

# Two Venice Festivals: Carnevale (June 6) - See page 6 and Venice Eco-Fest (June 27) - See page 12

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June  
2009  
#332

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



# Ready or Not: It's Summer in Venice!

Painting by Venice Artist Frank Strasser  
www.frankstrasser.com

## Parking Woes Cloud Happy Summer Days

By Carol Fondiller

I'm not going to defend or attack those who live in their vehicles because this is irrelevant to the parking. From what I've observed in the forty something years I've lived in Venice, there have been people living in many variations of homes from tepees (yes!! really!) to tree houses (honest to Goddess) to converted garages - still around - check it out - *your quaint cute studio at \$1800 a month + uts only blocks 2 bch* started out as a garage that due to the magick of Venetian soil, and miasmic air, morphed from a granny unit to your very hip ground level loft, no parking.

Or, maybe you're the proud owner of recently (or not) renovated craftsman cottage or sleek modern contemporary living space with garage that can be converted to a den or studio, plans available, street parking.

Or, maybe you might be living in one of the apartment buildings and that line Pacific Avenue (called the Venice Chinese Wall by long time locals.) These erections were built by speculators and contractors who funded speculators and contractors and who fudged on the truth about how many units they were really putting in, so they didn't have to allow space for parking.

The California Coastal Commission requires a certain number of parking spaces per unit, a certain number of parking spaces per commercial restaurants, etc.

### Want to Pay to Park?

Let the Coastal Commission know how you feel.

Thursday, June 11

(Meeting starts at 8 a.m.)  
Venice Pay Parking is #9 on the Agenda  
Marina Del Rey Hotel  
13534 Bali Way

I know that this comes as a complete surprise to many readers of the Beachhead, but sometimes city departments, misread or (I'm sure) misunderstood the parking.

-continued on page 9

## How To Beat The Summertime Blues

By Amy Dewhurst

To live in a 60 degree & sunny city means the coming of summer can be quite quiet. So to remind us of the significance of Solstice (June 21) here are the top rated activities for Sunshine Daydreams and Summer Fun (offered up by your fellow Venetians):

- Skateboarding
- Concerts at the pier
- Hitting the breakwater at night
- Beach volleyball
- Late night concerts on my roof
- Fourth of July Mayhem
- First Fridays
- Practicing on the rings
- Watching the skate park be built
- Dancing with those skate guys
- Big Deans
- Fireworks
- Hula Hooping
- Dancing to Peace Frog
- Playing my guitar on the beach
- Third Fridays (at Westminster)
- Watching the sunset
- Making out under the pier
- Paddleball
- Pub crawls down Main Street

- Graffiti Walls
- Daybeers & burgers at Hinanos
- Walking along the ocean from pier to pier
- Fishing
- Kite surfing
- Puffing with my friends
- The climbing wall on the boardwalk
- Getting slimed
- Basketball at the courts
- Stargazing
- The grunion run
- Just Venice, I love being in Venice



## CASUALTIES IN IRAQ

4,303 U.S. Dead - 25 this month  
31,285 U.S. Wounded

Iraqi Dead: 1,331,578

## AFGHANISTAN

690 U.S. Dead - 11 this month

Cost of wars: \$861+ Billion

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



**BEACHHEAD COLLECTIVE:**

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

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**Trouble on Ocean Front Walk**

Dear Beachhead,  
Last weekend, May 23-24, some of the fellow artists on Venice Beach got ticketed for playing music on the west side of the beach. The LAPD claimed the sound exceeded the Lmax levels yet reports indicate no one could confirm the officers had the sound machine on site.

The artists are all professional musicians that respect the noise ordinance and play between the hours of noon to 4 pm. Coincidentally, the only artists that were ticketed in the band were African American.

One of the band leaders, Ibrahim Butler, has been a figure on Venice Beach for decades. He's a civil rights activist and has been targeted, ticketed and arrested for standing his ground there. So there is a long history.

The LAPD brought 15 officers on Saturday to ticket and warn about a dozen musicians. The crowd on Venice Boardwalk along with the restaurant onlookers directly across from the band's regular spot joined together to stand in support of the band.

On Sunday, An LAPD officer warned Ibrahim that the police would return. The officer also told Ibrahim they had been investigating him for 90 days (because he's at the beach in the Rose parking lot everyday with his RVs). The officer said if he gets 3 tickets he will be arrested.

I've noticed LAPD helicopters each day for the last two weeks flying over. It's no surprise that a rookie blurted out that the orders to shut down the music came from "high at the top."

Venice Beach is under attack by the moral majority, right wing, conservatives. I attended the Venice Neighborhood Council and watched them vote to remove my rights to vote in their election as a stakeholder along with other artists, and the homeless that live on Venice Beach. The city and part of the Venice community are trying to police the free-thinking community out.

Can someone recommend attorneys and civil rights activists that we can contact to get some assistance? This is escalating into something that needs organizing right now.

Venice Beach has been the place for free thinkers for decades and a refuge for those people that are pushed out of the system or rebel against it.

I suggest we form a coalition. I'm an artist on Venice Boardwalk and a recent addition to a Venice that is under attack by developers and displaced residents. I used to participate in the lottery but see it's violating my 1st Amendment rights and my civil liberties as an artist. In addition to that ordinance, the police and the Neighborhood Council, along with developers are policing Venice Beach and removing our rights. We have a right to be there and to unite. Please join us.

If anyone can blast to your own networks I would greatly appreciate it. My friends are under attack. These are wonderful, caring people. They feed the homeless population in Venice everyday. They nurse baby crows that fall out of their nests until strong enough to fly back to the nest and they clean up the beach.

*Lisa Green*

**Gale Goldman**

Gale always filled me with encouragement. To her, if you were an artist you were great no matter your craft. I will miss her deeply,  
*Harlan Steinberger - Hen House Studios*

**Gale Goldman, Jazz Musician & Street Artist of the Venice Boardwalk, 1980 – 1996; Partner with Sonny Zorro**

She just passed on into the ethers –  
A lover of life  
A life of lovers  
A lover of art  
An Artist of the Streets of Venice Beach  
We remember you Gail & Sonny & David  
Your unicorn horses & gypsy images  
Thank you for supporting all the Venice Boardwalk \_\_\_\_\_ -- the Musician, Peter Demian, Portrait Artist Susan Sainer, Hungarian Artist, Tibor Jankay, Suzy Coyle, Harlan Steinberger, Senjen, Tina Catalina, the Lafayette Café, Gil Borges, Theresa Daniels, Ray Packard, Regina Barton,  
A lover of life – like me.

Gale is survived by David Philp, her partner of 25 years, her daughter Dylan, and extended family and friends.

–Regina Barton



**Dogtown**

Dear Beachhead,

I am a native born of Hollywood, but that has never effected how much Venice is my home. Even as a young child my family frequented the area despite living further east. My God Mother and mother's best friend lived over by Mark Twain Middle School during the early 80's and up and we were constantly over there. In fact, when my folks divorced my siblings and I were sent to stay there for a bit.

We always went to Venice Beach and Santa Monica pier (another town that has been rebuilt with the upper class solely in mind). I will admit my pre teen days were spent in Venice and Santa Monica being a hooligan of sorts and partaking in mischief with local squatters and street performers and so forth, I even WAS a squatter for some time.

Venice is properly nicknamed Dogtown, we are known for skate boards, pit bulls playing with pugs, graffiti, beautiful sunsets, drum circles, and cheap pizza by the slice. But recently over the past several years I have noticed things changing. I noticed how people who had lived here for years were being pushed out for "bigger and better things" I doubt I have to remind ANYONE about the Penmore Apartments that were evicted, boarded up and then left to stand empty while many families were forced to leave.

Or the Pioneer baking company on Rose and 5th. It used to make the whole street smell of fresh baked goods, torn down to make way for condos that as far as I can tell the plans for were tossed and the land is now for sale. The Hari Krishna People no longer frequent the giant pink house down the street and Jim's blue house on the boardwalk has been a whore house to such brands as Nike and so on.

Street side performers and vendors who used to get along now fight among each other over the spot lottery and people just trying to make a few bucks while offering goods or provide entertainment on a lazy sunday are now treated with such hostility by the police one would think they were running a sex slave ring, four cops harass one vendor. Don't get me started on how many cops the department seems to think it needs to harass traveling kids who might be a bit obnoxious but are not causing any harm. They ticket people for having dogs on the beach but ride horses up and down disregarding the droppings from their mount, they drive cars down the boardwalk full with people which is a very big danger potential... far more then a dog off a leash or some public drunk bum.

Newcomers to the area both tourists and people who have made Venice their home do little to learn the social taboos and quirks. I can't tell you how many times I have been hit by a car while skating down Speedway only for the driver to yell at me for dinging his precious hummer or BMW. No affordable apartments will accept dogs and the ones that do want extra in security deposits even though I have seen unruly children do more damage to an apartment then a dog. I could go on and on and on as to what I see but here is the basic run down.

Venice is a Mecca for all of us, not just the rich. It is a little slice of heaven with grit and grime that takes care of itself if left to it's own devices. I have seen much more policing and social justice done from the homeless, locals and even gang members than I have from the police. This town is for all of us. Lower, middle AND upper class. But recently many things that make Dog Town what it is are dissolving in to what only the wealthy want and not what we all want.

*Ian Dean*



Mother and child suffer hate crime attack in Venice

Happy Memorial Day!  
Your home has been confiscated

## In Brief

### Coastal Commission Meets June 11 on Permit Parking in Venice

A showdown on Overnight Parking Districts (pay parking) in Venice is scheduled for the morning of June 11 at the Marina del Rey Hotel, which is adjacent to Venice.

In a sleight of hand movement, the city of L.A. has tossed out its OPD proposal that was the subject of hearings and numerous appeals, and substituted another proposal which has not been reviewed by the public.

The new proposal, which has the Coastal Commission staff's backing, would add the Ocean Front Walk residents to the OPD, change the hours when a permit is needed to 2 - 5 am, and open the beach parking lots at night. However, individual vehicles could only be parked there for four hours on any given night.

It is not possible to say exactly when the Venice item will come up on the agenda. It is item number 9. However, since the meeting place is only a few minutes from Venice by bike or car, it will not be necessary to sit through the meeting from its beginning at 8 am. There is a live webcast on June 11 which will give advance warning that number 9 is coming up. The website is [www.coastal.ca.gov/mtgcurr.html](http://www.coastal.ca.gov/mtgcurr.html)

### Air Force Buzzes Venice

On Memorial Day, a giant Air Force plane flew over Venice at an attitude designed to cause mental anguish to any visiting New Yorker.

The C-17, a four-engine cargo plane, flew at only 1,000 feet over our community. The World Trade Center in New York stood at more than 1,300 feet.

The stunt was apparently approved by the L.A. Council District office, which put out an email notice to some Venetians the day before. Calls to the Council office to find out who ordered the overflight and who is going to pay for the colossal waste of fuel went unanswered. The flight was to and from March Air Force Base, which is east of Riverside.

Photo by  
Krista  
Schwimmer

### Lincoln Blvd. Standards Approved

The Los Angeles City Council finally passed the Community Design Overlay for Lincoln Boulevard in May. The vote was unanimously.

This means that future projects and remodels of buildings on Lincoln Boulevard in Venice will have to follow the design guidelines, says Laura Silagi of the Venice Community Coalition. In time this will create a more pedestrian friendly boulevard with landscaping and interesting design.

Silagi urges contacting Councilmember Bill Rosendahl to ask him to pressure the Department of Building and Safety to remove all the illegal billboards on Lincoln Blvd as he has expressed an interest in doing.

### Lincoln Place Settlement Nearer?

An impeccable source says that a Lincoln Place settlement is near that includes 80 evicted people returning to their homes, 80 people being paid off, and the building 99 new condos. Any new construction would have to include the involvement of the community.

### Plan to Restore Windward Columns

The Venice Historical Society has plans to raise money to restore the history columns on Windward Avenue. A celebration fundraising event will be announced shortly.

Some of the columns were allegedly destroyed by artist and resident Robert Graham when he built an art studio on the street. Other columns are in a state of disrepair. The Historical Society can be reached at 967-5170 or [info@veniceofamerica.org](mailto:info@veniceofamerica.org).

## L.A. Times Distorts Homeless/RV Issues – Again

By Peggy Lee Kennedy

The Los Angeles Times ran a story dated May 27 by Martha Groves with a picture of a group of RVs parked on 7th Street in Venice. Except the RVs were cleared off 7th on Memorial Day, May 25, by LAPD Officers Theresa Skinner and Peggy Thusing along with the tow trucks from the Valley.

The next evening after Memorial Day, a vigilante broke out the back window of an RV belonging to a disabled woman, who happens to be the widow of a recently deceased veteran. She claims that she is the victim of a hate crime.

The LA Times keeps quoting people who are calling the RVs a nuisance and telling nasty stories about people like this woman. This, along with anti-vagrant laws such as the OPD law, and law enforcement may be helping to inspire the hate behind this kind of vigilante activity. (see Southern Poverty Law Center: Hating The Homeless <<http://tinyurl.com/mt88tk>>.

—continued on page 10

## Swami X Speaks

When you get to be 83, the big thing in what's left of this life is total spiritual freedom. That's what I've been going for, since I was 12. At that time, through a personal experience, I wanted to be a comedian. And I made it, on the streets and police stations of America and Britain. Making people laugh from a park bench is especially rewarding, satisfying and fulfilling from the inside of oneself. I thank God for everything, and especially for such a rare opportunity of spiritual realization.

And so, what I do now is write. I write what comes into my heart and mind. I write for my own pleasure, amusement and enlightenment. Enlightening thoughts come to me more these days, as the body approaches the Grinning Sweeper. Any thought that is kind, true, grateful, loving and positively creative is enlightening. Enlightenment takes over us gradually and casually, and then again, it may strike suddenly and dramatically. In any event, it's much more pleasant to be conscious, creative and blissful than mean, surly and unconscious. Of course, meditation is introduction to God 101. And meditation may be performed a million ways. You always need something to see and something to say, along with a substantial sum of devotion and determination.

I really do believe soul felt laughter is a gift from, and to, god. God is a Cosmic Blissful Spirit that lives in everything, and everything is alive, forever. It's a stretch if one isn't used to these ideas, concepts and truths. Truth always reveals light and points to a positive goal.

We've missed contact with our inner compass of clarity and compassion. God is Love and only if you are expressing that love are you Godly. And we're all Godly, because we all love ourselves; our family, friends, the neighbor down the street, the mail person, our dog, our pussy cat, our gold fish, our tank of piranhas, the old goat in the garage, the mermaid who is sadistically doing her job.

Go with God, that's all There is.

# The Beachhead Presents *Swami X Speaks* Live at Beyond Baroque 3 - 5pm, Sunday, June 21

Meet 83-year-old Venice icon, philosopher and comic who initiated stand-up comedy on Ocean Front Walk park benches in the 1970s. - \$10 - Beyond Baroque - 310-822-3002



Swami X " circa 1970s – Photo by Regina Barton

# Venice High Students Push For Memorial For Japanese

For the past several years, the Beachhead has been advocating a memorial marker or other remembrance at the corner of Venice Blvd. and Lincoln Blvd. where local Japanese families were gathered together and shipped to concentration camps in 1942.

Many were U.S. citizens and many were small children. None had been accused of any disloyalty during World War II. Their only crime was that they were of Japanese ancestry.

Now, at long last, some recognition of the terrible wrong that was done to our neighbors may be forthcoming.

My name is Athena, and I am a Junior enrolled in Ms. Hayashibara's Honors U.S. History class at Venice High School. Please give your support towards the building of a monument in the Venice community.

In April of 1942, hundreds of Venetians of Japanese ancestry were assembled at the northwest corner of Lincoln and Venice Boulevards. From this historic intersection, Japanese Americans were bused to assembly centers and then internment camps all over the U.S. Under the Executive Order 9066, military officials were given the power to limit the civil rights of Japanese Americans. Because of this order, Japanese Americans had curfews and were even forced to leave their homes and be shipped to internment camps without any due process. The Venice community would like to commemorate the Japanese Americans who lost their homes and their rights. Please support the building of a memorial for the victims of Executive Order 9066.

Sincerely,  
Athena Padilla

I'm proud to say I support the actions needed to erect a monument, or sculpture on the northwest corner of Venice and Lincoln Boulevards to commemorate the relocation of thousands of Japanese Americans, definitely an enormous decision in U.S. history.

This monument will clearly show the people of Venice, and every citizen who passes at this monument, how easy it is to lose our precious democratic rights. Besides, the monument's symbolic meaning, it marks the historical setting where Japanese Americans gathered, to be relocated. My name is Scott Pine, and I'm a junior at Venice High School in Ms. Hayashibara's Honors U.S. History class.

I found out about this tremendous idea in an article in the Free Venice Beachhead. I believe the best way to reach out to individuals about the building of this structure is to spread awareness about this preposterous and shameful, yet important event in Venice History. I hope the purpose and meaning behind a monument is enough to the city of Venice and its citizens to allow it to be erected.

Sincerely, Scott Pine

Hello, my name is Edwin Santiago and I am a student at Venice High School. I am currently in Ms. Hayashibara's class and I have heard about the commemorative marker the Venice Beachhead, the free newspaper, wants to put on the corner of Venice and Lincoln Boulevard. This is a tremendous action of all who are involved, and I applaud this. I have learned about the Japanese American Internment Camps at Venice High School.

The relocation of 120,000 Japanese Americans in 1942 was a violation of habeas corpus, due process, and constitutional rights. Even though it was deemed a "military necessity," it was not right to relocate them. I also know that if people of Japanese ancestry refused to be relocated to the camp, they would be imprisoned and/or fined. The area of containment included Washington, Oregon and California.

Please support a memorial in recognition of the thousands of Japanese Americans will allow me to never forget about the past wrongdoings of the United States.

Sincerely, Edwin Santiago

Hello, my name is Tara Gruchalski, and I attend Venice High School. I would like you to support a commemorate marker or monument on the northwest corner of Venice and Lincoln Blvd. It would be a marker to remember the Japanese Americans who were sent to internment camps because of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941. President Roosevelt issued Executive Order 9066, and the locals of Japanese descent assembled on Venice and Lincoln to get on buses to their next destination, an assembly center at fair grounds or race tracks.

Removing the Japanese Americans from their homes without due process was unconstitutional, and should be remembered so it will not occur once again. The Venice Beachhead has begun a campaign to support a commemorative marker. Having the marker on the corner of Venice and Lincoln Blvd will bring awareness to the locals the history of the Japanese American internment during World War II.

Sincerely, Tara Gruchalski

My name is Mallory Roque, and I am a junior attending Venice Senior High School. I am also a proud member of the New Media Academy, a program that teaches students about filmmaking, web designing, animation, and photography. I am writing to help in the commemoration of the Japanese American experience during World War II.

The Free Venice Beachhead and I believe that there should be a monument on the northwest corner of Venice and Lincoln Blvd, where people of Japanese ancestry were forced to gather so they could be put on buses. This marker would remind others how easy it is to lose our democratic rights.

The relocation and internment of 120,000 Japanese American clearly violated their constitutional rights. President Reagan signed the Civil Liberties Act of 1988, apologizing for the internment and paid \$20,000 to each surviving internee. Although President Reagan did pay \$20,000, the money will not make up for all the time lost in the camps. A monument should be that reminder of the Japanese Americans went through, and it should not happen again..

Sincerely, Mallory Roque

Hello, my name is Ashley Roque. I am seventeen years old, and I attend Venice High School. I am also a part of the New Media Academy at Venice High School. I would like you to support a memorial marker or sculpture at the Northwest corner of Venice and Lincoln Blvd. I believe that this marker would help people remember the roundup of the Japanese Americans, which took place at that corner on April 25, 1942. This monument would also spread awareness of the constitutional rights that were denied to the Japanese Americans that were relocated. This kind of event should never happen again, and I believe that this monumental marker would help be a reminder, so it won't happen again to another minority group. I think this commemorative maker, and whoever supports it, is doing a civic duty to the community. This monument will show the United States' apology to all the Japanese Americans that experienced this unconstitutional event. I would like your support in the construction of this monument. Thank you.

Sincerely, Ashley Roque

My name is Alonso Ordaz and I attend Venice High school. Recently in my honors U.S. History class we were studying the Japanese American relocation internment during World War 2. Executive order 9066 enabled the relocation and internment of 120,000 Japanese "Aliens and non Aliens" from Washington, Oregon, and California. These actions must be understood in terms of the violation of their constitutional rights and suspension of writ of habeas corpus and due process. On April 25, 1942 hundreds of Venetians of Japanese ancestry were forced to assemble at the corner of Venice and Lincoln Blvds, where they were put on buses and taken to camps in the interior of the U.S. I would like you to support the building of a memorial or a monument on the Northwest corner of Venice and Lincoln Blvds. This would commemorate the Japanese Americans gathering at that corner on April 25, 1942 and remind us how easy it is to lose our constitutional rights in the face of Social prejudice.

Sincerely, Alonso Ordaz

My name is Jimmy, and I am a junior at Venice High School in the New Media Academy, in Ms. Hayashibara's Honors U.S. History class. I am writing you this letter to gain your support towards a monument on the northeast corner of Lincoln and Venice blvd.

Under Executive Order 90066, Venetians of Japanese ancestry were forced to line up at the intersection of Venice and Lincoln blvds on April 24, 1942. They were then shipped to internment camps throughout the U.S. Japanese Americans had curfews and were forced to leave behind their homes and some of their possessions to go start a new life in an internment camp. Many had nowhere to go once released from the camps, and had to start totally new lives. Japanese Americans were stripped of their constitutional rights and deserve some sort of monument for their struggle. Please support the building of a memorial for the victims of the Japanese American internment.

Sincerely, Jimmy Solis

Below are some of the letters that Venice students have written to Councilmember Bill Rosendahl and to the Beachhead. If all goes right, a ever-present reminder that human dignity and civil rights need constant vigilance if we are to have the right to call ourselves a civilized country and city.

In particular, the Beachhead would like to thank Phyllis Hayashibara, a teacher at Venice High for getting the ball rolling.

You can express your support by emailing Bill Rosendahl at councilman.rosendahl@lacity.org and the Beachhead at Beachhead@freevenice.org.

I'm Ulysses from Venice High. I'm part of Ms. Hayashibara's New Media Academy (NMA) Honors U.S History Class. The NMA teaches us how to use video cameras and computer programs. I've been informed that we might get to visit City Council. If we do, maybe we can record our visit and give you a copy.

I understand that on April 25, 1942 Venetians of Japanese ancestry were forced to gather at Lincoln and Venice, to leave the area and were put in interment camps. Then in 1944 Gordon Hirabayashi stood up on behalf of every one against the curfew and the isolation of the Japanese Americans. Now Venice Beach head is trying to gather support for a monument in commemoration of this tragedy. Please consider lending your support to this commemorative marker in Venice.

Sincerely, Ulysses Fletes

My name is Ivan Peña-Lelesque. I am sixteen years old, and I am a junior at Venice High School. In my U.S. History class, we started learning about the Japanese American Internment Camps, and I found out that many Japanese assembled at Venice and Lincoln Blvds in 1942, and were put on buses and taken to assembly centers and War Relocation camps in violation of their civil rights.

I think it will be a great idea to do something to commemorate this event, such as erecting a sculpture or a monument so people who do not know about this event, will get a chance to learn about it. I realized many of these Japanese people lost all their belongings, and their descendants will be please to see a commemoration to their ancestors. There are very few monuments throughout the whole united states about Japanese American Internment, and this would be a great local place to build a monument. My dad, mom, and sister are all supporting this idea. I thank you for reading this letter, and I really hope this idea will become a reality to everybody.

Sincerely, Ivan Peña-Lelesque

I am Rodrigo Garcia, and I am currently a junior at Venice high School. Recently, my U.S. History class has been discussing the Japanese American relocation and internment. I learned that executive order 90066 violated the rights of the Japanese Americans in 1942. Americans of Japanese ancestry had to be gathered up and sent to War Relocation Authority Camps under armed guard. One of the locations where the Japanese Americans gathered happens to be the northwest corner at Lincoln and Venice Blvds.

I hope that you, Mr. Rosendahl, will support a proposal to build a marker at this location in order to commemorate this event. Personally, I strongly support this proposal because it is an important issue regarding civil liberties and a lesson on how easily rights can be denied. I want to thank you for bringing the issue up at the City Council because this helps inform all types of people of what is going on in this city.

Sincerely, Rodrigo Garcia

My name is David Del Valle, and I am a student from Venice High School in Mrs. Hayashibara's Honors U.S History class. We are studying World War II and the Japanese American internment. I write this e-mail to support the act of putting a marker on the corner of Lincoln and Venice to remember the Japanese American who were interned after Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor. That was the corner that the Japanese Americans stood on before they boarded the buses that took them to the assembly centers and war Relocated Authority camps.

The marker would help people know what had happened there and even bring back memories. It also reminds us that powerless citizens have suffered and have their rights stripped away by the government. That marker would be another way we could say you matter, and we are sorry. This marker would be educational because it would teach tourists and other people who pass by. I hope that you would take into consideration this marker.

Sincerely, David Del Valle

Hello, my name is Daniel Lopez, and I attend Venice High School. I would like to ask you if you can help put up a marker on Lincoln

and Venice Blvd. On December 7, 1941, the U.S was attacked by the Japanese in Pearl Harbor. Many lives were lost, and as a result the U.S Government launched an order called Executive Order 9066. This order forced 120,000 Japanese-American citizens on the West coast into internment camps.

In the Venice area many Japanese-Americans had to line up on the Lincoln and Venice Boulevards then were driven off to an assembly center, then a war relocation camp. I think it would be a really good idea to commemorate such an event that happened here in Venice with a statue or marker of some sort. Thank you for reading this and hopefully this and other letters will help us remember this event in history.

Sincerely, Daniel Lopez

My name is Felix Barron, and I am in Ms. Hayashibara's U.S. History class at Venice High School. I am sending you this email on behalf of a possible monument at the northwest corner of Venice and Lincoln Blvds to remember the Japanese-American Internment. I think that putting a marker or monument here in Venice would be a great idea because the Japanese-American Internment was such an important part of our nation's history. On April 25, 1942, all persons of Japanese ancestry in the Venice area were forced to report to Venice and Lincoln to be put on buses and taken to camps.

In these concentration camps, Japanese-Americans were mistreated by guards, given very little food, and given no rights due to Executive Order 9066 signed by Franklin D. Roosevelt. It wasn't until 1976 that E.O. 9066 was appealed. In 1988, President Reagan signed legislation that apologized for the internment and appropriated over one billion dollars in reparations to surviving internees. After this, however, the history of the Japanese-American Internment slowly began to fade, which is why we need the monument here in Venice. Only with this monument can the legacy of the Japanese-American Internment be remembered, so please support putting up a monument here in Venice so that we won't make the same mistakes again.

Sincerely, Felix Barron

My name is William J. Quinteros, I am in the 11th grade, and I am a student at Venice High School. Right now, I am taking U.S. History, and my teacher is Ms. Hayashibara. Recently, I learned about World War II and what happened after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. The U.S. government decided to take the Japanese-American people living on the west coast to concentration camps. I also learned that Japanese-American people in Venice had to gather at the corner of Venice and Lincoln on April 12, 1942, before being taken to concentration camps.

I know that the U.S. government later apologized for this act, but I know that this incident must not be forgotten. I support the making of a monument at the intersection of Venice and Lincoln to remember this sad, but important incident. I just want to thank you for reading this, and I hope you will think about it.

Sincerely, William J. Quinteros

My name is Juan Perez, and I am a Junior at Venice High School. This past month I heard about the monument that is being proposed for the Northwest corner of Venice and Lincoln Blvd. I am writing this letter to show my support for such a marker, and hope you will support it too. Over 120,000 Japanese Americans were evacuated from California, Oregon and Washington, some at the corner of Venice and Lincoln and relocated to the interior of the United States.

I don't want to forget about the relocated Japanese Americans, and I don't want other people to forget either. People should remember this event so we do not make the same mistake again with another ethnic or religious group of people. If this monument is put up, the children and grandchildren of the Japanese Americans who were sent to this camp will have something to remember their ancestors. Once again I would like to state that I support the monument being built.

Sincerely, Juan Perez

# Students walk out in support of teachers

By Lydia Poncé

Two hundred Venice High School students walked out of their classes in support of teachers and quality education, May 15, even as the campus sprinklers were being turned on and off.

The 'Original Five,' who organized the strike, called out through a small bullhorn, "We strike because our teachers can't! We want to tell LAUSD to spend the stimulus money now and save our teachers!" This demonstration was put together via text messages only 24 hours prior.

Even so, there were some students who did not know why they walked out. They may have even seen it as an opportunity to ditch. But as they marched through the campus, the message was loud enough and clear enough: "It's not a ditch day, it's a demonstration! Enough is enough! Flip the war funding to education! Books not bombs; teachers not bombs! Teach peace!" Any student that listened for five or 10 minutes learned plenty and it was empowering as their voices united.

They marched to the covered cafeteria area, and produced their cell phones to call LAUSD to demand that the stimulus money be spent to save teachers and their jobs. The phone lines became jammed, but there would be other opportunities to call.

Upon returning to the front of the school, there were eight police cars arriving. Students then began chanting, "Police need a raise!" The officers' smiles revealed as they

stood by. It was a peaceful demonstration.

There was a moment of silence and students held up fingers in a 'v' in recognition of their brothers and sisters who went to war in Afghanistan and Iraq in a poverty draft so they could have a free education. Their peace signs were held up for those who never returned to their homes.

Students moved in front of the auditorium as a nutrition break approached. The Venice High administration offered to open the auditorium doors so the students could share dialogue and get slips to return to class. An administration staff member announced, 'No one would be marked truant. If they got a re-admit slip and returned to class.'

After that, there was a few student announcements, 'Create a student union!' There was a verbal commitment by all students attending to do the hard work before them. That hard work included showing up for school, no truancies. Students must do their homework and talk to their parents about the demonstration, about the union. They all shuffled out, row by row. Everyone was safe, not one truancy ticket was written.

However, many students later were marked truant, if they were on the front lawn or did not have a note to readmit them on Monday. The newly formed VSU (Venice Student Union) is working to have the truancies removed off everyone's records. VSU has gained support from the ACLU, the National Lawyer's Guild and the Public Counsel of Los Angeles.

The students shared with me that they want to be as inclusive and work to do outreach. The VSU belongs to all the students who attend Venice High. The Venice Students learned quickly in their class, Demonstration 101 and it yielded something hopeful. The VSU has ratified a Constitution. We shall



see how it works out.

It wasn't that long ago when segregation was the law. Without the Birmingham students who walked out, who had to face jail time, dogs, beatings and fire hoses; the Venice students would not be able today to unite and demonstrate for their rights for a quality education.

Venice Alumni and parents who want to support the VSU as a community liaison, please check out their Facebook website.

The revolution may not be televised but it certainly will be high tech!



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## More Letters From Students In Support of Memorial Marker at Venice and Lincoln Blvds.

Hello, my name is Wendy Santiago, and I am sixteen years old. I go to Venice High School, where I'm in the 11th grade. I'm in the New Media Academy, and I'm in Mrs. Hayashibara's Honors U. S. History class. In Mrs. Hayashibara's class, I have learned about the Japanese American Internment Camps, and I think that it was a travesty of justice. Now that I have learned all about the Japanese American Internment Camps, I would like you to support the Free Venice Beachhead's memorial marker campaign for the North West corner of Venice and Lincoln, where many Japanese Americans were told to assemble in April 1942, after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, in 1941.

I think that you should support this because this will mean a lot for the Japanese American community. It will also show other people what loss of constitutional rights the Japanese American's went through. I know that on February 19, 1942, President Franklin D. Roosevelt issued the Executive Order 9066. This order made the Japanese Americans leave everything behind and go to a relocation camp. We hope that you will support the construction of a memorial marker for the Japanese Americans. Thank you for your time.

Sincerely, Wendy Santiago

My name is Bryan Barrera, and I am a junior at Venice High School, part of the New Media Academy, in Ms. Hayashibara's Honors U. S. History class. I am writing you this letter to gain your support towards a monument on the northeast corner of Lincoln and Venice Blvd. Under Executive Order 9066, Venetians of Japanese ancestry were forced to line up at this intersection of Venice and Lincoln Blvds. on April 24, 1942. They were then shipped to internment camps throughout the U.S. Japanese Americans were forced to leave behind their homes and most of their possessions to spend their days behind barbed wire in the internment camps.

Many had nowhere to go once they were released from the camps three years later and had to start new lives. Japanese Americans were deprived of their constitutional rights and deserve some sort of a memorial for their struggle. Please support the building of a memorial for the victims of the Japanese American internees.

Sincerely, Bryan Barrera

My name is Fernando Ayllon, and I am a junior enrolled at Venice High School. I am in the New Media Academy in Ms. Hayashibara's Honors U. S. history class. The purpose of this letter is to ask for your support to put up a monument or plaque on the northeast corner of Venice Blvd. and Lincoln Blvd. Venetians of Japanese ancestry were forced to line up at the intersections of Venice Blvd. and Lincoln Blvd. to comply with Executive Order 9066. From here, they were loaded onto buses and sent to assembly centers and internment camps all across the United States.

The Japanese Americans were forced to leave behind their homes and most of their possessions when headed to the camps. When they were released, many Japanese Americans had no place to go, and hard to begin new lives. So please support us in an effort to put up a monument for the Japanese American internees, who had lost their constitutional rights for three years.

Sincerely, Fernando Ayllon

My name is Carla Montes, a junior at Venice High School, enrolled in an Honors U.S. History Class. We discussed the issue of the Internment of people of Japanese ancestry after Pearl Harbor, and after President Franklin D. Roosevelt issued Executive Order No. 53, that the Japanese American residents of California, Oregon, and Washington were forced to leave their homes and go to unknown war Relocation Authority camps. With this notice, Venice Residents were told to gather at the North West corner of Venice and Lincoln, and board buses. In total, 120,000 Japanese "aliens and non-aliens" were relocated.

In support of the Free Venice Beachhead efforts to commemorate the event, I really would like for you to take notice of what the community really wishes. This truly would mean something for the Japanese American community members as well as raise awareness of this historical event. Thank you for your time and support.

Sincerely, Carla Montes-Carrillo

My name is Adam Schemerhorn, and I am a part of Ms. Hayashibara's Honors US History Class. Please consider constructing a memorial on the northwest corner of Lincoln and Venice

to commemorate Japanese Americans that lined up there in 1942 in preparation for their wartime incarceration. This was the time when President Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066 which gave the military the power to evacuate the Japanese Americans in California, Oregon and Washington. The Japanese Americans were then taken to assembly centers and internment camps all over the western deserts. These internment camps were very poorly constructed, and weren't ideal places to raise families. Some of the time inside the camps was secretly documented by Japanese Americans who still had their cameras. The Venice Community would like you to support the construction of a memorial for these Japanese Americans who lost much of their real property and all of their constitutional rights. I hope that you will support this cause.

Sincerely, Adam Schemerhorn

Hello, my name is Mike O'Dell, and I'm a junior in Ms. Hayashibara's 4th period U.S. History class at Venice High School. I would like you to support the creation of a marker in remembrance of the Japanese Americans, who were interned during WWII. Because of executive Order 9066 Venice locals of Japanese decent were forced to assemble on the north east corner of Venice and Lincoln where they were put onto buses. From there they were removed from the Venice community and relocated to assembly camps and then camps in the desert.

This action violated rights given to all citizens and residents by the Constitution of the United States, and nothing like it should ever happen again. In cooperation with the Venice Beachhead and perhaps the Japanese American National Museum, a memorial or marker should be placed on the north east corner of Venice and Lincoln, where people were put on busses. Such a marker would prevent people from forgetting about the events that took place in 1942 preventing Americans from repeating this kind of discriminatory action.

Sincerely, Mike O'Dell

Hello, my name is Kathrin Covarrubias and I am in Ms. Hayashibara's Honors U.S. History class, at Venice High School. I write this letter to ask you to help support the creation of

a marker on the northwest corner of Venice and Lincoln in remembrance of the Japanese Americans of Venice who were interned during World War II. After Japan's December 7, 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor, in 1942 all remaining Japanese Americans in Washington, Oregon and California were forced to assemble on the northwest corner of Venice and Lincoln to be put in buses and then sent to assembly centers, and later internment camps. These internment camps were in locations that the general American public, at the time, was oblivious to.

The Japanese Americans had to leave their homes and were only allowed to take few of their belongings. All this violated the constitutional rights of the Japanese Americans. Such actions should never be taken again, not even for national security. To commemorate this injustice to the Japanese Americans, I hope that you will support the creation of the marker on the northwest corner of Venice and Lincoln.

Sincerely, Kathrin Covarrubias

My name is Luz Napoles, and I am a junior at Venice High School. I am in Mrs. Hayashibara's Honors U.S. History. I am writing you this letter to ask you to support a commemorative marker at the northwest corner of Venice and Lincoln, where many Japanese Americans were rounded up, and later interned in camps out in the desert during War World II.

Many Americans were scared after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, so they rounded up all the Japanese Americans out of concern for domestic espionage or sabotage, all unfounded fears. Japanese Americans venetians were forced to assemble at the corner of Venice and Lincoln, with only whatever they could carry, and no electronics were allowed. They were told to get on a bus and later were sent to camps out far away from the cities. This whole thing violated the U.S. Constitutional rights of habeas corpus and due process.

Those actions should never have taken place, and we should never isolate people because of their race or ethnicity. I hope that you will support the creation of a marker on the Northwest corner of Venice and Lincoln.

Sincerely, Luz Maria Napoles



### Carnevale - June 6

Venice artist, Jeff Verges won the annual Carnevale poster design chosen to be the face of 2009 Carnevale! Verges has lived in Venice since 1998 and is very involved in the skate and surf culture.

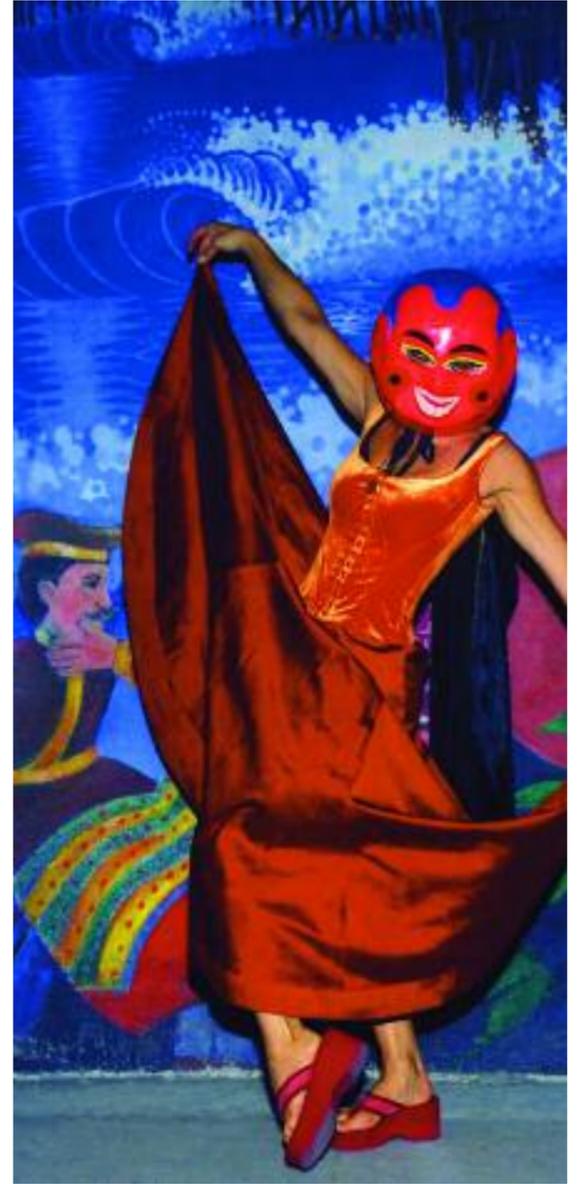
You may have seen some of Jeff Verges other poster designs since he has also won three poster contests for the Santa Monica Summer Concert Series and this will be the third year that he has been chosen to design Carnevale's poster.

This year Carnevale will take place on Saturday, June 6 from noon till 10:00 pm at the west end of Windward Ave at the beach. The costumed celebration by the sea returns. This wonderfully flamboyant festival has been celebrated for the past 7 years and has become a true Venice tradition.

There is a free costume contest, as well as a whole line up of incredible local talent, arts and craft booths with original clothing, jewelry and accessories, DJs, Dancing, Live music, In addition, meet Beachhead collective members at our booth. Other supporters of Carnevale include the Venice Chamber of Commerce, the city of Los Angeles Department of Cultural Affairs, the Venice Neighborhood Council, Graphics Quarter, Project Alma, the Townhouse and the new Hotel Erwin.

Come in costume, or just wear something outrageous (your normal clothes).

More information at [www.carnevale.us](http://www.carnevale.us) 310-396-2803.



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### Happy 90th Birthday, Pete Seeger

On the occasion of Pete Seeger's 90th birthday, Earl Newman has created this poster. Through the Beachhead, you can get one for only \$30. The proceeds will go to keep your newspaper publishing. The poster is available in a variety of poster paper colors. Please specify which background color you would like. Send checks made out to the Beachhead to PO Box 2, Venice 90294.

More information about Pete Seeger's amazing life can be found at [www.peteseeger.net](http://www.peteseeger.net). To sign the petition to award Seeger the Nobel Peace Prize, go to [www.nobelprize4pete.org](http://www.nobelprize4pete.org). Read Earl Newman's story at <http://tinyurl.com/dab9n5>. View his art at [www.earlnewmanprints.com](http://www.earlnewmanprints.com).

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# Suzy Williams, Venice Songbird

By Jim Smith

Perhaps you've seen Suzy Williams peddling down your street on a flower-festooned bicycle named Gladus. Just another Venetian with pink hair going about her business in our community.

But if you've seen Suzy at night when she comes alive in a cabaret, bar or at a party, you know you're seeing the Venice Queen of jazz, blues and performance right before your eyes.

Suzy's repertoire is so large that you'll never see the same show twice. Her heroes and musical influences include Bessie Smith, Sophie Tucker, Billie Holiday and Anita O'Day. She also has 60 songs that she's written in the past two years alone. In any given performance, about half the songs she sings will be her originals.

Then there's her Venice collection of songs and poems set to music, including "Moon Over Venice," the signature song of the late Sylvia Kohan; "Under the Shade of a Black Palm Tree," by Peter Damien, and many more.

Suzy's been singing since she was 18, including the last ten years in Venice. Before that, Suzy made the circuit of nightclubs in New York and New England, learning her trade and building a fan base. She makes an annual tour of her old haunts to the delight of her still loyal fans.

In Venice and L.A., she sometimes sings with an eight piece band, the Solid Senders, and sometimes with just a piano player. Once in a while, she will perform The Sophie Tucker Show, where Suzy becomes Sophie for a night – songs, jokes and persona. For the past several years, she's been putting the great works of literature to song in an annual event at Beyond Baroque. This year's show, on June 16, will include lyrics by James Joyce, Lewis Carroll, Dorothy Parker, and others.

Suzy often works with a long-time collaborator, Venetian Brad Kay, who is a pianist, cornetist, composer, musicologist, and sometimes singer.

The best place to catch Suzy, every second Thursday of the month, is at Danny's Venice Deli in the St. Charles Hotel, 23 Windward Avenue. The back room is intimate, hardly allowing room for Suzy, a piano player and perhaps a sax player, amid the tables and booths. Unlike many performers, Suzy interacts - perhaps melds is a better word, with her audience. Under the Rip Cronk caricatures of famous Venetians, Suzy belts out three sets per evening. By the end of the night, she's on a first-name basis with most of the house.

In addition to Suzy's stunning performances, it's worth it to go to Danny's to admire what owners James Evans and Daniel Samakow have done to the place. They sank a lot of money into remodeling the restaurant after the Venice Cantina called it quits. The interior is a display of good taste and a tribute to the culture and history of Venice. Unfortunately, the follow through has left something to be desired. The place has waffled between being a deli with tasty sandwiches and being a watering hole for the hoards that descend on Venice in the summer. Even Suzy, who draws the largest crowd of the month, has to compete with a blaring TV in the room with the bar. The feeling expressed by some locals is that Danny's feels like the stepchild compared to Evans and Samakow's other local restaurants, James Beach and the Canal Club.

Quite frankly, it's been a struggle for any restaurant to survive and prosper at the St. Charles, in what was once Venice's thriving downtown district. The Cantina had a constant running battle over noise and parking with the wealthy artist who lived in a fortress a few doors down the street. The Townhouse Bar across the street also had to endure harassment of its patrons who were videotaped from the artist's compound. This writer also was confronted by a security guard at the fortress when he was pointing out their surveillance cameras.

Danny's is the latest in a succession of nightspots in the building that began life as the annex to the beautiful St. Mark's hotel across Speedway, which was destroyed by the city of Los Angeles in the early 1960s. For 60 years St. Mark's and the St. Charles were linked by a second story



Suzy Williams at Danny's Venice Deli. Brad Kay is at the piano. Photo by Jim Smith

"bridge of sighs," imitating the original in Venice, Italy.

By the mid-1970s, the first bar had opened in the bottom floor of the St. Charles Hotel. It was named the "St. Charles's Cabaret." Later, St. Mark's bar took over the space and adjoining liquor store. Unfortunately, the bar's name gave rise to the mistaken impression that the building was the St. Mark's hotel, when in fact, it was only the annex. Initially it opened to large crowds before falling on hard times. There seems to be a pattern here of initial success followed by failure.

The Venice Songbird, Suzy Williams, may be the key to breaking this cycle. If her appearances at Danny's received the kind of promotion they deserve, a growing fan base for both Suzy and Danny's could develop. If the Windward merchants and other Venetians got together to insist the city close the street from Pacific to Speedway, tables could be set out. A farmers' market could set up once a week. Festivals of all kinds would have a home. Meanwhile, more restaurants would gravitate

to the street. If a restoration project rebuilt the street the way it appeared when Abbot Kinney strolled down it, Venice would once again have a center. Eventually, Windward could be closed all the way to the Circle, creating a park-like area like the one that existed there a hundred years ago.

Who would support such a project? Certainly not the downtown snarkdom of L.A. officials and bureaucrats. Such a revitalization of our Venice might have to wait until we finally restore cityhood (hang in there, Suzy, it might be a while).

But even if they can prevent us from having a geographical center to our fair community, they can't take away our Suzy. Venice is honored to have one of the truly unique and original singers, songwriters and performers in the person of Suzy Williams. Drop into Danny's and see for yourself.

Meanwhile, there are videos of Suzy on YouTube, and rumors of a new CD coming soon. Check the Beachhead Calendar for other Suzy sightings.

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# Venice Summer Reading

Venice In The 60s:

## A Series of Circles

By Lisa Marguerite Mora

Maria was a large woman, a round body, a series of circles. She scared me. But not because she was fat. It was because when she looked at you, it was like she could see not only who you were trying to be, but who you really were. Her eyes were blue fringed in black lashes, and her hair was pulled back from her face, a tight black silk on her head. Though I didn't think it then, she was kind of beautiful. She looked out at you from those eyes and that face with a sturdy weariness, and you realized that she would tolerate you to a point. And you never wanted to get to that point.

She was my friend, Tammy's mother. We were seven and Tammy lived around the corner from me. We often played together after school. She wore dresses that flared at the waist and fell at mid-calf. She wore saddle shoes and bobby socks. My mother thought little girls should show their knees. She thought it was charming, so my dresses were actually in fashion for 1967. The next year would be white go-go boots that zipped at the side and knee socks. I didn't trust my mother's opinions about most things, but she was right about mini skirts.

Tammy lived across the alley on Paloma in a huge brick apartment building with I don't know how many floors. There was an elevator with an extra metal door that pulled across, I guess to keep us from falling out. It was a little scary, though sometimes we'd take excursions up to the various levels. Tammy, Maria, and Susan the older sister lived on the very bottom in a two-room basement apartment, which I found sort of depressing but interesting. Depressing, because there wasn't much light and interesting because the windows were level with the alley floor. People walked by and you'd see only their feet and hear the sounds of their feet in their shoes—a strange intimacy we were privy to which the passerby was never aware of.

In their apartment you had to walk through the front room and through the second room which was covered in linoleum and partitioned off by a sliding door at night and a multicolored bead curtain in the day, to get to the teeny tiny kitchenette that was carved out in the back corner.

This is where Maria cooked. Always smells of cooking came from that steamy corner closet of a kitchen. Once, Tammy gave me an oatmeal cookie in a napkin. Maria had just made a batch. It tasted thick and fatty and not sweet at all. I wrinkled my nose. Tammy watched me then skipped through the second room to tell her mother, "Lisa doesn't like the cookie." In the same tolerant to a point manner, Maria replied, "She doesn't have to like my cookies." I walked back with it in the napkin to the kitchen where the garbage was. Maria was doing dishes. Unsmiling, she held out her hand and I gave back to her the disappointing treat. She dumped it in the trash under the sink.

People tended to hang out at Maria's. She seemed to have a lot of friends. Like Peggy and Andrew, who were a couple. They both wore jeans and Levi jackets and smoked cigarettes. They were there a lot and sometimes spent the night. And then there was Jesse who always had a drink in his hand. He had black hair and thick lips. He may have been Maria's special friend. There was Bill who was kind of beaten down, his face weathered and creased, gray stubble on his cheeks.

I guess there's always been a fair amount of homeless in Venice California. I didn't recognize this at the time. I figured everyone had a home. But there were a lot of people down on Ocean Front Walk just hanging out, day and night it seemed. There was a festive, party like atmosphere, drums in the background, patchouli in the air. I thought it was kind of weird. I was a conservative child.

One day Maria had a huge black pot on the stove—cooking smells again. She was cutting up carrots, celery, potatoes. All of it went into the pot. At sunset, she and the Levi couple, Peggy and Andrew and whoever else was around would take the heavy pot down to the boardwalk. Maria would set up at the benches and stand there with her ladle, and spoon out soup for anyone who had a bowl and their own utensils. And people would line up. As word got around, the line grew. The food was there for people who were hungry, but on one occasion I saw our apartment manager in his sunglasses and white Panama hat standing in line with his bowl. He grinned at me. He knew I knew he was taking advantage of the situation.

I do not know where Maria got the ingredients to make a huge soup meal every day. Maybe she asked for donations. I don't know. This was her work, but she didn't get paid for it. Though it was serious business.

Eventually Maria and company moved down to the local park and recreation center. I tagged along with Tammy and Susan. One day KTLA news came out to interview Maria. I saw her on our black and white television. She was sitting with Andrew at one of the picnic tables on the beach. The reporter asked her why she was doing it. Why was she feeding these people? Maria could be impos-

## On The Boardwalk: Friday Night With Roger

By Ian Lovett

The lot is empty. That's the first thing I notice—the lot at the end of Rose where they always park is empty. I suddenly get what permit parking would do to this place. At night, everyone parks up in "the avenues," as Roger refers to the rest of Venice.

And the place is abandoned. Abraham still has some stuff set up—a couple paintings, plus the sidewalk where he's marked his territory, treating it like one of his potato sack canvasses. But the rows of bodies I'd expected, curled up with blankets in preparation for the next morning—they're just not there. Not the night life Scott had referred to.

I walk south, towards where Roger usually sets up. He's not the only one out there, but I spot him from 100 yards away, his pants flaring off distinctively from his skinny legs, even in silhouette. Only once have I seen him in any other pants.

"I thought that might be you," he says. "I thought, Eon is tall." He laughs, a sort of adult male giggle that sounds at once forced and slightly out of control. And he calls me Eon, pronouncing it like the measure of geological time. He's on his feet—awake, alert, speaking loudly despite the man in the sleeping bag not ten feet away.

"This is Bob," Roger says.

"I'm Ian."

Bob tries to stand, the sleep sack tangling in his feet.

"Don't get up."

He's halfway prone when we shake. Then he curls back onto his side on the asphalt.

"Bob's been sleeping here since he left his girlfriend. What? A couple weeks now?"

"Three weeks," Bob says, eyes still closed. It's 4am. It's 4am. But the street lamps are on. And Roger's

ing without much effort, but right then she didn't look at the reporter or at the camera. She was kind of focused past them, maybe looking at the ocean that rolled and swayed in the distance. I remember noticing her feet, which were so surprisingly small and neat, pulled under the bench and crossed at the ankles. She said, "People are hungry. We're just trying to help." And that's when I knew that Maria was something more than I had thought. Because up to that point I hadn't really thought about what she was doing as being especially good or noble. It just seemed like she was doing her work. That's probably how Maria saw it too, because she could tolerate things to a point, but then she had to step forward and put things right.

It was some days after the TV interview. Tammy and I had been playing at the beach when we walked back to her place at twilight. We stopped short just inside the complex entryway. Maria was standing at the top of her concrete steps in front of their apartment. The ladies that lived in the other basement apartments were standing on their steps too. Mrs. Berg was in her housedress, her hair wrapped up in a scarf, her arms crossed low at her waist. They were all quiet. But Maria was speaking in firm even tones. "I know you talk about me," she said. "You say I have different men sleeping over."

Tammy and I stood next to each other and we did not move. I wonder how it came to be that all the ladies were outside in front of their doors. Had they been gossiping when Maria stepped quietly outside? Now she stood with all her roundness and her firmness, her hair tied back in a green ribbon, her blue eyes steady. "It's none of your business what goes on in my house." Though her voice wasn't loud it projected across the walkway and rose up between the buildings so that who ever was home on the other floors may have heard her. "I am a good woman," she said. Silence. None of the ladies budged, but I could feel the shuffle of a foot, the creep of flesh on the back of the neck. Maria continued, "If anyone wants to say anything to me, you can please say it to my face." I saw a movement from one of the ladies; she was wiping her nose with a Kleenex. The tension bounced around like a blue jay protecting its nest. Maria stood there a moment more then she turned and walked back inside and quietly closed the door.

"I'm gonna go home now," I said to Tammy who mumbled something and headed toward her basement apartment steps. I walked the short trip to my building, through the alley, we lived on Speedway, my feet following each other down the uneven blackened pavement. One pale blue star stood in the sky and I felt the wind pick up and push hard against my face. Then I heard the ocean moving in and pulling away, a roar and a hiss, pulling away a million granules of sand. It was slowly eroding the shoreline, changing the landscape. It could take years. It could take a lifetime. It could take a moment.

still talking loudly. Far from uncomfortable with my tagging along, he seems to enjoy having someone to talk to. "Do you know much about religion?" he asks. He's reading a novel about Islam. I've also seen him reading Shakespeare. And Tom Clancy. He reads more than anyone else I know in LA.

I say I know a little bit about a lot of religions. Roger says the same. He was baptized at age 13, but he describes it as the result of a trick, almost. Some group came around offering fun and games, and he ended up with a baptism and a couple months of fleeting piety.

On the edge of the sand, next to the boardwalk, there's a squarish cardboard box on top of another, flatter one. I remove the top one and sit on the other. We're still talking about religion—haven't gotten to any of the questions I want to ask, like how this whole spot-saving thing works.

The boxes, it turns out, are how spots are saved. Along the sand at the edge of the cement, a string of cardboard boxes stretches all the way up to Rose—same thing the other direction. To me, they're indistinguishable—cardboard boxes, one just like the next. But Roger names off who each one belongs to—Bobby (not Bob who's sleeping next to us, but Bobby), Donna, Scotty, Flower, Novak, others. He's saving all their spots, a whole block. I am sitting on Roger's own box—a realization that makes me want to plunge my head into the sand beside me. I stand up as soon as I can. I have no idea what people value here.

Next to us is a spot belonging to the "Jamaican Connection." He and Roger have been clashing for months. The Jamaican Connection would leave his box on the block Roger saved, and Roger, when he showed up that night, would move it. "Not just move it—get it off the boardwalk entirely." Then, the next morning, when he asked Roger what happened to it, Roger would feign ignorance—he throws his head skyward, shrugging his shoulders, hips forward, arms back, in an ostentatious show of 'I have no idea.'

But today, the Jamaican Connection put his box down right in front of Roger, announcing himself, so tonight Roger doesn't feel like he can reclaim the spot.

Reclaiming spots is just the reality of what goes on. If he weren't here, Roger says, the "Chinese Connection" would come do the same to him. He assumes the same 'I have no idea' pose to show what the Chinese Connection would say to him.

I don't quite understand how such alliances are formed—why Roger saves spots for Bobby and Donna but throws the Jamaican's box away. It seems to have something to do with those who live down here v. those who come in for the weekends—except Bobby comes in for the weekends from Pasadena. Definitely something to do with artists who sell handmade goods v. corporate goods. Or something to do with seniority—how long people have been coming here—except Roger himself has been here less than a year. Or those who make their livelihoods on the boardwalk v. those who are just supplementing incomes. Or something. Like the boxes themselves, it's a system that I, the outsider, don't yet understand.

His opposition to the Chinese Connection—Roger admits he actually doesn't know if he's Chinese or what—is easier to get my head around—he saves too many spots. He lives just a couple blocks up, and if Roger weren't here, he'd come down with his whole family and take up three, four, five spots.

Many Mexican families do the same, he says. At the lottery that Tuesday, 570 had entered the drawing for 200 spots. Many of the Mexican families, though, entered in all of their relatives—again, three, four, five people. This froze out many others—the locals who live here and had only themselves to enter. And this week, one local had had enough. "Don't you see what's going on here?" he yelled. The others had remained mostly

—continued on page 10



So it begins.  
The summer pulse  
on Venice Boardwalk.  
i walk towards the pier  
passing tattoo bodies, sun bodies  
muscle bodies, wrinkled bodies, new bodies.  
i breeze past two Latino women  
their shopping carts lined in black  
selling bouquets of watermelon, papaya, cucumber  
in long, thin strips.  
The vendors are in place,  
the buskers are ready to perform  
on glass, on stilts, with fire and knives  
and the tourists arrive eternally.

i reach the pier, noting  
a Latino man hurriedly leaving  
his steel cart neatly packed with his fishing gear.  
"That's what the homeless need!"  
exclaims another Caucasian man to his friend,  
pointing at the fisherman's stylish cart.  
i pause to ponder  
this man's solution for the homeless: better carts.  
i want to say something, anything  
to the happy, stupid man but he has already  
dissolved into the crowd, taking  
his better-carts-for-the-homeless-campaign  
with him.

Still, the pulse goes on  
with the pleasures of the Boardwalk  
prepared by the desperate, the creative,  
the independent, and the damned.  
So come on over!  
Get your name engraved on a grain of sand.  
Let Zoltar tell you your fortune for a dollar.  
There's enough chaos here  
for all to feast on  
now that summer is back  
on Venice Boardwalk again.

– krista schwimmer

## Wage Slaves

By Jim Smith

Wage slaves,  
men and women:  
Rise up!  
Run away!  
This is no way  
to live

You get your education  
in the bowels of a factory  
You slave for a paycheck  
in the bowels of a factory  
You lay when you're sick or dying  
in the bowels of a factory

You don't need your toys,  
your TVs, your circuses.  
they can't save you  
from the abyss  
that is rushing at you  
with the speed of time.

Throw off your image.  
Throw off your chains.  
Stop being entertained.

Look at the ocean.  
Look at your life.  
Find out what's left.

Sweet freedom beckons me to take my leave./ An  
ace that I had hidden up my sleeve/ that I'm about  
to play. Held in reserve./ concealed for when I finally  
got the nerve./ Sweet freedom hides, this  
moment, but once called,/ will swiftly rise to revise  
my whole world./ she promised she would come, by  
faith believed./ Then, when I least expected, was  
approved./ Sweet freedom in the wings, soon she's  
revealed./ And whether curse or blessing, it's been  
sealed./ I'm ready. Let her come. It's time to move./  
I have no doubt that she will find a groove,/ and we  
will dance on clouds, forever save/ this moment. I  
consent to be her slave.....leaving LA forever for  
Yellowstone.

–RFWagner, Jr.

this paper is a  
poem

## Once Again

I go to the beach and once again  
I'm treated to the spectacle of eight cops  
busting one tired old homeless guy –  
who had too many tickets –  
he's politely trying to explain to the cops why he  
didn't pay his tickets –  
They pack him and all his possessions up –  
He asks –  
can't you put my food out on the bench so  
homeless people could eat it? The cop threw it away.  
He told them earlier he had a nice mango for dinner  
when he was still begging for an O.R. –  
How many cops does it take to arrest one homeless  
guy?  
Eight, apparently.  
After they left, my friend and I liberated the mango  
from the trash can.  
I'm a "formerly homeless" and have no fear of trash  
cans.  
Especially the ones on the beach,  
with fresh new liners for the weekend crowds.  
We scored a mango, two apples, a container of  
cheese.  
It's the first and the guy bought some good stuff.  
I used to be mad, and rant at the cops.  
Now we're just tired and used to it.  
We watch how someone's tax money is misspent.  
"Cleaning up the beach" means locking poor people  
away.  
God forbid someone should see a poor man eating a  
mango.

–Mary Getlein

## Declaring War

By Mark Lipman

I'm going to war. I'm declaring war on poverty. I  
want to rip it out by its root causes and trample it to  
the ground. I am declaring war against hunger. I  
want to know why hundreds of millions are dying  
from starvation, while we are paying subsidies to  
farmers for burning crops. In this world today there  
is no excuse for one hungry mouth.

I am declaring war against homelessness. Why is it  
that in the richest country in the world, hundreds of  
thousands of people live and die on the streets? Why  
do they feel such helplessness? Why is one man's  
wealth based on another man's poverty? Why are  
the personal interests of a few powerful men equivalent  
to the national interests for all? I want to know  
these answers and I want to find the right solutions  
for these problems.

But most importantly, I am declaring war on hatred  
and ignorance, because without these you can have  
no crime and violence and without these we can all  
live in peace.

**Douglas Eisenstark L.Ac.**

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## Parking Woes Cloud Happy Summer Days

–continued from page 1

As a result of the corruption and or stupidity  
and short-sightedness of City officials and agencies,  
parking was as they say, put out on the streets.

Venice was built when the Los Angeles area had  
one of the best mass transit systems in the country  
(take a gawk at some of the old low budget late 30s  
early 40s pictures that were shot on location).  
Trolleys, red cars and buses were the mainstay of  
travel to work and shopping. When I moved to  
Venice, parking was a problem, and in the late  
fifties the average person had one car per house-  
hold – now, it's more and in those apartments sup-  
posedly built for one person – well, those apart-  
ments are now usually shared by more than one  
person. These people usually have at least one car  
per person, as do the homeowners.

I have never been against turning a garage into  
a living unit if that unit is used to house low-mod-  
erate income folks. I've always thought that it's  
more important to house people than cars.

Some of the people who live in vehicles are  
deeply unpleasant and intrusive. And, because they  
live right next to other people their habits can be  
annoying and threatening.

But these people, and I'm talking about a sliver  
of the vehicle dwelling residents, are not nearly the  
threat to Venice's vivacity and diversity as the  
sociopaths who use the parking problem as an  
excuse to rid the Community of "undesirables" i.e.  
low – no income people, by any means necessary.  
I've had the experience of being threatened by some  
of the vehicle dwellers when I've politely asked  
them to turn down their music, their generators, or  
please keep their dogs from lunging at me as I go  
up to my apt. building. I've also been threatened by  
homeowners who have disagreed with me regard-  
ing my right to live in Venice or fight for my right  
to live in this Community because I'm low-income,  
and I am a second class citizen anyway, because I  
am a renter. Renters after all, do not pay property  
taxes, and never pay their fair share, and landlords  
never charge them rent, and what are low income  
people doing living by the beach anyway?

But I'm writing about overnight parking per-  
mits. What overnight parking will do is charge peo-  
ple for a license to hunt for a parking space. A park-

ing space is not guaranteed if a fee is paid one just  
has permission to hunt for a space – just like a per-  
mit to hunt bear or ducks. Maybe it could turn into a  
sport: Mr. SUV nabbed three parking spaces in ten  
days.

But the sociopaths who proposed this ordinance  
are combining two problems – one is homelessness,  
and the other parking. Their objective is to turn  
Venice into a gated community, just like the pro-  
posed gated community that was defeated by  
Venetians. Remember Rose and Main Street?

The owner of a newly opened diner called the  
Flake Café complained about the live-in vehicles that  
lined Rose Avenue. The owner claimed these vehicle  
dwellers were bad for her business.

Now obviously the name Flake was meant to  
attract semi-affluent people who fancied themselves  
as hip withit Bohos who lived in the nearby art  
bunkers.

But they don't know or want anything to do  
with the real flakes. By the way, people who patron-  
ized the Flake Café were sitting on chairs and tables  
set out on the narrow sidewalk of Rose Avenue.  
Does she have a revocable permit from the City that  
allows tables and chairs on that narrow sidewalk?  
Suppose some crazed meth head skater zoomed into  
an innocent affluhip who was bicycling on the side-  
walk to avoid the SUV's barreling down Rose  
Avenue to the Rose Avenue parking lot? Perhaps  
City officials might spend their time and discre-  
tionary funds to figure out ways to improve mass  
transit, making it more attractive, safe and reliable.

The officials might also look into the in-lieu  
parking fees fund that developers pay into instead of  
putting in their required parking spaces, and  
whether those funds are used to seek out and create  
more parking spaces in the Venice area. Already  
existing laws regarding street parking should be  
enforced to clear out the vehicles on the streets that  
are parked there by businesses and residents because  
they have no parking.

And lest we forget, many parking spaces are  
taken up by beach visitors who are entitled to beach  
access. They pay taxes towards the maintenance of  
the Beach. Don't let the sociopaths fool you with  
their shell game. Protest at Marina del Rey Hotel,  
near Burton Chase Park, M.D.R., June 11.

## On The Boardwalk: Friday Night With Roger

—continued from page 8

silent.

Round 5, when light starts to creep over the horizon, more people begin to show up. Vladic, a “spiritualist,” appears and starts setting up his stand the next block over. Roger calls him Bobby, too—but not the real Bobby. He became Bobby when someone who forgot his name and called him Bobby by accident. He didn’t like that one bit—and so of course became Bobby from there on out.

Bobby—not the real Bobby—opens up a turquoise umbrella. He ties it down and drags boxes back and forth, stepping back onto the empty boardwalk periodically to survey his work. “Bobby likes to move stuff around just so,” says Roger.

Runners go by with increasing frequency. Bobby departs again, his stand half ready for the day. The first van pulls into the lot at Rose. Bob stays quiet in his sack. Seagulls trickle south past us.

“They go up north to nest,” Roger says. “Up to Malibu.” At dusk, he says, they flock north in large groups. Now they return in pairs and trios.

I’ve hung out with Roger a dozen times now, but I’ve learned more about him this night than all our prior meetings combined. As the light continues to spread, he says something I hadn’t expected, after hearing Scott rail against the lottery: he admits he’ll be happy when the full lottery starts. This is the last weekend he’ll have to be here at 4am. Next week, with the start of summer, even the donation only P-Zone spots like the ones he’s saving will be part of the weekly lottery. And Roger will get to sleep a little.

“Roger is not making a buck,” he says. “I do it donations—whatever you can give, same as selling in the P-Zone.” Bobby—the real Bobby—and another of the weekend vendors throw him \$10 for saving their spots, maybe \$5 extra if it’s a good weekend. The vegan guy gives him an organic cookie with “everything” in it. “Pot cookies?”

He laughs his laugh again. “No, no, unfortunately, not that I know of.”

Scott lets Roger help with his business, so he doesn’t give anything in addition, and others throw him what they can, depending on how the weekend goes. All two sleepless nights a week guarantees him is \$20 and a couple vegan cookies.

“Why do you do it, then?”

He never quite answers the question. Donna, the fortuneteller, she’s the one who suggested it. As far as I can tell, it seems like it’s part of the process of working his way into this community, of a new guy gaining acceptance from people who’ve worked on this boardwalk for years and in some cases decades.

“I just need to make enough to park my van in the lot every day.” The lot costs \$5. “Everything else is gravy.”

“What about food?”

He eats all his meals for free. Lots of local churches bring food around, plus some other “private citizens.” One church puts on a skit before they let anyone eat. “Always with a—a certain theme,” he says. “The last one there was this one guy dressed up as an angel, with wings and everything, and another one dressed up with horns and a tail and the whole bit. You can guess what that was supposed to represent.” He laughs.

“So anything else you make is just coffee and Henry’s and whatnot.”

“Exactly.”

Bob stays unmoving on the sidewalk, not ten feet away. I can’t quite bring myself to accept that he’s asleep—he chimes in occasionally, though only when Roger solicits a comment. Otherwise, he at least does a good impression of someone sleeping on cement, under streetlights, right beside two guys having a conversation, as joggers and seagulls pass by.

“You don’t sleep out here?”

“No. I don’t feel safe.”

“So when do you sleep on weekends?”

“I don’t really.”

He talks about Lee again—the guy who found someone asleep in his spot and, without asking him to move or saying anything at all, hit him over the head with a piece of hard plastic. Split the guy’s head open, lucky not to break his skull. He’s going to court now, though I’m not sure if he’s still “at the pagoda” in the meantime.

When Roger first told me that story, he said Lee had “mental issues.” He would yell at people sometimes, but he’d never gotten violent before. “Surprised it hadn’t happened sooner, to be honest,” he said.

And there are plenty of others. A lot of crazy people down on the boardwalk. Most have someone who takes care of them, Roger says. He tells me about this guy

who also hangs out by the pagoda, a vet. Every week or so, his ex-wife comes by with his son, and he plays with his kid while she watches his stand. Plenty others don’t make any money off their stands. They sell art, except they never sell anything. Maybe one piece in the 9 months Roger’s been here. People take care of ‘em’s how they get by.

We look up at the moon. The sky’s getting brighter, light enough to see even without the street lamps now, but still the half moon glows.

“It’s a little overcast,” Roger says. “It’ll burn off before noon.”

“How can you tell it’s overcast? I can’t see the clouds.”

As we’re looking up, two guys approach—a tall, curly-haired blond guy, and a shorter, stouter companion. They enter our conversation as though they’d been out there with us for hours. Or, that’s what it seemed like, anyhow. Before I realize what’s happened, the taller man has moved on, and the man I’d thought was his friend is whispering some confidential information. He’s being followed by a submarine. Sometimes he catches sight of it, though, of the red light on its periscope.

It’s as if we’d conjured him with our conversation. His soliloquy moves seamlessly from blue balls to titties to dogs bending over right in front of him back to blue balls. Always back to blue balls—they are his touchstone, the Molly to his Bloom.

Roger and I dance around him, trying to engineer an escape. We turn away, step onto the sand, look out towards the water. At first, I occasionally respond to him, but when it becomes clear that he intends to stay as long as possible, I quickly curtail anything more than *mmm hmmm*. I walk halfway down the block, then back, not wanting to strand Roger, who walks in little circles, trying not to get too close, not to look too engaged. At one point, the guy puts his hand up for a high five, which, after a hesitation, I give.

When he finally leaves, finally, walking back the way he’d come, the sun is peering out over the water. “You try not to get trapped in those conversations,” Roger says. We both laugh. You need to be able to laugh like this if you’re going to stand out here at 4am, in this place where, as Roger puts it, “two worlds wash up together. The shells wash up on the beach. And the rest of humanity washes up here too.”

Vans pull into the lot. One guy, Roger said, only leaves for about half an hour sometimes, then comes right back in when it opens at 4:30. But now, almost 6, it’s starting to fill up. Roger’s parked up near Gold’s. The seagulls keep passing by on their way south, the joggers in both directions.

“If you hang around a little, you’ll get to see my lady,” Roger says. “She’s this Asian lady I’ve been watching for a couple months. She walks by every day, like clockwork.”

“You ever talk to her?”

He laughs again. “No. Scotty makes fun of me. I don’t even know her name.”

“When’s she come by?”

“Always between 7 and 9.”

Such movements mark the time here. The seagulls’ daily migration, the joggers and the walkers, the vans coming and going from the lot, the vendors setting up and breaking down their stands, and of course the tourists and beachgoers they make their living off. Roger, on these hectic weekend days, is the only constant, spending all day in this spot as everything moves around him. When I leave him, just after 6, he’s still there, just where he’ll be all the rest of the day and the next night and the next day.

He says he’s trying to make enough to get back up towards the Bay Area where his parents live. Or, at least in theory he’s trying. But he’s made something of a life for himself here—he’s part of a community, with friends and coworkers and a role in the marketplace. He already has a van. If he actually wants to go up north. I’m sure he will. But for the moment, I think he’s still moving in here, not moving out.

# Peace, Love and Rock & Roll

By Mark Lipman

As a new generation starts coming into their own in Venice, more and more talent is beginning to emerge. Making their debut onto the hip-hop, jazz-rock funk scene, The Capitalist Hippie Complex slammed The Mint (6010 Pico Blvd.) on Friday, May 8, with a musical collage that kept the house dancing for hours.

Lead singer and architect of the 10 piece band, Joey Flores kept a lightning fast paced rap of hard hitting, timely and relevant lyrics going to a multi-layered backdrop of rhythm and sound composed by drummer and producer Yotam Rosenbaum, featuring a full horn section and succulent backing vocals, it’s a show you don’t want to miss.

For the release of their first CD: Peace, Love and Cold Hard Cash, you can see the direction this band is going. Songs like What I Know and Brainwash for Profit hit very close to the modern day dilemma our youth face growing up in a society that has forgotten about them, while others, like I’m a Rapper and Bad Things, show a lighter side of where one can make fun of the material world that we take as so important and still keep a beat that makes you want to groove.

To catch some samples of their work, check out [www.CapitalistHippie.com](http://www.CapitalistHippie.com)

## L.A. Times Distorts Homeless/RV Issues – Again

—continued from page 3

According to the May 27 L.A. Times article, Rosendahl is “studying programs in Santa Barbara and Eugene, Ore., that have designated overnight parking lots for RV dwellers.” It looks more like the city is busy relocating homeless people in RVs via tow trucks and police impound, which is a costly road that can lead many people straight to the sidewalk. The so-called proposed solutions for RV dwellers are a ruse if there is nowhere reasonable for them to park and their dwellings are getting towed away – especially if they cannot come up with the impound ransom to get their homes back.

Venice still has progressive people that oppose criminalization and Venice still has low-income people living here that will be disproportionately affected by the pending OPD permit parking being heard at the Coastal Commission meeting June 11. Too bad the mainstream press or the local government does not represent them/us. It is not only homeless people living in vehicles that will get hurt by the OPDs. But they will be hurt. We are home to the Venice Family (Free) Clinic, which is one of the largest free clinics in the country and 16 percent of their clients are local homeless people. We have food providers every day of the week such as St Joseph’s, our Peace with Justice Pantry, the Mildred Cursh Foundation, and others. There are critical, life essential reasons poor and homeless people are in Venice.

The L.A. Times and Martha Groves are only helping the pro-OPD people who are working to remove poor people and socially-economically cleanse our beach town. See the Free Venice Beachhead May article “What’s Behind The Push For OPDs for some history on the people and the OPDs. Furthermore, by continually quoting the people who say nasty things about homeless people in her articles, Groves may be helping to inspire and spread more hate, which is known to lead to hate activity. Hate is not what the world needs now.

The



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# CommUnity Events – day by day

## Wednesday, June 3

- 6 and 8pm (Two screenings) - **Voices of Venice: The Boardwalk** - A documentary film about Venice Boardwalk performers created by youth film makers of Venice Arts. Free screening of the film followed by a Q & A with filmmakers Itzel Antonio, Samuel Bruce, Zola Glassman, McKenna Haslam, Wesley Howard, Brian Lopez, Jocelyn Ramirez and Carolina Turcios. The Canal Club, 2025 Pacific. 578-1745

## Friday, June 5

- 6 - 9pm - **On the Wing** Opening Reception - G2 Gallery, 1503 Abbot Kinney Blvd. 452-2842
- 7 - 10pm - **First Friday** - Abbot Kinney Blvd. tores open late. Music, drinks, snacks.

## Saturday, June 6

- 8:30am - **Bike Riding & Tree Pruning** - Treepeople - Meet at 5th St. Between Brooks & Indiana Ave.
- Noon - Dusk - **Carnevale!** - Windward Avenue at the Beach. See page 6.

## Thursday, June 11

- Between 8 - 11am - Coastal Commission considers imposing **pay parking** on Venice Streets (OPDs) - Marina del Rey Hotel, 13534 Bali Way, MdR.

## Friday, June 12

- 7pm - **Venice Town Council** meets - United Methodist Church auditorium

## Tuesday, June 16

- 7 - 10pm - **Venice Neighborhood Council** Board Meeting - Westminster Auditorium.
- 7:30pm - **Suzy Williams: Songs by Literary Icons** - Lyrics by James Joyce, Lewis Carroll, Dorothy Parker, Truman Capote, Vladimir Nabokov, William Shakespeare. \$10. Beyond Baroque.

## Friday, June 19

- 6:30pm - Oakwood Park Public Advisory Board meeting - Will Oakwood Park go to the dogs? 767 California St. 452-7479.

## Sunday, June 21

- 3 - 5pm - **Swami X Speaks** - Meet 83-year-old Venice icon, philosopher and comic who initiated stand-up comedy on Ocean Front Walk park

benches in the 1970s. - \$10 - Beyond Baroque - 822-3002

## Thursday, June 25

- 7pm - The G2 Gallery Lecture Series Presents: **Ornithologist Laszlo Szijj** who will introduce attendees to the varied world of birds. 1503 Abbot Kinney Blvd. 452-2842
- 7 - 10pm - **Santa Monica Pier Twilight Dance Series** begins. Performers to be announced.

## Saturday, June 27

- 11am - Venice Eco-Fest 2009 - See back page.

## 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
- 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.
- Sponto Gallery, 7 Dudley Ave, 399-2078.
- 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

## Ongoing Events

**New 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.
- 3 - 5pm - Food Not Bombs- Free food on Thursdays. United Methodist Church.
- 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.

### No War

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](mailto:Calendar@freevenice.org) by the 25th of the month.  
(If you charge admission, please take out an advertisement - \$25)

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• Your body to sense yourself deeply.  
• Your mind to discover your purpose.  
• Your spirit to make your life purposeful.  
For appointment or information:  
See [bodydynamicusa.com](http://bodydynamicusa.com)  
call 310-914-9494, Ext. 2#



Political cartoon by Khalil Bendib



The Venice Chamber of Commerce and Earth Day LA  
present  
**Venice Eco-Fest 2009**  
Saturday, June 27th



**The One Planet Parade**

**Fat Tire Beergarden**

**Performers and Presenters  
on the Solar Sound Stage!**

**Eco Booths & Displays**

**Art Exhibits**

**Kids & Family Zone!**

**Vegetarian Delights**

**Recycling Center  
for Electronic Waste!**

**The Venice Beach Music and Arts Eco-Festival**  
**10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Free for everyone!**

**Windward Avenue and Ocean Front Walk  
at the Venice Beach Recreation Area**

**Fun & Education for our Sustainable Future!**  
**Ride a bike, walk, take public transportation, go carbon neutral!**

**For Booth and or general info, go to [www.EarthDayLA.org](http://www.EarthDayLA.org)  
or call 888-295-8372 or 310-310-3177.  
Volunteers are needed, call 866-220-2370**

