

FREE VENICE

SINCE 1968

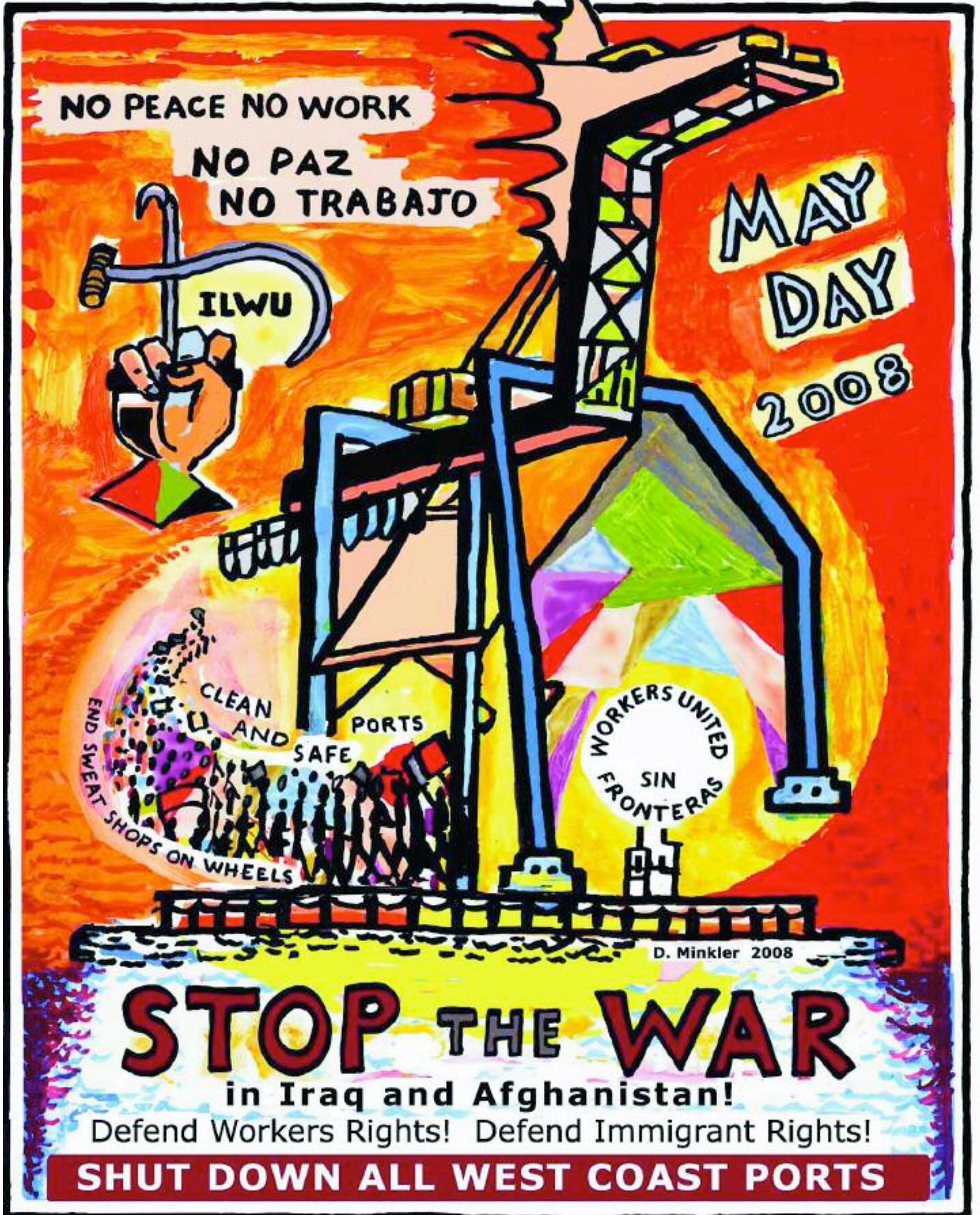
BEACHHEAD



May
2008
#319

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CASUALTIES IN IRAQ
4,000 U.S. Dead in 5 Years
 U.S. 4,061 Dead – 50 this month
 U.S. 29,829 Wounded – 333 this month
 Iraqi Dead: 1,205,025
 Sources: antiwar.com • justforeignpolicy.org
 Cost: \$515+ Billion Source: costofwar.com

Why May Day Matters

May Day is a truly American holiday. It began in Chicago in 1886 with the struggle to win an 8-hour day.

121 years later, many Venetians still do not work only eight hours a day. They work many more hours a day and more than 40 hours a

week without extra compensation.

Many others in our community do not have a job or a steady income. Some do not even have a home. And health care is not the human right it should be. Thank you Longshore Union for leading the way. The struggle continues.



BEACHHEAD COLLECTIVE:

Karl Abrams, Carol Fondiller, Della Franco, Don Geagan, Lydia Poncé, Rebecca LaRue, Jim Smith, Erica Snowlake, Alice Stek

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

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

To submit material, include your name and telephone number. Anonymous material will not be printed, but your name will be withheld on request. If return of material is desired, a stamped self-addressed envelope is required. No payment is made for material used.

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Community-Busting Tactics

Dear Beachhead,

The SB 1818 Implementing Ordinance is an issue that brings together voters from all economic levels. It also re-energizes community busting tactics from developers. I am pleased to see that District 11 Councilmember Bill Rosendahl, along with Hahn, LaBonge, and Zine voted against this ordinance.

By passing the measure, our other elected officials are telling us that density must increase and that increasing the height of buildings and cutting back on parking is the way to do it.

Over the history of Los Angeles it has been shown that inland areas suffer from loss of air quality. That's why we have the South Coast Air Quality Management District (SCAQMD). It does not make sense to fund SCAQMD and then increase the density of the area that sucks up all the oxygen coming in on the prevailing winds from the ocean.

Thank you for calling attention to another half-baked idea that's made its way into law.

DeDe Audet

Venice Days

Dear Beachhead,

Your coverage of the recent LAPD raids on Oakwood homes and the community protests that followed took me back a few decades to 1970.

Then, too, the LAPD descended on Oakwood. Its Metro Squad sent dozens of cars to terrorize the neighborhood, tires screeching, sirens blaring, bearing officers waving their guns about. Those found walking on the streets were rounded up willy-nilly and many of them were hauled off to jail, nearly all on ill-founded charges. Raids on dozens of homes terrified grandmothers and mothers and the little children in their care. Then, too, there were community protest meetings, where the police clumsily sought to defend the indefensible. You can still read all about it in back issues of the Beachhead.

That was almost 40 years ago, but, as they say, plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.

As a neighborhood legal services lawyer, I was an advocate for the community at those long-ago protest meetings and apparently not too popular with the police. Soon after, officers from the Venice station told one of the legal services secretaries, as she left work one evening, "We're going to get that prick Peter Young." The only African-American in our office, she found this exchange with the police sufficiently threatening that she asked for and got a transfer from our office.

Well, I'm still around despite various harassments from law enforcement over the years. More important, so are the good people of Oakwood. I have a feeling they'll still be around in another 40 years, no matter what.

And we all know who the pricks are. They're still proving it, harassing the poor and the innocent, frightening the defenseless and still trying to convince us that what amounts to yet another effort to rid Oakwood of poor people and people of color is a necessary part of the war on drugs.

Peter Young

Asbestos at 5 Rose Avenue

Dear Editor,

Please investigate the continuing saga at 5 Rose Avenue. The new owners are beginning removal of asbestos acoustic ceiling in all room and corridors June 12. Oceanview LLC, the new owner, is moving the tenants to other apartments on other floors during this 22-day process. Formaldehyde was used years ago as a sealant with the asbestos. Many of us here at 5 Rose have chronic asthma and don't want to die because of the release of these toxic chemicals. After speaking with asbestos and toxic material experts, we have learned that the 22 days in the same building is extremely harmful and could cause us death. Oceanview does not want to pay to relocate us out of the building, and has not received an approval from the Department of Health. It takes at least 3 weeks after removal of asbestos to "settle" the air and there are no guarantees that the spores have been compressed, contained and removed.

Please respond and help us anyway you can. We are desperate to stay alive and safe. *-Diamond Li*

CORRECTION: In the April issue, photo credit was switched. Alejandro Gallo took the panorama shot of Arlington West and Will North took the shot of the caskets, instead of vice-versa.

More Letters on Page 10

Letter from Hawai'i

Aloha Venetians from your roving butterfly. I've learned a lot in the past four months living on the Big island of Hawai'i. And I mean Living, this Pleiadian starchild knows her roots. Leave a Darwinian Lemuria to the Lemurs, this here is the Motherland of MU. And as ascended masters on Mt. Shasta will concur, California as well is a drifted chunk off the ancient StarBuilder's Homeland Sanctuary.

Well I've had my hands deep in the belly of the earth, not so steamy as in the molten source of Pele's tears, but I've been pulling taro, Hawai'ian kalo, from stream fed ponds in the sacred heart of Waipio Valley, where eons ago now extinct tropical birds first welcomed Polynesian outrigger canoes navigating by Arcturus, or Holekule'a, the Star of Gladness. This incarnation's arrival on a now defunct airline, (gas prices, who's huffing?), landed me in a heated G.M.O. debate, some corporate-minded scientists at the University of Hilo having the audacity to suggest genetically engineering kalo, one of the strongest plants in Creation and along with fresh fish, sweet potato, coconut, bananas, and seaweed, the foundation of hawai'ian agriculture, just to, you know, own some gene patents/stock for the future. This trip I became even more aware of the ongoing effects of the Conquest, the Invasion, Contact, the Genocide, if you may, and what the Hawai'ian peoples have had to suffer to keep their culture alive, going from a population numbering in the hundred of thousands to under 5,000 today. Yes, I learned the sorrowful details of the 1893 Overthrow of the Monarchy under Queen Lili 'uokalani, as the corporate masters of the day, including good ol' Sanford B. Dole, destroyed a flourishing ingenious agricultural system worthy of the gods and goddesses, flexing military might to dispose the Queen and establish superfiendish sugarcane and pineapple plantations and devastating cattle ranches island wide. Of course, the wholesale deforestation of her fragrant sandalwood trees was the first intentional blow.....I remember, and I cry for the forests of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, home to the Goddess of Hula, Laka, beloved sister of Pele. My admiration for Hula is boundless, an oral tradition of the tribe's evolving art, music, dance, and storytelling all woven as reverent prayer, a potent invocation to and from thee above, sacred knowledge in the key of How to Live as a Soul in a human form. Hollywood's demeaning version of the Hula and the capitalization of everything "Hawai'ian" leading up to today's resort mentality is another example of corporate beastiality.

Another recent controversy is the flying of test C-17s in a flight pattern 300 feet over the entire island. People living below, are just civilians in an ongoing war to them, with as much rights as the next free-standing target practice. The people do have a voice, however, and one hears many strange prophecies in the wind. There is a magic mana of instant wish manifestation at play, if your desires are aligned with the will of Creation Love. Give it some thought, indeed.

Hawai'i is very nearly Heaven. And some say where "God" will come down and draw the line. I adore being part of this Great Mystery, so close. I've seen and heard things beyond my wildest dreams... camping on Mahu-Kona, in February, I awoke to the roaring of humpback whales only yards from shore. A yawning of soul rendering proportions, I assure you. Aren't we all just floating on the gracious back of mama honu, the sea turtle of cosmic eternity? Doesn't the rainbow guru in the clouds appear to show us we are all One, and fade to remind us of our fragility!!!

The rainbow children of Hawai'i are as diverse as the exotic fruits I've tasted here - mangosteen (the queen of all fruits), durian, longan (dragon's eye), chocolate sapote, soursop, pocha berries, and my fave, cacao. I've cracked open the wild red bulbous seed pods of cacao to suck the nectarific sweetness around the medicinally bitter purple bean. I've also harvested coffee cherries, sucked their sweetness, removed the parchment covering, and roasted the bean in a corn popper for my own delicious cup of brew!

Attending a benefit for the Farmer's Union the other night, we munched organic micro greens before viewing Roundup Ready Nation, a film charting Monsanto's history as Contaminator's of the Free World, and, sadly, our hopes for the future. From enlightened scientists testimonies we realized the genes inherent in genetically modified foods attach to our already fully viable genes and, shall we say, bluntly, attack them into unrecognizable chaotic disorders, (i.e. cancer, diabetes, immune deficiency). Hawai'i, like Cuba, can lead the way in the revolutionary move to organic sustainability, with an island's unique perspectives on vulnerability, as the metaphor holds, we are none of us islands, there is no separation in what we do to one another and our home. The key to sovereignty, true independence, is sustainability, and that is precisely why the oppressors attack food systems of the people to subjugate them, recall the buffalo slaughters, anyone?

Hawai'i is seeded with the key starpower/ people's solution to free ourselves from this impending doom. It is called Aloha Spirit, quite simply caring about others as much as we care about ourselves, and sharing all resources with care. We must heal the heart of the corporate psychopath now, by replacing its insane emotions of greed and power with true Aloha and Malama 'Aina, love for the land. Be careful of what you are wishing for.

-Erica Snowlake

\$50,000 Reward Offered For Information on Murder on the Beach

Murderer Still at Large

By Karl Abrams

A \$50,000 reward for information on the murder of Nathan Alan Morgan is now in force. Councilmember Bill Rosendahl's motion for the reward was endorsed by the L.A. City Council in April.

The brutal murder of Nathan Alan Morgan on March 9 near Ocean Front Walk has not been forgotten in Venice.

The Beachhead has recently viewed a videotape caught by a surveillance camera at the Fenmar Apartments near the murder scene. The grainy video, recorded around 11pm, shows a man brutally beating another man who lies on the walk. As the beating progresses, at least five other figures run up and watch. Two of them appear to be women.

LAPD Detective Joe Lumbreras is not sure if video is, in fact, a depiction of the murder. He told the Beachhead that the tape may be just another random beating on the boardwalk, and not related to Morgan's murder.

This seems somewhat improbable. The coincidence of Morgan's murder and the beating depicted in the tape at virtually the same time and place, makes it seem that the tape should not be too easily dismissed as evidence.

Detective Lumbreras said one person had been detained for questioning. That person has since been released.

Meanwhile, at least three shots rang out on the beach on the evening of April 24, prompting calls to the Beachhead, and presumably to the police, from already jittery residents.

Anyone with information on this brutal murder should call Detective Lumbreras at 310-482-6313.



Was a murder committed by a group of Manson family want-ees, which this OFW graffiti seems to be condemning?

'Smart' Crosswalk Coming to Abbot Kinney and Rialto Ave.

After repeated requests by Abbot Kinney merchants and residents, the city's Department of Transportation (DOT) has agreed to install flashing lights at the intersection. At least two people who were trying to cross AKB have been hit by cars.

Transportation Engineer Mohammad Blorfroshan told the Beachhead that the pedestrian-operated lights will be installed during June.

"A smart crosswalk is an additional warning for the driver," said Blorfroshan. "We still want the pedestrian to look at the cars, not the signal," he added.

DOT has set of guidelines for installing a smart crosswalk, which include the number of cars and pedestrians, visibility, etc.

However, DOT is still removing crosswalks which they feel are not warranted. Blorfroshan says they will post a notice asking for input before removing the crosswalk.

The city has initially said a smart crosswalk was not needed at AKB and Rialto. It reversed itself after Bunny Lua, of The Green House, offered to pay for the installation. DOT turned her down, but conducted a new study, which showed the smart crosswalk was needed.

The crossing at Rialto is dangerous due to a sharp curve in Abbot Kinney Blvd and because of the increased "cut-through" traffic from commuters speeding to get home.

If you know of a location where a smart crosswalk, or even a dumb crosswalk is needed, you can make a request by emailing DOT at ladot.westerndistrict@lacity.org or by calling 310-575-8138.

\$1.7 Million Withdrawal from Venice Surplus Property Funds

By Jim Smith

The Los Angeles City Council voted on April 8 to take \$1.7 million from a Venice trust fund to pay for four projects in the community.

\$800,000 in Venice funds, in effect, has been transferred to the city of Los Angeles' General Fund. It was done in a round-about way by using the money to install parking meters on lots between Abbot Kinney Blvd. and Electric Avenue. All money collected from parking meters and parking tickets for expired meters will go to L.A., not Venice.

The \$1.7 million is coming from the Venice Surplus Property Fund which is funded by the proceeds from the sale of city-owned lots in Venice. Until Councilmember Cindy Miscikowski came along, the funds could only be spent on capital improvements in Venice. She diluted the terms of withdrawal of funds to include any projects in Venice.

The April 8 motion, initiated by Miscikowski's successor, Bill Rosendahl, passed the city council, which is hungry for money to cover its budget deficit, by 15-0. It stated that the \$800,000 was "to cover design and construction of urgently needed metered parking in Venice's central business district."

The other parts covered in the motion were:

- \$600,000 for constructing a new bike path on the beach;
- \$250,000 for a new skate park on the Damson Oil site on the beach;
- \$75,000 for a vague and controversial purpose: "to prepare and process coastal development permit applications to the California Coastal Commission for overnight parking districts in the coastal zone sections of Venice."

Rosendahl went ahead with the parking meter expenditure despite an email campaign against it by several Venice community leaders. Requests for a financial accounting of the Surplus Property Fund have also been ignored.

Appeals can, and probably will, be made to the California Coastal Commission.

The History of Cinco de Mayo

By Maria Elena Montano

In the 1800's, Mexico underwent a series of wars, bringing about political changes which affected Mexico's government for yet another century. After 300 years of colonial slavery New Spain declared its independence from Spain on Sept.16,1810. A war ensued on Mexican soil that lasted until 1821. Mexico was born as a constitutional democracy. The end of Spanish rule meant no more slavery, and it was written in the first constitution.

Only 26 years later, young Mexico was invaded by the United States, under the political doctrine of Manifest Destiny, established by President James Monroe. The United States declared war on Mexico, because in Texas the Americans brought slaves into Mexican lands and Mexico had no slavery in 1846. The Mexican American War lasted two years. No one won. There was a treaty made, where Mexico ceded the Southwest to the United States, in exchange for the promise of no more invasions. This is when Mexico became the "amigo" country. The present borders are the international borders agreed upon in the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, 1848. Mexico had yet another challenge in the 1800's: To pay back the loans it took

from foreign powers to help pay for the War of Independence and war against the United States capitalist imperialist forces.

In Europe, Napoleon III (nephew to Napoleon I), had already established his French army as superior to all countries in Europe. He decided to conquer "Mexique." His country was owed some money, and he sent a small army to collect. The French troops with bayonets, disembarked off the coast of Veracruz, on the Gulf of Mexico. They arrived in Puebla on May 5, 1862. Their mission was to take two fortresses, Loreto and Guadalupe. There were many weapons and cannons at those fortresses.

The townspeople of Puebla fought the French troops, until the Mexican troops arrived. This battle is remembered as Cinco de Mayo.

The French lost the first battle, occupied Mexico repressively for seven years, and lost their last battle as well. Mexico's democratic president was once again reinstated in the Palace of Chapultepec. The president was Don Benito Juarez. A lawyer and major law reformist, who has been compared to Abraham Lincoln. Benito's famous motto is "El Respeto al Derecho Ajeno es la Paz." (Respect for Others' Rights is Peace).

The Fifth of May Around the World

Most people in Southern California relate the 5th of May to Cinco de Mayo. True, but Cinco de Mayo is not the only holiday celebrated on May 5th around the world.

In Japan, the Philippines, Vietnam and Korea it is children's day. The date is reserved for many cultural celebrations. In western Europe there is the celebration of May pole. People make a community fair, and dance around a pole, as the wrap beautiful ribbons around the pole. Here in the Southwest of the USA we celebrate Cinco de Mayo as a cultural holiday also. It reminds us of a famous battle which took place on this date in 1862.

A French army invaded Mexico by surprise. The people rose up in a civil militia and helped to defeat the French attack on the town of Puebla. It was the first time the French army had been defeated in 50 years. Today it is a day to celebrate culture and history with family and friends. A day to enjoy music, dance, food and art for everyone around the world.

Feliz 5 de Mayo!
-Maria Elena Montano

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The Return of The Venice Town Council

Imagine a community body where all Venetians have the equal right to speak and vote.

Where issues of development, quality of life, safety, art and culture can be discussed and voted on.

Where there are no elected officers, only a chairperson and secretary elected at each monthly meeting.

In the 1970s and 80s, Venice had such an organization. It was the Town Council. It was independent and fiercely Venetian. It was a forum where everyone in town could come, listen to their neighbors and come to a consensus about the burning issues of the day (which are much like today's issues).

Be a part of history and a new day for Venice, just by showing up.

7:30 PM, Friday, May 23

United Methodist Church Auditorium
2210 Lincoln Blvd.

Delicious Vegetarian meal served at 7pm
Donation \$5 - No one refused food.

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Angry Women Close Congress – in Mexico

By John Ross

Mexico City - "The Adelitas have arrived/To defend our oil/Whoever wants to give it to the foreigners/Will get the shit kicked out of him!" yodeled the brigades of women pouring onto the esplanade of the Mexican senate to protest a petroleum privatization measure President Felipe Calderón insists is not a petroleum privatization measure and which he sent on to the Senate for fast-track ratification at the tag end of the winter-spring session this April.

Inside the small, ornate Senate, leftist legislators aligned in the Broad Progressive Front (FAP), some dressed in white oil workers overalls and hard hats, were camped out under pup tents arranged around the podium, paralyzing legislative activities and demanding an ample national

debate on Calderón's not-so-veiled plans to open up the nationalized petroleum corporation PEMEX to transnational investment.

The Broad Progressive Front, the legislative coalition that also leads a popular movement opposed to the proposed reform of the country's energy sector, ended a 16-day take-over of the Mexican Congress on April 25.

The FAP claimed to have achieved three objectives through its occupation of the Congress. First, it had prevented the Calderón government from rushing the bills through Congress. Second, it has won an agreement to a 71-day debate over the proposed legislation. Third, it had alerted Mexican society to the dangers inherent in the proposed legislation.

Fear of a Secret Vote

The hullabaloo, which has been brewing for months, exploded when rumors circulated that Calderón's right-wing PAN party and allies in the once-ruling (71 years) PRI had cooked up a secret vote approving the privatization measure - such covert maneuvering is called an "albazo" or "madruguete" here, a pre-dawn ruse to approve legislation in the dark when there is significant opposition, often behind locked doors and military and police barricades. Seizing the podiums in both houses of congress and the timely arrival of the Adelitas prevented a *madruguete* and derailed Calderón's plans to fast-track the privatization of PEMEX.

Under the President's "energy reform" package, building and operating refineries and pipelines will be opened up to the private sector - 37 out of PEMEX's 41 divisions would be subject to partial privatization. One example: a modified form of "risk" contract, which relegates a percentage of the petroleum brought in to the private driller, and which is outlawed under Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution, would become the law of the land.

In an analysis anti-privatizers label "catastrophic" which Calderón sent on to congress to back up his initiative, the President pinned salvation of PEMEX on deep water ("aguas profundas") drilling in the Gulf of Mexico that would necessitate the "association" of private capital.

The Adelitas

Mexico's petroleum industry was expropriated from an array of oil companies known collectively as the "Seven Sisters" in March 1938 by then-President Lázaro Cárdenas, an act that remains a paragon of revolutionary nationalism throughout Latin America. But down the decades, PEMEX has subcontracted out important parts of its structure - the Exploration or PEP division in particular - to transnational drillers and service corporations like Halliburton, now its number one subcontractor, that suck billions of dollar in profits from Mexican oil each

year.

The appearance of the Adelitas and their male counterparts ("Los Adelitos") is the latest gamble by the left populist leader Andrés Manuel López Obrador (AMLO) who many Mexicans feel was defrauded out of the presidency by Calderón in tainted 2006 elections, to monkey wrench the right-wing government's plans to return PEMEX to the contemporary version of the Seven Sisters. The PAN was indeed founded in 1939 to oppose Cárdenas's nationalization of the oil industry.

Organized by neighborhoods and by workplaces, the Adelita brigades are the lineal descendants of the groups of anguished AMLO supporters who came together after the stolen 2006 election in a seven-week sit-in that shut down the capital's main thoroughfares. At last count, there were 41 registered

brigades - 28 Adelitas and 13 Adelitos, about 50,000 citizens in all. Operating in shifts, 13,000 "brigadistas" have been encamped off and on for a week in front of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies.

Passive Resistance: Not One Window Broken

The creation of so large a citizens' army pledged to carry out civil disobedience to prevent the passage of legislation it thinks detrimental to the republic is unprecedented in Mexico's political history. As thousands sat down in the street to block the automobiles of PAN and PRI senators from entering the precinct, AMLO, who often cites Dr. King and Gandhi as role models, urged non-violence: "not one window broken, not one stone thrown."

"Tienen miedo porque no tenemos miedo!" the Adelitas sang back in a call and response that is always a feature of López Obrador's mobilizations, "They are frightened because we are not afraid."

Similar brigades, led by women, have invaded local congresses outside of Mexico City and one band of activists closed Acapulco's busy airport last week. Shutting down Mexico City's Benito Juárez International Airport is the Adelitas' ultimate threat.

The Adelitas, like most of the weapons in AMLO's arsenal, are drawn from Mexico's revolutionary history. Las Adelitas were "soldaderas" or women soldiers who fought shoulder to shoulder with the men in Pancho Villa's "División del Norte" (Northern Division) during the 1910-1919 revolution. With their long skirts, broad sombreros, bandoleers strung across their chests, and toting .22 carbines, the Adelitas were emblematic of the many courageous women who participated in that epic struggle. The first Adelita is thought to have been Adelita Velarde, a nurse from Ciudad Juárez, Chihuahua.

Fighting ASPAN

AMLO's crusade has not been confined to one house of congress. On April 8, when the President sprung his initiative on the legislature, FAP members stormed the tribune in the Chamber of Deputies (Mexico's version of the U.S. House of Representatives) while lawmakers were preparing to grant Calderón permission to

travel to New Orleans for the April 21-22 summit of the ASPAN (The North American Security and Prosperity Agreement) - Mexican presidents must solicit congress for permission to travel.

ASpan is a corollary of NAFTA that projects North American security and energy integration and Calderón was eager to attend the summit with the re-privatization of Mexican oil in hand.

Suddenly, the FAPs unfurled a 60-foot banner that announced Congress had been closed ("Clausurado") and cast it over the entire presidency, trapping president Ruth Zavaleta, who occupies Nancy Pelosi's position in the Mexican house, in its folds. Struggling to free herself of the fabric, Zavaleta reappeared with her gavel in hand but the ensuing chaos prevented her from calling for a vote on the President's travel arrangements.

Days later, the tribune was still draped in the banner and FAP deputies had chained shut the doors of the chamber and moved the desks of the PAN legislators to the podium to barricade themselves from attempts to take it back.

Media Spots: AMLO = Hitler

Despite a vicious anti-AMLO media blitz - or perhaps because of it - Lopez Obrador remains the only figure on the Mexican political stage who is able to convoke tens of thousands of supporters, often with virtually no notice.

Although Calderón's scam to fast track privatization through congress was blunted by the Adelitas and the FAPs, the PAN and the PRI - the latter a repository of seven decades of dirty tricks - still have plenty of room in which to connive. Now the PRI, seconded by Calderón's right-wing minions, proposes an uninterrupted 50 day "national" debate to be restricted to the two houses of congress with a congressional vote by mid-summer. Calderón's initiative can only pass if at least half of the PRI's 120-vote delegation goes along with the game.

Even if the privatization measure eventually passes, the legislation is bound to wind up in the Mexican Supreme Court the moment it clears congress. Ironically, the Supreme Court was the instrument by which Cárdenas nationalized the oil industry in the first place.

Demanding a Debate and Referendum

Meanwhile, López Obrador's people are clamoring for a very different kind of debate, one that would unfold over the next four months - 120 days - and be conducted inside and outside congress in every state and municipality in the country with the prospect of a national referendum in the fall to decide the issue - one poll has 62% of those questioned opposed to the privatization of Mexico's oil. Such grassroots decision-making would be a revolutionary strophe here in the land of the "albazo" and the "madruguete."

Out on the esplanade of the Senate, the Adelitas were shaking their boodies to "La Cumbia del Petróleo." There were enough pink "gorras" (baseball caps), pink hankies, and pink parasols that read "Defend Our Oil" to make Code Pink blush. Brigadista Berta Robledo, a nurse about to retire from the National Pediatric Hospital, hugged a blade of shade under the punishing mid-day sun.

"Are you tired, compañeras?" the compañera with the bullhorn asked and Berta came to her feet with a loud "No!" "Sure the sun is hot but so what?" she responded to a gringo reporter's stupid question, "the sun can't stop us, the rain can't stop us, the cold can't stop us and you know why? Because we are right! We are fighting for our oil and for our country. This is the resistance. We don't get tired."

John Ross is at home in the belly of the *Monstruo* writing a book about the belly of the *Monstruo*.



Abe Osheroff, Venice Hero and Spanish Civil War Vet, Dies at 92

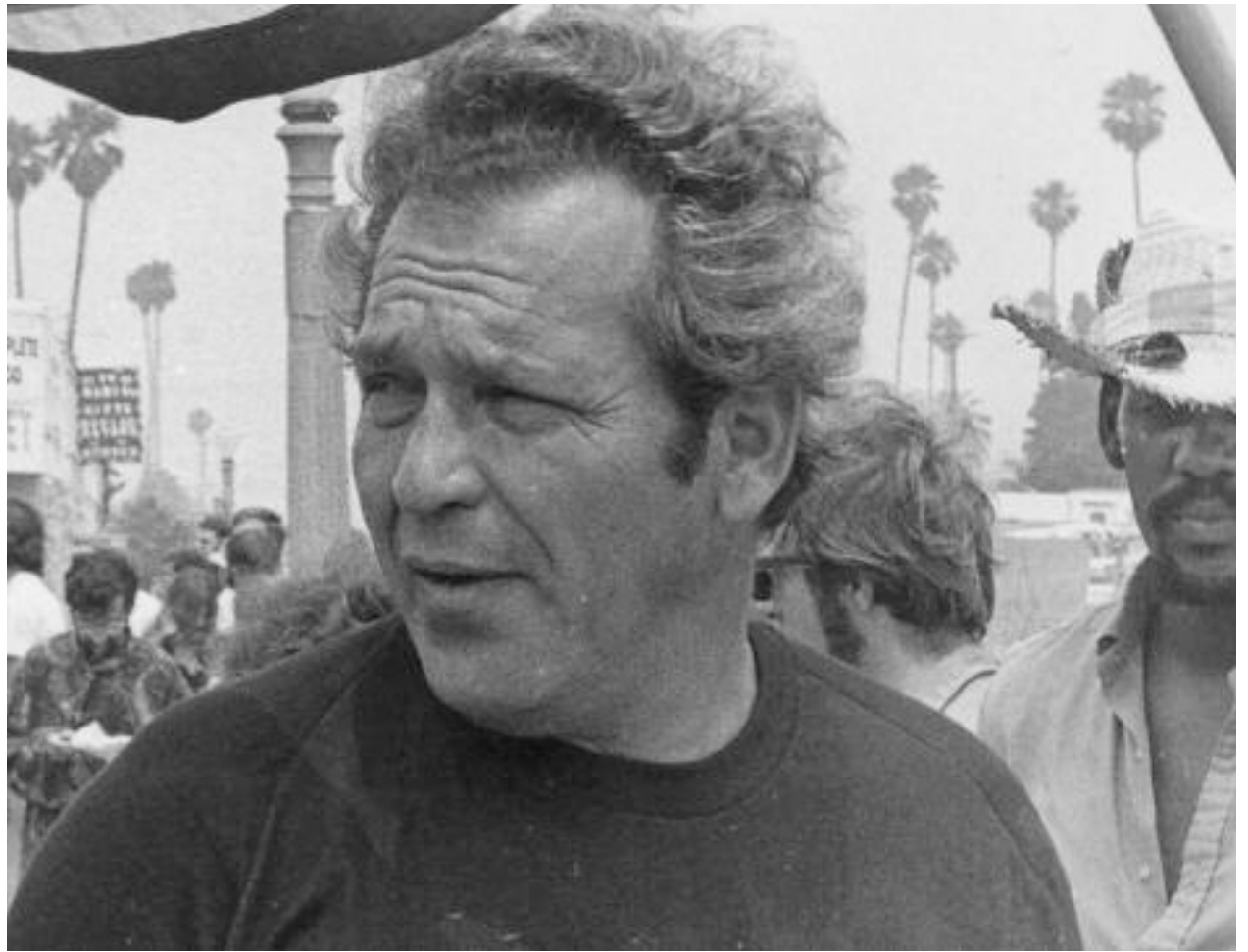
By Emily Winters

I knew the Osheroff family many years ago when I lived next door to them on 28th street in Venice, late 1960s. There was a plan to refurbish the canals by assessing the property owners in the canals and on the peripheral areas. They wanted to widen the alleys that would take away footage from the already undersized lots, and make the canals a private gated community. Many of these property owners were unable to meet the stiff assessments because they were very poor, retired and on very fixed and limited income.

Abe led us – we who were so inexperienced – in our fight against city hall using his know how and expertise. We fought long and hard and when the decisive day came, created the Venice Canal Festival to say goodbye. But lo and behold, there were no bids. Our tactic of delaying the project as much as possible worked! Not to mention that we emphasized that the canals were city property and should not be privatized!

Our Canal Festival became a celebration! We closed off 28th Ave, and the community came out with free food, drink, music and camaraderie. The Festival became a yearly event for seven years until it became way too large and out of control as well as commercial. So we had a Canal Festival Funeral using the old barge and a huge paper mache duck.

I received my “hands on” political education from Abe’s leadership. He also led the struggle to create a children’s park in an empty city lot on the canals. We had a large population of small children living in the canals with no park. Other communities were getting small vest pocket parks, but we were denied. He took old telephone poles, donated wood and created a small



park including a wooden sidewalk over the crumbling sidewalks. This became a media event as he and I watched his two young sons chain themselves to the fence, and be cut away and carted off to jail. We got the park as depicted in my JAYA mural on the corner of Dell Ave. at S. Venice Blvd., and it has been moved to another lot and still serves the toddlers of today.

His lively, creative and talented family are a monument to him. I still see his three Venice children, Nick, Dovie, and Sara from time to time and his former wife, Noel Osheroff, is still my good friend today.

Photo: Abe at a Canal Festival, circa 1970, by John Hider

• More about Abe’s life can be found at www.abeosheroff.org.

Housing, Homelessness, and the Butt End of the City Budget

By Peggy Lee Kennedy

If you follow the news you know that the Mayor came out strongly in favor of “Public Safety,” in the city’s 2008-09 budget, which includes increasing the LAPD by 1,000 police and decreasing other needed services.

Unfortunately, nested within this Public Safety budget is a police budget of over \$1.3 billion (around one third of the City’s total budget) that is using so-called scarce city resources to criminalize poor and homeless people – resources that could be used for real solutions to homelessness and affordable housing. This involves something called Quality of Life Policing; a policy that evolved partially out of a right-wing theory of zero tolerance policing called “Broken Windows” (Atlantic Monthly 1982, by James Q Wilson and George Kelling). It was made popular in New York in the 1990s by William Bratton, now Chief of the Los Angeles Police Department. This zero tolerance/quality of life policing is a form of proactive law enforcement that focuses on a business-like “bottom line” of reducing crime. The basic theory is if police address smaller offenses of “disorder,” such as panhandling or loitering, then violent crime will diminish.

In addition, our law-makers are now calling certain laws Quality of Life, such as anti-homeless laws that make it a crime to live in a vehicle or sleep in a park even though these acts may be unavoidable - done through necessity due to poverty, lack of social services, an extreme shortage of affordable housing, or other social-economic reasons. These Quality of Life laws are specifically used to remove poor people, youth of color, or homeless people (people viewed as inferior) from a neighborhood. Other Quality of Life anti-homeless laws include making oversized camper vehicles illegal to park on city streets between 2-6AM, Overnight [Permit] Parking Districts, and a law that says no vehicles should be parking on a city street for more 72-hours is mostly used to target the poorest people. One example of an anti-poor Quality of Life law is the law that makes it a crime to live in a converted garage.

Quality of Life Policing and Quality of Life Laws are especially popular in neighborhoods experiencing gentrification - like Venice, downtown Los Angeles, or Echo Park. This form of policing and law making or law application distinctively does not protect or serve the people who most need to have a better quality of life. They do the opposite and should be re-named Inequality of Life.

[In]Quality of Life Policing uses considerable Police resources dedicated to giving tickets to people who cannot pay the fines, who cannot make it to court, or who have done no other crime except to be poor and living homeless.

Tickets turn into warrants and homeless people get arrested – often in sweeps, which is another elaborate use of police resources and horrible for the people being arrested. The people arrested regularly plead “no contest” instead of “not guilty” to get off with time served, due to lack of legal representation and a lack of knowledge of their rights (National Coalition for the Homeless (NCH), 2002), and they end up with a criminal record, probation, and stay-away orders for areas with the only social services – like the Venice Family Clinic and Saint Joseph’s Bread and Roses Café on Rose Ave. in Venice.

It is a fact that ticketing, arresting, and incarcerating homeless people costs more than actually housing people. Our elected officials know this, but do not appear to care. They do nothing to stop the propaganda campaign of fear that justifies these laws (sound familiar?) and even cater to the civilian hate mongers who are calling them over and over. While we, the taxpayers, are all paying for a system that does not work. [In]Quality of Life Policing simply does not work to solve homelessness. It very often violates people’s civil rights and can lead to costly litigation. It is helping to erode our Constitution. The “bottom line” is that it is very expensive.

Also, when a homeless person has a criminal record, it increases the barriers to finding housing and shelter. Section 8 housing applications, including the Section 8 buildings in Venice owned by Coldwater Management, require a credit check and a background check. If a person

has a bankruptcy, a prior eviction, or a misdemeanor – they can virtually forget it.

Now where are these people supposed to go when there is no affordable housing or proper shelter system, when these laws are citywide laws and people have been given a criminal record using Inequality of Life Policing? Should they live in jail or just die? As a matter of fact they do. People are dying homeless on our streets more often than we know and increasingly poor people are being housed in jails and prisons while we are paying to build more. It is a vicious cycle of a growing fascist police state that we are funding. Except some of us actually do not want to live in a fascist police state.

OK, I know there are people reading this that do not recognize all the signs that say “No Poor People Allowed” as being part of a fascist state. Maybe we all just need to turn off the TV more, care for each other more, pray more, and find peace within. Maybe the chem trails really are turning us all into robots. I don’t know, but I believe people have to struggle beyond the petty fear and intolerance we are being conditioned with. I wish more of us would try to remember that all

human beings deserve the basic rights of healthy food and decent shelter. These basic rights should not just belong to the chosen few. That is why we call it Human Rights and not Rights for the Few who have property, power, and privilege.



The Bush Legacy: Going Out With A Bang

By Jack Neworth

During the last months of a president's term in office his concerns naturally turn toward his legacy. (Except for Nixon whose thoughts turned toward if he was going to jail.) George Bush, however, is not worried about his legacy. "Hell, it'll take 50 years to figure it out and by then we'll all be dead."

Actually, it may not take quite that long. In a poll taken among historians conducted through the "History News Network, 60% concluded that Bush was the worst president of all-time. 35% rated his presidency in the 31st to 41st category, while only 4% ranked him as even among the top two-thirds.

Actually, Bush takes comfort in comparing himself to other unpopular wartime leaders, Lincoln and Churchill. If I took comfort comparing myself to Hemingway and Steinbeck, I certainly wouldn't say so in public.

So, let's examine the Bush legacy.

Iraq: No WMDs, (oh, well) 4,400 Americans dead, 60,000 wounded and a million Iraqi deaths. We're stuck in the middle of a 1400 year-old civil war which will cost trillions while at home we have increased poverty, a health crisis and a failing infrastructure. Instead of six weeks the occupation will last at least ten years. Many historians call the invasion the worst foreign policy mistake in our history. Colin Powell warned, "Invading Iraq would open the gates of Hell." Bush's actual response, "I don't get it, they're all Muslims, right?"

The Economy: Bush inherited a record surplus and spent us into record deficits. The value of the dollar is so low foreign investors are buying up our country like it's a garage sale. Many economists say things haven't been this bad since WWII brought us out of the Great Depression.

The Environment: Immediately upon taking office, Bush pulled us out of Kyoto. Until recently he's maintained global warming was just a theory. (Like gravity is just a theory?)

Our World Standing: On 9/12/01 almost the entire world was with us. In Tehran a million Iranians marched in sympathy. Thanks to Bush's "my way or the highway" we're down to Poland and Albania.

Treason: Bush and Cheney outed Valerie Plame, a covert CIA agent during wartime. If it had been Clinton and Gore, the neo-cons would be charging the White House with torches and pitchforks.



Montage by John MacLennan

Torture: At Yale Bush was sanctioned for "torturing pledges" by branding them with a hot coat hanger which he said was no worse than a cigarette burn. Forty years later, his Administration tortured detainees to death, indicating he had graduated to slightly worse than a cigarette burn.

Support the Troops: Bush sent ill-equipped, ill-trained GI's on multiple tours into a war based on lies and with no plan. The wounded face rats at Walter Reed Hospital and endless red tape at the V.A. GI suicides are at record levels.

War Our Grandkids Pay For: Bush is the only leader in the history of the world to wage a war and lower taxes. (Leave no billionaire behind.)

Culture of Corruption: Abramoff, Cunningham, Vitters, Craig, Foley, DeLay, Ney, Frist, and Gonzales are either in jail or should be.

Pure Arrogance: In 2004 when asked what mistakes he made in his first term, Bush said he couldn't think of one.

"Mission Accomplished." When W. came into office the price of gas was \$1.39. Now it's \$4. Mission accomplished?

"Uniter, not a divider" Bush's 2000 campaign theme finally came true in that he has all but united the Muslim world in their hatred for America.

"Bring it on!" Given the devastating loss of life in Iraq, Laura convinced Bush it was a poor choice of words.

"I looked into Putin's eyes and saw his soul." That's funny, because when I look into Putin's eyes all I see are gulags.

"The Children Am Learning" Bush is clearly not smarter than a 5th grader.

"Wanted Dead or Alive" After 6 years, Bush's warnings seem a little hollow. Bin Laden is still alive and, given the number of his videos, he appears to be hiding rather well.

"Heckuva job" Brownie was Bush's remarkably incompetent head of FEMA. During Katrina, Bush was in Arizona celebrating John McCain's birthday while Condi was in Manhattan shopping for shoes.

"Awesome speech" After a speech by the Pope last month, Bush said, "Thank you, Your Holiness, awesome speech." The frat boy president.

The Final Legacy: I greatly fear Bush will go out with a bang by bombing Iran. It could come as an October surprise and sadly, many Americans will blindly rally around the flag. It may help elect McCain. (Whom the 2000 Bush campaign suggested had fathered a black child out of wedlock and whose wife was a drug addict.) As an added bonus, bombing Iran might even send gas to \$5 a gallon.

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Gasoline prices surge at local stations, and it's not even summer, yet. Time to invade another Middle Eastern country?

Bea Free, Free Venice Feminist, Has Died

By Cara Adams

Bea Free, as she named herself, was a true Venice legend. The city of Venice has lost a true pioneer.

1966 was the year Bea first set foot into the community full of activists, artists, political advocates, and people trying to change the world. Her friends and passions were many.

Along with food, architecture, Paris, music, art, wine and spirits, Bea's main focus was civil, pet and human rights, especially for cats and women. With her input, the city and surrounding communities were changed forever.

Her many credits include the Canal Eating Collective which explored the art of food and its presentation, The Westside Women's Center as well as the Janice Yudell's Feminist Women's Film Collective of 1973-1977.

She is survived by her family and her beloved cat Lolita. While she may be gone in body, the spirit of "Bea Free" will live on in all of us who knew her and loved her.



Beatrice Rose Starbird
aka Bea Free
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Now you can shop "without feeling any guilt whatsoever." Apparently, the German owners of the \$5 billion corporation have gotten a little ahead of themselves in remaking the U.S. as an authoritarian state.

No response yet from the American Civil Liberties Union, which frequently solicited memberships in front of the store at Palms and Sepulveda. Hopefully, the new Venice store will be more considerate of our rights.



New Mural in Venice

The paint is still drying on the new Dog Town Mural at Jungle Video, 423 Lincoln Blvd.

Last month, the Beachhead ran a story about the disappearing murals in Venice. It's good to see a new one sprouting.

Drop into Jungle Video and tell them how much you appreciate their support of the arts in Venice.

It wouldn't hurt to tell the other businesses sporting murals that you patronize community-oriented businesses.

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The Venice Peace & Freedom Party salutes Yolanda Miranda on her 65th Birthday.

Farmworker, feminist, socialist, union organizer, Yolanda is still standing up for her rights. Still fighting for a better world for all.

come on down

By Rex Butters

you hide in the hills
aloof from the ills plaguing
lowland people you avoid
you hide in the hills
imagine a claustrophobic purity
false sense of security
walling your home
you hide in the hills
unable to cope
with your broken unwashed
fellow beings without hope
you hide in the hills
with ex-SWAT teams
and former marines
keeping your street in elite
isolation
you hide in the hills
concerned with the turn
of events two continents
and an ocean away
while cities of tents
folks who can't afford food
or greed driven rents
grow festering around you
every day
you hide in the hills
from humanity's shame
attempting to tame the disquiet
that gnaws you in its jaws
while you see nature as door
to close against the poor
you hide in the hills
and turn on each other
father and mother
in your canyon retreat
feral children beat on helpless creatures
trapped in their grip
you hide in the hills
talk utopian community
a white inbred unity present
only in your head

no hills deep or high enough exist
to keep you hidden
and here's the twist-
nowhere's safe
from the stagnant pool of fear
you protect
inside of you

this paper is a poem

The Transient

(In memory of Nathan Alan Morgan)

By Jim Smith

Now another ghost travels
what Philomene named
the highway of poetry and death.

Strange and cruel things happen
down on the highway
that divides city from the desert
and beyond the sand
the unending sea.

The highway is a funnel
for all that is good
and all that is evil.

He was a transient
the police said.

What do those words mean:
transient, traveler, tourist
Aren't we all?

Back home he was loved,
but the active evil killed him
and the passive evil said
it was alright.

He was a transient, they said
probably a drug user
Aren't we all?

The parade continues
down the Boardwalk.
Clean up the mess
and move on.
One more doesn't make a difference
except except it does.

Beyond

By Rebecca Moore Frey

Planet Earth

Beyond my wildest dreams
Lay the forest of schemes
Beyond anything I knew
It dawned on me true
I was facing
What is beyond
Beyond all reason
Beyond the seasons
True life is out there
And in here
In your hidden innermost soul
Is the immortal seed
Of the Beyond
Beyond our scope
Beyond our mind
Beyond one man's dreams
Beyond time
Lays the very essence
Of all that is
Tis beyond the senses
Beyond the snow
Behind the show
The glow of life
At its very core
Beyond the furl, the fray and the flurry (fury)
It's air itself
It's the particles of life
Beyond any ocean
Is the gulf that goes between
What remains to be seen
Beyond the dream
Past the seams
Lies the stuff of in-between
Beyond the gate, out the window, through the door
Lies Heaven itself
And all of God's worlds
Beyond our world, our way, our words and our worries
Furies and shouts
Is the calm effervescence
That holds life together
The energy of God's breath
Beyond

The Venice Beat Poets
-The Great River Outside the Mainstream -
LAWRENCE LIPTON

By Jim Smith

Lawrence Lipton was something of a father figure to the Beat poets of Venice. He was reviled by many of the poets for his manipulations and commercialism. Yet, they gravitated to his home at 20 Park Avenue, which became the center of the "scene" in Venice.



Lawrence Lipton

In contrast to the Beats in San Francisco and New York, many of those in Venice just wanted to be left alone to grasp the nature of reality, to paint and write poetry.

Lipton, on the other hand, wanted the whole world to know about this new way of living that was developing in Venice. Fifty years later, it is still a fair question to ask if Lipton invented the Venice Beat scene, or if the scene invented Lipton.

His book, *The Holy Barbarians*, told the world about Venice, and in the summer of 1959, much of it seemed to be descending on the community to gawk at the scruffy characters who inhabited the beachfront.

Lipton's success meant the demise of the "slum by the sea," as he called Venice. But it also meant that our poets achieved lasting recognition, something they didn't care about, but ensured that their artistic gift would be a model for generations to come. Without Lipton, many great poems could have been tossed in the trash. As John Arthur Maynard observed in his book, *Venice West: The Beat Generation In Southern California*: "No one had done more than Lipton to turn an obscure and sincere doctrine of poverty and art into a recognized alternative to conventional life."

Lipton was considered a charlatan and a huckster by some – and his friendship with Clifford Irving, who wrote a fake autobiography of Howard Hughes, didn't help – but others, including poet Kenneth Rexroth and Allen Ginsburg accepted him as a peer. Stuart Perkoff reportedly commented that Lipton's book would have been better named, *Holy Horshshit*. Irvine moved into 20 Park Avenue when Lipton, for financial reasons, in his declining years was forced to move to Burrell Street in the Oxford Triangle.

Even so, *The Holy Barbarians*, remains the definite book about Venice and about an artistic peak in the Beat Generation.

In addition, Lipton wrote a number of mystery novels in the 1930-40s, and later, wrote *Brother the Laugh is Bitter*, *In Secret Battle*, and *The Erotic Revolution*. His poetry books include, *Rainbow at Midnight* and *Bruno In Venice West*.

In his later years, Lipton became editor of an arts supplement in the Los Angeles Free Press and wrote a column, *Radio Free America* for the paper. He reported on the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago for the Free Press. While attempting to join Allen Ginsburg at a demonstration, he was badly beaten by Chicago police. He never fully recovered from the injuries and they likely hastened his death a few years later.

Lipton was born in Poland, Oct. 10, 1898, and died in Venice on July 9, 1975. His third wife, Nettie Esther Brooks, shared his Venice years, and died in 1986. At the time of her death, Nettie Lipton was in the process of selling her husband's writings to the University of Southern California. She wanted to establish an endowment for young poets in Venice. Unfortunately, she died before the fund could be established.

Lawrence Lipton is survived by his son, James Lipton, who since 1994 has been the host of Bravo TV's *Inside the Actors Studio*.

More information about Lawrence Lipton can be found in Maynard's history of the Beats, *Venice West*, and by visiting the two Lipton archives at UCLA and USC.

"What shall I say?
Between two worlds
we hang. Between the agony
of dying and the fear of birth..."
-Lawrence Lipton

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Bruno in Venice West

By Lawrence Lipton

For Giordano Bruno
burned by the Inquisition
in the year 1600

Velvet and warm sweat under the torches
the Procession entered the city, tall bronze men
on the bronze great horses and the boys
carrying banners, the fat prelates wheezing
under the icons, and the musicians

Up Main street, pausing to erect
the great crucifix in the Circle
before the U.S. Post Office, turning
into Windward avenue to St. Marks
Hotel, their flags and vestments, clowns

In motley, peddlers hawking live birds
and Turkish sweetmeats, drunks and tarts
lurching along under the colonnades
like any Saturday night, the P.A. horns
blasting rock 'n' roll, sob ballads

At the tavern doors, the winos
wandering in and out of the alleys,
blinking in the neon lights, and you
Giordano Bruno between the halberdiers
and the smoking torches wandering

In the wind off the Pacific, here
in this our Venice by the western sea
as when, hooded, under the marble
colonnades of old Venice once
you walked, curing the Doges; burning

Sapphire and crimson under his golden umbrella
the merchant prince, over the pigeon droppings
among the trash cans, Kinney's dream
of gondolas and gondoliers, his
picture postcard Venice, chicken wire

And Pittsburgh Pipe and Iron, the columns
plaster, peeling now, the Grand Canal
fouled up with oil, the derricks taller
than windmills, we too, O merchant prince
live on to see the dreges and ravelings—

Tall steel and glass, high windows,
greed piled high on pride, the blessed
percentages; in vaticans of wealth
the popes and antipopes give audience
to the press, the old putridities,

And men go gibbering to themselves
aloud, hearing nothing, bereft
of all the simple certainties.
“When the first button's wrong, all
are wrong,” you said. Bruno, Bruno,

When the iron key turned in the lock
and the door clanged shut and the iron hand
moved in the darkness, Bruno, was there
sword play in the streets, the torches
of the Night Watch lighting up

Cut purse and slit gullet, perfumes,
pomades, the stinking armour,
rapes, vomits, silk brocades?
Here the century that began in plush
and diamond stick-pin elegance

Explodes grotesquely beyond fire and ice
orbiting in vacuums of space
mathematics of disaster, madmen
trapped in spidery black geometries.
Do you remember Tintoretto's

Mounting circles within circles?
Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus.
The bible shouter on the corner
speaks in tongues (I hear bullroarers
drums of Africa!) The neo-Platonist

From The Holy Barbarians:

The luxury hotels along the beach front promenade, too costly to tear down at present-day wrecking prices and not profitable enough to warrant proper upkeep and repair, stand like old derelicts, their plush and finery faded and patched. In their dim lobbies sit the pensioned-aged playing cards and waiting for the mailman to bring the next little brown envelope. Pension Row. Slum by the sea. Two, even three, one-story houses on a narrow lot, airless and lightless in a paradise of air and light. Night-blooming jasmine amidst the garbage cans.

—Lawrence Lipton

Newly dead, dumbfounded by his immortality,
Newborn in worlds he never dreamed
where life steams out of methane gas—
Bruno, Bruno, pinned to the center of
the burning wheel, Adam Cadmon

In his mystic circle—“All is good
and tends toward good,” you said.
I walk beside you, unseen by
the halberdiers, up Ocean Front,
wind whipped, slat-beaten, leaden-eyed

Past Dinty's hot dog stand, a lush
holds out a spastic hand, a junky
hustling for a fix; the moon
is coming up a size too large,
smog orange over the mountainous east.

Is it true the end is fire and ashes
and no phoenix cries? Bruno, in
the cold wet sea wind mountainous
words tell out the last dark secrets,
what is there to hide? I know

Four hundred years have not sufficed
to cool those fires; the gentlemen
of Florence, Genoa her ships at anchor,
blood and incense rancid in the Roman Sun,
the poisonous wines of Florence, serpent

Women walk with hooded eyes—what
was old Venice but a tourist trap,
city of traders, merchants, speculators,
middlemen, promoters, bankers—
jeweled slippers in the pigeon shit.

This, Bruno, is the Grand Canal,
swamp scum, litter-. that's old Michael
toting a six-pack to his rented room,
the window shades arc drawn on Teena
and her lesbian lover, tears will flow—

0 Sappho of the golden eyes—this door
conceals a love of three; those eyes
in the window, broken mirrors in an empty
room, rags and ashes, old newspapers, doors
rot on their hinges, and the old go mad

Numbly contemplating death. hand
reaches out to hand, a child
dreams in a fever; old Cap in his
tiny shack reads by a ship's lantern—
upturned faces under water, eyes

Like a stunned carp's. This bridge
has no approach no destination,
hung between two hells. Was there
thunder in your heart the night
you pulled the crystal vault of heaven down!

And Tintoretto's angel hosts lost
endlessly in endless space
with Thor and Adonai—they burned
you for it Bruno. This Venice
of the West was born a bastard

Misshapen in tile womb out of
some old world whore of Commerce
by P. T. Barnum bred—when business
and the arts are mated,
money takes the Muse to bed

Bonds debentures title deeds wrapped up
in flags and sermons, stamped
with the Great Seal of the State;
the Laws and Statutes are his alphabet his
capital all upper case, cock o' the walk

Three gilded balls his ensign out of
Calvin Luther by the dark satanic
mills now white supreme, on every
dotted line his X has sealed
your doom—and mine—

He'll kill you for it again, Bruno,
the Xian Gentleman, his
AM FM TV movie image multiplied
is stinking up a continent—
the commercial more and more becomes the show.

The wind has changed, the dry Santana
hot breath of the desert: it's the Hyperion
sewer you smell: your Venice was no rose bed

open sewers and tanners vats the fish wives
haggling, sweat and fear, the smell that money makes

The windows darken, only the street lights
and the torches now, our Venice sleeps;
Your eyes burn, Bruno, scanning the heavens,
vacant now; no angels hymn
the heavenly court, we are rational men;

Those are landing lights, a Constellation
blinking to a touchdown, that was not thunder
but a sonic boom, our safety
lies in speed, they tell us, death on wings
the enemy is crafty, never sleeps

And godless, cobalt is his brain
and poison gas, his heart burns liquid
hydrogen, his breath is solar flame
his fingers are a million secret spies
we are his image—sanctified.

The latest satellite arcs across
the sky, a star whose manger is
a launching pad, the child a robot cradled
in steel arms, his halo liquid fire
his brain an electronic brain,

Our wise men bring no frankincense
and myrrh, no visions wrung from love or pain
but only slide rules plots top secret
plans, we do not stone our prophets, Bruno,
we give them target dates.

Agnosco, ergo sum; we've come
full cycle. Cohesion, color, sounds
waves and radiations: *res extensa*.
Giordano Bruno chemically
changed by thermal action, Jesus

On the cross: a rearrangement
of the particles. Our men
of science will define the event:
a thermodynamically stable
configuration known as death.

Why has the music stopped? Look back,
the Procession fades away, a slow
dissolve, you stand alone; your
lidless eyes are indrawn lost
in contemplation like a foetal sleep

Where are the drums and trumpets?
I had thought to hear the papal legate
read out your doom in bastard latin
hear a shout go up to heaven
with your flames. I should have known;

A dead God needs no crucified
to sanctify his name; no faith,
ergo, no auto da fe;
we have a choice of trivial martyrdoms:
if we must die for truth we die self-slain.

Your image fades and there is nothing now
only the blind window panes
of broken houses telephone poles
that lean against the moon cracked
pavements sinking into foul canals

I turn, retrace my steps to Windward
and the Ocean Front, the pigeons
of St. Marks Hotel are roosting in
tile plaster niches, one lonely jukebox
whimpers from an open tavern door

“I love you baby, why do you treat me
so mean? “ A single wino staggers
down the empty street, I cross
the beach and look out to sea. “Sophocles
long ago heard it on the Aegean”—here too

Many a truth-tormented Oedipus
has reached land's end, walked in
for reasons Sophocles never dreamed
and made his last incestuous marriage with
the sea, as Bruno made his with the flame.

Homeward bound I stop for coffee at
the Greek's, scan the morning papers—
This night's business may have meaning
for our time—a poem or a play? I have
work to do. I think (to paraphrase)

I shall not drown myself today.



Vandalism on Pacific Avenue

Dear Beachhead,

As I parked my car a few minutes before midnight on Pacific Avenue, between Venice and Washington Blvds. last night, I saw three white youths, two male, one female, ambling along, one man really really weaving... and then this one steps into a doorway.

I can no longer see him from my car. After a few minutes, he quietly ambles out, weaving as much as before, only now he carries a white object the size of a soccer ball.

After they are down the sidewalk a ways, I get out of my car, and go to the doorway where I saw him. The light fixture is there no more, instead a series of wires are hanging out.

I call 911. I called them again about 15 minutes later. They did come about 45 minutes later.

My point to them had been that if they came soon, they would have caught these three with the evidence.

About one month ago, someone had their license plates stolen here.

About two weeks ago, I had my rear window wipers yanked off.

All the time, we find bags of food/trash, bottles, etc. just dropped on the sidewalk in front of our homes...or actually into the flowers of our gardens.

We live in a beautiful community. The occasional tourists come here, from wherever, they may come because of the beauty, the fun, the history, and personal reasons.

But, whatever their reasons, from wherever they come, whatever their age, my question to them, and particularly to the three who stole the door lamp last night is: why can you not just enjoy this wonderful place and leave it as beautiful as you found it?

Cristina Rojas Cda

Doggies Doo, Owners Don't

Dear Beachhead,

I am an avid pedestrian. I love walking around neighborhoods, alleys and the beachward streets that run throughout Venice and local Pacific California communities.

However, I have a pet peeve. More often than I'd like to share, I have been idyllically looking at a lovely little hummingbird exploring flowers, or studying the tropical vegetation of this region, or admiring the architecture of a cute little bungalow, when I look down just in time (or sometimes NOT!) to keep my heel from stepping right into a fresh pile of rank dog-doo. How disgusting, and unhygienic, not to mention ILLEGAL to leave behind! (And this is not to suggest arresting some little Pomeranian poochie or big Great Dane - it's not the canine's fault! It's their nature to go outside. It's the OWNER who is disregarding the safety and cleanliness of the streets and the welfare of their neighborhood).

I have noticed that certain blocks of Venice are particularly suspect: Windward Avenue on both sides, from Rialto down to the Post Office (poor Dr. John!) has several poops along it, everytime I park and walk it, which is often enough to have noticed this unsavory trend.

People, people! Does humanity have to be REMINDED to do the right thing now? Where did common decency go? And what about knowing and obeying laws that actually make sense?

And furthermore, many people, especially kids and surfers, walk BAREFOOT in these areas. Shouldn't the streets be clean enough to not have to worry about filth between the toes, diseases of the feet, stepping on glass or sidestepping on rotting trash?!

Let's have some class and care for the wellbeing of our neighborhoods, without anyone having to pass a law to make us do it. How about being HUMANE beings, not just human beings.

Sincerely, *Rebecca Moore Frey*

The RV Controversy - 1

Dear Beachhead,

In your April 2008 issue, I read with interest Mr. Bret Pikey's lengthy discussion concerning his alleged "lawful right" to park his RV on any street in Venice with immunity?

Mr. Pikey suggests that he had engaged in an "enormous amount of research" regarding his choice (purchase and selection of RV) before he made it and, to that extent, when he was contacted by a LAPD officer about sleeping overnight in the motor home, he challenged the legal and constitutional right to make that warning.

It would appear that our good friend, Mr. Pikey, did not do a complete, comprehensive or thorough legal research prior to acquiring his RV. For example, LAMC Ordinance #85.02, which provides that it is "unlawful for any person to use a vehicle parked or standing on a City street as a "living quarter" either overnight...day by day...or otherwise..." Simply stated, long before Mr. Pikey purchased his RV, he should have been aware that, although it is lawful to park a motor vehicle up to 72 hours before it is considered abandoned, nonetheless, if you sleep in the motor vehicle overnight, you are indeed violating a City Law, and you will be subject to the possibility of prosecution for a Misdemeanor and, in turn, of possibly having your vehicle towed and impounded.

LAMC Ordinance #80.73.2 permits the City to impound or remove a vehicle if it remains unattended or parked for more than 72 hours.

It would appear that most habitual RV residents have strategically found spots throughout Venice where they park their vehicle for several days and, then, near the "deadline", move it to another location.

Mr. Pikey suggests that there is no significant difference between a studio or an apartment and his RV, which is totally self-contained with a toilet, a shower and cooking facility. However, an apartment owner must comply with zoning, building and safety laws, is subject to inspection by the Health Department and, of course must maintain the premises in a habitable condition. Likewise, the owner must pay property taxes. There is no such requirement attending the ownership and use of a RV.

Again, there is no absolute lawful or constitutional right for any person occupying or using a RV as a permanent or semi-permanent residence to simply identify a location on a Venice street and, thereafter, declare that this is their new domicile.

As the Beachhead has pointed out over the last several months, the response to an invasion by Campers and RV's has been the application by many residents to obtain a special "Overnight Parking District" permit. Sooner, rather than later, you will see on every street signs posted which prohibit parking from 2am to 6am. Yes, residents will be able to purchase for \$15 per year a "special permit" allowing them to park their vehicles near their home.

I agree that there are far too many "yuppies" invading Venice: however, the answer is not to engage in an unlawful inhabiting and parking of our Campers or RVs on public street. Yes, I reiterate that the streets throughout Venice are dedicated to the public at large. It is designed to allow access to our area and, from time to time, permit parking areas for our residents.

Mr. Pikey and I do agree that Councilperson Bill Rosendahl should aggressively secure safe and proper locations for the campers and RVs either at the unused land at Playa Vista, Lincoln Place, beach parking lots, the Veteran's Administration or unused land at LAX. I agree that living together means that we ought to respect each other's lawful rights and engaging in illegal trespass or the habitual violation of our laws is certainly not neighborly.

Michael Millman

My Cat Cause

Dear Beachhead,

I just have to get this off my somewhat flat chest! Why is there so much abuse and neglect of animals in our world!? I am focused on cats. There are no "stray" cats - no smart cat would "stray" from food and love - There are abandoned, unwanted cats everywhere, just like homeless people. There seems to be an urban myth - "somebody will find the cat you dumped and give it a great new home" well a freaked out, starving lost cat, isn't going to approach humans for help, rather, they hide. They are far more likely to be taunted, chased, trapped than street adopted.

My point? STOP DUMPING CATS! Feed the cats who need help. Take tame ones home with you, show them some love, we are all being tested, do we have the capacity to care for others besides ourselves? Cats can show unconditional love for us and it should go both ways. Volunteer to help rescue groups, make others aware of the problem. If I hear once more, "stop feeding them and they will leave," I'll get sick! Nobody likes to miss a meal! Have a heart.

Kitty Bratton

P.S. If anyone wants to contribute to my cat feeding cause, it would be very much appreciated. I feed 20 cats.

The RV Controversy - 2

There is a New Hunting Season in Venice California and the Duck is called RV.

RVs are under attack by Overnight Parking Districts (OPDs), a new Oversized Vehicle Permit parking law, and the Venice Neighborhood Council, Homeless Parking Program. The RVs belong to Mobile Venice Residents (MRVs) that have families, who are seniors, disabled, veterans, and people just trying to survive. Some of the RVers were born and raised in Venice. Others have been in Venice for many years. Many of the RVers work in Venice, their kids go to school in Venice, and they are unable to replace the affordable housing they lost here in Venice (such as those living in Lincoln Place Apartments). These people are members of this community.

Law enforcement and vigilante homeowners harass the Mobile Residents of Venice. Many have been already driven out Venice or have lost their vehicles from being towed after they get tons of tickets they are unable to pay.

Now, because of these ordinances coming into effect, the Mobile Residents of Venice, members of our community - will be completely swept away to who knows where. And who cares? They are just viewed as "Deadbeats" and criminals who do not deserve to keep their pets or children, who do not deserve a car to go to work in, and who should be put in RV concentration camps somewhere far away from the selfish housed people of Venice who want this to be a closed (anti)community.

The rest of us in Venice need to do something to stop this, because when duck season is over for RVs, you may be next. Also, these permits cost money, have restrictions, and are very inconvenient for everyone. Please call or email the Venice City Council Deputy, Arturo Pena at (213) 473-7016 Arturo.Pena@lacity.org and our City Council person, Bill Rosendahl at (213)-473-7011 Councilman.Rosendahl@lacity.org

Lilly

Results of the April Beachhead Poll "Do You Feel Safe In Venice"

77 percent of respondents said, Yes, they feel safe in Venice. 22 percent said they didn't.

Some of your comments included:

- I do not at any ground where satanic ritual murder rape of men and killing of dogs occur !
- Because the police are doing their job.
- I feel safer now than when I moved here 16 years ago or when I came here as a kid.
- Do you remember it 20 years ago???Please!
- I see too many people affected by random violence in the neighborhood
- If you are smart.
- The houses in the neighborhoods are improving but there is still so much dangerous foot traffic!!!
- your community looks out for you.
- I feel safe in Venice because I know so many members of the community on a first-name basis.
- too many drug addicts and homeless!
- Have walked the streets in all 'districts' for 19 years, and loved meeting neighbors
- in certain neighborhoods, no in others
- It's not safe for the homeless, the RVs, renters, artists and others who are living on the edge.
- but cautious...
- and no. It depends on who you are. If you are homeless or a black kid in Oakwood, then no.

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Swami Speaks

By X Swami X

Most everyone is looking in the least challenging, exciting and promising direction. Everyone, with the exception of George Wash Out Bush Whacker is looking for genuine meaning, on-going ecstasy and total fulfillment. Down thru the ages, wise man and women, at the risk, and often sacrifice, of their own lives, have pointed to that promising direction. Who listens? How many, that you think you know, do? Have I made my point? I'm not sure there is one, which brings us back to genuine meaning, on-going ecstasy and total fulfillment. Sometimes tragedy, suffering and loss will turn one in the direction of meaning, ecstasy and fulfillment, however, not always, but we still have daytime television.



Life is a see-saw, the trick is to put your ass dead center and maintain perfect balance, until the Blue Bird lands and pecks down to the pineal gland and reveals Larry King having a fascinating conversation with Paris Hilton's naked but/and eloquent grandmother.

A lot of people deny God with the consciousness that is God. How about that? The Hindus, who have been around for a while, believe that every man, woman and child is their own unique religion. It's all connected, but they're not sure who Paris Hilton and her grandmother are, nevertheless 85% of them eagerly approve of porn.

If God is God, there is not real beginning and there will be no real end. This is a challenging concept for those entertaining images of Larry King luring Paris Hilton's grandmother, naked and eloquent, into his dressing room, while she simultaneously attempts to entertain him with her version of Charleston, inspired by 10 pounds of magic mushrooms.

In any event, I would love to reassure you that there is genuine meaning, on-going ecstasy and total fulfillment, but I can't, however, I am laying 8 to 5 on it.

Get your local event listed in the Beachhead. Send information to Calendar@freevenice.org by the 25th of the month. (If you can afford an advertisement, please take one out - \$25)

Location Guide

- Abbot Kinney Public Library, 501 S. Venice Blvd, 821-1769
- Beyond Baroque, 681 Venice Blvd. 822-3006
- Electric Lodge, 1416 Electric Ave, 306-1854, max10@electriclodge.org
- Hal's Bar and Grill, 1349 Abbot Kinney Blvd., 396-3105 - www.halsbarandgrill.com
- Pacific Resident Theatre, 703 Venice Blvd. 822-8392 - www.pacificresidenttheatre.com
- SPARC - Social and Public Art Resource Center, 685 Venice Blvd. 822-9560 x 15.
- Sponto Gallery, 7 Dudley Ave, 399-2078
- The Gathering, 132 Brooks Ave. 310-396-8205 - www.udcworld.org/thegathering
- Westminster Elementary School, 1010 Abbot Kinney Blvd. (enter auditorium from San Juan Ave.) 606-2015

NEW
Beachhead Poll
Should RVs have designated parking areas in Venice?
Tell us why, or why not
To Vote, clip & mail, or go to:
www.freevenice.org.
Poll ends May 26

CommUnity Events — day by day

Saturday, May 3

- 10am-5pm - **Venice Garden & Home Tour** - begin at Las Doradas Children's Center, 804 Broadway - 310-821-1857
- 12pm-2pm - **Spring 2008 Student Exhibit.** Photo/Film/Digital Art. - Venice Arts - 1702 Lincoln Blvd.

Sunday, May 4

- 8:30am-2pm - **Cinco de Mayo Celebration.** Mar Vista Farmers Market. Organic fruits and vegetables, flowers and plants, food.
- 7-9pm - **Dances of Universal Peace** with Tasnim Hermila Fernandez - The Gathering (see Location Guide).

Monday, May 5

- All Day - **Cinco de Mayo** (see page 3)
- 5pm - **Finnegans Wake** Discussion Group. Abbot Kinney Library. Free.

Tuesday, May 6

- 9:30am - **Westside Quilters.** Group meets to quilt, crochet and knit. Abbot Kinney Library. FREE.
- 10:30am - **Toddler Storytime.** Join for stories, songs and more. Abbot Kinney Library.
- 6:30pm - Reception - 7:15 Annual General meeting of the **Voice of the Canals** - SPARC, 685 Venice Blvd.

Wednesday, May 7

- 9am - **Coastal Commission meeting** - 13534 Bali Way, Marina del Rey.
- 7pm - **Venice Arts Council** - 739 Palms Blvd.
- 7-9:30pm - **Venice Neighborhood Council** - Land Use and Planning Committee - Beyond Baroque, 681 Venice Blvd.

Thursday, May 8

- 8am - **Coastal Commission meeting** - 13534 Bali Way, Marina del Rey.
- 10am - **Zoning Administration hearing on the St. Joseph's Homeless Service Center.** 1645 Corinth Ave. (off Santa Monica Blvd.) in West L.A. - Come and support homeless services in our community. 804-1101
- 7pm - **Cuban Music Films.** Alvaro Perez Betancourt's documentaries on new directions in World music/film. Live music from smokin hot Rumberos De Venice with Andy Sanesi. Sponto.

Friday, May 9

- 8am - **Coastal Commission meeting** - 13534 Bali Way, Marina del Rey.
- 4pm - **Computer Comfort.** Beginning hands-on training on the computer keyboard etc.. Abbot Kinney Library.

Saturday, May 10

- 10:30am-4:30pm - **Third Annual Small Press Festival.** Day of writers, poets and publishers. Church in Ocean Park, 235 Hill Street, Ocean Park. Admission by donation.
- 11am - **Westside Writers.** Writers discuss works in progress. Free. Abbot Kinney Library.

Sunday, May 11

- All Day - **Mothers Day** - Be kind to someone's mother.
- 7-9pm - **Celebrating the Divine Feminine** - The Gathering

Tuesday, May 13

- 7pm - **Pajama Storytime.** Continues with our alphabet series, Quirky "Q". Craft project follows. Abbot Kinney Library.
- 7pm - Live music with **glass harpist Douglass Lee** followed by - Potter-Belmar Labs. Live cinema performers. Sponto. Free.

Friday, May 16

- 4pm - **Internet 1B Yahoo.** Learn about internet, search engines, URL's etc.. Abbot Kinney Library.

Saturday, May 17

- All Day - **Armed Farces Day** - Do something to end the occupation of Iraq.

Sunday, May 18

- 11:30am-6pm - **Venice Art Walk** Open Studio - Begin at Westminster School, 1010 Abbot Kinney Blvd., \$50. - 392-9255.
- 7-9pm - Concert with **Stefani Valadez and Mitra Rahbar** - The Gathering.

Tuesday, May 20

- 9:30am - **Westside Quilters.** Free. Abbot Kinney Library.
- 10:30am - **Toddler Storytime.** Abbot Kinney Library.
- 7-9:30pm - **Venice Neighborhood Council,** Board of Officers - Westminster Auditorium
- 8pm - **Rip Rense** - author of two novels. Interview by Gerry Fialka. Canal Club, 2025 Pacific Ave, Venice. Free.

Thursday, May 22

- 7-9pm - Opening Celebration - **International Graphics on Gentrification, Homelessness & Resistance** - Thru June 8 - Venice Community Housing Corp. - 1212 AKB - 399-4100.

Friday, May 23

- 7:30pm - **The Return of the Venice Town Council** - get your issues addressed in a town hall format - all Venetians are welcome. 7pm - Delicious vegetarian dinner served, \$5 if you got it. United Methodist Church. 2210 Lincoln Blvd.

Sunday, May 25

- 7-9pm - **Comedy Night** - The Gathering.

Tuesday, May 27

- 7pm - **Pajama Storytime.** Continues with Ready "R." Craft project follows. Abbot Kinney Library. Free.

—Calendar by Della Franco
Calendar@freevenice.org

Ongoing Events

- **Testosterone:** How Prostate Cancer Made a Man of Me. Written by Hal Ackerman - takes a frank look at his own mortality in his poignant and humorous play. The Powerhouse Theatre. 3116 2nd Street, Ocean Park. \$20. Thru May 10.
- **LA Louver** - Oceania, an exhibit of paintings by Jason Martin. Thru May 17. 45 Venice Blvd.
- **Altered Space Gallery** - The Smell of Sawdust, an exhibit with depictions of carnival themes and circus characters by Michele Mikesell. 1221 AKB.
- **G2 Gallery** - Wildlife photography exhibit by Tom Mangelsen thru May 31. 1503 AKB.
- **James Caprell Gallery** - Trewth - an exhibit "reflecting the veneer of life's obsessions" by James Caprell thru July 5. 1136 AKB.
- **The Time of Your Life** - Dramatic comedy by William Saroyan. 8pm Thursday thru Saturday. 3pm Sun thru June 1. Pacific Resident Theatre. 703 Venice Blvd. \$20-\$25.
- Electric Lodge - **"Moo Moo Musica"** - multi-cultural music and dance activities for babies thru 4 year old. 9:30am Mon; 10:45am and 3:15pm Tues and Thurs; 8:30am and 9:15am Friday. \$16. 1416 Electric Ave.
- **7:30-10pm. First Friday** of every month. Abbot Kinney Blvd. is open!
- 5-7pm, Wednesdays - Eat Sushi and **Dance Salsa** at the Canal Club. 2025 Pacific Ave. 7:30pm- Salsa lesson with Ana Maria Alvarez. Six session salsa workshops \$75/6 classes or \$15 per class. Dancing and DJ afterwards.
- **Live Music at The Good Hurt**, 12249 Venice Blvd, See week of events at - events@goodhurt.net
- **10am - 12pm, Sundays** - **"The People's Voice"** - Stand up for freedom of speech. Santa Monica Palisades Park. Ocean Ave at Santa Monica Blvd.
- 8-10pm, every 2nd Thursday - **Live Music** with the Venice Songbird - at **Danny's Deli**, 23 Windward Avenue.
- 6-9pm, Mondays - **Intermediate Conversational Spanish Class.** Venice High School. 13000 Venice Blvd. \$20, seniors free.
- 6pm - Monday and Thursdays - **Hatha Yoga** - Vera Davis Center. Donation.
- 8pm - Sunday - **Open Mic poetry**, spoken word, storytelling & performance. Abbot's Habit.
- 8pm - Sunday and Monday - **Live jazz.** Hal's Bar and Grill.
- 6pm - Wednesday. **Singer/guitarist Evyn Charles.** Sidewalk Cafe. 1401 Ocean Front Walk.
- 7:30pm - Wednesday, **Open Mic night.** Talking Stick Coffee Lounge. 1630 Ocean Park Blvd.



Venice High Students Rally for Immigrant Rights

About 400 Venice High School students staged a rally on May Day in support of immigrant rights.

The students left their classes but did not leave the campus. Nervous police and school administrators hovered on the edge of the rally.

David Torres, a high school junior, told the Beachhead that the students were not engaged in a walkout, but were simply demonstrating their support for the rights of immigrants.

The Venice High rally was one of several at L.A. schools. At least one walkout was reported.

The May Day activities included a complete shut down of west coast ports by the Longshore Union (ILWU). The one-day strike was to demand an end to the occupation in Iraq.

Two May Day marches converged on downtown L.A. for a rally (see photos on page four).



Jingles Celebrates 34 Years of Free Speech on Ocean Front Walk

Jingles brought his message that "Meat Is Murder" and his advocacy of a vegan lifestyle to the Boardwalk in 1974.

Since then, he has talked to countless people, convincing some to treat animals with respect, and not eat them. "Young people and women are the most receptive to something new," says Jingles, who was holding forth at his Boardwalk birthday party, April 27.

Jingles grew up as an average meat-eating kid in New York. But once, he went to a plant where animals were slaughtered. The experience was reinforced at a chicken killing plant. He's been dedicated to a vegetarianism ever since.

After 34 years on the Boardwalk, Jingles should feel secure, but he doesn't. "There's no such thing as seniority out here," he says. "I have to compete with newcomers for a spot.

Jingles has nothing good to say about the new ordinance which will be imposed on OFW in May. "Free speech advocates got the short end," he says. "There are only eight spots for free speech, plus two more for free food. Performers and vendors get the rest. In fact, the free speech booths (8'x10') are next to performers, meaning access to his booth will be cut off for much of the day.



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