoln Place. Oddly enough, no one from Lincoln Place seemed to have been invited.

I finally ran into the guy from the Department of Agriculture, Weights and Measures, who has been putting out the fruit fly traps in the trees forever. He was so surprised to see someone here, and I was equally surprised to see him, too, after fifteen years of not seeing him. He asked me if I was the owner? I said no, and I gave him a Beachhead to read, to clarify his mind and set it at ease.

The roses in the backyard are better than they have ever been! I have been feeding them banana peels. In case you didn't know, roses love banana peels and now, you know what to do with your leftover ones. See you next month.

## News from the Front —continued from page 1

mean it will include artists making their art on the spot or not?

Are they not performers too?

"They say" that anyone who does not abide by this law will be sued.

The police will again use their power to crush and control the spirit of Venice and they will have the city behind.

But when? We were promised by the Councilman that he would help make amendments to the ordinance.

He gave us his word that he would protect the craftspeople who were overlooked.

We are still waiting for those changes.

I hope it happens soon. I pray that the Ocean Front can finally exist in peace.

## New Super-dense Element Announced BUSHCRONIUM--SYMBOL IS "W."

Discovery of the densest element yet known to science was announced today by the Lawrence Livermore Labs. The new element has been named "Bushcronium." Bushcronium has one neutron, 12 assistant neutrons, 75 deputy neutrons, and 224 assistant deputy neutrons, giving it an atomic mass of 311. These particles are held together by dark forces called morons, which are surrounded by vast quantities of lepton-like particles called peons.

Bushcronium's mass actually increases over time, as morons randomly interact with various elements in the atmosphere and become assistant deputy neutrons in a Bushcronium molecule, forming isodopes.

This characteristic of moron-promotion leads some scientists to believe that Bushcronium is formed whenever morons reach a certain quantity in concentration. This hypothetical quantity is referred to as "Critical Morass".

When catalyzed by cash, Bushcronium activates Foxnewsium, an element that radiates orders of magnitude more energy, albeit as incoherent noise, since it has only half as many peons but twice as many morons.

At present there is no apparent usefulness for this new addition to the periodic table of the elements.



Two Venetians-about-town: Nathaniel and his pet raven.

## World's Biggest Polluter —continued from page 1

and ammonium perchlorate, a solid rocket and missile fuel. These and other chemicals have contaminated public drinking water across half of our American states, covering 40 million acres of land.

## Perchlorates are present in the urine of all Americans

Trichloroethylene is the single most widespread contaminant in drinking and farm water. It is a grease-cutting colorless, sweet smelling military solvent used to clean metal airplane parts. It causes kidney cancer, neurological abnormalities and autoimmune diseases. Its slowly spreading underground plumes will cost billions to remove.

Perchlorates are known to cause severe thyroid damage which imperils pregnant women and causes birth defects in their unborn children. Perchlorates are present in the urine of all Americans and are found in 90 percent of human breast milk and 90 percent of lettuce and other foods grown on contaminated farms.

A 2005 study by the National Academy of Sciences states that perchlorates are more toxic than the Department of Defense (DOD) wants to admit. As a result, the US Military is now a major threat to our global environment and to domestic safe drinking water across thousands of American communities.

Who is safe? A whopping 10 percent of Americans (31 million) live within 10 miles of hundreds of superfund toxic dumps. Unfortunately, 100 percent of Iraqis live in a completely poisoned country. And, although billions have been spent on cleaning Iraq's nightmare environment, it still remains a human and ecological disaster which may never fully recover.

Radioactive military pollution may take centuries to be satisfactorily removed from the environment. Sadly, the US military has already used more than a million pounds of depleted Uranium (read, partially depleted) in their war against Iraq and Afghanistan.

Besides its verifiable alpha particle radioactivity, depleted uranium is a toxic heavy metal that is known to cause DNA damage and severe birth defects in doses much lower than the military wants to admit. Its horrors have already caused an 8 to 10-fold increase in cancer and a 4 to 5-fold increase in Iraqi birth defects.

Weapons of this kind affect everyone. Not surprisingly, 80,000 US vets from the 1991

Iraq Gulf War have claimed chemical and Depleted Uranium exposure. Ten thousand vets may have already died because of it, while many other claims are being categorically ignored.

One contractor (Alliant) has produced over 15 million 30-mm shells for the US Air Force and over a million 120-mm rounds for use in US tanks and howitzers. Alliant has conveniently removed all references to uranium on their website, just in case too many activists and concerned citizens may find out.

This deadly abuse of human rights is one of the most serious war crimes in history. The US global empire is out of control. They have waged unjust wars abroad and under-protected our environment at home.

No wonder the Pentagon employs several thousand people with an annual budget of about two billion dollars just to deal with the legalities and lawsuits that are expected to arise from its never ending military pollution.

The Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), charged with protecting "human health and the environment", is quickly losing power to the Pentagon and the current administration. Since President Bush came into office, the DOD has been trying to win exemptions from laws covering toxic sites and clean air. The DOD feels that it is beyond accountability and should be, especially during war time, exempt from the law. The DOD has pressed for unregulated "Military Readiness."

Whole communities, states and even the EPA have brought uncountable actions against the Pentagon all over the country. Are we winning? Using Bush appointees and political influences within the EPA, inspections are down 10 percent, fines are down 25 percent, military site cleanups are down 20 percent and less of the military budget is available for appropriate environmental cleanup.

We cannot let the military poison us, the very people it is supposed to be protecting. We must not let the military commit environmental crimes in this country or commit crimes against humanity--in Iraq-- or anywhere else on this sacred planet.

Celebrating 40 years as the party of peace, freedom and justice - June 23, 1967.

Like Cindy Sheehan, declare your independence from the two corporate parties of empire.

Join the California Peace and Freedom Party today. Register P&F at the Post Office.



Peace & Freedom - Venice born and here to stay!

Douglas Eisenstark salutes the Beachhead for its coverage of the Lincoln Place crisis.

Douglas Eisenstark L.Ac. acupuncture and herbs safe, compassionate care for appointments: 310.403.7018

Practicing in Venice and Santa Monica since 1996.

# Diary of the March of the Mothers

By Jeanmarie Simpson

Washington - Week of Mother's Day:

## Day 1

Our plane arrives in a hot, muggy DC evening. The airport shuttle takes us to the house where feminist luminaries smile, nod, offer cool hands and sandwich trays. Strategies, laptops, cell phones, backpacks, vases filled with pink carnations churn post-feminist-activist butter.

Greeters like popcorn:

*Look at the board!*

*There's your room!*

*Here's the toilet, towels, mugs, number to call if you get arrested.*

Cold shower, hot room, noisy and with a hard, hard bed.

## Day 2

Up at 7am, out at 8, muffin, coffee, hit the streets with the Pink Police at the Capitol. Secretary of State hearing on the 'International' budget. Twelve Pink Police – how many Capitol Police? They have guns. We carry copies of the Constitution. Our signs:

*Stop Lying.*

*You Lied. Children Died.*

Capitol cop pulls us all out of the hearing room.

*We don't want to have to arrest you.*

*Don't hold signs up so others can't see.*

*Don't stand in front of people.*

*Don't make verbal expressions of any kind.*

We understand it's not okay to demonstrate until the hearing is over – Dirksen Senate office building, room 105 or 6.

*We understand 20 of you were demonstrating out front.*

There were 12 of us. Nineteen or fewer and you don't need a permit.

*Dispatch told me it was twenty.*

Well, it wasn't.

We start to go back into the hearing room.

*Ma'am, I need to be sure that you understand –*

We know our rights, officer. Do you?

*Ma'am, I only know what I was told.*

By whom?

*By Dispatch, Ma'am.*

Who at Dispatch? What's the name of the person who called you?

*Ma'am, I just need to know that you understand you will be removed if you disrupt the proceedings. Any demonstrations –*

What's a 'demonstration'?

*Ma'am –*

Please define the term 'demonstration', because the rules keep changing.

*Any disruption of the proceedings, Ma'am –*

Great. Thanks.

We return to the hearing room, I hold my sign and wait, wait, wait. When? When? WHEN?! Hearing finally begins, the Secretary postures, senators comment and question, polite, collegial exchanges. The new US Embassy in Iraq will have a thousand personnel. Domestic programs...? – pfff.

Gentlewoman from Louisiana enters, chides, questions, ends with a zinger:

*We have one, ONE mental health bed in the New Orleans area.*

She leaves.

A Pink Shirt moves to the back wall, holds up her sign, is warned that she will be removed and arrested. She isn't blocking anyone's view!!! She sits and holds her peace.

Gavel falls, hearing ends, two Pink Shirts unfurl a banner and the cops swarm like so many cockroaches in the dark. Our sisters are detained, their banner confiscated. They are arrested. We are not permitted to accompany them, follow, hear the reasoning.

*You can't demonstrate at the Capitol.*

We didn't disrupt the hearing.

They are taken away.

My friend and I move to the Quaker House where we'll spend the night. We change our clothes, go to tea at the Mott House where Rep. Harman strides in, proud of her pro-McGovern Amendment vote. Hugs, kisses for her from Pink leadership.

We mourn our caged sisters – pending cases mean they'll spend the night in jail. No blankets, no food for 24 hours. They're tough, they know what they're in for.

Evening fund raiser – clips of *A Single Woman* – the film. Auction for the Pink Shirts, food drink dancing.

Night falls silent on the Quaker House - only the snoring of a bunk mate breaks the stillness.

## Day 3

Breakfast near the Capitol. My friend and I walk in the morning sun, lose our way, find our way to the Cannon office building, meet up with the Pink Shirts, split up into three groups, head to Dem's offices – those who voted against the McGovern Amendment.

All Reps have returned to their districts, some legislative aids talk to us, some interns simply take our information. Two aides are very courteous, sit down, spend time with us. One aide from Georgia is particularly kind and respectful, one from California is also very good.

Rep from Ohio's Sixth District isn't in. No aides, they're all in a meeting. We think an intern has gone to look for one of the aides, we stand at the desk, look in the mirror admire the shade of our pink shirts and make small talk with the Scheduler. We ask her if she knows why the Congressman voted against the Amendment.

*I'm sure he has his reasons.*

A Capitol policewoman, gun on her hip, appears.

*You were asked to leave and you didn't, so they called me.*

We weren't asked to leave.

*Look. Don't make a ruckus.*

The intern was frightened? Of us? Of our pink shirts? She went next door and they called a cop?!

*You couldn't come in here and talk to us? You had to bring a gun in here?*

–continued on page 10

## Peace Mom Cindy Sheehan Opts Out

### An Open Letter to the Democratic Congress

### Why I Am Leaving the Democratic Party

By Cindy Sheehan

Hello, my name is Cindy Sheehan and my son Casey Sheehan was killed on April 04, 2004 in Sadr City, Baghdad, Iraq. He was killed when the Republicans still were in control of Congress. Naively, I set off on my tireless campaign calling on Congress to rescind George's authority to wage his war of terror while asking him "for what noble cause" did Casey and thousands of other have to die. Now, with Democrats in control of Congress, I have lost my optimistic naiveté and have become cynically pessimistic as I see you all caving into "Mr. 28%"

There is absolutely no sane or defensible reason for you to hand Bloody King George more money to condemn more of our brave, tired, and damaged soldiers and the people of Iraq to more death and carnage. You think giving him more money is politically expedient, but it is a moral abomination and every second the occupation of Iraq endures, you all have more blood on your hands.

Ms. Pelosi, Speaker of the House, said after George signed the new weak as a newborn baby funding authorization bill: "Now, I think the president's policy will begin to unravel." Begin to unravel? How many more of our children will have to be killed and how much more of Iraq will have to be demolished before you all think enough unraveling has

occurred? How many more crimes will BushCo be allowed to commit while their poll numbers are crumbling before you all gain the political "courage" to hold them accountable? If Iraq hasn't unraveled in Ms. Pelosi's mind, what will it take? With almost 700,000 Iraqis dead and four million refugees (which the US refuses to admit) how could it get worse? Well, it is getting worse and it can get much worse thanks to your complicity.

Being cynically pessimistic, it seems to me that this new vote to extend the war until the end of September, (and let's face it, on October

1st, you will give him more money after some more theatrics, which you think are fooling the anti-war faction of your party) will feed right into the presidential primary season and you believe that if you just hang on until then, the Democrats will be able to re-take the White House. Didn't you see how "well" that worked for John Kerry in 2004 when he played the politics of careful fence sitting and pandering? The American electorate are getting disgusted with weaklings who blow where the wind takes them while frittering away our precious lifeblood and borrowing money from our new owners, the Chinese.

I knew having a Democratic Congress would make no difference in grassroots action. That's why we went to DC when you all were sworn in to tell you that we wanted the troops back from Iraq and BushCo held accountable while you pushed for ethics reform which is quite a hoot...don't you think? We all know that it is affordable for you all to play this

–continued on page 10



*Dispense Ye of Foolishness To Seek the WiseDome Within*

# Beachhead Guide to Venice Medical Marijuana Dispensaries

By Erica Snowlake

As a followup to last moon's interview with Dr. Allan Frankel whereby the author described receiving her magickal-entrance-beyond-many-doors-highly-sought-after State of California legally sanctioned MEDICAL MARIJUANA RECOMMENDATION, I've since undertaken a diligent quest to sample the goods proffered by Venice's own wholistic dispensaries.

I've enjoyed meeting the owners, (and one prospective owner), of four clubs, gleaning much from their multiple perspectives on offering marijuana as a premier healing medicine whilst keeping a low profile running a thriving business in the heart of our vibrant community. From their testimonies and my own experience researching case histories, I wholeheartedly encourage everyone with illnesses of any kind to give marijuana a chance to fulfill Her Work, and for those already-in-the-know to sign-up for more good behaviour in order to support this movement as a revolution in progress.

Marijuana works for the relief of disease, and alleviates symptoms of Anxiety, Stress, Insomnia, Hypertension, Chronic Pain, Eating Disorders, MS, Chronic Fatigue, Cancer, Aids, Depression, and everything in between. And in ways we are still as a culture just beginning to acknowledge She imparts a beautiful creative wisdom.....

With this in mind, seek thy physician, and once laden with legalities in hand, your next step is to select and visit a dispensary. Hopefully this article will provide and entice you with all the tidbits you need to proceed....in general, you will enter a reception chamber where you will be amicably greeted and your California I.D. and recommendation checked forthwith. After registering with the particular dispensary, and often being issued a handy-dandy I.D. card from them, you will then be escorted to THE OTHER ROOM, A.K.A. the medicine treasure chest.



You'll feast your eyes upon a menu with the exotic, life-enhancing names of top-grade strains, just like in good ol' Amsterdam, where at this point it's guaranteed you will be salivating.

Prices vary from \$20-\$30 a gram to \$55-\$90 an eighth for the creme of the trade. Oohhh lalalla.....the names slide off your tongue like a fine.....smoke, Hawaii X Malawi, Caramella, Bubbleberry, Shishkaberry, Sensei Star, Shark Shock, Juicy Fruit and Sweet Tooth, words to ease and tease your palate. All are available for

your instant connoisseur gratification in terms of glass bottled eye candy, trichome magnification, and budly aroma. One may also be blessed to find baked goods, trade-name "edibles," and concentrated oils of hash or kief.

These periodically come under state and federal fire, however crucial to patients with severe pain/debilitating illnesses.

Some of the dispensaries allow medicating on premises, others will discreetly usher you out

to medicate in the privacy of your own home, or neighborhood corner, (remember tales of the famed 60s community bong-in-the-rock?!) The Food of the Gods and Goddesses need not only be smoked, (or, preferably, vapourized, like the ethers of a Living Volcano), my favorite elixir/potion an ancient Sanskrit recipe involving simmering buds in a coconut cream concoction called Bhang Lassi, sipping divine faerie drops of the rosewater-infused nectar, worthy of Shiva and Shakti's kisses!

Speaking of Flavour, that of each of Venice's dispensaries is unique and a supreme joy to behold. I know I am waxing rhapsodic, but I highly recommend visiting each and everyone on a regular basis. Their compassionate owners and sexy staff are helpful fountains of knowledge and inspi-



ration. They are on the cutting edge of the revolution, mavericks influencing political and spiritual social change. Conducting savvy biz in a co-operative fashion, dispensaries are a hint of the healing potential we hold as human beings to care, to create hospices of the future, to listen as True People to the heartbeat of the Earth, Gaea, hearing Abundance and Diversity as the Call of Creation, as the Rhythmic Dance around the Tree of Life, as the Reason for our Existence! Partake Ye of Thee Folly! Praise the Herbal Remedy!

The following is a short tabled description of the dispensaries I visited (I didn't get to Alternative Care Givers Discount Dispensary, 122 S. Lincoln Blvd., 877-219-3809) and a synopsis of a questionnaire put forward to the dispensary owners. The gems contained herein can only be considered indicative of the sattvic quality of the....um....merchandise therein.

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allan@greenbridgemed.com

photo courtesy VBC



Guide to Venice Dispensaries	S.O.S. – Supplemental Organic Solutions Contact - Edward 328 Lincoln Blvd. 450 9141	Herbalology, Inc. Contact - Dr. Sticky 1811 Ocean Front Walk 823 2909	Venice Beach Care Center - VBC Contact - Ned 410 Lincoln Blvd. 399 4307	Organica Collective Contact - Jeff 13456 Washington Blvd. 663 7043
<b>Atmosphere</b>	Bamboo Garden Airy, Skylights Silver Menu Board	Chill Vibe with sun-streaming views of Muscle Beach and the shimmering Pacific Ocean	Warm, plush lounge interiors Inspiring Artistic Murals	Truly Original Art and Music Paradise All Natural Vibe
<b>What is your motivation in running a dispensary?</b>	"To Heal the World and Increase the Peace"	"To create a safe, comfortable environment for people to medicate"	"Universal Suffering. Seeing and experiencing the healing effects of marijuana energizes our purpose to unite our planet."	"To educate people about the uses of cannabis. When I owned the 4Hemp Shop on Pacific, everyone wanted to buy the medicine as well!"
<b>What unique features does your dispensary offer?</b>	4:20 Happy Hour Discounts, Dedication to Organic Growers, Clones, Sneaker Shop in Front, Limited Edition Bob Marley photographs, Pet friendly, Wheelchair access/Parking Lot	THE BUILDING! – 1907, originally a brothel with the ocean at its door, 1960's Jim Morrison lived on the roof, Mural of a Giant Sexy Jim on building, Live-in House guitarist Tone, Nintendo Wii Interactive, Volcano Vaporizers, Hydroponic Growing Kits, Access to Healers and Psychics on the Boardwalk	Photo wall of leading political medical marijuana activists. Something for Everyone! Special Discount Potporri Jar Anti-Oxidants and Homeopathic Remedies. Hash and Kief Concentrates	Commitment to Organic Medicine. Hemp Products and Hemp Education. Displays Growing Seeds
<b>Groovy Strain Names</b>	S.O.S., O.G., Green Crack Kush, Cotton Candy Kush, Funk Doctor, AK47, Purple Jesus	L.A. Confidential, Crystal OG, Kush, Purple Haze, Porn Star, Kush Ultra, Purple Cream	Platinum OG, Ghani, Jack Herer, Lavender, Sour Diesel, Blueberry, Mango, Banana	The Best in Northern California and Local strains
<b>An anecdote, charm, miracle, or revelation.</b>	" Helping people and working as a co-operative with our cool staff is the sweetest charm."	Lervelle. Age 75. Healing Rheumatoid Arthritis, Calls it the Wonder Weed, advises trying variety of everything on the menu for ultimate relief. Comes in hobbling and leaves jumping for joy!	"My ongoing revelation is inspiration from meeting the people who started the movement, and continuing to spread the word."	"1994 Meeting Jack Herer at his booth on the Boardwalk changed my Life. Seeing my dad's relief from leukemia."
<b>Client Profile</b>	Glenn, Activist of the Kush Collective, Helped pass Measure Y (Lowest Police Priority) in Santa Monica	"Seeing Jim Morrison's ghost on the roof winking at me smoking a joint!"	Steve Cubby, former candidate for California Governor and Libertarian candidate for President, 2008	Costco, Starbucks, and 7-11 refugees
<b>Quote of the Day</b>	"It's your Music - it's part of all World Art Culture Now." "The best for less at S.O.S. - Don't Panic, it's Organic!"	"Numbdefying," "If Scientology can make a religion out of Science, we can grow a religion from Herb!"	"There's nothing like a free eighth."	"Check out the newly minted State of California Medical Marijuana I.D. program under Los Angeles Public Health - I am getting mine!"

# Got the Munchies?

## It's Time for La Fiesta!

By Rex Butters

Someday, someone will write the Official Guide to the Ultimate SoCal Beach Town Small Indie

Eateries, and when the research team hits Venice I predict they will highlight La Fiesta.

You can eat great food for two days with the money you can carry in the smallest secure pocket in your trunks. They have a lemonade capable of restoring your salt and sand encrusted throat back to normal hydration. From their outdoor aluminum picnic tables, you can feast for cheap while watching Valleyites of all directions drag their low blood sugars by the busy intersection of Windward and Pacific, trying to remember where they parked.

The interior of fishing murals, pinatas, and sequined hats connects to the sun-dazed delirium of their hometown. Their large fare board/menu over the counter neglects the breakfast menu and other specials, so it's good to be observant. Basically a taqueria, La Fiesta offers soft and hard tacos, burritos, tortas, and tostadas, all grandes, with prices ranging from \$1.75-\$6. Finally, a place to eat out after filling the gas tank.

Of course, cheap means nothing without quality, and La Fiesta finds a way to fill these intimidating portions with captivating flavors. Case in point-the salsa cart. After ordering, prepare your portion cups with eye opening homemade salsas including a bright, hot, finely

chopped picante, a chipotle that brings plenty of smoke and fire, and the biggest surprise of all, a tomatilla sauce that sits up on the tongue and says hello. Not the usual innocuous green mush for timid taste buds, La Fiesta's tart tomatilla comes alive, and like its sisters, holds your tongue's attention with a sneaky after burn.

While two veggie tacos may set you back \$3.50, they're a full lunch. The soft chewy corn tortilla rises to the task of hoisting a handful of savory beans, shredded cheese and lettuce, tomatoes and creamy guacamole. The light complimentary chips form the basis of the mountainous nachos, piled high with cheese, moist seasoned chicken, lettuce, and the addictive beans.

The burritos are strictly two handed, wrapped in a tender flour tortilla that, like its corn cousin, renders dinnerware superfluous. A garden of delights, the veggie burrito swirls rice, beans, lettuce, and guac, while the Breakfast Burrito adds scrambled egg for a protein rich start to the day. The Fiesta Bowl mixes it all up



into a large single serving, with your choice of machaca, carnitas, al pistor, lengua, chicken, or steak.

Besides the excellent above mentioned lemonade, La Fiesta boasts a majorly yummy horchata, the original rice milk. Creamier than it has a right to be, and with a surprisingly tangy, almost cinnamony kiss, it's a tasty version of the popular favorite.

Amenities include an ATM machine and three pay computer terminals. Their weekday hours (10-Midnight) expand to 3am on Friday and Saturday to offer you that late night snack that might avert the morning after spike in your head from all that blue vodka. Remember the daily Happy Hour: between 3-5 pm chicken and beef tacos and tamales fly out the door for just 99¢.



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# 20 Years Ago in the Free Venice Beachhead (June 1987)

## RIGHT TO THE THROAT

*Venice resident, Ruth Galanter, was brutally attacked and stabbed in the neck by an intruder in her home shortly before the City Council election, which she went on to win. -FVBH*

By Carol Fondiller

When I started to write this article, I was going to segue into it by recounting some of the violent attacks I have sustained while living in Venice as a single woman and alone. I wrote reams of adverbs, adjectives, full of deep descriptive phrases. But I started talking about a violent incident that happened to me to a friend of mine. She interrupted very sweetly, "Oh, I know. You've told me before ... it's awful." Hey, I can take a hint. Violence is a real drag, and don't dwell on it. I'll shut up about the violent attacks on me, even though there isn't a day that goes by that I don't acknowledge them in some way.

Not consciously, but it's there. My health, my lifestyle, my attitudes have changed. I used to walk out by myself at night - not any more. Sleep used to lay thickly on me and I'd wake up refreshed. Now I have the television or the radio on, and the light. I sleep in tee-shirts that could pass for street clothes so I won't be found naked and helpless by some Policeman or Paramedic.

The Ruth Galanter incident has twisted, seized and squeezed my entrails, and augmented my own experiences of being unfair game.

\*\*\*\*\*

I try to scream. I can't. My neck is wet with blood. Someone's breathing heavily. I put my hand to my throat to stop the blood, I can't find where the blood is coming from. I'm fully awake now, and the blood has turned to sweat and the panting is my own.

\*\*\*\*\*

I'm waiting for the bus and a group of young black men approach, their voices raised in mufuck-this and mufuck-that. My heart begins to pound - you get the picture.

The attack on Ruth Galanter might not have been a political act in itself, but it has political consequences and political roots. I don't mean that I think the suspect is an innocent pawn or a paid assassin, or that he was framed. I don't have any more information than the rest of the civilian population, as the police refer to us. Police Chief Darryl Gates and District Attorney Ira Reiner have made the attack political. They have held press conferences and have already declared that the suspect Mark Olds is guilty. As we head into the Bicentennial of the

### Happy Birthday Carol Fondiller

June 22 is Carol Fondiller's birthday. Not only was she crowned the "Queen of Venice" last year by Bill Rosendahl, she is also known as the Dean (or Deaneess) of Venice journalism. Feel free to express your appreciation for her many years of service to Venice (she was a founder of the Beachhead in 1968) by sending her a token of your appreciation in care of Beachhead, PO Box 2, Venice 90294. Larger items (cars, yachts, etc., please call 310-399-2215).



motivated by need, greed, politics, all or none of the above.

We've suffered the consequences when Venice is turned into investment properties by people who don't even want to live in Venice, just live off it. Our present Councilwoman encourages these assaults of overdevelopment and tells us "that's progress."

There was a phrase in one of the newspaper articles that caught my eye. "Venice .....Where criminals rub elbows with millionaires." Hey, sometimes the criminals and the millionaires are one and the same, and they're elbowing me out of living here, you out of your parking space, and robbing us all of habitable living space, drawing a visible line between the very rich and the very poor. As the rich move in and take more space, the poor get pushed together in less space, or get pushed out.

The assault on Ruth by whomever is a macrorepresentation of the assault on all of us by the forces of "improvement" manifested in Venice in recent times. This evil, larger than life (but Goddess be thanked, lesser than death) catastrophe is the everyday reality for many people "negatively impacted." That's bureaucratized for sentenced to slow death by the on-slaught of the VACuous invasion and perversion of the Venice "mix of different ethnic and economic groups that make Venice so unique" lifestyle. These "visionaries" are killing off the least terns, egrets, ducks, and coots by turning the Canals into a sanitary cement-bottomed bathtub for the fastidious rich. Low-income people are being turned into the new homeless because office space displaces low-income units.

Maybe the right person is in jail, maybe not. Maybe other people are involved, maybe not. Maybe in view of recent history, there is some justification for some Venetians' conspiracy theories.

In the past, City and State officials along with developers have tried to silence us by jail, beatings, vandalism.

But that's not the point. Not only are we, our cities, victims of assault, we are survivors.

To paraphrase Ruth Galanter, as she sat wrapped in her white terrycloth bathrobe, "They can't shut us up."

Constitution, I find this disquieting, and given the climate of the times, I don't see a fair trial for Mark Olds in the tea-leaves. By their hasty and vociferous denials less than 24 hours after the suspect turned himself in that the attack was not politically motivated, the Police Chief and the D.A. have raised questions in the minds of many as to why the Police Chief and the D.A. were so quick to discount any political motives.

The Galanter stabbing was on everyone's mind and everyone I talked to had theories, ranging from Mark Olds was innocent, or was just an innocent gang member (talk about your Oxymoronic !), or was hired by powerful development pro-Russell interests to off her. To which a friend of mine replied: "Why buy an Olds when you can afford a Cadillac?" Those talks resonated back to the post-Kennedy assassination days when a car backfiring made even the staunchest of us flinch. How many years to go 'til the Warren Commission Report becomes public?

In the days following the Galanter attack, I read every article that was printed about her in every local paper. I became an obsessive channel-switcher, trying to get every station's coverage of the event. In the middle of doing the most mundane of chores, watching t.v. or riding the bus, I'd catch myself saying out loud, "Live, Ruth. Survive. Do it for me."

At her televised press conference, she sat wrapped in a white terrycloth robe and said, "They can't shut me up." I cheered. Oh, well, the neighbors think I'm crazy anyway.

Aahh. But the articles in the newspapers, and the background features on the newscasts: "Fear Stalks Once Peaceful Neighborhood," "Beauty and the Beastly." Headlines like that have been recycled about Bel-Air, Thousand Oaks, Silverlake, but. But. Whether the motives were greed, need, political, all or none of the above, an injury was sustained by us all. Injuries to Venice have been sustained by us all, whether

## ADA Compliance - or Not?

By C.V. Beck

I have been investigating compliance with the Americans with Disabilities Act of 1990 for WCIL (Westside Center for Independent Living) as a consumer. So far, the results have been more dismal than I had anticipated.

As an example, I had gone down to the Airport Courthouse to observe what was happening there with a friend. I requested from the bailiff an "assistive listening device" (in plain language, this would be a hearing aid).

The bailiff was absolutely convinced that these aids were ONLY for the use of jurors with a hearing disability. This is incorrect and I have found this fixed idea to be pretty much endemic throughout the court system as I have been experiencing it. After about one hour, I again enquired if I could get one of those and the bailiff said...the court was working on it...

Another hour later, Mr. Bailiff said to me that there were none available. He then sent me down to the clerk's office, two floors down, by elevator. I went there and stood in line. There were only two chairs, way down at the other end of this large, long office, so I leaned on a table for twenty minutes or so.

When I got to the counter finally (lawyers get to go to the head of the line?) I experienced much confusion and lack of comprehension regarding availability of "assistive listening devices" and real lack of knowledge about whether or not the public was entitled to use them.

No one behind the clerk's counter seemed to know who the ADA Coordinator might be. Finally, I was told again by a clerk that there were no "Assistive Listening Devices" available. This does seem to be a violation of the Americans with Disabilities Act of 1990. Part of the problem seems to be that these "hearing aids", already bought and paid for by the taxpayers, are kept downtown. When a request is made for them, the process seems to require a 3-day notice in advance in order to get these aids delivered to where they need to be. This also needs to be coordinated with the hearing or whatever one is trying to attend. Getting at more than one device at a time is extremely problematic.

I can't help but wonder, as the population of Los Angeles continues to age and grow, whether the City shouldn't be increasing the supply and

availability of these hearing aids for the public, as mandated by federal law of seventeen years ago. Another necessity is that of training for the court staff, who have it all wrong.

On another occasion, when I called up to the court in Malibu, I once again got the runaround. For example, I was upbraided vigorously, "why did you wait for so long to call?" This person was furious at me. I replied that I had made arrangements the previous month and wanted to ensure that these arrangements were not being overlooked.

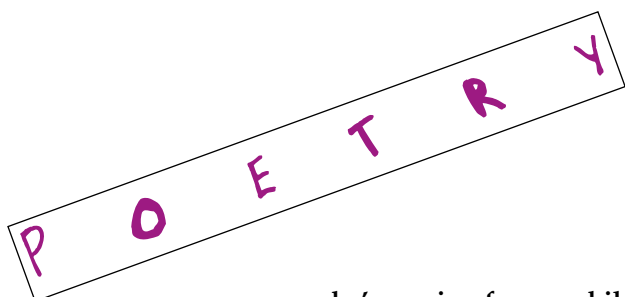
Again, I was sent on a wild goose chase. Eventually, after this woman hung up on me, with me calling again and again and not having the phone answered, I eventually got the "techie guy," Glenn, who said he was not sure if they had four sets of hearing aids but said he would try for the next day at court. Humm.

As it turned out, due to a fatality on the Pacific Coast Highway, we were not able to get to the Malibu Court house at all, much less timely. This status conference has been rescheduled for June 5 at 8:30 am in Department W, for those who might be interested in attending. The seniors/ disabled of Lincoln Place have been extended in their residencies once again.



by Hillary Kaye

In a world covered in neon  
 In a world covered in poisons  
 In a world fit for war  
 In a world fit for burning  
 In a world fit for love

**he's coming for our children**

By Rex Butters

he could be  
 a Hello Kitty character  
 or the lost Cabbage Patch Kid  
 round oral Doughboy cute  
 lovable corporate cut-up  
 darling DOR devil doll dealing death  
 no fantoccini refugee  
 no crazed knife wielding strangler  
 like Chuckie or the Puppet Master's pack  
 he's soft and wuvable  
 seducing the youth of Japan  
 Mr. Pluto  
 Lord of the Underworld  
 death itself  
 invoked to sell eternal tumors/multiple muta-  
 tions  
 to children

mad, soulless  
 Mr. Pluto  
 public relations pimp for reactor  
 plutonium

of course he'll infiltrate the water supply  
 he's shown happily inhabiting a  
 glass of water  
 "But I'd never hurt you," he says  
 feelings hurt/in wide eyed lie

like Casper the Friendly Ghost  
 he begs for trust  
 and pathetic friendship

like the Wolfman  
 he cannot die  
 but continues to  
 kill

**THEM OL' SUMMER SOLSTICE BLUES**

By Vaughn Marlowe

She enters my room  
 on the saddest day  
 of summer.  
 The sun refuses  
 to duck out  
 or apologize.  
 It squats on the ocean  
 licking salt.  
 Our tongues curl  
 & burn like riptide  
 on a drowning swimmer.

I age under  
 her hands, grow surly  
 & stiff.  
 She explains sleep  
 is surrender,  
 nerves sirens  
 in the shot-up light.  
 Trust, we beg,  
 but kisses flash  
 like knives  
 & we rob our bodies'  
 weary pockets.

The shower howls  
 & pours like monsoon.  
 Neighbors beat  
 on walls,  
 threatening police  
 or worse.  
 The year's longest day  
 is wet towels  
 & tangled bed sheets,  
 night a dark rumor  
 in the blood.

We make love like  
 we're rolling a drunk.

**ANOTHER WAY TO PROTEST**

By Milton Takei

An activist idea:  
 Start a new political party.  
 No chance of actually getting  
 On the California ballot,  
 But another way to protest,  
 A good educational campaign.  
 "Peace" for anti-war,  
 "Freedom" for anti-racism.  
 All those people  
 Registering Peace and Freedom,  
 Unbeknownst to the organizers,  
 Seeking out a registrar,  
 No postcard registration  
 In those days.  
 They were driven  
 To sign up.  
 What a surprise:  
 The party  
 Went over the top,  
 With plenty of room to spare,  
 A triumph of morality and justice.  
 In 2007, forty years later,  
 The dove still flies,  
 The chains fall away.

Rainbow monsters  
 eat all the treasures

-Elise, age 4

**INCarceration, Inc.**

By Theresa Hulme

America's infatuation  
 With mass incarceration  
 Is a government structurization  
 A corporate organization  
 With the California administration  
 3 strikes intimidation  
 The implementation  
 of degradation  
 Annihilation  
 of select population

False accusation  
 no investigation  
 fake litigation  
 rigged adjudication  
 total fabrication!

A Prison Nation  
 A secret civilization  
 A modern slave plantation, labor exploitation  
 Concentration camp manifestation  
 With glaring colorization  
 Racial unequalization, shameful desecration.  
 Criminalization of immigration, impoverization

Human experimentation, deprived respiration,  
 community mutilation  
 Crime proliferation, urban de-stabilization, evil  
 perpetuation  
 Human putrefaction, secret brutalization,  
 sodomization,  
 spirit castration  
 soul devastation

a US corporation incarnation, wall street partici-  
 pation,  
 capitalization of incarceration  
 with drooling intoxication,  
 cannibalization

an abomination  
 the incorporation of obliteration  
 The Emancipation Proclamation



"I tell you, we are here on Earth to fart around..."  
 -Kurt Vonnegut

**JILL AND THE BEANSTALK**

Jack plunges in.  
 Soon he is in, way over his head.  
 Jill is in the know.  
 Jill knows how to make it grow.  
 Jill lives from hand to mouth.  
 Every cool night, Jill heads south.  
 Jack really plants that stalk.  
 Jill is out to get Jack off.  
 The two of them entwine at night.  
 Jill feels Jack, Jack feels right.  
 Jill parts east and west her roots.  
 Jack sinks deep, tender shoots.  
 Jill shows curves, hills and mounds.  
 Jack digs in, between the rounds.  
 Droplets form, moist and warm.  
 Jack keeps calm, before the storm.  
 Jill is fire, breath and heat.  
 Jack is a pillar, missile-sweet.  
 Jack goes down, Jill is up for air.  
 Jack stays up, to part her hair.  
 Jill wants Jack, every inch.  
 The stalk fits like a glove, a cinch.  
 A pastoral dream, holy cow!  
 Jill the furrow, Jack the plow.  
 Move to the rhythm of the stars.  
 Jack on Venus, Jill on Mars.  
 A little death, then blood runs cold.  
 And so my ribald tale is told.

-- HALBOGOTCH

**partake**

first signs  
 of the oncoming storm  
 wind pushing up  
 white stallions  
 galloping across  
 the horizon  
 waves crashing  
 on the black sand beach  
 turquoise and white  
 a salty mist  
 of rainbow droplets  
 healing mankind's illnesses  
 salt the universal cure  
 breathe in  
 partake of such gifts  
 before the storm

-shanna

**TREES OF THE URBAN FOREST**

**When I stand at the kitchen window--  
 looking out -- I can't EVEN SEE  
 the cars on Lake Street BECAUSE  
 of the trees--  
 now that GREEN IS HAPPENING**

**At night, I hardly can see the lites  
 of the cars and I can't HEAR THEM EITHER!  
 (Heh-heh-heh)**

**Another reason to love garden apartments--  
 whether you hate them, or not!  
 (Hee-hee-hee!) Better look again...**

**Staying put -- because UR still 'fraid of R trybe--  
 waiting for y'all to catch up...(as you know, we  
 were ahead of our time then and ahead of our  
 time now still)...**

We're still here, us and the trees

C.V. Beck

## Diary of the March of the Mothers – continued from page 5

She smiles with that familiar strain of disingenuousness one encounters in the bureaucratic underlings with which corporate America is rife. We leave.

My blood boils.

I still haven't completely released my belief in the myth of America, the dream, the great hope of the world - Democracy, the Constitution, Free Speech - in spite of the fact that I know this nation was founded and is sustained on stolen land, labor and resources and that all of us privileged, white Americans, have perpetual blood on our hands.

### Day 4

My friend and I play hooky and visit the Smithsonian – the American Indian Museum. The Mall is full of Army tanks, helicopters – it's adjacent to a Folklife Festival, families with kids, ripe for early recruitment. Block after block we walk past uniformed men in our own uniforms – mine says 'Zapatistas!' hers, 'Women For Peace.' My bag says 'No War.' We pass a tank of water with a Navy Seal demonstrating underwater maneuvers, as we ascend the steps to the museum where Hawaiian music plays and Hula dancers teach their ancient maneuvers to a giggling gaggle of girls and women. I wonder how much it costs to air condition the place – my tax dollars at work – as they search my bag and I pass through a metal detector.

The Institution's exhibits are state-of-the-art, the food is adorable ('Indian Tacos' are the special). The gift shop sells mugs and t-shirts, note cards and cheap jewelry. Downstairs, the store sells fifteen hundred dollar 'Hopi' pots. We take a long walk down the Mall past the George thing and the WW2 memorial and on the path to Abraham, take a detour and touch the Vietnam Wall. We wonder where the names of the five million might be found and pause at the Women's Memorial – a beautiful sculpture – and wonder why only eight women's names are on the wall. A Google project for back home. Ride the metro back to my WILPF sister's house, where we'll spend the night, bone tired.

### Day 5 - Mother's Day

Glorious blue skies after a night of thunder, lightning, and rain that washed away the mugginess. A day with mother-friends, relatives with and without our children. Breakfast, coffee, music, community, dancing in the park walking, walking, walking. Lots of laughter and some tears. The joy of our shared struggles, the tragedy of the piles of dead sons on shores and in deserts and jungles back ten thousand years and stretching before us as far as far is.

It's up to us, the mothers, to protect the men and the boys from themselves. It's up to us to convince our complicit sisters that their sense of 'pride' or 'patriotism' is cannibalistic. Their 'sacrifice' is human sacrifice, no less barbaric than the ancients', no more honorable, no more sane.

### Day 6

10,000 Mother of a March. Rally at noon, Lafayette Park, in front of the White House. Plenty of Pink Shirts, Veterans of three wars, children and babies, mothers and grandmothers and great-grandmothers. Hip hoppers and a cappella angel singers, reverends and priests, Jews and Catholics and WASP Queers and Quakers, hippies, congresswomen, senators, Gold Stars and words, words, words:

*End the War NOW!*

*STOP THIS KILLING NOW!*

The rally builds as cops, rangers, park police swarm.

Peace Mom holds up a picture of her boy, lost to us all years ago, but kept alive forever by his mother's grief and outrage and courage.

*Not one more mother's son!*

The reverend shouts:

*Are you ready to march?!!*

We set out, down Pennsylvania Avenue, toward the Capitol. I roll my bright red suitcase behind me, chant with the crowd, fist in the air, beside my friends and my sisters in the struggle and many, many brothers who share the kind of courage it takes for men to stand in solidarity with women, against war and militarism and obscene, immoral budgets that suck the health and life out of the masses, their children and their children's children.

*Hey Congress! What do you say? How many kids will die today?*

Supporters honk, shout, and flash peace signs and many join us. A man stands on a corner and holds up a middle finger until each and every demonstrator has passed him by.

We pause in front of the Justice Department and cry and whisper and shout and roar:

*SHAME! SHAME!*

We make our way to First Street and the reverend stops the march to tell us that when we left the White House the US casualty number was 3,396 but now it is 3,398. Our march resumes with a new, more mournful resolve. How many Iraqis have died? How many Afghans? No one knows for sure, but certainly hundreds of thousands. We mourn our own complicity in their deaths, we express our outrage at an administration that we didn't elect, that doesn't represent us, that refuses to listen to us as we pour letters and faxes and emails into their cushy, air-conditioned, heavily-staffed offices, made that way by our tax dollars.

We arrive at Independence Avenue and turn left, taking up the whole street as the cops start ordering us to get on the sidewalk. I'm one of the first to obey, my suitcase in tow, my cell phone turned all the way up to ensure that I don't miss the airport shuttle's call, won't miss my plane, won't miss my cat and my coffee and my muffin in the morning. I'll sleep in my own, warm bed tonight and fall asleep listening to Nanci Griffith sing:

*I want a simple life, like my mother  
and one true love for my older years.  
I don't want your wars to take my children  
I want a simple life while I'm here.*

The brave ones make a valiant circle in the middle of the intersection, link arms, sing, chant, weep, shout as the cops pry them apart and handcuff them - mothers and grandmothers, great-grandmothers and the reverend and veterans for peace and against war - drag and walk or carry them to police wagons as those of us safely on the sidewalk shout our love and solidarity as each disappears into the darkness, head high, every one.

My cell phone rings - it's the shuttle. I hug my friends goodbye and roll my suitcase down the hill where the nice man takes it and hefts it into the back of the air-conditioned van, drives me and some others to the airport, music playing, toes tapping. I arrive at the gate with my boarding pass, belly full with more food than most of the world sees in a week's time, talk on the cell phone to a friend who makes me laugh, hang up, get on the plane, sit by a window with no one in the center seat, a handsome, friendly man on the aisle, pull out my notebook and write this down.

*Jeanmarie Simpson is a theatre/film artist and peace activist who appears in the forthcoming film, 'A Single Woman,' as lifelong pacifist and first US Congresswoman, Jeannette Rankin. Jeanmarie sits on the national board of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (WILPF). When she returned from the DC action, Jeanmarie changed her party affiliation from Democrat to Peace and Freedom.*

## Cindy Sheehan

– continued from page 5

game of political mayhem because you have no children in harm's way...let me tell you what it is like:

You watch your reluctant soldier march off to a war that neither you nor he agrees with. Once your soldier leaves the country all you can do is worry. You lie awake at night staring at the moon wondering if today will be the day that you get that dreaded knock on your door. You can't concentrate, you can't eat, and your entire life becomes consumed with apprehension while you are waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Then, when your worst fears are realized, you begin a life of constant pain, regret, and longing. Every day is hard, but then you come up on "special" days...like upcoming Memorial Day. Memorial Day holds double pain for me because, not only are we supposed to honor our fallen troops, but Casey was born on Memorial Day in 1979. It used to be a day of celebration for us and now it is a day of despair. Our needlessly killed soldiers of this war and the past conflict in Vietnam have all left an unnecessary trail of sorrow and deep holes of absence that will never be filled.

So, Democratic Congress, with the current daily death toll of 3.72 troops per day, you have condemned 473 more to these early graves. 473 more lives wasted for your political greed. Thousands of broken hearts because of your cowardice and avarice. How can you even go to sleep at night or look at yourselves in a mirror? How do you put behind you the screaming mothers on both sides of the conflict? How does the agony you have created escape you? It will never escape me...I can't run far enough or hide well enough to get away from it.

By the end of September, we will be about 80 troops short of another bloody milestone: 4000, and MoveOn.org will hold nationwide candlelight vigils and you all will be busy passing legislation that will snuff the lights out of thousands more human beings.

Congratulations Congress, you have bought yourself a few more months of an illegal and immoral bloodbath. And you know you mean to continue it indefinitely so "other presidents" can solve the horrid problem BushCo forced our world into.

It used to be George Bush's war. You could have ended it honorably. Now it is yours and you all will descend into calumnious history with BushCo.

The Camp Casey Peace Institute is calling all citizens who are as disgusted as we are with you all to join us in Philadelphia on July 4th to try and figure a way out of this "two" party system that is bought and paid for by the war machine which has a stranglehold on every aspect of our lives. As for myself, I am leaving the Democratic Party. You have completely failed those who put you in power to change the direction our country is heading. We did not elect you to help sink our ship of state but to guide it to safe harbor.

We do not condone our government's violent meddling in sovereign countries and we condemn the continued murderous occupation of Iraq.

We gave you a chance, you betrayed us.

Sincerely,

*Cindy Sheehan*

*Founder and President of Gold Star Families for Peace.*

*Founder and Director of The Camp Casey Peace Institute.*

*Eternally grieving mother of Casey Sheehan.*

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# AIMCO Finds Life on Planet Venice

—continued from page 1

AIMCO's leader Terry Considine must have believed that Beaudin and McPhee would "hit the ground running" since they were coming over from the largest commercial landlord, Catellus (now called ProLogis), to the largest residential landlord in the country. AIMCO is the nation's largest owner and operator of apartments, totaling about 240,000 units. Lincoln Place once had around 900 apartments, but due to some early morning bulldozing (before the courts opened) its been reduced to 696 apartments on 39 acres behind the Ralphs market at Lincoln and California.

McPhee went to work creating a team to walk among us, buy us lunch and otherwise persuade the good citizens of Venice to forget the evictions and the depopulation of the largest single source of rent-controlled housing in our city. In the last couple of months, AIMCO representatives have focused on community "leaders" who have in the past supported Playa Vista and other development projects, and/or have been associated with some Democratic Party office holders, including Jane Harman and the late Mike Gordon.

Reporting directly to McPhee is Sandra Lloyd-Jones, who formerly worked for Gordon and was Debra Bowen's campaign manager during her successful run for California Secretary of State. Instead of going to work for Bowen, Lloyd-Jones became associated with the MWW Lobbying Group, which has been retained by AIMCO. Among MWW's other clients is the Dubai Aerospace Enterprise on whose behalf the MWW Group is lobbying to reform rules on foreign investment in the U.S.

Another of MWW's clients is McDonalds. If MWW could improve McDonalds image, perhaps there is hope for AIMCO. This is how MWW approached that difficult job: "Faced with declining sales

and intense media scrutiny stemming from obesity lawsuits, McDonald's needed a PR program that would counter negative publicity and support sales of its core menu items. MWW Group created McDonald's Real Life Choices, a proprietary branded initiative to showcase the McDonald's menu and educate consumers on how to enjoy the food they love without compromising their diets." For AIMCO, MWW simply has to convince Venetians that Real Life means enjoying the traffic and forgetting the evictions.

Others on the AIMCO payroll include Psomas, a land development corporation; Latham & Watkins, perhaps the most influential law firm in Los Angeles; EDAW, a San Francisco design firm; Alan Kasdan, a developer; Katherine Spitz, a landscape architect; Bruce Judd, a historic architect; Pat Gibbson, a traffic engineer; and Susan Cloke, a community outreach strategist.

Cloke is well known in Santa Monica as a one-time progressive who long ago threw in with the developers. Her work for AIMCO was noted by Santa Monicans for Renters Rights (SMRR) during the last election when Cloke unsuccessfully ran for city council. SMRR opposed her candidacy, stating that she "worked as a lobbyist for a real estate company in Venice attempting to evict hundreds of families in affordable rental housing to make way for high income condos." Cloke denied the allegation.

In addition to paid staff, AIMCO is apparently seeking volunteer advocates in Venice. Lloyd-Jones and McPhee have held meetings and had lunch with quite a few Venetians. The following list of people who have had conversations with AIMCO has been collaborated by at least two sources. However, it should not be supposed that all of the following are on the AIMCO bandwagon. The partial list includes: Mike Bonin, chief of staff for Councilmember Bill

Rosendahl and former staff member for Jane Harman and Ruth Galanter; Mark Saltzburg, former president of the West L.A. Democratic Club and a campaign worker for Jane Harman during last year's primary election: David and Sandy Moring, East Venice homeowners; Alex Rosales, president of the Venice Chamber of Commerce, Challis MacPherson, PV Jobs and the Venice Neighborhood Council's Land Use Chair; David Buchanan, Tenacity Media; and Carol Tantau, Abbot Kinney District Association.

"Let's do lunch at Hal's" brought out still more Venetians to hear from AIMCO. They included: Ana Petrova, member of the Rose Ave. Working Group (RAWG); husband and wife Rick Feibusch and Carolyn Ward, RAWG and (he) Venice Watchdawg; Richard Myers, Venice Neighborhood Council; Steve Freedman, community activist; Marta Evry, Venice Forum; Stan Mohammed, Venice 2000; and David Ewing and Laura Silagi, Venice Community Coalition. Their hosts were AIMCO's Charles McPhee and Sandra Lloyd-Jones. Not everyone was there to support AIMCO. Some came out of curiosity or to give AIMCO unsolicited advice on how to win over the community.

AIMCO's pitch in all its meetings has NOT been to apologize for the mass evictions. Nor has it been to invite the evictees to return. Nor has it been to fill all 696 apartments with low income Venetians, some of whom are living on the street. Nor has it been to promise to be a model corporate landlord.

Of course, not all of the evictees can return to

Lincoln Place. The 96-year-old who was paid to leave her apartment of 30 years has died. So has the severely disabled man who took some money to go away. Also unable to return is the man who found no home after eviction and died on the street. Who knows whether losing their homes contributed

to their deaths. We do know, in general, that such psychological trauma can have physical effects.

So far, AIMCO has been a bit vague about its future plans. Both Lloyd-Jones and McPhee have said they envision a mix of apartments (rent controlled?) and condos. They've talked about starting over with a new Environmental Impact Report (EIR). They've mentioned that they will also buy off - ah, hire - local people to help (architects, get your resumes ready!).

While some people may pick up a few bucks helping AIMCO, the negative impact of a high-end megadevelopment on the rest of us seems to be off their radar scope. Sheila Bernard, president of the Lincoln Place Tenant Association, says she will tell AIMCO - if they ever invite her to lunch - that they are putting the cart before the horse. "Whether people rent or own in the Lincoln Blvd. area, they should know that we won't have a good community unless there is a comprehensive plan that incorporates both transit and development," says Bernard. "Development has to accommodate transit, not the other way around. AIMCO should not be permitted to go forward until there is a comprehensive plan that can appropriately constrain them." Hopefully, Bernard's words will be echoed by those who are chosen to meet with McPhee and Lloyd-Jones.

If you're feeling hurt about not being invited, McPhee says there will be more community meetings. They may even set up a community advisory committee. Heck, let's have some town halls paid for by AIMCO! And while we're at it, let's buy half the people of Venice to fight the other half? Anything's possible when the billionaires get together, and they want a piece of your town.



Illegal destruction at Lincoln Place - Photo by Lydia Ponce

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# CommUnity Events

— by the numbers



- June 2**
- Saturday, 2:30 pm – **Poet's Spirit** – open mic w/dj, all ages, all styles, One Love, The Learning Garden. more info: beharmony@yahoo.com
  - Saturday 4 pm – Tongue In Groove Workshop presents Cathy Colman and Deborah George Hardy. Beyond Baroque.
  - Saturday, 7 pm – **JAZZ FUNK FEST** – Sponto Gallery, free admission. Live improvisational collective Black Shoe Polish (Theresa Hulme, Hillary Kaye & Rex Butters) 8 pm, Freddy Ginns & Zebra Party jazzy blues. 9 pm The Vampors (with lyrical multi-instrumentalist Eric Ahlberg).

- June 3**
- Sunday, 9:30 am – **Lincoln Place Tenants Association** - Regular first Sunday of the month meeting at Penmar Park Rec Center, Lake Street - Potluck 10 am.
  - Sunday 5 pm – Open mic reading with local poets Jim Marquez, Charles Claymore and Deborah Elder Brown. Beyond Baroque.
  - Sunday, 9 pm – **Onaji Murray** – jazz vibes, Hal's Bar and Grill, no cover.

- June 4**
- Monday 6 pm – **Finnegans Wake Discussion Group** – Abbot Kinney Library
  - Monday 9-12pm – **Bobby Matos** – Latin jazz drumming, Hal's, no cover.

- June 6**
- Wednesday 7 pm – **Five Corners** ('87, 90m) – Tony Bill's indie film with Jodie Foster, Tim Robbins and John Turturro. Plus: **Islander** ('06, 105m) at 9 pm - Ian McCrudden's drama about a Maine fishing family struggling to sustain a vanishing way of life. Producer & indie filmmaking mentor Forrest Murray will be present to discuss both films. SPONTO free.

- June 7**
- Thursday 7 pm – Venice Neighborhood Council **Town Meeting, Disaster Awareness and Preparedness** – moderated by Councilman Bill Rosendahl. Westminster Elementary School, 606-2015.

- June 9**
- Saturday 9 am - 3 pm – **Summer Book Sale** – Abbot Kinney Library.
  - Saturday 11:30 am – **Westside Writers** – Discussion of current works. Abbot Kinney Library.

- June 10**
- Sunday 9-12 pm – **Greg Poree** – guitarist/composer/arranger, Hal's Bar and Grill.

- June 11**
- Monday 9-12 pm – **Cal Bennett** – too funky to be smooth, Hal's Bar and Grill.

- June 13**
- Wednesday 8 pm – **James Joyce's Bloomsday** - Rare films and live performances at 6 pm by members of the Marshall McLuhan/Finnegans Wake Reading Club. Plus rare clip of Robert Anton Wilson reading Finnegans Wake. SPONTO.

- June 17**
- Sunday, 6 - 10 pm – Legendary band **Spindrift** premieres the indie film trailer "The Legends of Gods Gun" by director Mike Bruce & KirkPatrick Thomas – Venice Film & Music Expo, \$15.00
  - Sunday 9-12pm, **Louis Taylor**, Hal's, no cover.

- June 18**
- Monday 9-12 pm, **Thom Rotella**, Hal's Bar and Grill, no cover.

- June 20**
- Wednesday 7 pm – David Peck & Phil Galloway of **Reelin' in the Years** screen Louis Armstrong ('59, 55m), 8 pm, Art Blakey & The Jazz Messengers ('58, 55m) 9 pm Lee Morgan, Ella Fitzgerald ('59 & '63, 55m) 10 pm Thelonius Monk ('66, 62m). SPONTO free.

- June 21**
- Thursday, 4 - 7 pm - **Open House at the Venice Community Housing Corporation** - 720 Rose Avenue. Music, refreshments and learn about our community development activities. RSVP recommended - 399-4100 x103.

- June 23**
- Saturday 6 pm – **Summer Solstice Celebration** – Circle of Color presents A Tsunami of Love - with art, music, and magic. Music will include blues, punk, reggae, drum. indoors and out at SPONTO free.



- June 24**
- Sunday, Noon - 9 pm – **Venice Fest, the hanging of the "Venice" sign**, to restore the famous sign that spelled out "Venice" in lights during much of Venice's early years. "Venice," and other bands will play. Entertainment for the kids, the Mayor will speak. Windward Avenue will be blocked off between Pacific & Speedway.
  - Sunday 9-12 pm – Quentin Dennard – Motown/jazz/r&b drummer, Hal's Bar and Grill no cover.

- June 25**
- Monday – **Beachhead deadline for calendar items for July** – P.O. Box 2, Venice 90294 or calendar@freevenice.org
  - Mon. 9-12pm, Phil Upchurch Hal's Bar and Grill, no cover.

- June 30**
- Saturday 10 am - 2 pm – **Little Tokyo Service Center meeting** – Abbot Kinney Library. More information: 213-473-3030
  - Saturday 11 am - 1 pm – **Venice Peace and Freedom** – Monthly meeting. 399-2215.
  - Saturday 7 - 10 pm - **Opening Reception for Mujeres de Colores** – Painting by V. Kim Martinez. Thru July 21. SPARC.

## Location Guide

- Abbot Kinney Public Library, 501 S. Venice Blvd, 821-1769
- Beyond Baroque, 681 Venice Blvd. 822-3006
- Electric Lodge, 1416 Electric Ave, 306-1854, max10@electriclodge.org
- Hal's Bar and Grill, 1349 Abbot Kinney Blvd., 396-3105 - www.halsbarandgrill.com
- Pacific Resident Theatre, 703 Venice Blvd. 822-8392 - www.pacificresidenttheatre.com
- SPARC - Social and Public Art Resource Center, 685 Venice Blvd. 822.9560 x 15.
- Sponto Gallery, 7 Dudley Ave, Free, 306-7330, pfsuzy@aol.com
- The Learning Garden, 13000 Venice Blvd.
- Westminster Elementary School, 1010 Abbott Kinney Blvd. 310-606-2015

## Ongoing Events

- May 19-June 24 – Thursday-Saturday, 8 pm, Sunday, 3 pm – **Headless** – presented by the Ensemble Studio Theatre-The LA Project – Fri-Sat \$25, Thurs. & Sun. \$20. For reservations, call 213-368-9552 or purchase online at ensemblestudio-theatre.org.
- June 1 - 17 Thursday - Saturday at 8 pm, Sunday at 3 pm – **Simpatico** – By Sam Shepard, directed by Tom McDermott with Orson Bean, Rebecca Crandall, Suzanne Ford, Tania Getty, Matt McKenzie, Alley Mills, and Norm Skaggs. The Co-Op of Pacific Resident Theatre.
- Every Tuesday 10:30 am – **Toddler Storytime!** – Abbot Kinney Library.
- Every Tuesday 2 pm, beginning June 26 – **Teen Summer Reading** – 1st session: Create a wallet out of duct tape. Abbot Kinney Library.
- June 5 & 19 9:30 am – **Westside Quilters** – Abbot Kinney Library.
- June 12 & 26 7 pm – **Family Pajama Storytime** – Abbot Kinney Library

Please send notices of Venice events by the 25th of the month to:  
Calendar @freevenice.org or POB 2, Venice 90294.

## Peace in Iraq Justice in Venice

Bring Peace signs and banners for peace, justice and equality  
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- Out of Iraq NOW
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- Save Lincoln Place
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